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A. MACDONALD

WITH THE ISLAND CONTINGENT

Interesting Letters From Lieut. Mellish and Pte. John Boudreau.

Extract from a letter to J. T. Mellish, Esq., from his son Lieut. Arthur J. B. Mellish:

S. S. SARDINIAN, Cape Town, South Africa, 8 a. m. Nov. 29th, 1899.

All is bustle and confusion on board; we will disembark to-day.

I suppose the letter I wrote to be mailed as I hoped at Cape Verde Islands and the one I scribbled off when we met the New Zealand steamer Rangieria reached you all right. On the 24th I had the forward stewards brought up before the Colonel for taking our fruit rations and selling them. It has caused quite a sensation. The night before our Company gave a concert aft. The colonel-nurses, and officers, as well as all our company were present. I was the only Islander who individually took part. I recited that chestnut, Tiger and Tiny, that Minnie likes so well. It proved, however, to be the most taking piece of all.

We have had our bayonets sharpened, and our helmets and haversacks dyed a yellow-brown, the same color as our khaki suits. The belts are yellow leather, so we have no conspicuous mark about us. It was found that there were a great many fatalities in one of the regiments in a recent battle on account of some part of the accoutrements being white, which being set off against the rest of the uniform made a conspicuous mark for the enemy, and we want to avoid such a mistake. Everything has been going on first rate on board, and I am in good health.

When we sighted the Cape Verde Islands I went on deck before sunrise, and through the mist and twilight could be discerned great peaks and mountains, making a jagged picture in the clouds. As it grew lighter the view became clearer, and we steamed up quite close to land. The scene was rugged and wild. I could not see a trace of vegetation anywhere, nothing but precipices, gorges, dry courses of torrents and towering peaks. Meanwhile, the English church chaplain, Rev. Mr. Almond, had communion service, at which about sixty of us officers and men partook. A mahogany table was used and a rail was built up around covered with flags. At 8 o'clock we were off St. Vincent; an island lay on the other side and the harbor extended inward for about three miles apparently. In the middle of the opening there was a high steep rock on the top of which stands a beautiful lighthouse and tower. We signalled our name and that we were all well, also signalled to a British ship of war with four smoke stacks lying inside; and then, greatly to our disappointment at not landing, we steamed right on.

When we got to the equator they fired a rocket and blew the whistle. I happened to be on guard at the time, and was standing just by the bridge when this was done, but I could not see the "line." The weather was not very hot for a long time, as we encountered a south wind after crossing, which has kept up ever since. This is the cold wind in the southern hemisphere. In fact, if anything it has been rather cool. Through the whole voyage we have sighted very few vessels of any kind. This has been a matter of surprise, especially since we have been for some time in the track of the trade ships going round the Cape. The weather, however, has been very hazy, so perhaps that may explain it. A few nights ago for the first time I saw the Southern Cross. At first I was disappointed, but I grew to like it the longer I looked at it and the many other new constellations sparkling in the southern sky.

We got some Cape papers from the steamer we met. She had called at Cape Town and left there a couple of days after we left Quebec. I found one of the papers full of war news. The fighting seemed to be getting fierce around Ladysmith, but this is old news to you. If Ladysmith has held out and the Boers have been driven back I suppose they will not make much of a stand at Pretoria, but if Ladysmith has fallen there will be a stiff campaign for the British. Events may have taken place however giving a new complexion to everything. Although we are so near the seat of war we as yet know less about what is transpiring than you do.

We have had considerable practice in rifle shooting with the Morris tube—a smaller tube being inserted in the rifle barrel so that we can shoot at short range at a small target the same as if we were shooting at a large one at long range. I did first rate ranking among the best shots. We have not seen so many flying fish lately, but we often see a bird much larger than a gull but something like it. I have not seen many sharks. The band now accompanies the hymns and canticles at the services.

A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to all.

Master Leo and Lea Boudreau have received a letter from their brother John who is in the P. E. Island contingent and extends the season's greetings to all the boys and neighbors. John is having a good time and speaks in glowing terms of the voyage; never felt better in his life. From the Gulf Stream he found the voyage as pleasant as from Charlottetown to Sydney. As he is a bit of a sailor himself he found it more of a pleasure than some of the boys who thought they would never see land. He hopes to be in Canada by the 1st May, and will bring a monkey or a Beer with him as a souvenir.

All forms of scrofula, sores, boils, pimples and eruptions, are quickly and permanently cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Golf skirt patterns in 2 1/2 yd lengths at F. Perkins & Co.

HORRORS OF COCAINE.

"These evils cannot be more strongly revealed than in the experience of an Australian physician. He has given the world of medicine the benefit of a narration of what he underwent after he had become addicted to the almost constant use of the drug. In the course of that confession, which he did not hesitate to make public, he said, in describing his sensations: "The first feeling a cocaineist has is an indescribable excitement to do something great; to leave a mark. But, alas, this disappears as rapidly as it comes, and soon every part of the body seems to cry out for a new syringe. The second sensation—at first, at least, no hallucination—is that his hearing is enormously increased, so that he hears the flies walking over the paper. Very soon every sound begins to be a remark about himself, mostly of a nasty kind, and he begins to carry on a solitary life, his only companion being his beloved syringe. Every passer by seems to talk about him. Often and often have I stopped persons or ordered the police to arrest them, thinking they were talking about me."

