



There are many thousands of wise women in this country who, when they found that they were suffering from weakness or disease of their distinctly womanly organs, promptly wrote to an eminent and skillful physician, with a world-wide reputation, instead of trusting their cases to some obscure physician with but limited practice and experience. There are many reasons why a wise woman follows this course. The chances are that an obscure physician of small practice will not diagnose troubles of this nature properly. If he does, he will insist on the obnoxious examinations and local treatment from which every sensitive, modest woman shrinks. The specialist referred to is Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. Thirty years ago he discovered a wonderful medicine for diseases peculiar to women, that may be used effectively in the privacy of the home, and does away with all necessity for examinations and local treatment. This medicine is known as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It acts directly on the delicate and important organs concerned in wifehood and motherhood. It makes them strong, healthy and vigorous. It allays inflammation, heals ulceration, soothes pain and eases and builds up the nerves. Taken during the period of prospective maternity, it banishes the usual discomforts and makes baby's coming easy and almost painless. It insures the little new-comer's health and an ample supply of nourishment. Over ninety thousand women have testified to its marvelous merits. Medicine dealers sell it. It is a druggist's business to give you, not to tell you, what you want. Any intelligent woman may write to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., and get free advice. By enclosing a few cents in her letter, she may secure a paper-covered copy of the "People's Common Sense Medical Adviser." Cloth bound, 50 stamps.

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97 to 101 a Week. In leisure hours, any woman who wants to help her family, and help her neighbors, can do so by making up a new process. No capital or experience required. Steady work, good pay, and spare time. Write to-day. Mrs. J. M. KENNEDY, 101 Main St., Toronto.

A GREAT GENERAL

Graphic Sketch of the Soudan.

NOW BARON KITCHENER

HIS Rise From the Ranks—A Man of Destiny—Cold and Inflexible—A Master of Detail—Trusted Implicitly by His Men.

Major General Sir Horatio Herbert Kitchener, whose name is officially announced in to-day's paper, is forty-eight years old by the clock; but that is irrelevant. He stands several inches over six feet, straight as a lance, and looks out imperiously above most men's heads; his motions are deliberate and strong; slender but firmly knit, he seems built for tireless, steel wire endurance, rather than for power or agility; that also is irrelevant.

Steady, passionless eyes shaded by decisive brows, brick-red, rather full cheeks, a long mustache, beneath which you divine an immovable mouth; his face is harsh, and neither appeals for affection nor stirs dislike. All this is irrelevant too; neither age, nor figure, nor face, nor any accident of person has any bearing on the essential Sirdar.

You could imagine the character just the same as if all the externals were different. He has.

NO AGE BUT THE PRIME OF LIFE, no body but one to carry his mind, no face but one to keep his brain behind. The brain and the will are the essence and the whole of the man—a brain perfect and will so perfect in their workings that the face and of extraneous difficulties, they never seem to know what struggle is. You cannot imagine the Sirdar otherwise than as seeing the right thing to do and doing it.

His precision is so inhumanly unerring, he is more like a machine than a man. You feel that he ought to be patented and shown with pride at the Paris International Exhibition. British Empire: Exhibit No. 1., hors concours, the Sudan Machine.

As was aptly said of him by one who had closely watched him in his office, and in the field, and at mess, that he is the sort of "feller" that ought to be made manager of the Army and Navy Stores. The aphorist's tastes lay perhaps chiefly in the direction of those more genial virtues which the Sirdar does not possess, yet it summed him up perfectly. He would be a splendid manager of the Army and Navy Stores. There are some who nurse a desperate hope that he may some day be appointed to sweep out the War Office. He would be a splendid manager of the anything.

But it so happens that he has turned himself to the management of war in the Sudan, and he the complete and the only master of that art. Beginning life in the Royal Engineers—a so much more favorable to machinery than to human nature—he early turned to the study of the Levant. He was one of Beaconsfield's military vice-consuls in Asia Minor; he was subsequently director of the Palestine Exploration Fund. After that he surveyed Cyprus, whence he escaped—some whisper, without leave—to see the bombardment of Alexandria.

At the beginning of the Sudan troubles he appeared. He was one OF THE ORIGINAL TWENTY-FIVE OFFICERS who set to work on the new Egyptian army. And in Egypt and the Sudan he has been ever since—on the staff generally, fighting often, living with natives sometimes, mastering the problem of the Sudan always. The ripe harvest of fifteen years is that he knows everything that is to be learned of his subject. He has seen and profited by the errors of others as by their successes. He has inherited the wisdom and the achievements of his predecessors. He came at the right hour, and he was the right man.

In the Egyptian army a captain of R. E., he began as second-in-command of a regiment of cavalry. In Woolsey's campaign he was Intelligence Officer. During the summer of 1887 he was at Kiroko, negotiating with the Ababdeh sheikh's in view of an advance across the desert to Abu Hamed, and note how characteristically he has now himself bettered the then abandoned project, by going that way to Berber and Khartoum himself—only with a railway!

The idea of the advance across the desert he took over from Lord Wolseley, and indeed from the immortal Arab, and then from his own stroke of insight and resolution, amounting to genius, he turned a raid into an irresistible certain conquest by supererogating camels with this railway. Others had thought of the desert route; the Sirdar, connecting Koroiko with Khartoum, used it. Others had

projected desert railways, the Sirdar made one. That summarized in one instance, is the working of the Sudan machine.

