

TRUTH IN BULK.

Recent Issue of the Star Causes a Sensation Among its Readers.

EMINENT MEN INVOLVED.

Irrefutable Mass of Evidence Gathered by a Canadian Concern Operating in the United States.

(From the Toronto Star.)

Readers of the Star were startled last Saturday to see the names of prominent public men high in the service of the United States printed in connection with endorsements of a Canadian patent remedy. Not only was it surprising that men of such prominence would permit their names to be used, though this was unusual enough and it speaks volumes for the preparation that such was the case, but that United States senators and congressmen, prominent professional men and United States army officers should be willing to endorse a Canadian remedy is more surprising still. The people on the other side of the border are rather noted as being greater believers in the merits of their own goods than in those of other countries.

Last Saturday the Star published a full page of testimonials in favor of the Canadian preparation, Dodd's Kidney Pills. Each one of those letters was signed by a public man—and an eminent public man—in the United States. Each of these letters was accompanied by a portrait of the writer reproduced from photographs supplied by themselves. Seldom has there been such an exhibition of genuine gratitude to a medicine than that given Dodd's Kidney Pills by these gentlemen. Their names are known all through the States, two of them, at least, throughout the world. Men in the eye of the public such as these men are, feel very strongly before they allow statements of opinions attached to their names to be published all over the country. They rightly feel a greater responsibility in such matters than ordinary private individuals. A public man has a reputation to sustain and from long experience considers well before he expresses himself for publication.

There were no traces of hesitation about the letters on that United States history page in last Saturday's Star however, all was plain, honest and straightforward. The writers had been cured of kidney diseases by Dodd's Kidney Pills and had the courage and independence to announce the fact in plain outspoken terms. They were not getting anything for it; some people might make slighting remarks about their names being connected with a patent medicine testimonial. But this did not interfere with what they esteemed to be their duty to fellow sufferers and but fair to the medicine that cured them. Careless of anything but the fact—that Dodd's Kidney Pills had cured them of kidney diseases where other medicines and treatments had failed—they gave their evidence fairly and honestly for the benefit of others.

It takes a very unselfish man to allow his name to be associated with a patent medicine testimonial—or a man powerfully impressed with the merits of the preparation and unusually grateful for the benefits derived from it. One naturally dislikes having accounts of one's physical defects published broadcast even though there is a complete cure attached. But there is a stage where ill-health becomes so pronounced that all pride, vanity, reserve—call it what you like—gives way. You are sick and you don't care who knows it. The fact can't be evaded. When a man in this condition, trying remedy after remedy in vain, at last strikes, perhaps quite unexpectedly, a medicine that cures him, he is so genuinely grateful, so filled with the joy of convalescence that he is ashamed of keeping the facts to himself.

Such, no doubt, was the condition of mind of R. A. Wade, the great criminal lawyer, of Chicago, whose testimonial appeared on the page under discussion. He it was who defended Pendergast, accused of murdering Carter Harrison, Mayor of Chicago. He is probably the best known man in his profession in the United States, having been retained in more sensational criminal cases than any other lawyer in America. He was not only cured of kidney disease, but his sight, which, owing to the attacks of that essential feature of kidney disease, uric acid, had been entirely lost, was restored by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Captain Bogardus, champion rifle shot of the world, distinguished veteran of the Civil War, was cured of Bright's Disease by Dodd's Kidney Pills. When it is considered that Bright's Disease used to be incurable, the feeling that prompted Captain Bogardus to give his name and testimonial for the benefit of others will be understood.

Hon. Alva Merrill, of Illinois, was cured of Rheumatism by Dodd's Kidney Pills, and thought enough of the medicine that cured him to recommend it above his own signature. "I heartily endorse Dodd's Kidney Pills," says he, "to anyone with deranged kidneys or rheumatic pain."

Senator Busse, Representative Risum, Captain McComb, Roy Keator, were among those who freely testified to the merits of Dodd's Kidney Pills on the United States History page, and their pictures appeared last week in the Star. This page is considered the strongest mass of evidence ever printed in favor of a patent medicine in this country.

THE DAILY EXAMINER

DECEMBER 2, 1899.

COLONEL JONES' OPINION.

LIEUT.-COL. JONES, of the United States Engineers, thinks that General White has handled himself unusually well. His attack at Elands-laagte, which was so much criticized at first, was a necessary move to cover the retreat of a part of his command from Doodes—an untenable and undesirable position. It is, the Colonel thinks, doubtful if the English try to force the Boers out of Natal. Rather they will, in his opinion, do everything they can to keep them there. It is a fatal position for the Boers, because it leaves them uncovered at their weakest point. The time is, he believes, near at hand when the grass will not grow under their feet while they are taking themselves out of that locality, leaving small forces to defend the passes, while they hasten to the fortifications of Pretoria. The great fighting, Colonel Jones feels sure, will be there—unless the Boers have the wisdom to give up the unequal and hopeless contest beforehand.

There is, the Colonel adds, a strange parallel between these Boers and the North American Indians. When the greatest deposit of gold the mind of man ever dreamed of was uncovered in the barren Witwatersrand, the chariot of civil war rolled into their country. Rather than get into their wagon and play their role for just exactly what they were worth—as people do in real republics—they have thrown themselves under the wheels in a vain hope of stopping the great procession.

ESTEEMED EXCHANGES.

Hamilton Spectator: For a side show Kitchener is doing pretty well.

Toronto Mail: A Boer with a camera is the only kind of a Boer that can take Ladyemith.

Dundas Banner: How doth the little busy Boer improve his shining hour, by firing cannon every day and turning all things sour.

