

# LETTER FROM ALF. RIGGS.

## Mr. W. N. Riggs Receives Another Letter From His Son And Now Hopes to Hear From Him Again.

The following letter was received yesterday by Mr. W. N. Riggs, from his son.

BELMONT, Feb. 12, 1900.  
DEAR FATHER, I received your most welcome letter last Sunday. To say I was glad to hear from home and from several of the boys would be putting it mild indeed. I received six letters on Sunday and one from Tiny to day, all of which have been eagerly read by me, for every scrap of news from our Island home, the loveliest spot in the whole world, the true beauty of which, in order to be properly appreciated, must be missed. We have learned to appreciate it at its full worth, and we will show our appreciation by staying there for the rest of our days, and do our share to build up its industries and strengthen its Government. We have just arrived at Belmont, after a three weeks trip to Richmond where we tried our hardest to engage the Boers, but without success. We had a very pleasant time while there, and thoroughly enjoyed our trip, which with long marches has helped to put us in first-class physical conditions for the work ahead of us. The march this morning was over 13 miles on a sandy road, which we covered in five hours—four hours marching one hour stoppage. The most of us feel rather tired at present, nevertheless we leave this morning to join a brigade being formed at Cross Pan, with the intentions, I think, from the rumors I hear of advancing on Bloemfontein, this means about two or three weeks hard marching. Any who are not able to stand it will be left behind for various duties. We are disappointed at not having Mr. Fullerton with us, but for some unexplained reason only one chaplain is allowed to come. The R. C. Chaplain was given a pass to go, the others were not. We shall miss Mr. Fullerton very much indeed, and we trust that he may yet

obtain a pass and be able to join us at a later date. During our stay at Richmond we were joined by about 1000 mounted troops and a battery of artillery of about six guns. We started about five o'clock in the evening for Sunnyside, where a considerable number of Boers were supposed to be holding the place. We had our march for nothing, however, for when the troops arrived there, not a Boer was to be seen and we returned back to Richmond, a weary, but a lot of wiser men. The negroes are a comical set and many a good laugh we have had at their expense, and they at ours. They are generally clothed in the cast-off clothing of the white folks. The majority of the women wear a long loose wrapper topped with a hood or scarf of any kind of material. From a salt bag to a piece of sheep skin. They all appear to be very heavy or one would think so to see them carrying water. They use the same method as was used in Egypt hundreds of years ago, except that instead of earthen jars and pots, they use deep tins, small casks, wash tubs or their native equivalent, and every imaginable kind of tin vessels from a jam can to a biscuit cannister. The men's style of dress is even more varied and consists of a pair of khaki trousers, ornamented with about 17 different colored patches, and an old shirt of any available material, color or kind. They all wear more or less of jewelry which consists chiefly of bright colored beads or cheap flashy rings and bracelets, which are supplied to them by the Dutch storekeepers. The children dress in any old thing. For instance one youth had a coat or rather a blouse, except it wasn't gathered at the bottom, and he wore no trousers, but kilts made from a sugar bag. He probably liked the smell of the sugar, surmounted by the

rim of a straw hat of which he was justly proud as not many of his companions fared as well. Another was dressed in a piece of sheep skin or rather goat skin about 4 inches square and suspended from the neck which made the front of his suit, while the back consisted of a piece of string tied in a fetching bow knot which made the other children stare. I tried to get one of them to come near enough for me to make a sketch of him, but was unsuccessful for as soon as I approached, within what he considered a safe distance, he turned and fled, yelling blue murder, or its substitute in Kaffir language. The wool of the negroes, I suppose I should have said hair, puts one in mind of those rope door mats we have at home. There's a tuft of wool about every half inch over the top of the head and down the back of the neck. I don't know what kind of stuff their head is made of, but I know they can run around in the burning sun, bare headed, when a ten minutes exposure to the fierce rays would send one of us to the hospital with sunstroke.

