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The People's Store

HOME FROM SOUTH AFRICA

Reception in Caledonian Club Rooms.

Chaplain Fullerton and Lieut. Macdonald Remembered.

The reception tendered Rev. T. Fullerton and Lieut. J. A. Macdonald by the Caledonian Club, in their rooms last night, was largely attended by members of the club and their wives and invited guests. The welcome given the two members of the club upon their return from South Africa was of the heartiest description. The utmost enthusiasm prevailed throughout the proceedings, and the remarks of the different speakers were closely followed and loudly and frequently applauded.

Mr. John McPhee, President of the Club, presided, and after some remarks bearing upon the work done in South Africa by his fellow-clasmen and the other Canadians presented Rev. Mr. Fullerton with a handsome gold medal decorated with St. Andrew's Cross and having upon the bar the words "South Africa, 1900." Accompanying the gift was the following address:—

Rev. Thomas F. Fullerton, Chaplain Royal Canadian Regiment.

REV. AND DEAR SIR:—

It is with feelings of the utmost satisfaction that the Caledonian Club of Prince Edward Island greets you on your return from a year's sojourn of peril in that portion of South Africa which has been the theatre of a stubbornly contested and bloody war. Twelve months ago you, in common with thousands of other courageous, patriotic citizens of this loyal dependency of the glorious Crown of Britain were stirred with the news that our fellow subjects in South Africa were plunged into all the horrors of war, waged against them by a misguided yet a stubborn and determined foe; and we all admired the readiness with which you offered your services to our Gracious Sovereign in the crisis of the Empire's need. Inspired by a noble impulse, you voluntarily made the greatest sacrifice which man can offer to his country—you severed connection with all that was near and dear to you—home, and family, and friends, and church—exchanged the conveniences and comforts of ordinary life for the perils the privations and uncertainties of the battlefield, that you might impart spiritual consolation and minister to the temporal needs of Canada's heroic soldiers on the battlefields of South Africa. We were pleased almost beyond measure to learn from time to time that you took a deep and abiding interest in the welfare of the Island Contingent from the outset, and this was duly appreciated

by our brave boys at the front, as well as by their friends at home.

Now, that the struggle in which you have been engaged is practically at an end, we extend to you a hearty Scottish welcome on your return, and ask you to accept the accompanying gift as a small souvenir of our appreciation of your self-sacrifice and patriotism as well as a slight recognition of past services to the Club. We trust that you may long live to wear the decoration, and that when life's course is run you may hand it down to your children as a memento of your return from the field of strife to your peaceful Canadian home, in which we trust your lot may be cast for many years to come.

Signed on behalf of the Caledonian Club.

JOHN A. McLAREN, Chief.
JOHN MCPHEE, President.
ALEX. McDONALD.
CHAS. MCGREGOR.
R. McMILLAN.

Committee.

Club Rooms, Ch'town, November 15th, 1900.

Mr. John A. McLaren, Chief of the Club, then presented Lieut. Macdonald with a valuable meerschaum pipe and the following address, prefacing the presentation with some appropriate remarks:—

To Lieut. John A. McDonald, Royal Canadian Regiment.

DEAR SIR:—

It stands alone in history—a thrilling spectacle of the heroic youth of Britain's wide-spread colonies, leaping to arms at the beck of the Motherland, and rushing by thousands, fast as the swiftest ships could carry them to repel invasion, crush tyranny and establish British freedom in the mis-governed provinces of Southern Africa.

The race, Sir, from which you are sprung, has been little in the habit of turning a deaf ear to a just call to arms. The Gordons, the Black Watch and the Sutherlanders from the heathery hills, which your forefathers loved, were already in the fray, where it was thickest. The heroic spirit inherited from your ancestors was stirred within you—you buckled on your sword and bade us farewell, here, where we have met to bid you welcome back.

The hopes we then ventured to utter, "your early and safe return, and re-union with the Caledonian Club," have been realized. You have suffered hardships, endured fatigue, and borne well the countless miseries which an arduous campaign entails on the soldier. We welcome you back to rest—the cause for which you ventured your life has triumphed; and when, in future years the story of the great struggle in South Africa will be the theme of talk in your presence, yours will be the well-won right—a right which every patriot might proudly covet, to say "I was there."

These, dear sir, are words, but they come from our hearts, and this small gift, may, we trust, in your intercourse with it, serve occasionally to recall the historic events of this happy evening.

Signed in behalf of the Caledonian Club.

JOHN A. McLAREN, Chief.
JOHN MCPHEE, President.
ALEX. McDONALD.
CHARLES MCGREGOR.
R. McMILLAN.

Committee.

Club Rooms, Charlottetown,
Nov. 15th, 1900.

