## THE SWOOPER.

An Appropriate Nickname Given Commandant Christian De

Wet

Exciting Railway Trip from Pretoria Through the Free State to Cape Town.

Journey Begun in Open Coal Trucks - A Complete Surprise - Slow in Cutting the Wires - Like a Rat in

(From H. S. White, the Sun's Special War Correspondent with the Canadian Mounted Rifles in South

KROONSTAD, June 24 .- Comman-

dant Christian DeWet-most distinguished and successful of all the Boer generals-has earned for himself -a very appropriate nickname: De Wet, "the Swooper." On our side we have "Forward" French, our "Bulldog" Buller, our "Bravo" Baden-Powell: but to none of them are their nicknames so appropriate as is the 'Swooper" to the enterprising Mr. De Wet. In front, or flank, or rear of our victorious armies, he "swoops" wherever he sees a weak point-capturing convoys, taking prisoners, blowing up bridges-all with perfect impunity to himself, and most disagreeable results to the particular members of our forces who are immediately concerned. He swooped months ago at Sanna's Post, and captured guns, baggage, and men; he swooped in rear of our advancing armies on many a town that we had previously occupied-he has swooped in a dozen different ways in a dozen different places. Just at present he is paying his particular attention to our lines of communication in the new Orange River Colony and he has sweeped at Rhenoster, captured several hundred Derbyshire militiamen, burning two months' mails and 20,000 overcoats; he has swooped at Zand River, killing men, and smashing up the railway; and two days ago he swooped at Honing Spruit, making himself particularly objectionable to several Canadians, including your humble servant, your special correspondent with the Canadian Mounted Rifles.

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A JOURNEY OF INCIDENT.

The war being practically over, paper man, I, with a number of other elling at present in the Orange River

Colony is quite unexcelled. We began the journey unpromisingly in open coal trucks; and on the first day did no more than thirty miles before we were side-tracked for the night at Elandsfentein, near Johannesburg. We had all travelled 60 miles an hour in Pulman cars many a time, but 30 miles a day in open trucks was a novelty, and as most of us are out here in search of new sem sations, we enjoyed our experience ac-

At Elandsfontein, after moving bag and baggage into two or three different trains not going our way (nobody connected with the railway seemed to have the least idea where any of the trains were going to), at length we took possession of a "saloon carriage," which we shrewdly suspected would be attached the next morning to some train going south. Our suspicions, luckily, proved to be wellfounded, and early next morning we found ourselves in all the luxury of a "saloon carriage," moving leisurely along at the tail end of a long train of open trucks containing four hundred troops, who, we were told, were bound for Honing Spruit, a small station 21 miles north of Kroonstad. These troops, and their officers, we fraternized with during the day, and found that they were all released prisoners from Pretoria and Waterval, belonging to various line regiments. Some had been prisoners for as long as eight ments; some for only a few weeks; some had been captured in Natal, some in the Free State, some in Cape Colony, but all had been released by our troops after the occupation of Pretoria. They had been formed into a "composite" regiment, and had been hastily re-armed with rifles surrendered by the Boers. Now, as Mr. Johnny Boer has a particular weakness for modern weapons, he has an artful little way, when he finds it advisable to lay down his arms, of surrendering only his discarded old Martini-Henry-his Mauser he lays down in some secure little hidingplace in the vicinity of his farm, where it will be readily available for future occasions. Thus, our military authorities throughout the conquered territory, became possessed of thousands of these discarded weapons; and thus the released prisoners of our "composite" regiment found themselves armed with obsolete old shooting-irons that would have been about as useful to them in a desperate situation as so many walking-sticks.

In command of the troops was Colonel Bullock, of the Devonshire Regiment. He is a man who has such a peculiar distaste for surrendering that before the Boers could capture him months ago in Natal, they had to knock him senseless with the butt end us he was, therefore, a good man to have in command.

A COMPLETE SURPRISE.