I had a laughable experience one night while on the sentry duty near the native's huts. It was after dark and no fires or lights were permitted around, but the Kaffirs did not know this, for their fires were burning brightly. I was sent over to warn them to put the fires out, but what a job we had. Only one of them could talk and that very bad. Well I made a start by going to one of the doors and pointing at the fire asked an old negro what that was, he said fire. He could understand a little English, so I asked him what I would say for "put out the fire." He replied "malruki de fiere" and the same time twisting his face into a dozen different contortions and shaking his hands, while his eyes danced in his head all the while, as if he was enjoying a great joke. I said "malruki de fiere," to him and pointed to the fire and waved my hand as if I would brush it out. That worked all right and shortly after out went the fire. I then went over to another hut and there I had some difficulty to make them understand what I had to say, at the same time poking my head into the doorway, "Malruki de fiere," but they only jabbered at me in their own language to all of which I said a word which stands for yes. This brought a girl to the door, who said that she could speak English, and that she had kept house, washed clothes or something or other for the white people who lived near by. I said "Malruki de fiere" to her and pointed at the fire, but she did not understand, so I said put out the fire, put it out. I also tried some variations of "Malruki de fiere" and put the "fiere" first then the "de" first, but it seemed hopeless. I finally got her persuaded that it had something to do with the fire, and that I wanted it put out, so she said she was not the woman who lived there and that it was another woman's fire; that she had never been warned before to put out her fire so she did not know about it, and also that she was cooking her supper. There was a pot on the fire so I apologized for my intrusion and told her when she had eaten her supper, or finished her repast, or cleaned out the pot she could put out the fire and very much oblige your humble servant.

ALFRED RIGGS.

### The Dying Canadian.

Upon an arid plain,  
Beneath the burning sun,  
A soldier's life is ebbing fast away.  
Forgotten is all pain,  
War-sounds to him are dumb,  
His thoughts are far away in Canada.

Above him and around  
The spiteful bullets fly,  
The earth and air by bursting shells are rent.  
Thick strewn upon the ground,  
The dead and dying lie.  
Fierce Boer, brave Briton, both together blent.

It fears him not that death  
Will soon his spirit free.  
He sees again his home and loved ones dear.  
Feebly with failing breath,  
That soon, alas! must flee,  
He calls to those, around his heart most near.

"Oh mother! dearest friend  
On earth that e'er I had,  
Thy son must die, but grieve thou not for me.  
Thou didst thy son but lend,  
In soldiers garments clad,  
To fight, that other Britons might be free."

"Thy face, my father, too,  
I see amid the mist  
That ever o'er my vision makes its way.  
That face so kind and true,  
How often have I kissed  
In happy laughing childhood's golden day."

"My brothers, are you there?  
There sisters, every one?  
Thy brother bids you all a last adieu,  
With God, where all is fair,  
And life for ever won,  
We all shall muster for the last review."

He ceased, that noble face  
On which such joy had shone,  
Grew white, and set in death's enduring grasp,  
His soul had ta'en its place,  
Beside the great throne,  
Borne hence in holy angels loving clasp.

G. M.

Nothing dies so hard or rallies so often  
as intolerance.

Good order is the foundation of all good things.

"No, I don't think my husband has ever said a cross word to me."

"Oh! Then you don't play whist at your house, do you?"



MAITLAND STREET, BLOEMFONTEIN, CLUB ON LEFT.

Illustrated London News

## THE STRATHCONA HORSE.

After referring to the departure of the Strathcona Horse a correspondent in Halifax writes:

Besides the Islanders among the one hundred recruits there were three of P. E. Island's noble sons with Strathcona's Horse, viz: Benj. L. Deacon of Freetown, McLeod of Bradalbane, and Bertrand from the vicinity of Hunter River. Both McLeod and Bertrand left the Island when quite young and since have lived in the North West.

