

# WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

## Interesting Particulars of the Struggle Between Great Britain and the Boers.

### FATHER O'LEARY'S REPORT.

One of the most graphic accounts of the fight at Paardeberg last month, when the Canadians lost so heavily, is given by Rev. Father O'Leary, the Roman Catholic chaplain with the contingent. He was right with the firing line during the fight and at night helped look for the dead and wounded and performed the last rites at the grave of the eighteen heroes who died. His letter was sent to his brother, Mr. James M. O'Leary, of Ottawa, and is as follows:

My Dear Brother,—Well, at last we have been in it, and through it, and though our baptism of fire was a costly one, willingly would we go through it again.

Canada may well be proud of her noble boys. It is true that many a once happy home is now in mourning since the fatal 18th day of February, but the deep sorrow that has entered into the hearts of the loved ones far away will undoubtedly be tempered by the consoling assurance that all have done their duty—all, every one. So say the brave Gordons, the famous Black Watch, the Argylls, the Seaforths, the sturdy Cornwalls,—so say they all.

And oh, that wild, mad charge against an invisible enemy. Never shall I forget it, nor shall I attempt to describe it at least for the present. Hell let loose would give but a faint idea of it. On, on we rushed through a hail of bullets, the air alive again with deadly missiles.

On we rushed madly, wildly, tearing through brambles, stumbling over prostrate comrades, eager in the delirium of blood-shed and destruction which had seized on us all to reach the enemy's trenches. And above the din of battle, oh, that wild soul-stirring cheer, or rather that savage yell. Like tigers our brave boys bounded over the open, but it was not to be; darkness closed on us ere the position was carried and the day won.

Darkness settled down on that well fought field, mercifully casting a veil over the horrors. Then began the

search for the dead and wounded. In the total darkness, for the least light drew the enemy's fire, we groped over the ground, everywhere our hands steeped in blood, blood, blood. From all directions faint moans coupled with pitiful pleadings for "water, water," reached our ears. Accidentally one would stumble over a friend. Then what pathetic scenes would take place—a message for home—"Tell mother etc., etc.," or perhaps "Don't leave me, it won't be long."

### GATHERING UP THE DEAD.

The moon soon rose over the weird scene and shed its peaceful rays on many an upturned face, and many of them calm and placid in death. That night myself and a few devoted fellows remained until late on the fatal field exploring every nook and corner for the wounded, oftener meeting with the mangled dead until at last our strength gave out, and reaching our line we threw ourselves on the hard ground seeking rest and forgetfulness in sleep.

So did most of the survivors. Hardly a word was exchanged, for all were exhausted, what with a forced march of twenty miles the preceding night and the trying ordeal of that long, long day.

Monday morning we gathered our dead together and buried them side by side—eighteen in all—in one broad grave, whilst I performed the sad but consoling duty of committing them to the care of God's angels when we would be far away from this fateful land. May they rest in peace, noble, brave boys.

I must bring this letter to a close. I feel sick at heart when I recall to mind the scenes of blood I witnessed and the stirring events I have gone through.

### FRENCH'S RIDE TO KIMBERLEY.

Never have the mailed accounts from the scene of war been so interesting. Within the last few days some

fifty columns of these have appeared in the London papers and for the first time Great Britain has learned the dramatic details that marked the ride of General French into Kimberley, the advance of Lord Roberts into the Orange Free State, the corralling of General Cronje, the advance to relieve Ladysmith and the terrors of the sieges of Kimberley and Mafeking. From this interesting accumulation, the most vivid is, perhaps the detailed account of General French's ride to Kimberley. In the rapid course of epoch making events which preceded and followed the relief of Kimberley this exploit escaped the attention it would otherwise have received. The correspondent of the London Times described the ride of General French into Kimberley as follows:

"From Modder river, from Rensburg and from DeAar the cavalry, mounted infantry and horse artillery came in long lines concentrating at Gras Pan and Honeyest Kloof. On Monday the march began. Ramdam, eight miles to the southeast, was soon passed and a sharp skirmish secured Dekels Drift on the Riet. After a halt of a day the column moved on. At Klip Drift the cavalry division halted at night. The breathless haste of a dash through the enemy's country, carried out with a rapidity probably without a parallel, had left its mark on the horses and the transport was hopelessly in the rear.

"On the 15th, at ten o'clock, the

I cured a horse of the mange with MINARD'S LINIMENT. CHRISTOPHER SAUNDERS. Dalhousie.

I cured a horse badly torn by a pitch fork, with MINARD'S LINIMENT. EDWARD LINLIFF. St. Peter's, C. D.

I cured a horse of a bad swelling with MINARD'S LINIMENT. THOMAS W. PAYNE. Bathurst, N. B.

critical advance was made, and the shelling and capture of two laagers a few miles out of Klip Drift on the Northern side of the river, cleared the way for the junction of the force encamped on the Modder, some five miles east of the Border fence. This body was composed of Kitchener's and Roberts' Horse and two more regiments of mounted infantry. Before they entered the great plain Alexandersfontein the contingent from Modder, the Scots Greys, Household Cavalry and two Lancer regiments also joined the force, which now numbered some 10,000 men, seven batteries of Horse Artillery and three field batteries. Their entry into the plain was the signal for the great event of the day. The plain is perhaps three miles in width and five in length, converging slightly to the north and fringed with kopjes.

