

# Suffering caused by Piles

Is Quickly Ended when  
**Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment is applied**

Besides the intense agony caused by the itching, burning sensations of piles, there are other symptoms which produce restlessness and at times excruciating pains known only to the victim of piles.

What would one give to be free of this terrible disease? And yet there is a cure—a positive cure—which does not cost much and is not painful or difficult to apply.

Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment is, so far as is known, the only absolute cure for blind, itching, bleeding and protruding piles. It gives relief at the first application and affords a perfect cure in the most aggravated cases.

Mr. Isaac Foster, Erieview, Ont., says: "I was troubled with itching piles for two years and could not sleep at night. I was half-crazed and tried everything. Finally seeing Dr. Chase's Ointment advertised I tried it and found it good. After a second application I found relief, and one large box cured me. I have never been bothered since, and I can recommend it to all suffering from the same trouble."

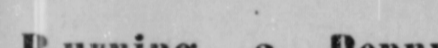
Dr. Chase's Ointment is for sale by all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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# EPPS'S COCOA

BREAKFAST SUPPER  
EPPS'S COCOA



# Burning a Penny Candle, to look for a Farthing.

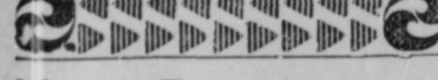
That is what some folks do when they try to save cents in the purchase of adulterated soap made from cheap oils. They not only "burn the candle" but they "lose the farthing" as well, when they subject costly fabrics to the corrosive action of such soaps. Dollars are literally thrown away in washing fabrics like lace, muslin, damask, cretonnes, silks, and cambris with trashy imported soaps made from inferior oil.

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is expressly manufactured for the washing of such articles. It is made from the purest materials; white goods become whiter and colored goods brighter when washed with it. A purer soap is beyond the art of soap making. Ask your dealer. For sale everywhere.

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100 Barrels.

160 Barrels Bras D'Or Lime.

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# THE DRUMS OF THE FORE AND AFT

(Continued.)

Charteris and Devlin, subalterns of the last company, faced their death alone in the belief that their men would follow.

"You've killed me, you cowards!" sobbed Devlin and dropped, cut from the shoulder strap to the center of the chest, and a fresh detachment of his men retreating, always retreating, trampled him underfoot as they made for the pass whence they had emerged.

I kissed her in the kitchen and I kissed her in the hall.  
Child'un, child'un, follow me!  
Oh, golly, said the cook, is he gwine to kiss us all?

Halla-halla-halla halleluia!

The Gurkhas were pouring through the left gorge and over the heights at the double to the invitation of their regimental quickstep. The black rocks were crowned with dark green spiders as the bugles gave tongue jubilantly.

In the morning—in the morning by the bright light!  
When Gabriel blows his trumpet in the morning!

The Gurkha rear companies tripped and blundered over loose stones. The front files halted for a moment to take stock of the valley and to settle stray boot laces. Then a happy little sigh of contentment soured down the ranks, and it was as though the land smiled, for behold there below was the enemy, and it was to meet them that the Gurkhas had doubled so hastily. There was much enemy. There would be amusement. The little men hitched their kukris well to hand and gaped expectantly at their officers as terriers grin ere the stone is cast for them to fetch. The Gurkhas ground sloped downward to the valley, and they enjoyed a fair view of the proceedings. They sat upon the bowlders to watch, for their officers were not going to waste their wind in assisting a Ghazi rush more than half a mile away. Let the white men look to their own front.

"Hi, yi!" said the subadar major, who was sweating profusely. "Dam yonder, stand close order! This is no time for close order; it's the time for volleys. Ugh!"

Horrified, amused and indignant, the Gurkhas beheld the retirement—let us be gentle—of the Fore and Aft with a running chorus of oaths and commentaries.

"They run! The white men run! Colonel Sahib, may we also do a little running?" murmured Runbir Thappa, the senior jemadar.

But the colonel would have none of it. "Let the beggars be cut up a little," said he wrathfully. "Serves 'em right. They'll be prodded into facing round in a minute." He looked through his fieldglasses and caught the glint of an officer's sword.