"After a relatively short time begins the 'hunting of the cocaine bug.' You imagine that in your skin worms or similar things are moving along. If you touch them with wool, especially absorbent wool, they run away and disappear, only to peep cautiously out of some corner to see if there is any danger. These worms are projected only to the cocaineist's own person or clothing. He sees them on his washing, in his skin, creeping along his penholder, but not on other people or things and not on clothes brought clean from the laundry. How is this to be explained? About the same time appear many other hallucinations of the optician and, strange to say, self-suggested hallucinations also. Night turns to day. You sit up in your room springing until the morning and then fall asleep in a coma. In my case this occurred to such an extent that I had to engage a hospital warder, who came in the morning to revive me with about ten syringes of 5 per cent solution, so that I was able to drive, not walk, fearing some one might garrote me. Other dreadful hallucinations I had in thousands, all of a persecuting character and frightening the life out of me so long as the effects of the drug lasted.

"You see small animals running about your body and feel their bites. Every object seems to become alive to stare at you. From all corners look revolvers, knives, etc., and threaten you. Yet, so soon as the effect of the injection is over you laugh at it and produce willingly by a new injection the same terrors. About that time I bought three St. Bernard dogs, thinking they would protect me, but one night I found they were talking about me—how they could get rid of me—so I stood up and shot one of them with a revolver, which I always used to carry. I think this was the most dreadful night of my life—I standing on the table, with an Indian dagger and a syringe on the ground, one three foot high dog going to die and two rather dangerous dogs roaring and growling aloud, reproachfully looking at me, who always fancied, 'Now comes the moment when they will tear you to pieces.' I stood the night on the table until the arrival of my wardman, who hardly risked to enter the room."

"The strange thing, however, in the cocaine habit is that there seem to be two souls in the cocaineist—one infested by its effects, the other normal, laughing at his fears and saying: 'What nonsense! It is only a hallucination, produced by an injection.' Not frightened enough by these experiences and escaping from the troubles produced by his conduct, on the cocaineist goes, taking more and more, and then enters a new kind of illusion which finishes him up for the madhouse."—Philadelphia Times.

Love at First Sight.
"Is there such a thing as love at first sight?"

"Well, that's a hard question to answer with any definiteness. There is something that seems like love at first sight, but it takes three or four years to determine its genuineness, and by that time the problem and the circumstances are usually forgotten, and consequently nothing is clearly demonstrated."—Chicago Post.

He Was Bred in Old Chicago.
Pusher—Gusher is not very happy in his choice of adjectives.

Usher—Why so?
Pusher—Miss Gumms fished for a compliment by asking him what he thought of her slippers.
Usher—And what did he say?
Pusher—He said they were immense.
—Tit-Bits.



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HOW HE SUFFERED.

"Oh, Mr. Bickers," exclaimed Mrs. Gazzam, "I've just had the worst fright I ever had in my life, and you are the first man I've met that I could tell about it, because you are the first man that I've seen that I know to speak to since I got off the train, although I saw a number of men that I know by sight, but of course I wouldn't speak to them, even if I was just aching for some one to sympathize with me, and why my husband didn't meet me at the train is more than I can tell, for I wrote him yesterday I was coming, and I should have thought that he would be anxious to see me after being away for a whole week, which is longer than we've ever been separated since we were married, except when my dear mother had the fever and was so sick that we didn't think she would live for a whole month, and for two weeks of that time I never took my clothes off, but just watched day and night at her bedside and fed her and gave her her medicine and brushed the flies away, but she got well, I'm thankful to say, and today is as strong as ever, and is quite as strong as any one of her children, I mean the girls, for of course I couldn't expect to be as strong as the boys, neither could mother, but I started to tell you of the shock I've had, and it was almost a dreadful accident, for there was a train that came chasing after ours, and we discovered that it had no engineer in the cab, but was just a wild train that had started down the track all by itself, but thank goodness our train was run on a siding just in time, and they got the other train stopped somehow, but it gave me such a shock. Mr. Bickers, did you ever suffer in a railway accident?"

"Yes, Mrs. Gazzam, I have. I became acquainted with the woman who afterward became my wife while traveling from New York to Chicago."—Detroit Free Press.

Fruitless Subterfuge.
Fond Father—Tommy, I've just received from Santa Claus a telegram saying he hasn't watches enough this year to go round.

Tommy (reflectively)—Well, just wire him to call here early in the evening.—Jewelers' Weekly.

Helpful Advice.
"I sent \$1 to a woman for a recipe to make me look young."
"What did you get?"
"A card saying, 'Always associate with women 20 years older than yourself.'"—Chicago Record.

BACK-ACHE ?

If you have Backache you have Kidney Disease. If you neglect Backache it will develop into something worse—Bright's Disease or Diabetes. There is no use rubbing and doctoring your back. Cure the kidneys. There is only one kidney medicine but it cures Backache every time—

Dodd's Kidney Pills

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