"The kopjes on either side were held by the Boers who poured bullets and shells into the advancing mass, almost hidden by the curtain of dust that rose from under the hoofs of the horses. These were quickly cleared of their occupants by the impetuous rush of the mounted infantry. Lieut. Sweet Escott, of the 16th Lancers, was the first officer to fall, shot dead at 50 yards by a Boer, who received a lance through his throat almost before he could produce the invariable cry for mercy. Kopje after kopje was cleared and the Boers were driven from them right and left, as the column crashed forward like some great ploughshare, thrusting aside the enemy on either side, helpless to withstand this tremendous charge and almost powerless to harm it. A barbed rinder fence stretching across the plain checked the advance for the moment, and the halt enabled the Boers to withdraw their guns. It was no time for a flank movement to capture them.

At Beville's Farm, at the northern end of the plain, the column halted, and reformed in column after watering the horses. They had come 10 miles and broken the ring round the besieged town. The pace at which the advance had been made had both minimized the casualties and prevented Cronje from appearing with 10,000 men to line the kopjes on the plain. The latter realized that he was defeated and acted with his usual sagacity. By the evening of this same day not a man was left on the hills on the ridges that had been the camping ground so long.

Meanwhile the cavalry pushed on from Beville's farm. The country resembled some great English park, studded with single trees and undulating under the long sunburnt grass, through which the guns ploughed long tracks in the crumbling red soil.

Here the pace began to tell, and horse after horse that had struggled on so far fell dead from some wound unnoticed in the fight.

There was no time to pause, and at a point some three miles further, the first sight of Kimberley burst upon the column through the fringe of trees. The Boers on the north of the town were firing their shots from their great gun, but they soon stopped, and General French entered the town, which within a moment had put out its flags and decorations. The panic that had been caused by the continuous bursting of the huge shells over every part of the besieged town vanished, and from the 1200 foot level of the diamond mines thousands of women and children emerged into the light of day."

### "No Eye Like the Master's Eye."

You are master of your health, and if you do not attend to duty, the blame is easily located. If your blood is out of order, Hood's Sarsaparilla will purify it.

It is the specific remedy for troubles of the blood, kidneys, bowels or liver. Heart Trouble—"I had heart trouble for a number of years and different medicines failed to benefit me. I tried Hood's Sarsaparilla and three bottles completely and perfectly cured me." Mrs. C. A. FLINN, Wallace Bridge, N. S.

A Safeguard—"As I had lost five children with diphtheria I gave my remaining two children Hood's Sarsaparilla as they were subject to throat trouble and were not very strong. They are now healthier and stronger and have not since had a cold." Mrs. W. H. FLECKER, Pembroke, Ont.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**  
Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure liver ills; the non-irritating and fully cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

2½ oz. is the weight of our Manhattan Derby, the newest thing in American hard hats. Come and see it, its worth your time, lots of others at similar prices. Its \$3.00 and worth every cent of it. Prowse Bros.

Know all men that Saturday is tie day at Stanley Bros.

Read programme of Emersonian recital. Make no other engagement for Thursday evening, April 5th.

### ALMOST A MIRACLE

#### Strange Case of Kidney Disease Reported at Smith's Falls.

SMITH'S FALLS, March 19.—One of the most remarkable cures ever performed by Dodd's Kidney Pills was that of Mrs. George Barnes, of this town. Mrs. Barnes was afflicted with Female Weakness and Urinary Trouble resulting from kidney disease. The disease had also a serious effect on her senses of sight and hearing; for at times Mrs. Barnes would be exceedingly deaf and short-sighted.

Mrs. Barnes gives an account of her case for publication: "I have consulted a doctor," she writes, "who gave me medicine that seemed to make me worse a number of times. I was told of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and I got one box. I have used part of the box and am completely cured and strange to say both my hearing and eyesight are now unaffected."

