

WOOD AND COAL.

ANGLIN'S LUMBER, WOOD AND COAL YARD.

Hard Wood, Soft Wood and Slabs. Also all kinds of LUMBER BUILDING TIMBER, LATH, SHINGLES, MOULDINGS, ETC., cheaply and in any place in the city, as we will not be undersold.

W. B. & S. ANGLIN. Feb. 9th, 1887.

BRECK & BOOTH,

Wharfing, Vessel Agents and Wholesale and Retail Coal and Wood Dealers. Coals of the very best description, under cover, well screened and promptly delivered.

HARD AND SOFT WOOD.

If you want the Driest, Cheapest and Best Hard Maple and Beach Cordwood, Oak, Birch, Ash, Elm or Hemlock Cordwood, Sawed or Un-sawed.

R. CRAWFORD & CO.,

Foot of Queen Street. N.B.—Orders left at the Grocery Store of Jas. Crawford, Princess Street, will receive prompt attention.

COAL, WHOLESALE & RETAIL. BEST IN THE MARKET.

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COAL AND WOOD.

Portland Cement, Water Lime, K. & P. White Lime, and Hair, all of the best quality, at

P. WALSH'S,

Cor. Ontario & Barrack Sts. COAL YARD—Barrack St., next Dr. T. M. Fenwick's. Aug. 9.

THE BEST DRY HARDWOOD,

Four feet long, SOFT WOOD, KINDLING WOOD and SAWED WOOD cheap at

E. WILLIAMS' YARD,

Atlantic Dock, foot of Princess St. Office—Upstairs over Ellbeck & Murray's. Feb. 1.

WOOD and COAL

Can a ways be obtained at

M. MALLEEN'S

As Cheap as the Cheapest. Delivered at any part of the town. Aug. 9.

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INCREASING TRADE.

We have the satisfaction of numbering with our patrons many new customers. WE ARE READY FOR ALL. We have made the standard of our goods the first consideration, and can confidently claim that for character and assortment our stock is not excelled in the City at PRICES WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL.

A CHEAP TEA & BREAKFAST SPECIALTY.

DAIRY GOODS, of the Choicest as well as the Cheapest, received daily. CANNED GOODS of every grade at

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See the largest assortment in the city at ROBERTSON BROS. SPECIAL REDUCTION IN PRICES for the Holiday Season.

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Try it and you will use no other.

B. J. LEAHY, - AGENT,

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FRUIT, &c.

STRAWBERRIES

At the "BAZAR" to-day,

ONLY 50c. BASKET.

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A Fine Supply of FRESH OYSTERS, FRESH BOLOGNA, SAUSAGES, CHICKEN, HAM & TONGUE.

Also Bologna, Fresh Eggs, Lard and Butter always on hand.

MRS. J. K. OLIVER. Nov. 21.

KING SOLOMON'S MINES

A MOST ATTRACTIVE STORY.

CHAPTER XIII. THE ATTACK.

Slowly, and without the slightest appearance of haste or excitement, the three columns crept on. When within about five hundred yards of the main or center column halted at the root of a tongue of open plain which ran up into the hill, to enable the other two to circumvent our position, which was shaped more or less in the form of a horseshoe, the points being toward the town of Loai, their object being, no doubt, that threefold assault should be delivered simultaneously.

"Oh, for a Gatling!" groaned Good, as he contemplated the serried phalanxes beneath us. "I would clear the plain in twenty minutes." "We have not got one, so it is no use yearning for it; but suppose you try a shot, Q. Termain. See how near you can go to that tall fellow who appears to be in command. Two to one you miss him, and an even sovereign, to be honestly paid if ever we get out of this, that you don't drop the ball within ten yards."

This piqued me, so, loading the express with solid ball, I waited till my friend walked some ten yards out from his force in order to get a better view of our position, accompanied by an orderly, and then, lying down and resting the express upon a rock, I covered him. The rifle, like all expresses, was only sighted to three hundred and fifty yards, so to allow for the drop in trajectory I took him halfway down the neck, which ought, I calculated, to find him in the chest. He stood quite still and gave me every opportunity, but whether it was the excitement or the wind, or the fact of the man being a long shot I don't know, but this was what happened. Getting dead on as I thought, a fine sigat, I pressed, and when the puff of smoke had cleared away, I, to my disgust, saw my man standing unharmed whilst his orderly, who was at least three paces to the left, was stretched upon the ground, apparently dead. Turning swiftly, the officer I had aimed at began to run toward his force, in evident alarm.

