

# LETTERS FROM S. AFRICA.

## LETTER FROM MAJOR WEEKS.

### CANADIANS' MARCH AND FIGHT AT PAARDEBERG.

Colonel J. A. Longworth has received a letter from Major Weeks dated Bloemfontein, March 16th. The following is from it:—

Many times since I left Belmont on our march for Bloemfontein have I tried to get an opportunity to write to give you a description of the march and of our fight at Paardeberg.

"When our regiment left Belmont I was down at De Aar trying to get an extra blanket and rubber sheet per man. I succeeded, but the difficulty was to get a car to bring them along. I secured one, however, and the road was so blocked in conveying rations and war materials that when I got back to Belmont the regiment had left with instructions for me to store the blankets, etc., at Belmont and follow. I went on to Graspan, by rail and joined the Shropshires who were following our regiment. We set out on foot and caught the Canadians at Ramdam, about twelve miles distant. We carried no tents, and slept on the ground that night without cover. Next day we marched to Waterval, about 15 miles. The day was very hot and many men fell out of the ranks, but no Islanders

pushed on to within three miles of Jacobsdal, where a fight was in progress between our advanced troops and the Boers. Jacobsdal was soon taken. Friday we marched to Jacobsdal and halted for the day. In the afternoon, about five o'clock, we set out for a night march and proceeded all night to Klip drift, arriving next morning. We rested during the day and forged along next night, coming to Paardeberg early Sunday morning, the 18th February.

We will long remember that day. We had finished breakfast and everyone felt like going to bed when a staff officer came galloping up with an order for our brigade to ford the Modder River and attack Cronje who was advancing on us and was entrenched along the bed of the river. This stream is not very wide, but is in some places very deep. The banks are high, from 30 to 40 feet in places, and these banks are interrupted by dongas, dry water courses, cutting into them in broken lines, thus affording great natural cover. The sides of the river are covered by a thick growth of trees in places and other places with more detached growth. Our orders on Sunday morning were to have all our wagons parked under cover of some kopjes about one mile north of the Modder River and our regiment to cross the river. The men waded over, the water being up to their neck. Our men and the Gordon Highlanders went across together in fours. Each four Canadians locked arms with four Gordons and pulled through all right while the brigade was forming up on the other side. I had to return to see that the wagons were properly parked. While this was being done I was surprised to hear a heavy firing across the river and to find that our brigade was engaged with the enemy. So soon as I had my duty performed I hastened over the river and went in the direction of our troops who had been under a heavy fire. I learned that we had been pretty roughly handled. The ping of the bullets was in my ears. I met an officer who had assisted to bring back a wounded man and we together tried to find our regiment. But by this time the worst was over and many lay dead on the field. Poor Roland Taylor was among them. The Cornwalls lost heavily also, and on the other side of the river the Highland Brigade lost many officers and men.

On Monday the dead were buried and we rested. We again advanced on Tuesday. Our men this time took better advantage of cover and got up to close range with the Boers. I was near the firing line with Col. Otter when the one-pounder quick-firing gun was turned upon us, and many had a close call. A few inches to spare was all we could boast of. We did not attempt to charge the Boer position as on Sunday and withdrew at dusk. Four of our men were hit but none fatally. No Islanders were wounded this day.

It was now decided to close in on the enemy by trenches constructed at night and occupied by day. This was done by other regiments till Monday when we were ordered to the trenches. The brigade was to make an advanced trench to within a few yards of the Boers under cover of darkness. Our men seem to have had the worst position, particularly "G" Company which was right opposite the Boers' strongest point. The enemy apparently had wind of the scheme, for when our men who were in the advanced trenches had gone forward quietly in the dark and were still in the open they opened a withering fire and many of our fellows bit the dust. Here Alfred Riggs was shot in several places and instantly killed. We had so closed in on the Boers who now could not escape that they hoisted a white flag shortly after sunrise and surrendered to our regiment.

