SEMI-WEEKLY SUN, ST JOHN. N. B., JUNE 6, 1900.

Later in the week we pulled into John, for the following very interest-ing letter from her son, Pte. W. J. place the day before, with the result that the Boers had been driven out. It was a little hot, dusty village, built of stone houses, with a good stock of churches, and we lingered here a day. By jove, it was hot. Sand and grit everywhere. Cattle and sheep wan-dering through the streets-the wives and children of the Boer soldiers staring at us, some in friendly fashion, and others with looks that plainly others with looks that plainly said. "Your cursed Rooineks" (British.)

and sick was very great. A German ambulance corps had also lately arrived, and the German surgeons, tall, stout fellows with blonde whiskers

I might yarn on in this strain till

washed. We slept or tried to sleep on It's monotonous work laying in a the bare ground, and in case it rained tent, killing time and bugs. I'm som we slept in the mud. Morning would weak that it's an effort for me to lace come round, and we would sit up, rub my boots. I'm nearly a thousand, our eyes, and proceed to investigate miles up into Africa, in the fever re-gion, and I don't know whether I'm interesting ceremony was over we getting on intimate terms with it or

maritime provinces and Central South Africa.

Then at last came Paardeburg. The low growls of "Bobs" pocket-pistols away from the vicinity, but presently, at Klip Drift, we passed a long "trek" of wounded going south. It was a mournful procession. Hundreds of poor fellows lay stretched out, in a great many cases on ordinary transport wagons, with blood-soaked bandages around their heads and limbs, groaning and beseeching any one for a drink of water. I tossed them my bottle. which I had filled with cold tea, but it was a scant supply for the number. They could have swallowed barrels of, it, and little wonder. Do you know

march from Paardeburg to here I was so dry, that at various times I scraptongue, complete layers of dry, dusty. tissue, that had formed there, through the heat and want of water, and when spoken to I would answer in a kind of husky whisper.

gers, almost naked, kept on the ground below, carried whips with stocks about as long as fishing rods and thongs a good deal longer, and who kept on the Good and Curtis try to reach those

Raymond of G Co.: Good-Friday, April 13, 1900.

BLOEMFONTEIN, O. F. S., S. A., My Dearest Mother-This sacred Good Friday afternoon I was overloyed to receive letters from home. I will try to answer some now It would be an impossibility for you to know how hard it is for a mortal to do any literary labor in a campaign such as this is turning out to be. Up in the wilds of Paardeburg it was all I could

windows, for the number of wounded scouting parties of Boers. What a fearfully fantastic looking body of men the R. C. R. presented as they ley about, forming part of the lines that had Gen. Cronje in a remorseless and eye glasses, dusted about-busy as grip. Our kharki uniforms were in long streamers and rags. Little Hen

Fescoe hopped about, the owner of a you would get disgusted, and sing out for relief, but really, I've nothing else possible, than my own; in fact, almost as nature made him. We very rarely

our underclothing (shirt) After that would ask our nearest neighbor much "game" he had "bagged." If I

The cause must be the climate and queted some of their replies you would heat. There's a biff diff between the likely be angry, so I will skip along to where finally fifteen ravenous, cursing, cranky men would gather around

peared with what it means to be thirsty? On the ed from off the roof of my mouth and flavoring, and thrust into the pot aloff, would become your property, and

This S. A. is a dry country and I | were so zealous in their examinations reckon I've had all the drinks it has of the muscles of my arms and the to offer, from red hot whiskey down strength of my teeth. Then at supper to stagnant, putrefying pools of beet the same little pot of --- would face water to quaffs of the delicious, feverstricken Modder river. If you want a months this menu kept the spiritual thorough, true description of what and bodily parts of our being togethirst is like up on these African ther. But finally, after Sunday's buille, plains, just get King Solomon's Mines and read the account of where Allan, run alongside the oxen, cracking and mountains. That will tell you. Then

eat, usually bread, costing a shilling and a shilling and six a loaf, but Good Friday eve an event occurred that shall live forever green in my memory.