"Bravo, Quaternain!" sung out Good, "you've frightened him." "This made me very angry, for if possible to avoid it, I hate to miss in public. When one can only do one thing well one likes to keep up one's reputation in that thing. Moved quite out of myself at my failure, I did a rash thing. Rapidly covering the general as he ran, I let drive with the second barrel. The poor man threw up his arms,

Rapidly covering the general as he ran, I let drive with the second barrel. The poor man threw up his arms, and he fell forward on his face. This time I had made no mistake; and—I say it as a proof of how little we think of others when our own pride or reputation is in question—I was quite enough to feel delighted at the sight.



Rapidly covering the general as he ran, I let drive with the second barrel.

and he fell forward on his face. This time I had made no mistake; and—I say it as a proof of how little we think of others when our own pride or reputation is in question—I was quite enough to feel delighted at the sight. The regiment who had seen the feat cheered wildly at the exhibition of the white man's magic, which they took as an omen of success, while the force to which the general had belonged—which, indeed, as we afterward ascertained, he had commanded—began to fall back in confusion. Sir Henry and Good now took up their rifles and began to fire, the latter industriously "browing" the dense mass before him with a Winchester repeater, and I also had another shot or two with the result that, so far as we could judge, we put some eight or ten men hors de combat before they got out of range.

Just as we stopped firing there came an ominous roar from our far right, then a similar roar from our left. The two other divisions were engaging us. At the sound the mass of men before us opened out a little, and came on toward the hill up the spit of bare grassland at a slow trot, singing a deep-throated song as they advanced. We kept up a steady fire from our rifles as they came, Ignosi joining in occasionally, and accounted for several men, but of course produced no more effect upon that mighty rush of armed humanity than he who throws pebbles does on the advancing wave.

On they came, with a shout and clashing of spears; now they were driving in the outposts we had placed among the rocks at the foot of the hill. After that the advance was a little slower, for although as yet we had offered no serious opposition, the attacking force had to come up hill, and came slowly to save their breath. Our first line of defense was about half way up the side, our second fifty yards further back, while our third occupied the edge of the plain.

On they came, shouting their war cry, "Twaia! Twaia! Chiele! Chiele!" (Twaia! Twaia! Smite! Smite). "Ignosi! Ignosi! Chiele! Chiele!" answered our people. They were quite close now, and the toils, or throwing-knives began to flash backward and forward, and now with an awful yell the battle closed in.

To and fro swayed the mass of struggling warriors, men falling thick as leaves in an autumn wind; but before long the superior weight of the attacking force began to tell, and our first line of defense was slowly pressed back, till it merged into the second. Here the struggle was very fierce, but again our people were back and up, till at length, within twenty minutes of the commencement of the fight, our third line came into action.

But by this time the assailants were much exhausted, and had besides lost many men killed and wounded, and to break through that third impenetrable hedge of spears proved beyond their powers. For awhile the dense mass of struggling warriors swung backward and forward in the fierce ebb and flow of battle, and the issue was doubtful. Sir Henry watched the desperate struggle with a trembling eye, and then without a word he rushed off, followed by Good, and flung himself into the hottest of the fray. As for myself I stopped where I was. The soldiers caught sight of his tall form as he plunged into the battle, and there rose

THE BRITISH WHIG, FRIDAY, MARCH 4.

WOOD AND COAL.

an cry of—"Nazia Incubu!" (Here is the Elephant!) "Chiele! Chiele!" From that moment the issue was no longer in doubt. Inch by inch, fighting with desperate gallantry, the attacking force was pressed back down the hillside, till at last it retreated upon its reserves in something like confusion. At that moment, too, a messenger arrived to say that the left attack had been repulsed; and I was just beginning to congratulate myself that the affair was over for the present, when, to our horror, we perceived our men who had been engaged in the right defense being driven toward us across the plain, followed by swarms of the enemy, who had evidently succeeded at this point.

Ignosi, who was standing by me, took in the situation at a glance, and issued a rapid order. Instantly the reserve regiment round us (the Grays) extended itself.

