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GRATEFUL. COMFORTING. Distinctly everywhere for Delicacy of Flavour Superior Quality, and Highly Nutritive Properties. Specially grateful and comforting to the nervous and dyspeptic. Sold only in 4-lb. tins, labelled JAMES EPPS & CO., Ltd. Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.

EPPS'S COCOA

TENDERS!

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 on the outside "Tender for Indian River Catholic Church." Plans and specifications can be seen on Monday, 5th February, next, at the Bishop's Place 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 \$500.00 will be required to accompany each tender, which will be returned if tender be not accepted, and forfeited if tender 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 26th 1900. Herald.

PARLIAMENT MEETS

FEBRUARY 1st.

THE GAZETTE FOR THREE MONTHS FOR \$1

In view of the approaching session of the Dominion Parliament, THE GAZETTE will be sent to new subscribers daily for Three Months for One Dollar.

ADDRESS ORDERS, RICHARD WHITE, Man. Dir., GAZETTE PRINTING CO., MONTREAL.

HILLSBORO RINK

AFTERNOON SKATING

Tuesday and Friday, 2.30 to 5.30; Saturday, 3.30 to 6, with band until further notice.

EVENING SKATING

Monday and Thursday 8 to 10. Band in attendance. Coupon Books now on sale, 5 skates for one dollar. B. C. PROWSE, E. H. BEER, Managers

WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Interesting Particulars of the Struggle Between Great Britain and the Boers.

OUR BREW.

"PRAY, OF WHAT STUFF ARE YE MADE."

I. Old England gave the body o' the brew, Dear England! Mother England! The best part of it, Aye the heart of it. The generous liquor from her own breast shew drew; Twelve hundred years and more That liquor was in store, Warming the heart of England, Mother England! And she held no measuring can— The stream unstinted ran When England gave the body o' the brew.

II. Hengist and Ethelred, Bertha and wise Alfred, Knut, the Dane, and William with his Norman crew, Briton, Saxon, Viking, With Pict unto her liking, Borderer, Thane and Yeoman, Pikeman, Sailor, Bowman— From stuff like this the seething leaven grew; Quaker, and Cavalier, Covenanter, Buccaneer,— Oh, from these she 'stilled the body o' the brew!

III. From whatsoever quarter the healthy breezes blew, From the ship-deck, moor, or wynd, from township, berg, and dorp, The took 'em as the found 'em, sturdy strong and true— Raleigh, Standish, Drake, Calvert and Oglethorpe, Adventurous John Smith, he of goodly memory, Spottiswode and Penn, Bacon's rebel men— Oh, from such was made the body o' the brew.

IV. What more? A gallant strain From the Hidalgo of Spain, A heart-throb from the gentlemen of France, (With a rosette, or a ribbon to his shoe, And a glint like fighting steel in his glance); And the Dutchman, oh, the Dutchman, yes, Myhneer! You gave our broth a temper, pungent, rare, With your Stuyvesants and Lesliers, your Half Moon crew! Russ, Italian, German, Pole— A tang from every soul. That has striven, laughed or suffered the whole world through:— These have added thyme or rue, But 'twas England gave the body o' the brew.

V. What more? A strength and passion, sublimated, blent From canyon, peak and plain of a mighty continent. The red blood of the Red Man—dying fast but dying free, The sap of awful forests, the breath of inland seas, The foam of endless rivers pouring, roaring, to the sea— From things like these We get the biting flavor of our brew (But England gave the body— Mother England!)

VI. We do well to boast the liquor, None poured is richer, thicker. Now, all who will may take us, Hold to us, or forsake us, It's one to us, so only we have you, Dear England! Mother England! Who mixed and gave the body o' our brew. —M. E. M. Davis the Leslie's Monthly.

THE FIGHTING BOERS.