I had my first meal in many months. The same thing happened to Ben Pascoe and Tommy Aiken of Frelericton. Tommy had when first struck the town made the acquaintance of an English woman, who ran a boarding house, and as Tommy is a perfect little gentleman, both in speech and appearance, he found no trouble in entering the house and inducing this lady to give him some food. The Nearly all the chief buildings were flying the Red Cross flag. It was con-spleuous everywhere, on the church steeples, the halls, hanging out of the risk of being captured or shot by and upon its conclusion she kindly informed him that he was at liberty to come again and bring two of his friends, but no more, and that furthermore they must be gentlemen, as the was living privately, etc. Well, about dusk three of us, dressed out our prettiest, arrived. We had spent hours before sewing and pinning up our trousers and combing out our tangled locks. We finally found ourselves sitting at a table, in a large old fashioned looking room, with chairs underneath us, a beautiful snowy cloth spread over the table before us, with old blue china and the best of silver adorning it. The owner of all these marvels dusted about, and finally a Kaffir waiter strode into us, bearing three huge PLATES OF ROAST MUTTON,

reas, potatoes, cauliflower, gravy, etc.

perfectly prepared and seasoned

Sauces and flavorings lay within a pot containing "tea." Sometimes reach of us, and as we mechanically the mess would be hot, sometimes cold, picked up a clean silver knife and fork reached us while we were yet miles but at all events it was never tea-a apiece, poor Ben Pascoe looked at me, would-be relative of it, I believe. A then cast a longing glance at the canteen cup of this fraud .with spread and burst into an hysterical two biscuits formed our breakfasts, laugh. I really believe for a moment while these two biscuits had to last till or so we were all unnerved. I know the next morning. It was a splendid felt uncomfortable, for at last, after practice in self-denial. How longingly | months of semi-starvation, of at meal we would gaze at those hard, square, times squatting down in the dust and dirt and delving into a half cooked tasteless creations of flour and water and want to eat them all at once, but mess with out fingers, here we were if you gave in to the temptation and at last about to partake of a civilized made a "clean swoop" it was a case of dirner, and eat off plates with knives tighten your belt and pray for morn- and forks. We were soon hungry for ing. At dinner the same pot re-ap- more mutton, and consequently the same portly Kaffir brought in a second helping and gravely placed it before us, which was followed by pudding, or goat, bciled, but innocent of any tea, bread and butter, etc. Oh, how I will treasure up the sacred memory most while the breath was still in its of that Good Friday eve, 1900. It mad body. Perhaps a bit as big as the size me possess a kindlier feeling toward of your hand, with the fingers lopped my fellow-men, and I am almost certain that if Kruger had met me while I now perfectly understand why the still under the influence of that heavsurgeons at the time of my enlistment enly repast I should have forgiven him his sins-and silently blessed him. We all felt bashful and ill at ease-like three strange wild animals just brought in from the wilderness-in the us again. This is no exaggeration. For presence of women again. Our hostess was a perfect old lady. She would stand and good-humoredly size us up through a pair of tremendous spec and Cronje's surrender at the latter tacles-no doubt finding in our appearbattle, and the big march, here we are ance and labored efforts at being at the Orange Free State capital, polite some distant traces of good weak, worn-out, and the great majorbreeding, while her daughters occupied chairs and made casual remarks about the war, all doing their best of course to make us feel at home. One was quite tall, rather dark, dressed in white, with a red ribbon in her hair, and from the first moment of my introduction to her I could not help wondering at her strong resemblance to Fan. That night I had my first dream in months, and it was all about Fan. I thought Paul Kruger was her father and not the loved leader of the Boer forces.



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Ottawa, Jan. 20, 1899. I have used SURPRISE SOAP since I started house and find that it lasts longer and is better than other soap Lhave tried. J. Johnston.

J. Johnston. Fredericton, N.E., Dec. 15th, 1899. Having used SURPRISESOA P for the past ten years, I find it the best soap that I have ever had in my house and would not use any other when I can get SURPRISE. Mrs. T. Henry Troup.

