

WAR'S GLORY.

The Real Struggle, With the Vencer
Rubbed Off.

Those who think of war as a glorious spree may be edified by the following account given by an eye-witness of Beauregard's retreat from Shiloh:

"Fortune had denied to Beauregard victory. He was compelled to retreat. An eye-witness, an impressed New Yorker, says: 'I made a detour from the road on which the army was retreating, that I might travel faster and get ahead of the main body. In a ride of twelve miles alongside of the routed army I saw more human agony and more than I shall ever be called again to witness. The retreating host wound along a narrow and almost impassable road, extending some seven or eight miles in length. Here was a long line of wagons loaded with wounded, groaning and cursing, and piled in like bags of grain; while the mules plunged on in mud and water belly-deep, the water sometimes coming into the wagons. Next came a straggling regiment of infantry, pressing on past the train; then a stretcher borne upon the shoulders of four men, carrying a wounded officer; then soldiers straggling along with an arm broken and hanging down, or other fearful wounds which were enough to destroy life and, to add to the horrors of the scene, the elements of heaven marshaled their forces, a fitting accompaniment to the tempest of human desolation and passion which was raging. A cold drizzling rain commenced about midnight, and soon came harder and faster. It turned to pitiless blinding hail. The storm raged with unrelenting violence for three hours. I passed along wagon trains filled with wounded and dying soldiers, without even a blanket to shield them from the driving sleet and hail, which fell in stones as large as partridge eggs, until it lay on the ground two inches deep. 'Three hundred men died during this awful retreat. Their bodies were thrown out to make room for others, who, although wounded, had struggled on through the storm, hoping to find shelter, rest, and medical care.'"

PALE, LAUGUID GIRLS

Weak Blood During Development
May Easily Cause a Life of
Suffering.

A Tonic Such as Dr. Williams' Pink
Pills is Needed to Build Up
the Blood and Give New
Strength.

At no time in her life does a girl stand in greater need of pure red blood and the strength which it alone can give her, than when she is developing into womanhood. It is then that any inherited tendency to anaemia or consumption needs only the slightest encouragement to rapidly develop. This danger is especially threatening to girls who are confined long hours indoors, in stores, offices and factories—girls depressed by worry and cares. All these conditions quickly impoverish the blood and are among the most common causes of sickness among growing girls and young women. If at any time a girl finds that her strength is failing and she is becoming pale and nervous, has no ambition and is languid, it is a certain sign that her blood is failing to meet the demands upon it, because it is impure and thin.

It is at a time like this that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are invaluable to young women and growing girls. They build up the blood, make it rich, red and pure, tone the nerves and give new health and strength to every part of the body. They have cured so many cases of this kind that they may truly be called a specific for the common diseases of girlhood. Miss Minnie Smith, Creighton street, Halifax, says: "I have proved that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are all that is claimed for them in cases similar to mine. About three years ago I suddenly began to run down. I grew so weak that I could hardly attend to my school studies. I suffered from headaches, my heart would palpitate violently at the least exertion, and my appetite was very feeble. I tried doctors' medicine and emulsions, but the treatment did not help me. Then I started taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and after taking seven or eight boxes I was stronger than ever before. I feel that I owe my present good health to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I gratefully recommend them to other ailing girls."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all medicine dealers or will be sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

NIGHT IN THE FOREST.

I slept in many places; in a grove of pines, in a deserted cabin, underneath a great white birch, and most delightful of all, in my canoe, with nothing but the spacious firmament above. One evening at dusk we decided to spend the night on a broad beach. This was during the reign of Stephen. I was lazily watching the sun setting in an almost cloudless sky. Miles of water stretched before me like glass. The jumping trout, the insects, birds and beasts had absolutely disappeared; there was a death-like stillness, which to me meant nothing but a calm night. Stephen, preparing supper, squatted before the fire. Happening to look over his shoulder to the west, he excitedly exclaimed: "De wind she blow lak hell—quize minutes—want to go?" I elected to stay. He hurriedly arranged his fire, and pulled the canoe far up from the water, saying: "Mah God, de wind she blow—chiqu minutes." Then, far across the lake, a heard a low hum, as of bees; the surface of the water moved slightly, the hum increased to a savage roar, the waves ran high up the beach, and a veritable tornado swept upon us, while the sky became black as ink. In ten minutes the wind had passed, and we quietly ate supper in the gathering darkness. Great logs were thrown on the fire, and, as usual, I slid into my cosy sleeping bag.

