

England's War Plans.

[London letter to the N. Y. Sun.]

LONDON, Oct. 31.—New that war in South Africa has become an actual fact, it is necessary to take cognizance in a general preliminary survey of its chief military features. The battle at Glencoe and the advance of the Boers into northern Natal have given a fairly adequate idea of the character of the campaign which will be carried on in that quarter. The real fighting, the real war, according to the British plans, will be carried on, not on the east but on the south and west of the two republics. It is now quite clear that the British main force will go north from Cape Town, Port Elizabeth and East London, converging probably at some point near the southern boundary of the Orange Free State. Thence it will invade the Free State either in a single column, or a second division will follow the line of the railway on the west and turn east toward Pretoria, perhaps at about the point where Jameson and his misguided band crossed the border. I shall deal in this letter with the key to the British plan of operations. This is admittedly the Orange River Bridge, a spot about 500 miles northeast of Cape Town and about 100 miles southwest of Kimberley. It is both a natural battlefield and a strategic position which commands access to the entire region north and east. It comprises merely a railway station and in ordinary times no inhabitants beyond two or three railway employees and a few natives. Today, however, it bristles with artillery, is transformed by hastily constructed fortifications and throngs with redcoats. Col. Kincaid, an officer who won distinction with Lord Kitchener in the Sudan, is in command, and he has been busy for weeks in making the position, as he hopes, impregnable.

A correspondent of the Times, writing at the end of September, gives an excellent description of the position which is to be the military base of the principal British operations. The western frontier of the Orange Free State and the Transvaal is not an imaginary line but a fence, originally erected to prevent the entrance of cattle infected with rinderpest; but it is now fallen into decay. The immediate borders of the river at Orange River Bridge are flat, the valley being enclosed by low-lying hills which are better described as ragged, steep mounds.

Within the circumference of the ridges it is sandy and flat, and over its red expanse stretches the haze of the heat. The frontier lies five miles down the valley, and should the scene of operations embrace the bridge, the valley and the immediate area—and it is to be hoped it may be so—any advance by the Orange Free State troops would be under the concentrated fire of British artillery from the heights about the river. Nature has adapted the place for a battlefield, for the lay of the land marks out the probable direction from which any attack from the Orange Free State troops will emanate. The British position here is purely a defensive one. From the point where Col. Kincaid's first earthworks begin until the frontier fence is reached, the intervening stretch of country is broken into a series of minor ridges and dried-up watercourses, which if available for artillery, are equally calculated to hinder any very rapid movements of troops upon either side.

'The Orange Free State,' the Times correspondent writes, 'has commanded its forces just across the border, and today we saw the dust of the irregular horse. But, should a fight come, it would be between batteries of artillery from the dividing hills upon the river, aided by as great a variety of guerrilla warfare as regular troops are capable of. The hollows of the plain and short rises of the hills provide very ample shelter to sharpshooters, the lines of earthworks which have been raised in the valley assisting the artillery in its protection of the camp and more distant approaches to the bridge.'

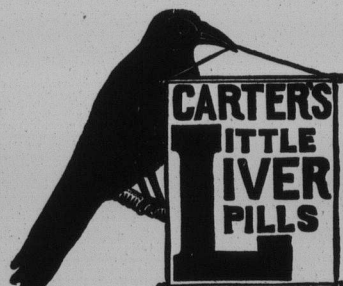
'In the opinion of Colonel Kincaid the bridge over the river, which is the main feature, will withstand any attempt at demolition which the Boers may make. It is constructed of iron girders and supported upon eighteen concrete pillars. It is very narrow and about 800 yards long. The artillerymen hanker for a few howitzers, which, in position at the base of the low-lying range surrounding the camp, could be fired over the immediate ranges while the men enjoyed comparative immunity and the consolation of conjecture within shelter of the facings. The defenses which are in process of construction at Orange bridge and upon adjoining heights may be regarded as impregnable. Redoubts sweep the surrounding areas with deadly effect.

