

# DURHAM REVIEW

C. Ramage, Editor and Proprietor.

Thursday, Aug. 9, 1900

## FROM S. AFRICA.

### Hunting the Foe.—Pathetic Sights.—Scouting.

Standerton, Transvaal, June 25, 1900.

Mr. Editor and Friends,  
Now again, for a few lines to far-away Canada to let you know how we fare in this land of veidt and kopje.

We have done considerable travelling this while back, but sorry to say I have nothing to write about personal experience in the fighting line only that we are getting pretty close to where there will be some Boers, I hope.

We left Cape Town shortly after my last letter left and were taken to Durban by boat. We were about 4 days crossing over and had to wait 3 days outside the harbour owing to a high sand bar and after all had to be taken in on lighters, 60 horses to a load and men enough to look after them.

Once ashore we had them all entrained and left Durban about 9 p. m. and reached the Tugela river about 3 in the morning where we had to unload our horses and saddles and wait for daylight, after which we saddled up, crossed the river at the Ford and made up for camp.

After feeding our horses we had breakfast about 9 o'clock. This consisted of hard tack and coffee which we were all glad to get hold of for we were all pretty nearly starved on the boat, just got so much and stuff not fit to eat at all.

After a week's stay here orders came to move up country and we went as far as Eshowe, the capital of Zululand. Just around here is a bit of nice country but between Tugela and Eshowe the country is very hilly and rocky and the only cultivation there is on it is where the natives have their little bits of gardens. The women like every other savage race, do all the work on the farm such as it is, while the men go to town and get work there for a while. When the men get pretty well off or think they need more help, why then, the matter is settled by taking another wife. They have to pay for them out here, and the article costs from 5 to 20 cows, so I have come to the conclusion I will have to do without one here and wait till I get back where they give them away or can be had for the coaxing!

We stayed at Eshowe a couple of days to rest our horses and the next orders were that we were going back again. We were in heavy marching order and made Durban in 3 days, about 100 miles, and the weather was very warm after we crossed the Tugela. The country on our way back was not so rough and more cultivated, a great many Coolie Indians, who are cheap laborers, being employed. There are great fields of sugar-cane, which seems to do well and plenty of fruit—Oranges, Bananas, Pine Apples, &c.

After a day's rest in Durban we entrained for the coast at 4.30 and reached there next evening about 10 o'clock. On our way up we passed the places where Buller had been having such hard fighting with the enemy.

Near Chieveley camp there is a new graveyard where I counted 150 new graves though that wasn't all our side who there sleep their last sleep—fallen in the empire's fight for the liberty and equality of her subjects.

All the bridges and culverts along the railroad have been blown up and wrecked to pieces, and in the meantime temporary tracks are laid round about them. The big bridge at Colenso was blown to atoms and is a hard looking wreck, close by where Gen. Buller lost his big guns. It is hard to imagine the difficulty they have had in driving them out from there. The breast works of stone, the trenches, the rocky mountains, are something terrible.

We reached Ladysmith early in the morning and stopped to feed. I expected to see quite a large place but was disappointed to find it much the other way. They had strong breast works of stone, sand bags and trenches, and one must admire the courage which could hold out so long in a place surrounded nearly on all sides with rocky mountains, fine hiding places for the Boers.

We stayed a day in Newcastle to refresh our horses, a day on the train being harder than a day's march. Most of the houses are vacant, but some stayed right through it all and were glad to see us coming through. We left here on Tuesday morning and followed up the trail where Buller had driven the enemy through the pass, and a pretty rough one some of it was. There were several other graveyards along the trail. Before we went through the pass of Laing's Nek, where Buller had the hard stand, we saw the graveyard of the soldiers that fell at the bloody fight of Majuba Hill in 1851. A bitter memory, now avenged.

We crossed the border into the Transvaal Wednesday at noon and since then have had a very fine piece of open prairie to go through making good time on our march. We reached Standerton Friday evening and have camped here since, but expect to go on in a day or two as we hear the Boers are making a stand for us about 30 miles up. There are quite a few Boers where we are staying, all disarmed though and a sentry put over every house in town. One of the outpost sentries was shot on Saturday by a sniper and died shortly after.

We were out on a scouting expedition the other day to find out what was going on back from the trail. After getting out into the open country we extended 400 yds. between sections of 4, so that we covered a big area of country before we got back. There was a few prisoners captured, but most of the places they were contented to live in peace and give up their arms. After riding about 20 or 25 miles we thought it about time to be getting back to camp, which we reached about 8 o'clock and were ready for a good supper of hard tack, bully beef and tea.

