

THE WAR.

Father O'Leary, Quebec, writing of the Canadian contingent to which he is Chaplain says:—"The boys know the Boers take no more prisoners. They proved it, when in the last battle, after taking from the British prisoners their rifles and ammunition belts, they told them to go, as they had no place for them. Hardly were they forty yards away, when they opened a deadly fire on them and few were left to tell the tale. This has excited our boys to such a pitch that they will yield their lives before being taken, as no mercy can be expected. They shall show none. The weather is beautiful, though sometimes hot and the nights cold. There is nothing to remind us that we are in mid-December, and that the home friends are enjoying themselves sleighing, tobogganing, etc. What would we not give for just one whiff of a 'nor-easter,' Canada's bete noire? We would gladly send in exchange a miniature simoon, and then throw in a cloud or two of locusts, and have some to spare. I left off just now to attend the funeral of another of our boys who died, from the lower provinces. Four prisoners were taken last night, and, as they were caught signalling, they will be treated as spies, and possibly shot today."

G. W. Stephens the noted war correspondent died in Ladysmith of enteric fever. He was correspondent to the London Telegraph.

LONDON, Jan. 21.—The war office shortly after midnight posted the following despatch from Gen. Buller, dated Spearman's Camp, Jan. 20, evening:

"Gen. Clery, with a part of General Warren's force, has been in action from 6 a. m. till 7 p. m. today. By a judicious use of his artillery, he has fought his way up, capturing ridge after ridge, for about three miles.

"The troops are now bivouacking on the ground he has gained, but the main Boer position is still in front of them.

"The casualties were not heavy. About 100 wounded had been brought in by 6.30 p. m. The number of killed has not yet been ascertained."

LONDON, Jan. 21.—General Buller cables to the war office:

"SPEARMAN'S CAMP, Jan. 21, 9 p. m.—

"Gen. Warren has been engaged all day, chiefly on his left, which he has swung forward about a couple of miles. The ground is very difficult and as the fighting is all the time up hill, it is difficult to say exactly how much we have gained, but I think we are making substantial progress."

LONDON, Jan. 21.—The war office has received the following from Lord Roberts, dated Cape Town, Jan. 21:

"Gen. French reports a demonstration with cavalry and two guns towards Hebron on Friday, but that otherwise his situation is unchanged."

LONDON, Jan. 22, 4 a. m.—The despatches of the correspondents with Gen. Buller's headquarters practically covers all of the Natal movement that is allowed to be published, while Gen. Buller provides what comment the carefully curtailed despatches admit. There is some doubt as to the exact distribution of the British forces, but Gen. Clery is probably in the centre, Gen. Lyttleton on the right centre, Gen. Warren on the left centre, and Gen. Dundonald on the left. Thus Potgieter's Drift is the fighting right base and Acton Homes the left. It is for this reason that Gen. Warren acquired two flanking kopjes that are fairly behind and to the east of the Boers' position at Spion Kop, but as Gen. Buller says the fighting is still up hill, it is clear that Gen. Warren has not yet reached the summit of the Ladysmith road, which falls for four miles to Clydesdale after five miles up hill from Venter's Spruit. If the troops on his right successfully advance, and the right is pushed to the summit, the Boers will really be turned and forced towards Ladysmith, when Gen. White, commanding the troops there, will possibly be able to co-operate, turning them northward, where they will have the railway and a series of fine positions.

The widow of General Wauchope in an open letter hotly denies the stories that the general in any way criticized General Methuen. She says General Wauchop's last mention of General Methuen was contained in a letter from the Orange River, dated November 29, as follows: "I expect Methuen will halt at the Modder River for some days before pushing forward. He has had a hard time of it and must be a real gallant soul to shove along as he does." Lord Wolsley has also issued a denial of the report that the War office is in possession of a letter from Gen. Wauchope, written the night before the battle of Magersfontein, saying it would be the last letter he would write, as he had been asked to perform an impossible task, and he had either to obey or surrender his sword.

On Belmont's Field.

