

## A HERO OF INKERMANN.

WITNESS OF THE FAMOUS BALACLAVA CHARGE.

General Sir Mark Walker Passes Through Canada—He Wears a Victoria Cross—Speaks of the War in the East and of England in Africa—Thinks Canada More English Than Australia.

General Sir Mark Walker, C.V., K.C.B., who, accompanied by Lady Walker was recently in Montreal, having about completed two years of pleasant wandering about the world, offers his left hand in greeting when, with a pleasant smile, he advances to meet you. There is a pathetic reason for this. He left his good sword arm in the Crimea. His journal, which he has been keeping for over forty years, was, up to a certain page, in the firm writing of the right hand. After that, the writing has a doubtful look; it is a little troubled; but the story of men and things and places and impressions goes on in the hand left to him by the war.

Sir Mark comes of a fighting stock. His father was a notable soldier in the Peninsular war under the great Wellington. Curious to think of the ingredients which make up human nature! The French and English were wont to meet at the margins of the streams as they were getting ready for the battle and it was their wont to drink from the same river, chat across pleasantly, smoke their pipes in peace and amity, and then at the blast of the bugle, rush for their weapons, and blow the "souls out of one another," as Carlyle puts it.

And Sir Mark himself thinks the Russians were fine fellows. During the short truces which were allowed for the burying of the dead, the English and the Russians were wont to fraternize. Then men had no quarrel with one another. They had not made the war. "We did not know what the war meant," was the way Sir Mark put it. "All we knew was that we were sent to the Crimea to fight, and fight we did."

"Yes, the enemies talked to one another in the friendliest way imaginable, and two minutes afterward at the distance of a few paces, cheerfully killed those with whom they had been exchanging pleasantries."

Sir Mark was very young when he went soldiering.

HE BURNED WITH ARDOR.  
He had the deep desire to distinguish himself. His opportunity came. The fifth of November was a memorable day in the history of that struggle, which, by the irony of fate, has come to be regarded as a huge blunder. Upon that day the battle of Inkermann was fought.

And upon the morning of that day, in the young light, Sir Mark saw great masses of Russians bearing down upon their position. He was then adjutant of the 30th Regiment. At that time they had not received tents; and the rain played the mischief with the arms and accoutrements. Upon the advance of the Russians the officers of the regiment ordered an attack and the men rushed to arms, which had been piled up, as the attack was not expected to commence so soon. What was the dismay of the soldiers in that terrible moment, to find that the rain had wet the guns, and that they would not go off. The circumstance made the men nervous. A panic might easily have ensued.

Sir Mark, filled with youthful ardor, put himself at the head of the men, and shouting, "Follow me, boys, and charge with the bayonet," made a dash at the enemy. The men, thus suddenly heartened, charged with a mighty shout, and the enemy was routed. It was for this signal act of valor, that Sir Mark was decorated, subsequently, in the Ionian Islands, with the Victoria Cross.

He was all through the Crimean war, from first to last; saw the men

DYING BY HUNDREDS  
with cholera; ate his salt pork like the rest; slept on the bare ground in the open air; was a witness of the famous Balaklava charge, which he viewed from a neighboring height. "Not that I could give you any definite idea of it, for, though I saw the movements, we could not tell till it was all over what the slaughter had been. It was like a field day at home, when the figures get mixed and you do not know what the motif is."

And one night in the trenches, "for it was fight all the time, you know," a shell took his arm off, and Sir Mark, when he was recovered, took with the utmost cheerfulness to writing his journal with his left hand.

He has seen service in India, having been in command of a brigade at the close of the Indian mutiny; he passed through the China war in 1861, under the command of Sir Charles Napier, he returned to India and had ten years' regular service there.

And Sir Mark gradually rose, until he was made general, and then, having served his country for forty-one years, and "seeing that I could get no higher promotion," he retired two years ago from actual service.

A spare, erect man, with a strong steady light in his eyes; prompt, alert, with a clear brain, Sir Mark is at once a pathetic, an interesting, a remarkable personality.

He has travelled through many lands, with a seeing eye, an appreciative spirit and in his declining years he finds the world not nearly so large as it was in his youth. But it is a pleasant world to him, and he likes it, and says good things about it.

