

Pretoria's Forts The Fortifications Around the Town.

(Montreal Witness.)

Nature, aided by art and science has made Pretoria a very strongly fortified town. It is not impregnable. Probably no fortress in the world, not even excluding Gibraltar, is that. But the natural location of the town lends itself so admirably to simple protective measures that little, if any, military genius was required to suggest the defending forts.

Pretoria lies in a deep hollow or depression, which may be likened to a teacup with a broadened lip all round it. On three sides the hills that surround the town dip again on the other side to approximately the same level as on the townward side, but on the fourth, that is to say in the direction of Johannesburg, the hills flatten away to a plateau, the height of which may readily be estimated by the fact that Pretoria is 4,500 feet above the sea level, and Johannesburg 5,600 feet.

The obvious defences of this teacup formation of country are of course forts commanding various approaches. Of these there are seven. Two were erected and completed between the years 1894 and 1896, and the others are of a somewhat later date.

The building of these forts gave cause to endless fraction, jealousy and, in fact, almost led to a kind of local international complication. It came about in this way. The Pretoria Government, having learned a lesson by bitter experience, trusts nobody, and being afraid of treason and divulgement of secrecy, determined to break up the contracts for the forts into small items, and distribute them among different firms of diverse nationality.

First of all, the Germans, being in the ascendant at the court of Paul Kruger, and being, perhaps, somewhat more free in the distribution of palm-oil, had the lion's share. Captain Schiel, now our prisoner, and a man who has achieved notoriety in other fields than those of battle, was especially sent to Berlin to obtain the expert advice of engineers in the matter of fort building. He returned with elaborate plans and a small army of assistants. The fort at Daaspoort, not far from the cement factory, was commenced under his auspices.

For some little time work went on briskly, if not altogether smoothly. The government insisted upon the most stringent secrecy being observed, and even went so far as to stipulate that a batch of workmen engaged on one particular job should be exclusively confined to that part of the fort, and not allowed in any other.

Gradually the preponderating German influence waned, to be succeeded by the Holland Dutch, and various Amsterdam engineers were sent out by the late Johanne Blaerlats van Blokland, the Transvaal minister of The Hague. However, they did not last long, and the efforts of M. Aubert, the French consul-general at Pretoria, succeeded in bringing about a complete change.

Activity again prevailed, and the busy French ouvriers overran the new fortifications, only to be replaced in their turn by Italians, or, to be more correct, by the Franco-Italian Building Society, which did its share in the completion of the Tower-of-Babel structures, until they too in their turn were ousted.

Eventually the forts were finished, and, according to the accounts of those who did not strictly maintain the injunction of secrecy, they are not lacking in formidable protections. Certainly, on the principle of two heads being better than one, the Pretoria forts should be nearly perfect, as they were built out of the combined wisdom of at least half-a-dozen different advisers.

But the regulations, although drastic in letter, were lax in practice. Several entirely unauthorized persons penetrated the mysterious strongholds. One Englishman, it is known, speak-

Chances of War A Ton of Shot To Kill a Man

It is certainly a crumb of comfort to a man about to fight for his country to know that in battle not more than one in every 1,000 projectiles of all descriptions and weight takes effect.

Competent authorities state that on the average it takes a ton of shot to kill one man. For instance, it has been estimated that in the Crimean war the British and French troops fired between them the enormous amount of 45,000,000 projectiles, resulting in the death of only 51,000 Russians, while on their side the Czar's adherents killed some 45,000 of the allies with an expenditure of over 50,000,000 projectiles, this representing a death for every 1,087 shots fired.

The American Civil War returns, which were got out with very great care, showed that the loss to both the Federals and Confederates was about 7 per cent. of the forces engaged, to bring about which involved the expenditure of nearly twenty-two hundred weight of ammunition per man.