The death of Roland Taylor and Alfred Riggs cast a gloom on the Island men, and while there were general rejoicing over the important part played by the Canadians we could not help thinking of the grief that would come to the homes of Taylor and Riggs. They were both such good men. There was not a man in the regiment so highly spoken of as Riggs. Taylor was also much liked. He was of a question manner then Riggs and was perhaps not so widely acquainted. I personally saw and overlooked the fitting up of the graves of Taylor and Riggs. They are covered with stones and surrounded by a wire fence. Suitable crosses are erected bearing their names.

After the surrender we advanced our camp beyond the Boer laager and camping ground, and remained at Osfontein a few days. We were suddenly ordered to advance against the enemy who had come down upon us from the north east. We were to begin the march before daylight against the Boer right, while our other forces attacked the left. This was still along the Modder River by which the Boers occupied strong positions. They also held some kopjes. On seeing our approach on their right flank, the Boers retired without firing, in our direction.

We had no occasion to fire either. As the Boers retired we were all ordered to follow up. We did so till dusk when we arrived at Poplar Grove. Here we slept on the ground without cover, our great coats, etc., having been left behind with the transport wagons. It was a cold night, and we shivered till nearly daylight, when our blankets and coats arrived. We remained there next day, and on Sunday morning, the 17th March, started for Bloemfontein. After four days' weary tramping under a scorching sun, we arrived on the 15th. The enemy offered no resistance to our occupation of Bloemfontein: We are encamped outside the town and very few are allowed in the city at a time. I was in yesterday afternoon for a short time.

It is a beautiful city. President Steyn's late residence is a beautiful place. There are many other lovely private houses. All the people speak English; the store signs are all in English; the hotels have all English names. Everything in the shops is expensive; about three times the price we would pay at home is demanded.

I do not think we will be here much longer. The general opinion is that we leave for home in two or three weeks.

It is a long time since I have heard from Charlottetown, and I have not received any papers for the same time, and have no idea of what is going on there. I have no doubt the people of Charlottetown have been somewhat anxious about the regiment, so far removed as we from our base of supplies. Our rations were sometimes very small. The men particularly suffered from want of food and water.

We are all more hopeful now. You can tell Mayor Warburton that the Christmas boxes sent to the men of "G" Company have been last traced to Modder River and we are in hopes of receiving them before long.

We get no news of the doings of our other forces till we read of them in the Cape papers. Remember me kindly to all inquiring friends. The mail is just going.

The following letter was received by Mrs. Mellish from her son:—

FERRARA, Wednesday, March 14, 1900.

Bloemfontein is ours! and here we are encamped eight miles south on the railway line. We received the news yesterday when stopping for an hour's rest at a pond four miles from here. First the rumor of a dissension among the peace and war parties of the Boers ran through the brigade. Then it was said the guns we had been hearing in the morning were those of the Boers fighting each other. Then the announcement came that French was in Bloemfontein. I can tell you there was a sudden roar and hum of 5,000 voices. The tired and footsore soldiers, with haggard, weary faces, brightened up in a moment, and all was animation and congratulation. It was worth the long days of semi-starvation and toilsome marches and fights to participate in such a scene.

Last Sunday, the 11th, we left Dreifontein about 10 o'clock in the morning. The day had become very warm and consequently the marching was more difficult. The journey for some days had been over an undulating veldt, but now we went along the ridges of some low lying kopjes. We passed through some fields of corn with melons growing below as is usual here. I managed to get a fairly good melon, although the best of everything had been taken by the mounted men and the Boers, who had already passed over the same place. We marched on to the top of a small hill, strewn with shrapnel and shell from the previous day's fight, and at the top found a pond of water and a ruined house, with a white flag on it, said to be

full of wounded Boers. The surface was rough and rocky for the next two or three miles and then we had a short rest near another house with wounded Boers, which also had a white flag. We could see the women nurses moving in and out, but we were not very close to them.

