

STORMING OF LUCKNOW.

A STIRRING INCIDENT OF THE INDIAN MUTINY.

The Most Famous of Sir Colin Campbell's Many Campaigns—A Remarkable and Romantic Story of Jessie's Dream—Impressive Scenes on the Approach of the Highlanders.

Sir Colin Campbell it was who stormed Lucknow in 1857. The dream of the corporal's wife is known wherever the English language is read or spoken, and for this famous march Sir Colin Campbell, son of a Glasgow carpenter, became Lord Clyde, of Clydesdale.

Cassell's Illustrated Family Paper, of January 16, 1858, gives a true account of the remarkable and romantic story of "Jessie's Dream." It will be read with peculiar interest by the younger generations, and we give it in full as follows, the account being related by one of the rescued party, the lady of an officer at Lucknow, and given in her own words:

On every side death stared us in the face; no human skill could avert it any longer. We saw the moment approach when we must bid farewell to earth, yet without feeling that unutterable horror which must have been experienced by the unhappy victims at Cawnpore. We were resolved rather to die than to yield, and were fully persuaded that in twenty-four hours all would be over. The engineers had said so and they all knew the worst. We women strove to encourage each other, and to perform the light duties which had

BEEN ASSIGNED TO US

such as conveying orders to the batteries and supplying men with provisions, especially cups of coffee, which we prepared day and night. I had gone out to try and make myself useful, in company with Jessie Brown, the wife of a corporal in my husband's regiment. Poor Jessie had been in a state of restless excitement all through the siege, and had fallen away visibly within the last few days. A constant fever consumed her, and her mind wandered occasionally, especially that day, when the recollections of home seemed powerfully present to her. At last, overcome with fatigue, she lay down on the ground, wrapped up in her plaid. I sat beside her, promising to awaken her when, as she said, "her father should return from the ploughing." She fell at length into a profound slumber, motionless and

APPARENTLY BREATHLESS,

her head resting on my lap. I myself could no longer resist the inclination to sleep, in spite of the continual roar of the cannon. Suddenly I was aroused by a wild, unearthly scream close to my ear; my companion stood upright beside me, her arms raised, and her head bent forward in the attitude of listening. A look of intense delight broke over her countenance, she grasped my hand, drew me toward her, and exclaimed—

"Dinna ye hear it? dinna ye hear it? Ay, I'm no dreaming; it's the slogan of the Highlanders; We're saved, we're saved!"

HARK, THE SLOGAN.

"Then, flinging herself on her knees, she thanked God with passionate fervor. I felt utterly bewildered; my English ears heard only the roar of artillery, and I thought my poor Jessie was still raving; but she darted to the batteries, and I heard her cry incessantly to the men—

"Courage! courage! hark to the slogan—to the Macgregor, the grandest of them a'. Here's help at last!"

"To describe the effect of these words on the soldiers would be impossible. For a moment they ceased firing, and every soul listened with intense anxiety. Gradually, however, there arose a murmur of bitter disappointment, and the wailing of the women who had flocked to the spot broke out anew, as the colonel shook his head. Our dull lowland ears heard nothing but the rattle of the musketry. A few moments more of this death-like suspense, of this agonizing hope, and Jessie, who had again sunk to the ground sprang to her feet, and cried, in a voice so clear and piercing that it was heard along the whole line—

LISTEN TO THE PIBROCH

"Will ye no' believe it noo? The slogan has ceased indeed, but the Campbells are comin'! D'ye hear, d'ye hear?"

"At that moment we seemed, indeed, to hear the voice of God in the distance, when the pibroch of the Highlanders brought us tidings of deliverance, for now there was no longer any doubt of the fact. That shrill, penetrating, ceaseless sound, which rose above all other sounds, could come neither from the advance of the enemy nor from the work of the Sappers. No, it was indeed the blast of the Scottish bagpipes, now shrill and harsh, as threatening vengeance on the foe, then in softer tones seeming to promise succour to their friends in need.

RELIEF AT LAST.

"Never surely was there such a scene as that which followed. Not a heart in the residence of Lucknow but bowed itself before God. All, by one simultaneous impulse fell upon their knees, and nothing was heard but bursting sobs and the murmured voice of prayer. Then all arose, and there rang out from a thousand lips a great shout of joy, which resounded far and wide, and lent new vigour to that blessed pibroch. To our cheer of 'God save the Queen,' they replied by the well-known strain that moves every Scot to tears, 'Should Auld Acquaintance Be Forgot,' etc.

"After that nothing else made any impression on me. I scarcely remember what followed. Jessie was presented to the general on his entrance into the fort, and at the officers' banquet her health was drunk by all present, while the pipers marched round the table playing once more the familiar air of 'Auld Lang Syne.'"

Woman's Courage.

Dress is a great responsibility with woman, and the present style of sleeves is merely another proof of her willingness to shoulder it.

LIVING PICTURES

IN BROAD DAYLIGHT.

One Real Living Picture Meets Another.

