

WITH D BATTERY.

Tommy Atkins and One of the Strathcona Horse.

The Pair Discuss the Merits of the Commanders, and the Flavor of the Creme de Menthe.

'Never Tyke A'nything You Can't Lift' is the Britisher's Advice to the Colonial With the Big Hat

(Extracts from a letter from Surgeon-Major Worthington.)

POORT CITY, Sept. 20.—A few days after the fight at Belfast we left there with Hamilton's force and went north through the hills. We had a hard time, who was held up by the enemy in an impossible pass in the rugged hills south of Lydenburg. Our route lay through narrow defiles in the mountains, which have been compared by Buller to the Himalayas at Simla. A small Boer commando preceded us with a forty pounder and some small guns, giving us a salute every morning and a parting shot at night, as we pitched camp. It was impossible to catch them up. The third day out, Buller's cavalry by a circuitous route joined us. It consisted of the 55th Lancers, 18th and 19th Hussars, and went ahead in extended order over hill and dale, D Battery following and acting as horse artillery, galloping up kopjes and firing shrapnel into the slopes that lined the hills. On the morning of the 6th we came out in front of Buller and found that the enemy had retired, thus allowing Buller to join forces with Hamilton. That afternoon our battery and the cavalry entered Lydenburg, finding it unoccupied, except by a few riflemen which D Battery shelled off but retired in quick order when the enemy's Long Tom opened on them from a hill overlooking and commanding the town. We retired out of range and waited for the advance of the main body of the army the following morning. Both forces moved in early in the day, the only thing indicating the presence of the enemy was a halo from the immense hill beyond the town, which we did not deign to answer. Some of us sat down on ant hills waiting for the ball to open, as we thought it might at any moment, but everything was quiet except for a little desultory rifle firing on the outskirts of the town. The transport rolled in, tents were pitched, and the men were strolling about the town or bathing in the stream, when a puff of smoke from the distant hill, a loud boom.

A SICKENING SCREECH

and a Long Tom shrapnel burst over the camp, then another and another, a few men were carried by on stretchers to the field hospital, tents pulled down, and the infantry and transport moved back out of range. This shell-fall like rain in our lines and strange to relate only killing a little pup beside the mess wagon. Our guns being in the valley could not reply owing to the extreme elevation. The orders that night stated that a general advance on the enemy's position would take place at 7 a.m. the following morning. Now, the magnitude of the undertaking can be readily imagined when you know that we took over Gen. Crownby's effects with 'ki ki' after Dewet 'ki k' says Canada, "who's that, Kitchener of Kartoum?" "Sime man," says Tommy, "Kitchener Kao (chaos) we call him." "D-m good man," says Canada. "I'm with Sitting Bull (Steely) don't move quick enough for me, but he gets just the same, and don't have to have his ground gone over again by others," "Know Smith Dorrien?" says Tommy, "eas all rite, 'e's, iant on the curve like some, sees his men gets their rum, 'e does." The advance sound and the friends part, Tommy congratulating Strathcona on his fine corps and its wonderful looting ability. "Oh, we're all right, we're all right of sight," replies his friend. "Out o' sight," says Tommy. "Wots that?" "Wish I ad a erse." Puzzling over Canada's last remark Tommy rejoins his unit and is accosted by a companion with "well mate, ew are ye?" "Oh," says Tommy, "I'm—(scratching his head). I'm—Oh, you can't see me."

We arrived at this place, "Poort City," rail head, on Delagoa R. R. last night, after a

reply. "Thank Gaud," says Tommy, "it aint one o' them bloomin' 'fanteens."

A half being called, they sit down on the fire blackened veldt and Tommy, struggling under a load of straps, blankets and other impedimenta, endeavours to get his water bottle in a position with his parched lips. "Hold on, pard," says the scot, "I've got something better'n that," and going to his saddle, removes a flask, which seats himself and proceeds after the search of the small bay at the "bazaar fair pond" to run along the contents, extracting cigar boxes and canned goods of all sorts. Finally, a satisfied smile illuminates his placid features, and Tommy realizes that the search had not been in vain. But when out comes the Five Star brandy (one star differeth very much from another star in glory out here) Curocoa. Creme de menthe, etc. Tommy mops his brow with a dirty red handkerchief and gives vent to a prolonged whistle. "Oh, I say, been on the loot?" "Not me," says his comrade friend, "just Strathcona's a few things this a'ft from the house of a railway magnate who was out when I called." "Strathcona's?" says Tommy, "Oh, I see, you're one o' them bloomin' Canadians. Thot so by yer big 'at; never tyke anything you can't lift." After an apologetic, our Canadian friend carefully inspects the box and spells out C-a-v-e-r. "I say, Canada, what's that?" "I'll never tell yer," says Canada, "unless" (the can opened, the savor emitted therefrom indicates that the contents are a pea trea haut); "unless it's Portuguese for dead Kaffir. Phew, it smells like a Sabbath school. Anyway, there ain't much more to it than box of Queen's chocolate." "Queen's chocolate's all right," indignantly replies Tommy, "it ain't the bloomin' belly full, it's the blasted 'i' crocodiles."

HOME-FOLKS.

By James Whitcomb Riley.

Home-Folks forms the introduction to Mr. Riley's book of poems, entitled "Home-Folks," published by The Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, U. S. A. The poem is here reprinted by permission of the publishers, and is fully protected by copyright.

Home-Folks!—Well that air name to me, Sounds like the same as poetry—

It sounds like the same as love tell it is!

