

Canadian Officers

Complete List of Those Who Are Now Serving in South Africa

Along With the First Contingent Mounted Rifles and Strathcona's Horse.

The following is a complete list of officers serving with the Canadian contingents in South Africa, and is extracted from the army list for the month of April:

FIRST CONTINGENT.

2nd (Special Service) Battalion Royal Canadian Regiment of Infantry.

Lieutenant-Col. Commanding—Lieut. Col. W. D. Otter, Canadian staff; A. D. C. to H. E. the Governor-General.

Majors (2) (2nd in command)—L. Buchanan (lieutenant-col. R. Can. Regt. of Inf.); O. C. Pelletier (lieutenant-col. Canadian staff).

J. G. MacDougall (major R. Can. Regt. of Inf., regt.-adj.).

Captains (8)—W. A. Weeks (major Charlottetown Engineers); D. Stuart (major 26th Middlesex Light Infantry); S. W. Rogers (major 43rd Ottawa Rifles); J. E. Peltier (major 65th Mount Royal Rifles); H. B. Stairs (captain 60th Princess Louise Fusiliers); R. K. Barker (captain Q. Rifles); C. K. Fraser (captain 53rd Sherbrooke Batt.).

Lieutenants (24)—H. A. Panet (captain R. Can. Art.); H. A. Bursall (captain R. Can. Art.); J. H. C. Ogilvie (captain R. Can. Art.); adjutant; W. T. Lawless (captain 60th Foot Guards); E. G. Jones (captain 3rd Regt. Can. Art.); A. E. Hodgins (captain Nelson Rifle Co.); J. M. Ross (captain 22nd Oxford Rifles); J. C. Mason (captain 10th Royal Grenadiers); C. J. Armstrong (lieutenant 5th R. Scots of Canada); A. E. Swift (lieutenant 8th R. Rifles); B. E. Willis (lieutenant 65th Princess Louise Fusiliers); W. R. Marshall (lieutenant 13th Batt.); J. H. Kaye (lieutenant R. Can. Regt. of Inf.); L. Ledue (lieutenant R. Can. Regt. of Inf.); C. S. Wilkie (lieutenant 10th R. Grenadiers); R. H. B. (lieutenant reserve of officers); S. P. Laybourn (lieutenant R. Can. Regt. of Inf.); A. Laurie (lieutenant 1st Princess of Wales Fusiliers); E. A. Pelletier (lieutenant 53rd Megantic Light Inf.); R. G. Stewart (lieutenant 43rd Ottawa Rifles); C. A. R. (lieutenant 65th Princess Louise Fusiliers); F. D. Lafferty (lieutenant R. Can. Art.); J. C. Oland (2nd lieutenant 63rd Halifax Rifles); R. H. M. Temple (2nd lieutenant 48th Highlanders).

Machine Gun Section—A. C. Bell (captain Scots Guards).

Regimental Adjutant (1)—J. C. MacDougall (major R. Can. Regt. of Inf.).

Battalion Adjutants (2)—A. H. Macdonald (captain R. Can. Regt. of Inf.); lieutenant; J. H. C. Ogilvie (captain R. Can. Art.); lieutenant.

Quartermaster—S. J. A. Denison (major R. Can. Regt. of Inf.); A. D. C. to F. M. Lord Roberts; V. C.

Medical Officers (2)—O. W. Wilson (surgeon-major 3rd Field Battery); E. F. Flett (surgeon-major 50th Temiscouata and Rimouski Batt.).

Attached for Staff Duty—L. G. Drummond (major Scots Guards), military secretary to H. E. the Governor-General.

Attached for Special Duties—R. Cartwright (major R. Can. Regt. of Inf.); A. A. G. at headquarters (Ottawa), deputy assistant adjutant-general mounted infantry division.

Medical Officer for General Service—A. B. Osborne (captain Can. A. Med. Staff).

Nurses—Miss G. Pope, Miss S. Forbes, Miss M. Affleck, Miss E. Russell.

Historical Recorder—F. J. Dixon (captain reserve of officers).

Captains—Rev. J. Almon, Rev. T. F. Fullerton (hon. chaplain 4th Regt. Can. Art.), Rev. F. M. O'Leary.

CANADIAN MOUNTED RIFLES.

First Battalion.

Commanding officer—F. L. Lessard (lieutenant-col. R. Can. Dns.).

Major (2nd in command)—T. D. B. Evans (lieutenant-col. R. Can. Dns.).

