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ARTICLES FROM SOUTH AFRICA

Sergt. McCrea's Collection on Exhibition at this Office.

A DISPLAY IN THE WINDOW OF THIS OFFICE—SENT FROM THE SEAT OF WAR—BY SERGT. MCCREA—OSTRICH EGG, KHAKI, BEADS, CHOCOLATE, AND LETTER—WILL BE HERE FOR A FEW DAYS.

Our readers have no doubt read with great interest the letters from Sergt. McCrea of Omamee, that have appeared in these columns. They will have noticed that in several of these letters he referred to articles that he was sending home. His relatives at Omamee to whom these letters and articles were sent have placed us and the public under obligation by according to our request to place the exhibit on view at this office. Many hundreds of people have stopped in front of our big plate-glass window during the past week to see this collection. It contains: An ostrich egg-shell, a Basuto boy's suit, a piece of khaki cloth, a box of Queen's chocolate, a few flowers from the veldt, and a letter picked up in Cronje's laager after his surrender.

THE OSTRICH EGG.

One of the most friendly enemies the Canadian soldiers encountered on their march up along the route toward Maagsfontein was the ostrich. Sergt. McCrea referred to his sociability and digestion. The first led him to make himself very much at home about the camp and the second enabled him to manifest the fact, by swallowing anything of portable size, from a cake of soap to a rifle bullet. In exchange the birds sometimes left an egg not sufficiently covered by the sand to escape detection. It is one of those that is in our window. When the war began, omniscient experts took up the parable of the egg-shell against the Boers. Once it was pierced the Dutchmen would collapse. That has proved correct in a doubtful degree and the shell of this ostrich egg stood pierce, quite as well as has the vanishing circumference of the Transvaalers. That is to say, to make its transport lighter and safer, the ends of this egg were pierced and the contents blown out, so that it is only a shell. That shell is about six inches long by five through at the centre, a light cream color and thickly dotted with tiny pits of the stylish khaki tint. Whether the latter were added recently on account of the ostrich's getting an attack of the khaki-phobia that threatens to affect a large portion of his brother bipeds of the species human, we cannot say. It is only certain that he has the correct shade to a dot.

THE NATIVE BOY'S SUIT.

In one of his letters, Sergt. McCrea told of meeting a crowd of refugees at one point on the way up. One of these was a boy of the Basuto tribe. From this lad the sergeant bought his clothes for a bob. Such a bargain in daylight would be very unusual in this country for climatic and other reasons, but in Africa it is different, and for a shilling the native was willing, both to part with his wardrobe and go about in the original costume. When it is explained however, that the extent of his outfit was a string around his neck with 35 beads on it, the transaction causes less wonder. Of these beads 9 are white, 7 black, 2 blue and 17 amber. They vary in size and are strung on without much regard to size or color. One of the black ones is cut to present 44 faces or surfaces. It seems too bad to take away a boy's clothes and winter coming on.

THE PIECE OF KHAKI.

This is a bit of the goods from which the soldiers' suits are made for service in

Africa. It is of light snuff color, made apparently of cotton and as thick as brown duck. Goods of that sort have been manufactured in India for some years. It is now made in England and costs 36 cents wholesale. It is near the color of the soil and well adapted for soldiers' suits since they have decided that it is wiser to take cover than a dose of lead. The Boers have put the red coat in the museum and khaki clothes go marching on.

THE QUEEN'S CHOCOLATE.

It is well known that Her Majesty the Queen sent a half-pound box of chocolate to every soldier in Africa at New Year's. Col. Hughes' box was the first to reach here and was seen with great interest by a large number of people. On the day that Mrs. Hughes left town after her Easter visit and took that away, Sergt. McCrea's arrived. It came in the original package wrapped in heavy oil paper, between two broad slats and encased in heavy matting. The box itself is of tin with a bronze and red japan. It is about 7 inches long, 4 wide, and over an inch deep. The cover shuts with a snap. On it is a raised medallion of Her Majesty about 3 inches across. Underneath in a copy of the Queen's handwriting, is the greeting "I wish you a happy New Year, Victoria." The chocolate is in the bars usually seen, with the name of the maker, Fry, on each bar. It is of a lighter color than the ordinary article of commerce. Sugar and shell give the latter its rather better than khaki complexion. These boxes are selling for as much as \$50 in England, and will be greatly prized by the troops.

THE AFRICAN FLOWERS.

From the few simple-looking flowers in this collection a botanist might tell us a good deal about the flora of the Dark Continent. To the rest of us however, they are flowers "and nothing more." A passage in Sergt. McCrea's letter on page one of this issue, gives them added interest when he said: "There is such a horde of us that a great deal of perfume is pressed out of the grasses, flowers and bushes, and it struck me there would be a fortune in the name South African Veldt Perfume." The odor of even the dried specimens we have, leads one to concur in Sergt. McCrea's opinion.

