

live service, but had doubts about the civilians who were doomed to military appointments. Dr. Borden explained and explained without making the matter much clearer. Sir Charles Tupper helped him out a little by justifying the introduction of the rank of full colonel for men retiring from service. He supposed that it might assist the minister in retiring elderly officers if he were able to offer them higher rank on their retirement. This would be a compliment proper to pay to a faithful and distinguished officer, and might to some extent reconcile him to the loss of his command, which it was deemed desirable to replace him by a younger man. But Sir Charles was not very clear as to the purpose to be served by the civilian colonels.

Mr. Fraser of Guysboro dropped in a little late, without having heard Dr. Borden's explanation of the purpose of his bill. Not knowing that the chief aim proposed was to make colonels out of civilians, Mr. Fraser jumped with his 300 pounds of avoirdupois on tin-pot titles. He explained that he once went to California, finding himself a captain in Maine, and passing up through various steps to the rank of colonel on the Pacific coast. Mr. Fraser did not say how much he aided and abetted this fraud, but pointed out its disadvantages. All the way home again he passed through stages of degradation, until he reached the Canadian border with a rank of captain. He described in wild burlesque the attitude of the unmilitary colonels who tumbled over his sword and who claimed military precedence in the drawing room, while they occupied the rear in time of action.

Sir Charles reminded Mr. Fraser that he was reflecting severely on his own leader, Col. Laurier, who had received that honor from the Laurier government, and had earned it by his strategic work and fine military capacity in the control of some what inferior force. Mr. Fraser, of course, retorted by suggesting that Sir Charles himself deserved a title on those grounds, but the opposition leader pointed out that the government at least had not so recognized his military skill.

Mr. Osler of Toronto came to the relief of the member for Guysboro, who was in danger of a charge from the light brigade of civilian colonels in front of him. Mr. Osler quite agreed with Mr. Fraser, holding that the government might as well make an archbishop of Mr. Charlton as a colonel of Mr. Dobell. He saw no earthly reason why men who are not soldiers should claim the title of a soldier, and protested that in these times of military interest it was unseemly and undignified to be giving to public men as a reward for political service, the titles that belonged to men in the military service.

A little more cross-questioning obtained from Dr. Borden a list of the Lieutenant colonels already appointed to honorary rank. Dr. Borden was not quite clear that he had the power to make these appointments, but in this stage it was gathered that the bill was intended as much to give effect to this irregular action as to make new colonels possible. The great industry of colonel-making seems to have come in with this time of military interest. The only honorary colonel manufactured by the late government was Col. Gibson, who was then Sir Oliver Mowat's colleague in the Ontario government. This appointment may or may not have been regular, but the man appointed was no partisan claims. He had been for many years the head of the Dominion Rifle Association, and was well known all over Canada as a leader in all militia movements. The present government developed the enterprise of making colonels of the statesmen who had been in the militia. It is, therefore, deserving of the higher credit. While it is an easy task to make a colonel out of a man like Mr. Gibson, Sir Louis Davies, Mr. Dobell, and the premier himself are much less likely material.

While the late government only succeeded in making one honorary colonel, the Laurier ministry has made about thirty in four years. There is the Marquis of Lorne, Lord Dufferin, Lord Aberdeen and Lord Minto among our viceroys. General Wolsey has been promoted to a Canadian colonelcy and the rank has been swelled by the addition of the three Canadian statesmen mentioned above.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier explained that the Voltaire had asked him to be their honorary colonel, and he had reluctantly consented, in fact the honor was forced upon him like the Cobden medal and the knighthood which the Queen made him take on pain of her everlasting displeasure. Then he gently suggested that the opposition had accused him at one time of military intentions and therefore could not object to his assumption of a military title. Dr. Montague remarked that Col. Laurier did not really shoulder a musket on the Saskatchewan. He only promised to do so, which was probably the reason why he refrained from doing it. The doctor seriously stated his opinion that the less of these civilian colonels in this country the better, and he refused to accept from the premier the plea that the Prince of Wales and the Emperor of Germany were both honorary colonels of several regiments. The doctor refused to indemnify the government for the colonels it has made, but does not think that the Emperor of Germany requires to be duplicated in this country.

