"STORY OF THE GUIDES"

Quelling a Native Rebellion in India.

No Body of British Troops Have Done Better Work Than "The Guides."

It is exactly fifty years ago since peace and order were restored in India after the great Mutiny, and in the thrilling story of how the revolt of 100,000 native troops was crushed by some 40,000 European soldiers under Lawrence and Campbell, the name of "The Guides" looms large. The latter were a corps formed in 1846 by Sir Henry Lawrence, who, at a time when soldiers fought, marched, and lived in tight scarlet tunics, high stocks, trousers tightly strapped over Wellington boots, and shakos which would now be looked upon as almost certain death, decided to raise a troop of comfortably and suitably clad soldiers—trustworthy men who could at a moment's notice, act as guides in the field, collect intelligence, and, in addition, give and take hard blows.

Martinets of the old school gravely shook their heads and trembled for the disciple of men without stocks and overalls says Colonel G. J. Younghusband, C.B., in his "Story of the Guides." But, without exaggeration,it may be said that no body of British troops have, in the history of the Empire, displayed greater courage and more ready obedience at all times than "The Guides." in spite of the fact that they were recruited from a great number of different tribes. Their first commander was (Sir Harry Lumsden), a scion of a fine old soldier stock in Aberdeenshire, who was idolized by his men. This devotion is well illustrated by the following incident. One day Sir John Lawrence said something to annoy Lumsden, and this became evident to the faithful fellows who were ready to rush into any danger at his order. In the evening an orderly came to Lumsden secretly, and said:—

"It is only this, sahib; I and my comrades noticed that the Lord Sahib spoke to-day words that were not pleasing to your Excellency, and that you were angry and displeased when you heard them. So we have consulted together as to how best we may serve the proper end; for it is not right and proper that we should allow our colonel sahib to be harshly spoken to by anyone. There is, therefore, this alternative: the Lord Sahib has arranged to leave by the straight road to-morrow morning for Peshawar but with your honor's kind permission and by the grace of God there is no reason whatever why he should ever reach it!"

One of the most famous feats accomplished by the corps was their march to Delhi during the Indian Mutiny, at a time when their arrival exercised a moral effect on the force they came to assist. In the hottest season of the year and through the hottest region on earth they (marched 580 miles) in just over twenty-one days—an average of twenty-seven miles a day—and when they were asked, at the end of their tremendous march, how soon they would be ready to go into action, the reply was: "In half an hour." Such was the fighting spirit of "The Guides" but ten years after they had been formed.

Perhaps the most striking exploit of "The Guides" described in Colonel Younghusband's book is the story of how a handful of "Guides" captured the formidable fortress of Gorindgar, together with seventy guns and a regiment of infantry, with little or no loss to themselves.

"A native commissioned officer, with a party of the Guides, appeared before the gates, bringing, as it seemed, three prisoners. On the ground that the prisoners were desperate ruffians, with a price on their heads, he gained admittance, asking that they might be shut up in the guard-house during the night. Though at first he met with some suspicion he contrived to gain the trust of the Governor. Leaving a couple of men to assist in guarding the prisoners he remained with his force outside. But during the night these two men overpowered the sentries, set free the three imprisoned men, and with their assistance opened the gates to the Guides, who gained a firm footing in the fort before the garrison knew what was happening."

It was "The Guides" who furnished an escort of some seventy men to Cavagnari's mission to Kabul in 1879, and were massacred to a man. In the fourth sortie from the Residency the last Englishman was killed. Knowing this to be the case the enemy called on the remainder of "The Guides" to surrender, promising them their lives.

"Left in command was Jemadar Jewand Singh, a splendid Sikh officer of the Guides Cavalry, and not one whit behind his British officer in brave resolve. He deigned no word of answer to the howling crowd without, but to the few brave survivors within, perhaps a dozen or so, he said: 'The sahibs gave us this duty to perform, to defend this Residency to the last. Shall we then disgrace the cloth we wear by disobeying their orders now they are dead? Shall we hand over the property of the Sirkar, and the dead bodies of our officers, to these sons of perdition? I for one prefer to die fighting for duty and the fame of the Guides, and they that will do likewise follow me.'"

AND THEY MARCHED OUT TO DIE.

