## ndrum.

Alike Speculate e He Will Out.

That He Will ob Without rotests.

ce Blamed for he Evacua. olenso.

-The London corbune cabling as to f campaign to be ler, says:

of campaign is known even at the tainly has not been correspondents. He and suggestions of r Evelyn Wood bebut retained absoas was befitting he forces in South en the grave of so military and civil. ere can only hazard his probable course aling with the situamastered the de-They begin by astake warning from

n Natal and not alhorities to influence own that Natal offiesponsible not only the field forces into dysmith as a post ided at all hazards t they made strenu-aing's Nek occupied. railed except in the occupation of Laing's

Glencoe and the deorst possible condi-where the town is ral concentric circles e the results of proer military plans. not hesitate to say never have been vsmith should have ly and without cone supplies and miliarrison retiring be-ying the bridges and further from their ig a dilatory and de-

il the arrival of the likely to pay heed to entreaties from the He will deal with ilitary lines and with se. He is not a dipself-reliant, obstinate at force of character. rrying them out by ed districts or special e of every menaced

the military problem at least ten thousand soon as the earliest my corps arrive at the for this purpose, and in Lower Natal by rg and push on to the

s garrison has been bly be concentrated or operation for the and the direct move atein. This part of arly indicated by th itary stores at De t important strategic range river, and has rith Capetown, Port

are evidently anticies of Gen. Buller's they are threatening om the Zulu border, sed the Orange river ent may be an empty ange river raids may ek any advance upon er from Port Eliza The raiders at are dangerously near from De Aar Juncth, which is a nearer

erley and Ladysmith m Gen. Buller's head-nd upon native runssages to the outer idings from Mafeking eassuring, and the si-ith has been unbrok-ion of a few belated fore the wires were danger, and tha ly completing the in own by throwing it and Colenso. I o received informa sh forces have with so. This leaves the so. This leaves gela at the mercy of

ss despatches befor ere broken reported ailitary experts agre annot have less than en available for the

#### BLE LYDDITE.

Kill Three Hundred apply for Africa.

Transports have just Woolwich howitzer l be hurried to the has 10,000 rounds shells awaiting it. made a single act body will kill 300 nstrated in the battle destroyed the army that large numbers vultures and field from the same

### The Cause of the War

Letter Written in June Last Throws Considerable Light on It.

Some of the Outrages That Uitlanders Had to Contend Against.

A letter written by a gentleman in Johannesburg to a friend in Victoria in June last throws considerable light or the cause of the war in South Africa.

The writer says: "I suppose Victoria is very quiet now. Not so Johannesburg. Here it is all excitement and speculation as to the events of the next two or three months. A large number of people are leaving for Natal and Cape Colony, and the railway

company has provided itself with all the available rolling stock in case of trouble and a consequent increased exodus from Johannesburg. No one will think of discussing anything else but the "situation." And I may tell you that despite the assurances of the government and their organs, things look very black indeed. Last (Saturday) pight there was a meeting of Uitlanders only in the Wanderers' Club hall, and the turnstiles recorded the number of 6,000 people (actually 6,011) as having passed in, and hardly a Boer among them. The government had issued notices requesting and warning all burghers to keep away. If they had attempted to create a disturbance it would have fared hard with them, for there were 250 men stationed in various parts black indeed. Last (Saturday)

have fared hard with them, for there were 250 men stationed in various parts of the hall, each of whom possessed a revolver. This I know from the man who was in charge of them, as he afterwards let a little information out when he had got a bit boozed (drunk) to myself and another party when we assisted him home to his room. And besides the audience had come prepared for trouble, there being hardly a man present without a stout walking stick or riding whip. The only disturbers who were of any consequence were put out before they knew whether they were on their head or their feet. The meeting was an unqualified success in every way and showed the unanimity of feeling existing between Englishman in the Rand. My impression of the present results in that things have gone too far were 250 men stationed in various parts