No attacking force can possibly sustain any advance in face of their fire. Once within range of these batteries the Republican forces will realize that they have had their day. For many weeks past the troops from across the border have had opportunity to seize the position, and had this been accomplished by the State artillery it is doubtful if the combined force of the Imperial artillery in Africa today could have expelled them. In this respect the delay of the Boers to attack the British forces upon this frontier is astounding to every member of our force.

'If the front of the position has been thus secured, the situation of the field and Maxim batteries with command the eastern and rear flank of the British position fills the hearts of the artillerymen with rapture. 'It will knock heaven into bleeding ashes,' said the sergeant in command of the construction party of the Royal Artillery to your correspondent to day. The extreme lucidity of the speech explains the beauty of the situation. It hovers like an avenging angel over the place beneath. The entire British lines are within the area of its protecting fire. To the northwest it will support the main position in the protection of the Orange River bridge should the bridge defenses by the aid of miracles be driven in; to the east and rear flank it is Maxim fire will lop down the ranges with precision of a garden hose. I the same way that the Orange River plain is a perfect battlefield, the isolated group of hills which embody the position was designed for artillery occupation. After scrambling over it, riding round it, climbing up it, and performing a special inspection with the aid of Captain Mills, who has developed the position, there, is but one thing to add to my description. It bears the lucidity of the Royal Artillery sergeant.

The world may possibly be anxious to learn why the British official lyre of which Mr. Alfred Austin is the custodian has not been attuned to martial strain now that England is really at war. It is not forgotten that the Poet Laureate prostituted his office five years ago by singing the fame of Jameson and his raid. Why then, should he be silent now? He tells us why incidentally in the course of a column of prose devoted mainly to lamenting the unfitness of German public opinion toward England in the present crisis. In a letter addressed to Prof. Abel, the German savant, Mr. Austin says:

'In common with most of my countrymen I regarded the sending of a certain telegram, some four years ago, as much to be deprecated; but I imagine it was despatched on imperfect information, just as, at the same moment, some humbler persons were betrayed by equally misleading statements, made in a quarter usually accurate, into mistaken utterances in an opposite sense. But for that hasty despatch, otherwise not wanting in generosity, most magnanimous amends have been freely made, and you may rely on it that the admiration of Englishmen generally for the ruler and the people of Germany is as thorough and genuine as my own.



SICK HEADACHE
Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Substitution
the fraud of the day.

See you get Carter's,

Ask for Carter's,

Insist and demand

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

'Judge, then, of my astonishment, when I read in your letter. 'It is because the Germans have long been admiring the English for their inveterate addiction to liberty and independence that what they regard as a celebration of Britain's own cherished principles in the present instance has become a matter of sore disappointment to them.' I confess I hardly know how to deal with such a statement, which I must say, without any exaggeration, simply astounds me. I freely admit that the main issue in the war now declared by the Boers is whether England shall, or shall not be the paramount power in South Africa. But I must ask you and your countrymen to observe that it is the fundamental issue, and has come to be everywhere recognized as such, only because the Boers claimed, and claim, an 'independence' incompatible both with the continuance of England's paramount power, and with the concession of equal rights to all white denizens in the Transvaal. I have not felt moved to inveigh, whether in verse or prose, against the Boers, for, while my countrymen need no stimulating to defend either of the two great causes expressed in the consecrated motto, 'Imperium et Libertas,' it might not be very generous to indulge in such a course against a people who, having their own definite ideal of life and government, are though relatively weak, prepared to fight, and, I imagine, to perish, on behalf of it. But surely the Boer ideal of life and government, is no more the German ideal than it is the English ideal. It involves the withholding of 'liberty' and 'independence' from others, and the exclusive enjoyment of these by the Boer Burghers themselves. And how any fair-minded man can deny that England has been patiently employing diplomacy, and will now regretfully employ the sword, to secure those inestimable boons for every white person in South Africa, for Boer and Uitlander, for British, Dutch, and Afrikaner, eye, and for German also, utterly baffles my comprehension.

