

AT CAPE TOWN.

The First Canadian Contingent
Most Enthusiastically
Welcomed.

Agent of the Massey-Harris Co. there
Tells the Story of the Arrival
and the Send-off.

Further Particulars as Given in the Week-
ly Edition of the Cape Argus of
December 6th, 1899.

A letter was received at the St. John office of the Massey-Harris Co. yesterday from their agent at Cape Town, South Africa, dated Cape Town, Dec. 6, 1899, and is as follows: Gentlemen—Your letter of introduction was in due course handed to me by Capt. Jones, who seems to be a thoroughly capable young fellow. It was a great day when the Canadians arrived in Cape Town. We knew in the morning that the Sardinian was in the roadstead, but could not find out when she would come into dock. However, I went down about 3.30 and found out that as soon as the Moor left her berth the Sardinian would take her place. I waited about until 4.30, when the Moor left and the Sardinian was seen to be under way. As she entered the dock all the steamers in port opened fire with their whistles and sirens. Never has such a sound been heard in our waters. As she came alongside the docks the boys on board sang Rule Britannia, God Save the Queen, The Maple Leaf and other national and patriotic songs. The crowd on the wharves joined in. It was impressive indeed, and I felt a lump coming in my throat as I thought how the gallant fellows had come all the way from Canada to fight for my hearth and home.

The ship made fast for the night and in the morning the men marched from the docks, turning up Adderley street, Strand street, and so on to Green Point common, where they were to encamp. The streets were thronged with people, who cheered wildly. I had a fine view from our balcony. With me was Major Cartwright of the Canadian contingent. I cheered until my voice gave out and was as hoarse as a crow with the pip for a couple of days afterwards. It was a sight never to be forgotten. The contingent looked splendidly. It is evident they are a capable and sturdy lot of fellows. I felt much honored in taking an invitation to the officers from the City Club, asking them to avail themselves of the privileges of the club while they were with us. I also placed myself at the service of the men, and during their short stay here did what I could in my small way for them. I met Dr. Osborne, cousin of our vice-president, who wrote to me about him.

The officers of the contingent are fine fellows. I have had addresses of one hundred and fifty men in Canada, to whom I have promised to send a paper weekly. This will be a labor of love.

I looked up Fred Coombs, but he could not leave the regiment. One of the officers, Capt. Layton, was left behind with a few men to form the base camp here. He met with an accident coming out, falling down and dislocating his shoulder. He is a good chap, and was out spending Sunday with us. The poor boy has been lying on the ground in pain, but I sent him down my own camp equipment, bed, wash stand, etc., so he is more comfortable now.

The occasion of the Canadian contingent enlisting was a great spectacle. The streets were thronged. I never heard such cheering here. I saw the men on the platform and saw the last of them off. The governor came down and was introduced to all the officers, or rather they were introduced to him. After that the band played and the boys and crowd joined in singing the British anthem. So they started for the front. God send them back safely.

I have promised to do what I can for the regiment if they will communicate with us. I was awfully amused on the morning after the contingent arrived. I rode down to the docks on my wheel, and when dismounting the men on the Sardinian caught sight of it. "There's a Massey-Harris," they yelled, and cheered like mad.

Well we are all excited here. They won't let me go to the front, as they say I could not march and that I am above the age, so I have been doing what I could in other ways. I gave the Cape Town Highlanders a Maxim gun and submachine gun. The Maxims of the South African Light Horse, a corps we have raised here. My amusement of late has been distributing matches and cigarettes to the "Tommys." So far I have distributed over a hundred gross of cigarettes, and the men seem always so grateful for them.

The job will be a rough one, but we are bound to win. With a few successes on our side I think the Boers will lose heart. They had their innings last week. Business has been and must for a long time continue so. Sincerely yours,
(Signed) R. STUART SOLOMON.

(Cape Argus, Dec. 6.)

AN EMPRE DAY.