There was a good deal of fun over Col. Dobell. Mr. Davin suggesting in view of his services in connection with the bottle-necked ships that were never built he should be dubbed a commodore, Mr. Bennett suggested the title of "chief cook and bottle-washer," and Mr. Haggart became so confused that he inadvertently addressed Col. Dobell across the house as "my bottled-necked friend." Mr. Charlton offers the objection that at the present rate of progress there would soon be no material left for private soldiers.

Once more Dr. Borden put in his plea for the non-combatant colonels. The officers of the regiment were willing for these appointments. They wished to recognize the service of men

who contributed in various ways, chiefly financially, to the battalion, he promised that he would not make many colonels out of the non-fighting class. It was suggested that while the government was about it, it should not confine itself to the appointment of colonels from outside the service, but should make a few colonels out of lawyers, chief justices out of doctors, and doctors of medicine out of professional politicians.

This was Mr. McNeill's suggestion, and was followed by a proposition that Col. Davies should exchange into the navy and take the rank of admiral. Some unkind member suggested that in this case he would be a rear-admiral. Mr. Davin defended this proposition as it stood. It was of course rank humbug to call a man a colonel who was not a colonel, and to give the distinction of a soldier to a man who never served and never intended to serve as a soldier. The fact that it was a humbug made it suitable for this government, which never produced anything else but humbug administration and humbug legislation. It was a question of precedence of their policy, and could not be taken out of the programme without spoiling it.

Then came a question about precedence. Would the proposed colonels of lieutenant colonels in active service? Mr. Borden did not know. He was quite sure that in the field the active man would have the precedence, but he was not sure about the drawing room. Some cynical member suggested that the stablaken colonels would not raise a question of precedence in the field in time of war, but would be quite content to march in the rear. Incidentally, Dr. Borden attributed his idea to General Hutton. This was in reply to a question of Mr. Coghne, who had advanced the above cynical notion.

Mr. Osler again protested that this was a serious time in military affairs, and that we ought not now to go fooling around making officers who were not soldiers. "We don't want to start where the United States has left off," he said, with an incidental observation that he expected to hear of the promotion of Cap. Sullivan. Cap. Sullivan, it may be remarked, is one of the distinguished gentlemen associated with the ballot frauds, who have had occasion to visit the United States. His title is honorary.

The premier again struggled with the German precedent, contending that if Kaiser Wilhelm could be ever so many colonels, he and Sir Louis and Mr. Dobell might be as well. Sir Charles calmly objected that there was some distinction between a military country like Germany and a democracy like ours. He observed that Dr. Borden evidently had not understood his own bill which did not carry out the purpose for which he seemed to have designed it. It was further suggested that the minister had better withdraw the measure, give up the craft of manufacturing political colonels and close down the factories. It was pointed out that when our gallant officers returned from Africa they would be obliged to give precedence to some political colonel who had never drilled a company and could not understand a military order.

After some remarks by Colonel Domville, the purport of which was not distinctly perceptible to those who heard them, but who seemed to be saying that "we have burst like a flower to the front," Col. Davies, all ignorant of what had transpired, stroled in and was received with a military salute, followed by cheers which he failed to understand. Dr. Montague suggested that Col. Davies had some military qualities, but that he was perhaps too much excited under fire and lacked the necessary steadiness.

About this time Mr. Belcourt and some other legal supporters of the government raised the question that the opposition criticism was entirely out of place, seeing that the bill had not a word in it about civilian colonels. They were reminded that the opposition were not discussing the bill, but the minister's explanation of it, which made all the difference in the world. The measure, however, was allowed to pass its second reading at the urgent request of Colonel Laurier, supported by Col. Davies and Col. Dobell. As it was six o'clock, Col. Bain left the chair, Honorary Colonel Smith, sergeant-at-arms, having intimated that it was time for parade. The whole awkward squad of colonels went off to mess, Dr. Montague remarking to them as they defiled around the kopie, surmounted by the speaker's chair, that he would move the hoist on the third reading.

It is said that a meeting of the colonels in the government is called to amend the bill providing for conferring the Canadian Victoria Cross on the chief of the West Huron and Brockville ballot-stuffing brigade, who served with so much distinction and success in the recent field operations at West Huron and Brockville. Col. Comstock and Col. Holmes took no part in yesterday's discussion.

The dress parade of civilian colonels suggests the story of the New England humorist, who was at Windsor, Nova Scotia, at the time of the Prince of Wales's visit thirty years ago.

