

EDITORIAL NOTES.

With the progress of the war many interesting questions and vexatious complications are likely to arise from the exercise of the right of search of neutral vessels and the seizure of contraband goods.

In this condition, it is the right of each belligerent to prescribe a list of articles, which it will treat as contraband for the guidance of its own authorities, such list being conclusive upon neutral nations, however, only in the absence of any disregard of treaty engagements and of international law.

SMOKELESS FIRES.

Burning Coal Without Smoke and a Great Saving in Consumption.

The Berlin correspondent of the London Times has given some particulars of a new invention by one Carl Wegener, which has for its object the elimination of smoke from a furnace, accompanied by a notable saving in the consumption of coal.

THE THREE CORRESPONDENTS

An Incident of the Soudan Campaign.

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

It was a broiling afternoon, and those thin frills of foam round the black glistening necks of the Nile bowlders looked delightfully cool and alluring.

It was a horseman riding towards them as swiftly as the broken ground would permit. A messenger from the army, thought Anerley; and then as he watched, the sun suddenly struck the man on the side of the head, and his chin flamed into gold.

Then as he watched them they dipped down into a hollow and disappeared. He could see that it was one of those narrow khors which led to the river, and he waited, glass in hand, for their immediate reappearance.

"Get up, you chaps!" he cried. "I believe Merryweather has been shot by dervishes."

"And Reuter not here!" cried the two veterans, exultantly clutching at their notebooks. "Merryweather shot! Where? When? How?"

In a few words Anerley explained what he had seen.

"Well, a shot loses itself very easily among rocks. By George, look at the buzzards!"

Two large brown birds were soaring in the deep blue heaven. As Scott spoke they circled down and dropped into the little khor.

"That's good enough," said Mortimer with his nose between the leaves of his book. "Merryweather headed dervishes stop returned stop shot mutilated stop raid communications. How's that?"

"You think he was headed off?" "Why else should he return?" "In that case, if they were out in front of him and others cut him off, there must be several small raiding parties."

"I should judge so." "How about the 'mutilated'?" "I've fought against Arabs before."

"Where are you off to?" "Sarras." "I think I'll race you in," said Scott. Anerley stared in astonishment at the absolutely impersonal way in which these men regarded the situation.

In their zeal for news it had apparently never struck them that they, their camp and their servants, were all in the lion's mouth. But even as they talked there came the harsh impetuous rat-tat-tat of an irregular volley from among the rocks, and the high keening whistle of bullets over their heads.

A palm spray fluttered down amongst them. At the same instant the six frightened servants came running wildly in for protection.

It was the cool-headed Mortimer who organized the defense, for Scott's Celtic soul was so aflame at all this "copy" in hand and more to come that he was too exuberantly boisterous for a commander.

"Tali henna! Egri! What the devil are you frightened about? Put the camels between the palm trunks. That's right. Now get the knee-tethers on them. Quies! Did you never hear bullets before? Now put the donkeys here. Not much—you don't get my polo-pony to make a zebra with. Picket the ponies between the grove and the river out of danger's way. These fellows seem to fire even higher than they did in '85."

you are undergoing, for behind these camels you are as safe, as if you were sitting in the back room of the Authors' Club."

"As safe, but hardly as comfortable," said Scott. "A long glass of hock and seltzer would be exceedingly acceptable. But, oh, Mortimer, what a chance! Think of the general's feelings when he hears that the first action of the war has been fought by the press column. Think of Reuter, who has been stewing at the front for a week! Think of the evening pennies, just too late for the fun! By George, that slug brushed a mosquito off me!"

"And one of the donkeys is hit." "This is sinful. It will end in our having to carry our own kits to Khartoum."

"Never mind, my boy, it all goes to make copy. I can see the headlines—'Murder on Communications: Murder of British Engineer: Press Column Attacked.' Won't it be ripping?" "I wonder what the next line will be," said Anerley.

"Our Special Wounded," cried Scott, rolling over on to his back. "No harm done," he added, gathering himself up again; "only a chip off my knee. This is getting sultry. I confess that the idea of that back room at the Authors' Club begins to grow upon me."