Much of the sympathy aroused in America is due to the democratic title that country has assumed. The Transvaal, however, is not a republic. It has a Constitution, or Grondwet, but the Volksraad by a resolution, or Besluit, can suspend or repeal any part of the Grondwet that may interfere with legislation at hand. And the President is the power above and behind th

Volksraad. All measures for enactment are presented by him. He is "het hoogste gesag des lands"—the greatest authority in the State. At his bidding the Volksraad can at any time determine that any matter pending before the High Court shall cease to be considered by the court. In 1897 the High Court refused to defraud an American mining man of a number of claims which he had legally acquired, whereupon Oom Paul summoned the Volksraad; the Chief Justice, Mr. Kotze, was summarily dismissed, the sittings of the court indefinitely suspended, and all the rights of the American ignored.

None of the rights of the Uitlanders are safeguarded. Homes are invaded and searched on the slightest pretext the accounts of business houses are examined, and tribute levied arbitrarily. Before the development of the mines. The Transvaal was bankrupt. To defray his travelling expenses to London and return a few years ago Kruger had to escort to a forced loan upon a foreign banking firm in Pretoria. The first arrival of Europeans was, accordingly, warmly welcomed by the political Boers, for this incoming of capital and energy saved the country from collapse. As soon as enough mining acre was disposed of to make the Government rich, Oom Paul and his henchmen set about to discourage further immigration. He knew that the mine owners had invested vast fortunes in preparing to develop their properties, and that they could not afford to abandon their projects. Government monopolies were accordingly started, competition was throttled, and excessive rates fixed on commodities indispensable to a mining camp, such as dynamite and whiskey. Upon all articles which the Government does not supply by monopoly it has established an exorbitant import duty. The avowed purpose has been to freeze out all but the heavy investors, and to tax these to the limit.

Hardly a cent of the prolific revenue gained by these high-handed proceedings has been expended upon Johannesburg, whose affairs are, in the main, administered from Pretoria. The sanitary condition of Johannesburg is a horror; its streets are foul and unpaved, and, as very few of the Boers live in the metropolis, the typhoid epidemics that frequently devastate Johannesburg are complacently ignored by the Government. Anything that thins out the Uitlander population is hailed the Boers as a friendly interposition of Providence in behalf of the Transvaal. The water supply is inadequate, and what there is is contaminated. A petition signed by 40,000 residents of Johannesburg praying for municipal improvements was presented to Oom Paul during my residence there. The President sipped his coffee, puffed his great pipe, spat excessively into a huge porcelain dish, and laughed immoderately. "If the Philistines do not like the land of my people, let them depart in peace," was his only reply.

In reality the Transvaal is no more of a republic than Turkey, Dahomey, or Baluchistan. Oom Paul could, without violating the spirit of the Grondwet, change his title to Sultan, Khan, Ameer, or Maharaja. Though Joubert commands the fighting Boers, the real leader, the masterful soldier, as well as statesman, Oom Paul. Joubert is more enlightened than Kruger, and for that reason less completely represents the people. Joubert is a radical, and would welcome an alliance with England. Oom Paul is a sullen giant; his voice is a roar, his big head is set on powerful shoulders; his jawbones are prognathous; his eyes, small and cunning, twinkle under shaggy brows. Though grim and taciturn, he can laugh at times—usually in derision—and his laugh is an uproar. Kruger is twenty

times a millionaire, though one would not suspect it, judging him by his clothes or the frugal manner of his living. His home, on Main Street, Pretoria, is a single story building, half hidden by trees. The one evidence that it is the home of an unusual personage is the presence of armed sentries in white helmets and blue uniforms, who march to and fro on the sidewalk. A little garden leads to a wide veranda, where a half dozen Boers in frock coats of archaic cut, and with huge slouch hats pulled over their eyes, sit in dignity, calmly smoking great pipes. These are the President's aides-de-camp, who receives visitors and usher them into the executive presence. The president is not communicative, but when he speaks he thunders his words rapidly, as if he were firing volleys. His habits are not pleasing. In this country he would find it exceedingly difficult to avoid the anti-expectoration laws. But one scarcely expects elegance in this semi-barbaric diplomat, who, a few years ago, was an ox-runner on the African desert.