It is now time I was drawing this long letter to a close and I hope I may

hear something of some importance to write you next time. With this poor collection of news, I remain as ever,

Yours Sincerely,  
G. W. LEDINGHAM.

[In a postscript he says: "Dear Mr. Ramage, you came pretty near not getting this letter. I had it written except the last two pages, but hardly thought it worth sending, but I got a letter from my sister last night and being pleased that all were well I was moved to complete this. I got your letter about May 24, which was very welcome as are also the Reviews. We don't have much time to ourselves and you will have trouble making this as it has to go pretty rough." Mr. Ledingham may be assured that we are pleased to have his very interesting letters, which are read with great interest, and made out all right. Ed. REVIEW.]

### THE WAR SITUATION. IN CHINA.

A great battle has been fought on the march to Peking. The Chinese fled but the allies lost 1200 men, chiefly Japs and Russians. Every part of the advance is to be contested.

The ministers it seems are safe, but silenced. They are being held as hostages and some say have refused to be taken to Tien-tsin fearing massacre by the way. It appears they are defending themselves yet.

The rest of China is in a turbulent state, though not in open rebellion as yet. Great butcheries of native Christians have taken place and the coast cities are being strengthened.

### IN AFRICA.

No conclusion yet. De Wet is hopelessly surrounded. Olivier has escaped and now leads a force of 1500, the last in the Free State, but is going to keep it up. Botha is being pressed hard and before a week more an important capture is almost sure to be made.

Baden-Powell is not yet relieved in Rustenburg. He is said to be wounded.

The Stratigona Horse figure prominently now and trooper Ledingham will have had his wish by this time. See his letter.

### THROUGH QUEBEC AND MAINE.

[From the same source as that of two weeks ago, we give a continuation of the tour of Rev. Jas. Farquharson, who is a graphic writer. Ed. R.]

Halifax, June 20.—A week ago Monday we left Montreal for Halifax on a train so timed that the last thing we clearly saw before night's darkness closed around us was the noble St. Lawrence and the bridge by which the railway crosses it—a grand sight worthy of being imprinted on the mind for a night or more. There is the river, a mile wide, flowing in ceaselessly as the brook which the poet describes as saying:

"Men may come, and men may go,  
But I go on forever."

But calmer and more majestic than the brook is the flow. The inequalities of the river bed cause not a ripple on its surface. Its deep waters, which might bear on their bosom the trade of a continent, show none of the brook's sportiveness. Behind us was the city all but hidden in the dense foliage of its ornamental trees and yet ending here a mansion of the rich, here a street devoted to business and here a church spire calling men's thoughts to the fact that life's goal is not wealth, not social position, but true nobility of character—Christ-likeness.

Onward into the night our train rushed—across the International Boundary Line into the state of Maine. At length morning dawned; sleepy eyes were rubbed and opened and turned upon the ever-changing landscape, and a rugged, rocky country it is. Lumbering seems to be its chief industry, and yet, in places, a good beginning has been made in the cultivation of the soil. Once again the International Boundary was crossed and we were in the province of New Brunswick. Here, too, rock and sand are the predominating features of the earth's surface. After seeing the prairie of the West and its immense fields one wonders how men live on these rock-crowned farms, or how teams can turn in their small fields. We saw nothing throughout our whole journey that would strike the farmer from the prairie to these once wooded countries, scarcely anything to call forth the admiration of one who seeks his living from the soil. Yet, here are throughout this region places of great beauty and the blending of hill and dale, of rock and sandy plain, of forest and cleared fields, gives a variety which ever pleases. After passing St. John's, New Brunswick, the country improved. There was less rock and much more land under cultivation.

Halifax, situated on an inlet of the ocean which runs some fourteen miles inland and is large enough to form an anchorage for all the fleets of the world, is a very beautiful place. The beauty, however, is mostly in the site. Our western towns have better public buildings and being newer, have fewer houses of a tumble down character. There are public gardens and a park in which the citizens pride themselves, and which are places of great beauty. But the harbor with its deep water and green, sloping banks affords many a grand view.

The Halifax people have done all they possibly could to entertain the members of the Assembly. A steamboat was chartered on Saturday afternoon to take members of the Assembly and their friends from one end of the harbor to the other and up what is known as the North-West Arm. Senator MacKeen invited the whole Assembly to his residence, which is situated on the North-West Arm—a very beautiful place—and secured a steamer to take them out and back. The ladies of Fort Massey congregation also provided lunch and the opportunity for his Holy social enjoyment last evening. Undoubtedly to all who take the Assembly business seriously there is a bundance of work, but these pleasures break the work's monotony.