As Intelligence Officer Kitchener accompanied Sir Herbert Stewart's desert column, and you may be sure that the utter breakdown of transport which must in any case have marred that heroic folly was not noticed by him. Afterwards, through the long decade of little fights that made the Egyptian army, Kitchener was fully employed. In 1887 and in 1888 he commanded Suakin, and it is remarkable that his most important enterprise was half a failure. He attacked Omdurman at Handub, when most of the Emir's men were away raiding; and although he succeeded in releasing a number of captives, he thought it well to retire.

HIMSELF WOUNDED IN THE FACE, by a bullet, without any decisive success.

The withdrawal was in no way discreditable, for his force was a jumble of irregulars and levies without discipline. But it is not, perhaps, fanciful to believe that the Sirdar, who has never given battle without making certain of an annihilating victory, has not forgotten his experience of haphazard Bashi-Bazouk of Hardeb.

He had his revenge before the end of 1888, when he led a brigade of Sudanese over Omdurman's trenches at Gemazeh. Next year at Toki he again commanded a brigade. In 1890 he succeeded Sir Francis Grenfell as Sirdar. That meant to be Sirdar in fact as well as name he showed immediately. The young Khedive traveled south to the frontier, and took the occasion to insult every British officer he came across. Kitchener promptly gave battle, he reigned, a crisis came, and the Khedive was obliged to do public penance by issuing a general order in praise of the discipline of the army and of its British officers.

Two years later he began the reconquest of the Sudan. Without a single throw-back the work has gone forward since—but not without intervals. The Sirdar is never in a hurry. With immovable self-control he holds back from each step till the ground is consolidated under the last.

The real fighting power of the Sudan lies in the country itself—in its barrenness, which refuses food, and its vastness, which paralyzes transport. The Sudan machine obviates barrenness and vastness; the bayonet action stands still until the railway action has piled the bank with supplies, or the steamer action can run with a full Nile. Fighting men may chafe and go down with typhoid and cholera; they are in the iron grip of the machine, and they must wait the turn of its wheels. Dervishes wait and wonder, passing from apprehension to security. Then suddenly at daybreak one morning they see the Sirdar advancing upon them from all sides together, and by noon they are nearly all dead. Patient and swift, certain and relentless, the Sudan machine rolls conquering southward.

(Continued on the Sixth Page.)

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LADIES' JACKETS.

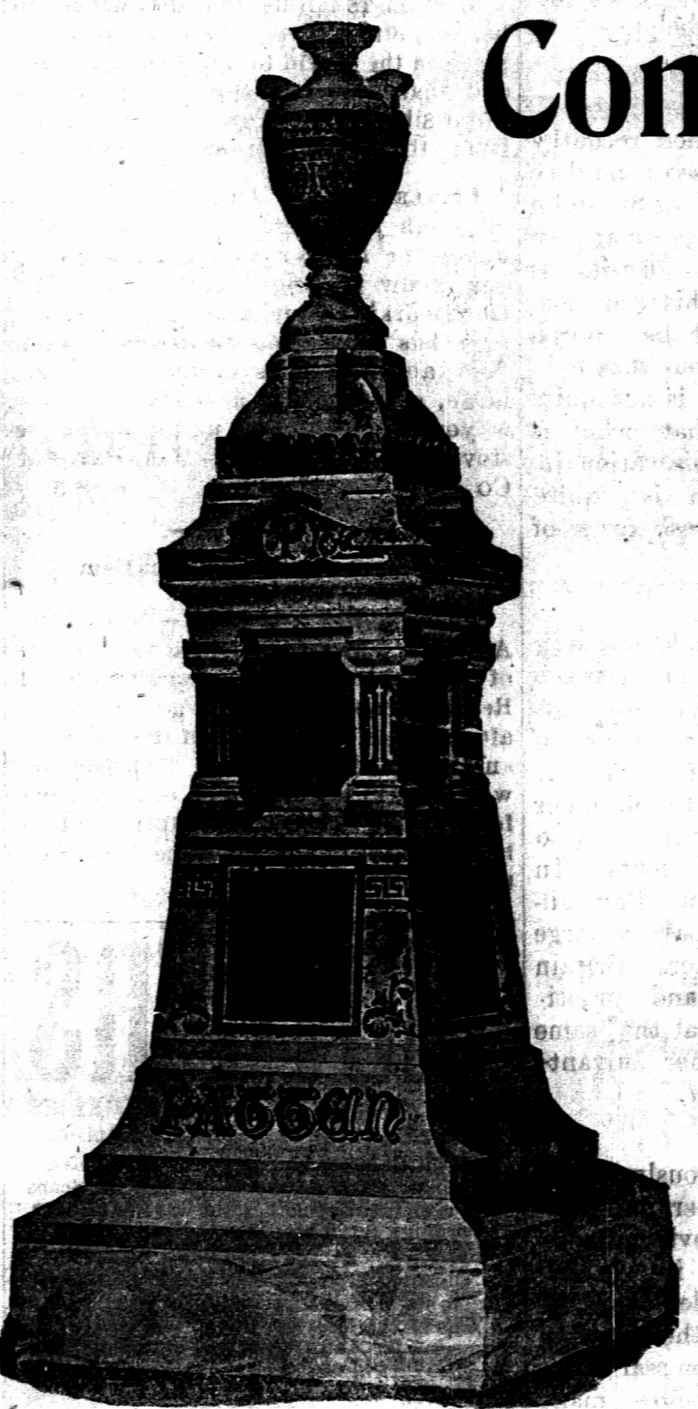
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