Commanding squadrons—Y. A. Williams (captain R. Can. Dns.), W. Forester (captain R. Can. Dns.).

Captains—H. S. Greenwood (lieutenant-col. 2nd Dns.); C. St. A. Pearce (captain R. Can. Dns.).

Lieutenants—A. H. King (major 1st Hrs.); H. L. Borden (major K. C. Hrs.); R. E. W. Turner (captain Q. O. C. Hrs.); Z. M. Van Loven (captain 4th Hrs.); C. G. Cockburn (captain G. B. Gds.); C. T. Van Strubbe (lieutenant R. Can. Dns.); J. H. Elmsley (lieutenant R. Can. Dns.); F. V. Young (2nd lieutenant Manitoba Dns.).

Adjutant—M. N. Nelles (captain R. Can. Dns.).

Quartermaster—J. A. Wynne (captain 2nd Regt. C. A.).

Medical officer—H. R. Duff (surgeon-major 4th Hussars).

Transport officer—C. F. Harrison (captain 8th Hrs.).

Veterinary officer—W. B. Hall (veterinary major R. Can. Dns.).

2nd Battalion.

Commanding officer—L. W. Herchmer (commissioner N. W. M. P.).

Major (2nd in command)—S. B. Steele (superintendent N. W. M. P.).

Commanding squadrons—J. Howe (superintendent N. W. M. P.), G. E. Sanders (superintendent N. W. M. P.).

Captains—A. E. R. Outbiter (inspector N. W. M. P.), A. C. Macdonald (inspector N. W. M. P.).

Lieutenants—T. W. Chalmers (lieutenant res. of officers); J. D. Moodie (inspector N. W. M. P.); J. V. Begin (inspector N. W. M. P.); J. A. Davidson (inspector N. W. M. P.); T. A. Wroughton (inspector N. W. M. P.); W. M. Inglis (late Royal Barks. Regt.); F. L. Cosby (inspector N. W. M. P.).

Machine gun section—A. L. Howard (lieutenant mount. inf.).

Adjutant—M. Baker (inspector N. W. M. P.).

Quartermaster—S. B. Allan (inspector N. W. M. P.).

Medical officer—J. A. Devine (surgeon-lieutenant 90th Batt.).

Transport officer—R. W. Eustace.

Veterinary officer—R. Riddell.

R.C.A. BRIGADE DIVISION.

C, D and E Field Batteries.

Lieut.-Colonel Commanding—Drury, C. W. (Lieut.-Col. R. Can. Art.), A.D.C. to H. E. Gov-General.

Majors (3)—Hudson, J. A. G. (Major R. Can. Art.); Hudson, W. G. (Major 2nd Field Battery, C. A.); Ogilvie, G. H. (Major R. Can. Art.).

Captains (3)—Costigan, R. (Major 3rd Field Battery, C. A.); Panet, H. A. (Bt. Capt. R. Can. Art.); Eaton, D. T. V. (Bt. Capt. R. Can. Art.); Thacker, H. C. (Bt. Capt. R. Can. Art.), Adjutant.

Lieutenants (9)—Irving, L. E. W. (Capt. Res. of Officers); Good, W. C. (Capt. 10th Field Battery, C. A.); King, W. B. (Capt. 7th Field Battery, C. A.); Van Tuyl, T. W. (Capt. 6th Field Battery, C. A.); McCrea, J. (Lieut. 16th Field Battery, C. A.); Ogilvie, A. T. (Lieut. R. Can. Art.); Harrison, E. W. B. (Lieut. 2nd Field Battery, C. A.); Leslie, J. N. S. (Lieut. R. Can. Art.); Murray, W. P. (Lieut. R. Can. Art.).

Adjutants (1)—Thacker, H. C. (Bt. Capt. R. Can. Art.).

Medical Officer (1)—Worthington, A. N. (Surgeon-Major 63rd Batt.).

Veterinary Officer (1)—Massie, J. (Vet. Major R. Can. Art.).

Attached for duty—Mackie, H. J. (Capt. 42nd Batt.).

Medical Staff for General Services—Vaux, F. L. (Lieut. C. A. M. S.).

Nurses—Hume, Miss D.; Horne, Miss M.; Macdonald, Miss M.; Richardson, Miss J. P.

Chaplains—Lane, Rev. W. G.; Cox, Rev. W. J.; Smetter, Rev. J. C.

LORD STRATHCONA'S CORPS.

