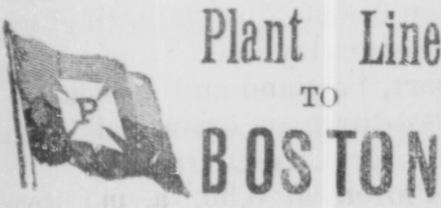


CHILDREN

Are they troubled with headaches? Are the lessons hard for them to learn? Are they pale, listless and indifferent? Do they get thin and all run down toward spring? If so,

Scott's Emulsion will do grand things for them. It keeps up the vitality, enriches the blood, strengthens mind and body. The buoyancy and activity of youth return.

See and \$1.00, all druggists, SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.



Plant Line TO BOSTON

Commencing June 29th, 1900

S. S. Halifax

Will leave Charlottetown at NOON on FRIDAY, and

S. S. LA GRANDE DUCHESSE

Every WEDNESDAY at 9 a. m. for Boston via Hawkesbury and Halifax.

Passengers leaving Charlottetown via Pictou, make close connection at Halifax from Boston Tuesdays and Saturdays.

The S. S. Halifax takes Freight and Passengers for Hawkesbury and Halifax. Tickets for sale at Stations P. E. I. Railway.

For tickets, rates and all information apply to

W. W. CLARKE, Agent
Charlottetown
H. L. CHIPMAN,
Manager, Apt 24th.

Direct Steamer for Great Britain

The Str. Thor, 2000 gross tonnage classed A 1, at Lloyds' is intended to sail from Charlottetown on or about the 5th July next.

Freight carried at lowest current rates. Apply to

GEO. TOOMBS, Agent.

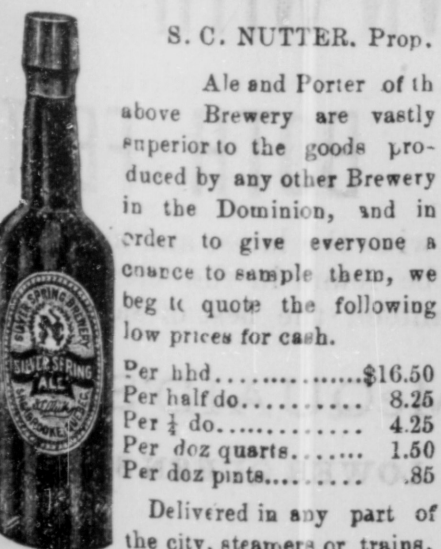
FLOUR

When you want a barrel of choice flour, give us a call; we sell all the leading brands and guarantee every barrel we sell.

When in need of one call on us and let's quote you prices.

SANDERSON & CO
Victoria Row Grocers.

Silver Spring Brewery, SHERBROOKE, P. Q.



Ale and Porter of the above Brewery are vastly superior to the goods produced by any other Brewery in the Dominion, and in order to give everyone a chance to sample them, we beg to quote the following low prices for cash.

Per hhd. \$16.50
Per half do. 8.25
Per doz quarts. 4.25
Per doz pints. 1.50
Per doz pints. .85

Delivered in any part of the city, steamers or trains.
A. MACDONALD,
Sole Agent for P. E. I.

South Africa and the East.

THE GORDONS AT THABA N'CHU.

How the Gordon Highlanders at Thaba N'chu avenged their comrades and beloved general who fell at Magersfontein is told in the London Daily News by A. G. Hales. Mr. Hales says:

When, a few months ago, I stood upon the veldt almost within the shadow of the frowning brow of Magersfontein's surly heights, and looked upon the cold, stern faces of Scotland's dead, and listened to the weird wailing of the bagpipes, whilst Cronje gazed triumphantly down from his inaccessible mountain stronghold upon his handiwork, I knew in my soul that a day would dawn when Scotland would demand an eye for an eye, blood for blood. I read it written on the faces of the men who strode with martial tread around the last sad resting place of him they loved—their chief, the dauntless General Wauchope. Vengeance spoke in the sombre fire that blazed in every Scotsman's eye.

That hour has come. The men who sleep in soldiers' graves beside the willow-clad banks of the Modder River have been avenged. It was the first of May. We had the Boers hard pressed in Thaba N'Chu, a run of kopjes that reached in almost unbroken sequence farther than a man's eye might reach. The flying French was with us, chafing like a leashed greyhound because he could not sweep all before him with one impetuous rush. Rundle, too, was here, with his haughty, handsome face, as keen as French, but with a better grip on his feelings.