"Let me pass Mr. Soldier," said the man of fun to a personage at a gateway.

"I want you to understand that I am no soldier. I am an officer," said the aide.

"Then please let me pass, Mr. Officer," said the soldier.

S. D. S.

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## SECOND CONTINGENT.

### B. Squadron Has Its First Brush With the Enemy.

#### The Prominent Part That the Canadians Took in the Great Forward Movement on Pretoria.

#### In the Very Front of Lord Roberts's Main Column—Houses of Traitorous Farmers in the Late Orange Free State Burned to the Ground.

(From H. S. White, the Sun's Special Correspondent with the Canadian Mounted Rifles in South Africa.)

BLOEMFONTEIN, April 27.—The second Canadian contingent is now very much scattered, and it is quite impossible for one man to tell you much about the doings of the various detachments. This condition is, of course, only temporary. In a short time—as far, at least, as the Mounted Rifles are concerned—these scattered detachments will be united. As I told you in my last letter, both battalions of the Mounted Rifles, as well as Strathcona's Horse, are to form part of a new mounted force, to be known as "The First Mounted Infantry Division." This division, which will be some 10,000 strong when it is completed, will be under the command of Gen. Ian Hamilton. It will consist of two brigades, one of which will be composed exclusively of colonial troops. All the Canadian mounted men will be in this brigade. With them will be the mounted troops from Australia, New Zealand and other colonies. Cavalry officers will be pleased to hear that the officer in command of this brigade will be General Hutton, who so recently commanded the Canadian militia at home.

At the present moment the scattered detachments are situated as follows: Of the Canadian Mounted Rifles, "A" squadron is in camp at Fischer's Farm, about six miles from here; "B" squadron, under Major Williams, is on the firing line; "C" and "D" squadrons are on the march towards this place, and Strathcona's Horse are also on the march. "A" and "B" squadrons left De Aar in four detachments on different days during last week. They were detained at Norval's Pont, the river at the time of their arrival, being too deep to allow of the passage of trains over the temporary bridge.

From there they started to march to Bloemfontein—a distance of about 120 miles. The first detachment composed of two troops of "A" squadron, under Capt. Cutbush, is expected to arrive here at any moment now. The other three detachments are each about a day's march behind the other, and, therefore, it will be some time next week before the whole force will reach here. When they arrive it is expected that they will join "A" and "B" squadrons, and that the four squadrons will then join General Hutton's brigade.

"C" AND "D" SQUADRONS have now been in the field exactly seven weeks. During that time they have done a great deal of very hard work. Counting the march from Norval's Pont to Bloemfontein, they have marched over 600 miles, exposed to all kinds of weather, mostly without tents, often short of provisions for the men, and forage for the horses. A few men have been left behind sick, mostly with dysentery or enteric fever, and a good many horses have been killed, but on the whole it is doubtful if there is a force anywhere in South Africa who would have stood the hardships and fatigue so well. Then men and horses who reach Bloemfontein sound fit and good health. It will be about a week before the march is over. Last week they were sent to the Waterworks to help to drive the Boers strongly in the neighborhood. Joining in the advance of Pole-Carew's army from that point towards Devetsoort, one day when they were in advance, scouting, they approached a large farm house over which flew conspicuously a white flag. Old campaigners here are not caught any longer by this favorite little ruse of the gentlemanly Boer; but our boys were fresh at the game, and they naturally supposed that the rules would be observed by their opponents, so they approached the house without taking any precaution against treachery. At four or five hundred yards the Boers fired a volley, and then a wonderful piece of good fortune no men were hit, both Major Williams and Lieutenant Straubenziezler had their horses shot under them. They had, of course, to retire at once, and I hear that Lieutenant Straubenziezler

lost everything that was on the horse, which, of course, included a considerable portion of his kit, which is always carried in saddle-bags during work of this kind. The many friends at home of these two popular officers will be glad to hear that the following day when the column came up to the house, they fired it down to the ground, and made a clean sweep of everything in sight. It was some little satisfaction to be able to pay out the treacherous brutes even to this small extent, and if they go ultimately to the place to which I heard them very emphatically condemned by a great many of our men, the time will come when the brutes

themselves will suffer much the same fate as the house that they occupied—only considerably more so.

