

## The Prizewinners in the Ennisclare Flower Garden Competition, Halton Co., Ont.

We have received the following letter from Mr. H. C. Cox, of the Canada Life Assurance Company, Toronto, who has generously offered prizes of \$30, \$20, and \$10, respectively, for the three best flower gardens in Halton County, Ont.:

Dear Editor,—I am sorry that I have been so late in notifying you as to the result of the judging in the Flower Garden Competition, but I am now able to advise you that my gardener and myself inspected the gardens entered in the competition, and have placed them in the following order:

1. Miss Annie K. Lyons.
2. Mrs. R. Dick.
3. Mrs. Henry Pickering.

Miss Lyons' garden contained a great variety of flowers in profusion and indicated much thought, not only in its arrangement, but in its care. The house is also surrounded by attractive, well-kept lawns, which add much to the general effect.

The second-prize garden, that of Mrs. Dick, leans rather to well-kept lawns, with a moderate but well-chosen display of flowers.

The third-prize garden, that of Mrs. Pickering, was somewhat different from the others, the house being surrounded by well-kept lawns, while the flower garden was surrounded by a splendid hedge.

All the gardens entered in the Competition suggest a keen interest upon the part of their owners, and a desire that those on the farm should live as largely as possible in the midst of pleasant surroundings, and if the Competition, which I shall be glad to continue for another year, should arouse a similar and more widespread interest, I shall be glad.

Yours truly,

H. C. COX.

[This competition now covers two counties, Mr. Cox giving the prizes for Halton County, Mr. Jas. Pearson, (lawyer, Toronto), those for Peel County. Who will be the next to institute a similar competition for another county of Ontario?—Ed.]

## Some Old-Time Echoes.

ON TREK IN THE TRANSVAAL.

IX.

My last quotation left us in a somewhat dismal strait, our fellow-traveller being even more disappointed than even we were, for he had hoped to reach Pretoria in time to take at least one service on the Sunday, there being no clergyman in charge for the time being, and one good trek might have accomplished this. However, in spite of all our difficulties, we at last reached Pretoria.

Please remember that it is of the Pretoria of 1875 I speak; of the Pretoria, not only before the Boer War, but of the Pretoria even before the Kaffir Uprisings which preceded that momentous event, and which afterwards found a temporary solution by the annexation of the Transvaal to Great Britain. My notes tell of much prophetic talk. War rumors were in the air, and direful surmises of what might happen to us before we could reach our goal, about eight or ten days further on, were poured as warnings into our ears. At the end of June I find the following entry:

Let me now speak of the Pretoria we found, rather than of the Pretoria as it will probably be ere even a few years have passed over it, and, as it is evident from the freely-expressed opinions of many of the present inhabitants, they earnestly hope it will become. "Coming events cast their shadows before them," and it requires no gift of prophecy to foresee that many difficulties are in store for that independent little Republic—little in numbers, not in size—if it persists in attempting to meet them single-handed. Clouds are gathering, the tempest lowers, and already big drops have fallen, heralding the coming storm. The scattered people of the Transvaal "number 8,000 adult males, and out of these 5,000 alone could by any possibility be put into the field against Cetywayo's 40,000 warriors." Mistake after mistake has been made, it seems. Acting

President Joubert, by his "ill-judged, haughty messages to this chief, who craves nothing more eagerly, than to wash the spears of the young men of his nation," did much, it is supposed, to stir up the muddy waters. Kind heaven send that their color may be red-tinted by the dark soil of the country only, and never by its heart's best blood!

The very thought of native warfare appals. Records of it in the past, read at one's own fireside, with every sense of personal security, have a power to make one shudder; but here, where it is easy to see what great advantages nature and training give the savage, and now that, added to the assegaai of the past, he has the white man's rifle and steady aim, who would not shudder at what may be in store for them, should

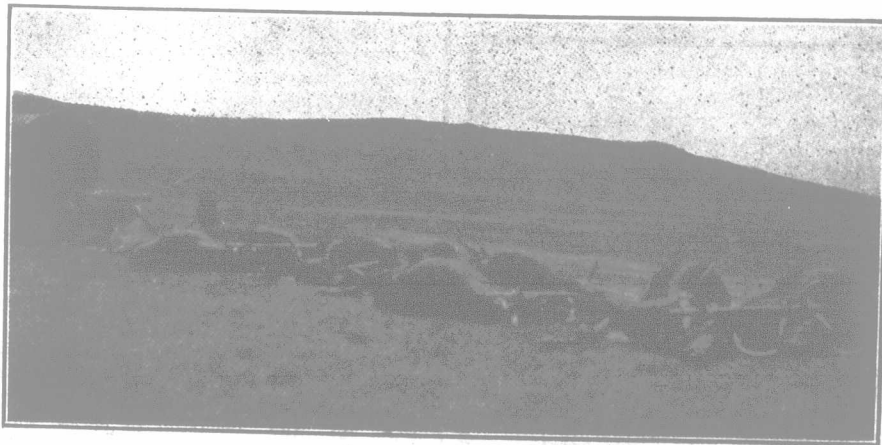
armor; they may have read official caution in our dealings with them as pusillanimity, and, once let them tax us with that, our moral influence over them is at an end.