At the siege of Mezieres, in the Franco-German war, the Prussians threw no fewer than 196,000 projectiles into the ill-fated town, but, strange to say, less than 400 persons were killed by them. Then at Trouville, two persons only were killed after some 27,000 odd shells had been discharged. At Sedan, however, the aim of both the German and the French showed a marked improvement, for after 240,000 projectiles had been fired nearly 6,000 French and Prussians were killed.

For the Spanish-American war the returns showed a tremendous amount of shot and shell fired for very meagre results. Of course, in this case, although the mortality was not great, the damage to earthworks, fortifications and government buildings generally was enormous, and there can be little doubt that if the Spaniards had not made themselves scarce the death roll would have been appalling.

Again, when the American marines landed at Santiago, during a fusillade upon the enemy lasting two nights, the machine guns and rifles alone accounted for the consumption of over 25,000 rounds of ammunition. Sixty-eight dead Spaniards were found as a result of this enormous expenditure of ammunition.

Our own experience in our 'little wars' has been very little, if any, better than the results just recorded. Take, for instance, the Chartered Company's expedition into Matabeleland. Everyone will remember how the warriors of Lobengula were mowed down by the Maxim guns like skittles, but even in this instance, which, perhaps, is the most affective on record, as the impi advanced on the British lines in solid masses, it would have puzzled a blind man to have missed shooting some of them. The mortality was very small considering the vast number of cartridges expended, but this is accounted for by the fact that on examination some of the dead contained more than fifty bullets in each. On another occasion an attack on a laager some twenty miles south of Bulawayo, 14,000 rounds of ammunition were disposed of, with a result of 346 dead Matabele.

ing German fluently, passed the sentries by pretending to be a German officer, after learning the password at a kneipe held the previous evening at Jah's Transvaal Hotel. Two English engineering officers are said to have worked as navies with the object of making themselves thoroughly acquainted with the structure of the forts; and it is alleged that full plans of the minutest details are in our War Office.

The forts are certainly elaborately furnished with all the requirements of modern warfare. Piles of sandbags are stacked up on the level of the enclosing walls. A powerful searchlight in each fort is capable of sweeping the surrounding country for many miles. Telephones are laid between the forts and the government buildings in Pretoria. There are large stocks of mealies, (maize) ready for the eventuality of a siege. There is said to be communication by means of underground passages between the forts and the ammunition stores and magazines. Lastly, it is presumed that the approaches to the forts are mined in various directions.

To be Beautiful A Good Recipe For Young People

"Six ounces of oil, three ounces of rosewater, a teaspoonful of borax," and so on and so on, read the girl with her brows puckered up in a frown. The writer of the recipe for "a beautiful complexion" suggested that this prescription might be compounded at "the nearest drug store," as it was "very simple."

Now, I do believe in rubbing wrinkles out whenever one can, for there are a lot of little lines that taking care will keep away from the corners of one's eyes, but "an ounce of prevention" has always been and always will be "worth a pound of cure." It is better, and really a pleasanter task, to keep the lines away from one's face than to chase them away, or to spend vain hours in trying to, with cosmetics after they have come and settled themselves.

But beauty does not depend alone upon the absence of wrinkles. It depends upon the pleasant voice, the attentive ear, the sympathetic and understanding glance of the eye.

Beauty of face and form is indeed a blessing to either man or woman, but Dame Nature is rather economical in her bestowal of such delightful gifts, and it is left to the most of us poor mortals to do our best to make up the world in general for her neglect of us by turning "beauty culturists" not so much in the art of skillfully applying cosmetics, but in the wider sense—the sense that embraces thoughtfulness and honesty of purpose and good health and contentment.

"Be good and you will be beautiful" is rather a tiresome bit of philosophy, I know, and I will admit that in many cases, though faithfully tried its outcome is not altogether satisfactory. I would rather say to the "ugly duckling," "Be good, live up to the very best that is in you, and you will be loved." And can beauty win anything better than love?