'I shall be much gratified should this letter in any degree further the object for which it is written; for, while opinion in Russia is too rudimentary and imperfectly informed to call for serious comment, and opinion in France, one is pained to have to say, is at present too much dominated by general envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness and even in domestic controversies exhibits too rooted an incapacity for arriving at conclusions in conformity with evidence to carry much weight. German public opinion can in no circumstances be brushed aside as undeserving of consideration. But, if this friendly appeal to the higher tribunal of its more judicial mind should prove unsuccessful, I fear most persons will only conclude that the spectacle of a world-wide British Empire still in process of expansion, and notwithstanding that with each further development of its dominion the lingering fetters of mankind fall off, is too irritating to certain legitimate but as yet ungratified ambitions to be viewed with perfect equanimity, or judged with adequate fairness. Fortunately the English people, being, I imagine rather a proud than a vainglorious race, too strong to be hyper-sensitive, and successful enough not to feel tempted to retaliate with injustice for injustice, will patiently await the return of our countrymen to a more equitable frame of mind. Meanwhile, the good will of the people of the United States of America, who, with their inherited love of freedom, have discerned in the Government of Pretoria an acutely organized tyranny under the travestied title of a republic, and, most of all, the enthusiastic approval and eager co-operation of our own self-governed colonies are for England ample corroboration of the rightness of their cause, and confirmation strong of the healthy soundness of their conscience.'

ONLY NATURAL CURE

For all Disorders of the Digestive Functions is Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets.

Most medical men know that the pineapple contains a quantity of vegetable papain. This product is invaluable, because it asserts a wonderful power in the digestion of all kinds of food. Science has now consolidated this grand essence into tablets, and thus, within reach of everyone, is a veritable panacea, for all stomach ills.

Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets are the most important advance for the prevention and cure of sickness in the last thousand years. A good digestion is the basis of health, and all may have it by the faithful use of these marvellous tablets.

Box of 60 Tablets, 35 cents. Sold by E. C. Brown.

To the Point.

When relations become strained between individuals, the last word is apt to be a pithy one. One of the important events which preceded the outbreak of the Revolutionary War was the burning of the British schooner Gaspee. The boat had become very obnoxious to the people of Newport, as its commander had insisted on boarding every vessel which left or entered the harbor. One June night, the boat was captured and burned by a body of patriots commanded by Abraham Whipple.

Nothing positive was known of Whipple but much was suspected, and upon his taking part in a further attack on the British, Capt. Sir James Wallace, of his majesty's ship Rose, in Newport harbor, wrote him as follows:

'Sir: You, Abraham Whipple, on the 10th June, 1773, burned his majesty's vessel, the Gaspee, and I will hang you at the yard-arm.'

The three great vital factors of this body of ours are the heart, the nerves and the blood. It is because of the triple power possessed by Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills of making weak, irregular beating hearts strong and steady, toning up run down, shattered, nervous systems and supplying those elements necessary to make thin, watery blood rich and red, that so many wonderful cures have been accredited to this remedy.

Here is the case of Mrs. B. J. Arnold, Woodstock, N.B., who says:

'I was troubled for some time with nervous prostration and general weakness, feeling irritable, debilitated and sleepless nearly all the time. My entire system became run down. As soon as I began taking Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, I realized that they had a calming, soothing influence upon the nerves. Every dose seemed to help the cure. They restored my sleep, strengthened my nerves and gave tone to my entire system. I think them wonderful.'

Whipple always answered his correspondents. His reply was brief. 'Sir James Wallace: Sir, always catch a man before you hang him.'

Abraham Whipple.

A Negro Bayman's Diamonds.

