BOERS OF THE TRANSVAAL.

(Continued from page 3.)

of the Transvaal, facts do not bear out this assumption. Long before the date of the raid the Transvaal Government had begun to arm and had placed the reorgazization of its military forces in the hands of competent foreign instructors. It was one of the leading complaints of the Uitlanders in the years preceding the raid that so large a portion of their money was being spent in military preparations. As the Transvaal was an internal Power whose foreign relations were in British hands such armaments could only be directed against Great Britain; and in South Africa the defiance involved by the preparations was not misunderstood. It would be more accurate to say that the armament of the Transvaal produced the Jameson raid than that the Jameson raid produced the armament of the Transvaal.

From first to last it can be shown that the history of the Transvaal has been one long aggression upon its neighbors' rights. Never perhaps in history has a dominant Power showed itself more tolerant or more generous than Great Britain in its dealings with the little State. Whether this tolerance has been prompted by motives of interest or motives of sentiment is practically immaterial. The Transvaal in either case has benefited by the result.

That the Transvaal should now be conducting—with a stubborness and bravery that we all admire—a practically hopeless struggle in arms against the greater Power roused at last, is but a supreme expression of the militant spirit by which the Boers of the Transvaal have always endeavoured to dominate the surrounding peoples. Domination, not independence, has been their aim.

The history of the two peoples shows that Great Britain has not only tolerated, she was in early days anxious to promote, the independence of the Dutch Republics. She has never desired to interfere with that independence. Up to the moment of the declaration of war she had no quarrel of any kind with the Orange Free State. But the predominance of any other Power in South Africa is incompatible with the maintenance of the position won for this Empire at the cost of blood and treasure freely poured out by generations of Britons. In defending this position Great Britain has a right to look for the sympathy and moral support of Continental nations. For what is incompatible with her interests is incompatible with theirs. The predominance in South Africa of a Power based on military aggression would be a source of constant danger to territorial neighbors on every side. Peace, good order, and equality of industrial opportunity represent practically the demands of the civilized world in South Africa. The Republic beyond the Vaal has signalized its short existence by a blank refusal to satisfy these demands in the territory which lies under its rule. The extension of Dutch influence would necessarily mean a corresponding restriction of the development of the resources of the country. Great Britain, on the other hand, has been the guardian of these general interests since she first established herself at Cape Town. Her ascendancy in South Africa is a guarantee to Europe that from the Zambesi to the Indian Ocean every citizen of every nationality shall enjoy the same protection and profit by the same opportunity as if he lived under the shadow of his own flag. Advantages which are freely shared give no occasion for envy, and none know better than our Continental neighbors that South Africa British is South Africa open to the world.

Healed of Her Heart Pangs!

After doctors had said no cure---Acute heart disease had put Mrs. Fitzpatrick well nigh in the clutch of the "Grim Reaper." But Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart met her at the hospital door, offered her life, she accepted the great healer and to-day is well and strong.

In these days of hurry and bustle, nervous strain, poor digestion, the struggle of the humble classes for an existence and the everlasting run of the married man for more money, the heart, the human engine, is wrought upon for double the duty that Providence originally assigned it. Thus it is that we may pick up any newspaper any day add read of the sudden taking off of this, that and the other person, here, there and yonder—the cause assigned, heart failure, strain too great, and no assistance offered nature to help her carry her load.

Dr. Agnew,s Cure for the Heart is a peerless remedy. Thousands of cases where sure and sudden death seemed imminent, its wonderful curative powers have been demonstrated, and in most acute forms of heart disease relief has come inside of 30 minutes after the first dose has been taken. Some of the most pronounced symptoms of heart disorders are: Palpitation, shortness of breath, weak and irregular pulse, smothering spells, swelling of the feet and ankles, tenderness and pain in the left side, chilly sensations, uneasiness if sleeping on the left side, fainting spells, hunger and exhaustion. Anyone of these symptoms is enough to convince of the seating of heart disease—and any one of them, if neglected may mean sudden death to the patient.

