

**A BRITISH OFFICER AND A CANADIAN PRIVATE.**

No wonder the Canadian is an unknown quantity to the English officer. I saw it rather laughingly illustrated one day in Cape Town. I had known the Canadian in—no matter what city—and if he hadn't been such a sterling good fellow he would have been laughed at as an Anglo-maniac of the dandy order. He was a howling swell in his limited sphere. He was the last man one would suppose who would shoulder a rifle and endure the discomforts of active service. But here he was a full private in the ranks, drawing a shilling a day, living on army rations, and swearing because his regiment wasn't given an opportunity to slaughter Boers from day-light till dark. He told me he wanted to blow himself; whether he thought that I was a past master of the art or merely wanted a companion, he asked me to join him as he was free for the day. I knew his weakness. "For heaven's sake, let us forget the misery of that voyage and those beastly fatigues and guards for one day. Let us have dinner at Mount Nelson, and live once more." Now, Mount Nelson hotel is the Waldorf-Astoria, Queen's and Windsor rolled into one, and combines the aristocratic exclusiveness of a private hotel in London, with a military swagger and dash due to the times. The waiters look down on anything less than a major, and a civilian, if he hasn't at least three-quarters of a million. I explained this to my friend, and his eyes glistened; I was putting coals to the fire. They will know or think we are just from the front, and we can go as we are. They won't know I am a private," he said drawing himself up. "All the officers at the front have taken off the marks of their rank." And I remembered that it was considered very much the thing for young officers to come down from the front in campaigning outfit, with incipient beards and the marks of battlefield and camp. It was a sort of a wild heroic pose, and I also remembered that you got a remarkably good dinner at the Mount Nelson. The Canadian's face fairly glowed as he studied the bill of fare—he is one of the few who knows how to order a dinner—and glanced around at the evening dress of the men, and the gleaming white shoulders and beautiful toilettes of the ladies, for many of London's smartest set are in Cape Town this winter. The Canadian felt very much at home. Entering the handsome dining room I saw a man whom I had known very well on board the Carisbrooke Castle coming out. He caught my eye, came over, seemed to be glad to meet me again, and I asked him to sit with us. He was in uniform, and my Canadian friend, soldier he is to the heel of his ammunition boots, was about to stand to attention and salute till I whispered "sit tight."

I introduced them as the Hon. Mr. —, of — Hussars, and Mr. —, of the Canadian Regiment. They looked at each other for about two seconds, and I was no longer in it. They were built for each other. Fate intended that they should meet. The swaggering, haw-haw officer of a crack cavalry regiment and the Anglo-maniac, swell young Canadian private got along beautifully. They haw-hawed, played golf, talked about people each knew, lied, talked about tailors, actresses, wines and cigarettes, ordered the waiters about, criticised the ladies' gowns, fished, shot, and talked dog and horse and the present "beauty show"—and I went on with my dinner. I admired my countrymen. The wine had circulated pretty freely, but the more they drank the more they haw-hawed and lied, and became sworn friends, and exchanged addresses. It was particularly funny, for they were both men above ordinary intelligence, and what enjoyment they took out of it makes me wonder—between courses. It was over our coffee and cigarettes, in the smoking room, when the denouement came. My host had been introduced to two or three field officers and a major-general, and we were grouped together. The Hussar looked over his coffee cup, and between the whiffs of his Egyptian, murmured, "Do you find much difficulty in an irregular corps like yours, you know, with your men? Hard to manage, you know?" "In the first place," said my friend and I could tell by the look in his eyes and the tone of his voice that the wine had gone around just once too often, "the Royal Canadian Regiment is not an irregular corps, and, in the next place, I haven't any men to manage except myself, and that keeps me busy. You see, old chap, I am only a private."

The eye-glass dropped from the other's eye, and the rest of the group looked on in quiet amusement. "Well, now, really, by Jove! I thought your Canadian Regiment was made up of scouts or something or other, you know. Going to fight the Boers Indian fashion, you know."

"For that matter," said the Cana-

dian, becoming very much Canadian, as he rose to say good-bye. "I guess we'll fight them any old way, that will do the most good." And they will.

—Charles Lewis Shaw.

**THE COLONIAL FORCES**

One feature of Lord Roberts' campaign is the prominence which he gives to the colonial forces. It recalls his remark made at the Queen's jubilee, when he was at the head of the colonial contingents, that he hoped to have them under his command if he were ever called upon to take the field. Brigadier-Gen. Brabant, who now leads a strong colonial mounted force under General French, has been a prominent figure in Cape politics, and founded the South Africa League, which took up the Uitlanders' petition from Johannesburg. He has had a long experience in South African warfare, and is a wideawake, bronzed veteran. Another colonial officer whom Lord Roberts has honored with his confidence is Col. Scherbrucker, the last survivor of the once famous German Legion, raised for service in the Crimea, but conveyed to South Africa in 1856 to assist in colonizing the eastern province of Cape Colony. He represents King Williamstown in the Cape Parliament. Lord Roberts has rallied the local volunteers for the defence of the colonies, and is making a large use of them in his campaign. One of the effects of his work will be the disappearance of the last traces of Braddockism in the attitude of Imperial officers towards provincials.