Six thousand of the foe, under Louis Botha, cool, crafty, long-headed, resourceful, have held the kopjes. Again and again we have manoeuvred to trap them, but no wolf in winter is more wary than Botha, no weasels more watchful than the men he commanded. When we advanced they fell back, when we fell back they advanced, until the merest tyro in the art of war could see that a frontal attack unless made in almost hopeless positions was impossible. So Hamilton swept round their right flank, ten miles north of Thaba N'Chu, and gave them a taste of his skill and daring, whilst Rundle held their main body here at Thaba N'Chu. Rundle made a feint on their centre in strong force, and they closed in from both flanks to resist him. Then he drew off as if fearing the issue. This drew the Boers in, and they pounded our camp with shells until one wondered whether the German-made rubbish they used would last them much longer. Then we threatened their left flank quickly and sharply, giving Hamilton time to strike on their right; and he struck without erring, whipping the enemy at every point he touched, driving them out of their positions, and holding them firmly himself, so threatening their rear and the immense herds of sheep and oxen they have with them, making a footing for the British to move on and cut Botha off from his base of Kroonstad.

Whether he will now stand his ground and fight or make a break for the main army of the Boers is hard to calculate, for the Boer generally does just what no one expects he will attempt to do.

THE GORDONS, REVENGE.

It was during Hamilton's flanking effort that the Gordons vindicated their character for courage. Capt. Towse, a brave, courteous soldier and gentleman, was the hero of the hour. He is a fine figure of a man, well set up, good-looking, strong active. He was, I think, about the only soldier I have seen who could wear an eye glass and not lose by it. In age he looked about forty. I remember snapping a "photo" of him as he was "tidying up" the grave of gallant young Huddart, an Australian "middy," who lay

I was cured of Bronchitis and Asthma by **MINARD'S LINIMENT**.
MRS. A. LIVINGSTONE.
Lot 5, P. E. I.

I was cured of a severe attack of Rheumatism by **MINARD'S LINIMENT**.
Mahone Bay. JOHN MADER.

I was cured of a severely sprained leg by **MINARD'S LINIMENT**.
JOSUHA WYNACHT.
Bridgewater.

buried on the veldt, but the Boers collected that portrait from me later on, worse luck.

On this fateful day Capt. Towse, with about fifty of the Gordons, got isolated from the main body of British troops, and the Boers, with that marvellous dexterity for which they are fast becoming famous, sized up the position and determined upon a capture. They little dreamt of the nature of the lion they had snared in their toils. With fully 250 men they closed in on the little band of killed men, and in triumphant tones called upon them to throw down their arms and surrender.

It was a picture to warm an artist's heart. On all sides rose the bleak, black kopjes, ridge on ridge, as inhospitable as a watch-dog's growl. On one hand the little band of Highlanders, the picturesque colors of their clan showing in kilt and stocking, perfect in all their appointments, but nowhere so absolutely flawless as in their leadership. Under such leaders as he who held them there so calm and steady their forbears had hurled back the chivalry of France and had tamed the Muscovite pride, and they were soon to prove themselves men worthy of their captain.

On the other side rose the superior numbers of the Boers. A wild and motley crew they looked compared to the gem of Britain's army. Boys stood side by side with old men, lads braced themselves shoulder to shoulder with men in their manhood's prime, ragged beards fell on still more ragged shirt fronts. But there were many hearts behind those ragged garments, hearts that beat high with love of home and country, hearts that seldom quailed in the hour of peril. Their rifles lay in hands steady and strong. The Boer was face to face with the Briton; the numbers lay on the side of the Boer, but the bayonet was with the Briton.

"Throw up your hands and surrender." The language was English, but the accent was Dutch; a moment, an awful second of time, the rifle barrels gleamed coldly toward that little group of men who stood their ground as pine trees stand on their mountain sides in Boney Scotland. Then out on the African air there rang a voice, proud, clear and high as clarion notes:

"FIX BAYONETS, GORDONS!"

Like lightning the strong hands gripped the ready steel; the bayonets went home to the barrel as the lips of lover to lover. Rifles spoke from the Boer lines, and men reeled a pace from the British and fell, and lay where they fell. Again that voice with the Scottish burr on every note: "Charge, Gordons, Charge!" and the dauntless Scotchman rushed on at the head of his fiery few.