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the heart not only giver almost instant relief, but in the most stubborn cases it will effect a rapid and permanent cure. It is not an untried nostrum. It is a heort specific, leaves no bad after effects or depression. It acts directly on the nerve centres. Induces nervous energy, dispels all weakness and generally tones the system,

Mrs John Fitzpatrick, of Gananoque, Ont., was a great sufferer from heart disease. Hers was a stubborn case of over five years standing. She was treated by several eminent physicians and heart specialists without any permanent relief Sne became so bad that she went to the hospital, and was in a short while discharged from there as a hopeless incurable; but, to use her own words, "As a last resort, I bought a bottle of Dr. Agnew's cure for the heart. One dose gave me almost instant relief from a very acute spasm. I felt encouraged, and presisted in its use. It just took three bottles to cure me completely, and I gladly bear my testimony to this wonderful remedy as a life saver."

What it has done for Mrs Fitzpatrick it can do for any sufferer of heart disease.

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder relieves cold in the head in ten minutes, and has cured catarrh cases of fifty years' standing.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment will cure blind, bleeding or itching piles in from three to five nights. One application relieves the most irritating skin diseases; 35 cents.

Dr. Agnew's Pills, for constipation, sick headache, biliousness and stomach troubles generally. Only 20 cents a vile.

Paine's Celery Compound

MAKES SICK PEOPLE WELL.

It Cleanses the Blood, Nourishes the Nerves and Gives Perfect Health.

WIT AND WISDOM.

Jokelets That May Be Taken With a Tinge of Seriousness.

Bill—Did you ever see a river rise?
Jill—Sure. I've seen it leave its bed.

Yeast—Does the editor use a steel or a gold pen?
Crimsonbeak—I think his friend told me it was one of those trenchant pens.

"Say when, Miss Daisy," remarked the fresh youth as he was pouring a glass of water for the young lady.
"Oh, this is so sudden, Mr. Frost!" exclaimed the damsel, grabbing for the young man.

"This account is altogether too highly colored," said the editor, looking over the reporter's copy.
"Then why color it more?" inquired the young man as he saw the blue pencil go through it.

Sue Brette—Did the audience throw anything at the actors in the new play the other night?
Foote Lighte—No; why?
"Why, I notice the dramatic critics did the next day."

"Excuse my referring to so old a subject," said the funny man, "but do you know the quickest way to bring a man up with a sharp turn?"
"No," replied his friend.
"Put a bent pin under him."

She—Arcola, Ills., is a very rich town in proportion to its population. It has 2,000 inhabitants and absolutely controls the broom corn market.
He—Comes pretty close to sweeping the country, so to speak.

Mr. Crimsonbeak—For gracious sake! What is that girl trying to do in the next flat?
Mrs. Crimsonbeak—She's singing "Five o'Clock In the Morning."
"Oh, just trying to kill time, as it were."—Yonkers Statesman.

He Forgot About the X Ray.

The Professor—I have a new conundrum for you. Why is a mouse like a haystack?
The Doctor—A new conundrum! That had whiskers when I was a boy. A mouse is like a haystack because the cat'll eat it. New conundrum! Ho, ho! Ha, ha!
The Professor—That isn't the answer at all. The points of resemblance are these: You can't find a needle in a haystack, and you can't find a needle in a mouse. Some people weary me exceedingly with their affectation of superior knowledge!

As the mind must govern the hands so in every society the man of intelligence must direct the man of labor—Johnson.

A life of pleasure makes even the strongest mind frivolous at last—Bulwer.

BALLAD OF CONJUNCTIONS

Am&a &erson her name,
& where she lived, the Str&;
& many were the h&some beaux
Who sought her heart and h&.

The youthful &y S&ers was
One of the hopeful b&;
His love was like the Chinaman—
So childlike & so bl&.

Quite otherwise was R&olph's flame,
For 'twas to fury f&;
He scorned to sue & said the girl
Should yield to his comm&.

She was a flirt. Alas, that such
A word her name should br&!
To sport with one & t'other was
The daily joy she pl&.

When &y came & sighed & wept
& wrung his piteous h&&,
The wicked thing praised R&olph's name,
His income & his l&&.

& then in turn when R&olph came
& urged his hot dem&&,
His fire, she said, should be put out
By one h& hose from Sh&&.

Am&a &erson, you goose,
You jilted &y, &
One day he wooed an awful death—
He ate fruit that was c&.

& when he died you could not squeeze
One tear from out its gl&;
You only thought, "Now is my time
To accept R&olph's h&!"

