ABOUT ARCHIBALD FORBES

THE FAMOUS CORRESPONDENT HAS BEEN FAR AFIELD.

He Was Witnessed Many Scenes of Carnage—Studied the German Language and Tactics—Bazine's Abortive Effort—The Shipka Pass.

This is truly "a man of blood and iron." He has been witness to more bloodshed, than any living person, has seen and endured more of the wild tumult and indescribable horrors of war and battle. Then his vivid word pictures and the historical scenes in which he has moved and by which he has been stirred will always bear the stamp of authority as they do of military genius. For Forbes is himself a soldier as well as a writer about soldiers. The battlefield is his chess board, and battalions his chessmen. He has forecast the moves of victory or defeat, while the issue still remained in the hollow of the hand. And it is this faculty which has made him the king among war correspondents. For his duty to his paper and the merciless demands of the wire often took him from the battlefield before the end had come. Thus, while the battle between Muscovites and Ottoman still raged in the Shipka Pass, Forbes, after a long night ride, was able to assure the Czar that his arms would hold the position. And when, after many contradictory reports had reached the Imperial headquarters, the news was at length confirmed, the Czar exclaimed to his erewhile doubting staff:—"You were wrong. I believe Ignatieff's Englishman is the only man among you who knows anything about war." Forbes' has been a life of wild adventure. A son of a Morayshire manse, he was given a good education in the parish school in Aberdeen University. He was intended first for the law.

THEN FOR THE CHURCH

but the sudden death of his father changed his plans, and he went over to Canada to push his fortune with a cousin who owned a tract of land near Lake Huron. He lingered in Quebec for three months, making love, it is alleged to his landlord's daughter; then, his resources giving out, he abandoned the idea of going to his cousin, and shipped for home as a sailor. The ship became waterlogged, the crew, after many hardships, took to the boats were picked up by the cotton ship Moses Taylor, and landed three months later at Liverpool, where Forbes gallantly spent his last eight shillings in grapes for the captain's daughter. He enlisted in a dragoon regiment and varied the monotony of drill by acting as school teacher to his company, and by contributing articles and stories to Cornhill and Household Words. Five years of this, and he left the army and drifted into journalism, but truth to tell, he was not a success. He was accused of criticizing a pianoforte player from the point of view of a gymnast, and the article worked havoc with his reputation. He started the London Scotsman, a patriotic journal, on his own account, and was struggling along with it in London when the Franco-German war broke out. James Grant, of "Romance of War" fame, was then editor of the Morning Advertiser, and Forbes, believing that he possessed some of the qualities of a war correspondent, applied to Grant for an appointment. He got it, he was asked to choose which side he liked, and get off to the front at once. He had

STUDIED GERMAN TACTICS;

he knew something of the German language, and he chose to go with the German army. From that point he became an assured success. He opened up a new era in war correspondence. The leisurely days of Russelian word-painting and the slow transmission of letters by post was at an end. The wire waited miles away, it might be, editors expected their nightly telegrams, and readers their breakfast news of dispositions and battles. The battle had to be watched under fire, the news had to be conveyed, often at life's risk, through an enemy's country. But Forbes had met his true vocation, and his telegrams and feasts of endurance and daring in the collection and conveyance of news became a theme of admiration in two hemispheres. We need not follow in detail his brilliant career. For years it was one whirl of adventure, in which the powerful body did sometimes succumb to the persistent strain, but the mind never. His actual turning point was when, recalled by Grant, he arrived in London with information which the Daily News greedily bought up at five pounds a column, and the order to write as much as he liked. Next morning he was thirty pounds richer, and the British public knew the exact disposition of the German army around Paris. Then he was despatched by the News to Paris, and the connection remained unbroken from the overthrow of the Commune to the downfall of Cetewayo. Of scenes he has witnessed only a few can be mentioned. He was present at the battles of Courcelles, Vionville, and Gravelotte. He saw