A correspondent of the London Times gives an account of a visit paid to the Cunard transport Catalona, containing a number of Boer prisoners. The scene does not seem to have been very gloomy. The correspondent chatted with old Boer acquaintances. "One of my friends reminded me jocularly that I had not kept my promise of spending a few days shooting spring-buck on his farm in the Free State, to which I could only reply that I knew that he had gone out rooinek shooting himself and was not to be found at home. The prisoners were scattered all over the deck, some reading or playing draughts, others pretending to fish or walking about. Some looked profoundly bored, others were holding most animated conversations, chiefly about the war. A favorite amusement seemed to consist in chaffing the sentries or the crew about the British reverses. One wizened little man, a Johannesburg bar loafer to judge by appearance, was treating a sailor to a most graphic account of how it took six lancers to capture him at Eland's Laagte, a statement which provoked much laughter from his fellow-prisoners. The meals consisted of boiled beef, potatoes, pickles, bread and coffee. The friends of the prisoners may supply them with any luxuries they like in the way of deck chairs, clothes, cakes, fruit or tobacco, in fact, anything except money and spirits.

"The German Emperor is keeping the peace of the continent by preventing any movement in the direction of intervention. Difficult as it is for him to control the jealousies of the mercantile classes in Germany, and anxious as he is to carry out his great naval policy, he is loyal in his friendship for England, and apparently still believes that the future of the world belongs to the three nations which amicably settled their trival dispute over Samoa not long ago.

A correspondent at Jacobsdal telegraphs: News has reached here that the Boers are leaving Magersfontein, and are returning in disorganized masses to their farms. The invasion of the Free State has undoubtedly struck a hard blow, which may result in the defection of large numbers of Free Staters.

The Portuguese authorities at Lorenzo Marques have seized two large cases of saddles forming part of the baggage of the Russo-Dutch Red Cross contingent that arrived on board the steamer Kanzeles. The authorities claim that saddles are contraband.

**AT 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**

Queen St.

**The Girl of to-day**

will be the woman of to-morrow. She does not know it, perhaps her mother does not fully understand it, but between the "to-day" when she is a girl and the "to-morrow" when she will be a woman, her life's happiness and health are in the balance. If she is to be a full-breasted, strong, healthy woman, she must develop rightly now. She is at a crisis. She needs more strength, more blood to tide it over.

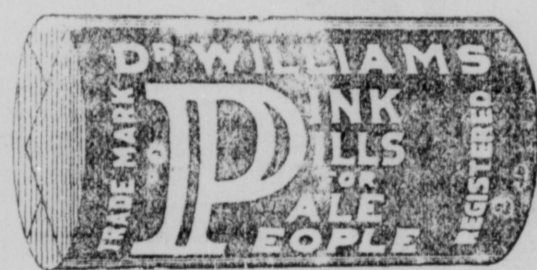
**Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People**

is the only medicine that will give her the strength and make new, rich blood. Thousands of healthy, happy girls and young women have been made so by the timely use of this medicine—but you must get the genuine. Substitutes will not cure.

**A YOUNG GIRL'S HEALTH.**

Mr. F. H. Hibbard, of Sawyerville, Que., says: "My daughter Lena kept gradually failing in health for nearly two years. She was studying hard at school and this may have been the origin of the trouble. She lost flesh, was very pale, subject to headaches, and had a poor appetite. We became very much alarmed and doctored for some time, but with little or no benefit. Finally we read the testimonial of a young girl whose symptoms were similar, who was cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. This decided us to give them a trial in my daughter's case, and the result was beyond our most sanguine expectations. Before more than a few boxes were used Lena was rapidly looking better and gained sixteen pounds in weight. She is now as healthy as any girl in Sawyerville, and I am quite willing this statement should be published, that our experience may prove an equal blessing to some other similar sufferer."

There are numerous pink colored imitations against which the public is cautioned.