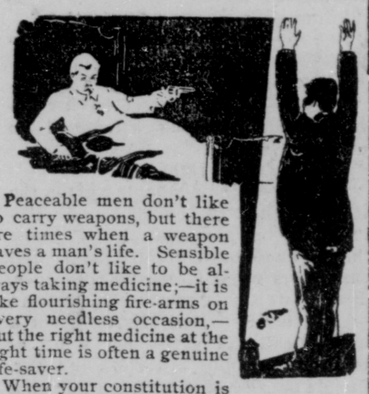
But woe & grief were your fate when
You came to underst&
That R&olph wedded was to that
Rich widow from the R&.

Young &y S&ers' life for you
Ran out its fitful s&,
And when you sighed for R&olph's arm
Another waist it sp&.

Oh, h&some is as h&some does;
Am&a now is str&ed.
She angled too long for her fish,
& she herself was l&ed!

So, girls, toy not with love, but hug
The chains of that young fetterer,
Or, like Am&a, you'll become
A sour old maid, &c.

—Tit-Bits.



Peaceable men don't like to carry weapons, but there are times when a weapon saves a man's life. Sensible people don't like to be always taking medicine;—it is like flourishing fire-arms on every needless occasion,—but the right medicine at the right time is often a genuine life-saver.

When your constitution is over-taxed by worry or extra work, or weakened by an attack of indigestion or biliousness; or whenever your natural energies are not quite up to the mark and fail to respond to the demands upon them, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will meet the emergency promptly, and save you from dangerous or perhaps fatal illness.

It wards off disease by acting directly upon the vital organs where disease originates. It restores the liver's capacity to filter poisonous impurities out of the blood, and empowers the digestive organs to extract from the food those nourishing vitalizing elements which drive out disease-germs, repair wasted tissues and build up healthy flesh and muscular force.

It is the most thoroughly scientific and effectual alterative remedy ever discovered in the whole history of medicine, and one of Dr. Pierce's most valuable contributions to *Materia Medica* during his thirty years service as chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute of Buffalo, N. Y.

Mrs. A. I. Gibbs, of Russellville, Logan Co., Ky., writes: "I can heartily recommend your 'Golden Medical Discovery' to any one who is troubled with indigestion and torpid liver. I was so bad I could not lie on my left side and could scarcely eat anything. I had a dull aching and pain in my stomach all the time. Now it is all gone after taking one bottle of your 'Golden Medical Discovery.'"

Constipation is the commonest beginning and first cause of many serious diseases and it should always be treated with Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets used in connection with the "Discovery." These are the most perfect natural laxatives and permanently cure.

Good Reason to Be Superstitious.

"Superstitious!" he exclaimed. "Of course I am superstitious. I sat down to dinner as one of a party of 13 once on the 13th of the month, and 13 courses were served."
"And one of them died?"
"Yes, sir. One of them died."
"How soon after the dinner?"
"Thirteen years after. Oh, I tell you, when 13 sit down to dinner it's a dead sure thing that somebody is going to die some time."—Chicago Post.

A Game of Tag.

Leo—Look out, young man; I'm it.—New York Journal.

Willing to Try It.

"Yes, Mary consulted a fortune teller."
"And what did the fortune teller say to her?"
"She told her if she ever married her life would be one long round of wretchedness."
"What did Mary say to that?"
"She didn't say anything. She went right down town and bought one of those dime handbooks on 'How to Win a Husband.'"

A Boston Beau.

Fred—Why is it you never take a lady to the opera?
Harry—For this reason: If I take a lady who doesn't understand the music, she will be pestering me all the evening with her irrelevant small talk. On the contrary, if she knows all about music she will be sure to find out that I don't.

WANT

HOUSEKEEPER

To come in and look over our groceries. Our stock is fine and fresh and guaranteed to be ati sfactory. We keep every hi ng in our line that is neces sary.

FOR HOUSEKEEPING

The prices—well, that is what we want you to see when you are looking at our goods. Their lowness will surprise you.

DRISCOLL and HORNSBY

QUEEN STREET

SAFE FOR SALE.—A large office safe. Apply at the city Hardware Store, R. B. Norton & Co, Ltd.

WANTED.—$2.00 per day sure, gentlemen or ladies; special work; position permanent; reliable firm, with best references; experience unnecessary. Address, S. M. Fry, Field Manager, Hamilton, Ont.