Mr. Benj. L. Deacon, who is one of P. E. Island's most promising youths, left his native soil only in September last to push his fortune in the West. For over two years Mr. Deacon taught school at West Devon, where he became much attached to both pupils and parents. But

anxious to climb higher on the ladder of fame and urged on by this untiring ambition, about six months ago he went to the City of Winnipeg and applied for a position in a law office. While preparing himself for the entrance examinations required he was engaged in clerking and did the greater part of his studying after hours. A short while ago Mr. Deacon took the examinations in quite a number of the subjects and passed very successfully making an average of over seventy per cent. He has yet a couple more to take and intends devoting all his spare time to study while on board ship so that on his safe return he may be able to follow up his law course in Winnipeg, providing South Africa does not offer greater opportunities. Mr. Deacon speaks in glowing terms of the West. In

Winnipeg, a city of 50,000 the openings for eleven professional men are many. Generally speaking far less attention is paid to etiquette, etc., out West than in the Eastern Provinces. Everybody is literally on the jump and the west bids fair to be the country of the future. Although Mr. Deacon's outlook for the future in the west was a bright one, yet when the call came for more men, he, full of enthusiasm and loyalty at once enlisted and having a fine physique was naturally accepted and has gone cheerfully to the front. Many fine specimens of mankind were in the ranks, but probably none presented a better all round soldiery figure and appearance than Mr. Deacon.

While in Halifax Mr. Deacon visited Dalhousie College. He was warmly welcomed by both professors and students there being many of his old P. E. College chums and other Island friends. Before he was in the College many minutes he was seized by the students, carried on their shoulders up to the second floor, where he was sent flying three times into the air. The College halls then rang with three rousing cheers for "the soldier" and his Queen. After spending about an hour with the boys Mr. Deacon went back to the Armory to prepare for the embarkation. Before leaving Winnipeg he and several others were presented with a purse of \$40.00 in cash, as a mark of the esteem in which they were held by the citizens. While in Ottawa and Halifax he met many old acquaintances and made new friends. As he goes to uphold the honor of the Empire his many friends, both on the Island and in other parts of the Dominion join in wishing him God's speed for a prosperous journey and a safe return in the near future to friends and native land.

### DIED.

At Souris East, March 13th, Lavinia Sterns, aged 37 years, widow of the late William Sterns, leaving a family of five to mourn the loss and for whom much sympathy is felt. "Life's work well done. Now comes rest."

## PROF. CLARK'S STATEMENT.

He found Doan's Kidney Pills a prompt cure for pain in the back and hips.

Prof. J. E. Clark, a cut of whom appears here, is well known on account of his successful scientific treatment of stammering.



The Professor was suffering greatly from severe pain in his back and hips some time ago, and making inquiries as to the best remedy he was recommended to try Doan's

Kidney Pills. With what success we will permit him to tell in the following letter, which was written from Wellington, Ont.: For some months, in fact for years, but more especially for a few months past, I have had a constant pain in my hips and across my back, which prevented me getting proper nights' rest. No matter how I tried or no use. I went to the store here one day and asked what remedy would be the best for my complaint, and was at once advised to take Doan's Kidney Pills. I bought one box of the Pills and before I had finished it every particle of the pain left me and I am as free from all of my recent troubles as though I had never been afflicted.

I tell you I am in sympathy with any one who has pains or aches similar to what I had, and shall always take much pleasure in recommending Doan's Kidney Pills. (Signed) J. E. CLARK. We recommend Doan's Kidney Pills for the treatment of backache, lame or weak back, Bright's disease, diabetes, dropsy, puffiness under the eyes, swelling of the feet and ankles, mist before the eyes, impaired memory, scalding or high-colored urine, gravel, rheumatism, urinary weakness of children and old people, tired, dull, drowsy feeling, etc. These Pills cure when other medicines and even doctors fail. But be sure you get Doan's, as substitutes and imitations are always disappointing. The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Proprietors.

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