Rand. My impression of the present trouble is that things have gone too far to be left. As one speaker put it, "We have appealed to Caesar, and Caesar shall see us through." You want to know what it is all about. I enclose a cutting which will give you a good deal of information, especially as regards taxation. The principal point is the franchise question. There are men who were born in this country and have passed their lives here, and yet as their parentage was not Dutch they are barred from having a voice in the affairs

Butting positions because of their liability to be called back to the colors. In some cause there causes these reserve men have re-enlisted success of the mobilization this practice could not have been at all general:

I'm 'ere in a ticy ulster an' a broken billycock 'at,

A-lsyin' on to the sergeant I don't know a gun from a bat;

My shirt's doin' duty for jacket, my socks stickin' out o' my boots,

An' I'm learnin' the dammed old goose step along o' the new recruits! barred from having a voice in the affairs of the land which their energy and money have helped to develop; and others again who have settled down and have made their horses have have made their homes here are not allowed to have a voice in the affairs of

pressive taxes in the way of customs duties and the concessions and monopolies which are the cause of them. There is a monopoly for the manufacture of dynamite and all other explosive materials—things most necessary for the mining industry; spirits and wines, of which Johannesburg consumes more than any other part of the globe; jams, soap, candles, condensed milk, ground coffee and a number of other staple articles. The waterworks is a concession, coffee and a number of other staple articles. The waterworks is a concession, the telethe tramway is a concession, the telethe tramway is a concession, the teleed of a trade—

Right nobly gave voortrekkers brave
ed of a trade—
Their blood, their lives, their all;
For Freedom's right, in death despite, and electricity supply. Johannesburg has a town council; its chief (called burgomaster) is appointed by the govern-ment in Pretoria, and it cannot decide to put a tax on bicycles or fix the cab tariff without the government being asked to give its consent and its apasked to give its consent and its approval. Anybody who wants a concession has only to bribe enough and they get it. The country is a seething hotbed of corruption. A few weeks back I went down to the goods sheds to get some goods that we wanted, and which knew would not be delivered the

same day, and the foreman of the shed intimated that if we sent along a ham or same day, and the foreman of the shed intimated that if we sent along a ham or a side of bacon or a cheese or something of that sort it would greatly expedite matters with regard to the delivery of goods in future. Upon receipt of a sum goods in future. Upon receipt of a sum in proportion to the offence, a policeman will let an offender off without a moment's consideration. The whole of the Johannesburg court officials, with the exception of the landdrosts (magistrates) the misches again in the part of the various.

I m back to the Army again; or would ha' thought I could contain the port?

I'm back to the Army again!

themselves, are in the pay of the various syndicates established allong the reef for the illicit sale of liquor (poison I should call it) to the Kaffirs or the miners; and at the east and west extremities of the reef the whole blooming lot, from the landrost to the policeman, are bribed. Krugersdorp and Boksburg are synonymous with the greatest bribery and corruption possible.

I'm back to the Army again!

I took my bath an' I wallered—for, Gawd,
I needed it so!
I smelt the smell of the barricks, I 'eard the bugles go.
I 'eard the feet on the gravel—the feet o' the men what drill—
An' I sez to my flutterin' 'eart strings, I sez to 'em: "Peace, be still!"

The railway monopoly—this is the Netherlands railway, or, to give its full title, "Der Netherlands Zuid Africansche Spoorweg Matchappij Beperkt."
Its head office is in Holland, and all of its officials are Hollanders. They are the rudest most uncounterway and area.

Back to the Army again, sergeant, Back to the Army again; 'Oo said I knew when the Jumner was due? I'm beack to the Army again; 'I'm back to the Army again; 'Or said I knew when the Jumner was due? I'm beack to the Army again; 'O' said I knew when the Jumner was due? I'm beack to the Army again, sergeant, Back to the Army again, 'O' said I knew when the Jumner was due? I'm beack to the Army again, 'O' said I knew when the Jumner was due? I'm beack to the Army again, 'O' said I knew when the Jumner was due? I'm beack to the Army again, 'O' said I knew when the Jumner was due? I'm beack to the Army again. rudest, most uncourteous and arrogant lot on the face of the earth, and civility on the railway is a thing unheard of in its history. Its rates are enormous. It costs as much to bring goods from the Transvaal border to Johannesburg as it does from Capetown Johannesburg as it does from Capetown to the border, the distances being 58 and 960 miles respectively. The fare between Johannesburg and Pretoria is 18s.

