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## BOER WAR ROMANCE.

PAT CAMPBELL'S DEATH AT THE FRONT AND HOW IT CAME ABOUT.

The Honest, Kindly, Simple-Minded Gentleman, Who Was the Husband of One of London's Leading Emotional Actresses, Died Like a Soldier—A Manly Man's Way Out of a Petty Role.

"I encountered a little three line paragraph in Sunday's paper," said an English guest at the St. Charles recently to a reporter of The New Orleans Times-Democrat, "which, I dare say, was passed without a second thought by the great majority of readers, but to me it marked a pause in a pitiful romance of real



MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL.

life. The paragraph stated briefly that the only British soldier killed at the engagement at Petersfontein on April 5 was Sergeant Patrick Campbell of the Imperial Yeomanry. Mrs. Patrick Campbell, as everybody knows, has been for many years one of the leading emotional actresses on the London stage. She is a brilliant and beautiful woman, and no artist alive has enjoyed a greater degree of public admiration. But when she married Pat Campbell she was struggling and unknown, and it was regarded as an excellent match. Campbell was a member of a fine old family, he had some little means, and he was a gentleman through and through.

The ambitious young actress had stipulated that she be allowed to remain on the stage, and when her great success came there was nobody prouder than Pat. But you know how such things are—as the wife grows famous the husband shrinks into insignificance, and the position is trying, especially to a manly man. Campbell chafed in it, brooded and became morose, all of which didn't make things run any smoother. To put facts mildly, it was rather an unhappy household, and when the war broke out he jumped at the chance to do something big—something that would lift him out of the petty role he occupied and make him more than the husband of Mrs. Campbell. He wanted to become a hero in her eyes, so he shouldered a musket and marched away with the yeomanry without waiting for influence to secure him a commission. Now word comes back that he was killed in his first engagement and was the only man who fell. If that isn't one of life's little ironies, I don't know what you would call it. I knew Campbell quite well. He was an honest, kindly, simple-minded gentleman, and I am convinced that he died like a soldier."

### ON THE TRUCK.

One of the Best in the World to Study the Soldier.

Charles Lewis Shaw writes in the Toronto Telegram as follows: "It is a beautiful place to study the soldier—the truck of an armoured train. You see him in all his moods and tempers. He 'grouses' happily along at everything in general, and his present surroundings in particular; he gives his last pipe of tobacco to the comrade he has quarrelled with a minute before; he talks about the time he will go home and the pubs he will haunt; he discusses his officers freely and unparaphratically; he knows just how the campaign should be fought; he hates the Boers; he tells wicked and Rubellian yarns and sings in a low voice music hall songs of a suggestive nature of love-rod ditties that would make you sad and his comrades mournfully happy; he plays cards and play fair—and he lies. Tommy Atkins is without doubt the most thorough-paced liar I ever knew. Run up against an old Crimean man in Canada or attend an Army and Navy Veterans' dinner and listen to the stories of how Inkerman, Alma and Balaclava were won. But it is a harmless lying. Tommy gets more kicks than halfpence in this world, and it is a blessed privilege that he should be permitted to tell how he and his regiment turned a position or won a victory, bayoneted 13 Russians, Arabs, Afrits or Boers. Another thing, a military camp is notorious for its dearth of reliable news. Tommy requires some mental food. He lives on rumors; at least he washes his rations down with copious draughts of rumors. And he brews them himself. He is a delightful liar. After a severe fight, in which about 60 of the enemy were killed. I heard a soldier say that not a living Boer was left after his regiment took the position. "About how many were killed, then?" I asked, and Tommy said about 2,000 and pointed to the blood on his bayonet as proof. Many and wonderful were the stories told that night."

### Ladysmith's Fame.

The Canadian Postal Department has opened an office in North Victoria County, Ontario, to be known as Buller, and the name of Upper Thorne Centre, near Colouagne, has been changed to Ladysmith, taking effect on the day of relief of Ladysmith. Another Ladysmith is to be opened in Western Ontario, and a third in British Columbia.