Rev. Mr. Fullerton, upon rising to acknowledge the honor done him by the Caledonian Club, was received with applause. Words failed him, he said, to speak out as he would like here. He was innocent of having rendered the club any service. In South Africa the chaplains had the easy end of it. They were not wanted in the firing line as it was feared they would attract the enemy's fire. When leaving for South Africa the fear was expressed that the war would be over before they would reach their destination; no one had any idea that it was going to last so long, not even the authorities. But when they arrived in South Africa they found that the war was far from being ended. At DeAar, the first day after they arrived, they experienced a frightful sandstorm. Then came the long detention at Belmont and their brigading with the Gordon Highlanders. The Canadians, he said, had the very highest respect for the Gordons. They are looked upon as the best Regiment of Infantry in the British service, and the Canadians are in all respects their equal. Later the Canadians were in the same brigade as the Dublin Fusiliers. They missed the skirling of the pipes, and were without music during the long marches until one day one of the Canadians struck up "Pat Malone Forgot That He Was Dead, Ta-Ra-Ra," which proved to be a capital marching tune. This gave the Colonel an idea and he organ-

ized a choir among the men, and the British Regiments would be amazed to see the Canadians swing in after a long day's march to one of their own airs. The Canadians had acted well their parts in South Africa, and among them none were more plucky and none more daring than those who went from Prince Edward Island. At Paardeberg the Gordons thought the Canadians were mad because they were so reckless. Rev. Mr. Fullerton closed his remarks by thanking the club for their handsome gift, which, he said, would be treasured during his life and handed down to those who came after him. (Applause and cheers).

Lieut. Macdonald spoke next, and was given a splendid reception. He thanked the club for its magnificent gift, and felt sure after his South African experience that he would have the pipe beautifully colored. He spoke of the gift—the elegant ring—given him by the Club before he left for South Africa, adding that he had worn it all through the campaign and that it was a constant reminder of the kind friends he had left in Charlottetown. As a result of what he had seen in South Africa he returned home more than ever convinced of the value of national societies and the cultivation of a national sentiment. The Gordon Highlanders had a regimental and a national reputation to maintain, and they never turned their back on a foe. When he arrived at Cape Town the 300 British transports he saw anchored there impressed him with the grandeur and might of Great Britain. He joined the Canadians at Bloemfontein. The first man he saw after landing was Art. Dillon. His clothing was in tatters, and he looked like a scarecrow. But he was erect and cheerful and every inch a soldier. Dillon said to him, "You may think I am ragged and dirty, but wait till you see the other boys." When he reached the camp he realized the truth of the remark. Dillon was a swell compared with the others. The camp was in a swamp with the mud about six inches deep. Upon this they slept with a rubber blanket between. Some of the tents had been dammed to keep out the water. The boys, however, said the conditions were lovely compared with what they had undergone previously. It was no wonder, under these circumstances, that much sickness prevailed and that the mortality was very great. There were between fifty and sixty funerals a day. He went through the hospital with Rev. Mr. Fullerton and what he saw made him sick. It was an experience that he never wanted again. But this was where Rev. Mr. Fullerton had to spend much of his time. He (Lieut. Macdonald) would rather go through the whole campaign than exchange places with Rev. Mr. Fullerton. The first engagement he saw was at Kootnecht, and it was here that Pte. Mellish was tossed in the air by one of the Boer shells. Mellish was only slightly shaken up by his somersault and participated in the engagement. The work of the Gordons was of the best, their charge being a magnificent sight from the soldier's standpoint. The British Service Corps was the best in the world. But owing to transportation difficulties they had sometimes to go without rations. Trek oxen were at times used, the meat of which was so tough that it is said some of the boys used it to sole their boots, claiming that it was more lasting than leather. Once they had a luxury in the shape of pancakes—each man getting two. The pancakes were somewhat sticky, and unless the quantity entering the mouth at one time was carefully gauged there was danger of lock-jaw. But they were greatly appreciated just the same. Lieut. Macdonald then closed his remarks by again returning thanks for the kindness of the club. Loud applause followed Lieut. Macdonald's remarks.

Addresses were then made by J. E. B. McCready, Alex. Macdonald, James Paton, W. L. Cotton, T. C. James, R. Macdonald, D. A. McKinnon, T. A. McLean, John McSwain, John McEachern, Murdoch McLeod and John Macpherson, all of whom expressed their appreciation of the work done by the Canadians in South Africa and their sense of thankfulness at the return of Chaplain Fullerton and Lieut. Macdonald.

God Save the Queen and Auld Lang Syne brought the proceedings to a close.



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A particularly good number. Some exceptionally interesting articles, and the cover picture, "A P. E. Island Road," and the frontispiece, "Marchbank's Mills," are both very pretty views.

These are the contents.
Near Marchbank's Mills, Hampton, P.E.I.—Frontispiece.
The Malpeque Oyster at Home, (illus.)—Rev. J. M. Withycombe.
Wolves in Sheep's Clothing (illus.)—Lawrence W. Watson.
Our Educational System.
Charlottetown Fifty Years Ago.
Aspen Poplars—J. S. B.
A Journey from Port LaJoie to Trois Rivieres—John Caven.
The Ambitious Man—John McLaren.
A True Fish Story—Carle.
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Public Meeting!

A public meeting of the Liberal-Conservative Electors of Charlottetown and Royalty will be held in the Lyceum, on Monday evening, at 8 o'clock, for the purpose of nominating candidates for the approaching Local Election.

SIMON W. CRABBY, Convener.
Ch'town, Nov. 16, '00.

Change of Time

CHARLOTTETOWN AND PICTOU.

On and after Monday, the 19th Nov., the steamer Princess will leave Charlottetown for Pictou at seven o'clock, a. m. (local) instead of half past nine.

Also, will leave Pictou about two p. m., on arrival of morning train from Halifax. By order.

F. W. HALES, Secretary.

WANTED.—A girl for general housework. Apply to Mrs. C. V. McGregor, Prince St., near first Methodist church. n8