The business of the soldier is to obey orders. He is not a politician. When the Crimean war broke out, the men whom England sent out to do her fighting knew little and cared less about

THE CAUSE OF QUARREL.  
The suggestion having been made to Sir Mark that the statement of to-day regarded the war as a blunder, his simple reply was, "That was none of our business. We were there to obey orders. The soldier has nothing to do with questions. For myself, I have lived the life of a soldier and now, having nothing to do, Lady Walker and myself find a delight in seeing the world."

But the places Sir Mark has been and

the people he remembers would fill a volume. For instance, he remembers the Duke of Cambridge at the Crimea very well, and has a good word for him. He thinks the papers are mistaken in charging him with being inimical to reforms in the army. And then there was Mr. Russell, the man who stirred the heart of England by his letters home, exposing the mismanagement of men and stores at the Crimea. He has a vivid recollection of him.

We rush suddenly to China, and we see Sir Mark in Peking with the victorious English.

"The Chinese, if well led, make good soldiers, but I never doubted the issue of the war with Japan. The Chinese have no leaders, and without leaders they are no use. They fought splendidly under the lead of Gordon. I was talking to an intelligent Chinese officer in Peking, who said, 'With you English, the officer says to his men "Come on," in China the officer says to his men "Go on." And that is about the truth, said Sir Mark, smiling.

Sir Mark has the notion that war will be rendered almost impossible by the terribly destructive character of modern weapons. "I think," he said "there is a peaceable spirit abroad. I do not think we need fear any outbreak of war on the large scale.

FRANCE AND GERMANY  
have evidently improved their relations. But, of course, it is needful to be in a state of preparedness."

In this connection, Sir Mark had something to say about the volunteer force, which may have some pertinency:—

"The volunteers in England were not up to the mark for a long time; did not thoroughly learn their duties, were laughed at. Now, they are thorough soldiers, fully equipped, men who could render a good account of themselves in war. If a man has the idea that he would like to be a soldier, he should join with the determination to perfect himself, to know all there is to know about his duties, so that in case of need, he may be relied upon. I have seen good material for soldiers in Canada. But the thing must be undertaken in earnest."

Sir Mark has recently been all through South Africa, bob-nobbed with that remarkable man, Mr. Cecil Rhodes, chatted with the Governor, Sir Henry Lock, and made observations.

"The Boers are an idle, lazy, good-for-nothing people, and the country which they claim is really filled with English, who have all the enterprise there is. As for Matabele, it is easy for Mr. Labouchere in the House of Commons to pass strictures upon the men who have labored to obtain possession of that country for the British, but the fact is, our acquisition of it was a splendid thing for the natives, who were under

THE MOST CRUEL TYRANNY  
in the world. The people are now settled down, contented. For it is the genius of the British to introduce order to bring about settled government, and to improve the people they come to rule. South Africa has a great future before it."

The ideal climate of the world is New Zealand. That is Sir Mark's opinion. They have the eight hour system in strict force there. We were visiting a sawmill once, and the manager said we had better hurry up because it would soon be five o'clock, and a moment after the clock struck there would not be a soul in the place.

"When you make a law on the subject you go a little too far. The Mayor of Auckland issued a proclamation calling upon the storekeepers to sweep and sprinkle their sidewalks before eight in the morning, whereupon the people laughed, for they said, "Does the Mayor want us to break the eight hour law?"

"Yes, a little too much you know," said Sir Mark. "All very well to make it voluntary, but to say that not a tap of work must be done after a certain hour, no matter what the exigency—this is carrying it too far."

There have been pleasant wanderings through Australia. "A great country, which is recovering wonderfully from the crisis through which she passed. I noticed

A HOPEFUL SPIRIT  
among the people. The talk about confederation is becoming insistent, and meetings have been held, yet I fancy it will be a long time yet before it is brought about."

Sir Mark, having travelled about for two years, is now on his way home. He will see Halifax and Boston, and then he will take passage for England. He came by way of Vancouver, and speaks in high praise of the C. P. R. and its management.

He has a pleasant word to say about Canada. "I think it is more English than Australia, where you see at every turn the American hotel enterprise. We in England certainly think of Canadians as being more intimately associated with the Empire than any other colony. We think of you as part of us. You should have a splendid future. You have a great country."

A simple soldier, frank and open, with the direct answer, the straightforward story, Sir Mark glances at the past, brings out the name, the incident from the storehouse of memory; but never obtrudes himself. It was with reluctance he referred to the Victoria Cross. Soldier and modest gentleman, whose journal of the Crimea, of India, of China, will one day be worth reading.

A Boy Crucified.