"The annals of no army and no regiment can show a brighter record of devoted bravery than has been achieved by this small band of Guides." So reads the inscription on the memorial at Mardan, which the British Government raised in memory of Kabul.

There has always been a keen competition for enrolment in "The Guides," and in the early days, when Lumsden was in command, there were sometimes as many as thirty men receiving no pay and maintaining themselves and their horses while awaiting a vacancy.

"And great indeed was the excitement when Lumsden, in his bluff, breezy way, would say: 'Well, here's a vacancy, and I don't for the life of me know which of you to give it to. Come along down to the rifle range and shoot it off amongst yourselves; the best shot gets the appointment.' The demeanor of the winner on such occasions would have made a Master in Lunacy look grave. The happy young fellow would jump into the air, yelling and pirouetting, brandishing a sword, and at frequent intervals letting off a gun, while most of his friends did likewise."—London Tit-Bits.

"I can testify to the great merits of your Emulsion, especially in all diseases of a pulmonary nature. It has saved many lives that otherwise would have yielded to consumption . . . we keep *Scott's Emulsion* in the house all the time and all the family use it."—MR. C. J. BUDLONG, Box 158, Washington, R. I.

Scott's Emulsion

does ALL it does by creating flesh and strength so rapidly that the progress of the disease is retarded and often stopped. It is a wonderful flesh builder and so easy to digest that the youngest child and most delicate adult can take it. If you are losing flesh from consumption or any other cause take SCOTT'S EMULSION. It will stop the wasting and strengthen the whole system.

Be sure to get SCOTT'S

ALL DRUGGISTS

Let us send you a copy of Mr. Budlong's letter—his case is really wonderful—and some interesting literature regarding our preparation. Just send us a card mentioning this paper.

SCOTT & BOWNE
126 Wellington St., W. Toronto

DOCTOR BANGED THE DOOR.

A well-known doctor, upon reaching home after a two days' absence, noticed that his slate was perfectly clean, whereupon he asked the servant girl:

"Has nobody called during my two days' absence? I left this slate out for callers to write their names on, and it is perfectly clean."

"Oh, yes, sir," replied the servant cheerfully. "A lot of folk has come. An' the slate got so full o' names that only this morning I had to rub them all off to make room for more."

If a girl isn't able to do anything else she can at least keep a man guessing.

HUSBAND AND WIFE

Both Restored to Health by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

"Both myself and my wife can truthfully say that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been of great benefit to us, and we are constantly recommending them to our friends." Thus writes Mr. Ernest L. Archibald, Truro N. S., who further says:—"In my own case I had been subject to dizzy headaches for over a year, and three boxes of the Pills completely cured me of the trouble. About a year ago my wife began to complain. She seemed to be completely run down; was very pale and weak; she could not walk up stairs without stopping on the way to get breath, and ultimately she grew so weak she could not sweep a floor without resting. She tried several tonics but received no benefit. Then I persuaded her to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and got her a half dozen boxes. After she had used a couple of boxes her appetite began to improve and the color to return to her face. She continued using the Pills until she had taken the six boxes, and today she is perfectly well, feels stronger and looks better than she has done for some years. While she was taking the Pills she gained twelve pounds in weight."

Dr. Williams' Pills cure troubles like these because they are rooted in the blood. Bad blood is the cause of all common diseases like anaemia, rheumatism, indigestion, neuralgia, St. Vitus' dance, general weakness, and those ailments that only women folks know, with their attendant headaches and backaches and irregularities. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a sure cure when given a fair trial, because they enrich the blood and thus reach the root of disease. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

LEGENDS OF IRELAND

SUPERSTITION STILL LINGERS IN THE GREEN ISLE.

In Rural Ireland Many Tales of "Banshee" and "Dullahan" are Told.

In rural Ireland linger many superstitions which in more enlightened parts of the three kingdoms have long since died a natural death. Maud G. Sargent, in the New Ireland Review, writes with sympathy and knowledge on the subject. "The tide of civilization and education is surging over Ireland, and in towns and large villages steam and electricity, motors and bicycles, libraries and newspapers, have dealt a death-blow to many picturesque old customs and romantic legends; but, amid the wide stretches of bog, in the wild glens and mountain passes, and along the stormy Atlantic coast, ancient rites and myths linger."

