

LINDSAY, THURSDAY, JULY 5th, 1900.

75 Cents per annum

Volume XLIII. Number 27.

Clothing!

- Men's Canadian Tweed Suits, \$5.00, \$7.00, \$9.00.
- Men's Scotch Tweed Suits, \$10.00.
- Men's Imported Serge Suits, \$7.00, \$9.00.
- Men's Halifax Tweed Suits, light weight for Summer wear, \$6.00.
- Youths' Tweed Suits, \$4.00 to \$7.00.
- Youths' Serge Suits, 4.00 to 6.00.
- Boys' Tweed Suits, (3 piece), \$3.00 to \$5.00.
- Boys' Tweed Suits, (2 piece), 2.00 to 4.00.
- Boys' Serge Suits, (3 piece), 4.00 to 6.00.
- Boys' Serge Suits, (2 piece), 2.00 to 5.00.
- Men's Light Weight Coats, All-Wool Serge, \$2.50 to \$4.00.
- Men's Lustre Coats, \$2 and \$2.50.
- Men's Lustre Coats and Vests, \$3.
- Boys' Lustre Coats, \$1.25 and \$1.50.
- Men's and Boys' Derby Hats in black and brown, \$1.50 and \$2.
- Men's and Boys' Fedora Hats in black, brown and drab, from 75c to \$2.50.
- Men's and Boys' Straw Hats, from 10c to \$1.00.
- Men's and Boys' Colored Shirts, soft or stiff fronts, from 50c to \$1.25.
- Men's and Boys' Neglige Shirts, fast colors, from 25c to \$1.
- All the newest colors and patterns in Ties, and our prices run from 10c to 75c.

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...in Great Variety...

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- Men's Pearl Hats, (soft).....\$1.50 and \$2.00
- Men's Light Weight Straw Hats, 25c, 35c and 50c
- Men's Soft Shirts.....50c, 75c and \$1.00
- Men's Scotch Zephyr Shirts.....75c and \$1.00
- Men's and Boys' Light Weight Caps, 25c, 35c, 50c
- Men's Waterproof Caps (ventilated).....50c
- Men's Underwear (2 pieces).....\$1.00
- Men's Black Soft Hats.....50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50
- Men's new style Hard Hats.....\$2.00 and \$2.50

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Hatters, Men's Furnishers, etc.

CLOTHING

Made to fit don't cost any more than that which does not. We make clothes for hundreds of people and give them perfect satisfaction, and we can do the same for you. Now is the time to order your Fall and Winter Suit or Overcoat. Don't put it off until the cold weather sets in. Have the benefit of it the full season. Prices always right. Remember the place

W. G. BLAIR & SON,

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See my assortment. Full selections from the best Canadian and American manufacturers in stock.

Don't buy until you see these goods.

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You realize the importance of a Commercial Education. It is demanded of you by all classes. A knowledge of Accounts is absolutely necessary at the present time. We have arranged a course during the Summer Vacation, especially for you. Write for particulars.

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The best selection of Silverware ever shown.

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Farmers of Victoria County should patronize their own County Company, because

It is the only Company that insures Farm Property, County Schools and Churches and nothing else. All the other Co general business.

A blanket policy is issued on contents of outbuildings. Beware of the specific insurance offered by other Companies where the amounts are divided on contents.

Look at the following table and see how the Company is growing in the confidence of the farmers:

AMOUNT INSURED	ASSETS
At 31st Dec., 1895. \$203,555....	\$6,511 47
At 31st Dec., 1896. 477,410....	14,698 64
At 31st Dec., 1897. 857,060....	25,019 67
At 31st Dec., 1898. 1,191,125....	36,110 11
At 31st Dec., 1899. 1,615,095....	47,468 04

I am also Agent for good English and American Companies for Insurance on Town and Village property.

For information apply to

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Agent, Lindsay

COL. HUGHES IN TWO ENGAGEMENTS

A Newsy Letter From Victoria's M.P. in Africa

Last week Mr. Garnet Hughes received the following letter from his father. In it are some particulars of the work for which the London Times spoke so highly of the colonel. The letter:

Douglas, 23rd May, 1900.

