

SECOND CONTINGENT

Another Letter from the Sun's Special Correspondent

Beginning the Long March Back to the Railway at De Aar.

Death of Pte. Bradley, of Ottawa, the First of the Column to Fall in a Solitary Grave in this Far Distant District—Beginning to Realize the Pathos of War.

(From H. S. White, the Sun's Special War Correspondent with the Second Canadian Contingent.)

IN CAMP AT VAN WYKS VLEI DAM, APRIL 4.—I must confess my remarks concerning our doing at this camp by assuring our Canadian friends that this Dam at which we are encamped has no reference to the ordinary epithet of profanity, but is merely the local term for a reservoir of water that is conserved by means of an embankment. There are these so-called "dams" everywhere throughout this arid region. If there is a spot where water can be by artificial means preserved it at once becomes a place of habitation, and gets a name, and possibly even a place on the map. A spot where there water all the year round is an important place in this region of dust and sand and baked clay. The ordinary dam that you find at every homestead is at the best a muddy pond, and often a mere puddle. Van Wyks Vlei Dam is very different from these. It is a big, big dam—the biggest in the whole colony—it stretches for miles along the bottom of a winding valley, and may fairly be called a decent-sized lake. At present, after an unprecedented rainfall, it is full of water, principally, I must admit, but also to a large extent of sandy mud, as is the case with all the dams of this country. Its depth, officially measured, is no greater than that has ever been—actually fifteen feet. Of all the "deep waters" of the Karoo none can beget to compare with this. It is by the side of this little inland ocean—relatively speaking—that we are now encamped. It will be observed that we are not "advancing." Indeed, as a matter of fact, we are retreating—returning to the railway—probably retracing our steps to Carnarvon and Victoria Road. But there is no enemy pursuing us. On the contrary, we

HAVE COMPLETELY OUTDONE CAESAR.

—he came and saw and conquered; we only had to come half-way and conquer. It has been a bloodless victory. The mere report of an advance was sufficient to scatter the rebels. They heard of the hardy Canuck with his twelve guns, and his swarm of wild and woolly mounted riflemen; they heard of the fearless riders from New Zealand, from Western Australia and from Derbyshire, and possibly it appeared to them that the whole British Empire was up in arms against them, and so they gave up the game without playing a card. Whatever the matter be, it is in our favor; it must be admitted that, as rebels, they are a decided failure. As long as there is no possible chance of getting hurt, they are excellent hands at appropriating other people's property, at issuing high-sounding proclamations, at carrying out their signs to the Orange Free State, and so on; but when the time comes to make a stand with the probability of getting in the way of a Lee-Metford bullet or a Canadian shell, they suddenly remember that they have urgent business to attend to at home, and they all break back to their farms, bury their arms and look as innocent and as harmless as their own little, long-tailed lambs. No, as rebels, they are decidedly a failure. I have seen better rebels on the stage in half the time. There is absolutely nothing in their utter insignificance as compared with the gentlemen of their profession who operated in our own Northwest.

When I sent you my last letter we were on our way to Kenhardt. By the way, I mean the main part of the column, consisting of all the artillery excepting one section of "D" Battery, of "C" Squadron of the Mounted Rifles, of the Western Australians and the Derbyshire Imperial Yeomanry, with the heavy transport train that is necessary to maintain a mounted force on a long march, when next to nothing in the way of food for horses or men can be obtained en route. Ahead of us was the advance force, consisting of "D" Squadron of our Mounted Rifles, a section of "B" Battery, and a squadron of New Zealanders. Our column went as far north as the Hartbeestee River. There the camped on Tuesday, March 27. The river was then in flood, and impassable to our heavy transport. The intention was that the column should remain in camp until the river fell sufficiently to allow the transport to cross it. In the meantime, Sir Charles Parsons, with his staff, pushed on and joined the advance force. From information that he received he deemed it safe for the small advance force to go forward without the support of the main column. After a rapid march they

ENTERED KENHARDT WITHOUT OPPOSITION.

Indeed, the place was found to be practically deserted, and a rebel was as hard to find as a butterfly would be in Canada in winter. Consequently, there was no further necessity for the advance of the main column, and Sir Charles Parsons sent back orders to Colonel Drury, who was in command, to slowly withdraw the column over the same route by which we had advanced.