## The Relief of Ladysmith

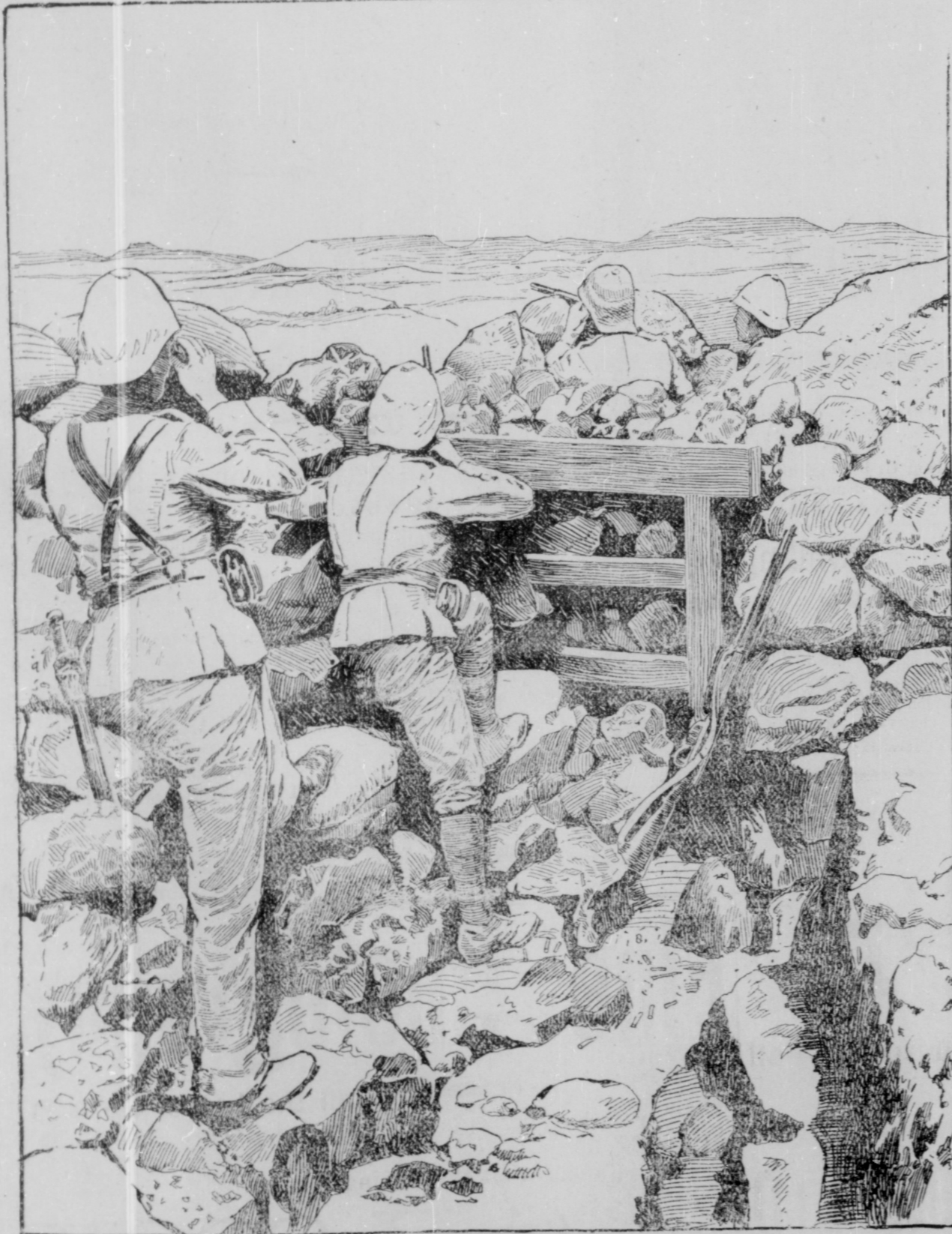
The book "The Relief of Ladysmith and How it was Celebrated in Charlottetown" will be on sale in the city bookstores this (Saturday) evening. It is a souvenir of that historic and memorable event which should be in the hands of all.

See it at the Bookstores.  
PRICE 10 CENTS.

## BEST ON EARTH

For sale at Maple Grove Farm—Barred Plymouth Rock Fowl—6 Cockerels and 25 Hens.

**WILLIAM CLARK,**  
NORTH WILTSHIRE



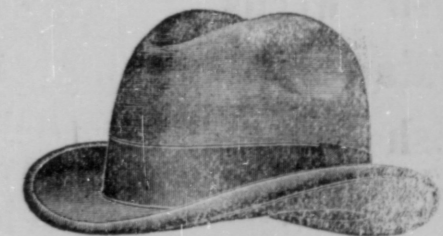
LADYSMITH MARKSMEN KEEPING DOWN THE ENEMY'S GUNS FROM AN ADVANCED POST AT KING'S POST. —Boston Globe.

# Our New Hats & Caps



We are a little later than usual in opening these goods owing to the confusion caused by our big fire sale. But they are now ready for your inspection and are well worth a visit to see them as we are safe in saying

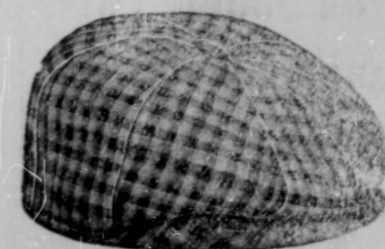
that we have now the largest and best stock of stylish and elegant hats and caps ever shown in this city, and if you find it hard to suit yourself with a hat or a cap then try the "Model Store" where "you always get the best."



Hard Hats, Soft Hats, any shape, any style, any shade. The very latest American Goods.

## Caps for the million

Every conceivable colour and style. If you like bright colors we can suit you if you like dark colors we can suit you and if you want something "just between" we have it for you.



Don't pass the Model Store if you want a nice cap.

# R. H. Ramsay & Co