'I spent my vacation this year fishing on the East Florida coast,' said a New Orleans lawyer, 'and among other places I visited was a primitive little settlement north of Cedar Keys. One of the characters of the place is a big mulatto known as 'Diamond Bill,' and I engaged him several times to take me out in his lugger. I saw at once that he had derived his sobriquet from the gaudy jewelry he wore, but when we were out together on the boat I was surprised to note that the gewgaws were all genuine and worth a good deal of money.

When I questioned him on the subject, he sat down by me on the timber and told me an interesting story. It seemed that some years ago he had saved the life of a child that had fallen overboard from a pleasure yacht, and the mother gave him a small diamond ring. Later on a St. Louis jeweler came to the settlement to fish and told him that the ring was worth \$75. The luggerman was astonished and was proportionately impressed with the advantage of diamonds as representing large sums in small compass. It instantly occurred to him that it would be a good idea to invest his surplus cash in that way and always have it on his person, secure from fire or thieves. The jeweler agreed to act as buyer for him, and since then he had gradually acquired his present collection, which consisted of three studs, four rings, a large solitaire collar button and a cluster pin, worth all together at least \$2,500.

'Bill is a thrifty dandy, and between fishing and doing well, but diamond buying has become a mania with him, and he saves every cent he makes for that purpose. I asked him if he wasn't afraid of being drowned with all his treasures on him, which would be unjust to his pretty mulatto wife. 'I've thought 'bout that,' he said gloomily, 'but Lisa's too good looking' to stay a widder very long, an' I don't want no nigger man struttin' round with my sparks.'

A SUDDEN CHILL often means sudden illness. Pain-Killer is all that is needed to ward it off. Unequalled for cramps and diarrhoea. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis' 25c. and 50c.

Jowett's Extinguisher.

The late master of Balliol was so well known as a resourceful antagonist that it is a matter for wonder that any woman, however youthful, and sure of herself, should have had the temerity to take liberties with him.

The Hon. Lionel Tollemache tells in the Spectator of a young woman who had the effrontery to say to him:

'I want to know master, what you think of God.'

I am more concerned to know what God thinks of me,' was Jowett's felicitous reply.

THE D. & L. EMULSION OF COD LIVER OIL will build you up, will make you fat and healthy. Especially beneficial to those who are 'all run down.' Manufactured by the Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

FLASHES OF FUN.

'Did she make eyes at you when you tried to flirt with her?'
'More than that. She made whole faces.'

She. This paper tells of a man who stepped off a cliff and dropped 300 feet. He. Huh! That fellow must be a regular human centipede.

The Colonel.—He's awfully fond of making us fight at close quarters. The Captain. No wonder! He always lived in a flat.

'Hassn't that girl in front of you a stylish hat?'
'Whispered Stab.'

'Yes, said Penn, who felt the quill in his face, it tickles me.'

First Undertaker. How's business up to your town?
Second Undertaker. Well, the death rate ain't what it ought to be.

'You say the two girls look alike?'
'Look alike! Why, sir, when they were married their husbands moved to different cities for fear they'd get 'em mixed.'

He.—Do you think your father will overtake us?
She.—I hope not, dear; it would mortify me to have to borrow money from him.

'Jimmy and our preacher collided on their wheels.'
'Is Jimmy hurt?'
'Yes; he heard what the preacher said.'

'Put in much of your time in Kansas deer hunting?' asked the necessary questioner.
'Yes,' answered the returned sportsman, 'but deer hunting was more exciting.'

'Parker has a glib tongue.'

Has he?
Yes; he got three soda fountain proprietors to join the non-treating association.

Diggs.—What was he arrested for?
Biggs.—Stealing an eight-day clock.
Diggs.—Was he discharged?
Biggs.—No; the judge gave him ten days.

'There is one thing I like about that bluff old Bulu Sultan.'

'What's that?'
'Lack of superstition. He has thirteen favorite wives.'