Ottawa Journal: Kitchener's work seems to have got its fishing touch. Willy old Dugan Diggs escaped again, but he is so old and has now been thrashed so often that he will hardly count further.

Mail and Empire: It seems evident that Oom Tom in Manitoba and Oom Paul in South Africa will meet a somewhat similar fate.

Talana Hill.

Copies of the London Times with detailed descriptions of the battles of Talana Hill (Glencoe) and Elands-laagte, long extracts from which have already appeared in THE EXAMINER, are to hand. They contain some additional interesting particulars of these struggles in regard to Talana Hill. For instance, the Times correspondent concludes his account as follows:

"The Boers were beaten and driven from a strong position of their own choosing. Some half-dozen men stood in the laager on the neck holding a flag of truce to say the fire of the despised 'Rooinek.' In the meantime fugitives were streaming down the reverse of the position. Fire will never on these occasions stop automatically, and a smattering musketry still took place and continued on into the night. But before darkness became absolute the mass of Dutch fugitives were overtaken by the 5th Lancers, kept in leash on the left for this purpose. Their work was simple, and the infantry success on the hilltop was rendered complete by a cavalry pursuit pushed home. But there had been a price upon the victory. It had been said that infantry would never in the face of modern arms be called upon to deliver an attack such as was made at Elands-laagte. But having done so, the price of necessity must be heavy. We lost in the action against Commandant Koch's commando four officers and 37 men killed 31 officers and 175 men wounded and ten men missing. What the enemy's losses were it is hard to estimate, as early in the day they had made arrangements to remove their killed and wounded. But a British burying party subsequently sent out from Ladysmith interred 65 dead Boers found lying on the field alone, so that, with the fifty odd for which the Lancers were responsible, it will not be far wrong to estimate their losses in killed alone at 150. As for the wounded, but few of these that have surrendered have escaped. Amongst the dead upon the field were found Leggelo, public prosecutor; Dr. Coster Bodenstein, judicial magistrate, Krugersdorp; Mare Landorst, Boksburg; Captain Figulus, Krugersdorp. Commandant Ben Viljoen is reported to have been present, and to have died

of his wounds. Lying on the hillside were commandants Kock, Pienaar and Pretorius, Colonel Schiel, Judge Kock, De Witt Hamer, Volksraad member for Barbeston, and many other prominent Hollander and Dutch officials.

THREE HUNDRED PRISONERS.

"The British force was compelled to bivouac on the position it had won. Then began the sad and gruesome task of searching for the wounded in the dark. It was impossible to find all in the evening, but numbers were carried down, as were the breech blocks of the two captured guns, which according to the intelligence department, proved to be the identical guns captured at Krugersdorp. The reverse of the position was littered with Mausers, and for the trouble of seizing their bridles Boer ponies became individual property. Koch's commando was completely broken up. Three hundred wounded and whole prisoners remained in our hands, and all the equipment of 12,000 to 14,000 men."

A LOST OPPORTUNITY.

Dealing with the Glencoe fight the correspondent shows that a good opportunity was lost. He says:

"During the last stage of the fight our guns had been moved up from their second position behind the donga to positions on the flanks of the wood and when our men emerged on the top of the hill a battery was pushed forward along the road to the top of the Nek. From here the Boer army was visible within easy range retreating across the open country below, and if the opportunity had been promptly seized the whole force could have been annihilated or compelled to lay down its arms; but there was some unfortunate misunderstanding about an armistice, and the opportunity was lost."

50 Held 500 at Bay.

The Government of Cape Colony has made public the following additional details of the defence of Kuruman, the capital of the Bechuanaland protectorate, which was formerly known as Moffat's Mission Station, news of the attack on which a pace was recently received here by runner and telegraph. The commandant of the Boer force notified the magistrate of his intention to occupy the town, whereupon the latter informed him that he had orders to defend the place. The magistrate collected 20 men belonging to the Bechuanaland police and thirty half-castes, who entrenched themselves in the mission chapel. The Boers, who numbered five hundred, attacked them, but the British force resisted and maintained their defence for six days and nights. The enemy then abandoned the attack after having lost thirty of their number killed and wounded.

At The Melodrama.

"I think he's just lovely," said she, as the curtain fell on the first act.

"Who?" asked he.

"Why, you know. The one with lovely moustache and the blue eyes. You know. His nose is just too Roman for anything, and his hair falls in such sweet curls over his forehead."

"You must mean that prig of a hero," said he.

"The one the horrid dark man with the top hat is always looking out of the corner of his eye at. Do you know, Ed, I believe he's up to something!"

"I shouldn't wonder," said Ed.

"I mean something bad. Mischief, you know. Can it be he's going to cheat him out of property or anything like that?"

"It would be a surprise if he didn't," said Ed.

"Maybe he will kill him," exclaimed she in a horrified whisper.

"I wish he would," said Ed.

"If he does I shall scream," said she.

"It's only a play, you know," said Ed.

"I know," said she. "But it's awfully real, isn't it? It makes me just wriggle when that horrid man shows his teeth like that. That poor, nice young man! I am so nervous about him."

"He'll come out all right in the last act, never fear," said Ed.

"I know he will. But I'm in awful suspense just the same," said she.

How would you like to enjoy a play like that, you black people? You're too old? Nonsense, you're morbid, that's all. Morbidity is the result of dyspepsia. Take Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets and get out of that slough of depression. Then you'll find that there's zest in life, and even in melodramas, after all.

The Montreal Daily Star has its own correspondent with the Canadian contingent. It will have and has had more war news than any other paper in Canada, and you can get it for a whole year every day for one dollar. Robert L. Cotton agent, P. O. Box 84, Ch. town.

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