THE DUTCH LETTER.

When Cronje surrendered after his dreadful ten days at bay in the river bed, the British soldiers anxiously took any trifle they could from the laager as a memento of one of the most dramatic actions in history. The strict British regulations against looting made it necessary that these articles should have no value. Sergt. McCrea picked up a letter. Though it had no value there, it is no longer so, but is by far the most valuable and most interesting feature of the exhibit. It is addressed to a man named Pretorius in Cronje's camp, Modder River, by C. E. M. Joubert at Kaalfontein. The sender is evidently not the late general. The characters are practically English but the words seem to be just Boer, i.e. a badly corrupted Dutch, for the people of Dutch extract in town are able to do nothing with it, more than to see that it speaks of children, and mothers and tells of incidents in the war. The writing is rather better than that of an average Canadian workman. The lines run evenly across the pages and that together with the fact that the envelope was opened by neatly slitting it along the under edge instead of by dynamite as many Canadian envelopes appear to be, indicates that the sender though not a scholar, was a man of character and some taste.

These articles will be here for a few days more and will then be returned to Sergt. McCrea's friends at Omamee.

A 5,000-steamer has been secured at Washington to take food subscribed by American charitable institutions to stricken India.

Active preparations are being made by Typographical Union No. 6 of New York for a busy season at their Industrial Farm on the old Fisher place, Bound Brook, N.J. Already there is a delegation of 34 idle printers at the farm making ready for a season's work in raising potatoes. Last summer there were sixty printers on the farm, and it is understood that the officers of "Big Six" have more requests from printers who wish to join the farming colony than there are facilities for handling. The farm is considered a great success and there is talk of leasing adjoining land in order to enlarge the scope of work undertaken in providing for printers who are out of work and desire to till the soil during the summer months.

SHELDON'S VIEWS.

Pessimism saps faith out of life. Sorrow is a crucible for purification. No person can be satisfied who is sick. Riches are the source of unhappiness. Transgress the law and reap unhappiness. God can always overcome the devil. Any one who knows he is a transgressor of God's law cannot be happy until he repents. What difference does it make to me whether I have riches or not, if I know I shall have eternal life?

BILL NYE'S WONDER.

Why He Marvels at the Lack of an Audience.

"I think the late Bill Nye was at his best when an opportunity presented itself to make humorous remarks about himself or his own misfortunes," said Mr. A. Marks during a conversation in which the writings of the humorist were discussed.

"I remember an incident which happened in Madison, Ind., the town in which I was born and raised. I was manager of the playhouse we had in the town, and when upon a certain occasion the Women's Relief corps, an auxiliary organization to the G. A. R., wanted to get up an entertainment for the purpose of raising money it asked me to pick out something I thought would be a drawing card.

"I looked over the list of attractions and ran across the names of Bill Nye and James Whitcomb Riley, who were then touring together. I told the ladies that in my opinion they could make no better selection, and the humorist and Hoosier poet were immediately communicated with. It so happened that a few days later I had to go to New York and, of course, left the entire matter with the ladies, telling them to proceed at once with selling tickets.

"You may imagine my astonishment when I returned home on the day on which the entertainment was to be given, when one of the ladies came to me and said that they had sold but seven tickets and that they had abandoned the idea of holding the entertainment at all. The worst of it was they had simply come to the conclusion that they could make no money out of the entertainment and dropped it without communicating with Nye or Riley or with their manager.

"Of course in the afternoon they both arrived on the train, and it devolved upon me to break the news to them. I shall never forget the feeling that came over me when I entered their room in the tavern at which they had put up. Riley was sitting in a chair in an apparently meditative mood, while Nye, with his back turned toward the door, was unpacking his grip. Nye did not look up when I came in, but kept right on unpacking, and so I addressed my remarks at Riley. I said that but seven tickets had been sold and that the ladies had decided to abandon the entertainment. Then Bill Nye turned round and remarked: 'Only seven tickets sold! That's funny, because the people of this town never heard us.'—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A NEW ENGLAND COURSHIP.

How Miss Amanda Finally Came to Marry the Captain.

There is no end to the tales of odd characters and their odd courtships which the tactful traveler in New England can gather from the lips of old people in country districts. Here is one of a lovers' quarrel which was finally healed in the way least to be expected.

Captain Amos Deering of Hentley Cove and Miss Amanda Nott were opposite neighbors. Miss Amanda had her own home—the old Nott homestead—and Captain Amos, who had retired from the sea, lived with the widow Wright. The two saw a good deal of each other and found the companionship pleasant.