Dear Garnet,—I have had a busy and an important week. You heard from me up till Sunday last. Well, Sunday night we marched in two columns.

No. 1 was made up of infantry, Canadian artillery and a few mounted men, with transport, etc., under Lt. Col. Spence, D.E.O.V.R.; and

No. 2, Warren's scouts, Cape police, 23rd regiment Imperial yeomanry from Cumberland and Westmoreland, and my own guides, all under my command.

Our orders were to march at 9.20 p.m. by a circuitous route 12 miles north, 6 miles west, three miles south to come in to three miles of kopjes from the rear,

while the other column would move slowly along the road to the kopjes—and reach there after I should have them explored. I marched—all mounted men—over the open veldt in a T shape. There was perfect stillness, not a match struck nor a loud sound heard. Now and again when some poor beggar took a "header" as his horse went into one of the many antester's (antbears) holes a muttered oath would break out on the stillness, but that was all. The antbear makes a hole nearly two feet in diameter deep in the ground. My horse went down twice but I managed to hold the saddle.

THE SPOT REACHED

At 2.30, night, we reached the N.W. side of kopjes, climbed main ridge and got good position. Then I sent scouts to explore the place. At 3.30 that was done and the enemy were not found. I then sent a message back to General Sir Chas. Warren that the kopjes were clear, and I had moved to the kopjes at two road passes, on the west side overlooking the plain over Douglas. We fortified the hills and lay down. At 6 o'clock, just at dawn, the other force overtook us so we moved on.

When two miles out of the villages, the enemy were seen in great numbers lining the boulders on the kopjes across the river, 1,800 yards away, and as there were fordable drifts there, I feared they might have a few sharpshooters among the cliffs on our side. So I extended Warren's scouts and Cape police on left front, and Imperial yeomanry on right front with a flanking party and reserve of the same.

I then halted until Gen. Sir Chas. Warren came up. He asked me "What are you going to do?" I said: "I am not longer in command now that the two brigades have joined." He said: "Why not?" I reminded him of what he well knew, that it devolved on him then. Then he said: "Well if you were in command what would you do?" My reply was—and here I was anxious both to plug the enemy and give Oglvie's battery a show—"I would order up the guns and shrapnel them." "Then order them up," he says, and you bet I did. The first shot was too long range, but Major Oglvie was not to blame—he took the range given him by a guide. The next shot was fine, as were also succeeding ones. We were over the kopje to-day and found several dead horses while the stones were fairly pickled where the shrapnel bullets hit.

THE FIGHT

Meantime we advanced. I went over and took command of the fighting line, Cape police and Warren's scouts—the latter, by the way, under command of young Capt. Mackie, son of Mr. Mackie, grt M.P. for Renfrew. The son is really a fine fellow and full of dash. His height, 6 feet, 5 inches, makes him on his enormous horse, resemble a giant.

Wishing to catch the enemy in the trenches on the river bank off guard, I rushed the line (dismounted) over rocks, wire fences, etc., right to the hill crest over the place. Then the bullets from across the river began to sing in rare style. The old music—Mausser, Metford, Enfield, Mannlicher, Winchester, Martin—all singing around a fellow. The notes were so different that a musician might write a tune and have it played by the hum of the various bullets. Onward our boys went in fine style. On through the village, right to the drift. Here the fire was somewhat warm. I may say without fear or care of offending anyone, that I was first man into the village and first to wade the river to reach their trenches, and first to reach them. Mackie was right with me, full of pluck. After ten minutes hot fire at the fellows in their cover—in slits, etc., and some on the

bank, they ran, and we went in wading, waist deep, and over after them. Mackie and I led the wading. I made an inventory of the capture—tents, blankets, rifles, ammunition, wagons, carts, harness, dead horses, blacksmith's outfit, mutton carcasses and flour. There were five great camp fires with pots, pans, kettles, etc., all full of the breakfasts cooking.