An act of Finnish cruelty on the part of a father toward his son is reported from Bionville, not far from Metz. The man was annoyed by the conduct of the lad, a child of 10, and, ordinary means of punishment having failed to check his waywardness, he resolved upon a horrible form of torture. Having fixed a pulley to the ceiling near the wall, he lashed the boy's legs together, and then passed the rope around his shoulders, and hoisted him up to the ceiling by means of the rope and pulley. Then, selecting two sharp nails, he drove one through each of the boy's hands, thus literally crucifying him against the wall. The victim's agonizing cries attracted the attention of the neighbors, and a gendarme, who came up, at once entered the house to ascertain the cause. He immediately released the lad and sent for a doctor, after which he took the inhuman father into custody. A strong force of police had to be requisitioned to protect the prisoner while he was being removed to the police station, for the indignant crowd was very threatening, and repeatedly expressed its intention to capture him and execute summary justice.

## THE FARM.

Shade for Chickens.

The run of a raspberry patch is an ideal shade and scratching ground for little chicks, but on some places there is hardly



a tree or shrub at hand to keep off the hot midday sun from the little fellows. Procure some cheap cotton cloth and stretch it a foot from the ground across supports, as shown in the cut. Such a shelter can be made any length desired and will help the chicks amazingly.

Fattening Lambs in the Autumn.

Lambs do not usually bring so good a price when sold in the autumn, even when in finished form, as when fattened and sold during the winter following, writes Thos. Shaw in Prairie Farmer. But it may not always be convenient to carry them on into the winter, and when they are sent directly to the block in the autumn the aim should be to have them in fine finish, owing to the much better price that they will bring because of the flesh they carry.

We will suppose that the lambs have been well kept right up to the time of weaning. They should then weigh about fifty to sixty pounds, as they will be from four to five months old. The weaning will take place about the end of August with lambs that were dropped on the grass, say during the month of April.

Happy are those who have a field of rape well grown upon which they can turn the lambs at such a time. Those who have can turn their lambs in upon the rape and leave them there, and in from six to ten weeks they will have them fat and plump, and weighing from seventy to ninety pounds per head. Not will they need any additional grain ration while they feed upon the rape. They will probably do better if they are allowed free access to an old grass pasture near at hand, but this is not an absolute necessity. They will eat some grass when thus feeding, even when it is old and dead; and it is well that they do, for then the succulent rape will not produce scours. Nature seems to influence them, as it were, instinctively to partake of a diet that will be good for them when they have the opportunity.

When they are turned upon the rape at first they should be accustomed to it gradually, as there is some danger of their eating of it so freely as to cause bloating, which may speedily end in the death of the lambs. In fact they should never be put upon it at any time when in a hungry condition. Before being turned in upon the rape the lambs should be tagged. If scours follow the consequences will not then be so harmful. They should, of course, have all the salt they will take, but ordinarily they will not require water. The succulence of the rape seems to furnish the lambs with sufficient water unless when the weather is extraordinarily warm. But the dangers from pasturing sheep on rape seem to be much minimized in this western country. In my experience here I have had no difficulty from either scours or bloating when pasturing sheep on rape, and the same seems to be true of the experience of others.

In the earlier contributions from my pen on this question, I invariably took care to caution flock owners against the dangers arising from bloating and scours, but more especially the former. I did so for the reason that the losses from bloating are sometimes considerable when sheep are being pastured upon rape in Ontario, owing probably to its more succulent character in that province. And the greater succulence of rape in Ontario is owing, it may be to the more ample showers which fall in that province surrounded by lakes. I have failed to notice a single complaint in the agricultural papers of the West as to losses of sheep while being pastured upon rape. But even so, due caution should be exercised. In some seasons our rape crop will be more succulent than in others, and therefore the danger will be greater in such seasons.

For those who have no rape there are other ways of fattening lambs on pastures. As soon as weaned they may be put upon young clover or other pasture; but they should get an additional grain supplement, and the amount of grain fed should be increased as the pasture is found insufficient. From one-half to two pounds per head per day may be required to finish the lambs in good form, and unless the pastures are succulent they should have ample water supplies. The grain food may consist at first of oats, of oats alone, or oats and wheat bran in various proportions. The diet is always improved when a little oil cake is added. Later, corn may be added, and toward the last of the feeding season it should be fed freely. A grain supplement given to the lambs under the condition named, will undoubtedly prove a good investment.