The genuine are only sold in boxes with wrapper resembling the engraving on the left, but printed in RED ink. If your dealer does not have the genuine, send direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and they will be mailed post-paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

**KRUGER'S EXPECTATION**

At first our moral simpletons scouted the idea that Mr. Kruger aimed at dominion. It was the idea, said Mr. Morley, that one man in his shirt wanted to fight ten men armed. Mr. Morley knew as little of the Boer strength as he did of the conditions of South African warfare. Every man whose vision is not bat-like can see now that Mr. Kruger armed his burghers, not to meet another raid, but to fight England at a favorable opportunity that this scheme was not madness, but a deliberate calculation of military advantages accruing from the perfection of the Boer preparations, the nature of the country, and the weakness of our forces in Natal. The man in his shirt has locked up three of our garrisons, outmanoeuvred three of our Generals in the field, and produced a moral impression in Cape Colony which may multiply our difficulties a hundredfold. All this is no surprise to Mr. Kruger. He expected a good deal more. He made the Free Staters believe that they would have a triumphant march to Durban. He looked for a general Dutch rising. He has had his disappointments; but consider what he has effected in three months, and of what he is still confident, and you will have scant patience with sentimental twaddle about the guileless Boer who has been driven to take up arms in defence of hearth and home.—English Papers.

**TO LET**

The north end of a house situated on Prince Street, containing nine rooms, suitable for a boarding house or private residence. Apply to THOMAS McQUAID Queen St.

**A SCOUT'S DISCOVERY AND WHAT FOLLOWED.**

A private in the mounted company of the 1st Royal Berkshire Regiment gives in a letter to his parents, at Wycombe, an interesting account of his experiences as a scout for General Gatacre's column. Writing from the camp at Sterkstroom, he says:—

I was out scouting, right in the front, with a chap of the Cape Mounted Police, and I was nearly captured. We got round a bit of a kopje, and we tossed up who should investigate the centre. I lost, so I had to go through the middle, and he round the outside. I had advanced a few hundred yards when I heard a faint rustle, and, getting off my horse, I crept cautiously forward, and then I saw a Boer on the same job as myself. "Well, old man," I thought, "it's either you or me." I crept back to my horse and got a mallet that we use for driving in pegs for tethering our horses. If I had shot the Boer it might have warned some others. So I crept along till I got right behind the Dutchman. I made a spring, and landed him one on the top of the head. I had avenged some of my chums. Then I got back to the camp as fast as I could and reported.

**BAD FOR A COUGH.** Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam is very bad for a cough. In fact it kills a cough almost instantly and restores good normal health thoroughly and in a very agreeable manner. No cough can withstand it. 25c. at all druggists.

All our boots and shoes at 20 to 33 per cent discount.—R. K. Jost.

**A MOTHER'S PRIDE.**

An interesting account of the loss of the guns at Colenso has been sent home by a gunner who was one of the men granted the distinguished service medal for gallantry at Colenso. In the course of a letter to his mother at Weymouth he says:—

The poor 66th Battery is a wreck. The Boers knocked it all out of us. Our horses fell under us, and the men the same; but, mother, I know you will be proud of your son. I am recommended for the distinguished service medal for saving the guns. General Buller was passing the trench where we were all in cover, so he said to us—but did not make us go—"Now, my lads, this is your last chance to save the guns; will any of you volunteer to fetch them?" We sat half-stunned for a minute, and then Corporal Nurse got up, and as soon as we saw him we volunteered at once to fetch them. We faced a few thousand rifles, and went like madmen, and saved two guns out of the six without getting hurt. General Buller took our names, gave us great praise, and said we should hear more about it, and that it was a great honour to us.

**Tenders.**

Sealed tenders will be received at the office of the Board of School Trustees of Charlottetown, up to SATURDAY, MARCH 3rd noon, for the erection of a Janitor's Cottage on Prince St. School grounds. Plans and Specification may be seen at the office of John P. Nicholson, Esq., Architect. The Trustees do not bind themselves to accept the lowest or any tender. E. STEWART, Sec'y Board School Trustees. Feb. 19—20 24 27.

**Conservative Convention.**

A meeting of the Liberal Conservative Association of the First Electoral District of Queen's County, will be held in the hall at Bradabane, on Tuesday, the sixth day March next at two o'clock, p.m., for the purpose of nominating two candidates to contest the district at the coming Provincial election. Presidents of the several polling divisions will see that five delegates are appointed from their respective divisions to sit and vote at the convention. A full meeting requested. All friends welcome. D. B. McLEOD, President. MICHAEL READY, Secretary. Feb. 19th, 1900.

**At Macdonald's Drug Store**

Old Family Recipes Knox's Cough Mixture, Shaw's Medicine. Cattle Medicines, Dr. Leckie's Condition Powders. New remedy for Earcy or Stocking in horses. Large assortment of Patent Medicines.

Personal attention to filling prescriptions DAY or NIGHT. Note—Expected daily shipments of Toilet Soaps (something new) and Oxygenator.

**ANNUAL MEETING.**

The Annual Meeting of the shareholders of the Bonshaw Dairying Company will be held at the Court House, Bonshaw, on Wednesday, 14th March, at the hour of 2 o'clock in the afternoon. C. W. CROSBY, Secretary. Bonshaw, Feb. 16th, '99