Some time in the night, or early on Friday morning, while every one on the train was peacefully slumbering, we reached Honing Spruit. .At first break of dawn we were all up, and

was a private cottage similarly constructed. North and south, intersecting from horizon to horizon, the bare, almost level veldt ran the narrow roadaround from east to west, was a long road-bed, when depression, at the bottom of which ran the spruit that gave the station its

Nobody had yet had breakfast, though some of the men had already got their little fires started, and their camp kettles set, when suddenly the word went round that the Boers were coming. Correspondents and officers gathered in a little group at the north end of the platform, and swept the horizon with their field glasses. Yes, there, sure enough, coming full tilt over the iliar enemy, for certain. Down they straight for the little railway bridge that crossed the spruit. Were they going to attack us? The answer came almost immeditely in a loud explosion, followed by a big cloud of white smoke from the direction of the bridge. They had blown up the railway and cut us off from the north.

Then we knew what to expect. Coloffice, and immediately the word flashed to the south that we were attacked in force, and must have help. Back came the welcome reply from Kroonstad—only 21 miles distant—"Message received and understood!" Ten minsuch a wily enemy to show their intention so plainly before they cut us off from relief. To those of us who knew the Boer best it appeared to be incredible, and we were far more inclined to believe that they had tapped the wire and had themselves sent back the misleading reply. If that were so, we were, indeed, lost; but we hoped that for once Mr. Boer had not been quite so smart as he might have been.

A PRETTY WARM TIME.

Meanwhile, Colonel Bullock was making his preparations for resistance. From their fires and their camp kettles the men were ordered quickly to the north and to the south of the station with picks and shovels to make what rough trenches they could before the attack began. Ten, fifteen minutes elanged after the blowing up of the railway bridge, when bang! went a culvert into the air to the south of us. Now we were cut off from either side, and our train had to stay where it was, at any rate.

We were still gazing hopelessly in from the point of view of the news- the direction of this last explosion, when suddenly we saw a little cloud of as it tore through the air over our licked their faces. They were not hit, correspondents, left Pretoria last Wed- white smoke hover for a few moments low roof. We knew, then, that the nesday, the 20th, to travel by train to in the air just over the railway on worst of our anticipations were about one mare dash for cover. One carried Cape Town. Our experiences, so far, the far horizon. Shrapnel! Now we to be realized. We were going to be an overcoat and as he ran he held it justify, I think, the assertion that for knew that of a truth we were in for shelled-severely, no doubt, for the over his head, as if to protect it from variety and excitement, railway trav- it. Here we were, four hundred sick Boers, with nothing against them, but the hullets. Their legs were swift, and tired released prisoners, armed almost uscless old Martinis, could and in another minute they were out only with almost useless old Martini's, bring their guns up to within 2,000 of sight of the Boer riflemen, and with only a very limited amount of yards, and, without a particle of dan- comparatively safe. ammunition, without artillery of any ger to themselves, could blaze at us kind, cut off by rail to north and south, to their heart's content. and surrounded by foes armed with far-reaching, smokeless Mausers, and other shell through the air over our and a half to the south of us, where held a hurried council of war. Standand true of the Canadian Mounted and it did not appear to us quite good emy's fire ceased. Rifles. The Boer were all around us, enough. Our ingenious brother corattacking us from the north and shell-ing the little camp of our friends to

The blowing up of the bridge over the sluit to the north of us, the despatch of the message to Kreonstad; the appearance of the first shrapnel shell over the camp to the south of us; the sending out of our men to make hurried trenches-all this takes long to narrate, but in occurence had only occupied fifteen or twenty minutes, when a single mounted man bearing a white flag was seen rapidly approaching our position.