What She Took for a Spirit Was Her Friend.

Ghosts don't walk in broad daylight, and yet when a woman finds herself suddenly confronted by the friend she has mourned as dead she is apt to experience a creepy sensation that isn't down in the dictionary.

In a case like this no amount of presence of mind or self-possession can ward off the mingled feelings of astonishment, fear, joy and curiosity that will render a woman temporarily tongue-tied. It is only after again seeing the cherished smile of greeting after again feeling that there is throbbing life beneath the dainty glove, and after again hearing her own name spoken in the ever familiar voice, that this strange sensation vanishes.

THE STRANGE MEETING.

The meeting of the two women whose pictures are here given, shows that everyday life furnishes experiences as thrilling as those that come to us only in our wildest dreams. And the fact that such meetings occur every day points a moral that every woman in the land should take to heart. Here was a woman in the prime of life, pursued by that sentinel which seeks its victim, among her sex alone.

From a living picture she became, in less than a year, a wreck of human wretchedness. From despondency to despair seemed but the remaining step, the last step.

HER LAST FAREWELL.

Overcome by the premonition that precedes a lingering death, she asked to be removed to her old home in the West, and spoke what to all seemed to be her last farewell. In the very paper that chronicled her departure the doomed invalid found four letters written by Mrs. William Hoover, of Belleville, O.; Mrs. Caroline King, of New Boston, O.; Mrs. S. A. Monroe, Baltimore, Md.; F. F. Sargent, of United States Artillery School, Fortress Monroe, Va. These letters are printed below. They told how cures had been found for cases like her own—cases of "female weakness" and shattered health that had almost sapped life away. With no more hope than that which prompts the drowning man to catch at a straw—for she firmly believed herself incurable, just as tens of thousands of women believe themselves incurable—she followed the advice contained in these letters. The result is best told in the woman's own words. "In less than five months," she writes, "I returned to my friends in the east, as well and strong in body and mind and as happy and free from pain as any woman in the world. I had gained nearly thirty pounds in weight and was so changed in face and form that when one of my dearest friends met me in broad daylight she almost fainted, for

"SHE BELIEVED ME DEAD."

She adds, "I owe my whole life and happiness to Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which cured me after doctors, travel, baths, massage, and electricity, had failed to even benefit!"

This woman's case, remarkable as it may seem, is not an exceptional one. Thousands and thousands of just such cures have been made in every State by these self-same remedies for women's special peculiar disorders and diseases.

WHAT WOMEN SHOULD KNOW.

Every woman in this country ought to know that there is an institution in this country where diseases peculiar to their sex have for nearly thirty years, been made a specialty by several of the physicians and surgeons connected therewith. This institution is the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y. In treating thousands of cases at that famous sanitarium, there have been perfected medicines which form a regular, scientific course of treatment for these prevalent and most distressing ailments. So positively sure and certain are these

Recipes.—For Making a Delicious Health Drink at Small Cost.

Adams' Root Beer Extract..... one bottle
Fleischmann's Yeast..... half a cake
Sugar..... two pounds
Lukewarm Water..... two gallons

Dissolve the sugar and yeast in the water, add the extract, and bottle; place in a warm place for twenty-four hours until it ferments, then place on ice, when it will open sparkling and delicious.

The root beer can be obtained in all drug and grocery stores in 10 and 25 cent bottles to make two and five gallons.

DOUBLED UP WITH RHEUMATISM.

A Norwood Citizen Praises South American Rheumatic Cure.

William Pegg, Norwood, Ont.: "Last Christmas I could hardly walk, and was nearly doubled up with rheumatism. I procured three bottles of South American Rheumatic Cure from W. Rutherford, druggist, of Norwood, and found it the best and quickest acting medicine I ever saw. The first dose gave relief, and the three bottles completely cured me. I have had neither ache nor pain from rheumatism since."

A VETERAN OF THE LATE WAR

Cured of Fluttering of the Heart and Smothering Spells by Dr. Agnew's Cure For the Heart—It Always Relieves in 30 Minutes, and Thus Saves Thousands of Lives.

Mr. H. H. Musselman, member of the G. A. R., Weissport, Pa., writes: "I have used two bottles of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart and have been entirely cured of palpitation or fluttering of the heart and smothering spells. I took 10 bottles of sarsaparilla, but it failed in any way to relieve me. I do not think the value of the heart cure can be estimated. It has wrought such a change in my condition that I feel like a new man."

You Don't Have to Swear Off

says the St. Louis Journal of Agriculture in an editorial about No-To-Bac, the famous tobacco habit cure. "We know of many cases cured by No-To-Bac, one a prominent St. Louis architect, smoked and chewed for twenty years; two boxes cured him so that even the smell of tobacco makes him sick." No-To-Bac sold and guaranteed by Druggists everywhere. No cure no pay. Book free. Sterling Remedy Co., 374 St. Paul St., Montreal.