BAZAINE'S ABORTIVE EFFORT

to break out of Metz, and the surrender at Sedan of the master who had deserted him. Was it mere chance that led this witness of the fall of Napoleon at Sedan to see so many fateful days in the history of the Bonapartes? He stood by the first German gun fired at Saarbruck, which gave the youthful Prince Imperial his "baptism of fire." Later it became his duty to stand by Napoleon's deathbed at Chrisselhurst, and later still by the mutilated body of his son, the Prince Imperial, at the African kraal near which the youth was abandoned to the mercy of his foes. He was able to enter Metz before the capitulation; he was the first non-combatant to enter Paris after the siege; he saw the overthrow of the Commune, was in the midst of the fighting and was almost torn to pieces by the mob. He saw some fighting in Spain, after the abduction of King Amadeus; he suggested the Ashantee war, but ill-health kept him from seeing it. He had a peaceful tour with the Prince of Wales in India, and then more experience of warfare in the plucky attempt of Servia to throw off the yoke of Turkey. At Servia's final collapse he saw a nine hours' battle, travelled 150 miles, and telegraphed four columns to the Daily News in 84 hours! He was present at the battle of the Shipka Pass, was under fire during Skobeloff's magnificent attempt to take Plevna, and stood by when at length Osman Pasha walked out a conquered man, and saw the glance of admiration with which the conquered and conquering generals regarded each other. He went through the Afghan campaign of 1878, ate his Christmas dinner at Jellalabad, then off to Zululand, arriving in time to see plenty of fighting to watch "Bill" Beresford and Sergeant O'Toole win their Victoria Crosses by the side of the White Umvaloosi, and to carry the news of Ulundi alone at night through the enemy's country for 110 miles to the nearest telegraph wire. Since then he has travelled, lectured, and written much. The strain of work has debilitated the body, but has left unimpaired. The writing habit. He has written volume biographies of Havelock, Gordon, Lord Clyde, William of Germany, a history of the Black Watch, "Barracks, Bivouacs, and Battles," "Memories and Studies of War and Peace," "Camps, Quarters, and Casual Places," and magazine articles innumerable. Inter alia, he has defended the brave old ranker bazaine from the malevolence of his enemies. A potterer he was, admits Forbes, but no traitor. He has discussed war in all its bearings, and the latest finding seems to me that war will soon become so horrible in its devastations that the great armaments of the Continent will in time repay themselves by producing the millennium. His vigorous writing betrays the forceful character of the man. Clear in argument, precise in detail and somewhat stubborn in conviction he impresses his personality upon every page; and the bibliography of Forbes will always provide the most interesting histories of the wars he has seen.

HUMAN FREEDOM IN AFRICA.

Two recent occurrences have greatly promoted human freedom in Africa. One is the emancipation of slaves in Zanzibar, through the proclamation of the sultan, at the instance of the British government. The other is the breaking of the power of the Fulahs, a slave-trading semi-Arab tribe in the western Sudan. This has been accomplished by Sir George Goldie, the British administrator of the Royal Niger Company, and in a direct result of the expeditions against Benin and Nupe. The Fulahs, through force and superstition, had gained ascendancy over the Hausas, one of the promising African tribes,, and the British used a force of these Hausas, well armed and organized to inflict a crushing blow upon their tyrants. The territory hitherto controlled by the Fulahs wa sone of the last strongholds of slavery.

NOT ALWAYS SALT WATER.

There was once a time when the ocean, although not fresh, was merely brackish and not salt as it is now. This was when the earth was in its first youth, and before there was any land showing at all, or any animal life in the water. At this time the water was gradually cooling from its original state of steam, and the salts were slowly undergoing the change from gases into solids. Then came the appearance of land, and later on rivers, which gradually washed down more and more salts, while at the bottom of the ocean itself chemical action was constantly adding more brine to the waters. At present it is estimated there are in the world's oceans 7,000,000 cubic miles of salt, and the most astonishing thing about it is that if all this salt could be taken out in a moment, the level of the water would not drop one single inch.

THAT HUMP.

She—The talk about the immorality of bicycling is all nonsense.

He—But you must admit that you seldom see a rider who is perfectly upright.

A SHORT CUT TO RELIEF

FROM THE ITCHING AND BURNING OF ECZEMA.

What is Eczema, anyway? Let him who has been afflicted answer.

It is an itching and burning of the skin almost beyond endurance.

It is thousands of little vesicles filled with an irritant fluid, which burst and flow over the raw surface of the denuded skin, causing more torture than all other skin diseases combined.

It comes on almost any part of the body and is no respecter of age, as old people as well as tender infants are the subjects of its attack.

What about the cure? Physicians seem prone to regard it as almost beyond their reach.

What about Kootenay Cure? Why, it's the very remedy wherever there is any deterioration of the blood.

In the case of Mr. G. W. Dawson, Fulton P. O., Ont., stated under oath, it simply worked marvels. He had Eczema for five years, was treated by many physicians in Canada and the United States, but got so bad at last with the frightful itching and burning that he thought he would go insane. Six bottles of Ryckman's Kootenay Cure cured him.

Mr. William Marcham, an Engineer, living at 242 Catherine Street North, Hamilton, makes a sworn statement that he suffered intensely with Eczema which covered his whole body. He was in the City Hospital for six weeks and was discharged at the end of that time as incurable. Four bottles of Kootenay entirely cured his Eczema.

