

General Baden-Powell and his glorious band of British heroes who stood so valiantly to their guns at Mafeking.

Then with a crash of loyal music, and amid the hurrahs of the people, who filled every inch of standing space almost as far as the eye could see, the procession marched off once more, taking the route down Bourke street and Elizabeth street, and so by Flinders street to the St. Kilda road. There were a few awkward moments for the police and mounted officers in Bourke street and Elizabeth street, owing to the dangerous practice of throwing fireworks, which was indulged in by many persons whose enthusiasm got the better of their judgment, but fortunately, serious accidents were avoided, and the troops were disbanded quietly on the St. Kilda road again.

And then, with waving of flags and salvos of cheering, with songs and toasts, illuminations, and impromptu processions, Mafeking Day wore to a close, and the unparalleled manifestation of rejoicing that will live long in the memories of all who took part in it, was over.

HOW THE VICTORIANS FELL.

A Boer described to one of the war correspondents the magnificent courage displayed by the Australians when they attempted to rescue the Worcesters who had fallen into a Boer trap. The fight took place near Colesberg during the struggle round that town.

"What do you think of Australians as fighters?"

He carried one arm in a sling, and the bandage round his neck hid a bullet wound. "The Australians can fight," he said simply. "They wounded me, and—they killed my father."

"Tell me, comrade, of the Australians who fell. They were my countrymen."

"It was a cruel fight," said the young man. "We had ambushed a lot of the British troops—the Worcesters, I think they called them. They could neither advance nor retire; we had penned them in like sheep, and our field cornet, Van Leyden, was beseeching them to throw down their rifles to save being slaught-

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