The Boer's heart is a brave heart, and he who calls them coward lies; but never before had they faced so grim a charge, never before had they seen a torrent of steel advancing on their lines in front of a tornado of flesh and blood. On rushed the Scots, on over fallen comrades, on over rocks and clefts, on to the ranks of the foe, and onward through them, sweeping them down as I have seen wild horses sweep through a field of ripening corn. The bayonets hissed as they crashed through breastbone and backbone. Vainly the Boer clubbed his rifle and smote back. As well might the wild goat strike with puny hoofs when the tiger springs. Nothing could stay the fury of that desperate rush.

MAGERSFONTEIN REMEMBERED.

Do you sneer at the Boers? Then sneer at the armies of Europe, for never yet have Scotland's sons been driven back when once they reached a foe to smite. How do they charge, these bare-legged sons of Scotia? Go ask the hills of Afghanistan, and if there be tongues within them they will tell you that they sweep like hosts from hell. Ask in sneering Paris, and the red records of Waterloo will give you answer. Ask in St. Petersburg, and from Sebastopol your answer will come. They thought of the dreary morning hours of Magersfontein, and they smote the steel downwards through the neck into the liver. They thought of the row of comrades in the graves beside the Modder, and they gave the Boers the "haymaker's lift," and tossed the dead bodies behind them. They thought of gallant Wauchope riddled with lead, and they sent the cold steel with a horrible crash, through skull and brain, leaving the face a thing to make fields shudder. They thought of Scotland, and they sent the wild slogan of their clan echoing through the gullies of the African hills, until their comrades tar away along the line, hearing it, turned to one another, saying: "God help the Boers this hour; our jocks are into 'em with the bay'net!"

THEIR LEADER BLINDED.
But when they turned to gather up those who had fallen, then they found

Continued on page 6.)

ORANGE TEA

—AT—
O'LEARY
July 12th, 1900

THE USUAL AMUSEMENTS AND ATTRACTIONS.

Parade, Brass Band, Speeches, Good Provisions, Swings and Well-filled Saloons.
Muttart's Steam Riding Gallery will be on the Grounds.

The following Train Arrangements have been made to accommodate the public on that day. Special Train will leave Charlottetown for the west as follows (local time):—

Charlottetown	leave	6.45 a. m.
Royalton Junction	"	7.00 "
North Wiltshire	"	7.35 "
Hunter River	"	7.45 "
Bradalbane	"	8.12 "
Emerald	"	8.18 "
Freetown	"	8.28 "
Kensington	"	8.42 "
Summerside	arrive	9.05 "
"	depart	9.10 "
Miscouche	"	9.25 "
Wellington	"	9.45 "
Port Hill	"	10.13 "
O'Leary	arrive	11.10 "

Fares will be as follows:—

From Charlottetown and Intermediate stations to Winsloe	\$1.15
From Milton and Clyde	.95
" Fredericton and Bluesbank	.85
" Kensington and St. Eleanors	.75
" Miscouche and Wellington	.60
" Richmond and Etherslie	.45
" McNeill's Mills and O'Leary one first-class fare	.60
" Harpers and Tignish and O'Leary	.60
" Alma and Deblois	.45
" Alberton and O'Leary, one single first-class fare	.45

Stipendiary Magistrate Wright will be on the grounds that day, and we pay cash premiums for evidence that will convict.
W. DENNIS, Secretary.
D. GILLIS, Chairman.

TO BE LET.

Immediate possession of that Building adjoining the Masonic Temple. Suitable for offices etc. Apply to Mrs. D. McKinnon, McGill Avenue, Ch' Town. dy. 1wk.

MASON'S STORE

You can get the latest Canadian and American newspapers received by mail each night.
Drop in if you want a paper or magazine or book to read. Fruit, Confectionery, Tobacco, Cigars etc. when you're passing this way.

R. H. Mason

Masonic Temple Company.

The annual meeting of the Masonic Temple Company will be held in the Masonic Temple, on Wednesday, July 11, 1900, at 8 o'clock p. m., for the election of directors and general business.
D. McLEAN,
Secy. Treas.
Ch'town June 27th, 1900.

Excursions to Pictou

The most pleasant way of spending a hot day.