Other proofs of the remarkable efficacy of Ryckman's Kootenay Cure may be had by addressing the Ryckman Medicine Co., Hamilton, Ont.

Hundreds of people testify *under oath.*

The New Ingredient used in Kootenay Cure will revolutionize medical science.

One bottle lasts over a month.

BARNEY BARNATO'S LIFE.

SOMETHING OF THE MILLIONAIRE WHO SUICIDED AT SEA.

He was a Born Gambler with all the Superstition of that Craft—Fond of Dress and a Pretty Good Fellow.

It took a century before the days of the modern journalism to produce a authentic" histories of that Napoleon It has taken but twenty-four hours to produce twice that number of "only authentic" histories of that Napolean of finance, Barney Barnato, writes a London correspondent.

Barnato was a gambler, pure and simple. It was his nature, his temperament, the very breath of his nostrils. Once get that fact firmly fixed in your mind, and you have the key to the whole of this remarkable man's remarkable career. From his earliest years he never feared "to put it to the touch and win or lose it all." And while the details are still confused, and all facts wanting upon which to form a hypothesis, time will prove that he had formulated in his own mind a wager of fate, and that his own life was the stake. If that is correct, he lost and paid the wager with existence as promptly and unhesitatingly as he would have drawn a cheque upon his bank for a wager on a horse race.

BARNEY IN BOHEMIA.

Barnato was already a considerable personage and a coming man when I first met him. He frequented the places in London which were the resort for the better class of Bohemians, if there be any classes in Bohemia. At that time he was a prosperous diamond broker in Hatton Garden, a rich man, but with no desire or opportunity, had he the social aspiration, to be anything more than a man about town.

Romano's, in the Strand, a restaurant and bar kept by an Italian, familiarly known as "the Roman," was then the chosen and accepted resort of the London Bohemians—and a motley crew they were.

Of this set Barnato was an acknowledged leader. He was able to throw off all care when in convival society, and he frequently entertained the company with stories of his adventures travelling as a sleight-of-hand performer. Until he went to South Africa, according to his own story, he had never known what it was to have any considerable sum of money.

His origin he never spoke of, but he told with great charm of manner and skill as a raconteur, scores of stories of his experience as a juggler and prestidiooglitateur. He used to go out into the English provinces and show in the smaller towns, and if, after a few weeks of this provincial touring or "barnstorming," he came back to London with £50, he never went at it again until that munificent sum was exhausted. This life was the kind that then suited him, and the stories he told were suggestive always of "Signor Brunom", in "Cranford," for it was to such audiences that he catered.

FOND OF FINE LIVING.

While at this time he had not yet filled the world's eye as the modern Monte Cristo, he was already a marked man in London. Like Lord Beaconsfield, he was a lover of the raiment which is gorgeous and the luxury which is prodigal. The famous white silk half hose, of which much has been written, were, at that time, one of his "fads." He used laughingly to remark that they always were a comfort to him, because the boys who wore black silk stockings reminded him so forcibly of the Kaffirs in South Africa—you never could tell when they were clean.

Another of his amiable weaknesses was good eating. But he was a "gourmet," and not a "gourmand." He ate sparingly and drank little, but from his earliest years the best that could be procured was not too good for him—if his purse allowed the expenditure. So none was surprised, when he had wrested fortune from the hand of fate, to find him arrayed like Solomon in all his glory, but never in bad taste as to color, for he had a strong artistic sense and was an excellent judge of pictures.

In fact, it is a constant source of surprise, when I think of his own account of his early life, that he had so much refinement and good taste added to his native shrewdness and dashing speculative disposition.

OVERFLOWING WITH CHARITY.

The charity of the Hebrew race is proverbial—and unlike most proverbs this one is veracious—but with Barnato it was not only a racial instinct, but it was a gambler's superstition. No street beggar ever passed him without his bestowing largesse if appealed to, and his shillings and half-crowns dispensed where only halfpence or coppers were looked or hoped for won him a daily crop of blessings which ought to weigh heavily on the credit side of the ledger of his existence.

I went with him once on a Sunday morning down Petticoat Lane, one of the sights of London in those days. He was like a child in his enjoyment of the slumming. He spoke to the children in their own peculiar dialect, bestowed coins upon them, and altogether displayed that side of his nature which led him ten years afterwards, when he had the whole world transfixed with amazement at the audacity and magnificence of his schemes, to hold court at breakfast time in company with a pet bulldog, at which time the humblest of his early associates or friends was welcomed with a personal hospitality which had a graceful charm no official audience could confer.