The column was in camp at the Hartbeestee River for three days, though I speak of being "in camp." It was in reality only a bivouac. Throughout this march tents have been conspicuous by their absence, the huts have been too short, mostly, and only at Carnarvon, and now at the Dam, have tents been in use throughout the whole march. Thus the Hartbeestee River we all spread

our blankets on the sandy surface of the Karoo, and banded the stars in the sky overhead that they were not obscured by rain clouds, as they have been on other similar occasions.

THE MOST NOTEWORTHY INCIDENT

of our stay at Hartbeestee River was an entertainment known in military circles as a "camp fire." We had our "first performance" the second night of our bivouac at the river. As its name implies, the prominent feature of this military social function is a fire. To make the entertainment thoroughly successful, this should be as large as possible, illuminating with its soaring blaze the whole wide circle around which the soldiers gather, and within which the performers one after the other take up their stand in full view of everybody. To keep up a fire of this nature on the Karoo means a lot of hard work. The biggest thing in the shape of timber is a low bush, that grows seldom higher than a man's knee. It takes a lot of such fuel to make a big blaze, and if kept several of our boys hustling to produce even a fairly respectable fire.

Around this fire on the lonely, desolate Karoo—fifty miles from a railway, and I don't know how many thousands of miles away from the homes of everybody present—there sat our boys, some from England and the other provinces, the bushmen from Western Australia and their kinsmen from New Zealand, and the cross country riders from the hills and dales of merry old Derbyshire. With such diverse talent to draw from it was no wonder that there was much to amuse and interest everybody, much that everybody heard for the first time. Our boys sang the familiar "Alouette—gentle Alouette," and the New Zealanders, the Western Australians and the men from Derbyshire were fairly wild away with delight. They had never heard anything like it before, and strange as it may appear to you at home, they could not get enough of it, but had to have it "over and over again." Then came Australia's turn. One of the boys from the southern continent gave a wild, dashing bushman's song, with a chorus to it like a cross between a Mevori war-whoop and a Red Indian's yell, and it was the turn of our boys to be surprised and delighted. So the entertainment went with songs of popular origin from every corner of the Empire. French Canadian songs and recitations; college choruses from McGill, Queen's and Toronto; the songs of the bush and the chase from Australia and New Zealand; and the good old hunting songs from the country sides of merry old England—one after the other in quick succession until "last post" rang out through the clear, calm air, and after singing "God Save the Queen," in a way that would have been a wholesome lesson to any of our rebel friends if they could have been present, the crowd reluctantly separated, and every man groped his way "home" to the particular spot on the Karoo, where his blankets lay spread, into which he promptly crawled for shelter and inspiration by the simple entertainment.

On the 28th came the message from Sir Charles Parsons informing Col. Drury that Kenhardt had been occupied by the advance column without opposition, that it had been decided to allow the column that was advancing from Prieska to settle accounts with the rebels at Uppington; and that, therefore, there was no necessity for a further advance of the main column. Col. Drury immediately issued orders that

THE COLUMN SHOULD RETURN

to Van Wyks Vlei, and the rest of the day we went into camp here at the Dam. This has been the pleasantest place we have camped as yet. We have the lake to swim in—the only opportunity of the kind that we have had—we have good water for drinking and cooking purposes, we can gather enough twigs from the little bushes to make a bit of a fire; we have almost everything that makes a camping place agreeable—excepting shade. Alas! here, as everywhere else on the great, bleak Karoo, shade from the glaring sun is painfully absent. There is absolutely no shade, but what we can make for ourselves—every man, of a truth, is his own shade-maker. On the lee side of a wagon or a cart, a little patch of shadow no bigger, at the most, than a Jubilee postage stamp is, on a hot, cloudless day, to us, at least, worth more than all the rest of the sandy Karoo within sight. Your correspondent, and his confreres of the Toronto Globe, crowd together like two kernels in the same nutshell, within the narrow limits of the little patch of shade that is thrown by their Cape cart. They hug it as a man hugs his blanket when he sleeps on the snow in winter. When it is big enough to cover them both they count themselves two very happy correspondents. The man who would unnecessarily spread himself out and occupy more than his due share of a shadow, would be deemed the meanest man in camp. Oh! that each of us could carry a few square yards of shade around, as a man carries his blanket!

DRIVER BRADLEY'S DEATH.

