

Progress

When an Industry has Developed from a Mole into a Mountain, then it may be said to have attained its Zenith.

Our Clothing trade got to the mountain size.

Why This Progress?

The facts are plain: A tailor-made Overcoat is offered you at \$5 less than the cost of a coat made of the same cloth by a merchant tailor. And the fit is perfected without the trials of trying, fitting and finishing, so customary with the tailors. Wake up, you men, and don't go along with your head down, seeing nothing that goes on around you. Wake up to the fact that you can buy just as good fitting Overcoats and Ulsters from us as you can have made, and you surely save \$5. Readymade goods are not made as they were twenty years ago—tailors' are. We go ahead, they don't. See?

We Could Double our Trade in Two Weeks if we Could only Wake Everybody up Enough to Come in and see our Overcoats and Ulsters. If you Sleep on you're the Loser

Prowse Brothers.



MEN'S CLOTHING DEPT.
The Largest on the Island.



CHILDREN'S CLOTHING DEPT.
The Largest in the Provinces.

Prowse Brothers.

Progress.

In Boys' Clothing. We Know of Nothing on Earth that has Advanced Faster than the Making of Boys' Clothing.

You may buy a suit from us or an Ulster, or an Overcoat for one-third the price of custom work, and it

Fits Better

Every time. This is a fact which no sane man would contradict after seeing our Clothing put on a boy. We've three thousand Suits. We've five hundred Ulsters and Reefers. And listen, we're selling this Boys' Clothing without profit. We'll wait till he's a man for our profit. We're always on the alert; we keep abreast of the times and note all changes in styles. Our motto is up-to-date, and we've got everything bright, new and breezy in the little boy's way.

Now, we Guess that Boy of Yours Wants Something. You'd Better get it Before Xmas; he'll Like it Better.

LADIES!

Don't pass us when you want furs of any good kind. We're selling ours away below the regular price, and that was low enough.

A TALE OF DEATH.

How Boers Treacherously Shot Down Canadians.

Corporal Darrel Ince Warren, formerly lieutenant of the Governor-General's Body Guards, and now with the Royal Canadian Dragoons in South Africa, writes to his father from Belfast, under date of Oct. 9, as follows: "You see we are no longer at Wondersfontein, which place we left on Sunday two weeks ago. Two weeks before leaving there we had a sad time of it. I received orders to take three men and a Cape cart and go off to the hills, about four miles away, and bring in a load of oat straw for the troop horses. Some of us while scouting had seen this straw and a few days before in the shed of a Boer farm-house. We started off, with Troopers Thornton and Spence, mounted, and acting as advance guard, and as my horse was pretty well played out, I decided to give him a rest and ride in the cart with the driver, whose name was Ratcliffe, from St. Catharines, and a former member of your regiment, the 2nd Dragoons. Spence was Petersborough, and Thornton from Toronto. We arrived at the house safely. It was situated in a large valley four miles from camp, and after getting our cart loaded, we went on about a quarter of a mile up the valley to some Kaffir kraals to purchase chickens and eggs, which Mr. King had given Spence orders to get. Then we started for camp. When we had gone about half a mile we came to a creek, the bottom of which being very rocky, Ratcliffe and I got out to cross, just at that moment we noticed three men, mounted and standing in behind some rocks up on the side of the hill. As soon as they saw that we had seen them they beckoned to us and called us to come over. I at once recognized them to be Boers. But Thornton and Spence who were ahead, thinking them to be our men, rode toward them, and then the Boers fired. Thornton and Spence immediately returned the fire, and then galloped up the valley about 200 yards, and dismounted to fire again. Spence, poor fellow, only fired one shot, and then a bullet went crashing through his brain. Ratcliffe and I ran up, leaving the horses and cart in the creek. Just as we got near Spence and Thornton Ratcliffe was shot

through the body. Thornton and I opened fire on the Boers, but could not get a good shot at them, as they were under cover of the rocks. After firing a few rounds Thornton attempted to pull his horse in toward him to get him out of range of the Boers, and just then a bullet struck him, entering the front of the left shoulder and going out below the right shoulder blade. Well, I thought it was all over with me when I saw those three poor fellows all stretched out, and one of them dead. The Boers stopped firing a few minutes after Thornton was hit, and I then crawled over to him and bandaged up his wounds. Fortunately, they did not bleed much, externally at all events. I then crawled to the creek, got him a drink, and fixed him up as best I could, telling him I would try and get over to the nearest outpost and get help. Poor Ratcliffe had died in the meantime. I then managed to creep out, and caught one of the horses, but the poor thing had also been badly wounded, and I had hard work in dragging him alone. I crawled about two hundred yards, pulling him after me, and then mounted and went as hard as I could make him go, for the outpost. I arrived there safely, and one of the fellows named Robinson, of Toronto, offered to go back with me, and another one went to a farm house and got some Kaffirs to take a wagon, with a mattress on it, down for Thornton. Robinson and I got back just as it was getting dark, and found Thornton no worse than when I had left him. We waited about an hour and then the wagon and mattress turned up, but as we found his wounds were still bleeding we thought it would be dangerous to move him, and we decided to remain there all night. We sent the wagon back, but kept the mattress for Thornton to lie on. We put in a terrible night with him, and early in the morning we could see the Boers hovering around like a lot of vultures. They kept drawing closer and closer, but, fortunately for us, just as they were getting within range, our ambulance came up and consequently put a stop to their sport. Thornton and the two dead bodies were put in the ambulance together, and started off towards Belfast, while Robinson and I found our way back into the camp as best we could. Thornton is now in the hospital in Pretoria, and will recover, I think. We are all getting pretty anxious to see home again. You ask me in yours, how the Cana-