We continued marching on in the heat, which had become intense, up and down hill. It seemed all up. The surface of the ground had now changed, being mostly covered over with small bunches of grass, each of which had a little earth around it, as you often find it in our swamps at home. This proved very trying on our men, as they could only get good footing by stepping high and looking out the low places between, but always practicable. The soles of the boots became very smooth and slippery, which added to the fatigue. Men began to fall out in great numbers, being unable to keep up. The Canadians were no worse than the other regiments of the brigade in this respect. Personally I hung it out till we arrived at our camp, fifteen miles, not so long as some of our previous marches but generally conceded to be one of the most trying.

We encamped in a kind of cove in the kopjes, a low ridge making a semi-circle partly round us. The water was not up to the Charlottetown article, being muddy which we don't mind as it nearly always is so here, and has a rather sweet pleasant taste, but in this case it contained multitudes of small squirming animals. However, down it goes and welcome. When we were settled off we had to go and get wood for the cooks and soon we had a lot of little bushes gathered, smaller than the blue berry bush, the only fuel available, and our cooks quickly made us a welcome half ration of tea. In the meantime they had put on a half ration of meat to make some soup, so by 6.30 we had that too. We slept comfortably till 3.30 next morning, and before sunrise had again begun a day's march. We tramped on till 3 or 4 in the afternoon over a fairly good country. Every now and then a herd of frightened springbok would gallop wildly across our front, or a rabbit would scurry past, often pursued by a dog belonging to the Gordons. Very frequently the men would capture one of these, and you may be sure they made a welcome side dish. The march was also enlivened occasionally by music from the Gordons' bagpipes. The Highland brigade was not very far from us, and we often heard their bagpipes also. Among the men there were many instances of pluck in the manner in which they held out. The boots of a great many were almost gone. In some instances they were actually gone; as for instance the case of Hatfield who visited her aunt, Mrs. Knight at Souris three years ago. He marched in his stocking feet for several days and did not fall out at all, but his feet were in a terrible condition.

After we were finally encamped and I had rested a little I took a stroll around. First I met some men of the Dorset Regiment who wear their badge on the back of their helmet. Upon my enquiring the reason they told me they had worn it there since 1801 when they fought back to back at Alexandria against Napoleon Bonaparte. I also saw the Ceylon and Bombay Horse Contingents from those places, and the Basuto native scouts, also many Hindoos from one of whom I purchased a rupee—the Indian coin. Later I came across a Victoria (Australia) trooper; he had some pieces of squash and we fried them in a canteen top and enjoyed

them very much. We asked a negro to sell us some wheat porridge he was making but he refused. He said proudly he was a Mafeking Kafir and gave us each a liberal dish providing us spoons to eat with. It is not often one meets such a generous native.

I saw some Hindoos afterwards. One was sitting quite solemn by a fire; another a little way off said he would sell us some pancakes at a shilling each, or rather said the other would. On asking the other he took no notice of me. His companion said: "He Brahmin; I no caste. He sell me, me sell you." I suppose this Brahmin would lose caste to sell directly to me. We were up at the usual time next morning, and marched by slow stages about ten miles to the place I spoke of at the begging of the letter. There was nothing unusual in the march. Thence we marched to Ferrara Siding, on the railway, eight miles from Bloemfontein.

BLOEMFONTEIN CAMP, March 15.  
Here we are at last. We marched here from Ferrara, our regiment being the rear guard. I have made a visit to the

town, entering by the colored quarter. I was the object of much notice by the dusky inhabitants as I passed along on the outskirts. I purchased ten peaches and five pears for nine pence, and I can assure you I relished them. As I turned a corner a negro came running down the street, pursued by a soldier. I at once captured the negro. The sentries and a great crowd came up and I passed on. After getting well in the town on inquiry I found a hotel and had a famous dinner. The table was set out with table napkins and other accessories. I inclosed the bill of fare. While at the hotel an ex-officer of the Boers and a corporal and two men of the Manchester, came in wrangling about a matter of carbine.

