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A portion of her letter reads as follows:—"My father had often promised mother to stop drinking, and would do so for a time, but then returned to it stronger than ever. One day, after a terrible spree he said to us: 'It's no use. I can't stop drinking.' Our hearts seemed to turn to stone, and we decided to try the Tasteless Samaria Prescription, which we had read about in the papers. We gave him the remedy, entirely without his knowledge, in his tea, coffee, or food regularly, according to directions, and he never knew he was taking it. One package removed all his desire for liquor, and he says it is now distasteful to him. His health and appetite are also wonderfully improved, and no one would know him for the same man. It is now fifteen months since we gave it to him and we feel sure that the change is for good. Please send me one of your little books, as I want to give it to a friend."

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STORIETTES OF THE WAR

SOME HUMOROUS INCIDENTS THAT OCCURRED.

The Light Side of Campaigning—Interesting Events Collected From South Africa—The Colonial and the Officer.

There are thousands of incidents of war, writes Edgar Wallace to the London Daily Mail, which are not of sufficient importance to cable, which do not fit in exactly in one's weekly letters, which do not make in the slightest degree for history, but which, nevertheless, have an interest peculiarly their own, which renders their exclusion from printed record a sheer waste of good material.

There is nothing particularly lurid in these stories which I wish to tell you here, and, indeed, this letter is less a collection of short stories than a lazy recalling of incidents of war that at the time struck me as being out of the ordinary.

For instance I remember what seemed to me to be a remarkable exhibition of those powers with which the lamented Sherlock Holmes made us familiar which was exhibited by the staff officer of one of the columns to which I had the good fortune to be attached.

We were hot after Dewet in the Cape Colony, and there seemed to be some doubt as to whether we were on the track of the main body, or whether the wily Boer had detached a small party to lead us off his track. Every farmhouse we passed told the same story no Boers had passed as far as the owner knew.

It was a straightforward answer given in every case, and the fact that the farmer's forage was in every case untouched gave some sort of credence to the story. At last we came to a farm, and the staff officer rode up to the steep and made the usual enquiry. No; no Boers had passed nor stopped at the farm. The staff officer picked up something from the ground and examined it for a moment.

"Have you any peaches?" he asked at length. Yes, the farmer had some peaches, and quickly produced some, very glad to be of service to the officer and happy to supply his needs. "Do you have a good crop of peaches every year?" was the next question. "Not such a good crop," was the reply, the farmer by no means sorry to get off the embarrassing question of the passage of Boers and on to the less dangerous topic of horticulture. "Do you eat many yourself?" was the next question. No, they were all prepared for market.

The officer thought awhile, then said to the astonished farmer, "Last night a large body of Boers came to your house and asked for food. You had none, but you entertained them as well as you could with the best you had to offer."

The farmer for a time protested his innocence, but eventually admitted that something of the sort had occurred. Asked afterwards how he had arrived at the truth of the story, the staff officer pointed to some overripe peaches which had been half bitten through and thrown away, and to a perfect litter of peach stones in front of the farmer's stoop.

"I could see," he said, "that somebody had been having a royal feast of peaches, and as the man said that neither he nor his family ate the fruit, it was evident somebody else had, and a good many somebodies too. Look at these rotten peaches; nobody would bite these except in the dark, so it is evident that the visitors called after sundown. A man who derives a certain amount of his income from the sale of peaches does not usually offer any amount to even his friends, and the inference is that the peaches were given in place of some more substantial food demanded by the visitors."

Equally successful, although the task was certainly far easier, was the attempt of an irreverent and junior subaltern who, lighting upon an old camping ground, saw in a dozen empty champagne bottles and a few dozen pate de foie pots traces of a certain crack cavalry regiment, and in an abandoned chest protector indications of a general staff.

Naturally enough lord Kitchener is the centre of more than one very good story.

Asked by one of his staff whether he did not regard the mobile columns under his command as the backbone of his army, he replied laconically, "Yes, they are what one might call spinal columns."

Few people are aware of the extent to which lord Kitchener "hustles" his own columns. No sooner does a column return from trek and report its arrival in town than a wire something like the following arrives from the chief: "When will you be ready to go out again?" The following morning along comes another wire, "Why are you waiting?" followed a few hours afterwards by "Why have you not left."