6d. return, and the distance is 36 miles

The between Johannesburg and Pretoria is 18s.

Rather to free with my fancies? Wat—me? 6d. return, and the distance is 36 miles (72 miles return)—and for this the charge is \$4.50. Its revenue amounts to over monopolies are in but a few cases being worked, and the only result is that the duty has been increased to an enormous extent. For instance, it costs to lay down English jam in Johannesburg 12s. per dozen per 1-lb. tin; milk (condensed) per dozen per 1-1b. tin; milk (condensed)
costs 27s. per case of 4 dozen; sugar
which comes from Natal has a special
duty of 3s. 6d. per 100 lbs. gross, and
with carriage from Durban at 8s. per
100 lbs. and the ordinary duty of 10 per
cent. and transit duty of 5 per cent. cent. and transit duty of 5 per cent... clearing charges and delivery charges, it costs here laid down in the warehouse

matches used here and are retailed

t 1s. per dozen boxes. Cheap, isn't it, hey cost the wholesale merchant about s. 3d. landed in Johannesburg. These

An' back to the Army again!

### POETRY OF THE CAMPAIGN.

BRITONS AND BOERS.

The following remarkable poem, says the London Dally Chronicle, which has been sent us by the famous Dutch novellst, Mr. Maarten Maartens, though we do not intirely adopt its tone, will be read by Englishmen as representing a feeling that we believe to be universal in Holland, and to be almost universal on the continent. (This was before the war broke out.)

TO ENGLAND. Greatest of Nations! Chosen strength of Imperial servant of divine commands!

Within the tranquil hollows of thy Repose the sphered seas; the changeare thine, and tracts of empire yet un-

The sword is thine; its splendor flares abroad, Thou whom the mighty warrior-dead

Wilt thou intrust its unpolluted fame To smooth-faced pirates whose unspoken aim
Is filthy lucre gained by fouler fraud?

Puritans, pure, as thou, in home and heart. master but your Lord

In thee, for thou, awakening, wilt

hear
This clink of gold; thy righteous heart will fear Uurighteens ruin, slowly drawing

Back to the Army again, sergeant, Back to the Army again.

Don't look so 'ard, for I 'aven't no card,
I'm back to the Army again!

I done my six years' service. 'Er Majesty the country. Of these there are a very large number. Then there are the oppressive taxes in the way of customs

Back to the Army again; 'Tisn't my fault if I dress when I 'alt— I'm back to the Army again! The sergeant arst no questions, but 'e winked the other eye,
'E says to me "Shun!" and I shunted the

Back to the Army again;
Back to the Army again;
Oo would ha' thought I could carry an'

I'm back to the Army again!

I carried my slops to the tailor; I sez to 'im, "None o' your lip! You tight 'em over the shoulders an' loose

I'm back to the Army again!

A man that's too good to be lost you, A man that is 'andled an' made often as high as 29s. and 30s. per 100 lbs. These are only a few representative articles, and the prices are cost prices to the wholesale importer in Johannesburg. Safety matches are the But drives 'em to cheat to get out o' the often army brices to the wholesale importer in Johannesburg. Safety matches are the But drives 'em to cheat to get out o' the often army bricks are the But drives 'em to cheat to get out o' the

3d. landed in Johannesburg. These only a few of the grievances of the which is so transparent that it may be used instead of glass for windows.

#### \* "The Absent-Minded Beggar."

Rudyard Kipling's Handsome Contribution in Verse to the Fund for Families and Dependants of Soldiers on Service.