Much to their chagrin the two batteries of Canadian artillery that were with us on the Kenhardt march, are ordered on to the lines of communication. I left them a few days ago, still encamped at De Aar, and there was no immediate prospect of a forward move. To Colonel Drury, who remains with the batteries in command, this stagnation at De Aar is particularly galling. He was camped on the same spot six months ago, and his cooks are today baking in a clay oven which the colonel had made for him when so long ago he first camped at De Aar. All the officers and men of "D" and "E" batteries envy the Mounted Rifles their good fortune in getting at the very thick of it. They would like to be on the firing line, too, but they recognize the fact that some one must guard the lines of communication, and they accept with resignation their share of this monotonous work, hoping that it will not last too long; and that it will soon be their turn to go forward to the foremost fighting line.

The lines of communication, as I have said, must, of course, be guarded by somebody; but it is the duty that every branch of the service has to perform. The Canadian Mounted Rifles think of how many thousands of men must be condemned to it when the line of communication extends, as it does, all the way from Cape Town to Kimberley on one line, and from Port Elizabeth to Bloemfontein on another. It is a great part of these lines run through our own country, but it is one of the significant facts connected with this campaign that, in spite of that, every mile of the lines has to be guarded as carefully as if they were wholly in the enemy's country. Imagine the work of guarding every bridge, every culvert and every siding of the Canadian Pacific railway all the way from Montreal to Winnipeg, and you will have some idea of the work that is entailed, and the number of men that are necessary to ensure the safety of the lines of communication in this campaign. On every line of railway, from the sea coast to the front, at every bridge and every siding there is a little group of tents that shelter a detachment of troops. In some places there will be as many as twenty or thirty such tents in others fewer, and in some isolated spots by the side of a little bit of a bridge, perhaps, only one solitary tent. Pathetically significant of the isolation and solitude of the poor fellows who are condemned to this duty is the fact that most of the men have adopted the habit of holding up, within sight of the passengers on the passing trains, a sack upon which is printed in as large letters as possible the appeal, "Papers, Please."

Those passengers who happen to be looking out of the window appreciate its situation generally, and the result is a shower of old newspapers, and an odd magazine occasionally, which doubtless help very much to beguile the many weary hours of waiting and watching to which these solitary little pickets are condemned.

OF OUR ARRIVAL HERE for the first time we met some of our comrades of the First Contingent. A number of them are still in camp here, though, as you have doubtless heard from other quarters, most of them are away with their brigade in the neighborhood of Leeuwkop, where they have once been engaged, with the unfortunate result of having their colonel wounded, besides losing one man killed and two wounded. Colonel Otter was brought into town today, and we were all glad to learn that his wound is not dangerous. But what a marvellous escape he had. It is the old story, that you hear on every side among the men who have been under fire in this campaign—how one man gets a bullet through his helmet without his head being touched, another gets one through his sleeve, others are struck on the buckle of a belt, and so on. It is a word, in a dozen different ways you hear of the marvellous escapes that men have on the battlefield. The case of Colonel Otter is, perhaps, as remarkable in the way of a "close call" as any that has occurred in this campaign. He was struck almost simultaneously by two bullets, one passing through the flesh on the side of his neck, just missing the jugular vein by a small fraction of an inch, the other striking his shoulder strap, and tearing it off his shoulder. His wound is not at all dangerous, and he expects to be well and on duty again inside of two weeks. Meanwhile, he has put away that shoulder strap, and doubtless, to the end of his life it will be one of his most precious mementoes.

I have been in Bloemfontein only a couple of days. I will reserve for my next letter my impressions regarding the place, the people, and the general conditions that now exist in this little South African town, upon which is centred, more than on any other place in the world, at the present moment, the attention and interest of the whole British race.

H. S. WHITE.

BLOEMFONTEIN, May 1.—The eventful period has at last begun. Lord Roberts's army is on its way to Pretoria! For seven long weeks he has been getting ready, maturing his plans, supplying in supplies and preparing the way. At length all is ready, and the curtain has risen on the last act in the drama of this war. It was a fitting way of celebrating May day.