A SPHINX IN BUSINESS.

But in business matters he was the Sphinx and the Great Mogul, both rolled into one. Added to this was a keen insight into that phase of human nature which he learned when he juggled the public with balls and swords and vanishing bird cages and disappearing coins. That taught him the great fundamental lesson of how easily the public is gulled and how dearly the public loves to be fooled.

P. T. Barnum did not know that any better than did Barney Barnato, but he put it to use with the "Woolly Horse" and the "Mermaid," and the other with South African diamond mines and golden lures. The result was the same.

He remarked one day when some one was commenting on the craze for brewery shares, which was then at its height:

"My dear boy, there are fashions in speculation as much as there are in coats and bonnets, and the man who tries to sell the public apples when they want eggs, or vice versa, is an ass."

Prince and Princess of Wales at Home

The first lease granted to the Duchess of Marlborough of the site now occupied by the London residence of the Prince and Princess of Wales stipulated that the garden of the ancient "Friary" should not be desecrated with buildings. Therefore it is that the passer-by on the Pall Mall can see the tops of lofty elms, of evergreen oaks and chestnuts in the heart of London, and if fortunate enough to get beyond the heavy entrance gates may find his way to a smooth and shady lawn lying on one side of the plain, red-brick structure known as "Marlborough House." Until the beginning of the present century the descendants of John Churchill, the first Duke of Marlborough, lived in the mansion. But upon the marriage of Prince Leopold, afterwards King of Belgium, to the young Princess Charlotte it became the scene of their brief but happy union. Later the Dowager Queen Adelaide found a home there. At her death it afforded room for the art collection which developed into the South Kensington Museum, and in the year 1863 it passed to its present owners.

In the current number of The Cosmopolitan there is a pleasantly written article descriptive of the outward appearance and the internal economy of the royal mansion. Architecturally it is unpretentious enough. A narrow carriage-way leads up to a spacious quadrangle formed by the main building and its wings, and here is the main entrance to the house guarded by a row of fine bay trees set in wooden boxes. Sentries are constantly on duty at the gates and a number of police officers are also on hand day and night. One of them in plain clothing is detailed to follow the Princess of Wales, always at a respectful distance, should she walk abroad alone, which she usually does in going to York House. On one side of the quadrangle is the block of buildings devoted to the domestic department of Marlborough House. Here is situated the kitchen, 35 by 25 feet in extent and fitted with every modern convenience. There is only one kitchen, but it is conveniently placed and not like that in Buckingham Palace, a quarter of a mile distant from the royal dining apartment. The stables are stocked with between 40 and 50 horses, none too many for the large household. Under a glass enclosure the royal carriages are placed to be cleaned, and among them is the "Russian," upholstered in dark blue Morocco, and the Prince's brougham, a masterpiece of comfort and convenience and lined in the same color. Opposite the domestic department are the offices where Sir Leighton Probyn, the Comptroller of the Household, transacts affairs, and Sir Francis Knollys, the Prince's Private Secretary. There are no conservatories on the place, but a species of substitute exists in the glass-covered portico upon which the drawing room opens into the garden. Its floor is tiled in blue and yellow, and it is furnished with a view purely to comfort. Here guests smoke and lounge on the Turkey-red couches, while a small, white marble fountain, luxuriant with ferns and water plants, tinkles night and day.

The drawing room of Marlborough House is of spacious proportions. It is enlarged from what was formerly a suite of three apartments, and pillars mark the original divisions. Amongst the objects of virtu to be seen there are two Louis XVI. cabinets mounted in ormolu, inlaid with exquisite woods and ivory plaques. Its western door leads to the famous Indian room, a favorite with the Princess of Wales, and where dinner parties of medium size are given. This room, formerly the library, is stocked with priceless treasures of art in curios, weapons, and jewels, among them a gold tray from Mysore, a wonderful piece of workmanship. A short passage leads from it to the Princess' painting-room, and on to the tapestry room, also known as Her Royal Highness' sitting-room, though she seldom uses it. Thence by the main corridor the eastern side of the house is reached, and here is the household dining-room, 25 feet square, and adjoining it the State salle a manger, where large dinner parties are held. Perhaps the most striking of the apartments is that which once formed the entrance hall of the house. It has been converted into a reception salon, 30 by 30 feet, and hung with marvellous Gobelin tapestries, a present from Napoleon III. A "lift" from the main hall carries the Princess of Wales to her private rooms, in one of which, the reception room, the family frequently breakfast together at 10 o'clock. The Princess' boudoir adjoins it, and is appointed according to her private tastes. The furniture is covered with dainty frilled slips in red silk; Indian rugs cover the floor; there is a profusion of cushions, and a wide hearth where in cool weather logs are always burning. The room is decorated in white and gold, the walls are hung with satin damask of chintz pattern, and the curtains are red. Upon her Highness' writing table a bonbonniere stands always filled with confections. Her wardrobe room is on the second floor over the kitchen (!). The Prince's is on the opposite side of the house. A thorough artist, she designs her own gowns, and has a knack for millinery, cultivated, no doubt, in her youth of happy poverty in Denmark.