The Canadian contingent received orders to fall in about noon, the commanding officer having previously intimated his readiness to depart. Notwithstanding the early start, which was commenced about 12.30, the remounts of Green and Brown and some of the men were not unprepared, and from many of the residences an abundance of burning was flying. As the men approached the road also the news went round like a flash, and soon the route to town was lined by an enthusiastic crowd. Farewells were waved from the balconies, which did not pass unnoticed by the men nor by the officers. Headed by a bugle band and marching to the strain of the "pibroch," which did not seem to be the least common to the Canadians' ears, the contingent passed through the two

lines of enthusiastic spectators and took the route of arranged. The regiment was in two divisions, between which came the two Maxim guns, accompanied by their squad, and these immediately attracted attention, the physique of the gunners and their soldierly appearance being much admired. The second detachment was headed by the Cape Garrison Artillery band, the whole line extending from the Hospital road down into Waterkant street. On entering the town the crowd increased, as did the enthusiasm, and all along the route shops, stores, and workshops were forsaken by men and women anxious to take part in the farewell. The march continued along Bree street and down Waterkant street, but it was not until Adderley street was reached, where a large crowd had already gathered, that the height of the enthusiasm was reached. After the many disappointments of the week, the long anticipation was granted at last. Most of the large houses had been gaily decorated with bunting, and every balcony was draped. Every point of vantage was immediately taken up by large crowds, and the throng in the streets, on seeing the mounted police round the corner, immediately lined up. The patriotic cheering was kept up till the whole contingent had passed down and entered the railway yard.

The Canadians certainly look a serviceable lot of men, and for average height, perhaps, excel any yet landed here. They are almost all men dressed in khaki, and are armed with the Lee-Enfield and short bayonet. Their equipment is most complete, although it was noticeable that they did not wear the khaki puttees so general to those engaged in the campaign. To many flattering comment on the efficiency of the regiment could be made than to point out that it was only yesterday morning that the men disembarked, and the military authorities have already despatched them to the front.

SCENE AT THE STATION.

A posse of police were stationed at the entrance to the Goods station, and as the last of the troops passed through the gates the guardians of the law closed up behind them and stayed the rush of the demonstrators for a few moments. How long they could have kept back the crowd is doubtful. After a few moments the sere order was given to let the public through, and a wild rush followed, the wonder being that no accident occurred. Every available column of vantage was occupied, and those more favored crowded the precincts of the goods yard. The troops were drawn up in double file, the roll being called, and while awaiting the orders to entrain the band of the Cape Garrison Artillery played some brisk selection of music. The rays of the afternoon sun beat pitilessly down on the goods yard, but nobody minded the discomfort. The occasion was a rare one, and the public would have gone through ten times the amount of waiting and inconvenience in order to give their fellow colonists a good send-off. At about 2 p. m. the troops were ordered to entrain, the order being carried out in a marvellously short space of time. The men crowded into the carriages drawn up on either side of the yard and proceeded to make themselves as comfortable as circumstances would permit. Aerated waters and fruit were forthcoming, and the weather more than justified the onslaught made upon both sides, from and delivered to the troops, were hurried into the van, and J. D. Cartwright was busily engaged in storing cases of chocolate. One of the Canadians discovered that he had left a purse containing twenty-five dollars and a friendly crowd hastened to render what assistance they could. A police sergeant was forthcoming, and took down the details and the name of the troop—his address for obvious reasons was left rather an open question. It is to be hoped that the lost money will be forthcoming at once.

At about ten minutes past two o'clock a burst of cheering heralded the approach of his excellency the governor, who drove up alongside the train, accompanied by Mrs. Halliday Williams. His excellency chatted for a few minutes with Col. Otter, the officer commanding the Canadians, and subsequently the officers of the contingent were presented, the striking scene being witnessed with intense interest by the crowd and the troops. The mayor (T. Bell) and several members of the town council were also present, and shook hands with his excellency.