The writer, first of all, deals with the superstition which are embodied in the powers of healing and cur, and then continues:—

No wonder strange superstitions linger in the scattered hamlets by the sea, or in the lonely cabins on the rocky islands, round the iron coast, for on wintry nights, when the mighty surges break thundering against the towering cliffs, and the storm-wind wails weirdly through hollow caverns and ivied ruins, where the deserted fortresses of the powerful chieftains of by-gone days look down on the foaming waves, and the cry of the gulls and the curlew echoes over rocky shores and across wide loughs and estuaries, one might well fancy that the sounds were the voices of giants or wizards doomed for their sins to wander for ever round this coast, the mournful wail of the "banshee" or of "the White Lady of the Cliffs"—a famous Munster apparition.

"THE DULLAHAN."

Women and children, crouching over the fire of driftwood, peat, or furze branches, flaming fitfully on the open hearth, cross themselves as a louder wail rings through the darkness, or a rumbling sound is heard, that to their ears seems to be the rolling of the wheels of "the headless coach" or "death coach," so called in the County Cork because horses and driver are supposed to be headless. The coachman is the "Dullahan," that is, a dark or sullen person, a goblin of most malignant disposition! This phantom is said to "follow" many old Munster families, the vehicle lumbering heavily up the avenue, and stopping at the front door whenever a death is about to occur in the house. Needless to say, the noise of a heavy cart at night along an unfrequented road is sufficient to terrify superstitious people into believeing that they had heard the death coach—they take good care not to see it!

DREADED "FAIRY HORSE."

Another much-dreaded apparation is the Phoka, or Fairy Horse, a very malicious spirit, who is said to appear in the shape of a beautiful coal-black steed, with fire darting from his eyes and nostrils.

Occasionally he adopts the form of a black bull or a goat, and sometimes he appears as an awful compound of several black animals—horse, bull, goat, and ram! In his equine form he is said to amuse himself by enticing solitary travellers, whom he meets after dark, into mounting him, and as he invariably looks like a "nate cut of a horse," such as every Irishman appreciates, he is said to succeed very frequently in his nefarious plan.

The instant the rider is on his back the elfin steed dashes off madly through stream, lake and boghole, thicket and coppice, hedge and ditch, marsh and ravine, till the terrified mortal, drenched, torn bruised, shrieks for mercy, or perhaps remembers to gasp out a prayer, when, with a furious bound, the Phooks flings him off—preferably into a muddy pool or a furze-brake, and darts away, leaving the unhappy rider to pick himself up, invariably finding that he is miles out of his way.

MURDER FROM THE DOCK

SOME EXCITING SCENES IN COURTS OF LAW.

What Occasionally Happens When Prisoners Come Armed Into the Dock.

The worst case of the kind occurred only a few weeks ago at the Indiana city of Terre Haute. A prisoner found guilty of arson suddenly whipped out a revolver and fired from the dock at the sheriff, the head of town police, who had been the principal witness. The unfortunate man fell dead, and the prisoner emptied his revolver into a group of other witnesses, wounding no fewer than five. By that time the police had drawn their own pistols, and the murderer fell dead, riddled by four bullets.

A similar outrage occurred in Paris, France, on May 22nd last. Only here the assailant was not a prisoner, but the unsuccessful plaintiff in a case involving the ownership of three-quarters of a million francs. His intended victim was his lawyer, who, he believed, had lost the case for him. He fired straight at the advocate's head, but his aim was, luckily, as bad as his temper. He missed the man, and smashed a plaster cast of a female figure representing the Republic.

STORMED THE BENCH.

Those present in the court at Bendigo, the gold city of Australia, on February 25th, 1903, were treated to a most eciting scene. A prisoner convicted of cattle stealing suddenly shouted, "Sooner than go to gaol, I will cut my throat," and, snatching a great knife from a hidden pocket, he slashed at his throat. He inflicted three fearful cuts before the police could reach him, and even then fought savagely till he fell, exhausted with loss of blood. He died later in the prison infirmary.

Two convicts named Wimmer and Trinkl caused a fearful panic in the Vienna Criminal Court one day in November last. Tried for burglary, they were found guilty, and the judge pronounced sentence. "Three years' hard labor and detention in a penal colony." The words were hardly out of the judge's mouth before Wimmer, shouting, "I won't take that," hurled himself out of the dock, closely followed by Trinkl, and made a rush for the bench. The two were climbing the balustrade when a policeman pulled Trinkl down. But Wimmer snatched the policeman's sword and struck out viciously.