Then it is that the column commander preferring the deadly sniper to the relentless man in Pretoria, hastens to get himself out of range of the telegraph wire.

A short time ago a well-known cavalry regiment arrived at Cape Town and hastened to disembark. The disembarkation was carried out successfully, and the regiment was quartered by nightfall at Green Point Camp. Early next morning came a "clear the line" message from "K." "I hope you are exercising your horses and men. I shall want you almost immediately." To this the commanding officer replied, "Propose exercising horses and men all day long."

There was an interval of two hours, then "K's" second message came to hand. "What do you propose doing at night?"

Another personality that figures perhaps in more stories than any other soldier is Gen. T——, whose vocabulary, extensive and peculiar, is the subject of many stories.

In the general advance towards Pretoria, one of the most polished of our generals, seeing a solitary horseman riding about under a heavy fire sent an orderly to tell "that 'fool' to get under cover if he did not wish to be shot." The orderly returned with the information that the horseman had said many weird things among which was the intelligence that he was Gen. T——.

The polite general was pained that he had made the mistake, and asked the orderly whether Gen. T—— was much offended. "Much offended, sir!" said Atkins gleefully; "why he told me to go—that is to say, sir, he said you were—well, to tell you the truth, sir, I couldn't 'ave said it better mesell!"

Gen. T—— is a stickler for discipline, and during his term of command in one of the big Free State towns he gave strict orders that officers arriving at the station should report themselves either personally to him, or to his staff officer, or to his A. D. C.

His staff officer at time was a gentleman by no means favored of nature in the matter of good looks, added to which he was man of morose and taciturn disposition. The A.D.C. was a gilded youth with a drawl and a vacant stare.

There arrived in the town commanded by the general an officer of one of the Bushman corps, rough of language and fearless of gold lace.

It happened he was taking a morning liquor at the club when the general entered, and was passing through the room in which the colonial stood, when he noticed that the Australian's face was unfamiliar. "Hi, you, sir," he roared, "who the devil are you?"

The colonial rose and saluted. "Captain J——, sir" he replied, "3rd Victorians." "When did you arrive?" demanded the general.

"Yesterday," sir," was the reply. "Why have you not reported yourself to me, sir?" demanded T——, adding a rider condemnatory to his listener's visual organs.

The colonial was riled. "I went to your office; you were not in, but I saw two officers." "Who were they?" "I don't know their names," said the colonel.

"Describe them then," said Gen. T——.

"Well," said the colonial desperately, for he had no gift of language, "one was an ugly looking devil with a beastly temper——".

"Good," interrupted T——, "that's my staff officer." "And the other," continued the Australian, "was a silly ass of a chap with an eye-glass."

"Right you are, my boy," said the satisfied general, "the idiots my A. D. C. Sorry to have troubled you."

Is Not This Stealing?

Are Not Imitators Who Live On the Reputation of the Article They Imitate Thieves?

In Spite of at Least Half a Dozen Imitators, Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine Has More Than Three Times the Sale of Any Remedy Recommended for Throat and Lung Troubles.

Have you been imposed upon when asking for Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine—by being offered an imitation? Many have been, and we know of some who have changed their druggist as a result. It is not safe to deal with a druggist who offers imitations and substitutes. An honest druggist will not offend his customers by such questionable methods.

The use of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has become so universal that on all sides are springing up preparations of turpentine and linseed, put up in packages similar to Dr. Chase's with the object of making sales on the reputation of this famous remedy. Is not this dishonest? Is it not stealing or even worse? For, besides the injury done to the proprietors of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, the people are being deceived. In some cases, no doubt, even life is lost as a result.

Are you being deceived? Have you asked for Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine and been given an imitation or substitute? There is no doubt about the virtue of this great throat and lung remedy. It is too well known as a thorough cure for bronchitis, croup, whooping cough, asthma, coughs and colds to need further words of commendation. What we want to do is to warn you against these imitations. To be certain that you are getting the genuine, be sure that Dr. Chase's portrait and signature are on the wrapper.