## SHOT FOR A BOER SPY

ONE OF THE GRIMEST OF WAR'S MEASURES VIVIDLY DESCRIBED.

A Pathetic Scene, But One Which Is Necessary for Self-Protection—A Man Who Was Spying on Mafeking Falls With Four Bullets in His Brain.

How a spy for the Boers, captured within the British lines at Mafeking, was put to death is told by the correspondent of an English paper, who was one of the witnesses.

The spy was a young man, says the correspondent, and a native of the Stadt, which is a portion of Mafeking, and one who had accepted the work of carrying information to the enemy because he did not sufficiently realize the punishment which would fall upon him were he to be captured. His instructions from the Boers had been remarkably explicit, and the sphere of his activities embraced our entire position. He was to visit the forts, counting the number of men, and to take special notice of those to which guns had been attached. He was to report upon the strength of the garrison, the condition of our horses, the supplies of foodstuffs, and he was to stay within Mafeking for about ten days. He was captured as he was creeping in, snatching cover from the bushes and rocks which spread over the southern eastern face of the town. When he was caught, as though momentarily realizing the possibilities of his fate, he at first refused to say who he was, whence he came or what had been his purpose.

However, he confessed, endeavoring to minimize his offence by showing that at the moment of his capture he had gathered no information; yet his pleas were futile, and he at last seemed to understand that his doom was sealed. From then, as he returned to the prison to wait the execution of his sentence, he said nothing more.

Last night the shooting party came for him, marching him to a secluded point upon the southeastern face, and there they halted him, a silent figure in a wilderness of rock and scrub. Around him there was the scene of the veldt at eventide. In the distance lay the green clad veldt shimmering a russet brown beneath the glories of the sunset. At our feet it sloped, breaking into rocky slits, banked up with bushes; over all there was the zephyr, tempering the heat. It was a moment meant for rejoicing in the beauty of earth's loveliness rather than for dimming it with the sadness of some crimson act. Presently we arrived, and as we bent across the slope the blood-red stream of passing sunlight played around the shallow heap of earth, thrown out from this man's final resting place. It was visible, much as were the deeper shadows of the



FOLDING THE MODDER.

Royal Canadian Infantry Crossing by the aid of a Life Line.

excavation some seventy yards away.

Then we halted, and he was asked whether there were anything further which he wished to say, and he was warned for the last time. He shook his head somewhat defiantly, but his lips moved, and in his heart one could almost hear the muttered curses. Then for a space he stood still, and a few yards distant, in fact some ten paces, the firing party formed across his front. There were six of them, with a corporal and the officer in command of the post, and there was that other, who in a little while was to pay the penalty of his crime. There was a moment of intense silence as we waited for the sun to set, in which the nerves seemed to be but little strings of wire, played upon by the emotions. Unconsciously each seemed to stiffen, waiting for the word of the officer, and feeling that at each pulsation one would like to shriek "Enough, enough!" As we stood the prisoner spoke, unconscious of the preparations, and the officer approached him. He wanted, he said, to take a final glance at the place that he had known since his childhood.

His prayer was granted, and as he faced about the bandage across his eyes was for a few brief minutes dropped upon his neck. In that final look he seemed to realize what he was suffering. The Stadt lay before him, the place of his childhood, the central pivot round which his life had turned, bathed in a sunset which he had often seen before, and which he would never see again. There were the cattle of his people, there were the noises of the street, the children's voices, the laughter of the women, and there was the smoke of his camp fires. It was all his once—he lived there and he was to die there, but to die in a manner which was strange and horrible.

Then he looked beyond the Stadt and scanned the enemy's lines. Tears welled in his eyes and the force of his emotion shook his shoulders. But again he was himself; the feeling had passed and he drew himself erect.

Then once more the bandage was secured and he faced about. The sun was setting, and as the officer stepped back and gave his orders a fleeting shudder crossed the native's face. Bayonets were fixed, the men were ready and the rifles were presented. One gripped one's palms. "Fire!" said the officer. Six bullets struck him—four were in the brain.