Lieut.-Col. With temporary rank of Lieut.-Col. in Army—Steel, S. B. (Supt. Canadian N.W. Mounted Police).

Majors (with temporary rank of Major in Army)—Laurie, Lieut. R. C. (Canadian Militia, reserve of officers); Belcher, R. C. (Canadian N.W. Mounted Police); Jarvis, A. M. (Insp. Canadian N.W. Mounted Police); Snyder, A. E. (Insp. Canadian N.W. Mounted Police).

Captain (with temporary rank of Captain in Army)—Howards, D. M. (Canadian N.W. Mounted Police).

Lieutenants (with temporary rank of Lieut. in Army)—Cameron, Major W. G. (Canadian Militia); Courtney, Captain R. M. (Canadian Militia); Macdonald, Captain J. J. (Canadian Militia); Mackie, Captain E. J. (Canadian Militia); Pooley, Lieut. T. E. (Canadian Militia); Magee, Lieut. R. H. B. (Canadian Militia, reserve of officers); Fall, 2nd Lieut. P. Canadian Militia; Cartwright, F. L. (Insp. Canadian N.W. Mounted Police); Christie, A. E. (Insp. Canadian N.W. Mounted Police); Leckie, J. E. (Stranger, A. W. late Canadian Militia); Ketchum, Lieut. D. D. (an army and militia); Royal Infantry Fusiliers; White-Fraser, M. H. (Insp. Canadian N.W. Mounted Police); Harper, F. (Insp. Canadian N.W. Mounted Police); Kirkpatrick, G. H. (Laidlaw, G. E.); Tobin, H. S.; Benyon, Capt. J. A. (Canadian Militia).

Lieutenants (with temporary rank of Lieut. in Army)—Cotton, Lieut. M. P. (Canadian Militia).

Quartermaster (with temporary rank of Lieut. in Army)—Parker, W. (Canadian N.W. Mounted Police).

Medical Officer (with temporary rank of Vet. Lieut.)—Stenson, G. T. (Insp. Transport Officer (with temporary rank of Lieut. in Army)—Snider, 2nd Lieut. I. R. (Canadian Militia).

In addition to the above list of officers the following are also employed in South Africa.

Lieut.-Col. S. Hughes, 45th Batt., as Chief Intelligence Officer to Brigadier-General H. H. Settle, C.B.S.O., R. E. Inspector-General, Lines of Communication.

Veterinary Lieutenant J. P. Spanton, Duke of York's Royal Canadian Hussars, who is doing duty as a veterinary officer (with temporary rank of 1st Lieut. in Army) with Imperial Yeomanry.

MURDER CONFESSIONS.

Stockholm, May 17.—The police have tracked to Eskilstuna (577 miles west of this city) and arrested there the supposed author of the Prinz Carl tragedy.

He tried to fire a revolver at the officers, and when arrested gave the name of Philip Nordlund. On being questioned about the murders prisoner replied that it was a matter for the police themselves to unravel.

On being further questioned, Nordlund confessed his crime and said he had stolen eight hundred kronen from the captain.

The wounded say they were playing cards in the smoking room, when somebody put his head in the room and exclaimed "Look out; there's a massacre on board." At the moment shots were heard. All sprang to their feet in order to leave the cabin, but they found the door fastened on the outside. While they were trying to force the door a shot was fired through the window and hit one of them named Karlsson, who fell to the floor. The other three, Schneider, Knutsson and Lindquist, burst the door.

Lindquist, who was the first to step through, received a bullet in the head. Disregarding the wound he ran after the assassin to the steering-room. The fugitive shouted down the speaking tube: "Full steam ahead." The engineers were already at full speed, and the engine replied: "Is that the captain?" Receiving the answer, "Certainly," drove her to the dock, the engineer put the engine at full speed astern. The assassin then ran down to the engine room and threatened to shoot the engineer if he did not obey him. The engineer barricaded himself in the room. At that moment the Koping came along and the murderer fled in a boat.

A DENIAL.

(Associated Press.)

San Francisco, May 18.—The reports published in certain newspapers that there have been five deaths recently in San Francisco from bubonic plague are denied here. There have been a few deaths from suspicious causes in China town, but it has not yet been conclusively shown that there was even a case of plague here.

Protecting The Town

"Bobs" as Benificent Victor His Fascinating Entry Into Bloemfontein.

Looking Prevented by British Commander-in-Chief-Hoising the Union Jack.