Other methods may be adopted. If one has fodder corn grown so as not to be too coarse in character, this may be fed to the lambs either on the pastures or in the sheds, providing the lambs have easy access from the sheds to the pastures, and when small ears are found upon the corn, the gains of the lambs will be increased in proportion as the ears are plentiful. This food fed at first in the green form may be continued as long as desired.

Fall Plowing—Plowing Land When Wet.

S. T. W. asks the following important questions:

"Does the heat of the sun have any injurious effect on the land when plowed in August or early in September?"

"Which is the best month for fall plowing in southern Iowa, in order to get the best results?"

"When land is ploughed wet, what is the effect on the plant food in the soil, or in what way does it injure the soil?"

These questions open up a large field for discussion—too large to be fully treated here. The processes of nature and the arguments for and against different methods in farm practice are complex.

It would be hard to prove that the heat of the sun has a directly injurious effect on the soil aside from causing evaporation of moisture. In consequence of heat, air, and moisture, chemical action is going on in the soil. Plowing tends to hasten and increase this action. Plant food is being made available by this action. Vegetable matter in the soil is decomposing. Especially if there be changes in the quantity of moisture, the physical condition of the soil is being changed; clods are broken down. All these may be helpful. On the other hand, with the evaporation of moisture there is also a loss of some gaseous plant food by evaporation or by washing away or down into the subsoil. Plant growth checks this loss, the plant taking up and storing a part at least of this food which otherwise might be lost. As a whole we do not like any needless exposure of a bare plowed surface in the summer time, preferring to have a crop of some kind growing. In the case of very compact clays summer fallowing may be advisable, but the practice is much less common now, even in England, than it formerly was.

In such soil as we assume is found in the part of southern Iowa from which our correspondent writes, we would prefer moderately late to early plowing of land designed for crops the next year. This is especially true if there is grass or clover growing on the land. We much like the plan of sowing clover with small grain when the land is to be cropped with grain the next year. The growth of the clover in the fall should be allowed to continue as long as may be. If wheat or rye is to be sown in the fall, plowing is better done as soon as practicable after harvest, especially with rather light, loose soil. It is desirable to give the soil time to settle and become fairly compact.

The chief injury to soil from plowing or cultivating it when wet is a physical one. Some sandy soils show scarcely any injury from such plowing, while clay soils become hard, cloddy, or "run together." Indirectly chemical action is checked and thus the plant food affected, but the bad effects are chiefly from the poor mechanical or physical condition induced by stirring the wet soil. Decision as to whether or not to plow must be made, not only from consideration of general effect, but also with reference to the amount of work to be done, the temperature, quantity of moisture etc.

## MILLIONS IN DIAMONDS.

The Average Value of a Day's Find is About \$50,000.

The dispatches from London show that the English enthusiasm from South African mining shares is rapidly increasing. Everything else was neglected yesterday. The great accumulations of English capital passing by American and English stocks and shares, is pouring into the treasuries of the companies that are getting out gold and diamonds in the newly opened continent where Cecil Rhodes and a number of other aggressive Englishmen are building up a huge empire for Britain.

So far as the diamond mines are concerned, this excitement is the more remarkable, as it is perfectly well known that the great diamond mining company, the De Beers, which has absorbed the Kimberley mines and all other notable sources of supply has in its great vaults enough diamonds to make the diamond no longer a precious stone were they all thrown upon the market. English eagerness to invest at high prices simply shows that they believe that this company is strong enough to hold the product and dictate the price of diamonds.

The great strength of this company and the present immense prosperity are due to the ability of Gardner Williams. When he went to the Kimberley mines as manager he found everything in confusion, and most of the diamonds that were found, lost to the company through the clever thieving of the negroes who worked in the mines. He organized an amazing system, and, winning success where so many had failed, now gets a salary of \$100,000 a year.

Diamonds are being searched for over 1,000 feet below the level of the ground at Kimberley, the ore being dug at that depth in a vast and ever-increasing labyrinth of shafts, tunnels and chambers. The ore, taken to the surface, is scattered over an area several miles square, where at present no less than 3,000,000 loads of earth are exposed. This ore is left exposed to the weather for two years. Then it is so far disintegrated that it is easily crushed. It is estimated that in the ore now thus exposed there are diamonds worth \$20,000,000.

This vast treasure is fenced in and is guarded day and night. The whole mining system is an enclosure, from which no one is allowed to go without being searched. It contains the villages of the laborers. In fact, under Mr. Williams' system there are searching and shadowing day and night. Yet, in spite of all precautions, \$500,000 worth of diamonds are stolen every year.