I returned and had my report written out when the other column came into the village. This was about 10 o'clock. That afternoon the general and staff rode over the laager across the river.

ANOTHER ATTACK

We had just returned and I was about dismounting when bang, bang, bang came shots from the kopjes two miles away. We had sent out a troop of Imperial yeomanry and Warren's scouts to round up stock looted by rebels. The fellows, never suspecting any laager in the kopjes, were taken by surprise and retreated smartly. I galloped to the river bank and saw our fellows coming in so I at once dashed to the general, asked permission to cross and rally them. He at once granted it, but first ordered me to order out all the troops. I did so and then went as fast as my horse could carry me through the river, over the bank and away up to meet the fellows. The leaders did not see me, but I rallied my own guides, whom I had sent out with Capt. Mackie and with some of the yeomanry who also rallied, I galloped up to the foot of the hill, all in extended order, dismounted under a hot fire and into them. The officer commanding the yeomanry was potted through the leg, while Capt. Mackie's horse at first bolted over the bank. I feel greatly complimented by his action. He dashed to camp, asked for me, found I had gone over time previously; then he dashed back after me and did splendid work. Turpin and Phillips—my own lads—were both enjoying a well-earned sleep that afternoon for they had been at my back all the long and anxious night previously. I gave them an off afternoon. By the way I forgot to say that in the morning when I had dismounted to lead the attack on the village they had to stay with the horses and go around the road. Hearing the firing in the village and on the bank Turpin and Phillips looked for me. Finally they said: "He's in there I'll bet," and came tearing down the roadway like veritable "knights of the turf" of old, and were at my back crossing the river. So I gave them an afternoon off. They were however rudely awakened in the afternoon just as I was reaching the foot of the kopje by the booming of Oglvie's artillery. I attacked the enemy's left in order to give Oglvie a chance at the right—the most dangerous spot. However, up and onward we went, banging away at every head and flash seen. It was nearly sunset, so the flash showed against the green bushes. Oglvie, Costigan and Murray were the officers at the guns, and I tell you they did fine work. Two shells especially well planted among a batch of fifty or sixty of the enemy amid sluts on their right completely silenced them. That rifle fire was getting really severe on us. I led on the left, well in advance. I had borrowed the bandolier of one of the Imperial yeomanry, sent back with a message to the general; so had over 200 rounds, and let me assure you whenever an enemy showed head, smoke or flash, some of our lads sent a bullet somewhere in his locality in very short metre. The lot Oglvie shelled were either killed, wounded or scared off. They fired no more. I had only the centre and left of the enemy to settle. Tents, a regular village loomed before me as I came over the crest of ridge, and women and children everywhere ran screaming and waving white aprons. Yet, in the edge of a bank directly firing over them, were numbers of the enemy. We rattled back at them and pressed on. Not one of the fellows, whether my own guides, Warren's scouts or Imperial yeomanry, faltered for a moment. A woman appeared beside a tree about 300 yards off. I was just firing at a fellow galloping off near it. One of my lads called out, "Don't shoot colonel, it's a woman." Just then two flashes among the green of the bushes showed that there were rifles dangerously near, not to say aught of the music. So three or four bullets were sent into the bush. The "woman" turned out to be a man. He had an apron or something in front, but presented the ordinary male appearance as he turned to mount and run. That ended the show.

We rounded up the stock, and as the women reproached us for firing on them, I decided that they should no longer be the first line of defence for Boer riflemen so marched them bag and baggage to town, with hundreds of sheep, goats, donkeys, etc., etc. The general was greatly pleased. No men ever did better

than the boys did the second dash. The "calls" were a score apiece, some hats were tacked, clothes out, etc., but only one was hit, Capt. Parkin of Cumberland and Westmoreland. Oglvie's shells were fine. He once gave the women and children a bang. Fortunately it hit just its burst. An iron pot and cookery outfit went flying. The broken pan banged a big fat Dutch girl on the back of the shoulder, bruising, but not cutting her. Then he saw that they were woman and banged at the men, but at 2000 yards, amid bushes, they really looked like men; and the rifle fire was coming from the bank just behind them.