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has reached phenomenal sales, because it cures when other remedies fail. It is far-reaching in effect, curing the cold as well as the cough, and uprooting the most serious forms of bronchitis, asthma, and similar throat and lung diseases. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Family size, three times as much, 60 cents. At all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Napoleon V.

Edgar Saltus in Smart Set.

That is just what France needs. She lacks a man. On that point the aristos, the unwashed and the middle classes are for once in unison. They all want a pro-consul who shall demolish the limited liability company that runs the state.

In the expression of that want is real Parisian gayety. In it, too, is the hum of the bees. Whoever is able to recall both will have to come enveloped in galmour, astride a prancing steed. The only one competent to execute any such feat of haute ecole is Louis Napoleon—Napoleon V.

The grandson of king Jerome, trained in the fine school of the Caucasus; living on terms of agreeable yet not oppressive intimacy with the czar; capable of getting a boost from Italy, from whose reigning house his mother came and into which his sister has married; capable, too, of a boost from the kaiser, whose grandfather thrashed his uncle out of his boots and who in consequence takes naturally a lively interest in him—here is a star that every self-respecting political meteorologist can discern rising in the dreary sky of France. There is the pro-consul. There is the man.

Stops The Cough And Works Off The Cold.

Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No cure, no pay. Price 25c.

VOCATION AND LONGEVITY

FARMERS LIVE LONGEST; LAZY RICH SHORTEST.

How to Gain Health And Happiness — What Profession to Choose in Order to Live Longest—A Few Pointers.

That man's occupation has much to do with his span of life is the conclusion reached after long study by Dr. J. T. Arlidge, the famous British specialist. The pampered rich, who have little or nothing to engage their time, are the shortest lived of all classes he says. The farmer lives the longest. The British specialist does not deal in theories except as they apply to conditions that are supported by figures. He has spent years in collecting mortality statistics, and does not believe his facts are subject to dispute. When he theorizes it is to arrive at a conclusion why the unemployed rich are short of life and the hard-worked farmer continues on with his drudgery to a ripe old age.

The indolent rich, reasons Dr. Arlidge, really worry their life away. The hardest work of all is to do nothing, for it entails a constant round of that nerve-racking labor "killing time." Soon the man of means who has nothing to do will exhaust all the amusements that cast a light into the lives of other men, and then comes a time when the world has nothing to offer. What wonder, then, reasons Dr. Arlidge, that the life that has been useless and is weary of itself goes out of its own accord? All the rich are not classed with those who head the Englishman's mortality list. The philanthropists find many things to brighten their lives. Life is worth the living because they have a purpose. The rich traveller, too, finds plenty of diversion. But the gilded youth, he who is a spendthrift with life's joys, soon finds he has only his money to distinguish himself from the most miserable of beings. Fast living has left its blight, and the life that has been wasted goes out before its time.

In striking contrast comes the farmer who toils from sun to sun and whose pleasures are all of the homelier sort. The farmer's body may grow tired, but eight hours of sleep will repair the damage of the day. Work in the open field, where the air is pure and nature is at her best, equips the tiller of the soil with an appetite which knows no pampered tastes. The farmer eats heartily of wholesome food. His digestive apparatus extracts the best that is in the food and makes red blood. The exercise of his daily routine stimulates the well-fed body and there is little dissipation to tear down the perfect human system that unperverted conditions have built. The farmer has his own joys—the evening with the wife and children, the country dance, the spelling bee, the occasional trip to town to see the circus a good book or his weekly paper—and all of these help to brighten a life that might seem dreary. But, above all, the farmer is a man with a purpose. He has something to live for, and while striving he violates few of nature's rules.

Next in longevity and ratio of health come the clerical, legal and medical professions. That the brain is capable of a great amount of healthful labor is emphasized by Dr. Arlidge, who recites as examples the accomplishments of Gladstone, Bismarck and Victor Hugo. In spite of his multitudinous cares, responsibilities and worries, Gladstone found time to master Greek after he was sixty years old—a period in life when most men consider that their days of study and research are done.

Among the professions clergymen have the longest span of life. By the nature of their calling they must abstain from dissipation of the worldly sort, and their hours need not be otherwise than regular except in rare occasions. Like the farmer, the clergyman leads a typical home life and follows nature's dictates. Lawyers are not so sturdy a lot. Incessant mental activity, with victories to enthuse and defeats to depress, helps to impair the vitality of the man. A lawyer's life abounds in excitement, and has little of the peaceful quiet that adds to man's days on earth.

