

## TWO CONTINGENTS.

Under date of March 26, Lance Corporal A. R. Globe writes from Bloemfontein to Charles Marshall, of Queen street, this city:

stomach, we had a pretty good meal.

On the march, where things are warier, is the time that tries a man. One fellow was sick and couldn't eat his hard tack, and he sold his biscuits for a shilling a piece. I don't know what he got to eat. I got half a pound of bread for supper

gets too hot, their comrades advise them to go out and settle it. I will quote one case which gave all round satisfaction. A brute of a fellow in D Company fired a bomb epithet to young Ritchie (son of the late supreme court judge of Ottawa) thinking Ritchie was juvenile enough to

included to pay them \$200 per year—\$200 for policemen and \$300 for Scott Act inspectors.

George Stothart, T. M. Gaynor and E. Barry were appointed assessors; W. M. Salter, auditor, and Philip McIntyre, collector of non resident workmen's taxes.

so sleepy they couldn't talk back."  
[Washington Star.]

"Don' do much lustin' around," said Uncle Eben, "undeh the impression dat you is called on by Providence to do duty as de foot-killer. If you does' you is pretty sho' to fin' yo' self 'bliged sooner or later to sit down and wonder is suicide a sin."  
—[Washington Star.]

when you are seated, with one hand in the hand of the returned brother and the other hand in the hand of the rejoicing father, let your heart beat time to the clapping of the cymbal and the mellow voice of the flute. It is meet that we should make merry and be glad, for this, thy brother, was dead and is alive again; he was lost and is found.

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It is said if all the money in the world were divided equally among the people, each person would get about thirty dollars.

[illegible]

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