

OUR BOYS AT BELMONT

The Preparations For a
Supposed Attack.

AND HOW IT ENDED.

A Vivid Description of The
Hours Which were Spent
in the Trenches.

BELMONT, Dec. 16.

You will no doubt want to learn something of the movements of the land soldiers at Belmont. We have pitched our tents upon the ground of three fights, viz: Belmont, Graspan and Moddar River. Since writing I have gone through all the feeling of a soldier, and I have joined with those that mourn the death of one of the Contingent. The poor fellow sleeps in African soil and if we return to Canada without ever pulling a trigger or unsheathing a sword, our return will only remind the friends of those who have left behind, both on the ocean and on land. Rev. T. F. Fallerton performed the last sad rites and white-washed stones mark his last resting place.

We left Orange River in a down-pour of rain and thunder which lasted through the most of the journey. I'll not forget it for some time.

The cars were not water tight but made a pretense of holding water. Imagine us standing with our great coats as a loaded sponge. Many of the men, in fact all the men took a pride when on board ship to make their helmets look nice, but the rain has not had a tendency to keep them so.

It is simply wonderful how every one works. The men marched to work elevation and with a will set to work pitching tents, and when the bugle sounded to turn in the sand served as a mattress and a blanket covered us.

On Monday we were all ready to give Mr. Kruger's admirers a cordial—perhaps a little warm—reception. It would not be so bad if the bodies of the dead Boers and horses were buried.

Dec. 17.—We had just gone into the trenches when word was passed along that a messenger had arrived with a report that a large body of Boers were coming.

It is needless to tell you that every person experienced what is meant by "England expects every man, this day shall do his duty" and that it was no longer "Killing Kruger with our mouths." "The Absent Minded Beggar" was applicable to some one else, not us.

Orders were issued to strike tents, when the count commenced. The 12 pounders were placed in position to the left. I was kept busy looking at my rifle. It is wonderful how "Tommy" admires his gun when he needs it.

A portion of the mounted infantry galloped off to bother the enemy. A detachment of infantry went out to give Company A a lift. Company G was about 700 yards away.

The marching past at Victoria Park in "hard fought reviews" after all is not active service—not by a good deal. Everything was done in a noiseless manner. The regulars could have done very little better. Every man thought that after days the realization was dawning upon us. When it comes to a description of "Just before the battle" I fail to get my pen to tell. The nerves did not need a tonic and fever heat is a 'mild form' of expression. The officers did not appear to be over anxious, considering it was the first proposed engagement.

That wait, shall I ever forget it! Minutes apparently lengthened into hours and I suppose if the suspense had lasted for an hour, that hour would have been as long as a day. We peered, we listened; those who could hear best with the right ear did not turn the left. The whistling bullet failed to come. What was the matter with the Boer position? The silence was desperate. A few of those hour—minutes had gone and the word was passed along. "The enemy advances."

If we never fell in love we did then. We admired, crossed and grasped our best friend—the rifle. The morn of

(Continued on The Sixth Page.)

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English fine heavy 10c
Up to best quality 16c

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46 inch 18c
48 inch 20c

Not cheap goods, but good goods cheap.

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All bought at the old prices. The best values ever offered by us. All widths in bleached and unbleached. Plain and twill.

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3 Cases have just come to hand from the leading manufacturers of the world.
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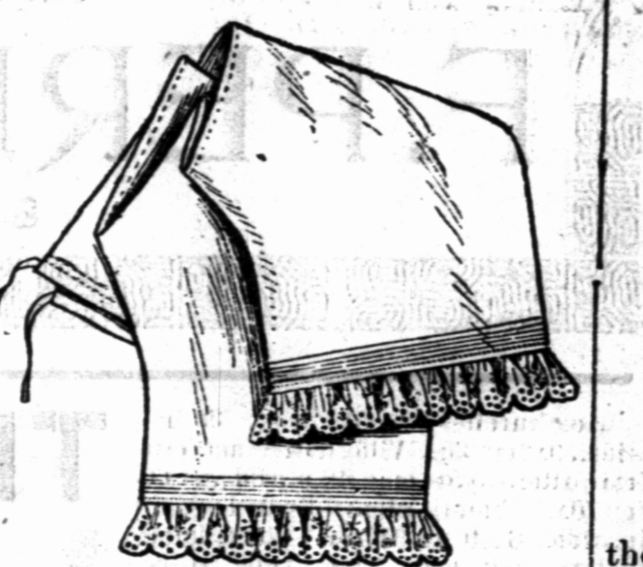


Night Dresses
PRICES—1.40, 1.44, 1.58, 1.76, 1.80, 1.90, 1.98, 2.03, 2.25, 2.48, 2.93, 3.15, 3.56.