I am, etc.,  
JAMES FARQUHARSON

## NOT HOW CHEAP, BUT HOW GOOD.

The Style and the make of our Clothing, the quality of Material, the care and skill in its finish, these are the features of a fine Suit and the reason why our Clothing Department is kept busy.

# S. F. MORLOCK.

Rob Roy.

Most of the people along this line thrashed their fall wheat last week which turned out very good considering the dry season.

Mr. Angus McArthur of the Garafaxa visited friends in the Glen last Sunday. Mr. Sam McComb, took a trip to Owen Sound on Thursday. He went to visit friends and also to look for a situation as he has given up farming.

Quite a number from around Rob Roy and north took in the Baptist garden party in your town last Thursday evening.

The framers are hard at work at Chas. McArthur's, he intends having his barn together by the end of the week.

Misses May Morton and Mary Brown of the Garafaxa, spent a day visiting friends around Rob Roy and Bunesan recently.

Miss Jewell McComb, is spending part of her holidays with her cousins Mr. Dan and Miss Susie McKinnon, of Fairwell Corners.

The home of Mr. A. C. Beaton of the corners, was the scene of a pleasant event last Friday evening, Misses Annie and Maggie gave a party in honor of their cousin Miss Anna Ritchie, before returning to her home in Port Arthur.

The evening was spent in music and games, every body forgetting themselves till it was in the wee sma' hours. The guests then dispersed to their homes well pleased with the evening's amusement.

### BROWNVILLE.

We are sorry to chronicle this week the death of Mrs. Alexander McFarlane, Proton, who died July 31st 1900. Mary Lamont was born in December 1814 in Ardross, Rossmull, Argyleshire, Scotland, came to Canada in 1850, landed in Toronto on August 20th 1850. They lived in Vaughan a short time, also for a few years in Glenelg and lived for 43 years on the farm in Proton. She was the eldest of 8 of a family. She lost both parents when 16 years old. 2 brothers and 2 sisters still survive her and now live in Melbourne, Australia. A family of one son and 3 daughters live to mourn the death of a kind and loving mother. Donald and Mary Ann on the old home stead, Margaret and Catherine, Mrs. Wm and Mrs. Jas. McConnell, Collingwood. Mrs. McFarlane was a woman of high principle, good judgment with a love for all that was good and true and was highly respected by all who knew her. She was a member of the Presbyterian church but was deterred from waiting on the Lord in the courts of His own House as her beloved language the Gaelic is no longer preached there, but honored the Lord and his Holy Day by the quiet study of his Holy Word at home. The Rev. Mr. Matheson of Friesville attended both at house and grave and spoke comforting words to the mourners of the hope and assurance that their loved one had in Christ's love to his children.

FRESH LIME.—Good lime always on hand at Neil T. McCannel's lot 21, con. 9 Proton.  
Neil T. McCannel,  
Proton Station  
June 22, 1900

She is not dead, she only lies sleeping.

Her dear head pillowed on her anvil's breast,  
Sweet sleep of death and oh the sweet awaking

Within the arms of everlasting rest.  
Oh smile of God upon his children breaking  
To bid them welcome to the Home above.

In Gaelic her beloved language.  
Ann an Proton air an 31st July 1900  
andergh moran times fulang re 3  
nissan Mary Lamont bean ghradach  
Alasdair McFarlane 86 bliadhna dh'avis.  
Bha i na m'athair agus na m'aoi  
dhiileas, chaoimheil, na bhan Chrìst-  
didh, sheastlach agus na boirinnach a  
bha darsnach beagach. Dìghag i son  
mhac thruir nighean agus airamh  
mhac de chairdean's de luidh eclais an  
bha ga caidh. Chaidh a toidhlacadh  
ann an Friciville lean areamh mhor an  
guilan dh ionnsaidh nah-uglach.

### Hopeville.

Intended for last week.