SURFRISE. Strate Strate

Can't get wife to use any other soap ays SURPRISE is the best. Chas. C. Hughes. SURPRISE is a pure hard SOAP.

on account of the gold mines around Pretoria. It is quite certain though that when the Transvaal becomes British territory there will be a tremendous influx of what the Boers call "Uitlanders," which means "us."

Consequently, as the demand for haborers is more easily satisfied, the lower the drop in wages. We hear rumors of the C. P. R. giving us free trips when we return. I hope it is a fact. Another thing which I am looking forward to is the trip to England. Well, I must stop. Love to all. Your affectionate son,

> WILLIAM J. RAYMOND. BIG GOLD BRICKS.

Fifteen Days' Work at the Jubilee Mine Yielded 417 Ounces.

(Halifax Chronicle.)

Freeman I. Davison of Windsor. brought to the city Monday night two gold bricks weighting 417 Jounces and valued at \$8.800. This is the product of fifteen tons of quartz crushed at Renfrew from the Jubilee mine, recently purchased by the Big Five Co.

This remarkable yield, averaging 274-5 ounces to the ton, is very encouraging to the new company, as all the work was done in fifteen days at a total cost of \$150. The new company only took possession on May 5. The first president of the company was the late Dr. Allen Haley, who has been succeeded by W. M. Christie of

teries, yet to be explored and opened up. There is no doubt about the wealth of the Transvaal. It contains about South Africa, April 19, 1900. Dear Rastus-This drowsy, lazy afas rich gold mines as can be found teincon I am reclining in my tent, trying to keep off the heat, ants and anywhere. All these yarns have a certain attractiveness that is hard to shake off, but then there's another side ilies, and listening to the harsh voice of a surgeant who is organizing a to consider. party for wood fatigue, to a kopje six How often we used to talk in "jomiles away. In the common nature of cund strain" of trekking from place to things it is exceedingly likely that I

ST. JOHN SOLDIER

Tells of War as It Is in South

Africa, .

Pte. W. Raymond Talks About His Own

Experiences With G. Company.

A Letter that Fills in Many Gaps in the Press Tele-

grams-Canadian Grit Counts Every Time.

PLOEMFONTEIN. O. F. S.,

good many hundreds beside.

staff in town.

together.

place; trekking from Lily Lake to the should have been one of the party, but Kennebeccasis, and trekking from I've been proncunced by the divisional that stream back to St. John. Let surgeon fit only for the lightest of duty, so cocasionally I fill a few water me tell you a bit about that peculiar bottles, act as an escort, or some such mode of travel. How would you like work, for the fact is the past three to clamber into a tremendous heavy "prairie schooner," some dusky evenmonths have tuckered me out-and a ing, just as the moon comes up over a

distant range of "koppies," build a Since last writing you from Bloembarricade of fodder and "bully beef" fontein, many thousands of infantry around you, fill your rifle magazine and cavalry have been arriving, so with certridges and your canteen with that as I write, the wide plain that cold mutton and biscuit, and your pipe lays beyond the city is dotted everywith "baccy," keep your eyes peeled where with their white "bell-tents," for an attack-and await daybreak? It while "Our Bobs" lives in ex-President v as amusing at first to watch the Kaf-Steyn's handsome residence, with the fire "irspan." There are sixteen oxen to a wegon, and it required heroic

The 19th Brigade, which consists of measures sometimes to get them on the 1st Canadians, Gordon Highlandtheir feet. We travelled only at ers, Cornwalls and Shropshires, camp nights, with guides riding ahead and mounted escorts with them on both What a howling time those stern sides and at the rear, while each wagon looking Scots make at reveille. At tr contained an "Absent-Minded Beggar" first peep of dawn you hear a thus. with a gun. The driver on my wagon was a little, wrinkled, yellow, ancient dercus booming noise from their drums, then the shrieking, snarling, Basuto, who wore a perpetual grin yelling, whining notes of the bagpipes that seemed to disappear around each blend in, and for a solid quarter of an ear and slant off into space, together hour the drummers and pipers bang with a ragged pair of trousers and batand puff and blow and parade between tered hat, and who, whenever I spoke the rows of tents, so that when they to him, opened on me a menacing row of teeth and said, "Ikiona, Baas." finish inflicting their music upon the cccupants within it's a pretty corpse-This product of Africa held the riblike creature who isn't on his feet, bons, while two other tall, sturdy nig-