IT WAS THE USUAL BOER TRICK -ostensibly a summons to surrender, really an excuse for one of their men to get a close view of our number and our position. Colonel Bullock went out to meet him as far as he could get on foot, and turned him back smartly with the shortest and abruptest re-

Every one knew, then, what was coming, and while the bearer of the white flag was cantering quickly back to his comrades, all of us looked around for the best cover obtainable. Meanwhile, rapidly along the railway from the north we saw a trolley-a handcar-coming along right into the arms of our enemies. Not a shot had been fired yet, and the railway men on the trolley coming down to start their day's work, came along without a suspicion of danger. It was impossible for us to warn them at that distance. In a few moments it was all over. As they neared the blown-up bridge they were greeted with a volley from the Boers, and every one of the four men on the trolley fell wounded. One, a poor inoffensive Kaffir, was killed; the others, in their maimed condition, were taken prisoners.

Then came our turn. Whizz! through the cold air of the early morning came the first bullet. Everybody immediately rushed for his chosen cover. Everybody but the brave Colonel Bullock, who calmly remained walking about the platform, giving his orders, first to the men at the north end, then back again to the men at the south end of the station.

Unarmed and feeling like a rat in a hole with a terrier at the end of it, I, with other correspondents-John A. of a rifle. As events turned out with Ewan was one of them-threw myself down full length on the cold, freshlyturned earth of a shallow trench at the south end of the platform. There, amidst, a number of soldiers, we lay shivering and hungry, while the bullets whizzed in the air over our heads like a big, swift-flying wasp. So far, the Boers were only firing from the north, and the cover of our trench was

rooms, ticket and telegraph offices, and he had had to hurriedly return best we could in or out of our trenwalls and roofs, all made of a single with it to the train, finding the enemy ches. Gradually the Boers crept arsheeting of corrugated iron—no more as numerous to the south as to the obstacle to a Mauser bullet than a north of us. Thus he reported to Colplece of paper. By the side of the sta- onel Bullock, who immediately took their Mausers, while both their guns tion, close at hand on the east side, measures to meet the enemy from the grew more active and more deadly. new direction.

None too soon! Hardly had the small party of men in extended order gone out some little distance down bed of the railway. To the north little the line, taking what cover they more than half a mile distant, winding could get in the ditch or behind the

THE BULLETS BEGAN TO WHIZZ over our heads from our right. That made our trench no longer tenable, and everyone began to dash about looking for better cover. I made for the lee side of the long line of empty trucks, lying flat on my belly beside the wheels. Ewan came dashing after me, and as he crossed the few yards between the trench and the trucks, a bullet struck the ground under his feet and sent him sprawling. We corresridge on the north side of the spruit, pondents represented nearly every part and to the east of the railway, was a of the Empire, and soon lying, bellies party of mounted men-our old, fam- downwards, along the rail under the trucks, were unhappy quill-drivers came at a smart canter, making from Australia, New Zealand, from England, and from Holland, as well as from Canada. There we lay, till again it became too hot. The bullets went through the sides of the trucks and between the iron wheels the open spaces were far too large and too numerous for our peace of mind. It was evident that another rapid and strategic move was imperative. On the west onel Bullock rushed to the telegraph side of the railway, and only about a hundred yards from us, was a long row of low, corrugated iron buildings. So far the Boers were firing only from the north and the east: therefore these buildings looked very inviting. The intervening open space of a hundred utes later the wires were cut and yards was what made us pause and Kroonstad could tell us no more. It consider. The bullets were whistling was a strange oversight on the part of pretty thickly over that space; and none of us were practised sprinters. Ping! went a bullet against the iron concerned, that settled it. Waiting for a slight lull in the incessant cracklecrackle of the Mausers up the line, I rose on my feet and made a dash for it. It was the best hundred yard sprint that I have done since I left college. Mr. New Zealander came next. He is younger than I am, and he did perhaps even better. But Ewan-I never knew till that day that he was a regular professional sprinter. He is older than either the New Zealander or me, but he beat us both hollow.