It is an interesting chapter in history that a crafty, half-civilized leader of a little inland state lying south of the Equator in distant Africa, has been able for years to block the ambitions of England. Behind that mask which lends itself so readily to cartoons—a head and face and beard, looking not unlike a gargoyle torn from a Dutch cathedral—is an intelligence, a cunning spirit of mastery before which the world has stood amazed. He has planted himself like a granite boulder, blocking the path over which the Empire builder, Cecil Rhodes, has sought to stride from the Cape of Storms to the Mediterranean. Oom Paul and Cecil Rhodes—these are the two heroic figures South Africa has produced. Both, of course, have their detractors.

"When Cecil Rhodes comes to his end," says Mark Twain, "I want to be there to get a piece of the soap." Kipling, on the other hand, regards Rhodes one of the great figures of destiny, and characterizes Oom Paul as a "sloven savage." Stead says that, in the Roman sense, Rhodes is supremely religious, believing the British to be God's chosen people, and himself, the Anointed of Heaven with a Divine commission to paint as much of the map British red as possible, and to that end "to exterminate blacks and Boers, Portuguese and pygmies and other residual refuse of the human race."

But the present conflict in Africa is far more significant than a contest between the Colossus of Cape Town and the Giant of Pretoria. Nor is it a repetition of the fiasco of 1895-6. It is not a mere quarrel concerning the rights of a few thousand aliens. That condition is, of course, involved, but the fundamental issue is whether the world is large enough to permit an ignorant band of indolent vagrant hunters to hoard vast and fruitful lands which they will not develop. A law of nations and of evolution is a test—the survival of the fittest. There is no room in the earth the British say, for hermit states, and the nation that buries its talent shall lose it. Even China, they point out, after centuries of isolation, has at least perceived the handwriting on its Wall and has ordered that historic barrier to be torn down.

Shall Africa become a new empire for the spread of modern civilization, or shall a few thousand half-savage plainsmen be permitted to arrest the march of humanity? That is the question Britain is attempting to answer with her guns. It is not a seizing of Naboth's vineyard. Its a war against fanatic semi-barbarians, ruled by an autocrat determined to crush out in South Africa every modern principle of freedom. For the dream of the ambitious Boer, supported by a fighting peasantry,

is of a South African confederation from the Cape to the Zambesi, which, either independently or in alliance with some European state—possibly Russia—shall within those borders dominate the Anglo-Saxon forever.—Harold Bruce in Leslie's Monthly.

At The Barber's.

The red plush chairs were all full, and the two gentlemen in the corner waiting to be shaved were beguiling the interval in a very earnest conversation. "It was the most elaborate menu the lodge has ever served," said the gentleman who had taken his collar off. "I would have liked to have been there," said his friend. "Well, I should say so. It was first-class right through. Variety to no end. Sumptuous isn't the word. 'You know I had an invitation.' 'What?' 'I had an invitation but I couldn't use it.' 'You don't mean to say you missed it on account of some other engagement?' 'No, it wasn't that, I simply couldn't go, that was all.' 'Why?' 'I daren't.' 'Get out; how do you mean?' 'Why, my digestive system would have been upset for a week, if I had.' 'Did you ever use Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets?' 'No.' 'I wish you had told me about this before.' 'Why?' 'I could have seen that you went to that dinner all right.' 'How could you?' 'My dear boy, do you know that a Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablet would have prevented the slightest symptoms of distress.' 'A Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablet?' 'Yes, taken after dessert. Why all the fellows were taking them, and I tell you that dinner needed something like that.' 'What do you call them—Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets?' 'Yes, they act on the food in the stomach and ensure perfect digestion. Fermentation is prevented, and heartburn, headaches, biliousness and all unpleasant after effects of a banquet are dispensed with.' Next, said the barber, and the man without the collar rose to collapse into a red plush chair. But he left his friend deep in the contemplation of a new idea.

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