outside world. making those long lashes simply shriek | came Paardeburg! There is one thing I am glad to be able to tell you about. And

the culinary state of affairs is in a more healthy condition. The line from the Cape to here is all clear; the culverts and bridges that were damaged by the Boers have been repaired, so that supplies are constantly coming up. We are paid usually every month, so that since last month we have been trying, in a feeble kind of way, to eat civilized food again, for our stomachs are in hardly a state to receive anything too rich. We had with the dinner today a potato spiece-the first in months. There are eight of us in a tent, and no one knows how to appreciate them. They came up from Belmont about a fortnight ago, where they were stored after the regiment lit out after Cronje.

cursing freely and with excellent judg-

ment, dancing a hornpipe around the

tent pole, and shaking both fists at the

Three St. John men, Ben Pascoe, Arthur Haydon and myself; Tommy Aiken of Fredericton, Fred Freeze of P. E. I., Baker and Ward of Quebec, and Stephenson of Montreal make up and camped on the battlefield. a collection of as choice spirits as ever gathered under a bit of canvas. While though the heat was almost unbearcur gold lasts the best that can be able, I "did" the entire field, and procured eventually finds its way into our little tabernacle, and after the money is exhausted we try our luck by seductive promises to the town stores. while if we are ingloriously chased from off the premises and become actually "strapped," it is then a case of borrow, steal, beg, swap, gamble, and living in a lurid atmosphere till next pay day, when things are all straightened out again.

But what scenes of misery and dis tress are going on around us every day. There are 1,800 cases of disease at the camp, 1,000 of which are fever. Seven of our battalion have exchanged into the "silent majority" since Easter. We are now just 90 over half our strength; that is, we number just 590 men. In G Co. 40 men are left fit for duty; yet, notwithstanding this, those of us that are left on deck frolic around, with the liability of being downed at any moment with fever or some vile, peculiar, pet disease of this Dark Continent. It is strange, but we are all callous to death and that sort of thing. A street fight used to alarm me more than to suddenly hear of a chum's desth nowadays. The other morning I went over to the field hospital to visit some of our sick, and during the short time I spent with them four of the "kilties" were carried from out the tents and laid in a row on the grass-dead. A short time after, a Kaffir driver played out. On an average 15 men die daily among the trcops

I hardly know what to do about remaining in this country. It is a strange and weird land, yet it is not without a certain fascination for most new-comers. This Orange Free State seems to be a vast rolling plain, spotted with lonely kcpies of all shapes and sizes. The Drakensburg Mountains and Orange River form its southern boundary from Cape Colony and part of Natal. The soil appears to be of a red sandy quality, on which grows a kind of bunch grass. It must be a grand cattle and sheep country. The British army has been existing on the herds that roam around for months past, the cnce property of the Boers. We often hear most charming stories of the country north of the Transvaal bint of the nearness of the famous -Mashonaland, Bechueland, Rhodesia, dian ond town, and the knowledge that and the tremendous tracts along the Shanghu and Zambes rivers-of their army kept its citizens cut off from mineral wealth and undiscovered mys- the world, and relief.

through the air, as they would take perticular pains to flick a front ox's ear. How those savages would groan and howl as they skipped along--hissing and whistling like so many locomotives, but the champion sounds occurred when we slowed up.

It took cur party nearly a week to make the trip from Honey Nest Kloof to Paardeberg, and it is a journey shall never forget. All the night kept guard on top of the big wagon, while the hottest part of the day I slept underneath it. Woke up, devoured some "bully" and biscuit, made a canteen of tea, and prepared for the night's jag again. I suppose you remember the time of the Modder River battle (fought the 28th Nov.), when Cronje made his great fight with Lord

Methuen along its banks, and caused a general halt of the British forces. Along toward daybreak one morn ing we came to the place, outspanned, didn't slumber any that day, and swam in the river, regardless of possible alligators. The railway bridge that spanned the Modder river was a huge wreck, but the engineers were busy laying a temporary crossing at this time, as they hardly had the leisure to repair what Boers had done. The river is, on an average, about 30 yards in width, quite deep in places, with water of a rich, yellow hue, caused by the mud-hence the name Modder. The banks are rugged heaps of hardened mud, that slope down di-

rectly into the stream, while a dismai, hard-up looking fringe of trees manage to line the shores.