> SHELLED BY THE ENEMY. Inside the house we found others

seeking shelter-Tommies as well as the Australian correspondent. There was a fire burning on a large open

Whiz-z-z-z! went another and anrespondent from Australia then sug- der, or was it help at last? gested ripping up the floor. No sooner said than done. In a quarter of an hour, with the assistance of a handy crowbar, we had ripped up the floor. No sooner said than done,

trenches between the joists. In between the joists, at full length, we lay down to await eventualitieswith what ratience and equanimity we could summon up to our assistance things locked bad indeed. And yet worse was coming, for presently from the north also another gun began pounding us with shrapnel, while the riflemen crept further around our position and poured in bullets from almost every direction. There we lay, then, listening to the interminable crackle-crackle of the Mausers, drowned every now and then by the louder boom of the guns and the fiercer screaming of the shells through the air. Now and again the sharp click of a bullet piercing the thin walls would make us duck our half protected heads. Presently, while I was imprudently taking a look around with my head in the air, something crackled sharply in the wall by my side, and I felt a small splinter strike me on the eyelid. Simultaneously the Australian, who still more imprudently was standing up, called out that he curiously at the wall, and a round hole just large enough to put the point of one's little finger into explained everything. A shrapnel bullet had paid us an uninvited visit. Luckily it missed by head by three inches. and only just grazed the Australian's boot. If he had been lying down in his trench it would have hit him fair. It was near enough for me. I am carrying that bullet in my pocket as a little souvenir of happy days gone

we lay for dreary Thus hour, sometimes after dreary trenches, flat in our times tempting fate more strongly by sitting up or standing. About noon the Boers ceased firing, and we thought, perhaps, already relief had come from Kroonstad. But no! they truce, once more

SUMMONING US TO SURRENDER. Then, during the short interval of peace men passed the word around that there had been many casualties, that their popular, much loved major had been shot dead, and that mangled men were being carried into the cottage by the side of the station, where the doctor had hoisted the Red Cross

The interval lasted but a few min-

hopeless, we sheltered ourselves as lucky methods of so many of our sunearer drew the crackle-crackle of Several soldiers crowded into our room, and a few took possession of the trenches which some of us had temporarily vacated. They began to curse their luck, foreseeing nothing but surrender for the second time. Then we counted up the hours that must elapse before help could arrive from Kroonstad, twenty-one miles distant, or before darkness would come to stop the Boers' fire. We wondered whether they would keep us correspondents prisoners, if they took us, or whether they would not more probably commandeer everything we ossessed, and turn us adrift. Our Hollander friend guaranteed to us his intercession, and meanwhile he stuck so religiously to the bottom of his trench that I felt satisfied he would survive to plead for us. Suddenly one of the soldiers shouted: 'I've got it. It's a -- bullet, I s'pose." He limped into the middle of the room; and we ripped up his trousers with a knife; while he amplified his first remark by adding ruefully: "It's gone right through my leg-and I've got on colored drawers—I've got on colored drawers!" The colored drawers were there all right, and under them the two neat little holes, one on each side of his thigh, where the bullet had passed in and out. With a first field dressing we soon made him quite comfortable, and then sat down to await our own turns. The shells began to fall thicker, and nearer than ever to our building, when presently, crack! came another bullet clean through the middle of our room. but again missing everybody. It was too much for one of the correspondents who had been turned out of his trench, and he made a frantic jump for the chimney, up which he promptly dis-

this—to climbing up a chimney like a Serious as our situation was, we

could not help laughing.

appeared. Then, in muffled tones, we

heard his familiar voice exclaiming:

Well. I never thought I'd come to

Outside, the men were of course in a worse plight than we were. We could see some through the window lying in some places quite exposed on the bare flat ground. Presently two sprang to their feet, and began to rush towards our house. We heard the crackle of the rifles as the Boers potted at them, and before they had run a hundred yards a shell dropped within a few feet of them, fortunately without bursting. Immediately both hearth and we eagerly stood close up fell flat i pon the ground, and at first to it warming our shivering limbs. We we thought they were hit. Following were just discussing-somewhat dubi- them was a little fox-terrier, who ously-the effectiveness of our shelter seemed to think this was all a bit of from Mauser bullets when, boom! from fun for his own special amusement. the east went the first gun, followed He verged his stumpy tail, and as immediately by the whizz of a shell the men fell sprang upon them, and and soon they rose again, and made

AN ALL-DAY SIEGE.