A demonstration of extraordinary enthusiasm followed. Cheers upon cheers were raised for his excellency, the Canadians, and the Australians, and a mighty chorus of voices, which drowned the band at once roared out the grand old national anthem of our race. A number of the Canadians followed with The Maple Leaf, the patriotic anthem of southern Canada. The shriek of the engine's whistle then sounded above the cheers of the crowd, and the long train steamed slowly away amid another frenzied outburst of enthusiasm. The band started the familiar melody—the loved and well remembered music of so many partings—Auld Lang Syne. Instantly the crowd took up the strain, and never was "Auld Lang Syne" so given and kin of Greater Britain, as was a very memorable one. Out of every window craned the heads of the troops, and amid deafening huzzas the last of the carriages swept out of the station.

His excellency the governor then entered his carriage, and as he drove away again received an ovation from the crowd.

STARTLING CONFESSIONS.

Show that 25 per cent. of men and women suffer the tortures of itching piles. Investigation proves that Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment has never failed to cure itching piles, and all of its sufferings at once by using this treatment. Everybody can be cured in the same way.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. Sec. E. W. Grove's signature on each box.

THE RAILWAY JOURNEY.

After starting out of Cape Town station amid the wildly enthusiastic plaudits of the gathered thousands,

CAMP DE AAR.

The Royal Canadian Regiment
Arrived There

After a Railroad Ride of Forty Hours
from Cape Town.

First Experience of a Genuine South African Sand Hurricane—Scenes and Incidents at Cape Town—General Notes.

In preceding columns will be found the story of the arrival of Canada's first contingent at Cape Town, as told by Mr. Solomon, the representative there of the Massey-Harris Co. and by the Cape Argus of Dec. 6th. The following clippings from exchanges give further particulars of the reception in Cape Town and describe in some degree the doings in the camp at De Aar:

(Staff Cor. Montreal Star.)

AT CAPE TOWN.

Wednesday afternoon and evening I spent in the city. I learned that the local military corps and the city authorities had made arrangements to give the Canadian contingent a reception on Friday last, the day on which the Australian troops arrived. The demonstration and welcome was to have been to the troops from the two distant colonies of Canada, Australia, and Great Britain. The troops were coming to Cape Town, the colonies a rousing reception. This, however, was missed by four days. I soon found that there was a great deal of curiosity among the people of Cape Town about our Canadian volunteers. The ship was no sooner berthed than the entire docks for a mile about the ship were crowded with an eager, curious multitude. Again and again the Canadians were cheered to the echo. "There has been more talk about you Canadians since you arrived here than there has been over any other regiment since the war began. It is a grand thing to see our sister colony, Canada, coming to the assistance of the mother land. You Canadians have done more in sending these troops to the front for the solidification of the Empire than you know." This is what was told me by the mayor of Cape Town in the short conversation I had with him.

The street was literally black with people, and the Canadian boys were cheered to the echo. Bunting decorated the store fronts, and windows, balconies and every point of vantage were crowded with the English of Cape Town. Between the enthusiastic cries of "Well done, Canada," and the "Colonies forever," were heard on every hand. It is easy to imagine the effect such a warm welcome and splendid reception had upon both officers and men. There was not a Canadian who saw our boys and did not feel that they were tremendously increased their apparent stature, who was not proud of the contingent and his country. They marched well, and for the most part, though the heat was intense, they kept step remarkably well.

That night the Canadians fairly owned the city. They invaded all the hotels, and rather surprised the natives by the way in which they bought things. The men had money, and even hit the market for prices did not deter them from getting the best the city afforded. The officers of the regiment were invited and accepted the invitation to mess with the officers of the Cape Town Garrison Artillery, who were camped at the depot. The depot was closed upon the same grounds. The depot camp is composed of a small detachment from each corps sent to the front in charge of an officer. They are left to look after the stores of their corps at the depot. Cape Town Garrison Artillery is a local corps raised to take the place of the British regular garrison of the forts and military depots. They man the forts and form the military guard of the city.

THE MAGNIFICENT RECEPTION seemed to get spirit and pride into the troops. They knew they were being sized up both by the people of Cape Town, the regular British troops waiting to go to the front, and the officers of the headquarters staff. And they did well, wonderfully well. Their appearance was magnificent, their bearing good and their marching excellent, despite the awful heat.