The velt for miles around was dug up and crossed with crescent shaped earth works and entrenchments, while off to the left of the railway, a sand bag fort had been made. There was one large square of ground, under which lay 19 N. C.'s and men of the Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders. They had all been buried, just as they were found after being killed, all placed together in one large pit And this was the dead of only one regiment, too. It seems to me almost impossible

that our troops ever crossed the Modder, in the face of the hurricane of buillets that met them from the Boer who lay concealed in about as perfect a system of trenches, dug out of the mud banks, as I've ever seen.

That evening, as our ox train started off again, and we were fording the river, I had a good close view of those

Boer defences, on the opposite side. It was under the direction of certain European officers that they had been constructed, and one of them was an ex-British officer, also. Fortunately he was captured and forwarded at once to "Hades." there to build redoubts and trenches at his own sweet will. For mind the case. His name way Greener. We captured him at Ekandslaagte. He was at once recognized and shot as a deserter of the vilest kind

At this point we were about thirty miles from Kimberley-besieged Kimberley-and the search lights of the in vested city could be watched, flashing and glowing the live long night. It was something to remember, this first fidence. not so very far away a powerful Boer

and the wild assault on Cronje's laager | He is about my own age and a first-Feb. 27 (Majuba Day.) Heavens, what a morning that was: Next 27th Feb., if I should have the rare luck to | coe and myself were all marked down be employed, I'm going to demand a holiday on the plea of "sacred.mem-

ories." Do you mind the parting advice you and Fisher put on the package of tobacco the evening we left St. John: | the march. I do not know where we 'When bayoneting a Boer, be sure and probe deep.' I have not bayoneted one, and the chances now are that never shall, but that morning, if we had taken forty more paces forward, it would have been a bayonet fight of the worst nature. We'd have been inside the trenches, and if the Boers had stood their ground the R. C. R. would have been obliged to have "unfixed bayonets, and 'gie it to 'em I' the baggie-like the men of Inkerman," long ago.

I do not want to boast or "talkshop," but the work of the 1st R. C. R. has. I am of the opinion, been wor'th millions to Canada. We were, and are yet, in a position where the the "fun." But attention of the whole world was turned on us, and also under the critical observations of the best officers and regiments to be found anywhere. We hear rumors going about that those of us who return to Canada capital. alive, will receive some money-the result of some kind of fund or that sort of thing that's being raised through the dominion-also that the C. P. R. will give free trips, etc., etc. Oh, dear, they are pleasant to listen to, but disagreeable, when you come to reason it all out. I'm receiving one shilling and six-pence daily-and it is my faithful duty to encourage it to roam and keep on the move, so I am usually in a chronic state of bank-

ruptcy. We are paid monthly. If Canada chooses to give up a kind of separate gift in cash, I will "gape in astonishment" at her liberality She never did anything particularly handsome for me before, but perhaps in this instance, her sons have done deeds in this far off land that will make her unlock the treasure room and trot out some venerable, decay ing currency for our use.

Regarding the C. P. R.-What a trip a select party of G Co. could have touring Canada from Hallfax to Vancouver. Of course we'd do it if the passage was free-and we had quite a iscussion the other night over the likelihood of such being the case. I only hope it is!

I feel quite confident that we shall see England before reaching Canada. There will be the sights. Fred K. has already gone there with Wallace and McLeod .- all fever patients to "buck up" at Netley in Southampton.