Pte Fred Calvert of Toronto on the first contingent writes to his mother as follows:—"I was over the ground where the battle of Belmont was fought, and about 400 Boers killed. Dead horses are lying all around, and the dead Boers are merely covered with stones. Some of them received even a more scanty burial. They had their faces covered with saddles and stones flung over their bodies. Sometimes one would happen on a body with an arm or a leg protruding from the miniature funeral pile. But the odour was too disagreeable for me to remain long."

I secured some of their cartridges as keepsakes and came away.

"Down at Orange river I was sentry over 53 wounded Boer prisoners, and had a good opportunity to study them. They look like Russian Jews, only dirtier. They are well treated, better than our men taken by them are. They caught a Britisher three days ago and kicked him until they broke every one of his ribs. They fire at the officers every time. Our officers carry rifles and packs like the men so as not to be easy targets. The Boers are very poor shots, not at all what they are cracked up to be."

Referring to the battle of Belmont, Private Kennedy says:—"The Munster Fusiliers charged about 1,000 yards in the open and then up the hill, or kopje, as they call it, chasing them out of their cover without a man being killed."

"The Boers, when you get near them," he continues, "fall on their knees, raise their hands, and yell for mercy. They cannot stand the bayonet, and if they see Lancers coming they run like blazes. One of the Lancers was telling us about it. He said when the Boers yelled for mercy the Lancers would say, 'Too late, old chap,' and send their lances through them. One of the Boers captured boasted that he had shot 30 Englishmen and fired on a flag of truce, so the British took him out and made him dig his own grave. They then shot him. They say he should have been made to bury himself."

"We have been kept following up relieving the Gordon Highlanders until our boys are sick of the name Gordon. I don't think we will ever see the front unless at the taking of Pretoria. We have no news here from the front. You in Toronto know far more of what is going on than we do."

We don't shave out here, and I have a fine growth of whiskers. When I get on my wide-brimmed sombrero I look like a Boer myself. One can hardly believe that it is so near Christmas.

"We are camping on a Boer farm, on which there are about 300 sheep and goats. The boys milk the goats. I tried it last night and must admit I made rather a failure of it. At any rate all the milk I got was from another fellow."

"Say! You talk about ostriches. Here is where you see them. Every farm has a flock, and they are so tame that they are a perfect nuisance. Fancy a bird about 8 feet high wandering about you to see what you are doing. There are numerous reptiles here—lizards of all sizes and colours. Pte. Kennedy says that when the Munster men came back from the fight everyone had a horse, and some had gold watches."

"Everything here is at famine prices," he continues. "We could not eat the rations at first, and so bought canned goods, and it soon got away with our money. There is some talk of another Canadian contingent being sent out. I hope there is. We will get three medals for this—the British medal, the African star, and the Canadian medal, so that we will look like veterans."

CROSS QUESTIONED.

M. B. Corrick Relates His Experience with Bright's Disease and Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Suffered with that Dread Malady for Fifteen Years—Treated by Five Different Doctors—Literally Rescued From Death by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

MIDDLETON, P. E. I., Jan. 22.—Mr. M. B. Corrick, the well-known blacksmith of this place, known all over the Island as the man whom Dodd's Kidney Pills saved from death as by a miracle, has often been interviewed regarding his case and is ever ready to supply the facts.

"I have been a victim to kidney troubles for fifteen years before I took Dodd's Kidney Pills," said Mr. Corrick in a recent conversation.

"Did you know it was Bright's Disease, Mr. Corrick?"

"Not at first I didn't, but when I found it out I was startled, I can tell you. In those days you know, Bright's Disease was incurable. I went to five different doctors. They could do no good. Finally my wife and I went together to one who told us right out there was no use taking my money. I could not be cured. I felt that it was over."

"How did you come to take Dodd's Kidney Pills?"

"Well, one day a customer and I were talking of the death of a neighbor, and my customer said he was quite sure if he had taken Dodd's Kidney Pills, and before I had finished the third box I was at work again. I can shoe a horse as well today as ever I could in my life."

"Do you mean to say that three boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills cured you of Bright's Disease of fifteen years' standing?"