During its short stay in Cape Town the officers and men of the regiment were treated with the utmost consideration. A prominent wholesale merchant, who had married a lady from Paris, Ontario, was particularly kind to the men. He came out to the camp at Green Point and presented the different companies with canvas water coolers, an excellent requisite on a long railway journey in this country. He also offered to change any Canadian money for Cape currency for any of the officers and men and in a short time little ways evidenced their desire to make the stay in the regiment in Cape Town a pleasant one.

Another citizen of Cape Town who won for himself the gratitude of the Canadians by his kindness, was A. Solomon, the representative. In Cape Town, there were dozens more whom I knew about, but whose names I could not get. The officers of the Cape Garrison Artillery, a local corps organized to man the forts and military posts at Cape Town before the arrival of the Canadian contingent, entertained the officers of the Canadian regiment to dinner on Thursday evening and threw open their mess for their use at all times. The officers of the various detachments of the corps which have gone to the front did the same.

THE RAILWAY JOURNEY.

After starting out of Cape Town station amid the wildly enthusiastic plaudits of the gathered thousands,

the second trainload of Canadian soldiers, upon which I was, made its first stop at a place called Wellington, where there was a stop long enough to enable the troops to dismount and get their dinner. Pots of boiling water were ready, and the men quickly made tea and coffee. Barrels of hard tack were rolled out of the transport cars and each company was drawn up alongside the railway station and given something to eat. They were then quickly entrained again and the train moved on.

The first train, containing the first half battalion, had gone through this performance and had just entrained when we entered the station. As our men left the cars, the first train drew out and proceeded on its way. From this station on, the country was little more than a wilderness of stone and shrubby vegetation. The landscape was a series of rolling hills, and the air was filled with the smell of the sea. The train was a narrow gauge road, and the carriages were of a very primitive type. The journey was a long and tedious one, and the men were very tired when they reached De Aar. The train was a narrow gauge road, and the carriages were of a very primitive type. The journey was a long and tedious one, and the men were very tired when they reached De Aar.

That may all be true, but it did not seem to me that all the fresh water in the world would be sufficient to quench the awful thirst of this sun-baked country. And yet there is a strange fascination about this wilderness of red sandstone and scrubby vegetation. The train was a narrow gauge road, and the carriages were of a very primitive type. The journey was a long and tedious one, and the men were very tired when they reached De Aar.

(Special Cor. Toronto Empire.)

AT CAMP DE AAR.

AT CAMP DE AAR, Dec. 4.—After a forty-hour ride, the boys of the Royal Canadian Regiment arrived here about 3 o'clock on Sunday morning. The first half battalion got to the junction fully an hour and a half before the left half, since the two parts of the regiment were conveyed on different trains. I left on a mail train at 9 o'clock on Friday evening, and in passing on a half of the regiment about three-quarters of the way between here and Cape Town. The boys on the train did not think that we were coming to the front, and as a consequence there was a great reception when our train halted up to them and went forward before they knew where they "were at."

The first half of the battalion left their train almost an hour before the second half arrived here, and had got to the sandy camp grounds at 10 o'clock. The scene was quite new to the men, but they took all the flying sand with good grace, and marched as veterans to the ground that had been allotted to them.

On the right of our men were the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, and on the left the Buffs, and on all the surrounding hills were stationed small camps of the Royal Engineers. The work of the Royal Engineers has been remarkable at this junction, for within a few short days practically they have succeeded in the task of building up a line of defensible positions, and in a few places fortifications, which are by no means to be ignored by Boers or others.