"Beating 'em with the flat—damned conscripts! How the Ghazis are walking into them!" said he.

The Fore and Aft, heading back, bore with them their officers. The narrowness of the pass forced the mob into solid formation, and the rear rank delivered some sort of a wavering volley. The Ghazis drew off, for they did not know what reserves the gorge might hide. Moreover, it was never wise to chase white men too far. They returned as wolves return to cover, satisfied with the slaughter that they had done and only stopping to slash at the wounded on the ground. A quarter of a mile had the Fore and Aft retreated, and now,

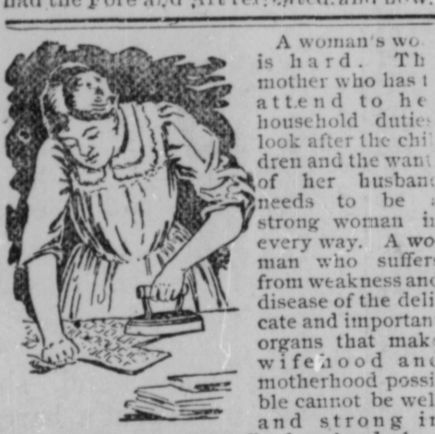
A woman's work is hard. The mother who has to attend to the household duties, look after the children and the wants of her husband needs to be a strong woman in every way. A woman who suffers from weakness and disease of the delicate and important organs that make wifehood and motherhood possible cannot be well and strong in

other ways. She will suffer from headaches, pains in back and sides, and lassitude and despondency. A woman in this condition cannot be a capable and amiable helpmate. There is no necessity for a woman to suffer in this way. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all remedies for ailing women. It acts directly on the distinctly womanly organism and makes it strong and healthy. It allays inflammation, heals ulceration, soothes pain, stops debilitating drains and tones the nerves. It fits for wifehood and motherhood. It banishes the indispositions of the period of trepidation and makes baby's coming easy and almon painless. It insures the health of the little new comer and an ample supply of nourishment. It tones and soothes the nerves. Taken in connection with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, it makes the skin clear and beautiful. Over ninety thousand women have testified to its wonderful virtues. All good dealers sell it.

"It is with pleasure I recommend Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription to suffering ladies," writes Mrs. J. C. Ferguson, Box 29, Douglas Station, Selkirk Co., Manitoba. "After suffering untold tortures, I thank God I found relief and cure in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription."

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Janak in the press, was quivering with pain, and demoralized with fear.  
"Get back! Get back, you cowards—you cowards! Right about face—column of companies, form—you hounds!" shouted the colonel, and the subalterns swore and swore. But the regiment wanted to go to go anywhere out of the range of the merciless knives. It swayed to and fro, faintly with shouts and outcries, while from the right the Gurkhas dropped volley after volley of cripple stopper Snider bullets at long range into the mob of the Ghazis returning to their own troops.

The Fore and Aft band, though protected from direct fire by the rocky knoll under which it had sat down, fled at the first rush. Jakin and Lew would have fled also, but their short legs left them 50 yards in the rear, and by the time the band had mixed with the regiment they were painfully aware that they would have to close in alone and unsupported.

"Get back to that rock," gasped Jakin. "They won't see us there."

And they returned to the scattered instruments of the band, their hearts nearly bursting their ribs.  
"Here's a nice show for us," said Jakin, throwing himself full length on the ground. "A bloomin fine show for British infantry! Oh, the devils! They've gone an left us alone here! We'll do it!"

Lew took possession of a cast off water bottle, which naturally was full of canteen rum, and drank till he coughed again.

"Drink!" said he shortly. "They'll come back in a minute or two—you see."

Jakin drank, but there was no sign of the regiment's return. They could hear a dull clamor from the head of the valley of retreat, and saw the Ghazis slink back, quickening their pace as the Gurkhas fired at them.

"We're all that's left of the band, an we'll be cut up as sure as death," said Jakin.