Gen. Kitchener was here today. I've seen him numerous times, and Chas he's a peach. Over six feet in height straight as a tent pole, tanned almost dark, wearing a heavy sun-burnt moustache, square-jawed, square cheeked, square-shouldered, aggres sive in speech and gesture, ma in action. Kitchener chine-like is trusted and feared, respected and admired from a safe distance by the

soldiers who place in him implicit con-Bye, bye, W. RAYMOND.

The Sun is indebted to Mrs. J. J. Wallace, 106 Dorchester street, St. city once or twice to buy something to be booms-yes, there certainly will be

ity ill with fever. I shall never forget that march-it has played me out. for The papers have told you all about a while anywey, while poor Harry the long fight on Sunday, Feb. 18th, Morley's condition is indeed serious. class fellow. At a general medical examination a short time since, he. Pasas unfit for duty. My case is something like Morley's, but regarding Pascoe, physically, he is pretty fair, but both his feet are greatly weakened, so much so as to render him totally untit for shall go, possibly back to the Cape. Dear me, what yarns you hear about us back in St. John. So you thought T was to be stationed at the Cape. Well, hardly. I have been up with

BONY CHUNKS OF BEEF

the regiment where they have been having it their toughest; been through that dreadful morning of the 27th Feb., done the march to Bloemfontein, and now, looking back at it all. I reckon I've had all I want of campaigning till the rext time. I have not seen Fred K. since November, and just recently I heard that he, Jack McLeod : and Corp. Wallace have been sent from Wynberg hospital to England. Poor old Fred: I can fancy his great regret

FOR MANY REASONS am most thankful that he was absent from the "fun" that lay in cap-

turing Cronje and taking the Orange Poor Billy Donahue lost his leg-and little wonder. I attempted to bind up the fearful wound that was caused by an explosive bullet, but the noor boy could scarce be touched. He lay on the turf, behind a line of sand bags and dirt we had thrown up for protection-and stuck-it-out. People can shout all they wish about the "glory of war," but to me there is only one side to it, and that is the 'seamy side." At Paardeburg that morning after the Boers gave in, we

slipped from behind the line of entrenchments we had so quickly built, and approached the Boer laager and fortifications to accept their surrender and take their arms. On the way there I first discovered Fred Withers, who lay dead upon the ground. I had up to that moment thought him alive,

and you can picture the shock it was to thus suddenly find him-dead. It was terrible. It was difficult at first glance to know just who it was, but after we had looked at him closer it was easy to know the truth. He was lying on his back and had undoubtedly died instantly. We placed his helmet over his face and left him. A distance to the right a couple more hodies lay. We approached and knew that poor little Joe Johnston and Sergt. Scott would never voyage back to Canada again. I will not try to tell you anything about it, but covering them over as best we could we walked away. On ahead and nearer the Boer trenches three more silent khaki-clad forms lay scattered on the grass, while inside the trench a Boer also lay dead., Later in the morning a burying party was formed, and all of our regiment who had died were

PLACED IN ONE LARGE GRAVE. seven in all. This Bloemfontein is a meer, modern, ancient, hot, dusty, half-Dutch, half-negro, half-English, cld town with stone buildings and long straggling streets. It has churches, a nunnery, and up-to-date buildings, especially the residence of the ex-president-Mr. Steyn-but just now little Bobs lives there. I have been into the body at present can tell. There may

April 15---EASTER MORNING.

What a wild night I have had of itthe wind blowing a hurricane and rain and lightning constantly, while I have been placed on guard. Through it all I got into the guard tent about daybreak, soaked and shivering from dysentry. I thought of you all at homeabout to sit down to your Easter breakfasts-your persons attired in new suits and hats to match-church-Easter sermons-shining silk hats-Easter lilles and general good cheer. I once imagined I could hear the chimes of old Trinity, as I have so often heard them ring on past Easter at missing what he is pleased to term mernings. But on this day nothing

but the deleful strains of the Gordon pipers and the heartrending cries of the transport mules, as they slopped about in the mud, wet and half starved.

April 16-I have just returned from the field hospital, where I have been placed for a day to look after a number of our fellows who are there ill with fever. Since Easter seven mem bers of our battalion have died, one a Sergt. Beatty from Toronto. It is indeed a sad and not easily forgotten sight to witness, morning after morning, a firing party march out from our camp to bury the dead with mill tary honors.