As I lay night after night before the fire, I asked myself Thoreau's question: "What did I do while those logs warmed me?" To sleep at once? Oh, no, that would have been too great a pity. There was the fire to watch, the crackling, savage flames, and the sparks, ever soaring as though to reach the stars dimly seen through the tree tops. There were the nocturnal sounds of the animals to learn, as my Indian told their names, often in his own soft language. Mi-ho, the squirrel, was continually making a curtain-lecture, or disense the children. Koo-ku-my-nie, the kingfisher, whizzed past to find rest after his day's fishing. Ti-ti-gah, the owl, with his terrifying, ominous shriek, made me burrow deeper into my blankets, and he glared I was not quite alone. The never-wearying loons, Aquin, continued their discordant vocalizing; Mo-ka-ne-se, the moose-bird, whistled sadly, because there had been no moose killed for him. Mi-dy-jes, the partridge, clucked a lullaby to her young; Moin, the bear, whose tread is the most quiet of all the larger animals, was sometimes heard. The deer, Adook, walked stealthily past, and the great moose, Mo-ka-ne-wa, frequently came up near my bed, his hoofs noisy as he drew them from a mud hole, his broad antlers thumping hard against the tree trunks.—From "The Benediction of the Woods," in the Outing Magazine for July.

MR. MAGOON'S CART ROADS.

One Great Achievement Due to Yankee Intervention in Cuba.

"In the four years between 1898 and 1902 an American military government of Cuba freed this island from the scourge of fever which had played havoc with its foreign born population through about four hundred years," says a writer in The World To-day. "The heroic labor of cleaning Cuba, accomplished through his sanitary department, is the pre-eminent service the country remembers in connection with the name of Gen. Leonard Wood, Military Governor. In the two and a half years which elapsed between the 'August Plague' of 1900, which made it necessary that the United States again assume control of Cuba's affairs, and the termination of intervention in the inauguration of President Gomez, the American Provisional Administration of the republic rendered the island a commensurate service. It met a demand for improved means of transportation in the provinces, as voiced in vain by the producing classes of Cuba through two full centuries. "The system of macadamized highways planned and pushed forward completion by his department of public works is the pre-eminent service to be recalled on mention of the name of Judge Charles E. Magoon, Provisional Governor of Cuba. Cubans call these highways 'the cart roads of Mr. Magoon,' because formerly what made roads there were in Cuba were built for ox carts and were therefore cart roads, the name being synonymous with good roads, in which sense it is still employed. The building of these roads has been of vast commercial benefit to the island."

There's Something in the English After All.

I've been meditating lately, that, when everything is told, There's something in the English after all; They may be too bent on conquest, and too eager after gold, But there's something in the English after all. Though their sins and faults are many, and I won't exhaust my breath By endeavoring to tell you of them all, Yet they have a sense of duty and they'll face it to the death. So there's something in the English after all; If you're wounded by a savage foe and bugles sound Retire, There's something in the English after all; You may bet your life they'll carry you beyond the zone of fire; For there's something in the English after all. Yes, although their guns be empty, and their blood be ebbing fast, And to stay by wounded comrades be to fall, Yet they'll set their teeth like bulldogs and protect you to the last, Or they'll die like English soldiers, after all. There's no panic rush for safety, where the weak are left behind, For there's something in the English after all; But the women and the children are the first to leave the wreck, With the men in line as steady as a wall, And the captain is the last to stand upon the reeling deck, So there's something in the English after all. Though half of Europe hates them and would joy in their decline, Yet there's something in the English after all; They may scorn the scanty numbers of the thin British line, Yet they fear its lean battalions after all. For they know that, from the colonel of the drummer in the band, There is not a single soldier in them all. But would go to blind destruction, were their country to command, And call it simply duty—after all.—Shadwell, in Boston Transcript.

IT MUST BE THE PLUMBING.

Old Lady (first visit to insane asylum)—Don't these people give you a great deal of trouble? Attendant—It isn't the patients that gives us the trouble.—From the June Bohemian.

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