"Yes, sir, that's exactly what I mean. I was so stiff and sore I could not stoop to pick up anything—couldn't put on my shoes. If my wife was here she would tell more about Dodd's Kidney Pills than I can."

Mr. Corrick is now fifty-eight years old and the picture of health and strength.

"So you want to marry my daughter?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you smoke?"

"N-o, sir."

"Take her! I've married off six daughters and all the husbands have a particular fondness for my brand of cigars. You're a novelty."—Syracuse Herald.

Boer's Estimate.

A few interesting stories come in from time to time from the hospitals. One correspondent writes from Orange river,—

The Boer prisoners in hospital continue to prosper and to wax fat. I was speaking to one of them the other day. He was an exceedingly interesting man, and the half hour's conversation was most instructive to me. He was educated at Stellenbosch, the Cape Dutch University centre, and was one of the last men one would imagine to have any mistaken notion as to Britain's resources, and yet, he informed me, he had been under the impression that the English army consisted of 6,000 soldiers.

"But surely," I argued, "you must know that the British army consists of more than 6,000! You read the papers, you have a knowledge of the world,—

"My friend, the Boer prisoner shook his head with a wise smile.

"I have seen only accounts of a big English army in the English papers. What would be easier than for your commander-in-chief to put down an extra hundred thousand troops on paper? If you have so many troops why are you sending to India, and Australia, and Canada for assistance? I did not attempt to explain."

Wonderful Recoveries.

Another correspondent gives some cases of wonderful recovery, saying:—"Many of the cures and recoveries of this campaign are astounding. One case I would not venture to relate on my own authority, and I cite for it Surgeon Cunningham, correspondent of the Lancet, who is sending an account of it to that journal. A bullet entered the side of the skull to the rear of the temple, penetrating diagonally downward, and emerged from the opposite cheek. The chances against such a wound not being fatal are millions to one, but the patient is recovering merrily. In a second case, a Mauser passing through the lower part of the body from front to back; the patient is about well, and I am told will suffer no permanent injury. Mr. McLaughlin, of Johannesburg, and of the Imperial Light Horse, was badly hurt at Elandslaagte. He fell, lay all night unconscious, was found next morning by a doctor who knew him, glued to the ground by his own blood. The kindly medico gave him some morphia, and sent him to the hospital, hardly expecting to see him alive again. A friend of mine met Mr. McLaughlin in Durban a fortnight ago, looking as fit as ever, and only anxious to get back to the front again. One such experience would have been enough for most people. Verily there is a strange fascination about war."

As they skated they looked at the stars—
There were a million or more;
Their heels flew up—and they observed
A few they'd not seen before.



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CATARRH CURE ... 25c.

is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops droppings in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blower free. All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.

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But that is no reason why you should pay a tailor two prices for a suit of clothes. You can get a "Fit-Reform" suit here, of better material, better trimming, more style and a better fit for half the money you pay him.

Perhaps you doubt this statement. You have a right to doubt until you have seen "Fit-Reform" Clothing and tried it on.

Don't base your doubts on the way ready-to-wear clothes were made ten years ago. It won't cost you anything to investigate—it's no more than hundreds of well-to-do men have done. You'll follow their example, too, and buy a fashionable well-fitting suit right here and save ten dollars of your money.

Suits \$10, 12, 15.

Oatcoats \$10, 12, 15. Trousers \$3, 4, 5.

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Cuffs, 20 cents per pair up.

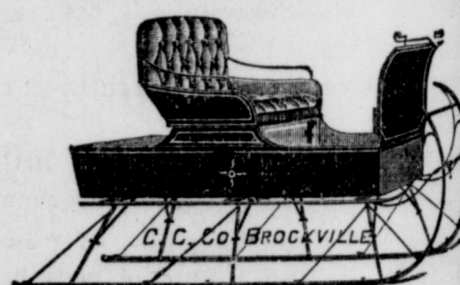
White Cambrie Bows, 3 in a box for 25 cents.

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Some of our good friends seem not to know that we moved our business premises last June. We are now located on CONNELL STREET.

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