Watts.—These poems about his majesty, the baby, make me weary.
Potts.—Me, too. As if everybody didn't know that majesty was nowhere near it. The baby is the boss.

Yabley.—In all my life I never met a Jew beggar.
Wickwire.—Neither have I. It is a wonder one or two don't take up the business. It would be such a novelty.

Martha.—Do you really believe those are real diamonds that Mrs. Karret wears?
Minna.—I hardly know what to think. They look genuine, but she talks enough about them for rhine-stones.

A certain bishop, as he was going about his diocese, asked the porter of a lunatic asylum how a chaplain, whom he, the bishop, had lately appointed was getting on.

'Oh, my lord,' said the man; 'his preaching is most successful. The hideous banjoys it partickler.'

The present Lord Chancellor was cross-examining a shrewd buccolic witness some years ago, who rather 'had' him.

'They sometimes call you a Devonshire Dumping, don't they?' asked the genial advocate.

'I believe they do,' replied the witness. 'But you are not a Devonshire Dumping?'

The witness waited till the laughter occasioned by this inquiry subsided, then he slowly drawled out:

'Hey, but if I had been a dooming, you lawyers 'ud a' gobbled l up afore now!'

It is well known that pure chocolate, properly prepared, is the most substantial aliment that can be desired—practically it is meat and drink. Chocolate-Ménier is the most perfect form of this excellent article of diet and may be described as a perfect drink for dyspepsia and others whose digestive faculties are not in the best of trim. Ménier has his own plantations in South America where the cocoa bean—the raw material is produced. The bean is subjected to a special system of manufacture which produces Chocolate-Ménier in the form we see it. The merits of this article have made a huge fortune and a world wide reputation for its proprietor. It is because Ménier uses no ingredient that is not pure and healthful that his chocolate has had such an enormous sale, both in Europe and America.

'You'll have to speak to the Bagbag brass band,' said the Filipino general in a great irritation.

'They are intensely anxious to please you.'

'Yes. They mean well. But every time we come into town on a dead run after a masterly retreat, they strike up. 'See the Conquering Hero Comes.' Tell 'em to stop it. It sounds like sarcasm.'

THOUSANDS OF CANADIANS can vouch for the efficacy of that peerless cough remedy, Flyn-Pectoral. It cures a cold very quickly. 25c. of all druggists. Manufactured by the proprietors, of Perry Davis' Pain-Killer.

'This insult,' said the British statesman, 'can only be wiped out in—'

'Blood!' suggested his secretary.

'No; land. But I fancy you had better not put it in the speech just that way.'

(Continued)
Lydia must be more of the adult had bestowed upon 'I'll tell you what morning, and I here on the way. get up for an hour and that will give walk. If you Signor Delmonico shall be able to cure of his with the. So it was settled was only one of appeared devoted and rarely let a over to the rectory. Very often she her, and how of they encountered themselves. And day by day further afield, but at the towers, Lydia that be of this, but to ensure meeting her, not artist had almost into introducing had speedily begun to make a home. But her aunt also found that for her company that now their part that without her be free to wander as she pleased. Signor Delmonico play, and it must very well. When they himself equally. When he was either of them a love to that one southern nature.

CH
September was the weather. The weather was a little unsettled to her old school nearly a week till until one afternoon her granddaughter, Lady Greyling, that she might reality that Mr. of war. This she did, by casually mentioning that acquaintance in visiting; but the him, &c.
During the past into the village mitted, but never ed the artist, the rumours of his not a day passing Towers. Yet Mabel had fact.

Indeed, during they were alone fully avoided at month.

Lydia was then by her grandm twi light, and v bitterness again she now believe her lover.

Now again and looked in knowing that, sewing class he would be over, dom gone.

At last there light footstep, with gladness was close at hand.

But she had his coming more ly approached just sufficiently once.

'At last! he you do not know you!'

'Then why of Lydia, reproach nearly every. 'Near'ly' late at the admission, or we shou for such a wear.

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