It was while we were in this camp that our first fatality occurred. You heard of the sad occurrence by cable, and I will now tell you exactly how it happened. It was in the height of the heat of a hot day, on Sunday, April 1st, that the men of "D" Battery, as usual, rode their horses down to the lake to water them. At the particular spot where they were thus engaged there was, unknown to them, a hole of considerable depth—some say as much as fifteen feet. The water was so thick with suspended sand that it was impossible to see an inch below the surface, and Driver R. Bradley, supposing that the bottom was fairly level, allowed his horse to wander into the water until suddenly, he fell right into this deep hole. Unfortunately Bradley could not swim, and when he floated off his horse's back he almost immediately sank to the bottom, dragged down, possibly, by his heavy boots. No sooner had he disappeared in this manner than some of his brave comrades, without waiting to divest themselves of a stitch of clothing, dived in to the water after him. They found, however, that with their clothes on, it was impossible to swim to the bottom. Several all-important seconds

CORNERS

A sure-painless cure in a few days.

POTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR

The summer comes and brings with it aching corns. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor never fails to remove corns promptly and absolutely painless. It is the oldest and best tested corn cure in the market, purely vegetable in composition, makes no fire spots, doesn't hurt a man up for a week, and, above all, guaranteed to cure every time of use.

Putnam's is a certain remedy and one always to be relied upon. More than one hundred imitations proves its value. So don't be induced to take any other, and beware of cheap imitations. Putnam's is not just interest the dealer is seeking when he offers a substitute for the genuine. Putnam's is the best, the most increased profits afforded by inferior and dangerous cheap-cutting competitors. Putnam's Corn Extractor is the best, the safest, the only painless corn cure, and the only one that is guaranteed to have only "Putnam's." Sold by all druggists and dealers.

were lost in this way, but meanwhile, member of the Western Australian contingent had stripped, and he now dived and reached the muddy bottom. There, of course, he could see nothing in the opaque water, and he had to make two or three separate attempts before he finally, just as he was on the point of giving up the attempt, he felt poor Bradley's belt. This he seized at once, and then in another second, to the delight of the anxious onlookers, both—the rescuer and the rescued—appeared above the surface. It was only a very short distance from the shore, and both men were soon safely landed. Then it was seen that Bradley was in a very serious condition. He was black in the face, and perfectly unconscious—apparently lifeless. Doctors were soon at the spot, and means of artificial respiration, after working at him for a long while, he was finally brought back to life, though not, for still a considerable time, to consciousness. A tent was pitched within a few minutes, and Bradley was placed on a stretcher and taken to the hospital. He was done for him, but it very soon became evident that his lungs had been seriously injured—probably by the sand. Pneumonia developed very rapidly and though Surgeon Major Worthington, with others assisting, set up every possible means, it was impossible to save his life. He was conscious for several hours, but gradually he sank, and early next morning he passed away.

This was our first death, and everybody in camp did their utmost to avert the calamity. The whole column was paraded at the funeral, at which the Rev. W. J. Cox, chaplain of the column, officiated; and a very impressive ceremony it was. The solitary little grave is on the side of a long, low, and very high, and a cairn of boulders covers the spot beneath which his body lies, and a tombstone, as neatly engraved by some of his comrades as could have been done by a professional tombstone maker, stands over the fallen comrade. A year remind the passer-by of the Canadian hero who came so far to uphold the integrity of the Empire.

DYSENTERY DOES DAMAGE.

I am sorry to have to report another death which occurred in the hospital here early this morning. The victim this time is a New Zealander, Trooper Hempton. He had been ill for some time with dysentery, and gradually grew weaker and weaker, until he got to the point where he could no longer follow, and he was left behind by the young fellow, standing over six feet in his socks, and splendidly built. He was very well connected, a gentleman of education and refinement, as are so many of his comrades from the southern islands. Dysentery has been very prevalent among the men, but it seems strange that one of the strongest, youngest and most athletic members of the whole force should be the only one to succumb to the disease.

The column, under command of Colonel Drury, left the camp early this morning, and began the long march back to the railway. The route will be by way of Carnarvon and Bristown to De Aar, where the whole column is ordered to report on the 14th inst. The weather remains unsettled, rain still falling at intervals, and the roads are consequently very heavy, but we have no doubt that we will be able to reach De Aar in time. It will be hard on the men and still harder on the horses, but it will be done. A sad feature in connection with a long and arduous march such as our column has been making is our constant and steady growth of the sick list. At every halting place a few men are overcome by the heat and exertion, or are overtaken by dysentery, probably by bad water or by sleeping out in the rain. Hospitals had to be established at Victoria Road, at Carnarvon and here at Van Wyks Vlei, and at each of them there were left behind several patients. Now that the column is finally withdrawing from the district, these sick men will be taken along in ambulance wagons. All the sick left here in this way this morning. There were no dangerous cases, and it is probable that by the time we reach De Aar most of the men will be able to return to duty.