"I'll die game, then," said Lew thickly, fumbling with his tiny drummer's sword. The drink was working on his brain as it was on Jakin's.

"Old on! I know somethin better than fightin," said Jakin, stung by the splendor of a sudden thought due chiefly to rum. "Tip our bloomin cowards yonder the word to come back. The Paythan beggars are well away. Come on, Lew! We won't get hurt. Take the fife an give me the drum. The 'Old Step' for all your bloomin guts are worth! There's a few o' our men comin back now. Stand up, you drunken little defaulter! By your right—quick march!"

He slipped the drum sling over his shoulder, thrust the fife into Lew's hand, and the two boys marched out of the cover of the rock into the open, making a hideous hash of the first bars of the "British Grenadiers."

As Lew had said, a few of the Fore and Aft were coming back sullenly and shamefacedly under the stimulus of blows and abuse. Their red coats shone at the head of the valley, and behind them were wavering bayonets. But between this shattered line and the enemy, who with Afghan suspicion feared that the hasty retreat meant an ambush and had not moved therefore, lay half a mile of a level ground dotted only by the wounded.

The tune settled into full swing, and the boys kept shoulder to shoulder. Jakin banging the drum as one possessed. The one fife made a thin and pitiful squeaking, but the tune carried far, even to the Ghurkhas.

"Come on, you dogs!" muttered Jakin to himself. "Are we to play forever?" Lew was staring straight in front of him and marching more stiffly than ever he had done on parade.

And in bitter mockery of the distant mob the old tune of the old line shrilled and rattled:

Some talk of Hercules  
And some of Alexander,  
Of Hector and Lysander  
And such great names as these!

There was a faroff clapping of hands from the Gurkhas and a roar from the highlanders in the distance, but never a shot was fired by British or Afghan.

The two little red dots moved forward in the open parallel to the enemy's front.

But of all the world's great heroes  
There's none that can compare  
With a tow-row-row-row-row-row,  
To the British grenadier!

The men of the Fore and Aft were gathering thick at the entrance into the plain. The brigadier on the heights far above was speechless with rage. Still no movement from the enemy. The day staid to watch the children.

Jakin halted and beat the long roll of the assembly, while the fife squealed despairingly.

"Right about face! Hold up, Lew; you're drunk!" said Jakin. They wheeled and marched back.

Those heroes of antiquity  
Ne'er saw a cannon ball  
Nor knew the force o' powder—  
"Here they come!" said Jakin. "Go on, Lew!"

To scare their foes withal  
The Fore and Aft were pouring out of the valley. What officers had said to men in that time of shame and humiliation will never be known, for neither officers nor men speak of it now.

"They are coming anew!" shouted a priest among the Afghans. "Do not kill the boys! Take them alive and they shall be of our faith."

But the first volley had been fired, and Lew dropped on his face. Jakin stood for a minute, spun round and collapsed, as the Fore and Aft came forward, the maledictions of their officers in their ears and in their hearts the shame of open shame.

Half the men had seen the drummers die, and they made no sign. They did not even shout. They doubled out straight across the plain in open order, and they did not fire.

"This," said the colonel of Ghurkhas softly, "is the real attack, as it ought to have been delivered. Come on, my children."

"Ulu-lu-lu-lu!" squealed the Gurkhas, and came down with a joyful clicking of kukris—those vicious Gurkha knives.

On the right there was no rush. The highlanders, cannily commending their souls to God (for it matters as much to a dead man whether he has been shot in a border scuffle or at Waterloo), opened out and fired according to their custom—that is to say, without heat and without intervals—while the screw guns, having disposed of the impertinent mud fort aforesaid, dropped shell after shell into the clusters round the flickering green standards on the heights.

"Chargin is an unfortunate necessity," murmured the color sergeant of the right company of the highlanders.

"It makes the men sweeter so, but I am thinkin that it will come to a charge if these black devils stand much longer. Stewart, man, you're firin into the eye of the sun, and he'll not take any harm for government ammunition. A foot lower and a great deal slower! What are the English doin? They're very quiet there in the center. Runnin again?"

(to be continued)

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