Long before the break of day there was much bustle and activity in the camps that surround this city. Every man, before six o'clock, the rhythmic tramp of thousands of the best drilled foot-soldiers on the face of the earth was heard approaching the little sleeping city. It was the Guards' Brigade, coming at the head of the Eleventh Division. Silently, excepting for that regular tramp, tramp, tramp, with bayonets fixed and every rifle sloped at exactly the same angle, they came down the street towards the Market square in the heart of the little town. On the sidewalk, at the southwest corner, stood Lord Roberts and his staff. As the column approached a drum and fife band struck up. The British Grenadiers, and that famous regiment, in column of half companies, went steadily past their revered field marshal. First the Grenadiers, then the Scots Fusiliers, then the Coldstreams, company after company of them, steadily, evenly, with

mechanical precision of formation and movement, and yet with a swing and spring in the step of each man that spoke of boundless energy and physical fitness; on they came, company after company, for fully half an hour, saluting their field marshal, as one after the other they went past him. In their weather-stained khaki, officers, with rifles on their shoulders, indistinguishable from the men, not one patch of bright color from one end of the long column to the other, they looked different indeed from the gorgeously apparelled Guards' regiments that we are accustomed to in the metropolises of the Empire. Except for their splendid physique, their decision of formation and movement, one would hardly believe that they were the gay Guardsmen whom we are so accustomed to associate with all that is bright and brilliant in the way of scarlet uniforms, gold braids and epaulettes. But there they were, the same sturdy, stolid men, with the same perfection of drill, the same elasticity of step; only now they had put off their gay holiday attire, and had put on their working clothes—the sombre modern uniform of the British service—the gray khaki color, in which is dyed everything human and mechanical from the field-marshal himself down to the Kaffir transport driver, and from the greatest big game hunter down to the one-horse water cart. But just begrimed, weather-stained, unornamental as they were, it stirred the blood in the veins of any Britisher to see this matchless body of warriors file past their leader on the way to battle.

After the Guards came more infantry in long files of artillery, grim-looking if pounds, then mounted infantry and cavalry, then the transport, and finally the ambulance. For over an hour a long column filed past, and one could easily imagine the man who is responsible for the outcome of this campaign saying to himself: "With such men I can go anywhere."

#### THE CANADIANS BUSY.

Meanwhile, our own soldier-boys were not idle. They were taking part in the great forward movement that has at last begun. A, B and C Squadrons of the Mounted Rifles were all at Fischer's Farm, and with the attack of dawn, they, too, were ordered to march northwards along the road to Pretoria. B Squadron had returned only the day before from the firing line of the east side, but they were ready with the rest to join in the advance. All three squadrons march today to Kameke Sliding, a distance of about 20 miles along the railway line. They are right in the front of the advance, and their work will be the all-important work of scouting. D Squadron, under command of Captain Macdonald, unfortunately, did not arrive in time to go forward with their comrades. They were still on the road from Norval's Pont, and only got in here this morning, some hours after the other squadrons had marched up. They went immediately to the camping ground at Fischer's Farm, where the other squadrons had so recently vacated. This is the squadron that went right through to Kenhardt. Including the march from Norval's Pont to this place they have now done about 700 miles of almost continuous marching. Most of the horses are tired, some are completely worn out, but the men are ready to follow their comrades without a rest!

With a few remounts, which will be obtained here today, the squadron will be ready to go forward tomorrow, and they are expected that they will do so. The other squadron will probably continue the march right on to Brandfort, and then probably the squadron will catch them, and then, for the first time the whole of our Mounted Rifles will be in the front of the advance of the main column of Lord Roberts's army, and which will follow the line of railway in what, without doubt, will be its victorious march to Pretoria. Wherever the enemy may be they will always be among the first to make contact with him; and there is no longer any doubt that they will have plenty of opportunities of distinguishing themselves, and of adding lustre to the glory that has already been established for Canadian arms by the prowess of this contingent. The only source of discontent among the men of C and D Squadrons, during their little expedition with the Carnarvon field force, was the entire absence of an enemy—or, at least, of an enemy who would fight. It is certain that in their present undertaking they will have all the enemy they want, and quite enough fighting to make things decidedly interesting. They are now quite happy!