The routine of her day is a combination of private and public functions. In the morning, like any other lady of leisure, she works a little at her easel, tries over new music, receives friends and relatives, attends to personal correspondence, or experiments with the camera, a favorite pastime. No one may call upon the Princess without an invitation, and even personal friends must await the intimation that she wishes to see them. After luncheon the real business of the day begins in the fulfilment of the never-ending engagements her position entails. The dinner hour is half-past 8, unless an earlier is named to enable the august family to attend the theatre or some other evening amusement.

The Prince of Wales retires late but rises early. He is described as a thorough man of business and the soul of punctuality. His first breakfast is served at 9 o'clock in his own sitting room, after which he opens his correspondence himself, answers personal letters and indicates on the margin of others what replies he wishes his Secretary to make. Sir Francis Knollys fills this position, while Miss Knollys is companion and indeed other self to the Princess. About 11 o'clock the Comptroller arrives and interviews the Prince daily, after which he drives out or may be seen walking up St. James street, or going to York or Clarence House on foot. Even to a greater extent than the Princess he is in demand at public functions. These are of every description, and, bored or not, his duty must be done. In truth, his unfailing amiability, and also that of his wife, is proverbial. It has earned them the reputation of being the most popular pair in the British Isles.

PUT TO THE TEST.

THE MOST CONVINCING AND ABSOLUTE PROOF GIVEN.

That Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cure When Other Medicines Fail—What They Have Done for Others They Will Do for You.

No remedy of modern times has offered more, or stronger proof of its sterling merit than has Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The cures are not those of people in foreign lands, but from all parts of our own country, and the statements made are easily verified by everyone in the vicinity in which the cures reported occur. When such proof as this is offered doubt must cease, and the medicine must be awarded the palm of superiority over all others. Every mail brings letters from grateful people in all parts of Canada, who have been cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, sometimes after years of illness and after other medicines had failed, and it is the words of gratitude spoken by sufferers thus restored to health that has created the enormous demand this medicine has. The following letter is but a fair sample of hundreds constantly being received:—

The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co.

Dear Sirs,—I have great pleasure in bearing testimony to the medicinal value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, as a blood purifier and health restorer. For ten years I was a victim to a complication of troubles, beginning with quinsey and followed by rheumatism and bronchitis. My physicians told me the trouble had become chronic, and that every winter I would either have to house myself up or go to a warmer climate. Two years ago I was confined to my bed and room from February until May under the doctor's care. One day while reading of the cures wrought by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I determined to try them, and I found a cure at last in this splendid medicine. I used a dozen boxes of the pills and I have never been better in my life than I am now, and I have not been troubled in any way with my old complaints since I discontinued the use of the Pink Pills. As I have already stated I was a sufferer for years, and during that period spent a small fortune in doctor's medicine and drugs, only to find in the end that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills accomplished what all other medicines failed to do. When my friends who know how often I was laid aside with illness asked me what cured me I am always happy to say Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Yours gratefully
MRS. J. A. McKIM,
Cataraqui.

Mr. and Mrs. McKim are among the best known and most esteemed residents at Cataraqui, Ont. Mr. McKim has been a travelling salesman for pianos and organs in the district in which he resides for upwards of twenty-five years.

What stronger proof than the above can be had for the claim that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure when all other medicines fail? If you are ailing give this great medicine a fair trial and the result will not disappoint you. The public are cautioned against numerous pink colored imitations. Insist upon taking nothing but the packages which bear the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People."

SAUCY.

Mrs. V. Hement—No, I will give you absolutely nothing.

Scrappy Shraggs—Would yer mind loanin' me a bit uv chalk?

Mrs. V. Hement—What do you want of chalk?

Scrappy Shraggs—I want ter mark de "no-good" sign on yer fence madim.

A BRIEF STATEMENT.

Wheeler is going to sue the railroad company for $500 damages for the loss of his bicycle, which was destroyed while being carried in on eof the baggage cars.

How does he figure $500 damages?

One hundred for the wheel and four hundred for the injury to his feelings.

FOR TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.