One of the men took the rifle from the Boer and then the soldiers told the corporal to fall them in and take the officer a prisoner for having arms in possession. This at once quieted the Boer and he left the rifle with the corporal. I looked about the town and wondered at seeing so many shop signs in English and at

(Continued on the Sixth Page.)

One Ladies Yield to Our Temptations Easily...  
is the beautiful creations from London Paris and New York in trimmed hats. Also our own millinery for those who wish to create their own hats. All the best Millinery designers of the world have here is temptation for you. We are making big strides in this department this year. We have resolved that we will have the biggest and best Millinery department on the Island before we feel satisfied. It always has been and always will be the lowest priced one considering the quality. Our Milline is now turning out beautiful Hats at a price which is not at all opposed to economy. Try us.

One Ladies Yield to Our Temptations Easily...  
is a special Black Sateen Shirtwaist at \$1.25c others may offer them at the same price but if you'll notice there is a difference. Then we show a Black Roman satin waist at \$1.60, 2.00, and 2.75. These are what our customers say are the prettiest in town. Another Temptation is the beautiful White ones made in Organdies, Lawns and Muslins, 95c to \$2.75, of course the better the quality the better the price. Then there are others in beautiful Plaids, Zephyr at \$1.00 and \$1.50 these are selling very fast that's recommendation enough for them. Others again in cheaper grades for those who want something substantial for house wear, and at a cheap price 50c to \$1.00. Another temptation is our tailor made suits in Grey, Blue, Fawn and Green, at a special price \$5.75.

## One Ladies Yield to Our Temptations Easily...

is the beautiful creations from London Paris and New York in trimmed hats. Also our own millinery for those who wish to create their own hats.

All the best Millinery designers of the world have here is temptation for you.

We are making big strides in this department this year. We have resolved that we will have the biggest and best Millinery department on the Island before we feel satisfied.

It always has been and always will be the lowest priced one considering the quality.

Our Milline is now turning out beautiful Hats at a price which is not at all opposed to economy. Try us.

## One Ladies Yield to Our Temptations Easily...

is a special Black Sateen Shirtwaist at \$1.25c others may offer them at the same price but if you'll notice there is a difference.

Then we show a Black Roman satin waist at \$1.60, 2.00, and 2.75. These are what our customers say are the prettiest in town.

Another Temptation is the beautiful White ones made in Organdies, Lawns and Muslins, 95c to \$2.75, of course the better the quality the better the price.

Then there are others in beautiful Plaids, Zephyr at \$1.00 and \$1.50 these are selling very fast that's recommendation enough for them.

Others again in cheaper grades for those who want something substantial for house wear, and at a cheap price 50c to \$1.00.

Another temptation is our tailor made suits in Grey, Blue, Fawn and Green, at a special price \$5.75.

## One Ladies Yield to Our Temptations Easily...

is a special Black Sateen Shirtwaist at \$1.25c others may offer them at the same price but if you'll notice there is a difference.

Then we show a Black Roman satin waist at \$1.60, 2.00, and 2.75. These are what our customers say are the prettiest in town.

Another Temptation is the beautiful White ones made in Organdies, Lawns and Muslins, 95c to \$2.75, of course the better the quality the better the price.

Then there are others in beautiful Plaids, Zephyr at \$1.00 and \$1.50 these are selling very fast that's recommendation enough for them.

Others again in cheaper grades for those who want something substantial for house wear, and at a cheap price 50c to \$1.00.

Another temptation is our tailor made suits in Grey, Blue, Fawn and Green, at a special price \$5.75.

# PROWSE BROS

full of wounded Boers. The surface was rough and rocky for the next two or three miles and then we had a short rest near another house with wounded Boers, which also had a white flag. We could see the women nurses moving in and out, but we were not very close to them.