On and after Saturday, 7th July, Return Tickets good for day of issue, will be sold on steamer

"PRINCESS"

for one dollar and fifty cents each. Fare will include Tea on return voyage.
Steamer leaves half past nine local Returns about nine in the evening.
By order
F. W. HALES,
Secretary Steam Navigation Co., Ltd.
Ch'town, July 19th, 1900.

DOMINION ATLANTIC RAILWAY.

and Steamship lines to Boston via Yarmouth.

The Popular Fast line between Nova Scotia and Boston via Windsor Junction and Halifax

EXPRESS TRAINS leave Halifax daily (except Sunday) at 6.35 a. m., for Digby and Yarmouth, making connection Wednesdays and Saturdays at Yarmouth for Boston.

THE ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIP "PRINCE GEORGE"

2400 Gross Tonnage, 7000 Horse Power, the fastest and finest steamer plying between the Maritime Provinces and Boston.
Leave Yarmouth Wednesday and Saturdays for Boston.
on arrival of Express Train from Halifax. Returning leaves Boston Tuesday and Friday at 4 p. m.
Passengers arriving in Halifax next day 5.30 p. m., by Express Train.
For all information, guide book, folders, etc. which will be sent free, write to F. H. Armstrong, general passenger Agent Kentville, N. S.
P. GIFFKINS,
Gen. Manager
Kentville N. S., May 26th, 1900.

FOR SALE.

20 Building Lots for sale 50x100, will be sold cheap. Also two Dwelling Houses on Highland Avenue, together with our whole stock of Crockery Glass ware and Groceries, etc.
P. MONAGHAN,
Queen Street.

NOTICE.

Having retired from business would all who are indebted to me make immediate payment at the Medical Hall Queen St. Charlottetown.
S. W. DODD.

The Contents of The Prince Edward Island Magazine

—FOR—
.....JULY.....
ARE AS FOLLOWS:

- Boy's Highland Brigade—Frontpiece.
- A Life Sketch—May Carroll.
- Who Named the Magdalen? (Illus.)—Rev. A. B. Burke.
- Our Feathered Friends—John McSwain.
- The Lighthouse—Marie.
- Cavendish in the Olden Time—V—Walter Simpson.
- Newspaper Life and Newspaper Men—III J. H. Fletcher.
- The Little Island of the Brudenell—J. S. B.
- My Forte—Jeremiah S. Clark
- The work of Nurses in School and Colleges—Miss Mattie Barr.
- The Tenant League Articles—Rambler.
- A Legend of Hallow River—Serachie.
- Spring Dreams—Marie.
- To the Roses.
- Bedeque and its People—II. (Illus.)—L. U. Fowler.
- The cover is printed in a nice green tint with a picture of a P. E. I. camping out scene.
- The Magazine is for sale at all the book-stores and newsstands throughout the Island. You should get this number. Five cents the copy.



No Other Piano

Has quite all the good features of the
Heintzman
It is about as near perfect as it is possible to make a piano.

That's the reason we choose it as our leader.
It satisfies us exactly, and we are pretty sure it will satisfy everybody who sees and hears it.

Miller Bros
Queen Street.

Connolly's Building.

Ready-to-wear

---Clothing

The kind you like to wear.

Our clothing trade is booming and we intend to keep it so. And we've got the stuff to do it with. We have the finest line of clothing you can find in Ch'town.

See our children's blouse suits; we have some dandies.

See our lines of boy's tweed and serge suits, the kind that gives a boy trouble to wear it out, that's the kind we keep.

And men's tweed suits of every description style and color.

And men's serge suits which we find are increasing in favour every month. We have a splendid lot of them in blue or black, single or double breasted.

R H RAMSAY & CO.

Buy Your Boots

and Shoes Right

That Means Buy Them at RAMSAY'S.

See our lines of children's and misses Oxfords for summer wear.

We find that the majority of persons like to wear an Oxford in summer. So we buy largely of them.

We can sell you a nice fine Oxford in children's sizes 7 to 10 for 55c. And in misses 11 to 2 for 70c.

In Ladies 3 to 7 for 75c; these are not the best we carry by any means but they are the best values in the city, we are safe in saying that.

See our men's Dongola Oxford at \$1.35, you can't match it.

We can save you money on your boots & shoes.

R H RAMSAY & CO.