The crowd in court rushed for their lives, crushing in panic through the door. But four policemen came rushing forward. They struck down Wimmer, and disarmed him, and he and Trinkl were carried, yelling, from the court to the cells below.

Even English courts are not free from regrettable incidents. An old woman, an habitual drunkard, once flung a rotten egg at Judge French, missing him by only an inch or two.

ASSAULTED WITH PENCE.

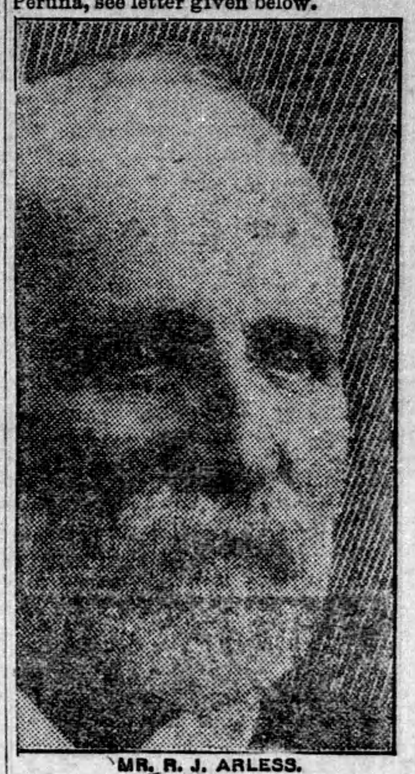
At Westminster Police Court a somewhat similar thing happened. The prisoner, a sturdy, sullen-looking man, was accused of a series of violent assaults, and the gaoler had just described him as one of the worst ruffians in Westminster, when the man seized a handful of pennies from his pocket and hurled them furiously at a witness who stood near.

He was in the very act of leaping out of the dock when a couple of officers seized and held him, in spite of his struggles. It was said that it had taken seven policemen to bring him to the police-station, and that he had lamed one of them with a kick on the knee-cap.

Perhaps the most extraordinary scene ever witnessed in any court of law was when Carlos Waddington, son of the Chilian Charge d'Affaires at Brussels, was tried for the murder of Balmaceda, his father's secretary. Maitre Bonnevie, counsel for the prosecution, made a speech so savage that the prisoner's self-control at last gave way, and he screamed, "You coward! You coward!" Instantly the whole court was in an uproar. Women wept, men yelled insults at the lawyer, the rival counsel jumped up and danced with rage. The judge cried in vain for silence, and finally ordered genarmes to clear the court.—Pearson's Weekly.

NASAL CATARRH PRODUCES DEAFNESS RELIEF IN PE-RU-NA

Mr. R. J. Arless, 401 City Hall Ave., Montreal, Quebec, is an old gentleman of wide acquaintance, having served thirty-eight years in the General Post-office of Montreal, a record which speaks for itself. Concerning his use of Peruna, see letter given below.



MR. R. J. ARLESS.

"I have been afflicted with **nasal catarrh** to such a degree that it **affected my hearing.**

"This was contracted some twenty years ago by being exposed to draughts and sudden changes of temperature.

"I have been under the treatment of specialists and have **used many drugs** recommended as specifics for catarrh in the head and throat—all **to no purpose.**

"About three years ago I was induced by a confrere in office to try Peruna.

"After some hesitation, as I had doubts as to results after so many failures, I gave Peruna a trial, and am happy to state that **after using** eight or ten bottles of **Peruna I am much improved** in hearing, and in breathing through the nostrils."

TWILIGHT THOUGHTS.

Failure only makes success sweeter.

"Good enough" is never much good.

Wise wit is better than silly solemnity.

Of all vain things, excuses are the vainest.

You can't cure corns by growling at them.

Anyone who can make money can make friends.

We lose nothing by treating old age with respect.

The man who is always right is apt to bore his friends.

Often a man who is as good as his word isn't much good.

He is a wise man who gets out before he is kicked out.

Some men never ask a girl to marry them till they are sure she won't.

It isn't safe to judge what a woman wants to do by the thing she does.

Some people expect five dollars' worth of gratitude for a fifty cent present.

It takes two to make a quarrel; but it also takes two to "kiss and be friends."