The Rev. W. J. Cox, our chaplain, has stayed behind the column to conduct the service at the funeral of Trooper Hempton. He will be buried by the side of Bradley, in the hill-side of an Wyks Vlei Dam. Already we are beginning to realize the pathos of war!

H. S. WHITE.

BLOEMFONTEIN.

Bugler McMullan, of Kings County, Heard From.

He Tells of the Terrible March from Belmont, Almost Without Water.

And How the Canadians Fought Their Way Right up to Cronje's Trenches.

BLOEMFONTEIN, S. A., March 30.—Your letter and papers to hand. I was beginning to think that the postal clerks had dropped my letters, as they have stopped some that were addressed to papers home. I have only written you twice, for the simple reason that much the same thing was going on every day in Belmont, but I am going to try and send you a better account of our marching and fighting.

All was excitement in our camp at Belmont when the order came that we were to join Lord Roberts's column and march through the Orange Free State. On Feb. 12 we started for Gras Pan by train. We camped for the night, were fed with good rations, (a dog, biscuits) and filling our water bottles, we were on the march at daylight, over a country as barren as the hills, and sandy and rough for walking. The Gordons, Shropshire Light Infantry, Cornwallis and Canadians, with twenty "other" regiments, all transports and everything requiring requisition, it was a grand sight to see the camp at Gras Pan. It was dark when we arrived, all right, but in the morning we could see the tents for miles and miles each way. Thousands of soldiers were in camp and all ready to go on the march. We were when we started, but we heard that it was to be out of the Boer supplies at Magerfontein, and I think Lord Roberts did it in good style. Our first day's march was 20 miles, and we could not get any rest when we reached the first camping place. Want of water was the worst. Our lips were parched and our tongues hanging out, but when we arrived around the turn of the hill, saw water, and were dismissed, every one, soldiers, officers, mules, horses—every one made a rush for it. Some plunged in, clothes and all, and drank till filled. I have seen men offer 40 on the march for just one mouthful of water, and it could not be bought. Our regiment had only one water carrier, but the boys could get no water at it all.

To make a long story short, we were on the trip for over one month, and the marching was the same and we wanted water every day just the same. The sun was something terrible, burning the head and scorching the hair off. Our advance party had an engine mounted getting into Jacobsdal, but the engine was clear when we arrived. We camped for a day waiting for orders from Gen. French, and from there we started for Magerfontein. We were on our boots out marching, and some of the boys had to march the last three days without a boot at all, only cloth rolled round the feet. On Saturday morning, Feb. 17, we heard that the advance guard had caught up to Gen. Cronje at 4 o'clock. We were on the march. We marched all the night, arriving about 3 o'clock in the morning, a distance of 25 miles, a tired looking lot, hungry and thirsty. But when we came near enough to hear the big guns going, all the rifles, and the bullets to face. As soon as we were on the march, we were very hungry or thirsty. We arrived at the camp. Very few troopers were there, as they were all out at Cronje.

We had got over half through our coffee when we received orders to go in the direction of the Boer trenches, and we were ordered to march about a mile and had just got there when we received orders to ford the Modder and go in the firing line.

The sight of the boys fording the Modder is one that never will be forgotten. The water was from five to six feet deep, running about four to six miles an hour, and 20 yards wide. Once the rope broke and the boys were washed away like chaff. Horses were taken off their feet as fast as they would go. Some men were drowned at the same place fording that night, and many horses were lost. The Canadian ammunition mules turned right over with the load on their back. As soon as the confusion was over they advanced in steady order, and all the boys got at it, things began to get warm around all hands; bullets flying like rain, barged away the whole day. Every minute you could hear the cry, "retreat, retreat," on the right or left, and the groans were hard to stand, but the boys stood it well.