Bloemfontein, March 13.—The drums of the Scots Guards—that is to say, the drums and fife of the Scots Guards—are playing pleasant music in the big market-square of Bloemfontein after dinner, and a crowd of Bloemfontein people, English and Dutch, men and women, girls and boys, soldiers and children, are listening. The cool, velvety evening air is caressing to the senses, the found moon hangs in the clear, cool turquoise, the moonlight silvers the corrugated iron roofs of the houses, and we are lying in easy chairs on the verandah of the club house, placidly drinking in the delight of music and peace. The most delicious atmosphere in the world, the softest and most perfect moonlit sky, the most exquisite music, it seems. It is all so perfect and peaceful and beautiful, that it is hard to believe it real. It feels like some enchanted island of content.

Bloemfontein—the city of the blossoming spring—it is well named; but if there were something to indicate peaceful content and the soft influences of moonlight, it would be better. And it was only this afternoon that we took Bloemfontein.

Already it seems a year. In twenty-four hours we have passed into another period of our lives—another century, another era of history. Three days ago we were in the midst of the fury and tumult of war, with the guns of fiercely fought Driefontein filling all our senses.

As soon as the fight was finished long and hard marches brought us along nearer and nearer every mile to the greater and fiercer final battle, of which Bloemfontein was the stake. On Sunday we marched by the side of hills filled with Boers to Asvoeg Kop. On Monday morning we were off at dawn, still under the shadow and the range.

Of the Hills Fronting Bloemfontein.

This morning, at dawn, we were marching along the road, the mountains towards the open country south of the town, and as we marched we wondered why from the security of those hills the Boers had not yet attacked us. But though they had not attacked us from the hills, we had yet to attack them in the plain. The Boers were waiting. We should beat them sure enough, but we should have a hard fight of it, the hardest and biggest fight of all.

And then suddenly! It was like blowing on a soap-bubble. In an instant the fight and the prospects of fighting and the atmosphere of war were suddenly disappeared, and all at once we found ourselves passing through cheering crowds in the peaceful streets of the pleasant capital of the people we were fighting.

I cannot quite realize it yet. My boots are still sticky with riding in them and sleeping in them. But there—listen! The fife have ceased for the moment, and the drummers have taken up with their voices the plaintive minor melody of a plantation song. And the people, who have been listening with silent, almost choking, delight, are applauding. It is true enough: this is Bloemfontein and Peace, if I have ever seen it.

I left Venter's Vlei some fifteen or sixteen miles this morning, steering for Beaufort's Kop, where General French had cut the railway last night, five or six miles south of the capital. But I had steered a trifle too far south, and struck the railway at the next station, where I learned from some Lancasters that Lord Roberts was half an hour ahead of me, and heard a rumor that he had gone in to Bloemfontein.

Which was Surrendering without a fight. I galloped after him across a stretch of smooth veldt and up a gentle rise and round the shoulder of a hill, and there below, at the foot of a long smooth dip, was a wide plain with white houses clustering among the trees. Bloemfontein. Down in the plain a column of horsemen were moving towards the houses—slowly and in column, not quickly and in line.

It was true then. We were going in to Bloemfontein. I managed to catch up the column, which had halted where a wagon with an awning, a Cape cart and several bicycles, were drawn up. There was another gentleman in a tall hat in the wagon. I knew by the cut of it that he was a municipal authority. There was another gentleman in a full-stomached frock-coat. I recognized the wide-world-over municipal cut at that. They were the city fathers come out to surrender their town. I wondered why they were so complaisant and smiling. I looked at the head of the column of cavalry, just to make sure the proceeding was what I thought, and saw that Lord Roberts was there. I wondered at the time why he looked so grave and thoughtful. The cheerfulness of the city fathers I could not understand, for with the surrender of their city passed away the danger of its bombardment and ruin. But why was not the little hard-fighting general on the big horse elated too?

Why That Look of Responsibility?

The procession moved on, first past a few straggling shanties—poor shanties, but each with its bit of green garden patch—then past groups of little wooden houses, each with its narrow verandah and crinkled iron roof, then past continuous rows of houses, gradually enlarging as in a reversed perspective. And these began to have trees around, and in front of them, and the trellework of their verandahs to grow more elaborately decorative. And women and girls—English-looking ladies in sailor hats and belts and blouses—were leaning over the verandah railings, and a woman with

two young children beside her and a baby in her arms came out into the street for a better view.

