

# ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine  
**Carter's Little Liver Pills.**

Must Bear Signature of

*Wm. Wood*

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.**  
FOR HEADACHE.  
FOR DIZZINESS.  
FOR BILIOUSNESS.  
FOR TORPID LIVER.  
FOR CONSTIPATION.  
FOR SALLOW SKIN.  
FOR THE COMPLEXION.  
GENTLEST AND MOST PURELY VEGETABLE.  
CURE SICK HEADACHE.

Hillsborough

Bridge

The New Bridge is coming and so are the dry streets and roads. Then you will need something nice in footwear.

We Have a fine Selection  
Selling Very Low  
**J. H. BELL**

The Bargain Boot and Shoe Store.

IMITATION IS THE SINCEREST FORM OF FLATTERY."

The best proof that

**MINARD'S LINIMENT**

has extraordinary merits, and is in good repute with the public, is that IT IS EXTENSIVELY IMITATED. The imitations resemble the genuine article in appearance only. They lack the general excellence of Genuine

This notice is necessary, as injurious and dangerous imitations, called WHITE LINIMENT, &c., liable to produce chronic inflammation of the skin, are often substituted for MINARD'S LINIMENT by Dealers, because they pay a larger profit.

They all Sell on the Merits and Advertising of MINARD'S.

One in particular claiming to be made by a senior proprietor of MINARD'S LINIMENT, which simply is a lie.

INSIST UPON HAVING

**MINARD'S LINIMENT**

MADE BY

**C. C. RICHARDS & CO.,**  
Yarmouth, N. S.,

Because

we do not

Select some few articles and tell how low we sell them, don't think that our goods are high priced. If your office or store is in need of ink, pens, mullage, or anything in our line, call in. We will supply you.

**MITCHELL'S BOOKSTORE**

Queen St. Opp. Prowse's.

## HOME AGAIN! FROM THE BATTLE

### Waye and McCarthy Return From South Africa.

#### HEARTY RECEPTION TO THE FORERUNNERS.

#### What the Boys Say About Their Adventures.

[FROM THE GUARDIAN.]

"They say it was a shocking sight After the field was won.— But things like that, you know, must be After a famous victory."

Many homes in Prince Edward Island during the past few months have been anxious because of those in Africa participating in the war. The changed countenance of mothers and sisters indexed very accurately the emotions that were concealed within. All will remember the memorable morn when the first company of Prince Edward Island's sons left for the theatre of conflict, the keen interest taken as the war progressed and the pang of sorrow that thrilled all when disaster and death befell two of that happy company. And as the hardships of the conflict lessened, thoughts and fond anticipations were directed to the day of the home coming.

For some time it was known that a number of invalided Canadian soldiers were in England and recently a despatch announced the Private Frederick Waye, formerly of the 82nd Battalion, and Joseph McCarthy of the 4th Reg. Canadian Artillery had arrived in Quebec and would leave for home on Sunday afternoon.

In Moncton the boys were given a cordial welcome on all sides and all eyes were turned to the "Boys from the Transvaal" as they were favorably called. The train from St John was a few minutes late. At 3 o'clock the train containing Messrs. Waye and McCarthy pulled out of Moncton depot. At Shediac a large crowd had assembled to welcome them on their journey homeward. At Point duChene all were anxious to shake hands, and to hold short conversations on the war. When the Northumberland reached Summerside cheer upon cheer rent the air from the large throng that had gathered. At the station another crowd waited to do the heroes honor.

At Kensington the boys were asked for and the ladies presented each with a bouquet of cut flowers. When the train reached Hunter River, the home of Private Waye hundreds of people had assembled with torch lights, etc and although Waye intended to visit the city he was carried to his home by the delighted citizens. As the express neared Charlottetown torpedoes exploded and thousands of loyal British citizens had assembled to tender a welcome. The crush inside the depot was dangerous. Outside stood the militia to receive while a barouche was provided for Private McCarthy. After a most cordial welcome which lasted some minutes hearty cheers were given and the procession moved, headed by the band. At the square fire works were much in evidence and the Mayor on behalf of the City welcomed Private McCarthy Col. Moore on behalf of the Militia extended a welcome and a welcome was also extended on behalf of the navy. At the conclusion of each item three cheers were lustily given and the band played popular airs.

PRIVATE WAYE'S ACCOUNT.

In conversation with Private Waye he said: We arrived in Cape Town on Oct. 29th and stayed in Greenpoint Camp one night, left on the following day for De Aar. At De Aar we encountered a dreadful sandstorm. We remained there until Wednesday when he removed to Orange River leaving there on the following Sunday for Belmont where we arrived a few days after the battle. The regiment held the line communication until the 12th of February. On the 13th we started on the march from Graspan. The first day's march was a terrible test on the constitution and many succumbed to the dreadful heat. About sixty men dropped behind and were picked up by the transports. On the following day we left Ram Dam at 2 a.m. and marched until 3 in the afternoon, covering only 14 miles to Reit River. The heat was terrible, in fact so great that it was decided that we would not march by day in the future as the night was more cool. The next day's march was in the direction of Jacobsdal and we went within four miles of the town. The battle was then going on. The next morning we marched into the city and when the regiment arrived there the men generally helped themselves. The boys were hungry and everything available in the shape of a sheep or goat was captured, killed and eaten. It was fun to see the boys grab a sheep and carrying it off to be slaughtered. In the evening we received an order to march to Cliff's Drift, where we arrived on the following morning, remaining there until the next evening,

when the regiment marched to the historic field of Paardeberg. The march was 22 miles and occupied a night, arriving about sunrise on the 18th.