"I have some diachylon." "Afterwards will do. We're having a 'appy day with Fuzzy on the rush. I wish he would rush."

"They're coming nearer." "This is an excellent revolver of mine if it didn't throw so devilish high. I always aim at a man's toes if I want to stimulate his digestion. O Lord, there's our kettle gone!"

With a boom like a dinner gong a Remington bullet had passed through the kettle and a cloud of steam hissed up from the fire. A wild shout came from the rocks above.

"The idiots think that they have blown us up. They'll rush us now as sure as fate; then it will be our turn to lead. Get your revolver, Anerley?" "I have this double-barreled fowling-piece."

"Sensible man! It's the best weapon in the world at this sort of rough-and-tumble work. What cartridges?" "Swan-shot."

"That will do all right. I carry this big bore double-barreled pistol loaded with slugs. You might as well try to stop one of these fellows with a peashooter as with a service revolver."

"There are ways and means," said Scott. "The Geneva convention does not hold south of the first cataract. It's easy to make a bullet mushroom by a little manipulation of the tip of it. When I was in the broken square at Tamai—"

"Wait a bit," cried Mortimer, adjusting his glasses. "I think they are coming now." "The time," said Scott, snapping up his watch, "being exactly seventeen minutes past four."

Anerley had been lying behind a camel staring with an interest which bordered upon fascination at the rocks opposite. Here was a little woolly puff of smoke, and there was another one, but never once had they caught a glimpse of the attackers. To him there was something weird and awesome in these unseen persistent men, minute by minute, were drawing closer to them. He had heard them cry out when the kettle was broken, and once immediately afterwards an enormously strong voice had roared something which had set Scott shrugging his shoulders.

"They've got to take us first," said he, and Anerley thought his nerve might be better if he did not ask for a translation.

The firing had begun at a distance of some hundred yards, which put it out of the question for them, with their lighter weapons, to make any reply to it. Had their antagonists continued to keep that range the defenders must either have made a hopeless sally or tried to shelter themselves behind their zebra as best they might on the chance that the sound might bring up help.

But, luckily for them, the African had not taken kindly to the rifle, and his primitive instinct to close with his enemy is always too strong for his sense of strategy. They were drawing in, therefore, and now for the first time Anerley caught sight of a face looking at them from over a rock. It was a huge, virile, strong-jawed head of a pure negro type, with silver trinkets gleaming in the ears. The man raised a great arm from behind the rock and shook his Remington at them.

"Shall I fire?" asked Anerley. "No, no, it is too far; your shot would scatter all over the place." "It's a picturesque ruffian," said Scott. "Couldn't you kodak him, Mortimer? There's another!"

A fine-featured brown Arab, with a black pointed beard, was peeping from behind another bowlder. He wore the green turban which proclaimed him hadji, and his face showed the keen nervous exaltation of the religious fanatic.

"They seem a piebald crowd," said Scott. "That last is one of the real fighting Baggara," remarked Mortimer. "He's a dangerous man."

"He looks pretty vicious. There's another negro!" "Two more! Dingas by the look of them. Just the same chaps we got our black battalions from. As long as they get a fight they don't mind who it's for. But if the idiots had only sense enough to understand they would know that the Arab is their hereditary enemy and we their hereditary friends,

teeth at the very men who put down the slave trade!" "Couldn't you explain?" "I'll explain with this pistol when he comes a little nearer. Now sit tight, Anerley. They're off!"

They were, indeed. It was the brown man with the green turban who headed the rush. Close to his heels was the negro with silver earrings—a giant of a man, and the other two were only a little behind. As they sprang over the rocks one after the other it took Anerley back to the school sports when he held the tape for the hurdle race. It was magnificent, the wild spirit and abandon of it, the flutter of the chequered galabehs, the gleam of steel, the wave of black arms, the frenzied faces, the quick pitter-patter of the rushing feet.

The law-abiding Briton is so imbued with the idea of the sanctity of the human life that it was hard for the young pressman to realize that these men had every intention of killing him, and that he was at perfect liberty to do as much for them. He lay staring as if this were a show and he a spectator.