And Lord Roberts, looking at everything with that earnest attentive look of his, was always the same expression of grave responsibility. After a little time we came to a school-house, with an open playground in front of it, and in the playground were some women and children, and near them a heap of household furniture, a bedstead and bedding, a table and a chair or two, which an excited crowd of niggers were carrying away.

Lord Roberts saw, and, holding up his hand, halted the procession. A word to an aide, who rode inside the school grounds and inquired, and the chief's suspicions were confirmed. The scene meant loot; the crowd of natives were hastening to avenge themselves in their oncoming tyrants. The chief gave an order, and it was a great sight to see distinguished members of his staff

Chasing Flying Niggers

It was a great sight to see the Duke of Westminster and Lord Stanley maintaining the rights of property of a conquered foe, each leaning over in his saddle to catch a pilfering nigger by the scuff of the neck. I began to understand Lord Roberts's face meant. Was it that he was thinking of his responsibility towards the pleasant city and the pretty houses and the people who had come under his protection? I thought so.

I confess that in trying to record the events of this morning I can recall nothing but a series of pictures of Lord Roberts. I could not see Bloemfontein for Bobs. He fills the whole picture for me, no matter what his surroundings may be. I had seen him during the critical period of the battle of Driefontein alert, but cool and careful and collected when most other people were anxious and excited.

Now he wore a much graver look. We passed, strange to say, through cheering crowds. The cheering only seemed to deepen his sense of responsibility. We passed through the principal streets, through the great market-place, past the period of our principal public buildings, the Parliament House and the government offices, and every now and then the procession would be halted, and Bobs.

Disregarding the People Who

cheered and the people who pressed curiously forward to look at him, would give an order that such and such troops were to be placed in this quarter and such others in that. As he goes to have the whole of the town occupied by troops, then? I asked one of his staff. "Not to occupy," he said, "but to protect the town."

He is a great general, is Lord Roberts, as all the world knows, when there is fighting to be done. But I am not sure that he is not an even greater statesman. I cannot imagine a more perfectly dignified victor, and it was no wonder that, seeing his grave, good, grey face, the people cheered him and felt glad he had come. He rode into the town, the very best figured head of responsibility, benevolent, beneficent British rule.

When he disappeared within the grounds of the Presidency the crowd gave him a parting cheer and waited for something to happen. It happened very soon. Something fluttered up a flag-pole from the angle of the garden, and the Union Jack opened out. Then we cheered again and again and sang "God Save the Queen," the people with us.

I waited a little while, and then inquired what Lord Roberts was doing further. "He is at work," I was told. I wondered what the work was. An hour or so later I found that a police force had been organized, that the postoffice and other public offices had been taken over, that the town was patrolled, that disorder was prevented, that the sale of liquor was under control, that property was safe, that the shops were opening, that the people were going about as if nothing unusual had happened.

And where had all the Union Jacks come from? They were fluttering by the score, the largest of them all over the premises of the German hotel-keeper who had been more anti-British than any Boer.

And what had become of the Boers and their government?

The Boer fighters had fled, Steyn had fled, the Orange Free State had collapsed.

And now outside there in the market-square the Scots Guards' drums are finishing their concert with "God Save the Queen." And the people, I can see them in the day-bright moonlight, though looking regretful at the end of the unaccommodated delight of music, are with bare heads joining in—Charles E. Hands in the London Daily Mail.

ST. LOUIS STRIKE.

Mob Stone a Car and Passengers Use Their Revolvers.

(Associated Press.)

St. Louis, May 18.—At a mass meeting of street car employees last night a resolution was adopted calling on all unions and sympathizers to quit work after next Saturday in support of the street car men's strike and unionism, and a circular was addressed to the public giving a history of the strike. A meeting of the labor unions will be held to-night to pass on the question of a general strike.

At a late hour, as a car was passing Grand avenue and Kossuth street, it was stoned by a mob. The citizens on the car opened fire with revolvers. It could not be learned if any bullets had taken effect.

F. W. Holder, Premier and Treasurer of South Australia, has sent the following cable to Mr. John Alexander Cockburn, agent-general for South Australia in London: "For twenty years we have struggled to federate Australia; at last we have succeeded in obtaining prospects of approval. Now a dissident minority has proved superior to our efforts on a matter important in principle, but still vaster in sentiment, with the result that all sorts of questions are reopened, and the federation of Australia is endangered or postponed. The Imperial government follows men who are not the leaders of opinion in Australia."