Pat McCrory, one of our old Hussar men, did some fine work that day, working like a slave carrying off the wounded, and then to think about dark, poor Pat was shot three times and died in the hospital the next day. Taylor, from the Island, was shot right through the heart. Towards dark, or about 4 o'clock, the colonel of the Cornwallis ordered a charge. G. Co. of the Cornwallis was right in the middle of G. Co. of the Canadians, and when they got the order, the Canadians all charged the Boer trenches. I believe they were waiting for that charge, for as soon as the bayonets began to glisten, the firing stopped a little, and when we rose to charge, the bullets were flying like rain. Many boys were shot through in that charge, but they made a big hole in the space between the Boers and our firing line. The colonel of the Cornwallis was shot almost as soon as he started to charge. Soon the darkness came and the rain stopped, but still the Boers kept sniping away. You could hear the groans of the dying and wounded around you. The boys carried as many as they could back to the rear, but some were unfortunately enough to lay out in the field all night. We slept right on the battle field that night, only having a little cocoa we had in tins. You will

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

It will superintend could find excuse. It would be when the expectant mother, calendar in hand, ponders the question, "How long will it take for the baby's birthday?"

The greatest fortune any mother can bestow on her child is a healthy body and a happy mind, and with this great fortune every mother may endow the child if she will. The child's stock of health is what the mother supplies. The weak and worried woman has a very slender stock of health to bestow on the baby.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription takes mothers healthy and happy, and drives away with the mists of morning sickness. It strengthens the nerves, gives the body a feeling of buoyancy, makes the mind cheerful, gives vigor and elasticity to the organs peculiarly feminine, and helps adjustment to the new life. It is free from danger and painless. My first two babies were stillborn, and I suffered every thing that a mother can suffer. I was reduced to 100 pounds, when I took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and was taken with hemorrhage or flooding and came near having a miscarriage from female weakness. My doctor said that I was a case of our doctor, but was getting weaker all the time until I sent and got three bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and continued to take your medicine until baby was healthy and strong. I weigh 145 pounds, and has been good ever since. I now weigh 145 pounds.

There is no alcohol, whisky or other intoxicant in "Favorite Prescription," neither does it contain any opium or other narcotic. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets do not react on the system. They are a perfect medicine.

know the number killed and wounded better than I do, but 23 killed and 97 wounded was what we heard. On Monday we rested, but the big guns were shelling the enemy all the time. On Tuesday night and early we were at it again, G. Co. right into the firing line that day. The boys banged away the whole day. We don't know how many were wounded that day, as at night we were broken up and the different companies sent on outpost duties. We were at it one week. The hill we were on (G. Co. boy named it Starvation Hill, and what it was named for) it was very high and nothing but rocks. We got a starving on that hill, only two biscuits a day and some water. Every morning we could hear the firing, but we did not know what they were doing until we were ordered off the hill to take our turn in the trenches. The boys could get no water at it all.

All week the boys had been taking turns working up the river banks at night, building a big trench at night, and in the morning, as soon as the Boers showed themselves, they sent the trenches into them. This way they kept working up to within 50 yards of the Boer's trenches. Then came the Canadians turn. We started about 5 o'clock, arriving in the trenches about dark. The boys were under the trees at the river and had coffee and meat. That was the last time some of the boys ever talked together. We soon were in the trench and were told to get acquainted as possible. We advanced at 1 o'clock to build our trench, but as quiet as mice, we advanced about 350 yards and started to build our trench. We had it about half done when we got the order to advance 100 yards further. We had been about 200 or 300 when the heat and pain seemed to open up with fire and lead. The volley that they gave us was something terrible, and the groans of the wounded were hard to stand. We all dropped like pancakes on the ground. My two chums were shot, one either at or near the Boer trenches. R. E. L., the other, Frank Sprague of Carlton, badly wounded. Riggs was shot through the head and heart. The reason why we were not all shot, the colonel said, was that we were right under the cover of the Boer trenches. Our boys had some narrow shaves. Ben Pascoe, from St. John, had the bridge of his nose tipped off. I had the felt of my water bottle ripped right off with a bullet. Another struck a little pile of earth in front of my head. It threw the earth all over me. I am sure the bugle saved my life that time, for if I had not done that with the bugle I would have got it right in the head. Some of the boys were shot through the chest and pants, but a miss is as good as a mile. He was a lucky man that came through all right. Corp. Withers, from St. John, was badly shot, but J. B. Scott, from Moncton, was the worst. He was shot by a shotgun bullet and his cartridge belt exploded and almost blew him to pieces, poor fellow.