Yesterday we rested and rounded up some more stock. To-day we reconnoitred the enemy's position. To-morrow, 24th May, we attack the enemy. I wished another night march and morning attack, but it begins at 8.30 to-morrow instead of to-night. So we'll celebrate May 24th by plugging Boers or being plugged. We think they have guns now and we know they have reinforcements. But you'll know the result long before this reaches you.

A CANADIAN VICTORY.

I hear I have been specially mentioned to His Excellency for my conduct and plans of Monday. But I only did my duty. I was annoyed to see our fellows fall to bring in the stock. But Mackie and his Warren's scouts, as well as the Imperial yeomanry, did splendid service with me. Nothing could be braver. This was quite a Canadian affair. I am A.A.G., chief of intelligence staff, and brigadier, of No. 2 column. Major Oglvie, Capt. Costigan, Capt. Murray—a nephew of Major Jack Murray (W. A. Murray & Co., Toronto) and Capt. (Buff) Oglvie feel rightly proud of the work they and their men did. I do not believe my attack could have come off without serious loss but for their shrapnel silencing the enemy's right. It was close firing, too, for their shells burst within 450 yards of our left. But they knew their business well.

Capt. Mackie of Pembroke leads Warren's scouts. He and I have our own mess.

Major Worthington is surgeon-in-chief or rather principal medical officer for the column, and Major Massey of Kingston is principal veterinary surgeon.

Capt. Southey of Bowmanville, who came out with the Canadians as private, is an officer in the Duke of Edinburgh's Own Volunteer Rifles (D.E.O.V.R.)—a Cape Town regiment. Young Perrin of Cameron is with Major Oglvie.

Thus in the attack on Douglas Canadians held the following positions:

1. Brigadier, commanding No. 2 column and afterwards directing both brigades, Lieut.-Col. Hughes, A.A.G.
2. Officer commanding artillery, Major Oglvie, R.C.A.
3. Principal medical officer, Major Worthington, R.R.C.I.
4. Officer commanding Warren's scouts, Capt. Mackie, 42nd batt.
5. Principal veterinary surgeon, Major Massey, R.C.A.
6. Captain in D. E. O. V. R., Capt. Southey, 46th batt.
7. Chief transport officer, Capt. Duffas of the army service corps, an old R.M.C. Halifax boy. Not so bad for Canada, is it? Let us hope to-morrow may turn out successful.—Fisihfully,
SAM. HUGHES.

About the Night Material.

"Have you formed or expressed any opinion concerning this case?" asked the lawyer.

"Yes, sir," replied the taleman. "I have. I said to Dave Hunslaker the other day, s'z I, 'Dave,' s'z I, 'if they summon me for a juror,' s'z I, 'I want you to understand right now,' s'z I, 'I've got my opinion,' s'z I—"

"Did you ever hear of this particular case before?"

"No, sir, but I says to Dave Hunslaker, s'z I, 'Dave,'" "We'll take him, your honor."

"We'll take him,"—Chicago Tribune.

No Regret.

We found the wan, hectic schoolgirl partaking of her frugal luncheon of slate pencils and pickles.

"Why is it," we asked, coming at once to the subject we had been fiercely debating with ourselves, "that you never skip rope until you fall dead any more?" "Why should I?" demanded she brusquely. "Scientific calisthenics are less showy as regards immediate results perhaps, but they are far more ladylike."

If she felt any regret for the old order of things, she did not show it.—Detroit Journal.

A Spring Idyl.

When I met her, my heart began leaping. Assailed by the wildest of fears. For I saw that my love had been weeping: Her sweet eyes were brimming with tears. "Oh, tell me, my sweet," I entreated, "What is it distresses you so?" "Can't you tell me, my dear?" I repeated. She tearfully shook her head "No."

Ah, then in this heart that adored her Welled a terror as deep as the sea. I begged and besought and implored her To speak. Was she weeping for me? But at length she cried halt to my chatter, Interrupting in petulant mood,

"If you really bust dough what's the batter? I took off by faddels too good."