Health and beauty are very close companions. The first part of my recipe would run like this: "Try very, very hard to be healthy." Fresh air, sufficient sleep, wholesome food and enough of it, pure water and a contented disposition will do more for the person of naturally delicate constitution than mixtures of drugs that even the wisest doctor could think of. I have the word of your family physician for the truth of this that I have written.

When womenfolk are left alone at home, there is a vacation in the kitchen. The cook may go out and spend the day if she wishes. "Toast and tea and an egg" may be the bill of fare for dinner. If the one who has dined thus awakens next morning with a headache, she wonders why, and, as it is a "perfect bother to eat breakfast anyway," breakfast is left uneaten. As the day wears on there is a "tired look" about her eyes, and she resorts to massage because she must "look fresh" for the musicale in the evening. But massage fails to do the work in this case.

Of course, the most of us are willing to forgive beauty many things. For a time at least we do not mind if the truly beautiful woman is a bit selfish and self-willed. It is born in the heart of man and woman to pay

SPECULATIONS of Britishers On the Future

LONDON, June 2.—Popular opinion has proclaimed the advent of victory in South Africa. The nation has made up its mind that the war is over, that the prestige of British arms is restored, that President Kruger is vanquished that priceless territory has been annexed that humanity has not been staggered and that led by that little Sir Galahad, 'Bobs' Great Britain's army has fulfilled the most optimistic expectations. It is scarcely surprising in view of the rapidity of Lord Roberts's progress during the past week that the troubles still ahead of the army in South Africa receive any passing thought. nevertheless, among the few more serious minded, who have intimate knowledge of the Boers and plans of the War office, there exists grave apprehensions of developments in the near future. In the systematic retreat of the Boers they see the possibility of long-drawn out guerilla fighting, trks into Rhodesia, alternate disorganization in the Transvaal due to bandits and a thousand and one lawless elements that evolve themselves from a heterogeneous army after it ceases to become an organized body. Some of the most acute authorities in South African matters say Major General Frederick Carrington's work in Rhodesia may only begin when Lord Roberts finishes. Such speculations, however, can only be left for time to prove, and this war so far has abounded in surprises, which have completely upset the surmises in those best fitted to express opinions. Probably the most reasonable forecast of immediate developments in the Transvaal can be gained by reviewing the events in the Free State or Orange River Colony. There, though the country is formally annexed and is subjected to a winnowing process by a long line of British troops certain opposition still exists. The preponderance of numbers is bound to eventually entice the inhabitants to subjection and so it will be probably with the Transvaal, the occupation of Pretoria and Johannesburg being followed by operations similar to these uninteresting movements now undertaken by General Rundle and in the Orange River Colony.

tribute to beauty. But only for a time, I say, are we willing to sacrifice for beauty's sake alone. Yes, I have quite come to the conclusion beauty needs something more than a smooth brow, bright eyes, a perfect little mouth and nose to sustain it and make it "a joy forever."

George Sand has put into words this, which many of us have also come to know is true: "The beauty that addresses itself to the eyes is only the spell of the moment; the eye of the body is not always that of the soul."

Physical beauty is greatly dependent upon common sense. Common sense will not change a feature, to be sure, or make one's stature taller or shorter, but it will, if applied to exercise and daily habits, bring about round and pink cheeks, an easy and graceful carriage and a general improvement in one's appearance. Common sense brought to bear will make one's troubles less burdensome, if it does not drive them away entirely. Somebody has said that "life is never as good as we hope, but never as bad as we fear." Recall this when you are greatly worried, and if the thought does not afford a certain amount of comfort then you haven't a grain of philosophy in your make up, which is a sorry thing for you and your friends.

Worry is a great foe to beauty—not the sensible and reasonable reckoning of things and careful planning about ways and means, but the grieving over what cannot be helped and the foolish fearing of what may happen. If you think the "don't worry."

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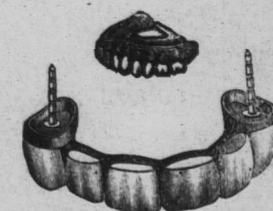
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