We continued marching on in the heat, which had become intense, up and down hill. It seemed all up. The surface of the ground had now changed, being mostly covered over with small bunches of grass, each of which had a little earth around it, as you often find it in our swamps at home. This proved very trying on our men, as they could only get good footing by stepping high and looking out the low places between, but always practicable. The soles of the boots became very smooth and slippery, which added to the fatigue. Men began to fall out in great numbers, being unable to keep up. The Canadians were no worse than the other regiments of the brigade in this respect. Personally I hung it out till we arrived at our camp, fifteen miles, not so long as some of our previous marches but generally conceded to be one of the most trying.

We encamped in a kind of cove in the kopjes, a low ridge making a semi-circle partly round us. The water was not up to the Charlottetown article, being muddy which we don't mind as it nearly always is so here, and has a rather sweet pleasant taste, but in this case it contained multitudes of small squirming animals. However, down it goes and welcome. When we were settled off we had to go and get wood for the cooks and soon we had a lot of little bushes gathered, smaller than the blue berry bush, the only fuel available, and our cooks quickly made us a welcome half ration of tea. In the meantime they had put on a half ration of meat to make some soup, so by 6.30 we had that too. We slept comfortably till 3.30 next morning, and before sunrise had again begun a day's march. We tramped on till 3 or 4 in the afternoon over a fairly good country. Every now and then a herd of frightened springbok would gallop wildly across our front, or a rabbit would scurry past, often pursued by a dog belonging to the Gordons. Very frequently the men would capture one of these, and you may be sure they made a welcome side dish. The march was also enlivened occasionally by music from the Gordons' bagpipes. The Highland brigade was not very far from us, and we often heard their bagpipes also. Among the men there were many instances of pluck in the manner in which they held out. The boots of a great many were almost gone. In some instances they were actually gone; as for instance the case of Hatfield who visited her aunt, Mrs. Knight at Souris three years ago. He marched in his stocking feet for several days and did not fall out at all, but his feet were in a terrible condition.

After we were finally encamped and I had rested a little I took a stroll around. First I met some men of the Dorset Regiment who wear their badge on the back of their helmet. Upon my enquiring the reason they told me they had worn it there since 1801 when they fought back to back at Alexandria against Napoleon Bonaparte. I also saw the Ceylon and Bombay Horse Contingents from those places, and the Basuto native scouts, also many Hindoos from one of whom I purchased a rupee—the Indian coin. Later I came across a Victoria (Australia) trooper; he had some pieces of squash and we fried them in a canteen top and enjoyed

them very much. We asked a negro to sell us some wheat porridge he was making but he refused. He said proudly he was a Mafeking Kafir and gave us each a liberal dish providing us spoons to eat with. It is not often one meets such a generous native.

I saw some Hindoos afterwards. One was sitting quite solemn by a fire; another a little way off said he would sell us some pancakes at a shilling each, or rather said the other would. On asking the other he took no notice of me. His companion said: "He Brahmin; I no caste. He sell me, me sell you." I suppose this Brahmin would lose caste to sell directly to me. We were up at the usual time next morning, and marched by slow stages about ten miles to the place I spoke of at the begging of the letter. There was nothing unusual in the march. Thence we marched to Ferrara Siding, on the railway, eight miles from Bloemfontein.

BLOEMFONTEIN CAMP, March 15.  
Here we are at last. We marched here from Ferrara, our regiment being the rear guard. I have made a visit to the

town, entering by the colored quarter. I was the object of much notice by the dusky inhabitants as I passed along on the outskirts. I purchased ten peaches and five pears for nine pence, and I can assure you I relished them. As I turned a corner a negro came running down the street, pursued by a soldier. I at once captured the negro. The sentries and a great crowd came up and I passed on. After getting well in the town on inquiry I found a hotel and had a famous dinner. The table was set out with table napkins and other accessories. I inclosed the bill of fare. While at the hotel an ex-officer of the Boers and a corporal and two men of the Manchester, came in wrangling about a matter of carbine.