As we neared Paardeberg we heard the advance column in action. Half an hour was allowed for a hasty breakfast and then we were to cross the river and get into action. Our breakfast consisted of a biscuit and a canteen of coffee. Col. Otter of course was in charge and the order was given to take up the position on the left, crossing the river by means of ropes. The water was up to our necks and was running very swiftly. Horses were carried off their feet but as far as was known all reached the opposite side in safety. It was a wonderful sight each man struggling against the wave, carrying his rifle ready for the affray. The Island boys were the first in company G. to cross. No. 2 section contained poor Riggs and myself. The remainder of the Island boys were in no 1 section.

An extended order was given to advance toward the enemy and we had only proceeded a short distance when the singing of the bullets announced that the regiment was in the heat of battle and only a few minutes had elapsed before casualties had occurred. Bullets came thick and fast. At 4 o'clock a bullet struck me in the thigh, but it did not hinder me in the advance and shortly afterwards another bullet struck my foot. I then told my mate that I was hit and he called for the stretcher bearer, but when it came I was able to walk back to where the Doctor was located, using my rifle for a crutch.

The wound in the foot was very painful as the bullet had struck the bone but fortunately did not splinter it. The wound on the thigh bled profusely, until it was dressed. I was then removed on a pontoon boat across the river and placed in a hospital where I remained three days.

Language cannot tell or pen picture the scenes in the hospital. I would rather be somewhere else. Some were dying, some in terrible agony and the groans and wails of those in the throes of death were terrible. It was impossible to get anything to eat, as the food was lost when the Boers captured our convoys at Modder River.

Waye was killed at 5 o'clock and was buried the following morning. I did not see his grave, but learned that he rests under a shady tree. I remained in the hospital three days, after which I returned to Modder River on a bullock wagon. It took us three days and two nights to make the journey and it was a memorable journey, cold and wet. After arriving at Modder River the patients died rapidly from their wounds and exposure. After remaining there a few days I returned to Winberg near Cape Town and received the best treatment. I spent three weeks in Winburg and on 26th March left for England by the steamer Chester and after 21 days entered Netley Hospital where I remained from the 17th of April until the 9th May. Afterwards I went to Shorncliffe Camp where I remained until July 3rd, when I left for home.

We shipped in the Parisian and experienced a terribly rough trip. In the Strait of Belle Isle we were in the ice for 14 hours and the vessel was very much bruised by the floating ice. At Quebec we got a big reception and left on Sunday afternoon for P. E. Island.

The Canadian troops were praised wherever they went and Lord Roberts said they were the finest class of men he ever saw. Roberts is admired by all the men of the Canadian troops.

PRIVATE MCCARTHY'S TALK.

Private McCarthy said that the line of march was well stated by Private Waye and added that the fight on Sunday morning was a memorable event. We commenced by crossing the Modder River at 6 o'clock. The crossing was a difficult matter, and there were 6 feet of water. After we got across we got the order to extend 6 paces to the right in the firing line, and from 6 o'clock until 9 at night we were on the veldt under a murderous fire from the enemy which we returned very generously. We had nothing to eat for a day and a half. On Sunday night we retired and slept in an ox pen and made a little soup. At 3 next morning the order was given to fall in. A number were detailed to bury the dead. Eight to 10 were placed in each grave. All nationalities found a common resting place.

Leslie Mellish and myself were in the parties taken from our company. After performing that duty G Company was placed on garrison service about a mile from the scene of the battle. We were then sent to relieve the Gordon Highlanders who occupied a kopje about three miles distant where we did sentry duty for 48 hours with a very small allowance, one and a quarter biscuits, for 48 hours. On the afternoon before the surrender we were marched down to Modder River towards the enemy where we occupied the trenches and were given a feed of goat and biscuit. We then went to the trenches where we remained until two in the morning. It rained incessantly. At two o'clock a.m. on the 27th G Company in command of Capt. McDonnell was ordered to charge Cronje's laager and we got within 40 yards of the enemy when a shower of bullets came like hail. It was that moment poor Riggs fell across my arm. He never spoke and died instantly. Word was then given to retire and some obeyed the order and some held the position. The men that retired opened fire on the trenches which aided us and gave us

a chance to get back under cover. The Gordons and Shropshires opened a cross fire on the right and left and the artillery three miles in the distance directed its attention to the trenches. As soon as daylight arrived an officer appeared with a white flag which our commander told us to take notice of. In an instant another Cronje's Secretary came out on horse back with the Boer commander's surrender as the Canadians had secured the trenches. G. Co. then received an order to fix bayonets in open order and the Boer prisoners marched through.

