

While on the disagreeable subject of killing people, I may mention also that we were informed before leaving Belfast that one of our shells on the morning of the first day's fight at Lilliefontein killed General Fourie and Commandant Prinsloo, the latter a brother of Prinsloo, who surrendered to General Hunter. The Boers reported that on the morning of the first day's fight the two officers were standing together when a shrapnel burst beside them, killing both and wounding Commandant "Winkler" Grobler, one of the numerous family of Groblers. As our guns were with the advance guard and threw all the shrapnel that was fired that morning, the General concluded that they were our victims. While Lieutenant Cockburn was a prisoner the Boers also told him it was a shell from the Canahda guns that killed them, so I suppose it is safe for us to claim the honor.

When we were in Pretoria on our way home the Strathcona Horse had recently been through on their way to join General Knox. Evidently they had painted the town a delicate heliotrope, for it was common to hear the caution that if so-and-so did not do so-and-so "he would be cast into a den of Strathcona Horse."

By the by—and this is positively the last—I heard a good thing from the big cowboy "loot" from Pile-o'-Bones. We shared a stateroom, and while I was shaving in the morning he would lie in his berth on a level with my ear and drawl out the funniest yarns and rowdiest poetry I think I ever heard. It was all new and fresh with the breezy ozone of the wild and woolly west. However, I won't inflict any of it on you. One morning, though, he said: "Had a run-in with a Portugee barber daown Cape Town. I wuz in the chair an' he pom-poms me with the old gag, 'Razor hurt yo', sare?' I wasn't feelin' any too good-natured and I sez: 'Well, if you're skinnin', 'taint so bad. But if you're shavin', it's hell.' An' the little dago went an' got mad about it."