Again Ignosi gave a word of command, which was taken up and repeated by the captains, and in another second, to my intense disgust, I found myself involved in a furious onslaught upon the advancing foe. Getting as much as I could behind Ignosi's huge frame, I made the best of a bad job, and tottered along to be killed, as though I liked it. In a minute or two—the time seemed all too short to me—we were plunging through the flying groups of our men, who at once began to reform behind us, and now I am sure I do not know what happened. All I can remember is a dreadful rolling noise of the meeting shields, and the sudden apparition of a huge ruffian, whose eyes seemed literally to be starting out of his head, making straight at me with a bloody spear. But—I say it with pride—I rose to the occasion. It was an occasion before which most people would have collapsed once and for all. Seeing that if I stood where I was I must be done for, I, as the horrid apparition came flung myself down in front of him so cleverly, that, being unable to stop himself, he took a header right over my prostrate form before he could rise again, I had risen and settled the matter for behind with my revolver.

Shortly after this, somebody knocked me down, and I remember no more of the charge.

When I came to I found myself back at the koppie, with Good bending over me with some water in a gourd.

"How do you feel, old fellow?" he asked, anxiously.

I got up and shook myself before answering. "Pretty well, thank you," I answered. "Thank heaven! when I saw them carry you in I felt quite sick. I thought you were done for."

"Not this time, my boy. I fancy I only got a rap on the head which knocked me out of time. How has it ended?"

"They are repulsed at every point for the time. The loss is dreadfully heavy; we have lost quite two thousand killed and wounded, and they must have lost three. Look, there's a sight!" and he pointed to long lines of men advancing by fours. In the center of, and being borne by each group of four, was a kind of hide tray, of which a Kukuna force always carried a quantity, with a loop for a handle at each corner. On these trays—and their number seemed endless—lay wounded men, who as they arrived, were hastily examined by the medical men, of whom ten were attached to each regiment. If the wound was not of a fatal character, the sufferer was taken away, and attended to as carefully as circumstances would allow.

But if, on the other hand, the wounded man's condition was hopeless, what followed was very dreadful, though doubtless it was the truest mercy. One of the doctors, under the pretence of carrying out an examination, swiftly opened an artery with a sharp knife, and in a minute or two the sufferer expired painlessly. There were many cases of this kind in which this was done. In fact it was done in most cases when the wound was in the body, for the rash made by the entry of the enormously broad spears used by the Kukunas generally rendered recovery hopeless.

In most cases the poor sufferer were already unconscious, and in others a fatal "nick" of the artery was done so swiftly and painlessly that they did not seem to notice it. Still it was a ghastly sight, and one from which we were glad to escape; indeed, I never remember one which affected me more than seeing those gallant soldiers thus put out of pain by the red-handed medicine men, except, indeed, on an occasion, when, after an attack, I saw a force of Swags burying their hopelessly wounded alive.

(To be Continued.)

Holloway's Ointment and Pills.

As winter advances and the weather becomes more and more inclement and trying the earliest evidences of ill health must be immediately checked and removed, or a slight illness may result in a serious malady. Relaxed and sore throat, quinsy, influenza, chronic cough, bronchitis, and most other pulmonary affections will be relieved by rubbing this cooling ointment into the skin as nearly as practicable to the seat of mischief. This treatment, simple yet effective, is admirably adapted for the removal of these diseases during infancy and youth. Old asthmatic invalids will derive marvellous relief from the use of Holloway's remedies, which have wonderfully relieved many such sufferers and re-established health after every other means had signally failed.

Worthy of Confidence.

The preparation sold by druggists known as Hagyard's Yellow Oil is worthy of all confidence as a household remedy for pain. It has been over a quarter of a century in the market, and never fails to cure or relieve rheumatism, neuralgia, sore throat, quinsy, deafness, burns, scalds, bruises, frost bites, and internal or external pains and injuries.

Sure Pop.

Polson's Nerviline, the great pain cure, is sure pop every time. No need to spend a large sum to get prompt relief from every kind of pain, for 10 cents will purchase a trial bottle. Go to any drug store for it. Large bottles only 25 cents, at all druggists. Nerviline the pain killer, cures cramps, headache, neuralgia. An aching tooth, filled with batting saturated with nerviline, will cease aching within five minutes. Try nerviline for all kinds of pain. Ten and 25 cents a bottle.