(From the San Francisco E xaminer, October 31.)

The accompanying poem is Rudyard Kipling's contribution to a fund for the wives and children of the Eritish army recruits sent to South Africa. He sold it to the London Daily Mail for \$1,250, to appear to-day, with the understanding that simultaneous copyright service could be secured for \$25. That amount The Examiner has paid, and herewith presents "The Absent-Minded Beggar." Of all the proceeds Mr. Kipling receives nothing.

When you've shouted "Rule Britannia!" when you've sung "God Save the

Queen,"
When you've finished killing Kruger with your mouth,
Will you kindly drop a shilling in my little tambourine,
For a gentleman in khaki ordered south!
He's an absent-minded beggar, and his weaknesses are great,
But we and Paul must take him as we find him.
He is out of active service, wiping something off a slate,
And he's left a lot of little things behind him. Chorus:

Duke's son—Cook's son—son of a hundred kings—
Fifty thousand horse and foot going to Table Bay.
Each of 'em doing his country's work (and who's to look after their things?)
Pass the hat for your credit's sake, and pay—pay—pay!

There are girls he married secret, asking no permission to,

For he knew he wouldn't get it if he did.

There is gas, and coals, and vittles, and the house rent falling due, There is gas, and coals, and vittles, and the nouse real laining due,
And it's more than rather likely there's a kid.

There are girls he walked with casual; they'll be sorry now he's gone,
For an absent-minded beggar they will find him;
But it ain't the time for sermons with the winter coming on,
We must help the girl that Tommy's left behind him,

Chorus: Cook's son—Duke's son—son of a belted Earl— Son of a Lambeth publican—it's all the same to-day; Each of 'em doing his country's work (and who's to look after the girl?) Pass the hat for your credit's sake, and pay—pay—pay!

There are families by thousands far too proud to beg or speak, And they'll put their sticks and bedding up the spout; And they'll five on haif o' nothing paid 'em punctual once a week, 'Cause the man that earned the wige is ordered out. He's an absent-minded beggar, but he heard his country's call, And his regiment didn't need to send to find him; He chucked his job and joined it! So the job before us all Is to help the home that Tommy left behind him.

Duke's job—cook's job—gardiner—baronet—groom—
Mews or palace or paper shop—there's some one gone away!
Each of 'em doing his country's work (and who's to look after the room?)
Pass the hat for your credit's sake, and pay—pay—pay!

Let us manage so as later we can look him in the face,
And tell him—what he'd very much prefer—
That while he saved the Empire his employer saved his place,
And his mates (that's you and me) looked out for her.
He's an absent-minded beggar, and he may forget it all;
But we do not want his kiddles to remind him
That we sent 'em to the workhouse while their daddy hammered Paul,
So we'll help the homes our Tommy's left behind him!

Cook's home—Duke's home—home of a millionaire—
(Fifty thousand horse and foot going to Table Bay!)
Each of 'em doing his country's work (and what have you to spare?)
Pass the hat for your credit's sake, and pay—pay—pay!

BOER NATIONAL HYMN.

Baltimore, Oct. 19." Van Der Hoogt.

What realm so fair, so richly fraught A New York paper publishes the following from a South African Dutchman:
"Permit me to send you a copy of the translation of the "volksiled" the national hymn of the South African Republic, compessed after the republic received its independence and the famous battle at Majuba Hill was fought.

C. W. Van Der Hoogt

With treasures ever new,
Where nature hath her wonders wrought,
And freely spread to view!
Ho, burghers old! Be up and singing,
God save the volk and land,
This burghers new, your anthem ringing,
O'er veld, o'er hill, o'er strand. With treasures ever new, And burghers all, Stand ye or fall

For hearths and homes at country's call. With wisdom, Lord, our rulers guide, ed of a trade—

Beside "Reserve" agin him—he'd better be never made.