The other day G. Co.'s Christmas arrived. How boxes had we all been looking forward to those Christmas boxes, and when at last each man bore away in triumph his mildewed little blue box. G Co. was for the first time in many months.

PERFECTLY HAPPY. I pried mine open, found in it several packages of fancy biscuit-all gone to crumbs-a package of beautiful spruce gum, some mok ses candy which had melted and run down to the

bottom, one magnificent fruit cake in perfect condition, and about a pound of muts. I devoured the cake at once and was happy. It was delicious Quite a number of the fellows have had private boxes that came out with the second contingent. They enjoyed rare luck. None of the members of our shack were the recipients of any thing like that, but we could easily know when our neighbors did, from their loud and constant singing in the evenings. One chap in H Co. had sent to him a little bucket of gooseberry preserves. It looked lovely - which was our share of it. I enjoy the home lecters so much, but I must say tha

Jannie has been the truest and best correspondent in the whole St. John party. Her letters come regular and are full of news. My time in the continent-the Dark Continent of Africawill be up in four days' time-the 21st April. There will be great problems to be solved in this country for years to come-the land will be restless and unsettled, for what length of time no-

Windsor. The other officers are: man Dimock, vice-president; F. I. Davison, secretary-treasurer. The. rectors are the above and Jas. Kennedy and Andrew Malcolm of St. John. Hon, A. T. Dunn, surveyor general of New Brunswick, is a large stockholder in the company.

In all only eighty-eight tons of quartz have been taken from this lode since its discovery and the yield has been 1,200 ounces. The present company is about putting in an improved plant consisting of air drills. a steam boist and crusher, and will work the property on a much more extensive scale. The two gold bricks brought to the city Monday. placed one above the other, measure 5x3 3-4x 1-2 inches.

(There are about fifty St. John people who have stock in this mine.)

The Sun's Salina, Kings Co., correspondent sends the following particulars of the drowning on Monday, May 28th. at Titus's mill. Little river. of Norval T., youngest son of George

DROWNED AT TITUS'S MILL

Snodgrass: Young Snodgrass had spent Sunday at his home in Salina, and on Monday morning, while working on the booms alone, the other help that had formerly assisted him being absent, he accidentally fell into the water. No one saw him fall, but people hearing a cry for help ran to his assistance. They were too late, as he was sinking for the last time, and when they brought his body to the shore life was extinct. The deceased was 18 years of age and a very clever, energetic young man. He leaves an aged father, five sisters and two brothers to mourn his sudden departure. His remains were laid to rest the following day in the family burial lot in the Titusville cemetery

where reposed his mother, one sister and two brothers. The deceased had many friends, as was seen by the long procession that followed his body to its last resting place. The funeral services were conducted by the Presbyterian minister of Hampton, assisted by Rev. Wm. Wright (Baptist), who preached from II. Cor., 5 chap. Much sympathy is felt for the bereaved family in their sad affliction, especial-

ly for the father and sister, Miss Clara, who remain at home.

MANITOBA.

Hugh John McDonald's Practical Prohibition Law-He Means Business.

WINNIPEG, Man., June 1.-In the legislature today Premier Macdonald outlined his proposed prohibition act, which will be enforced June 1st, 1901. It prohibits the sale of liquor by retailers and provides fines ranging from \$200 to \$1,000 for a first offense, and three months' imprisonment without option of a fine for a second offence. Manufacturers and dealers will not be permitted to sell in the province.

Cook's Cotton Rost Compound Is successfully used monthly by over 10,000 Ladies, Safe, effectual. Ladies ash your druggist for Ceek's Cattes Reet Cee mitstions are dangerous. Price, No. 1, \$1 per box. No. 2, 10 degrees stronger, \$5 per box. No. 1 or 1 malled en receipt c. price and two seen istamps. The Ceek Compary Windsor, Ont. By Nos. 1 and 2 soid and recommended by all responsible Druggists in Canada.

No. 1 and No. 2 soil in St. John by all and Retail Druggists.