The physician is not so rugged a creature as the lawyer. While devoting his life to the care of others he is apt to forget himself, and the responsibilities connected with each doctor's practice are more than one man should bear. The doctor, too, is exposed to all the diseases that menace his patients, and most of his waking time is spent in the sick room, where the air and temperature are not regulated to nourish the healthy man. Among the doctors is chronicled the largest number of suicides, except among the artists. Insanity, too, has been a factor in depriving the medical profession of some of its greatest minds.

Man thrives on politics, according to Dr. Arlidge's figures. Plenty of variety, with intervals of rest and travel, serve to keep the politician from wearing himself away. Among literary men, scientists, professors and teachers the mortality is not high in comparison with the industrial classes. Thus, reasons the British student, activity of the mind, if bent in the right direction, has more to do with the health of the body than the activity that builds up the muscles. A judicious combination of both forms of exercises brings about the ideal condition, says Dr. Arlidge.

In the factories the ratio of mortality is exceedingly high. The humdrum work is blamed for this. Like the rich man who does nothing, the toiler in the factory finds his life sapped away by a monotony that is killing. It is the same thing day in and day out, and soon existence loses its charm and the man becomes a machine, which falls to pieces of its own weight when its parts become worn from constant work and a dearth of lubrication. The factories are ventilated poorly, and this tends to weaken the human machine.

Among clerks of every description in the large cities the ratio of health is low and mortality great. Long hours and constant standing or stooping reduce the lung capacity, and breathing the indoor atmosphere fails to impart the vigor that the system demands. Nervous troubles occupy the first place among the disorders of clerks. Consumption is second and apoplexy is third. The continuous strain of being courteous at all times, often to unreasonable and exacting persons, is said by Dr. Arlidge to be the reason why the clerks are nervous wrecks before their time.

As in contrast with the clerks, who are forced to be polite under the most trying circumstances, their employers are not subject to nervous troubles to so great an extent. Heart disease leads the list of disorders which attack the men who hire the clerks, nervous troubles are second, apoplexy third, and consumption fourth.

The commercial traveller who learns the art of being a "good fellow," as a part of his trade, is another man who does not live out his days. A drink here, a drink there, here a cigar, and somewhere else a poorly cooked meal are factors in the drummer's speedy going. Irregular hours also have to do with the "good fellow's" insecure grip on the life that he seems to enjoy so well.

Policemen, due to their outdoor life and the fact that they must be sound when they enter the service, are a healthy lot and live to an advanced age. Rheumatism is the bane of the policeman's existence, but outside of this he has few of the disorders that afflict mankind. The mail carrier is healthy for reason of his work in the open air, but, like the policeman, he is the prey of rheumatism. The miner, even though his work is underground, and far away from the sun that warms the lives of other men, lives to a good old age unless he is the victim of some accident. Even the miners who work in the coal shafts, where the dust is almost stifling, and who lie for hours in cramped positions, do not die so young as the clerk, whose hardest physical effort is the lifting of a bolt of cloth. Working in copper, lead or zinc, after the metals have gone through the refining process, is destructive to health, and match-making is one of the most dangerous of occupations, due to the fumes of sulphur which penetrate the lungs. This work is carried on mostly by women and children, and the mortality, according to the statement of the British expert, is appalling.

A DEVOTED SQUAW.

Weird Tale of Suffering in the Frozen North.

A weird tale is brought down from the James Bay district by Harvey Meyer, a trapper and fur dealer.

An Indian and his wife were trapping and hunting along the Nelson river during the winter and met with fair success, but hard luck commenced with one day when a number of the Indian's traps were broken. His powder was all but expended and he decided to start back to a Hudson bay post and there dispose of his stock of furs and renew his stock of traps and powder.

He started back with his wife, trapping as he went. His powder was all expended and one morning in visiting his traps he found they had been robbed. Coming upon the lost trap he found two grey wolves eating the animal it contained. He attacked the wolves with the axe he carried, and although he killed one and succeeded in wounding the other so badly that it fled, his left leg was so badly mauled that he was unable to more than crawl along on his hands and knees.