Whilst it is not for us to decide the coming fate of nations, it may well vex our prophetic souls and sympathizing hearts to think of what may yet befall these kindly new friends of ours, if a wiser policy do not prevail. Neither you nor I, that we wot of, have as yet come under the shadow of a Transvaal magnate at all, and it is only from the little droppings from other lips that we have drawn our deductions. It may be that some with whom we have talked of these things were just a trifle faint-hearted. Let us hope so; for although, God willing, we may be thousands of

four hotels gathered about him instantly, and, in Dutch and English, offered their hospitality. Haphazard fashion, one was selected, and it turned out to be one of the best, kept by an Englishman, though with many of the peculiarities of the country to mark it. Mud floors, of course. In the corner of the sitting-room was a muslin-covered toilet-table and glass, for all comers. A wood fire crackled upon the hearth, which imparted an air of comfort to the somewhat nondescript apartment. Food, bath and bed were good restoratives, and the morning found us revived and keenly alive to the interest we could not but feel in the capital of this independent little State.

Pretoria has its Dutch and its English churches, its Parliament House, or "Volksraad," where most official business seems to be carried on; its bank, some very excellent stores, and many good private houses. I think every trade is represented and fairly thrives, but everything is dear. I gave one shilling and sixpence to have a pin put to my brooch, and was thankful that we did not require to replenish our wardrobes. Meat is cheap, about four pence and six pence per pound, but bread much dearer in proportion. Tiny little dykes run criss-cross about the streets. If one intercept your path, you leap it, or, maybe, find a stone or plank to help you over.

Pretoria only wants the magic touch of British capital and enterprise, in larger measure than it can under present circumstances enjoy, to become what I hope I may live to see it—a magnificent city, the life-giving center of a noble State, peopled by thousands where it now has only its tens, its riches developed and its wealth reaped by the coming many, who, by the use of head and hands, will have earned a fair claim to the wage generous nature never fails to pay without stint. The Transvaal has a fine climate and productive soil. These reduce labor to a minimum; nature doing so much, man has contented himself to do but little. Think, then, of the return the doing of much instead of little would bring when just planting the seed and looking on produce crops so bountiful. Manuring land in South Africa is hardly ever heard of. I never heard of it, I know, and I think I may safely assert that it would be considered a work of supererogation. If mother earth were treated now and then to the life-restoring dose administered to her as a necessity nearly everywhere else, I can picture the large, luscious oranges which weighed down the boughs of the fine trees in a delicious shady orange-grove we visited, becoming as big as pumpkins, and twice as juicy as now, and the monster lemons the size of coconuts! These are figures of speech, of course. . . .



A Scene in the Transvaal.  
(Oxen resting on the way.)

the obstinate policy of the blind few prevail against the clearer vision and better wisdom of the many? The Transvaal can as little afford to blunder as they "who live in glass houses to throw stones." Tractable as the Kaffir appears, and is, as he goes about his daily round of work in your service, singing the while, as if from very light-heartedness, nursing your baby child, man though he be, with a woman's tenderness and love, yet war transforms him; the wild beast of the desert can be no more cruel than he. He seems to cast his very manhood as a skin, and becomes a fiend incarnate. The white man's safety has depended in a great degree upon the inability of the native mind to grasp the meaning of combined action. Cut up into numberless tribes, and always with some quarrel on hand, the idea of making any great stand against the whites has not entered their thick heads. They have a confused notion that we are not such god-like beings as they once thought us. They have spied out, maybe, the joints in our

miles away when the tempest bursts in its fury, if it be not mercifully averted, upon this plucky little community, it would be grievous news to reach us in our safe haven in Old England that the despairing cry had been uttered in the far-away Transvaal, "Come over and help us!" when English ears could not hear, nor could English hands save! The solution of the riddle will never fall to our share; that much we know, so I will make an end of my hopes and my forebodings. . . .

## THE LITTLE TRANSVAAL CAPITAL AS WE FOUND IT.

Now, how shall I describe Pretoria to you? It was a bright starlight night when, our long, weary trek over, we entered the city. Rest at last! thought we, and, oh, bliss! a roof over our heads once more in prospect. John drew up at the corner of the large square which most of the principal buildings faced, and hesitated for a few moments, as if considering where best to deposit us. Touts from the three or



The Village Wedding.

From a painting by Sir Luke Fildes, R. A. Exhibited at the Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto, 1912. This was the most popular picture at the Exhibition.