Boers Caught in a Trap

How Kruger's Grandson and Part of His Commando Were Captured at Mafeking.

Burgers Will Make Final Stand at Lydenburg—Official Preparing for Flight.

London, May 18.—The country still waits with almost breathless interest for news of the relief of Mafeking. A crowd, remarkable for the number of men in evening dress and including many ladies, lingered around the war office even after midnight, hoping for some announcements. Only reluctantly did the people disperse when the lobbies of the war office were cleared with the word that nothing had been received.

One thing seems clear—the town still holds out. Were it otherwise the Boer wires laid to the camps of the beleaguered would have flashed the news.

Skeleton messages from Lord Roberts, based upon information that leaked out of the war office, show that the Boer stormers on Saturday fell into a trap. Colonel Baden-Powell permitted them to

Seize One Fort

and then surrounded and overtook them before the large forces near at hand perceived the strategic move. It was thus that Sarel Eloff, President Kruger's grandson, and part of his commando were taken and 50 Boers killed.

The Canadian artillery contingent is reported to have reached Bulawayo on May 2nd. The distance from Bulawayo to Mafeking is 400 miles. As the railway is open all the way to Pitsani, 28 miles from Mafeking, where Col. Plummer is, the Canadians may yet take part in the relief.

Gen. French scouting northward found the Boers in strong force at Rhenoster Spruit, 30 miles from Kroonstad.

President Steyn, according to one dispatch has gone to Pretoria. Another says he is a fugitive at Lindler. The Free Staters are surrendering on all sides.

A Capetown dispatch says that proclamations are being printed there, to be published on the Queen's Birthday, May 24th.

Annexing the Free State.

One of President Steyn's brothers, who is a prisoner of Gen. Brabant, says the Free Staters will accept annexation.

Lord Roberts has directed the British commanders to receive such a message as a good omen and to issue to them passes to go to their farms.

It is unofficially asserted that Lord Kitchener is in command of the Mafeking relief column and that news of the relief of this town cannot be received until Monday.

Gen. Hunter's movement in the western Transvaal are rather puzzling. He has returned to Fourteen Streams with one brigade, leaving another, Gen. Barrois, at Christiansburg.

Lord Methuen is said to be advancing along the south bank of the Vaal. Col. Kekewich is with him. The loop rail way line across the Vaal is fast nearing completion. The probability is that Gen. Hunter is to have a brigade to Fourteen Streams owing to the scarcity of transport.

Gen. Rundle has captured ten thousand bags of corn. He is marching slowly through a district which is described as literally "alive with cattle, sheep and horses."

Michael Davitt, according to a dispatch from Lorenzo Marques, is said to have advised the Boers while he was in Pretoria if they could hold out until the presidential election in the United States they might feel "pretty sure of intervention."

At Johannesburg the women are forming a police corps, so as to release every man.

For Fighting Purposes

There seems no longer any doubt of the intention of the Transvaal to transfer the seat of government to the Lydenburg district and to endeavor to make a final stand there. The raid is reported to have endorsed the proposal. The Times also says that a number of Transvaal officials are preparing for flight and that State Secretary Reitz has selected South America as his future home.

Buller is pushing straight ahead with the Boer occupation, asserts that there are several hundred Englishmen serving in the Boer forces who would desert if assured of pardon from the British.

Durban reports the receipt of a telegram from Lorenzo Marques saying that a Boer plot to blow up the British cruiser Fort was discovered and that in consequence the warship steamed out seven miles nightly.

Steyn saw the fight at Zand River. The impression got there was that his burghers could not face Lord Roberts in a pitched battle, and this resulted, according to advices from Lorenzo Marques, in his decision to evacuate the Kroonstad works without a battle.

THE PEACE DELEGATES.

Mr. Wessells Says the Boers Intend to Keep on Fighting.

New York, May 17.—The Boer delegates were this afternoon received at the city hall by Mayor Van Wyck, and in accordance with the resolution passed by the municipal assembly, officially welcomed to the city. The mayor said, "I am delighted to welcome you to the city of New York, and assure you that in America you will receive a cordial welcome from the liberty-loving people of this country."

Delegate Fischer said: "This is to us an occasion of pleasure and pride. We are not so conceited as to take to ourselves the honor shown us, but we wish to show that we don't represent an unworthy people. We believe that no people can understand what it is to struggle for freedom, except a people which has gained its freedom by such a struggle. This reception is an honor which we will remember. The small liberty-loving people will think the better of