#### B SQUADRON'S "BAPTISM."

B Squadron, under command of Major Williams, retired only yesterday from their first little brush with the enemy. In my last letter I gave some particulars of this affair. From what those who were present say, it is wonderful that no men were hit. It appears that about 20 men of the squadron, with Major Williams and Lieutenant Straubenziezler, were in advance of the others. They were about 700 yards from the house when they were fired upon. Directly the treacherous brutes under their white flag began firing, our men were ordered to dismount. It was while in the act of dismounting that Lieutenant Straubenziezler's horse was hit in the shoulder, and instantly killed. Lieutenant Young's troop returned the fire and covered the retreat. When the squadron returned to the spot later they found that Lieutenant Straubenziezler's horse had been stripped of everything on it. As I have already reported, the horse was burned to the ground, and I now learn that one of the men who had occupied it was taken prisoner. He was brought to Bloemfontein, and he is to be tried by court martial today. Lieutenant Straubenziezler will give evidence against him. I don't think there will be any tears shed by our men if he is condemned to be shot.

The British generals, it appears, are getting tired of this treacherous kind of work on the part of the Boers, and they are taking what measures of reprisals they can, by burning down the houses that have sheltered known traitors. As a consequence there is a

great deal of charcoal just now throughout the southeastern portion of what was so recently the Orange Free State. Some of the fighting farmers of this state won't find it so easy in future, when things get a little too hot for them, to sneak back to their farms and continue the conflict under the protection of a white flag. In place of their houses they are liable to find a little heap of charcoal, and that, I fear, will not afford sufficient cover for their purposes.

H. S. WHITE.

#### FROM THE FRONT.

#### Pte. Howard of Second Contingent Writes from De Aar to a St. John Friend.

William Irvine of this city has received the following letter of Pte. Howard, late of B Battery 3rd Royal Canadian Artillery, and now with the second Canadian contingent:

DE AAR, April 27, 1900.

My Dear Billy—Just received your letter today, and was more than delighted to hear from you. Just seemed like a breeze from the Bay of Fundy, you know. Since writing my last letter to you I have had quite a number of various experiences—good, bad and indifferent. The good I shall place first, as they are few and far between. Under that heading you might put the time he had in Cape Town. It was rather pleasant while it lasted, and it lasted a little too long for most of the boys. Next will come the bad. You should have seen us near Carnarvon or Van Wyck's Vlei, plodding through the mud and water up to our knees, generally averaging 15 miles a day. We had a royal reception at Carnarvon, the entire population (about 150), principally Dutch and Kaffers, turning out to greet us, and treating to jam, sandwiches and tea. Van Wyck's Vlei reception was quite as effusive; reason why, no person there. The town had been quietly vacated by the residents, the rebels having been there a few days previous and looted the town. The four days we stayed there it rained slightly, showers the like of which were never seen in Canada. Our company was stationed in a dwelling adjoining the school house. It was not up to much, however, as the floors consisted of mud, and the walls also. Some of us got tired of that and camped in an old grist mill. We found lots of four there, which we of course did not think of using. The griddle cakes were all right though. We only got about five miles beyond Van Wyck's Vlei when we came to a river which we couldn't get across. So there we stayed; and that is where the indifferent part comes in. The water was deliciously wet and muddy, and we had to share it with the natives and horses. For our breakfast we were issued with our hardtack and cup of coffee, sometimes with, more often without sugar. Then for dinner we usually had mutton. That was all right, what there was of it. We generally got a couple of mouthfuls of a bone, then look at the bone for half an hour and wish for more. But supper was the meal, the one we always looked forward to. Then we were issued with five table spoonfuls of flour, and generously allowed to make whatever we wished with it. First day I made a paste of it, the sort we used to make when kids, to stick our kites with. It made a fairly passable blanc mange when cooled. So you see what you have missed by not doing unto others as they do unto you. Occasionally we managed to buy a loaf of bread, for which we paid 2s. (48c.) Then on our way back to the railroad, during our short stop at Van Wyck's Vlei, some nice spring chickens came running around our legs, and they never went back. Just below Van Wyck's Vlei we buried one of our boys out of D Battery. Bradley's name was. He was watering his horse when somehow it got into a hole, and in scurrying about pitched him off. He was rescued by one of the Australians, but he must have been kicked while in the water, as he did not recover complete consciousness. He died the same evening. At Carnarvon I met a young daniel, who was rather dark but not too shady. I won her good graces by telling her fortune. Talk about fun. We have been here a couple of weeks and do not know how much longer, but you can bet we are tired of playing soldier. We did not hear of poor Fred Withers' death till Sam, Fred's brother, who is with us, received word from St. John. Sam and I have both sworn an oath to revenge his death on some of the Boers.

There are now fifteen grandsons of the Duchess of Abercorn serving with the British forces in South Africa.



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