I tried my luck for a quarter, an' that was enough for me,
An' I thought of 'Er Majesty's barracks, an' I thought I'd go an' see.

Back to the Army again, sergeant,
Back to the Army again,
Back to the Army again;

Right hoby gave voortrekkers brave
Their blood, their lives, their ali;
For Freedom's right; in death despite,
They fought at duty's call.
Ho, burghers! High our banner waveth.
The standard of the free.
No foreign yoke our land enslaveth,
Here 'reigneth liberty.
Tis Heaven's command
Here we should stand
And aye defend the volk and land.

With wisdom, Lord, our rulers guide,
And these Thy people bless;
May we with nations all abide
In peace and righteousness.
To Thee alone be humbly yielded
All glory, honor, praise.
Ged guard our land,
Our children's home, their Fatherland.

# "GLENCOE."

(Wm. Henry Drummond, in Montreal Star.)

Here's to you, Uncle Kruger! slainte! an' slainte go leor! You're, a daeint ould man, begorra; never mind if you are a Boer! So with heart an' half me bouchal, we'll drink to your health to-night; For yourself an' your farmer sojers gave us a raal good fight.

I was dramin' of Kitty Farrell away in the Gap o' Dunloe, When the song of the bugle woke, ringin' across Glencoe; An' once in a while a bullet came pattherin' from above, That tould us the big brown fellows were sendin' us down their love.

'Twas a kind invitation an' written in such a han'
That a Chinaman couldn't refuse it—not to speak of an Irishman;
So the pickets sent back an answer: "We're comin' with right good v
Along what they call the kopje, tho' to me it looked more like a hill. "Fall in on my left," sez the captain, "my men of the Fusiliers; You'll see a great fight this morning—like you haven't beheld for years!" "Faith, Captain, dear," sez the sergeant, "you can bet your Majuba sword if the Dutch is as willin' as we are, you never spoke truer word!"

So we scrambled among the bushes, the boulders an' rocks an' all, Like the gauger's men still—huntin' on the mountains of Donegal; We doubled an' turned an' twisted the same as a hunted hare, While the big guns peppered each other over us in the air.

Like steam from the Divil's kettle the kopje was bilin' hot; For the breeze of the Dutchman's bullets was the only breeze we got, An' many a fine boy stumbled, many a brave lad died, When the Dutchman's message caught him there on the mountain side. Little Nelly O'Brien, God help her! over there at ould Ballybay, Will walt for a Transvaal letter till her face an' her hair is grey. For I seen young Crohoore on a stretcher, an' I knew the poor boy was gone, When I spoke to the ambulance doctor, an' he nodded an' then passed on.

"Steady there!" cried the captain, "we must halt for a moment here." An' he spoke like a man in trainin', full winded an' strong an' clear. So we threw ourselves down on the kopje, weary an' tired as death, Waitin' the captain's orders, waitin' to get a breath.

I close my eyes for a minute, an' hear my poor mother say:
"Patrick, avick, my darlin', you're surely not goin' away
To join the red-coated sojers?" but the blood in me was too strong—
If your sire was a Connaught Ranger, sure where would his son belong?

Hark! whisht! do you hear the music comin' up from the camp below? An odd note or two when Maxims take breath for a second or so, Liftin' itself on somehow, stealin' its way up here, Knowin' there's waitin' to hear it many an Irish ear. Augh! Garryowen! you're the jewel! an' we charged on the Dutchman's guns,
An' covered the bloody kopje, like a Galway greyhound runs,
At the top of the hill they met us, with faces all set and grim;
But they couldn't take the bayonet--that's the trouble with most of thim!

So, of course, they'll be prasin' the Royals, an' the men of the Fusiliers, An' the newspapers help to dry up the widows' and orphans' tears.

An' they'll write a new name on the colors—that is, if there's room for more An' we'll follow wherever they lead us, the same as we've done before! But here's to you, Uncle Kruger! sainte! an' slainte go leor!
After all you're a dacint Christian, never mind if you are a Boer!
So with heart an' half me bouchal, we'll drink to your health to-night,
For yourself an' your brown-fazed Dutchmen gave us a raal good fight!