The Toronto company marched in, as did all the others, with a firm determination to make the best of a bad case, and it is greatly to their credit. I am able to say that they acted like old war veterans in the face of a new and strange land. This place, De Aar, is a model town, in so far as men wish to criticize it. In a deep valley the camps for the troops are situated, and on all sides, forming an almost perfect circle, are the almost inaccessible mountains. To one end of this African plain our men were at once directed, and when they had arrived here they stood at their stations till they had word from the colonel to stand at ease. They stood at ease, and when the second half arrived, to minutes they began to lie down on one by one till fully three-quarters of the regiment was lying down in the sand, beside the stacked rifles, tired, weary, and perhaps homesick, but yet there was no murmur from the men. It seemed as little like Sunday as this weather does like Christmas, yet there was an almost reverent air over the camp, which spoke more than words could.

I have never seen a more peaceful Sabbath morning in my life, and the first few hours which the Royal Canadian Regiment spent on the barren plains yesterday.

After a broken sleep, which the men had had on the train, there was no more joyful sound to their ears than the "Come to railroads!" Worn and tired, the orderlies brought the scanty food to the men of their messes, and it goes without saying that the soldiers relished the water and biscuits as they would a valuable Christmas present in Canada.

Could Canadians see the camp where

IMPAIRED HEARING AND DEAFNESS.

A large proportion of all cases of impaired hearing and deafness are due to disease of the middle ear and eustachian tubes, caused either by acute inflammation or Chronic Catarrh. Nearly all these cases can be cured, or the progress of the disease arrested, by inflation of the ears through the nose and eustachian tubes, with medicated air.

A very safe and efficient means of accomplishing this and can be had by the use of Catarrhose, which is a positive cure for Catarrh in the most chronic form.

It is a sure death to the microbe life which maintains the inflamed condition, and also through the healing and soothing properties restores the diseased organs to a healthy, normal condition.

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You simply breathe the medicated air, it does the rest.

For a complete outfit, complete, price \$1.00, at all druggists or direct by mail. Send rec. in stamps for trial outfit to N. C. Polson & Co., Manufacturing Chemists, Box 625, Kingston, Ontario.

The men are now they would be able to appreciate the fact that a square meal here means only a bite to eat and a bit to drink.

Shortly after the morning meal (?) there was a more serious thing to be encountered, and that was the blowing of a Canadian snowstorm in the shape of a veritable sand hurricane. From the town, which boasts of 600 inhabitants, the camp, half a mile away, could not be seen. The wind simply took the trodden gold flakes and blew them as a Canadian tornado would shake up dry snow in Ontario. That is it, and nothing more. All day long, the sun was down, this whirlwind kept up in an appalling way. People at home have no idea of what an African sandstorm is, but if they will be good enough to imagine themselves in a Northwest blizzard, and substitute sand for snow, they will be a slight conception of what we experienced. Men who have lived in this hamlet for twenty-five years have seen nothing like it during their stay in this country. A parade had taken place early in the morning, and the colonel had ordered a drill at 5.30 p. m., but since the sand was still blowing it to suffocate the men the parade had to be called off.

REAL SANDWICHES.

All meals were taken as they could be scooped out, which was with about three inches of sand on top of the food. The tents were all closed down as firmly as possible, but even then the canvas houses were full of Africa's favorite present, and sand by the pound could be scooped from every bit of clothing in all the tents on the "veldt," as it is called here.

I walked over to the camp in the blinding storm of this afternoon, and had to lie down to practically overcome suffocation. All who could get there were close-fitting goggles, but sand blew boisterously into the mouths of the men, and it was impossible to do any kind of work in camp.

The boys fully expected to go to the front today, but no order has come, and they consequently anticipate tomorrow (Tuesday). It has been whispered around camp today that the Canadian contingent is to proceed to garrison Kimberley (160 miles away), and that they will not be in the big fight, which is expected on Wednesday, and though the boys have to see any chances, they are more than pleased to even hear that they are to be right up with the best of them.

I am hurrying at present to get this letter posted before 9 o'clock tonight, for at that time all persons in the village have to be in bed, since the place is under martial law. All who enter De Aar receive a permit from the commandant of the camp, Major Mackenzie, and even then they cannot leave the place without permission.

I ran across Lord Basil Blackstock, son of Lord Dufferin, ex-governor general of Canada. He had come this far with a view to proceeding to the front to see the fun, but was unable to get past here.

