

TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.

From yesterday's second edition.
FEELING IN LONDON.
 LONDON, Feb. 8.—Presumably General Buller is fighting again today, in his third attempt to relieve Ladysmith.

News of the greatest importance may arrive at any moment. Yet there is more doubt than exultation, for even if the recollections of Buller's two disastrous failures, after auspicious starts, were not kept in the minds of the public, the lists of casualties published to-day would be a sufficient reminder of the tremendous difficulties of his task.

"RELIEF CERTAIN."

LONDON, Feb. 8.—A cable despatch received in this city from Spearman's Camp, under today's date says: "General Buller holds the position and the relief of Ladysmith is certain."

A despatch to the Times from Spearman's camp says: "When the [Durham's] reached the top of the Vaal Krantz, over fifty of the enemy, who were still defending the position, fled. More than half of these were armed natives."

L. O. A. B. A.

The annual meeting of Queen's County P. E. Island convened with the brethren of Searlestown Lodge, No. 1664, Searlestown, on the 6th inst. A fine representation was present from all the lodges, showing the deep interest the members are taking in the grand old Order. The prosperity of the Association has never in its history been more marked than at the present time. The reports received from the different Primary and District Lodges show a continuous progress of increasing membership, of augmented vitality; and our principles and purposes are steadily winning more and more commendation from lovers of liberty and loyalty. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year, and duly installed by Murdoch McLeod, Provincial Grand Master of P. E. Island.

- County Master—J. J. McLeod, Carpaud.
- Deputy County Master—M. N. McLeod, Ch'town.
- Chaplain—N. Pierson, Searlestown.
- Recording Secretary—John D. McKinnon, DeSable.
- Financial Secretary—O. B. Wadman, Crapaud.
- Treasurer—Samuel Sherrin, Crapaud.
- Director of Ceremonies—Kenneth McDonald, Brookfield.
- Lecturer—Neil Nicholson, Bradalbane.
- Deputy Lecturer—Reuben Barrett, Kingston.
- Second Deputy Lecturer—W. J. Colville, Margate.

Bear River South Notes.

The winter is almost gone without any snow, which is the cause of most of our enterprising farmers having no woodpile. The time is drawing nigh when we shall all have to use coal,—so then we want look for snow. The people here do not want snow for obtaining longers as they are all anxious to put up wire fences.

Our genial grocer, Mr. Daniel McLesac, still continues to do a rushing business at the old stand.

Miss Mary C. McDonald has returned from Monticello where she has been spending a few days with her friends.

Our school is progressing favorably under the careful management of Mr. Stephen Larkin.

Mr. Alfred O'Henley, of St. Peter's Bay, spent a week here a short time ago. He was the guest of Mr. Donald H. McDonald.

This place is about to lose one of its fair maidens, in the person of Miss Mary N. Scully, better known as Mary-Nancy as she is going to take a course in Harvard College, Boston.

We are sorry to learn that Miss Maggie E. McDonald, of Bear River North, is vacating her school on March 1st. Still we are pleased to know that Mr. Charles Kelly will occupy the position.

OBITUARY.

Entered into rest, on January 31st, Catherine, the beloved wife of Alex. A. Moore, Moorefields, Pownal, in her 44th year. Mrs. Moore was beloved and highly respected by all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance. Her kind and gentle disposition and unbounded hospitality won for her a host of friends. Deceased was a daughter of Angus Matheson, Esq., Forest Hill, and for a number of years was a member of the Presbyterian Church, Dundas, where, by request of her relatives, her remains were laid to rest, followed by a large concourse of friends.

She leaves a sorrowing husband, three children, an aged father, one sister and two brothers to mourn; but not as those without hope, for she lived a consistent christian life and died trusting in the merits of a crucified Redeemer.

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." Yea saith the spirit, for they rest from their labours; and their work do follow them.—Cox.

A CHALLENGE.

SIR,—In your F. G. A. notes in the last issue of THE WEEKLY EXAMINER you state that Mr. D. P. Irving is the largest contributor to any cheese and butter factory in the province.

I also find in the same issue of your paper, under the heading "Hazelbrook Notes" that Mr. Alfred E. Dewar, of Lot 48, supplied to Hazelbrook factory, during the past cheese-making season large amount of 108,782 lbs.

Now, if any patron has supplied more than 108,782 lbs of milk during the past cheese-making season, let him trot out his figures and settle the question of to whom belongs the distinction of being the greatest producer of milk in the province.