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Dr. Williams' Indian File Ointment is a sure cure for blind, bleeding or itching piles! No one need suffer. Prepared for piles only. It never fails to cure. Sold by druggists for \$1.00, or mailed on receipt of price. Williams Mfg. Co. Cleveland, O.

MEDICAL.

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Suffered 13 Years—Cured. Mr. James Mahoney, Sr., Orilla, Ontario, states: "I had been a sufferer with rheumatism for thirteen years. The first application of St. Jacobs Oil relieved me; upon the second application the pain disappeared and has not returned."

Acute Rheumatism—Cured. Annapolis, Nova Scotia, Jan. 3rd, 1887. I was laid up in Boston in the Spring of 1884, with rheumatism. I was treated by two different doctors and was getting worse. For three weeks I had taken medicine and rubbed myself with what they (the doctors) had given me, and I got so bad I could not get out of bed alone. My nephew, who was with me and attending me, persuaded me to try St. Jacobs Oil. The first rubbing helped me, and before I had used two bottles I was out at my work. R. B. HARDWICK.

Inflammatory Rheumatism—£700 Gone. Fastover, Bridgewater, England. A friend of mine recently returned from Australia, says that his son has expended more than seven hundred pounds in his endeavor to obtain relief from severe rheumatic pains, but derived no benefit from the contents of one bottle of St. Jacobs Oil than from all other sources combined. W. HICKMAN, Chemist.

Suffered 10 years—Cured. Mr. Francis Mann, proprietor of the Lord Raglan Hotel, East Melbourne, Victoria, had, he says, been a great sufferer from rheumatic pain for ten years, during which time he underwent most agonizing pains in the feet and limbs, obtaining no relief from the numerous remedies which he tried. And yet before he had used one bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, all pain was gone, and he has never had it since.

ST. JACOBS OIL is the only absolute specific for rheumatism, neuralgia, gout, headache, toothache, burns, scalds and bruises. Sold by chemists every where. Price per bottle 5/6. Directions in eleven languages accompany every bottle. The Charles A. Vogeler Co., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A. Canadian Branch, 81 York Street, Toronto, Canada.

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CATARRH THROAT CURED. Listen to W. H. STOREY, of Acton, Glove Mfg. manufacturer.

DR. WASHINGTON, 215 Yonge St., Toronto.

Dear Sir: I feel grateful for the radical cure you have effected in my throat trouble, and, though I dislike having my name appear in connection with the testimonial business, yet, having regard for such as are similarly affected, as well as having a desire to recognize the results of your treatment, I make a departure in this case. Prior to my acquaintance with you, I had suffered for two years from repeated attacks of catarrhal sore throat, each succeeding attack being more prolonged and violent than the former. At these times I had violent fits of coughing, and would discharge large quantities of mucus. Feeling alarmed, I sought the best medical skill available, including a much noted specialist, and took almost everything known to medicine without experiencing a particle of relief. Last spring I went to Europe. The change did me good, but on my return the old trouble was renewed. Seeing you advertised to visit this place, I thought I would consult you, although I confess with not much hope of receiving any benefit. However, I was favorably impressed with your candor, and resolved to give your treatment a trial. The result, I am happy to inform you, is a complete cure, and one so marked in its character as to surprise both myself and my friends. From the first your medicine seemed adapted to my case and gave relief. In two months I was entirely well, and have so continued during the most unfavorable season of the year. You are at liberty to make what use you please of this letter, and I shall be pleased to answer any enquiries relative to my case.

Yours very truly, W. H. STOREY. Head Office: 215 Yonge Street, Toronto. Write for particulars. Feb. 12.

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Approved by the Academy of Medicine of Paris, are specially recommended by the Medical celebrities of the world for Scrofula, (Tumors, King's Evil, etc.), the early stages of Consumption, Constitutional Weakness, Poorness of Blood, and for stimulating and regulating its periodic course. None genuine unless signed "BLANCARD, Rue de Bonaparte, Paris."

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To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c. I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. ENMAN, Station D New York City.

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The last train connecting with the Mail Steamers at Halifax leaves Kingston on Thursday at 1:40 p.m.

If you are sending for your friends we can furnish you with prepaid passage certificates to bring them from England, France, Germany, Sweden, Norway, &c. Rates of passage always as low as by any other line.

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