A. P. 762.

remedies in relieving and permanently curing the most obstinate cases of those diseases especially incident to women, that on first introducing these now world-famed remedies to the afflicted, and for many years thereafter, they were sold under a positive guarantee of giving entire satisfaction, in every case of disease for which they are recommended. So uniformly successful did they prove in curing diseases, derangements and weaknesses of women, that claims for the return of money paid for them were exceedingly rare; but, since the manufacturers and proprietors of these remedies can now refer to thousands of noted cures effected by them in every part of the land, and in many foreign countries, they believe this past record a sufficient guarantee of their great value as curative agents, and, therefore, they now rest their claims to the confidence of the afflicted solely upon their past record. There is scarcely a neighborhood or hamlet in this broad land of ours, in which will not be found one or more persons who have been cured of distressing and often dangerous diseases, by the medicines to which we refer—Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.



STAFF OF SKILLED SPECIALISTS.

work for my family of five. My little girl had a very bad cough for a long time. She took your Golden Medical Discovery and is now well and happy."

STERILITY CURED.

Mrs. Caroline King, of New Boston, Scioto Co., Ohio, writes: "I will always recommend Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription; it cured me when all other medicines failed. For ten years I suffered untold misery. I commenced taking your medicine and found relief before finishing one bottle. After using your medicine eleven months, I made my husband a present of a twelve pound boy. I think it is the best medicine in the world."

A COMPLICATED CASE.

Mrs. S. A. Monroe, of 315 S. Register Street Baltimore, Md., writes: "I had been ailing for a year or more, being troubled with 'Female Weakness' and leucorrhoea, when I took a severe cold which settled on my lungs, and I had a severe attack of asthma, which was so bad that for three

Any woman anywhere, no matter how serious her case, no matter how despondent she may have become, no matter how many remedies have failed to relieve her, no matter how many doctors have been baffled by her case—any such woman will, by simply writing to the Doctor, receive, free of charge, the most overwhelming proofs that her case is not beyond hope, and that relief and cure are in all probability within her reach.

OVER 90,000 GRATEFUL LETTERS

like those here printed, from the ladies named above, are on file at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute.

Mrs. William Hoover, of Belleville, Richmond Co., Ohio, writes as follows: "I had been a great sufferer from 'female weakness'; I tried three doctors; they did me no good; I thought I was an invalid forever. But I heard of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and his Favorite Prescription, and then I wrote to him and he told me just how to take them. I commenced last Christmas and took eight bottles. I now feel entirely well. I could stand on my feet only a short time, and now I do all my

weeks I could not lie down in bed at all. I had a terrible cough; in fact, every one thought I had consumption, and nothing gave me relief until I took Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription, using two bottles of each. They cured me and I have had no return of the dreadful cough since, and that has been two years now, and I have had good health ever since.

"I am in possession of a copy of the Common Sense Medical Adviser, which I would not part with for anything."

STERILITY CURED.

Edward F. F. Sargent, Department of Photography, U. S. Artillery School, Fortress Monroe, Va., writes: "My wife cannot speak too highly of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, it having completely cured her of a serious womb trouble of long standing. She took five bottles altogether, and she has borne a large, healthy child since. There has been no return of the complaint.

"She only wishes every poor, suffering woman should know of the inestimable value your Favorite Prescription would be to them, and thanks you, gentlemen, from the bottom of her heart for the benefit she has received."

The brief talk on woman and her peculiar ailments given above is continued in the great doctor book described below:

GREAT DOCTOR BOOK FREE.

When Dr. Pierce published the first edition of his great work, The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, he announced that after 680,000 copies had been sold at the regular price, \$1.50 per copy, he would distribute the next half million free. As this number of copies has now been sold, he will, in accordance with his original offer, distribute, absolutely free (the receiver merely to pay for packing, customs duty and postage, as stipulated in the following coupon) 500,000 copies of this most complete, interesting and valuable common sense medical work ever published. In a single year this book will save more than a hundred times its cost in any family. It is a veritable medical library, complete in one volume. No man or woman, married or single, should be without it.

It must be distinctly understood that not more than one copy will be sent to any one family free.

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It contains over 1,000 pages and more than 300 illustrations, of which several chapters (illustrated by colored and other plates) are devoted to the diseases of women and children. Sent absolutely free to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., is now given away absolutely free of cost to any one sending this coupon and 31 cents in postage stamps, to pay for packing, custom duty and postage only. Send this coupon and the stamps to the Doctor at above address, and this great book will be sent you from our Canadian Branch, at Fort Erie, N. Y. (Duly paid for and guaranteed not to be hereafter published in this country.)

Professional readers: Men and women, married and single, are many times tempted to ask their family physicians questions on DELICATE AND PRIVATE MATTERS, but are deterred from so doing by their sense of modesty. This work answers just such questions so fully and plainly as to leave no one in doubt. Over 680,000 copies of this great work have already been sold, in cloth binding, at one dollar and a half, the regular price. The free edition, now offered, is precisely the same excepting only that the books are bound in strong paper instead of cloth.

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