ENGLAND'S ANSWER TO THE BOERS

We do not want your fatherland, Your starry veidt, your golden rand; We have an Empire stretching far Beyond the evening, morning star; And all within it, like the sea, Majestic, equal, living, free,

Once ye were noble, men who died Sconer than crouch to tyrant's pride; For desert isle, for Marken sand, Content to quit your fatherland; Ye shook the Spanlard's world-One strip of earth to call your own,

Why are you altered? Can it be That freemen grudge another free? Ye gag our voices, hold us down Beneath your fortress' savage frown. Was it for this we freedom gave, Ourselves to dig our freedom's grave?

Soft on the ashes fell the dust:
The words were said:
Deep through despair we held our trust—
Breathe on our dead!

Their souls keep guard. Strike! as they struck, who fell of old. And cheering knew
That the great Banner's stainless fold
Unconquered flew—

Fight: as they fought—nor fear to die!
'Tis glorious loss—
If to the winds floats still on high
GREAT BRITAIN'S CROSS.

-M. H. R. ("Loyal Canadian." CANADIAN DEATHS.

Windsor. Ont., Nov. 6.—Holly Chappell, a widely known sporting man, is dead is his brother Henry's hotel on the river below Sandwich. So with heart an' half me bonchal, we'll drink to your health to-night.
For yourself an' your brown-fazed Dutchmen gave us a raal good fight!

Well known as the proprietor for more than twenty-five years of the Commercial restaurant on St. Peter street, is dead.

TO BREWERS

E. L. Clarke

22 St François Xavier St. MONTREAL.

Machinery and Brewery Fittings

Malt. Hops And all...

Service of sealer of the collapse of the colla

(1.) To establish, promote, incorporate, or concur in establishing, promoting or incorporating any other company, corporation, association or private undertaking, whose objects shall include the acquisition and

taking over of all or any part of the prepetty or rights of this Company, or the carrying out of all or any of the objects of this Company, or shall be in any manner calculated to enhance, either directly or indirectly, the interests of the Company or otherwise, and to acquire and hold shares stock or securities of, or guarantee the payment of any securities issued by, or any other obligations of any such company, corporation, association or undertaking, and to defray all or any of the expenses of the establishment, or promotion or incorporation of any such company or corporation, association of undertaking as aforesaid, and to subsidie or otherwise assist any such company, corporation, association, or undertaking, and to guarantee or underwrite subscriptions, or to subscripe for the same or any part thereof, or to employ others to underwrite or subscribe therefor:

(1) To promote, organize, and register, or assist in the promotion, organization or registration of any company or companies businesses or undertakings, either in Canada, the United States of America, or elsewhere, having objects wholly or in part similar to those of this Company, with power generally to assist such companies, businesses or undertakings, and in particular by paying or contributing towards the preliminary expenses thereof, or providing the whole or part of the capital thereof, or by taking shares therein, or by lending money thereto, upon debentures or other-wise:

(k.) To subscribe for, take, acquire, hold,

ations or persons:

(g.) To pay for any property acquired, or agreed to be acquired by the Company, and generally to satisfy any payment by or obligation of the company, by the issue of shares of this or any other company credited as fully or partly paid up, or of debentures or other securities of this or any other company:

(h.) To sell, improve, manage, develop, lease, license, let on hire, exchange, morting age, turn to account, or otherwise dispose gage, turn to account, or otherwise dispose trustees:

to remain outstanding in such trustees or trustees:
outstanding in such trustee or trustees:
(aa.) To do all such things as are inc'dental or may be thought conducive to the attainment of the above objects, or any of them, to sell the entire property of the Company, either with or without the intention of purchasing other property, or with or without the intention of winding up the Company. Commany,

Given under my hand and seal of office at Victoria. Province of British Columbia, this 21st day of October, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine.