AT THE VET RIVER.

Advance of the Canadian and New South Wales Mounted Infantry.

Gallant Fighting Under General Hutton's Lead that Sent the Boers Fleeing in Haste,

For Which Lord Roberts that Very Night Flashed a Message of Hearty Congratulations to the General.

(By William Dinwiddie, special correspondent of Harper's Weekly.)

ON THE MARCH, April 6, 1900.—From March 12, when Lord Roberts's column entered Bloemfontein, the capital of the Free State (after a fearful march across country from Paardeberg on half-rations, and with horses dying by the thousands), until May 1, the gathering forces remained inert, so far as the great outside watching public was concerned. No doubt those who remained at home in England, and anxiously searched the papers each day for war news, have asked one another why Roberts and his large army did not move on toward Pretoria, and perhaps they have restlessly criticised the slowness with which the commanding general advanced the English army on its errand of crushing the belligerent Boer.

The most hypercritical military students in the field have, however, nothing but praise for the celerity with which the stupendous army problem has been handled. It should be remembered that a week is but a day when attempting to outfit and move a great army, needing twenty thousand new horses, an army which must have heavier clothing against the winter winds of the veldt, thousands more wagons, quantities of quartermaster's supplies, thousands of tons of structural iron for railroad bridges, and an indefinite number of other materials.

Worst of all, it is an army of a hundred thousand men, who must have food every day. It is a herculean task, for every pound of food must be brought thousands of miles by water-transport, and this is a simple matter as compared with the difficulties of moving it forward to the base of supplies at Bloemfontein, over eight hundred miles of single track railway.

When Lord Roberts started his army northward it was a May day, and the spring flowers peeped forth in British dells; but not so in the Free State. A little column of men crawled from beneath their blankets and shivered, as the dark, cold air of morning blew searchingly upon them. It was only a handful—a few thousand men—who started onward in the faint dawn of a cloudless sky, but, like a bursting dam, it trickled in drops, then flowed as a rivulet, and finally swept as a wave-wall of moving men, twenty miles wide, toward Kroonstad.

It is impossible, unless one is making dry history obtained from headquarters' office, in terse sentences, to attempt to handle in detail the movements of a great campaign like this. The writer in the field sees not even the advance or engagements of a single division, let alone those of half a dozen such divisions. He knows that, ten miles to the right, General So-and-so is advancing with infantry, and that, to his left, another general with mounted rifles is moving and keeping contact by heliographs which flash from every kopje.

HE HEARS, FAR ON ONE SIDE,

the artillery booming, and sees now and again the tiny cloud-puff of high bursting shrapnel, and at night he is told that an artillery duel has taken place between that column and the Boers, and a dozen British soldiers lie dead and buried around the spot where a Boer shell disabled their gun, but it is only an incident, barely impressing the mind, for did not the real battle take place in his immediate front, where he ran from flying shells and saw men double-quick to the front under the rain of steel-bullets; and was not the roar of conflict in his ears, louder and louder as the battle developed? It was his fight and the only actual combat of the day, and thus every soldier feels who was within his sight; so this writer feels, and will describe what he vividly witnesses with greater emphasis than can be placed upon events as thrilling occurring many miles away.

Two correspondents — twenty-four hours behind the colonial troops under General Hutton, who had orders to proceed to Brakpan, a farm northwest of the Modder River—drove northward over the hard, white roads of the veldt, with the intention of picking up this column on the left wing, where the Boers might be expected to fight by annoying the British flank.

The Glen was the first objective point, fifteen miles north on the railroad, which had been, for several weeks, the most advanced point of British troops above Bloemfontein. Long lines of convoys filled the wagon-road, and over the open veldt, in quarter-column, marched General Pole-Carew's brigade of footguards. At the Glen, the railroad bridge has been blown up by the Boers. Urged by the howls of Kaffir drivers, and the sharp cracking of thirty feet of rawhide lash, fourteen spans of oxen drag the big four-point-sevens of H. M. S. Doris. The men hang on to the forward truck, which the lurching line of oxen has cramped until a wheel is two feet in the air. Once into the creek-bed the real trouble begins. A hundred feet of yoked cattle trying to pull up a stiff incline of wetted slippery rock is a sight to be remembered. With a score of yelling, shrieking black drivers furiously lashing the cattle, they force the animals upward. The leaders strain and plunge, and a dozen go down on their knees together, rise and try again, and then, maddened by the stinging whips, turn about into a jumble of moving horns and clanking chains. It takes fifteen minutes to straighten them out, and two hundred soldiers with drag ropes from the axles are called on to give added draught.

"Take any road north of the Modder, and follow the river until the road leads off to Brakpan." So the order to the troops reads, and so the correspondents tried to do, by the aid of the very good military map compiled for the service, but the compilers had, on paper, only about half the roads which actually criss-cross a rolling country, where the topographic features

HAVE AN AMAZING SAMENESS,

and every kopje looks just like the last one, so they were lost for thirty-six hours on the veldt.

Not daring to go near any farmhouse, for fear of capture during the night, they drove off over the deserted land and made a dry camp, eating a cold supper, by the light of a candle, in a tightly closed brown shelter-tent.

Dogs bayed dismally at the moon, and during the night men on horseback rode by slowly, outlined against the sky on the crest of the next ridge—Boer scouts, no doubt. As daybreak came, clear and cold, they inspanned, and after another twelve hours of torture, suddenly found Brakpan, a great sheet of brackish water lying in a basin-shaped valley. The empty shining tin hard-tack cases, and cans which once held "bully beef," and the scattered downy feathers of a hundred geese come to grief, told the story of a British camp, but the troops had moved—inquiry revealed on Brandfort. There was nothing for it but to post back toward the British troops, for now the correspondents were twenty-five miles from any British soldiers, out in the Boer country. Two Boer scouts, unarmed—as is their method of watching the enemy—were held up and asked to show passes, but they innocently begged off on the plea of being too old to fight. Into Brandfort the next day the tired correspondents went without seeing a soldier until actually in the town, where they learned that General Hutton's brigade was again on the march, moving out to the left and toward a crossing on the Vet River. Brandfort had been easily taken in an hour's skirmish.

The brigade was finally overtaken a few miles from the river, and now begins the battle, or rather the rear-guard fight, of May 5.

It seems that the Boer general, Del Rey, had with him across the railroad at the Vet River a commando several thousand strong, which was to oppose the enemy's crossing as long as possible, to protect De Wet's commando, which, in turn, had by wonderful trekking out of De Wets Dorp, where the British had tried to surround them, managed to elude the 20,000 men sent to cut them off, and had retreated on the railroad to Virginia Siding, over the main road through Winburg, just missing General French's column, which came into that town from the west a day too late. It was a masterly retreat, for De Wet had ten big guns with him, including two Long Toms, and miles of convoy. So far he has not lost a wagon.

The colonials on the left are in advance of Lord Roberts's centre column, and have come in sight of the Vet River.

FAR IN THE FOREGROUND,

the mounted scouts are scouring the country; so far away they are tiny specks, now lost in the dip of the land, now standing silhouetted against the sky.

"General Hutton presents his compliments, sir, and desires that the New South Wales Mounted Infantry will move up steadily and quietly, before getting under fire," the aide who has galloped up to Colonel Knight remarks nonchalently. "Under fire! where is the enemy?" and a suppressed murmur runs through the men prostrate on the ground beside their horses. There is a rustling of clothing as men reset their belts and shift their ammunition bandoliers into secure positions across the shoulder.

For over a mile in front the brigade troops come up in separate squadrons, but in solid blocks they rest on the crest of the rise. Far from the right comes General Hutton, followed by his staff, riding like mad, with a pennant-bearer charging in the rear; now he is plunging through a field of stunted Kaffir corn, at a full gallop, and then on to the hill at the left, where the Canadians, the New South Wales troops, and the Maxim guns are waiting. He studies the landscape, listens to the small-arms firing below, and watches the withdrawing scouts.

Under orders a squadron of Canadians advance half-way down the sloping open hill-side, dismount, and while the horse-holders stand by the horses, the main body advances on foot, in extended order. Everything is quiet as death except for the restless champing of a few horses, as the thin lines advance, lie down, start again, and have more intervals of rest; four thousand yards are to be traversed. Nothing develops, for the Boer is a cunning fighter and never discloses his position until he thinks he can inflict a serious blow on the enemy. The Canadians go to the scrubby line of trees which fill the river bottom, and retire again without a shot being fired at them. Where are the Boers?

Half a mile to the right Major Allison of the Royal Horse Artillery has put his twelve-pounder field-guns into action, under the protection of a stony bit of ground. He is firing at a white house this side of the river, at 3,500 yards' range.

"Look there! Look there! See the Boers!" bursts from the throats of a dozen men with eyes glued to field telescope and glasses. Down the opposite slope of he dusty winding road two hundred Boers ride calmly toward the river-bed, in single file and far apart, for the Boer knows well enough never to travel in masses within shell reach. The guns are elevated to their maximum range of four thousand yards—petty things for fighting in this country of magnificent distances—and the shells go zee-ing through the air one after another, creeping each time nearer that snaky line of men. "We've hit 'em!" "See that horse down!" Sure enough it is only a writhing speck, but it is a horse on its back; the rider cannot be seen.

A LITTLE FASTER

the Boers travel and disappear into the cover of the trees. They will fight from the river-bank.

Now a street-corner general, and one accustomed to the deployed-line fighting of the American army, wonders why a skirmish-line several miles long, with men at ten yards' interval, is not sent down to develop the enemy's position, why the reserve and support are not thrown in at the flanks or feinted at the centre.

"I have a little work for you," the general remarks to the commanding officer of the New South Wales regiment. "I want you to shove in toward that house" (meaning the white house in our front and on the main road through the spruit or river), "and feel the enemy's position. Nothing serious can happen, for you are under the cover of our guns."

The galloping Maxims are going in on the left, and a Canadian, who has a Colt's automatic and believes he can take the whole Boer position with it, is fuming because he has not had a chance to try.

The New South Wales fighting formation is all that could be desired. A single thin line of mounted men, with large intervals, is followed, at long spaces, by other lines—a most difficult target to hit. Half-way to the river-bed is a cluster of Kaffir houses; the inhabitants clothed in loose-drawn blankets, with naked ivory-black children frighten-eyed clinging to the flowing ends, have fled up the hill-side, and wildly talk with a display of white teeth. The first line is behind this bunch of huts, and bang! goes a Boer piece of artillery, and the shell ploughs up a cloud of dust right behind it. The line melts like wax sidewise on the cabins, and the men lie crouched behind a low bank of rock. Now they are on their feet running onward across the open, and the horses are huddled still behind the wall. Trirr-rr-rr-rr—and still the Maxims shower the ground, viciously kicking up five hundred spurts of dirt. The men are lying flat on their stomachs, yards between each man, but it seems impossible for them to escape this torrent of steel. Again they are on their feet running for the white house—the Maxim trills until the ground is a sieve of spouting dust, and a whole line of Mauser rifles opens on the left. They are in the woods now, shooting for dear life themselves, and another line and still another line of mounted men are going through the same performance, first under bursting shell after shell, and then through the rain of bullets.

UP THE HILL-SIDES

wildly dashing go Boer horsemen by the dozens, and then by several hundreds—never near together, but moving singly and fast. Far up the hill-sides, several thousand yards out of range, they come down to a slower gait and trot away behind a great kopje. Our shapnel is flying thick in their direction, but is doing little damage.

The New South Wales have carried the position. They have rushed the river-bank, and down the twenty-foot embankment they pile to find they were flanking and in the rear of Boers firing from the outer river-bank. It was too much for Boer courage, and they made for their horses, tied in every side gulch, and rode for life on the open plain above. Colonel Knight, not content with a handful of men, raced up the opposite side to the road, climbed the near-by kopje, and fired incessantly at the fleeing enemy as they climbed up from the depression below him. The Maxim was out of action. The colonials had cleared the gun, and twenty New South Wales men raced to lay a hand on it first.

The Boers had gone, except the poor devils who lay silent here and there in the gray dusk of evening, or a few who groaned in the agony of wounds. Miraculously, not a British trooper had been killed and the wounds were all slight.

Before the sun went down a tremendous artillery fire began on the right, miles away. It was the Boers shelling Lord Roberts's column on the railway. The duel went on as the sun sank to sleep, and high in the air the glints of fire from big shells, with puffs of white smoke drifting away, dotted the sky and mingled with the blended tints of pink and blue of a cloudless eastern heaven. The Boers had disabled one British gun and killed some brave gunners, but with the darkness the hoarse boom of big-calibre cannons gradually became less and less, and the opposing forces faced each other in silence.

General Hutton's column was crossing the Vet and going into camp up on the hill-sides, a few hours previously held by the enemy. Camp fires sprang up and twinkled like little villages over the shelving slopes. Up from the river floated the sounds of the confused shouting of drivers at laboring cattle, straining on the heavy wagons, as they bumped over the bowlders in the bed of the rapid river.

The soldiers were fast asleep in their greatcoats, not caring, in their fatigue, where the enemy was or what the morrow would bring. The hungry horses, scantily fed for the last two days, pawed uneasily in the long lines, striking fire from the steel picket-pins with their iron shoes, and tugging at their heel-ropes in the vain hope of being fed.

Over the hill-tops, a mile away, ghostly figures of men on horseback rode against the sky-line, lighted by a wan moon. They were the mounted pickets riding their posts, and protecting a soundly sleeping army from sudden surprise.

From Lord Roberts's camp, ten miles away, the flashing signal-lamps were blinking out the following message to General Hutton:

"My hearty congratulations to Mounted Infantry on their excellent day's work. ROBERTS."

KENT COUNTY.

George V. McInerney, M. P., Given a Rousing Reception

At Richibucto, on Saturday, on His Return from His Duties at the Capital.

Every Parish in the County Represented — Presented With an Address, Read by the Warden of the County — Mr. McInerney Made an Eloquent Reply.

RICHIBUCTO, July 16.—Geo. V. McInerney, M. P., was given one of the largest and most enthusiastic receptions at the railway station on Saturday afternoon, on his arrival from Ottawa, that was ever offered to any public man in this county.

Every parish was represented, some of those present coming nearly forty miles. This fact alone shows how Mr. McInerney is esteemed and appreciated throughout the county. A large roll of bunting was stretched across the entrance to the station yard. When the train arrived the Richibucto Brass Band struck up and played a selection while Mr. McInerney was being escorted through the crowd to a prominent position on the platform.

At this stage of the proceedings, Louis Leger of Cocagne and warden of the Kent County Council, read the following address to Mr. McInerney:

To Geo. V. McInerney, Esq., LL. B., Member of Parliament for Kent County, New Brunswick:

Dear Mr. McInerney—We are here on the present occasion to tender you a hearty welcome, and to assure you, our representative in the Dominion house of commons, that we are not only well pleased with, but proud of your conduct.

The encomiums you have received from the independent press abroad for the perfect fairness and lucid cogency of your language in debate; your grace and eloquence on the platform, and your gentlemanly bearing on all occasions, create within us the desire to ensure the continuance of relationship between you, as representative, and us as electors; as in that way we seem to share in these gratifying encomiums.

We are not seeking from you an explanation as to why, when the artisan and agriculturist are making use of these years of plenty to discharge old obligations entered into, and made necessary during the years of scarcity, the government of this dominion is adding to the public debt and yearly expenditure at a rate hitherto denounced by themselves; but in passing, may say we consider it somewhat strange that while during the universally felt hard times we experienced much less distress than the neighboring republic, that now, when times are booming, that country is advancing by leaps and bounds, and our progress is so slow that the government takes comfort in comparing it with that made by us during said years of stagnation, and according to our notion, do not make very much by the comparison, nothwithstanding we have a Sydney and a Klondike and have had the jubilee. A fast Atlantic and cold storage service would have kept us abreast of our American cousins, we think.

We desire to remind you that we have not forgotten the interest taken by you in our fishermen when the government proposed to barter their rights in the Gulf for some interest favorable to fishermen elsewhere, and the warning you gave that favors given to fishermen in the northwest was not a compensation to our fishermen for rights taken from them.

Again, Mr. McInerney, allow us to assure you that we welcome you home; that we are well satisfied with the way in which you have discharged your duties as our representative; that we have good reason to know you stand as well with the party you were sent to work with as does any member of it; and that when the time comes, you will find us willing to help you complete the work you have so creditably and nobly begun.

Mr. McInerney made an eloquent reply, in which he thanked the people of Kent for the hearty reception.

After the cheering had subsided, Helen, daughter of John D. McMinn, presented Mr. McInerney with a beautiful bouquet. The band played another selection, and Mr. McInerney, accompanied by Mrs. McInerney and the warden, were driven to his residence, headed by the band, the crowd following in procession. When this point was reached the band rendered Home Again and the national anthem. Then the crowd gave three rousing cheers and a tiger for Kent's popular member, and the people dispersed.

In the evening a large bonfire was lighted in front of Mr. McInerney's home. He has every reason to feel proud over such a large demonstration, participated in by leading men from all over the county.

A STORY OF WHISTLING AND BEES.

The Trying Experience of Henry Fitch of Mountain End, Mo.

(St. Louis Republic.)

Henry Fitch, a young farmer living at Mountain End, invited death for himself and his two oxen the other day by whistling.

Young Fitch is a whistler of much ability. He has whistled at every farmhouse and every gathering in the neighborhood, and when he is whistling nobody cares to listen to piano, violin, flute, guitar or banjo.

The other day Fitch was ploughing in his field—ploughing and whistling. Two sleek, sleepy oxen were drawing the plough, and neither they nor Fitch paid any attention to anything but the ploughing and the whistling.

Presently a swarm of thousands of honey bees hovered over them. There was no use to run—still less to fight them, and Fitch simply kept on whistling and ploughing, while the bees settled softly upon him and the oxen. Then seemed friendly enough as long as Fitch whistled, and Fitch admits that he was willing to whistle as long as they remained friendly and seemed inclined to listen.

Fitch continued to plough along. His patch led toward his home, where he could see his mother in the yard. He caught the tails of the oxen and held them so the beast might not anger the bees by switching them. For the distance of half a mile he held those two oxtails and whistled.

His mother looked up and saw him. He and his oxen looked like they might be covered with a soft brown fur. Fitch stopped whistling just long enough to shout "bees," and then continued his team without the bees realizing that he had dropped a note.

Mrs. Fitch acted at once. She knows something of bees and realized that unless she got them hived in short order they would probably sting her son to death. For she argued that he could not keep on whistling forever.

So she got a huge tin pan and began beating it vigorously. The bees stirred uneasily at this interruption of their concert, but they did not sting, and after a few moments every one of them rose in the air and started toward the tin pan. Mrs. Fitch led the way to an empty hive which had luckily been prepared for another swarm, and by dint of much beating and coaxing, got all the bees into it.

Fitch stopped whistling, sat down flat on the ground, and mopped his face. The sleek, lazy oxen switched their tails vigorously to make up for lost time.

ST. MARTINS NEWS.

ST. MARTINS, July 18.—The Roman Catholic picnic yesterday, held on the grounds of Father Coughlan, adjoining the site of the Catholic church and Sweeny hall, which were burned in the fire of May 30, was a decided success. The train arrived at 11 a. m., crowded with excursionists, among whom were the Order of Hibernians, also the City Cornet Band of St. John. Dinner and tea were served on the grounds, and it is estimated over five hundred people partook thereof. Games of various kinds were in order and dancing was freely indulged in, the band adding greatly to the interest. Everything passed off pleasantly, all agreeing Father Coughlan to be a grand organizer and entertainer. Success financially also crowned the day, and about four hundred dollars or upwards were added to the church building fund. At 7 p. m. the picnickers boarded the train for the return trip, all feeling well repaid for this visit to the beautiful village of St. Martins.

Invitations are out for a wedding tonight at the residence of Mrs. William Patterson. The contracting parties are Miss Arvilla Patterson and Wilfred Thompson of Parrsboro, N. S.

Summer visitors are plentiful just now in the village.

SHIPWRECKED SAILORS.

E. G. Howard, mate; James Wolfe, steward; William Jackson and Ellory Urquhart of the bark Bessie Markham reached home on Tuesday by the steamer St. Croix. The latter two are boys. Capt. Curwin remained over in Boston. The men had quite an experience. The bark left Philadelphia on Monday, 25th ult., for St. John, with coal. At 7.30 a. m. on the 18th, during a dense fog, she was run into by the five-masted schooner Jennie French Potter of New York. The collision was terrific, and the bark sank in a few minutes after the schooner struck her. The men had barely time to launch a couple of boats, but no time to save any effects. One man was drowned in the struggle for life. His name was Edward Kirby, able seaman, sixty-two years old. As the survivors pulled away, the vessel went down, and they were left in two boats—both of which were leaky—in a heavy fog. Soon the fog lifted. For five hours the men kept the boats afloat, when the schooner C. C. Lane came into sight. Signals were made. The Lane quickly responded, and, in spite of the heavy sea running, they were all safely taken aboard of the Lane and kindly treated. The nine men were landed at Newport and taken charge of by the British consul. The Potter went away and left the wrecked men to their fate after she struck the Markham twice. As she disappeared in the fog, the men read her name on her stern. No fog signals were heard coming from the schooner Potter, while the Markham's fog horn was kept going in a vigorous way. This was Wm. Jackson's first voyage to sea, and it seems that he has had an eventful one. He went from here to Buenos Ayres, and while there Capt. Stewart was taken sick On the passage up Capt. Stewart died and was buried at sea. Following this came the wreck of the vessel by collision and the rescue with very scanty clothing.

THE 12TH AT OLINVILLE.

One of the most enjoyable 12th of July celebrations held for years in the county of Queens was the 150 or more couples that assembled at the pretty home of Joseph Cochrane of Olinville. The party included not only those from the neighboring districts, but also about 25 couples who went up specially from the city to attend the affair. The company on arrival partook of a light dinner, after which they assembled in the large and beautiful dancing hall attached to the house, where the merry party danced all the afternoon to the excellent music of a local orchestra. Six o'clock found the party seated at supper, which consisted of all the delicacies of the season, and served in Mr. Cochran's very best style. After supper the party again assembled in the dancing hall, where the hours of the night passed quickly and pleasantly in dancing and other amusements. During the night Mr. Cochrane again distinguished himself in the way of a midnight supper, which the company did full justice to. The company broke up late Friday morning after a day's pleasure, which will long be remembered as an appropriate celebration of the day itself and the kind, neighborly feeling which prevailed throughout.

NOT UP TO THE STANDARD.

KINGSTON, Ja., July 18.—One-half the militia who volunteered for service in Ashanti have been rejected. The physique of the West Indian militia is badly below the American and English standard for militiamen. There is much wrath over the rejection.

BAREFOOT BLISS.

Ah, could I but bare my feet,
To the grasses, cool and sweet,
Where the purple violets grew,
Nodding in the morning's dew;
Could I but do that today,
As I used to do in May!
Could I tread along the lane,
Pooled in places by the rain;
Stopping oft my toes to view
As the cooling mud oozed thro';
Splashing merry on my way,
As I used to do in May!
Could I wade the creek once more,
Where the willows line the shore,
And the water, purling on,
Kiss'd my bare feet and was gone;
Could I but wade there today
As I used to do in May!

Care nor sorrow I knew then;
Stubb'd toes always healed again;
Earth and sky and air were mine—
Golden years of boyhood's time!
Could I go barefoot today
As I used to do in May!

—From the Ohio State Journal.

A NAUGHTY ANGEL.

I know a naughty girl,
And yet she's an angel, too,
Who sets my head a-whirl
(So wicked is this girl),
With glances that pierce me through,
And yet she's an angel, too.

Her cheek with crimson glows,
As laughing she turns away;
And I really think she knows
(For her cheek with crimson glows)
What I am longing to say,
When laughing she turns away.

Oh, how I wish I could guess
What answer to me she would give,
If now I should dare to confess
(From her manner I never could guess)
That for her and her only I live!
I wonder what answer she'd give?

—Winifred d'Estecourte Sackville-Stoner.
Quebec, Canada.

CANADA'S MEANNESS.

Her Soldier Boys Not Satisfied With Their Treatment.

Trooper Ed. Clarke, who went to South Africa with the Canadian Mounted Rifles, in a letter to his father in Moncton, dated Kroonstaad, May 14, says:

"Dear Father—In your last letter you said that the Canadian government was pledged to make our pay up to 50 cents a day when we go home. Canada is a country to be proud of if you do not care what you say. All the colonial volunteers get $1.25 a day, not when they get home, but here. Canada has got a name for meanness that she will keep for some time. It has hurt her in the estimation of everyone. I feel like calling myself an American, so that I can say what I think of the country, or rather the government, with a good grace. I will never join a Canadian force again. We have lived worse than anyone. Our quartermasters are green and cannot even get what the regulars get. Well, we have had some hard fighting to get here, but no fight here. I do not know how long we will stay here, but they say we have got to wait for supplies. Lord Roberts congratulated us on our coolness under fre. It is rather trying to be under shell fire at first. You can hear the shell coming from the time it leaves the gun, and do not know where it will strike you. I will not be sorry when the thing is over. I had a couple of close calls myself, and it is a wonder we did not lose heavily. I do not know where or when the next fight will be, but most likely at the Vaal river. You know more about it than we do. I have not made up my mind yet as to whether I will go back when the thing is over or stay here for a while. This Free State would be a fine country if it had a little timber in it and more water. The grass is fine. My horse is standing the trip pretty well, but half of the men are riding remounts. At Zand River fight we were nineteen hours in the saddle.

A NEW ORDER.

The following order has been sent to the different collectors of customs:

"OTTAWA, July 3, 1900.

"To the Collector of Customs:

"Canadian steam tugboats and barges proceeding empty or without dutiable goods on board from one port of Canada to another shall report outwards and inwards at the custom house on the forms provided in respect of licensed coasting vessels.

"The collector may accept such reports, if duly signed by the master or agent, without being attested before the collector; and the report for the barges in tow of any such steam tugboat may be included in the report by the master of the tugboat.

"The said tugboats or barges, either empty or with cargo as aforesaid, shall be exempt from report and clearance at the custom house while only plying within the limits of one port and not passing outwards beyond the limits thereof to another port.

"JOHN McDOUGALL,
"Commissioner of Customs."

This order, which takes away privileges enjoyed by tugboats for some years, will affect but few of the St. John tow boats, as only the larger boats do any outside business.

NEW INVENTIONS.

Marion & Marion, New York Life building, Montreal, furnish the Sun the following list of patents recently granted by the American government to Canadian inventors. The Inventor's Help will be sent to any address upon receipt of 10 cents:

653,251—Victor Lahais, Montreal, Can., wainscoting.

653,303—Annie C. B. Macdonald, Toronto, Can., game.

653,410—James H. Cash, Toronto, Can., bicycle seat post.

653,426—Louis A. Nadeau, St. Athanase, Can., wagon pole tip.

653,498—Frank N. Barnett, Toronto, Can., fire escape.

653,523—Frank O'Neil, Wallaceburg, Can., machine for manufacturing glass articles.

A JUDGE ON A TREADMILL.

Justice Day, whose marriage has taken most people by surprise, is 75 years of age, and has been a judge for eighteen years. His chief performances upon the bench have been his presidency of the commission to inquire into the Belfast riots in 1886 and his conduct (with other judges) of the Parnell inquiry three years later. He is the editor of two law books. A good story is told of Justice Day's desire to see how the "mill" of convict life worked. For this purpose he went and inspected the machine, and under the superintendence of the jailer stepped upon it, just to see what it was like. The jailer rose to the humor of the situation and failed to hear the judge's request to be set free. Again his lordship in some alarm cried that he had had enough, but the jailer was not at hand, and the venerable judge was compelled to continue his Sisyphean assent of the "golden stair." Eventually the warder had mercy upon his amateur convict and released the perspiring judge.

The Gold Medal Prize Treatise.

Only 25 Cents.

The Science of Life, or Self-Preservation. 365 pages, with engravings. 25 cents, in paper covers; cloth, full gilt, $1.00; by mail, sealed. A book for every man, young, middle-aged, or old. A million copies sold. Address the Peabody Medical Institute, No. 4 Bulfinch St., Boston, Mass., the oldest and best Institute in America. Prospectus Vade Mecum free. Six cents for postage. Write to-day for these books. They are the keys to health.