No. 2 section has suffered the worst in the regiment. We had 10 in our tent at Belmont, and seven were shot out of the 10, three killed, four wounded. We lay as quiet as possible till the Gordon Highlanders began pouring volleys into the Boer trenches from the big trench in the rear, the one we had left. Then our boys got to work, and we soon had our other trench done and sand bags up, with places made for rifles. We then began banging away from about 70 yards from the Boer's nearest trench. Gen. Cronje did not know what was up when he saw the Canadians. Soon the white flags began to fly all round the place; our boys stepped out of the trenches and began taking the Boer's arms from them. I went out, but went to look at my chums, as we had kind of called the roll in the trench and had a good idea of who was wounded and killed. There lay our chaps from our company, only 30 yards from the Boer's large trench. It was a hard sight to see the boys you were whooping to see a few minutes before cold in death, and was in the fatigued party that ditched them, six in all, in front of the company, and not a man but what had tears in his eyes.

The company moved up in the Boer's laager, and a sad state it was in. We were soon on the march for Bloemfontein, and four hard days it was, suffering from thirst, hunger and tired out. Many of the men fell out, and we had to be carried. They may be dead for all we know. Our advance guard came into action two or three times on the last four days' march. After we had finished Paardeberg the Boers were reported on a couple four miles from our camp, so in the middle of the night the brigade was on the move, ready for more marching and fighting. We advanced to a large kopje in extended order, and our boys had the pleasure of watching a grand duel between our guns and the Boer's. The Boer's were a kopje. It lasted about four hours. Our artillery drove them off the kopje and they ran like rabbits, leaving the guns. We captured both of the guns. They say the guards got a charge in on them as they retreated. Our boys kept on doing a right good job. Bloemfontein, and here we are and have been for two weeks. I intended to write you a long letter, but the order has just come in tonight that we are for the march at 3 o'clock in the morning, so that means my letter to you is coming in quick order. A great many of the boys are sick. We just got the word that Gen. Joubert was dead.

P. S.—I forgot to say that the first day's march from Gras Pan, G. Co. was the only company that did not have a man fall out on the line of march. The boys all say that we did not have a man fall out until after the third engagement at Paardeberg. From the fourth day's march we were out for half and sometimes quarter rations for all the rest of the boys, which lasted one month and three days.

We have just received an official report that G. Co. will march out in the morning only 55 strong. The regiment has suffered terribly from the wet weather, not having out tents since leaving Belmont. My chums, Alfred Riggs, P. E. I., and Frank Sprague of Carlton, St. John, and Fred Coombs being shot, and Ben Pascoe, Albert Sprague, and Tom and I being gored by a cow, we decided to bunk together. We own a house. It consists of two sticks and two old militia blankets, to keep the sun out in the day time. I came pretty near not having Tom for a chum when he was shot. The Boer's were in the night attack, he had a Martinis bullet right through his liver, sucking, blowing it all to pieces. Yours sincerely,

BUGLER WM. McMULLAN.

AMERICANISM NOT DISCUSSED.

ROME, May 25.—It is asserted at the Vatican that Archbishop Corrigan's visit will not have political results and that "Americanism" will remain in statu quo. The Pope is devoting himself entirely to the ceremonies and receptions of the Holy Year, and the movement is not considered favorable for raising such a vexed subject as "Americanism."

The archbishop's audience of the Pope was very brief. He confined himself to describing the progress of his diocese and presenting a list of the boys who were shot during the last decade. The topic of "Americanism" was not under consideration at the audience.

CANADIAN VILLAGE DESTROYED.

MONTREAL, May 25.—The village of St. Lawrence, a well known summer resort on the St. Lawrence, above Montreal, was nearly wiped out by fire today. About thirty buildings were destroyed, including the principal hotel, several stores and private houses. Two hundred people are camped out in the fields. The loss is placed at \$150,000, with insurance only \$20,000. The fire originated in an unoccupied store, and is believed to have been incendiary.

WHAT WE OWE CROMWELL.

If England rules the seas more than ever Neptune did, it is because a man "has been found of remarkable depth of spirit" who had, in the 17th century the idea of drawing up the Navigation Act. It dominates the policy of the civilized world today. Europe is forced to rest in the month of April, 1860, sick with arms folded, before the movements in the Transvaal, because Oliver Cromwell dipped his pen in the ink on October 9, 1651—La Petite Gironde, Bordeaux.

A HOLY WAR.

LONDON, May 25.—The Agents correspondent of the Daily Mail says: "There is little doubt that a holy war has been proclaimed in the extreme south of Algeria and Morocco. Probably this is due to the movements of French troops."

Latest News in SEMI-WEEKLY SUN