dian horses are holding out. Well, I am sorry to say, there are only about ten left, but while we had them, they were the very best. At Pretoria we had to get a new lot all round, our horses being completely used up. My horse, which I brought from Toronto, gave out at Kroonstad, having been sick from the time we left Capetown. Since arriving at Pretoria we have been using Argentine horses, and have had three remounts each of them, so you see they are not much good. Yet they are well fed, and there is good grazing, the grass being green and pretty high. You will be sorry to hear that my glasses, given me before leaving home, are gone, the Boers have got them. They got me into a tight corner, and in my hurry I dropped them, and thank my stars they did not get me, too, for it was a close shave for me. I suppose you would like to hear of the Loys in our troop. Well, there are only five of us here now who have come all the way through so far. They are Builder, of Brantford (since killed); Walker, of Toronto; Loosemore, of Toronto (since wounded), and Anderson, of Hamilton (since killed); and the officers, Col. Lessard and Lieuts. Sutton and King. Walker, Loosemore and I have built a little house here for ourselves, and are quite comfortable in it, and I think we will remain here until we go home. Three days ago we had a little fight with the Boers here, and I think we managed to kill a few of them, but we had seven horses killed and one man wounded. He was McCarthy, of the Governor-General's Body Guard. He was shot through the stomach, but will recover, I think.

BRITISH AIMS.

Set Forth by Mr. Chamberlain. In the House of Commons a few days ago Mr. Chamberlain said that the Government had laid down three objects: First, to end the guerilla war. It would not surprise him if the Boers had destroyed more farms than the English. Never in history had war been waged with so much humanity. The women had only been deported for their protection. The native population was answerable for acts of proved outrage of women and children, and it had been shown that in no case had a British soldier being justly accused. The farm burning was greatly exaggerated. Lord Roberts had only sanctioned the burning of farms as a punish-

ment in cases of complicity in the rebellion or damage done to the railroads. The Government was bound to leave large discretion to the military. The second object, that when pacification was accomplished a crown government would be instituted. The third object, was ultimate self-government. "Cleanliness is next to Godliness." Dirt and depravity go hand in hand. This is just as true of the inside of the body as the outside. Constipation clogs the body and clouds the mind. Constipation means that corruption is breeding in the body, poisoning the blood with its foul emanation, befogging the brain with its tainted exhalations. Constipation is the beginning of more disease than, perhaps, any other single disorder. The consequences of constipation are legion. Headache, pain in the side, shortness of breath, undue fullness after eating, coldness of the extremities, nervousness, indecision, lassitude, nizziness, sallowness, flatulence, and a score of other ailments are directly caused by constipation. Cure constipation and you cure its consequences. The quickest cure of this evil is by the use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They are small in size but wonderful in result. They cure permanently. They contain no injurious ingredients. The use of them does not beget the "pill-habit." Ask your druggist for them. You pay the postage. Dr. Pierce gives you the book. The people's Common Sense Medical Adviser, 1008 pages, 700 illustrations, is sent free on receipt of stamps to defray cost of mailing and customs. Send 31 one-cent stamps for the paper bound book, or 50 stamps for cloth bound. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Our immense stock of ladies', gentlemen's and boy's watches gives you a complete range in quality and price to select from. G. F. Hutcheson. Purchasers of Xmas gifts desiring them engraved should make an early selection to avoid disappointment.—G. H. Taylor Jeweller. 2i English mince meat at Beer & Goff's New shelled almonds, dates and figs at Beer & Goff's.

The undersigned offers for sale at a bargain the following:

- One 40-Horse Power Engine and Boiler.
- 14 Driving Pulleys with Shaft and Belting.
- One Rip Saw and beach with carriage.
- One 30 in. Saw.
- One 24 in. Planer—One set hoisting blocks,
- One Matching and Moulding Machine.
- Fifty-one Moulding Knives.
- One Band Saw complete.
- One Buzz Planer.
- One Swing Saw complete.
- One Turning Lathe and Shaft—One Vice.
- Two Emery Wheels—One Jig Saw.
- Three Circular Saws and tables.
- All in first-class order.

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