One of the men took the rifle from the Boer and then the soldiers told the corporal to fall them in and take the officer a prisoner for having arms in possession. This at once quieted the Boer and he left the rifle with the corporal. I looked about the town and wondered at seeing so many shop signs in English and at

(Continued on the Sixth Page.)

them very much. We asked a negro to sell us some wheat porridge he was making but he refused. He said proudly he was a Mafeking Kafir and gave us each a liberal dish providing us spoons to eat with. It is not often one meets such a generous native.

I saw some Hindoos afterwards. One was sitting quite solemn by a fire; another a little way off said he would sell us some pancakes at a shilling each, or rather said the other would. On asking the other he took no notice of me. His companion said: "He Brahmin; I no caste. He sell me, me sell you." I suppose this Brahmin would lose caste to sell directly to me. We were up at the usual time next morning, and marched by slow stages about ten miles to the place I spoke of at the begging of the letter. There was nothing unusual in the march. Thence we marched to Ferrara Siding, on the railway, eight miles from Bloemfontein.

BLOEMFONTEIN CAMP, March 15.  
Here we are at last. We marched here from Ferrara, our regiment being the rear guard. I have made a visit to the

town, entering by the colored quarter. I was the object of much notice by the dusky inhabitants as I passed along on the outskirts. I purchased ten peaches and five pears for nine pence, and I can assure you I relished them. As I turned a corner a negro came running down the street, pursued by a soldier. I at once captured the negro. The sentries and a great crowd came up and I passed on. After getting well in the town on inquiry I found a hotel and had a famous dinner. The table was set out with table napkins and other accessories. I inclosed the bill of fare. While at the hotel an ex-officer of the Boers and a corporal and two men of the Manchester, came in wrangling about a matter of carbine.

One of the men took the rifle from the Boer and then the soldiers told the corporal to fall them in and take the officer a prisoner for having arms in possession. This at once quieted the Boer and he left the rifle with the corporal. I looked about the town and wondered at seeing so many shop signs in English and at

(Continued on the Sixth Page.)

them very much. We asked a negro to sell us some wheat porridge he was making but he refused. He said proudly he was a Mafeking Kafir and gave us each a liberal dish providing us spoons to eat with. It is not often one meets such a generous native.

I saw some Hindoos afterwards. One was sitting quite solemn by a fire; another a little way off said he would sell us some pancakes at a shilling each, or rather said the other would. On asking the other he took no notice of me. His companion said: "He Brahmin; I no caste. He sell me, me sell you." I suppose this Brahmin would lose caste to sell directly to me. We were up at the usual time next morning, and marched by slow stages about ten miles to the place I spoke of at the begging of the letter. There was nothing unusual in the march. Thence we marched to Ferrara Siding, on the railway, eight miles from Bloemfontein.

BLOEMFONTEIN CAMP, March 15.  
Here we are at last. We marched here from Ferrara, our regiment being the rear guard. I have made a visit to the

town, entering by the colored quarter. I was the object of much notice by the dusky inhabitants as I passed along on the outskirts. I purchased ten peaches and five pears for nine pence, and I can assure you I relished them. As I turned a corner a negro came running down the street, pursued by a soldier. I at once captured the negro. The sentries and a great crowd came up and I passed on. After getting well in the town on inquiry I found a hotel and had a famous dinner. The table was set out with table napkins and other accessories. I inclosed the bill of fare. While at the hotel an ex-officer of the Boers and a corporal and two men of the Manchester, came in wrangling about a matter of carbine.