Captain Amos frequently hung over Miss Amanda's fence, offering advice concerning her tiny garden. He even carried his back in gallantly laying a border of whitewashed stones and large East Indian shells along her front path. Miss Amanda in return occasionally lifted her skirts out of the dust and daintily scurried across the street to inspect the captain's window box and the progress of the cuttings from her own geraniums growing therein.

Of course Hentley people decided that the two were considering matrimony. So they were, with the deliberation and discretion befitting their years. They had at length made up their minds so far that only one difficulty remained.

Miss Nott kept a canary; the captain kept a cat. The bird had been taught tricks. The cat was a beautiful Persian, brought home on his last voyage by the captain himself. Alas! It could not be expected that the two would agree, yet neither would the captain relinquish his cat nor Amanda her bird. No dangerous cat should enter the Nott homestead. Captain Amos would go nowhere where his pet was not welcomed.

There was a quarrel. They made it up next day, but only to the extent of being again on conventionally friendly terms. Each remained resolute. They argued daily, weekly, but neither would yield.

So matters rested for three years. Then one summer night Miss Amanda forgot to shut a window, and early in the morning she was aroused by a hurried knocking and found the captain on the doorstep. He had seen the fallen cage and missed his pet. The inference was plain. He used no circumlocution, but broke the news at once:

"Bear up, Amanda! It's hard, but it's providential. My cat has eaten your canary. Let's have the wedding next week."

And they did.—Youth's Companion.

Electrified Stockings.

Robert Symmer, in 1759, described some most entertaining experiments, making use of the opposite electrifications of superposed stockings of different materials or merely of different colors, the dye matters in the latter case causing differentiation.

It is in a dry atmosphere a silk stocking be drawn over the leg and a woolen one pulled over it, the two will be found, upon being removed, to be very powerfully electrified in opposite senses. If the four stockings of two such pairs be used and then suspended together, they will indulge in remarkable antics due to each of the silk stockings trying to attract both of the woolen ones, and vice versa, and, on the other hand, each of each kind repelling the other.

The amount of electrical attraction and repulsion produced in this simple way in a dry atmosphere is remarkable. The experiment may also be performed with all silk stockings, one pair white and the other black.—Popular Science.

Her Cure.

He—I understand you have been attending an ambulance class. Can you tell me what is the best thing to do for a broken heart?

She—Oh, yes. Bind up the fractured portions with a gold ring, bathe them with orange blossom water and apply plenty of raw rice. Guaranteed to be well in a month.—Weekly Dispatch.

Next to the mosquito and the borrowing neighbor, the friend who is continually telling other people things for their own good is the most unmitigated nuisance in the world.—Saturday Evening Post.

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These are questions quite a few people are puzzled over—but we are the.....

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who want your patronage. We've got the lead and mean to keep it by always having good quality and always taking the Lowest Price for it.

This policy means economy for you—success and prosperity for us. We don't pay as much as others for our goods and we are satisfied with SMALLER profits. Every now and then we scoop in an extra deal at exceptional prices, and every time we do you get the benefit. For example.....

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—New and Natty Styles in well-known English and American makers.... 2 00
—One of the best Spring Hats, made in Fine Felt and with elegant Linings 2 50
—Fancy Tweed Hats, the latest new fad 1 00
—Men's and Boys' Hookdown Caps, in imported checked Tweeds..... 25

EASTER NECKWEAR

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SHIRTS AND UNDERWEAR

- Men's Fine Cambric Shirts in best check and stripe patterns..... 65c
—Men's Laundered Percalé Shirts.... \$1 00
—Men's Plain Knit Shirts and Drawers for Spring..... 75c
—Men's Medium Weight Fleece Lined Shirts and Drawers..... 37 1/2c

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Manish Suits for the little chaps of 4 to 14 Coats, like Father's for bigger lads, or the fancy kind if you want to be really stylish.

- Double-Breasted 3-piece Suits..... \$2 75
—All-Wool Serge Suits, 3-piece..... 3 00
—Fine Navy Blue Sailor Suits, 2-piece.. 2 50
—Little Boys' Blouse and Sailor Suits.. 95
—Eton Suits, prettily trimmed..... 1 20

EASTER SUITS FOR MEN

- In Canadian Tweed.....\$3.75, \$4.50, \$5.50
—In Scotch Tweed..\$6.50, 7.50, 8.50, 9.50
—In Imported Worsted.. 10.00, 12.00, 13.50
—In Black and Blue Serge, \$5, \$6, 7.00, 9.00

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Women's Box Calf Lace Boots, good shape, and stylish a splendid Spring Boot, were \$1.75, now \$1.35.
Now about our Men's Boots—Think of the best Boot you ever saw, say at \$2.25; come to us and you will find its equal if not its superior at \$1.85.
No need to mention our Boys' Boots; they are the very best that can be got for the money.

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