A number of our people were thrown with great excitement the night of Wednesday, July 25 owing to the report that burglars were around, awaking thoughts of dynamite, lives lost, &c. We give the report but are glad to say it was only a scare. About 9 p. m. a resident saw 3 or 4 men eating a lunch on the grass at the edge of the village. It looked suspicious, and considering the lives and wealth of our inhabitants in danger, the alarm was given. The men had been seen in the stores and this strengthened the report. Preparations were then made, it is alleged, to fortify the buildings considered in danger, old guns and other warlike articles were brought into requisition, and a watch kept into the night. It was soon remembered that a vacant building near by might afford cover to the robbers, so some sturdy yeomen, armed as best they could, proceeded cautiously to the house to find all dark and still, and fearing an ambush, a parley was held as to who should enter first. This was soon settled but nothing there was to be found, only a stray mouse.

Others took no chances, but moved into a friendly neighbor's house from whence they were seen returning in the early morning.

While all this was going on some of our residents were in blissful ignorance of their danger and spent through the night as usual. The next day investigation revealed the cause of the scare which was this: Some young men, strangers of course, of Melancthon Tp. are building a barn for a Ventry farmer and had accompanied the farmer's son to the village and while he transacted some business they took a lunch in the manner indicated. The young man is one of the most respectable in the township and the others we have no reason to doubt are equally so. All a fright for nothing.

WE SUPPLY  
IT— In Heavy and  
Light Harness,  
Collars, Pads, Bits, Blankets, Etc.  
C. LEAVENS  
Neil T. McCannel,  
Proton Station  
June 22, 1900

## The People's Mill.

Having resumed operations with improved power facilities we are prepared to furnish on short notice, any quantity of

Imperial or Manitoba Flour, Bran, Shorts, Chop and Middlings.

Special attention paid to local and exchange trade. Chopping done promptly.

—Try Excelsior Meal for your fowl—

# R. McCOWAN.

# PARKER'S TEAS

The Largest and Best selected stock of TEAS in Town to choose from

Note the Prices

JAPANS

Mandarin mix 2 for 25c. Japan Sings 20c per lb.  
Choice Japan our Leader 25c. This is the best 25c Tea grown—  
45c. Extra Value Japan 45c.

GREEN

Young Hyson—great value 50c.  
Hyson Ceylon 60c.

BLACK

Lanilla Ceylon, the great seller 25c.  
Galphite, the very best 50c.

Package Teas, Monsoon 25c. Ceylola 25c. Empire 45c.

## Parker's Sugars

Also a large stock of SUGARS at right Prices.  
FRUIT JARS, all sizes.

### H. PARKER'S.

Druggist and Seedsman

## WE DID NOT BUY

A Carload of Crockery

—but—

enough to get a great big discount. All sizes at unheard of prices. The only thing to pack butter in.

—and—

incidentally we might mention the fact that we get a limited quantity of Weston's Fancy Home Made Bread every day. We do not deliver only with other groceries.

# J. BURNET

## MASSEY HARRIS AGENCY, DURHAM.

Our Warerooms are now fully stocked with Massey Harris Plows, Drills, Harrows etc. All the latest improvements on all articles. Don't fail to see the Massey Harris Drill, then buy one and it will make you money.

WAGGONS.



A car load of Waggon will arrive within a few days, these were bought before the rise in waggons. No other shop where you can buy a first-class Waggon at as low a price.

Two Car Loads of Buggies, Democarts and Carts to choose from. Goods bought six months ago. Prices will surprise you.

We have a new light Massey-Harris Binder we want you to see, reduced in weight and Roller Bearings from Top to bottom of it. Positively the easiest running Binder in the world.

—Full line of PIANOS, ORGANS, and SEWING MACHINES—  
We are well stocked with TURNIP SOWERS, SCUFFLERS, HAY FORKS, etc.

LOTS OF MONEY to Loan at 5%. Issuer of MARRIAGE License s

LOWER TOWN  
Implement Warerooms. WM CALDER

## SOMETHING YOU WANT

IS RELIABLE HARNESS. We want you to know we handle everything in the Harness line. Harness that is durable and fits a horse comfortably, will bring profit to you in the greater amount of work he will do.

WE SUPPLY  
IT— In Heavy and  
Light Harness,  
Collars, Pads, Bits, Blankets, Etc.  
C. LEAVENS

Neil T. McCannel,  
Proton Station  
June 22, 1900

FOR SALE.

50 ACRES of Land in the Township of Bentinck, Co. of Grey 2nd div. of lot 9, on the first concession west of the Garafaxa Road.  
Mrs. E. GEORGE,  
169 Hastings St.  
Detroit, Mich.

Improved Yorkshire Boar for service season of 1900, at lot 32, con. 9, Bentinck Terms \$1.—Wm. Cook.