"Now, Anerley, now! Take the Arab!" cried somebody. He put up the gun and saw the brown fierce face at the other end of the barrel. He tugged at the trigger, but the face grew larger and fiercer with every stride. Again and again he tugged. A revolver shot rang out at his elbow, then another one and he saw a red spot spring out on the Arab's brown breast. But he was still coming on.

"Shoot, you ass, shoot!" screamed Scott. Again he strained unavailingly at the trigger. There were two more pistol shots, and the big negro had fallen and risen and fallen again.

"Cook it, you fool!" shouted a furious voice, and at the same instant, with a rush and flutter, the Arab bounded over the prostrate camel and came down with his bare feet upon Anerley's chest. In a dream he seemed to be struggling frantically with some one upon the ground, then he was conscious of a tremendous explosion in his very face, and so ended for him the first action of the war.

"Good-bye, old chap. You'll be all right. Give yourself time." It was Mortimer's voice, and he became dimly conscious of a long spectated face and of a heavy hand upon his shoulder.

"Sorry to leave you. We'll be lucky now if we are in time for the morning editions." Scott was tightening his girth as he spoke.

"We'll put in our wire that you have been hurt, so your people will know why they don't hear from you. If Reuter or the evening pennies come up don't give the thing away. Abbas will look after you, and we'll be back to-morrow afternoon. Bye-bye!"

Anerley heard it all, though he did not feel energy enough to answer. Then, as he watched two sleek brown ponies with their yellow-clad riders dwindling among the rocks, his memory cleared suddenly and he realized that the first great journalistic chance of his life was slipping away from him. It was a small fight, but it was the first of the war, and the great public at home was allathirst for news. They would have it in the Courier; they would have it in the Intelligence, and not a word in the Gazette. The through brought him to his feet, though he had to throw his arm round the stem of a palm-tree to steady his swimming head.

There was the big black man lying where he had fallen, his huge chest pocked with bullet marks, every wound rosetted with its circle of flies. The Arab was stretched out within a few yards of him, with two hands clasped over the dreadful thing which had been his head. Across him was lying Anerley's fowling-piece, one barrel discharged, the other at half cock.

"Scott effendi shoot him your gun," said a voice. It was Abbas, his English-speaking body-servant. Anerley groaned at the disgrace of it. He had lost his head so completely

Weigh Yourself before Taking Them.

GAINED 22 POUNDS.

I have more faith in Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills than anything else I have ever used. Since using them I have recommended them to several of my friends who were troubled as I was, and now they are in splendid health. I had been a sufferer, like a great many other women, with a disease peculiar to my sex. I tried everything I could read or think about to help me, but was getting worse instead of better. My condition was terrible—I was losing flesh and color and my friends were alarmed. I consulted a doctor of this town and he said I would never get better; that I would always be sickly and delicate, and that medicines were of little use to me. Hearing what Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills had done for others, I determined to try them myself, and to-day I weigh one hundred and forty pounds, while before I weighed only one hundred and eighteen pounds, and now I have a constitution that is hard to beat. I have not suffered any pain in months, and earnestly hope that Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills will reach every woman suffering as I did. Sincerely yours, MAY COLE, Simcoe, Ont. Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills are sold at 50c. per box, 5 boxes for \$2.00, at druggists, or mailed on receipt of price by THE DR. WARD CO., 71 Victoria St., Toronto. Book of Information free.

"THOUGHT MY HEAD WOULD BURST."

A Fredericton Lady's Terrible Suffering.

Mrs. Geo. DORRITT tells the following remarkable story of relief from suffering and restoration to health, which she



clear away all doubts as to the value of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills from the minds of the most skeptical.

"For several years I have been a constant sufferer from nervous headaches and the pain was so intense that sometimes my head would burst. I consulted a number of physicians, and took many remedies but without effect. I noticed Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills advertised, and they seemed to suit my case. I got a bottle and began their use. Before taking them I was very weak and debilitated, and would sometimes wake out of my sleep with a distressed, smothering feeling, and I was frequently seized with agonizing pains in the region of the heart, and often could scarcely muster up courage to keep up the struggle for life. In this wretched condition Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills came to my rescue, and to-day I state, with gratitude that I am vigorous and strong, and all improvement is due to this wonderful remedy.

that he had forgotten to cook his dinner and yet he knew that it was not his but interest which had so absorbed him. He put his hand up to his head and felt a wet handkerchief bound round his forehead.