One of the men took the rifle from the Boer and then the soldiers told the corporal to fall them in and take the officer a prisoner for having arms in possession. This at once quieted the Boer and he left the rifle with the corporal. I looked about the town and wondered at seeing so many shop signs in English and at

(Continued on the Sixth Page.)

them very much. We asked a negro to sell us some wheat porridge he was making but he refused. He said proudly he was a Mafeking Kafir and gave us each a liberal dish providing us spoons to eat with. It is not often one meets such a generous native.

I saw some Hindoos afterwards. One was sitting quite solemn by a fire; another a little way off said he would sell us some pancakes at a shilling each, or rather said the other would. On asking the other he took no notice of me. His companion said: "He Brahmin; I no caste. He sell me, me sell you." I suppose this Brahmin would lose caste to sell directly to me. We were up at the usual time next morning, and marched by slow stages about ten miles to the place I spoke of at the begging of the letter. There was nothing unusual in the march. Thence we marched to Ferrara Siding, on the railway, eight miles from Bloemfontein.

BLOEMFONTEIN CAMP, March 15.  
Here we are at last. We marched here from Ferrara, our regiment being the rear guard. I have made a visit to the

town, entering by the colored quarter. I was the object of much notice by the dusky inhabitants as I passed along on the outskirts. I purchased ten peaches and five pears for nine pence, and I can assure you I relished them. As I turned a corner a negro came running down the street, pursued by a soldier. I at once captured the negro. The sentries and a great crowd came up and I passed on. After getting well in the town on inquiry I found a hotel and had a famous dinner. The table was set out with table napkins and other accessories. I inclosed the bill of fare. While at the hotel an ex-officer of the Boers and a corporal and two men of the Manchester, came in wrangling about a matter of carbine.

One of the men took the rifle from the Boer and then the soldiers told the corporal to fall them in and take the officer a prisoner for having arms in possession. This at once quieted the Boer and he left the rifle with the corporal. I looked about the town and wondered at seeing so many shop signs in English and at

(Continued on the Sixth Page.)

them very much. We asked a negro to sell us some wheat porridge he was making but he refused. He said proudly he was a Mafeking Kafir and gave us each a liberal dish providing us spoons to eat with. It is not often one meets such a generous native.

I saw some Hindoos afterwards. One was sitting quite solemn by a fire; another a little way off said he would sell us some pancakes at a shilling each, or rather said the other would. On asking the other he took no notice of me. His companion said: "He Brahmin; I no caste. He sell me, me sell you." I suppose this Brahmin would lose caste to sell directly to me. We were up at the usual time next morning, and marched by slow stages about ten miles to the place I spoke of at the begging of the letter. There was nothing unusual in the march. Thence we marched to Ferrara Siding, on the railway, eight miles from Bloemfontein.

BLOEMFONTEIN CAMP, March 15.  
Here we are at last. We marched here from Ferrara, our regiment being the rear guard. I have made a visit to the

town, entering by the colored quarter. I was the object of much notice by the dusky inhabitants as I passed along on the outskirts. I purchased ten peaches and five pears for nine pence, and I can assure you I relished them. As I turned a corner a negro came running down the street, pursued by a soldier. I at once captured the negro. The sentries and a great crowd came up and I passed on. After getting well in the town on inquiry I found a hotel and had a famous dinner. The table was set out with table napkins and other accessories. I inclosed the bill of fare. While at the hotel an ex-officer of the Boers and a corporal and two men of the Manchester, came in wrangling about a matter of carbine.

One of the men took the rifle from the Boer and then the soldiers told the corporal to fall them in and take the officer a prisoner for having arms in possession. This at once quieted the Boer and he left the rifle with the corporal. I looked about the town and wondered at seeing so many shop signs in English and at

(Continued on the Sixth Page.)

them very much. We asked a negro to sell us some wheat porridge he was making but he refused. He said proudly he was a Mafeking Kafir and gave us each a liberal dish providing us spoons to eat with. It is not often one meets such a generous native.

