

MARKET SQUARE, BLOEMFONTEIN.

kindest manner. They gave a picnic to the smaller children, and a tea to the mothers. Soon they received invitations everywhere, and not a few kindly presents of butter and eggs, which were very scarce. Thus the bitterness of the war time was gradually forgotten.

The tales of military camp life are of much interest. One tall, handsome fellow from a beautiful English home knelt down to say his prayers the first night in quarters. He was greeted with a shower of boots, brushes, etc. He then got up, challenged his assailants, thrashed two or three and calmly returned to his interrupted devotions. He was as brave in the fight as he was in the camp.

On the King's birthday one of the troopers, a sergeant-major, was accidentally killed. The Dutch people stripped their gardens of their finest flowers for his funeral, and the whole town went into mourning for a week. The service was read by a Dutch pastor who had lost everything in the war. The town was becoming too British for a few ultra Dutch Afrianders.

It was hard to celebrate Christmas with the mercury in the 90's, but the neighbors sent many little presents, and the Christmas dinner and reception were a great success.

Some of the Dutch, however, were irreconcilable. One girl who had been a Boer spy was railing at the

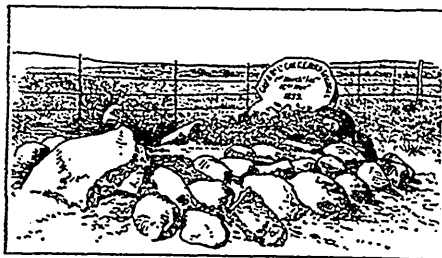
British. "But we are British," said Miss Graham.

"Oh!" she answered, "you may be British, but you are not English. You are Canadian, and we like Canadians—you come from a big free country and you are not stiff."

One day a little man brought a big overgrown boy, and said: "Miss Graham, I bring you my boy Gert. He goot boy, but no school—tree, four year. He fight goot, and work by the farm. Now, you beat him, beat him hard, make him learn." Poor Gert, eighteen years old, and only fit for the Third Reader! But he did his very best.

Easter Day was celebrated by decorating the graves of all the soldiers, English and Dutch alike. This was done all over Africa by the League of Loyal Women, similar to the Canadian Daughters of the Empire.

Miss Graham was next assigned



A SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

The Burial Place of Lieut.-Colonel Keith-Falconer, at the Orange River.

—From a photograph.