From 7 o'clock in the morning until nearly four in the afternoon our -worst of all-with artillery. That heads, ending with a bang, and the brave hundred men lay there, with little cloud of smoke meant that the rattle of a shower of shrapnel bullets. their useless old Martinis helplessly Boers were shelling the camp, a mile Then, we inside the flimsy building, against the Mausers and the shrapnel of the enemy. At nearly 4 o'clock, we knew there were two hundred men ing there behind the brick fireplace, when we had begun to despair of help of the Shropshires and fifty good men we had shelter from one side only, from Krconstad, suddenly the en-

Was it another summons to surren-Hark! Was that not the distant sound of a gun? Some said that it was, others that it was only the Boers blowing up more of the railway. But again, and again, came that dis tant, hardly audible boom! Yes, indeed, now we were sure of it-relief-

RELIEF FROM KROONSTAD AT

Rifles and guns of the Boers were now quite silent, and we all crowded out of the house to see what had really happened. Yes! there they were -the Boers-horsemen and gunners off at the top of their speed towards the northwest! Louder and louder grew the sound of our approaching guns, and before it was dark we had the satisfaction of standing out in the open and watching the retreating Boers, with our shells dropping among them. By a most unusual oversight on the part of the wily Boers-the fact that they had shown themselves before they cut the wires between us and Kroonstad—we were at last saved from

capture or annihilation! Then followed the mournful task of gathering in the dead and wounded all day in the little hurriedly improvised hospital. The doctor and his orwas hit in the foot. I glanced round derly had been busy. Major Hobbs of the West Yorks, so recently released after eight months of heart-gnawing captivity, lay dead on the station platform-shot through the heart. By him lay already three of the men of his unfortunate regiment. Inside of the hospital-not yet beyond the surgeon's aid-were sixteen sorely stricken men, including one officer, Lieutenant Smith of the Gloucesters, who was grievously hurt.

It was bad enough, but it might have been a great deal worse. But for the fortunate accident that Lenthol Cheatle, consulting surgeon on Lord Roberts's staff, happened to be travelling on the train as a passenger there would have been no doctor at all. No provision whatever had been made for such an emergency-than which none was more likely—and if it had were only sending in another flag of not been for the chance that Dr. Cheatle was on the train many of the brave fellows who saved the train from capture would needlessly have bled to death. As it was, the doctor and his orderly, who was accompanying him to Cape Town, were completely unprovided with instruments or surgical appliances of any kind. They had to make bandages by tearing up cottage, and for splints they had to use any odd bit of wood that they could

The circumstances of this attack on our little force at Honing Spruit are worthy of considerable consideration. Some funny deductions might be drawn

OUR MOUNTED MEN'S EXPERI-

Before we were attacked, as I have said, the Boers attacked the camp on the railway about a mile and a half to the south of us. In this camp, besides the two companies of the Shropshires were fifty men of our own Mounted Rifles. They all belonged to D Squadron, and were under the command of Captain Davidson; the only other officer with them was Lieutenant Inglis. At break of day, as was their cushom, a Cossack Post, consisting of a party of twelve men under Lieutenant Inglis, left the camp to take up their position on the top of a sort of doubleheaded kopje about a mile away from the camp. Inglis had already posted some of his men on one of the summits of this kopje, and was about to take the rest on to the other summit when, to his horror, he saw that it was already in the possession of a large party of the enemy, who immediately put their horses into a gallop, with the evident intention of cutting the Can adian Rooinek's off from their camp There was nothing, of course, to be done by our men but to get back to the shelter of their camp as quick as possible.

This they at once proceeded to do hastily, of course, but in perfect order and without the least display of panic. And yet never were men in a more critical and trying position. The Boers were—as they always are—well mounted, on horses that could easily outstrip the poor tired-out beasts that our men could scarcely urge into a canter. Escape seemed hardly possible; but never a thought of surrender entered the minds of our men as they rode steadily towards the camp, every now and then turning to reply to the fire of the pursuing Boers.