## AN AGRICULTURAL JOKE

Is the Country Around Carnarvon in Cape Colony—Why the Dutch Will Miss the Fleeting Canadians.

"From the Canadian point of view," writes John A. Ewan, with the Mounted Rifles at Carnarvon, "this section of Cape Colony as an agricultural country is a joke. At farm houses here eggs are eggs. They are referred to reverently. Nobody here speaks of pails of milk. That is too extravagantly wholesale. When transactions in milk take place, bottles are what are talked about. Real butter is something of which people read, but seldom see. It is mainly represented by a species of lard made of sheep's tails and by a half-fluid substance made of goat's milk. The only agricultural product in the edible line that is really plentiful is mutton, and mutton tasting of the garoo bush is apt to pall when thrust on one's attention too frequently.

"I should say that there will be real sorrow all along our line of march when we are gone. The people realize that this will only occur once in their lives, and are governing themselves accordingly. It has indeed been a profitable season for them. Soon after leaving Victoria West one of our wagons broke down. Another had to be procured to take its place. The farmer's terms for the loan of his wagon were £1 per day until it was returned. If it is required for 20 or 25 days its full price will have been paid for and the lucky owner will still have his wagon. For a watermelon seven shillings was charged in one case. For a bunch of grapes that could have been got in Cape Town for 3d or 4d a shilling was charged. A meal of brown bread, coffee without milk, stewed mutton, but no butter, cost three shillings. It should be said that 1s 3d and 2s were the rates at the farmhouses, but at those prices the fare was astonishingly meagre. If the Dutch fed themselves no better than they did us their simplicity of living is without parallel in any civilized community. It may be that they were not disposed to stay with apples or comfort with flagons the wadded rooiniek.

"The leader of the rebels is a man named Steenekamp, or Stinkum, as the English corruption is. He is a tall, determined-looking man, who distinguished himself in the fighting around Stormberg, at Magersfontein and at Modder River. He is a citizen of Cape Colony, and well-to-do. His anti-British tendencies date from the time when he killed a colored man with a stone and was put on trial for his life therefor. The Boer and the Briton differ nowhere more widely than in their attitude towards the native races. In the eyes of the Boers, Steenekamp's offence in killing the negro was venial; in the eyes of the British law it was a felony. Steenekamp was acquitted, there being sufficient Boers on the jury to defeat the ends of justice, but it is said that he has since never ceased to hate the people whose laws accused him of being a murderer."

### BLOEMFONTEIN'S MAYOR.

The British Officer Who Rules in Steyn's Capital.

Major General T. Pretymann, who is acting as Mayor of Bloemfontein during the British occupation of the capital of the Orange Free State, is a veteran campaigner who served under Roberts in India and has seen much service. He is attached to the Royal artillery, which he joined in 1865.

His first service was in the Afghan war of 1878-80, when he was aide-de-camp to Lord Roberts. He was present at the capture of the Peiwar Kotal and in all the operations in the Koorum and Khost valleys. He was mentioned in the dispatches of



MAJOR GENERAL GEORGE T. PRETYMANN. that campaign. In 1879 he took part in the advance on and occupation of Kabul and was present at the engagement of Charasiah. He accompanied Lord Roberts in the march to Kandahar and was present at the battle of Kandahar. He was again mentioned in the dispatches and received brevets of major and lieutenant colonel for his services.

In 1892 he was in command of the First brigade serving in the Islatia expedition. In December last Major-General Pretymann was commandant at headquarters in South Africa, and he has accompanied his old chief during the campaign for the relief of Kimberley and the march to Bloemfontein. It was Gen. Pretymann who went out with a small escort to meet Gen. Cronje when the latter surrendered.

Newly Christened Street of Pretoria. Ladysmith street, Kimberley street and Mafeking street are the names given to three long sheds, resembling streets, which have been erected for British prisoners in Pretoria.