Word has just come that we leave tomorrow as far as we can go tomorrow, but these rumors are floating around so much that there is no dependence to be put in them.

All our special duty officers took quarters at Cape Town and the only ones who had received orders when we left the south were:

Captain Todd—To join his regiment at Durban. He missed the transport of his first half battalion, and had to leave six hours later on a mail ship.

Major Cartwright—To be staff officer at Orange River, just north of here.

Surgeon-Captain Osborne (Hamilton)—To do duty at Richmond, south of here.

Major Drummond—To join Lord Methuen's staff, north of here, whose command we are to proceed to.

Very hard and ghastly fighting has taken place around here, and it is the wish of all the Canadians that they may get into it as soon as possible. We are ready to go at sunrise.

P. S.—All well.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

See the

Signature of

Dr. H. H. H. H.

is my

signature.

Kenneth B. C. Frith, formerly of this city, has been appointed postmaster in his adopted home, Greenwood, B. C.

AT CAMP DE AAR.

Interesting Letter from Private Schofield of St. John.

The Boys Spent Money in a Way That Amazed the People of Cape Town.

The following letter was received by Mrs. Weldon Fenwick from her son, Pte. Allen Schofield, of the Canadian contingent:

CAMP DE AAR, Dec. 4, 1899.

Dear Mother—It is with pleasure that I am able to write a few lines home. We arrived at Cape Town last Wednesday, about noon, but did not land till the next day. We got a good reception. There were about three hundred negro laborers on the dock beside the white people. We had great fun throwing loose change among them and watching them scramble for the money. We were let out on track for about one hour before we went to our hammocks; it seemed like home. Next morning we went to camp about half mile out of town. Cape Town is a very pretty place, and some of the buildings are really magnificent specimens of architecture, but they are all built of stone. We have no buildings at St. John that can touch them.

We left Cape Town Friday afternoon by train for our country. We had a great send off, and got lots of things as keepsakes. All along the line large sheets of cotton were strung up with the words God Bless Old Canada. The people gave us tobacco and fruit of all kinds.

About one thousand men are sent up country every day, besides the crowd that goes by Durban. It's a great country, and so far I have not seen a wooden house. On the plains we saw thousands of cattle and sheep, and once we came to a place where they had ostriches. There must have been a thousand of these birds in one flock and five hundred in another.

We came to Camp De Aar Sunday morning. Here there are over three thousand men. This is a place the British took from the Boers a few weeks ago. The Boers had fifteen hundred men and the British four hundred, but the British were too many for the Boers' men. About half a mile from here the dead Boers are buried in trenches. Our camp is on a sandy plain, and over it the wind blows a perfect hurricane. You can't see two feet ahead of you. It is not very warm, and the evenings are really cold. I am feeling fine though, especially as I have just had some coffee and hard tack after two hours' drill in the sand back of the camp. Train loads of wounded men pass us every day.

I almost forgot to tell you of the feast of strawberries, cucumbers and lettuce that we did not do a thing to at Cape Town.

With best regards to all,

Your loving son,

ALLEN.

ALL HAD MONEY.

(Cor. Montreal Herald.)

The Canadians were a marvel to the Cape Town people. Every man had been paid his money for a couple of days before arrival, so that every man had gold and plenty of it. Not only had these men received gold in pay, but they had plenty of money of their own, some of the privates having letters of credit for amounts amounting to \$25 to \$40. Some of the men, on leaving Quebec, deposited their money with Col. Otter for safety, so that he had some \$20,000 in his possession belonging to the men. The wild and reckless manner in which these men spent their money made the Cape Town people fancy that Canada was a gold mine. At the Grand hotel, the most expensive hotel in Cape Town, some seventy-five privates dined on Wednesday evening, when champagne was served. The other guests looked with wonder and amazement at private soldiers dining at such an expensive hotel and drinking champagne like water. They wondered what kind of men they were, and conjectured all sorts of things, but the wealth of these men, whose private could live like millionaires.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY SUN

—AND—

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