"Where are the two other dervishes?" "They ran away. One got his arm."

"What happened to me?" "Effendi got cut on head. Effendi catch bad man by arms and effendi shoot him. Face burnt bad."

Anerley became conscious suddenly that there was a pringing about his skin and an overpowering smell of burnt hair under his nostrils. He put his hand to his mustache and found it gone. His eyebrows, too! He could not find them. His head no longer felt very near to the dervish's whirling were rolling upon the ground under, and this was the effect of the explosion of his own gun. Well, he would have time to grow some more hair before he saw Fleet Street again. But the cut perhaps was a more serious matter. Was it enough to prevent him from getting to the telegraph office at Sarras? The only way was to try and see.

But there was only that poor Syrian gray of his. There it stood the evening sunshine with a sunburnt and a bent knee, as if its morning work was still heavy upon it. His hope was there of being able to do that? It would be a strain upon his splendid ponies of his companions, and they were the swiftest and most enduring in the country. One creature more enduring, and that was the trotting camel. If he had had one might have got to the wires first, and all for Mortimer had said that thirty miles they had the letter of a trotting camel! And then, like a kind of beast that the dervishes when they make their lightning ride had these dead dervishes ridden on an instant he was clambering up rocks, with Abbas protesting at his heels. Had the two fugitives got away all the camels, or had they content to save themselves by a brass gleam from a litter of Remington cases caught his eye showed where the enemy had been crouching. And then he could shout for joy, for there, in the low, some little distance off, rose the high graceful white neck and the giant head of such a camel as he never set eyes upon before—a like, beautiful creature, as far as the rough, clumsy baggals as the horse is from a pinner.

The beast was sneezing under the shelter of the rocks with its wings and bags of doora slung over its shoulders, and its forelegs were Arab fashion threw his leg over the front pommel while Abbas slipped the cord. Forward flew the creature towards the neck, clashing violently backwards, clawing anything which might save him, then with a jerk, which nearly sent his loins, he was thrown forward and seated upon one of the flyers of the desert. It was as gentle as a swift, and it stood oscillating on its neck and gazing round with its brown eyes, whilst Anerley's legs round the peg and grasped the curved camel-stick which Abbas handed up to him. There were a couple of camels, one of the most noble one from the neck, but he remembered that Scott had said that it was servant's and not the house-bell had to be pulled, so he kept his upon the lower. Then he took long, vibrating neck with his long, in an instant Abbas' farwells came to come from far behind him, and black rocks and yellow sand dancing past on either side.

Hardware

We are in a position to supply rounding counts

Farm and Garden

Having purchased tire made-up stock of the best Farm Canada. Call on our stock of SPADES, SHOVELS, HOES, RAKES, MANURE FORKS, HAY RAKES, SPADE FORKS, Etc.

Be sure and see our Cradle Ham

The quality of Mixed Pain specially for our sale coming known. It is other paint in use in our country.

Five different kinds Cans in stock.

Our assortment of Granite and something extra If you want a WHIP examine

W. BL

WOOL WANTED.

The Highest Price or Trade will be paid quantity of Wool Carding and Spinning be done at reasonable same as at factory

A LARGE ASSORTMENT

Of Blankets, Hosiery, Yarn, Ready-made Clothing. May be had in exchange for GROCERIES IN GREAT QUANTITIES.

S. Scott

UPPER TO

IMPLEMENT WARE

Our Summer Goods

Consisting of a large stock

DEERING BINDERS—The best MAXWELL Binders and Horse Rakes

PLOUGHS of various kinds Turnip Sowers all Farm Implements

CARRIAGES, Buggy and Snow Ball

STOVES—A large stock of Clary's famous Stoves, Box Stoves, etc., will surprise you

NEW Williams Sewing Machines

BELL PIANOS and

CHAS. McKim

SHOW ROOMS, — U