It was, of course, a foregone conclusion that some would never again reach camp alive. It was only a desperate chance that a few might escape. Whose luck it would be to fall, and whose to remain unscathed, were the chances that soldiers must take in the lottery of war. Meanwhile, all did their best to have at least a life for a life from the enemy.

Before this desperate race for life was over many a Boer bullet had found our men. Stricken to death were Sergeant Pattison, Corporal Fred Morden, and Trooper Robert Kerr, while sarely hit, but not so badly but that, with grim determination, they could still stick to their saddles, were Troopers Aspinall, Burney and Corporal T. R. Miles, besides their officer, brave Lieut. Irglis.

A REMARKABLE DUEL. Meanwhile a duel of an almost melo-

dramatic character was going on between two of the enemy and one of our men-Trooper Waldy-"Old" Waldy, as he is affectionately called by his comrades-has had escapes before, though none, perhaps, quite so sensational as this one was to be. He has survived the horrors of the "Edmonton Trail." he fell from the Pomeranian on her arrival at Cape Town, and was so severely injured that he was unconscious for over a month; and now he had the problem to solve of how to escape from two Boers, who were steadily pursuing him at a distance of about a couple of hundred yards. The Boers' horses were comparatively fresh, while very soon Waldy made up his mind that if he was to escape at all he must depend upon himself and not upon his jaded horse, whom he could scarcely spur into the slowest kind of a jog-trot. Promptness of action was his only chance, and on the instant that he made up his mind that his horse could never save him, he dropped from the saddle to the ground, and, lying flat, turned to face his pursuers. They were as quick as he, and before he had time to get in a shot they were also prone and scarcely visible among the grass of the hummocky veldt. It was now a case of straight shooting, pure and simple, though with odds

against Waldy two to one. But in numbers only. Waldy, as all his neighbors on the western plains well know, is no slouch with the rifle. Few, indeed, even in this country where practically every man is a trained shot, are better marksmen. Upon his ability to shoot straight he decided to stake his chances. Lying flat, as both he and his adversaries were, it was impossible for either to see the other plainly enough to get a certain shot. Deliberately, therefore, Waldy rose to his knees, in which position he knew he had his fees at his mercy if they missed him fong enough to enable him to get in two shots. It was a fair fight, and the best man won. Twice Waldy's rifle spoke, and each time it was the death warrant of one of his adversaries. A couple of minutes, and those two doughty Boers had fought their last fight, while "Old" Waldy was calmly rambling along to the shelter of the camp-the only man of the whole party to return that day uninjured. Pattison, Morden and Kerr were dead; Inglis, Aspinall, Burney and Miles were wounded, as I have already said, and now it was discovered that Troopers Bell and Ermatinger were in the hands of the enemy, prisoners, and presumably wounded also, or they would never have allowed themselves to be captured. That accounted for the whole of the party, excepting Vernon and Hobbins, and they, we learned later (the following day), turned up safe and sound at Kroonstad. A pretty big proportion of casualties, in these few fateful minutes, cut of twelve men-three killed, four wounded, two prisoners, also probably wounded, two missing, and only one-doughty "Old" Waldy -safe and sound in camp at the end of this decidedly "bad quarter-of-anhour."

The next morning I went on the hospital train that took the wounded from Honing Spruit to Kroonstad. At the camp of the Shropshires we pickall the sheets and pillow cases in the ed up our unfortunate Canadian comrades. Lieutenant Inglis, I found on his back on a stretcher, enjoying a find. Their red-cross flags they made | cigarette, smiling as "game" as could On either side of the platform stood the usual low galvanized iron station on the usual low galvanized iron station of the colonel's scornful refunction as far as he could to hours, hungry and becoming almost on the usual low galvanized iron station of the colonel's scornful refunction of the colonel's sco

would suffer no permanent injury from his wound. The others were all able to walk to the train, though they had had, in one case at least, as many as three bullets through them. It was the old story—the humane does its work in a courteous and gentlemanly manner, and these comrades of ours, despite even four or six bullet holes, will soon be as fit and as sound as ever they were,

It was the tightest place that any of our Mounted Riflemen have yet been in, and they got out of it-some officer in command of the Shropshire camp said to me: "Those Canadian beggars don't know what fear is!" H. S. WHITE.