L'AIRYMAN.

Feb. 6, 1900.

A THRILLING TALE.

Mr. Peter Jacques, the commission merchant of the Queen City, tells a remarkable story of a midnight adventure.

"I came home rather late on Tuesday night," says he, "and went immediately up stairs to my bedroom. I had been over at a friend's house all evening assisting in the disposal of a Welsh rarebit. I didn't waste any time in proceeding to undress and in less than five minutes I was ready to turn out the gas. Once in bed I dropped off to sleep almost instantly.

"It must have been two hours later that I became conscious that something was wrong. I was being forcibly held down in the bed. I tried to sit up but could no more than raise my head from the pillow. My hands were held at my sides. I tried to speak but distinctly felt a grip on my throat. I could hear nothing but the blood singing in my ears.

"I lay there in an eternity of suspense for five long minutes, the cold perspiration of horror breaking out from every pore. Then I suddenly felt the bed sink from under me and knew I was being lifted. I felt myself carried gently and then set down. Then to my horror I found that my legs were swinging in space. I was on the edge of something, possibly the railing of the bannister on the landing. I felt I was in a decidedly dangerous position and if left unsupported, bound as I was, I must fall.

"That is exactly what happened. I was released from the balancing grip; I tottered dizzily and then I felt myself falling. Oh the agony of that fall. It was the longest journey I ever embarked on. I fell, fell, fell, and kept on falling. My nerves were all at the utmost tension waiting for the inevitable shock. But the shock wouldn't come. Finally, however, it did come and my strained nerves relaxed. I had fallen on my back in my own bed. It was the Welsh rarebit.

"I got up, took a Doid's Dyspepsia Tablet from my vest pocket swallowed it went back to bed and slept the rest of the night like a policeman."

The greatest truths are the simplest, and so are the greatest men.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns & Scalds

If a woman's grief happens to be a wrinkle even time cannot heal it.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Sour grapes are likely to give a man mental appendicitis.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

A man lives by believing something, not by debating and arguing about many things.

A Jurv et Women

Who have tested the merits of Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills return the verdict that for backache and kidney disorders there is no preparation in any way equal to this great discovery of Dr. A. W. Chase, America's greatest physician. This great kidney cure is sold by all dealers at 25 cents a box, and has proved most effectual as a remedy for the many ills to which woman is subject.

There is a snap to the weather that keep everybody on the jump.

Startling Confessions

Show that 25 per cent. of men and women suffer the tortures of itching piles. Investigator proves that Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment has never yet failed to cure itching piles, and all of those men and women could end their sufferings at once by using it. Scores of thousands have been cured by this treatment. Everybody can be cured in the same way.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. FARMS

FOR EVERYBODY IN CANADA'S GREAT NORTH-WEST

"A Land Illimitable With Illimitable Resources."

Government Free Grant of 160 Acres of Bona Fide Settlers.

For Maps, Descriptive Pamphlets Transportation Rules, etc., Write to

A. J. HEATH,
 D. P. A., C. P. R.,
 ST. JOHN N. B.

MY FIRST HIGH HAT.

A USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING STORY FOR SPRIGS OF SOCIETY.

Conveying in a Delicate Manner the Moral That a Novice Should Practice Well in Private Before Wearing a Plug Hat in Public.

It was during opera week that my wife said to me, "You must have a high hat to wear with your dress suit."

I looked aghast. I had never worn a high hat. I had never wanted to.

"But, my dear," I exclaimed, "I'd look like a blooming jay in a plug hat. My head isn't the right style for it."

"You can get it shaped," said my wife.

"Well, that I'll never do," I said firmly. "I've worn this shape for a good many years and—"

"Stupid!" said my wife. "I meant the hat."

Of course I knew she did. I was playing for time.

"Anyway," I said, "I couldn't keep it in order. I'd be forever rubbing it the wrong way. And with this face—"

"You can have it ironed," said my wife.

I stared at her with drooping jaw.

"Oh, you know well enough," said she, "that I meant the hat."

She was right. Of course I knew.

"Well," I persisted, "up in Chicago the men wear golf caps with their dress suits, and tan shoes and tennis belts."

"How do you know?" sharply inquired my wife. She lived in Chicago before the fire.

"I saw it in the funny columns of The Sunday Yawp," I said.

"Nevertheless," said she, "you'll have to wear a high hat to the opera."

She knew she was right. I wore it.