I saw some Hindoos afterwards. One was sitting quite solemn by a fire; another a little way off said he would sell us some pancakes at a shilling each, or rather said the other would. On asking the other he took no notice of me. His companion said: "He Brahmin; I no caste. He sell me, me sell you." I suppose this Brahmin would lose caste to sell directly to me. We were up at the usual time next morning, and marched by slow stages about ten miles to the place I spoke of at the begging of the letter. There was nothing unusual in the march. Thence we marched to Ferrara Siding, on the railway, eight miles from Bloemfontein.

BLOEMFONTEIN CAMP, March 15.  
Here we are at last. We marched here from Ferrara, our regiment being the rear guard. I have made a visit to the

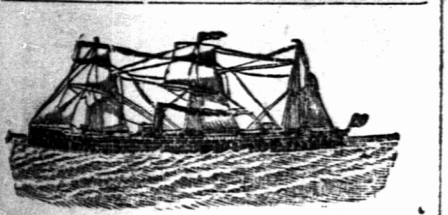
## ECZEMA BECOMES CHRONIC

and Can Only be Cured by Persistent Treatment with Dr. Chase's Ointment.

The extreme suffering produced by the frightful itching and burning of eczema usually leads the afflicted one to seek a cure, and thus fortunately prevents the disease from becoming chronic and deeply rooted in the system.

At whatever stage this wretched disease may be, Dr. Chase's Ointment is a prompt relief for the suffering and positively and permanently cures. It has effected more cures of itching skin diseases than any remedy in Europe or America. It is the standard preparation for itching skin diseases, and is recognized as such by the most skillful physicians.

Dr. Chase's Ointment is invaluable in every home as an absolute cure for eczema, scalds, rashes, chafing, sore feet, pimples, blackheads, and every form of itching skin disease and skin eruption. 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmansson, Bates & Co., Toronto.



Our Goods are right

OUR PRICES ARE RIGHT.

It is with you, reader, to give us a chance to prove the above assertion. We are receiving new goods daily. See our Covered Cup market, it speaks for itself. Choice Creamery Butter just received. Try our Orange Pekee Tea at 25c per lb. It will please you. We also sell Haggard's Genuine

BRAHMIN TEA

A big stock of other Teas on hand from 20c per lb. up.

Also in stock: Canned Salmon, Lobsters, Corn, etc. and a full line of general Groceries, all at the lowest possible prices. Free delivery of goods to all parts of the city. Telephone communication.

R. F. MADDIGAN & CO.  
Lower Queen Street.

Phar. Mining Claims in the Yukon Territory.

Notice is hereby given that all of the placer mining claims, whole and fractional, situated in the Yukon Territory, in the Yukon Territory, will be offered for sale at public auction, on the 2nd day of July, 1900, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, by the Gold Commissioner, at Dawson, by the Gold Commissioner, at Dawson, on the 2nd day of July, 1900.

Twenty per cent of the purchase money shall be paid to the Gold Commissioner at the time of sale and the remainder within thirty days from that date.

There will be no hydraulic claims as to the number of claims which may be sold to any one person or company holding a Free Miner's Certificate, but no hydraulic claims will be included in the sale.

As soon as the purchase money has been paid in full, entries for the claims will be made in accordance with the provisions of the placer mining regulations which have been made in that behalf, and the decision of the Gold Commissioner shall in respect thereof be final and conclusive.

For any reason it is deemed imprudent by the Gold Commissioner to give public notice of any claim disposed of at public auction, the Gold Commissioner will not refund the deposit paid at the time of the sale, and no claim shall lie against the Crown in respect of any claim so disposed of.

A second auction sale under the conditions hereinbefore set forth, will be held at Dawson on the 2nd day of August, 1900, of all claims not disposed of at the first sale of the 2nd day of July, 1900, and of any claims which may be discovered under the regulations in that behalf made. PERLEY G. KEYS, SECRETARY.

## A TORONTO LADY CURED OF ASTHMA

After Twelve Years' S