Boers as Circus Performers. A troop of Boer horsemen who perform nightly in a Gremar circus have been forbidden that part of their programme which represents a victory over British redcoats.

Cavalry Letter. An eminent surgeon shut up in Ladysmith recently got a letter through to his wife. He had to pay a runner £15 to take it through the Boer lines.

## SAVING THE RANGES.

Successful Cultivation of Alfalfa on the Plains.

Promising experiments are being conducted in Texas under the direction of the national department of agriculture in an effort to find a way of restoring the cattle ranges almost destroyed by overstocking, says the New York Evening Post. When the land upon which the experiments have been conducted was shown to a committee of experienced stockmen in March, 1898, they decided that it would require 10 acres of it to support a cow through the season and expressed some doubt as to whether the yield of grass would be sufficient for that, and this season the agent in charge has been pasturing cattle on this land at the rate of one head for every eight acres. There is now an unbroken turf over the entire land and a fine carpet of grass. Before the experiments were commenced one-half of the land was devoid of vegetation and almost as hard and barren as a pavement. Several of the experiments with the introduction of foreign grasses and foreign plants have proved successful. Chief among these is the experiment with the "oasis" alfalfa. This is an alfalfa that was found growing without irrigation on the high plains of India. The agricultural department secured one pint of seed and sent them to the agent for trial. This alfalfa grew rapidly and reached a height of some two feet. In July the drought set in, and by Sept. 1 the agent had reported to Washington that this alfalfa was all dead, and to every appearance it was. On Oct. 23 the rains came. Green shoots started from the roots, and from that date alfalfa eight inches tall was cut.

### Freeding Young Sows.

All farmers know that, other things being equal, a litter of pigs from a sow 3, 4 and even 5 years old produces stronger and better pigs as well as a greater number than from a young sow, says The American Cultivator. The first litter when the sow pig is bred under a year old is pretty sure to have one, two or three runts in it. That means that the young sow was not able to appropriate sufficient nourishment to bring forth all the pigs that she conceived when impregnated. If the gestation continued longer, some of these would have died, and the litter would be smaller than it is. Still there is an advantage in thus breeding sows as soon as possible, even though the first litter is not worth much. Fatten these first litters for roasters and sell them at 10 to 12 weeks old whenever there is good demand for them. Then without waiting for the sow to fatten up after her pigs are taken from her breed her again. She must be fed very sparingly, and yet with nourishing food that will make the sow grow rather than fatten. In five or six weeks the pigs in her fetus will begin to draw upon the sow and increase her appetite. Then her own rations must be increased. In this way she can be made to grow instead of fatten, and the litter of pigs will be much better than the first.

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## F. Forbert,

No. 14, William-st. North

## Heart Humbug

It is fashionable to-day to have a new heart scare every 24 hours. The commonest symptoms of dyspepsia or nerve trouble, such as palpitation, weak spells, loss of appetite, and poor circulation, are magnified and distorted into serious signs of heart trouble, with the object of frightening the public into taking this or that heart remedy. If a hundredth part of the heart trouble we hear about were real, the cemeteries would be filled in a month. A wrong construction is put upon common ailments in order to humbug the people into the belief that heart disease is prevalent, whereas real heart trouble, which is so sadly and suddenly fatal when it does occur, is a rare disease. Lopsided arguments cannot convince an intelligent people. Iron is the vital element of the blood. Too little iron means weakness, lack of spirit, pallid cheeks, shortness of breath, sleeplessness, nervousness, loss of vital force, ending in general break-down. The iron in Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills is in the soluble form you need, in combination with other curative agents in such a manner that disease can't resist their action. You feel yourself getting well when you take Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills.



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## Important Announcement

The undersigned has purchased one of the famous

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and is prepared to whitewash the interiors of

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etc., on the most reasonable terms. Farmers should have their buildings whitewashed this spring. It will not only improve the health of their stock but will also add materially to the light.

## Geo. McFadyen

Painter, Lindsay.