Come and see the most exquisite Night Robes you've ever seen, and all at a bargain. All new goods.

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20TH CENTURY SKIRTS.
50 Different Designs

Corset Covers.
PRICES—18c, 23c, 27c, 35c, 38c, 41c, 45c, 56c, 63c, 68c, 72c, 90c, 99c, 1.13.



There seems to be no end to the pretty corset covers. Over 60 designs to choose from. The prices make choosing easy.

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ALL PRICES, from 18c up.
An endless variety.



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PRICES—15c, 19c, 22c, 25c, 30c, 35c, 40c, 45c, 50c, 55c, 60c, 65c, up to 1.65.

Ireland, Scotland and Germany are represented in the Linen department and our mastery of the Linen business was never more clearly shown.

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You've never bought them cheaper.

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Lace Curtains.
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Religious Services at the Asylum.

A most enjoyable and impressive service was held at Falconwood Sunday afternoon led by the Rev. R. F. Walton and some members of the choir, Messrs. Wm. Tarver and J. R. Davison (whose Sabbath services at the Asylum average about once a month) lent their powerful aid. The minister gave a short but heart searching discourse on the parable of the barren fig-tree. The solos by the Rev. Mr. Whiston and Mr. Turner with organ accompaniments by Mrs. Whiston and Mrs. J. R. Davison were delightfully rendered, but the climax seemed to be capped when Mr. Davison gave the solo "Jesus Lover of my Soul" with a Bonny Scotch air.

As the rev. gentleman remarked the audience seemed to be charmed with the music which was fully evinced by the almost breathless attention given.

In justice to the Clergy of the Bishop's Palace it should be stated that they held a service at Falconwood every third Sunday morning for the benefit of co-religionists, frequently accompanied by a part of the choir.

Most hearty thanks are accorded to all who kindly gave a part of their time and attention to the betterment of the "most helpless of God's creatures."
COW.

EASTERN NOTES.—This is the last week in January, generally the coldest of winter weather, but here we have bare ground, mud, fog, and wheels on the road. Other years we had the sea filled with ice, at present sea clear as in July, and nothing to hinder navigation. However winter, cold and hard would be preferable, in the first place it is healthier, in the next place gives a sleighing for the hauling of wood, rails, timber &c to say nothing of the opportunity it gives our young men of taking some one else's sister from church. Every other subject even politics, is overshadowed by the war which engrosses the attention of the civilized world, as well as the Empire of which we form a part, and which is more directly interested. The news is eagerly sought for every mail day, the progress of the campaign and the positions and prospects of the various armies in the field are intelligently discussed by an interested and loyal people. We cannot unfortunately and astoundingly ignore the fact that we have in this Island a few pro-Boers, but glad to tell you that in the east here they form a very insignificant minority. There is a stir in temperance circles here about the 100,000 voters movement. The intentions are good, the theory is grand, but some weak spots will be found, in its working. First, there will be numbers of enthusiasts in the lodge room, and in the temperance meeting who will forget their zeal, and lose their ardor on the day of election, in short, they won't keep their pledges. Secondly, many of the candidates will do the same thing, and have done it before, and that not a hundred miles from here, and strange to say, came back and got the votes of nine-tenths of the temperance men again, because they belonged to their "party." Thirdly, when a temperance candidate takes the field, as a natural consequence the rum party and their friends vote against him, and very often the temperance party, too, or a large majority of them because their fathers and grand-fathers didn't vote on that side, and the night of the election the temperance candidate is at the foot of the poll. Such has been the general experience on this Island in the past, and it don't look as if a change is very near—is near enough at least, to encourage any temperance candidate to take the field with any prospect of success. One by one the old landmarks of East Point, the links connecting the present with the past are passing away. A short time ago, we chronicled the death of Alex. R. Beaton, now another, Donald Fraser, of North Lake has joined the great majority. Born at South Lake, nearly eighty years ago, the eldest son of the late Alex. Fraser, who landed from his native land Perthshire, Scotland, two years before, he grew up with the country, and was a witness of the many changes which transformed the forest clad country to one covered with smiling and comfortable homesteads.

THE EDITOR'S MAIL.

A Butcher's Ring.

Sir,—Three butchers trying to get in the city council from Ward five. Are they going to try and pass another meat license law? We don't want any more meat jobbing or butchers' rings in the city council. It's the poor man that always has to suffer by these things.

Yours,
LABORER.

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SENTNER, McLEOD & CO.
Successors to Beer Bros.