Of course the laws of the colony reflect the company's efforts to prevent theft. To buy a diamond from any but an agent of the company is a penitentiary offense. Even an attempt to buy from any person not authorized to sell has a long term of imprisonment as its penalty. And the laws are rigidly enforced.

The output of the company for 1894 was sold for \$17,500,000, and the average value of a day's find of diamonds is about \$50,000, a value which is trebled when the diamonds are cut. The dividends are fabulous, and it is not surprising that every now and then the cool, conservative English investor loses his head and forgets that diamond shares are like all mining shares and similar investments that cannot but have something of the baselessness of a vision about them.

How He Escaped Punishment.

Young Ralph was whirling a revolving lamp on the library table when it suddenly turned over, and, as the oil poured out in great gulps, the frightened little fellow cried out: "Hurry, auntie! The lamp is sick. It got dizzy and fell over and is vomiting."

## NEAR THE DARK VALLEY.

A YOUNG GIRL RESCUED FROM AN EARLY GRAVE.

Pale, Listless and Weak, the Victim of a Hacking Cough. She Was Apparently Going Into a Rapid Decline—A Case of Deep Interest to Every Mother in the Land.

From the Cornwall Standard.

It is now a common thing in this locality to hear people acknowledge the wonderful benefit they have derived from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and it is not to be wondered at that the druggists find the sale of this remarkable medicine so large and yet constantly increasing. We could give any number of instances of splendid results following the use of Pink Pills, but so many of these are well known to many of our readers as to not need recapitulation. However, now and again a case of more than usual interest arises, and we will give the particulars of one of these for the benefit of the public at large. Some years ago a young girl of 14, a daughter of Mr. Leon Dora, a well known and respected resident of Cornwall, began to show serious symptoms, and caused her mother great anxiety. She was just at the critical period of her life, and medical aid was called in and everything done to help



'WAS MERELY A SHADOW OF HER FORMER SELF.'

her. But it appeared to be useless, and week after week she continued to grow worse, until it was evident she was fast going into a decline. A hacking cough set in, and the poor girl, who was formerly plump and healthy looking, with bright rosy cheeks, began to waste away, and in a few months was merely a shadow of her former self. Her mother had about lost all hope of saving the young girl's life, the doctors being apparently unable to do anything to check the ravages of the mysterious disease. At length the mother's attention was directed to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and she decided to give them a trial. A box was taken, and, as the girl did not show any visible signs of improvement, her mother was on the point of discontinuing the medicine when a neighbor persuaded her that a single box was not a fair trial, and induced her to continue the Pills. By the time a second box was completed there was some improvement noticeable and there was joy in that small household, and no more persuasion was needed to continue the treatment. The use of Pink Pills was then continued for some months, by which time the young girl had completely recovered her health and strength. To-day she is the very picture of health, and the color in her cheeks is as bright as it was before her illness commenced. To those who suffer during the days of her illness and suffering, her recovery is little short of a miracle. Mrs. Dora freely gave the Standard reporter permission to publish an account of her daughter's illness and recovery. She said she could not find words strong enough to express the gratitude for the miraculous cure this great life saving medicine had effected in her daughter's case, and she hoped her testimony might be the means of leading others similarly afflicted to give them a trial.

After writing the above, the reporter again called on Mrs. Dora and read it to her, asking her if it was entirely correct. She replied that she would like to give even stronger expression to her appreciation of this wonderful medicine. She further said that Pink Pills had greatly helped herself. She had been suffering from the effects of an attack of la grippe, and the Pink Pills had restored her to health. Her daughter also expressed her gratitude for the extraordinary change this medicine had wrought in her health.

In the case of young girls who are pale or sallow, listless, troubled with a fluttering or palpitation of the heart, weak and easily tired, no time should be lost in taking a course of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which will speedily enrich the blood, and bring a rosy glow of health to the cheeks. These pills are a positive cure for all troubles arising from a vitiated condition of the blood or a shattered nervous system. They are a specific for troubles peculiar to females, correcting suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness.

Manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. May be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company at either address.

Has a Lien On It.

You seem to think that you own the earth! exclaimed the irritable man. No, replied the haughty citizen, thoughtfully, "I don't own the earth, but I've got some stock in a street railway company."

For twenty-five years

# DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND  
LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.