It was not a pleasant experience. On the way to the opera house I couldn't help a continual stooping. That hat looked high enough to brush the gold leaf off the eternal stars.

When the conductor came along, he knocked it to an angle that made me look like a retired bartender. When I got out of the car, I bumped the hat off against the door casing. When I walked down the aisle, I carried the hat in a way that made my wife nudge me and savagely ask if I was taking up a collection.

When I put the hat under my seat, a pretty girl in the seat behind me insisted upon playing a tattoo on the crown with her patent leather toes.

The opera was the "Marriage of Figaro," and my wife, who had never heard the opera, presently whispered, "That air sounds strangely familiar."

"Yes, it does," I agreed.

"What is it?" she asked.

"I think it is called 'Where Did You Get That Hat?'" I replied.

After the curtain fell I got the hat on wrong end to the front and for a moment fancied my head suddenly and alarmingly swelled. But wife detected the blunder, and I reversed the chimney pot in such a hurry that my elbow knocked off my wife's eyeglasses. In the car, too, in bowing to a lady friend who, I fancied, looked highly amused at seeing me I brought down the hat so far that it banged into the flower garden on the hat of the lady in front of me.

When I got home, my wife said, "You'll have to practice a little with that hat before you are really comme il faut."

"Commy il nonsense!" I cried. "I'm going to take it back tomorrow."

And I did.

I suppose the dealer thinks I borrowed it just to wear to the opera. But I don't care what he thinks.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

TENDERS!

FOR Indian River Church.

Tenders are asked for the construction and completion of St. Mary's Church, up to the 5th March, next, to be addressed to the undersigned and marked "Tender for Indian River Catholic Church."

Plans and specifications can be seen on Monday, 5th February, next, at the Bishop's Palace and at the office of Mr. W. C. Harris, Architect, Ch'town, for ten days; afterwards they can be seen at the Parochial House, Summerside. A certified bank cheque of \$50.00 will be required to accompany each tender, which will be returned if tender be not accepted, and forfeited if tenderer fail to accept, if called upon.

The undersigned does not bind himself to accept the lowest or any tender.

D. J. GILLIS, P. P.

Indian River, P. E. I., Jan 31st 1900.

NOTICE

All parties indebted to this Company for Light or Wiring for the year ending December 31st, 1899, are requested to call and pay their several amounts, on or before the 20th February, otherwise their light will be discontinued, without further notice.

P. E. INLAND ELECTRIC CO.

JAMES WADDILL, Manager.

Feb 7, 1900—cod 1d

Glove Goodness

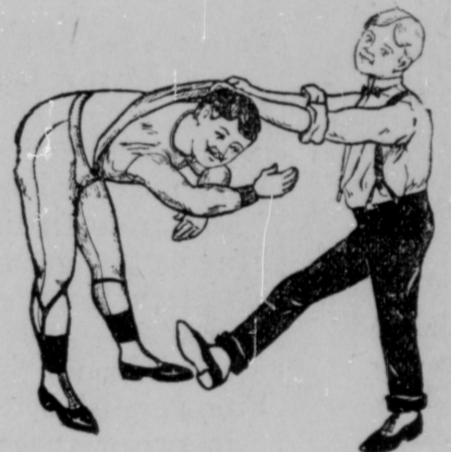


The only man who does not recommend our gloves, is the man who has some other kind to sell, our gloves are full of the quality that gives wear and warmth.

- Children's Gloves, regular 65c, now 40c
- Misses' Gloves, regular 75c, now 50c
- Ladies' Gloves, regular 85c, now 50c
- Ladies' Gloves, regular \$1.10, now 75c
- Ladies' Gloves, regular \$1.55, now \$1.00
- Gentlemen's Gloves, reg. 75c, now 50c
- Gentlemen's Gloves, reg. \$1.10, now 75c
- Gentlemen's Gloves, reg. \$1.45, now \$1.00
- Gentlemen's Gloves, reg. \$2.50, now \$1.75

Glove bargains these—See them early.

Suspends Strength



- Men's Suspensers 10 cents
- " " 15 cents
- " " 25 cents
- " " 30 cents
- " " 40 cents
- " " 50 cents
- " " 60 cents
- " " 65 cents

Every pair we sell over 30c we will guarantee to replace to you if they break down before you think they should; we will cheerfully give you a new pair,

"The best place to buy SUSPENDERS," is the verdict of our patrons when speaking of

Prowse Bros

THE WONDERFUL CHEAP MEN