He succeeded in reaching the camp completely exhausted, and was there tended by his wife. The position was a critical one, as with his wounded leg he could do little trapping, and he had no powder with which to load his gun. They camped where he met with his accident for two days, when the squaw decided to convey her husband upon the toboggan to the nearest trading post, which was over seventy-five miles distant.

The Indian became sick and weak from loss of blood and proper nourishment for while game was plentiful enough they had no means of capturing or shooting any.

After nearly a week's travel the Indian died while his wife was drawing him along on the toboggan. She was herself in a pitiable condition and could hardly stagger along. Although aware that the body on the toboggan contained no life she still drew it behind her and for two days longer continued her weary toilsome walk to the trading post. Exhausted nature refused to support her further and she sank down beside the dead body of her husband. A party of trappers found her shortly afterwards sitting with the head of her husband in her lap and crooning softly to herself. She was taken to the post where she received the best care and in a week's time was able to give an account of her journey from the Nelson river.

She had tramped over a hundred miles dragging her husband and a package of furs on the toboggan before she had become too exhausted to proceed further.

Good Advice.

The most miserable beings in the world are those suffering from dyspepsia and liver complaint. More than seventy-five per cent. of the people in the United States are afflicted with these two diseases and their effects, such as sour stomach, sick headache, habitual costiveness, palpitation of the heart, heart-burn, water-brach, gnawing and burning pains at the pit of the stomach, yellow skin, coated tongue and disagreeable taste in the mouth, coming up of food after eating, low spirits, etc. Go to your druggist and get a bottle of August Flower for 75 cents. Two doses will relieve you. Try it. For sale at Wade's drug store.

Gentlemen And Ladies.

Who have thin hair, should call on Prof. Dorenwend at British-American hotel, Kingston, on Thursday, April 10th, and see his wonderful devices in toupees and wigs worn on over 65,000 heads. Explanation and demonstration free. Private apartments at hotel. Ladies take the trouble of visiting Prof. Dorenwend's private show rooms and see the many beautiful inventions in styles of human hair coverings, wigs, bangs, switches, etc., and inspect his new patent structure.

During a fire at the Pike opera house, Cincinnati, the audience double-piked out.

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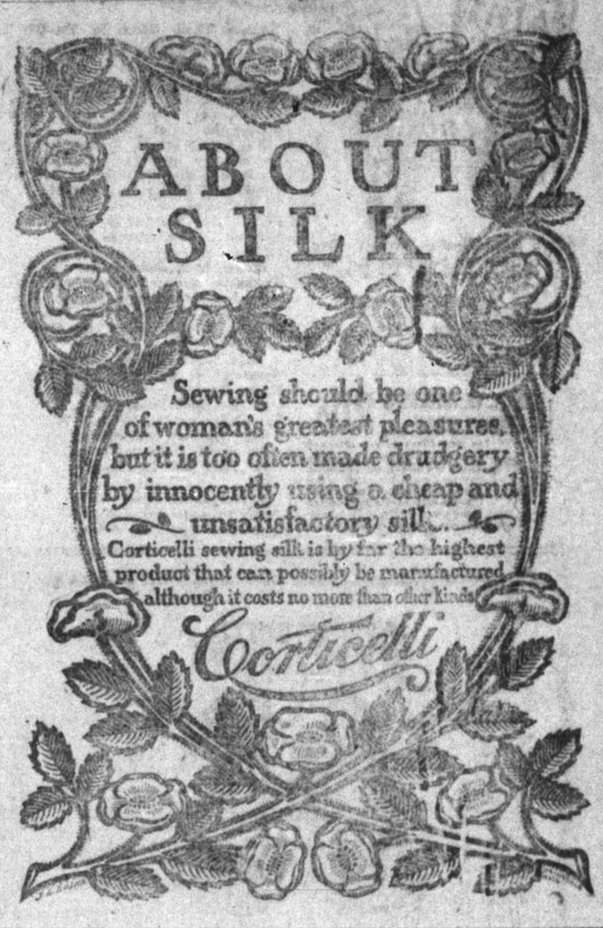

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