TEMPERANCE COLUMN.

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BY THE WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPER-ANCE UNION OF ST. JOHN.

[Trust the people—the wise and the ignorant, the good and the bad—with the gravest questions, and in the end you will educate

A hospital for the treatment of inebriates upon strictly scientific principles is to be established in Boston. It will bear the rame of "Willard." The president of the corporation is Rev. Edward Everett Hale, and many well known names appear in the list of members of its executive committee and board of directors. "A hospital under expert medical direction," says a circular sent out by the management, having every opportunity for out-door recreation, where the patient can go for private treatment at moderate rates, was one of the cherished plans of Miss Frances Wil-

Plans for opening this hospital are already in operation. A fine country place has been selected and the direcfors are now raising funds to establish and maintain such an institution.

Mrs. Ida Husted Harper tells this tory in The Woman's Journal, organ of the Suffrage Association: "At our hotel, where some of us were stopping a little while ago, was a beautiful young girl, educated, clever, thoroughly up-to-date. A handsome fellow was paying her the most devoted attention, whenever he was sober enough to do so, and all of us felt very anxious lest his attractive manners and lavish display of wealth should win the girl. One evening late she came into my room, and, settling herself among the pillows of the couch, said, John proposed tonight; went down on his knees, said I was the only power on earth that could save him, and if I didn't consent to be his wife he should fill a drunkard's grave.' 'What did you say?' I asked breathlessly. 'Well,' she replied, 'I told him I was not running a Keeley cure, but if he really wanted to be saved I would give him the addresses of sevcral which I had heard highly recommended.' "

BETWEEN THE CHURCH AND MILITARISM.

Dr. Lorimer, preaching recently it Tremont Temple, Boston, took for his topic The Song of the Sword. Among other things he sad: The war now waging in South Africa should be a warning to the church to prepare for the conflict which, in his opinion, would be the chief feature of the This, he said, next quarter-century. would be the conflict between militarism and the Church of Jesus

"The Protestant church should take some step to stop the ravages of war on earth. But what should we do? Surely not takes sides in the case. Would that the church today might realize the crisis and gather its strength for the conflict of peace, so that from ten thousand pulpits instead of from a dozen, might be heard the call to peace!"

The following letter and its enclosure is gratefully acknowledged by the committee of the L. G. H.:

July 31st, 1900

Dear Mrs. Davidson-1 am sending you the proceeds of a bazaar held on our grounds on the 26th of the month. in aid of the "Little Girls' Home." Miss Ethel Creighton and my own two daughters have been working during last winter with this end in view and are much pleased to hand over to you the sum of fifteen dollars and sixty-five cents (\$15.65) as the result of their cleerful labors.

> Very sincerely yours. JEANNETTE C. BULLOCK.

The question of good water supply and how it may be obtained is, literally, a vital one, and the letter which appeared in the issue of Tuesday's Globe revived the subject brought before the public by one of our most eminent physicians last

At the suggestion of the honorary president of the W. C. T. U., the secretary of our St. John Union prepared a letter calling the attention of Mr. Sears, who was then mayor, to the disgraceful state of the reservoir, and requesting that he, together with the members of the city council, take immediate action in the matter, but our appeal was treated with sublime indifference. Subsequently the Woman's Council has ventilated the subject more than once, but apparently with as little success.

For the last month the water has had a peculiarly unpleasant flavor, to which the attention of the writer has been directed by several individuals

at different times. It is only when the community is threatened with an outbreak of disease from this long neglected source of danger that our city fathers will be aroused to a sense of their responsibilities, or, in view of the imperative necessity to remedy the existing state of things, could not the board of health assume the duty of investigating the present condition of the reservoir immediately in the interests of the latepayers and report according-