Cronje came first and he passed by me only three or four paces away. The Boers said as they raised their hats that they were glad they were taken, as they were tired of fighting. The Boers were handed over to C. Co. who superintended their transportation. Cronje and his wife were driven in a coach, drawn by six horses furnished by the British authorities.

Lord Roberts went up to him and told him that he had made a good fight. The Boer leader was then taken to a hotel with a guard of the Irish Dragoons and had lunch, after which he was placed in a coach and sent down to Modder River Station where he was transferred to Cape Town.

Dillon and I went and had a bath and when there discovered three or four boxes of ammunition, revolvers and belts, one of which was presented to Captain McDonnell. One of the revolvers was taken from me by a British Officer and he threatened to report me and I have never heard from him since. I made the affair known to the Captain. About an hour afterwards I found two more which I presented to the Captain of my Company.

From Poplar Grove we went on a convoy to Kimberly, with 140 from different regiments which took us three days and three nights. From there I was taken to the City Hospital in Kimberly. I was unconscious three days and three nights. I had enteric fever. After remaining there several weeks was transferred to Wynberg and from the latter place to Cape Town and from there to Plymouth Convalescent Home in Torquay where I and ten Canadians remained ten days. We were treated like gentlemen. I was afterwards transferred and sent to Shorncliffe where I remained a month and was transferred to London where I remained only three hours. I then went to Liverpool and took passage by the Parisian for Quebec. There were 25 of our men on board.

Rev. T. F. Fullerton is a gentleman in every sense of the word. He knows no denomination. All were on the same footing. We left him at Belmont, on the 9th of March. Mr. Fullerton appeared at the front and he was glad to see the boys and regretted the death of Privates Riggs and Taylor. He had poor Riggs's grave made as nice as possible with the assistance of Father O'Leary and myself.

The Island boys were all happy and eager to fight. Private Small was an ammunition carrier all through the fight at Paardeberg. The remainder of the boys were in the firing line. Harris was wounded early in the charge at Paardeberg. It was simply wonderful to see the way the boys kept up their spirits. At the battle of Paardeberg we did not see the Boer artillery at all. Kruger's followers are excellent shots, there is no doubt about that and there is no doubt about their capacity of keeping under cover and they are practically conducting a guerilla warfare. Father O'Leary is also loved by the boys and he is untiring in his efforts to do all he can to forward the interests of the Canadian soldiers on the battlefield.

When asked about South Africa the following reply was given: "I would not give a good acre of Prince Edward Island for the whole rural country of South Africa. The arable land is only a small item when compared with the hills and passes."

In many parts of the country the climate is not good as there is so much change between the night and day. The towns are not modern and can practically be termed behind the age in many respects.

In the present war the Boers are causing a lot of destruction simply because they are on the defence and fight under cover. The lyddite explosive has been an effective agency in the present conflict.

When asked to explain the feeling of being shot Private Waye said: "It is difficult to express the feeling but it is simply a stinging sensation at first; the pain is after." Waye possesses the bullet that wounded him in the thigh.

The Island boys were divided over eight camps. Private Lorne Stewart received a promotion and is very popular with section number four. Shortly after arriving Major Weeks received a promotion and was made quarter master. The boys met him every day.

The report that the water in the Modder River was bad was certainly true and they could only say that it was wet. There was a great craze among the soldiers to secure mementoes and everything possible was carried away from the dead bodies of the Boers.

When waiting for the convoy containing the wounded to start Lord Roberts drove upon his charge and enquired if there was room for all. In conversation with Private Waye he regretted the Canadians' heavy loss.

"HOME SWEET HOME."

**HUMORS**, boils, pimples, eruptions are due to impure blood, and by purifying the blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla they are CURED.

# A Plunge in the HILLSBORO

Is very tempting in hot weather like this; you can have it and you'll enjoy it, too.

## There's No Law

against it, but you must wear one of our new

## Bathing Suits.

The law demands it, you know—so do our prices on these goods. Bathing Trunks 10c up. Suits 75c up.

# After Your Bath

Be sure that you are going to put on some of our beautiful summer underwear. If you haven't got ours see to it at once because half the enjoyment of a bath depends on the underclothing you put on after.

If you like cotton try our Balbriggan, price per suit, 40c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.75.

Or if it's wool, we've a dandy at \$2.00, still better at \$2.50, the top notch at \$3.00 per suit.

Can't make a mistake here; but you can have a fit, and your money back if you want it.

# New Shirts

They are made in stripes and checks all the latest and a little later than the spring ones.

Better see them; the prices are very modest too, 50c, 75c, 85c, \$1.00. And they fit. If you find it hard to fit yourself somewhere else, come here. Fit is our song and we sing it well.

# Prowse Bros

What trade we have we'll hold, and what we haven't we're after.