Home-Folks!—they're jis the same as kin— All bring 'em same as we have bin,

Without no overpowrin' sense.

Of their uncommon consequence!

They've bin to school, but not to git

The habit fastened on 'em yet.

As ever to interfere

With other work 'at's waitin' here:

Home-Folks!—Home has crops to plant and plow,

Or lives in town and keeps a cow;

Or swells another country-side's town;

They know when eggs is up er down!

Home-Folks!—you spen' time when eggs meet

'Em everywhere, feed on 'em, too?

And can't you see their faces, bright

As circus-day, heave into sight?

And can't you hear their "Howdy!" clear

As a boy's chuckle to the ear,

And allus find their laughin' eyes

As fresh and clear as morning skies?

And can't you—when they've gone away

They'll bring 'em back, though they've been high and raised

By such a medin'—God be praised!

Oh, Home-Folks!—you're the best of all

At ranges this terribul hal-

But north or south, or east or west,

It's home where you're at your best—

It's home—it's home your face shines,

In—nunder your own fig and vine—

Your family and your neighbors 'bout Ye,

And the latches hangin' out.

Home-Folks!—at home—I know o' one

Old feller now at haint got none—

Invite him—he may hold back some—

But you invite him, and he'll come!

NOT THE MAN.

BOSTON, Nov. 14.—Another attempt to identify Edward F. Blane, who is serving a sentence of six months at Deer Island for threatening his wife, as Edwin Hall, the man wanted in Piscataquis county, Me., for the murder of Edward M. True, was made yesterday with signal failure this afternoon. State Detective Ira M. True of Maine, C. W. Hayes, Piscataquis county attorney, "Maine gained a victory," said he, "but the battle is not over yet." He said he had obtained a confession from the prisoner that he was not identical with Mr. True but had records to show that while he was not identical with Mr. True he was but 5 feet 3 inches; Hall had a long neck, Blaney a short one; Hall had never closed his eyes, while Blaney's eyes were always closed. Blaney vehemently denied the knowledge of the murder, saying that he had assumed the name of Edwin F. Hall because he had been arrested under that name.

He was over again. He said the charge brought against him by his wife was made through spite, and that he never laid hands on her.

Blaney was arrested two weeks ago upon complaint of his wife Jenie, who said her husband had threatened her life. After his trial she admitted that in 1888 Blaney had murdered a man in Maine, saying that he was Edwin E. Hall who was wanted in Maine for this crime. Attorney General C. W. Hayes, of Boston, said that he believed that Edward E. Hall was wanted for the McKimmie murder, but that it was not advisable to send him as a witness to the trial of Dr. Keith, "and \$200 to Pascal and Dick."

John C. Brown, in confusion, left the court house, followed by Archie Irving, amid the jeers and cries of the crowd.

"There go the honest men who won the victory," said Mr. McInerney. And now I have little more to add, said the speaker, except to congratulate Oliver LeBlanc on being returned as the representative of this intelligent county in the highest parliament of our country. I congratulate the intelligent electorate of the county on the remarkable choice it has made. I congratulate New Brunswick, Canada, the empire, on the magnificent intellect this county contributes towards the solving of problems and the consideration of great questions affecting their dearest interests. With what a thrill of honest pride we will catch the rapturous applause which will greet our representative when he stands in the house of commons as the advocate of our claims and the defender of our rights. Then you and I will truly feel that we are "citizens of no mean country."

Declaration day was a great day for the defeated conservative party in Kent.

MR. TARTE SHOULD GO.

(Toronto World.)

A serious crisis threatens the Dominion of Canada by reason of the conduct of the Hon. Israel Tarte. The British people of Canada believe that Mr. Tarte has been guilty of talking disloyalty and of interfering with their desire and intention of aiding the motherland in her recent war in South Africa. The charge, we think, has been fairly proven against Mr. Tarte. The World has no quarrel with Mr. Tarte on account of his race, of his creed or of his coming from the province of Quebec, but we do take issue with him on account of his disloyal statements, and we hold him and his colleagues responsible for the present serious situation. Mr. Tarte is a firebrand, and the proof of this is that he has turned the race flame into a solid incendiary.

There is only one thing now to do in the direction of a peaceable solution, and that is for Mr. Tarte to withdraw from the government. If not that, then for Sir Wilfrid Laurier to force him to withdraw, and if not that, then for Sir Wilfrid to resign and to recommend the governor general to send for Mr. Tarte. And if not that, then for Sir Richard Cartwright or Mr. Mulock, or both of them, to tender their resignations to Sir Wilfrid. The responsibility today rests on these men, not on the people of Ontario, as we are led to believe by Mr. Tarte and his apologists in his own province, and his apologists in this province.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier will find it a much easier task to drop the firebrand than to carry it.

This is the lesson of the whole matter.

After passing a succession of farms and small towns with the "fontain" suffix, a Tommy one day comes in touch with a mounted man of the advance guard, and thus accosted him, "Oi say, mate, wat's the name of this 'ere 'ole?" "Abram's Kraal," is the

same name, runs between the rugged hills and mountains, enormous boulders covered with immense cacti are scattered along the road, small brilliantly covered flowers, without perfume, crop up where a little soil has been washed down and held between the rocks. It is picturesque in the extreme, but, oh, such ill, up one and down another, it is death to transport. Animals fall out by the score, only to poison the air and pollute streams. The roar and screams of the native drivers, with their long whips, thrashing, punching, driving, jaded beasts up the steep inclines, and over the sprouts is deafening. Sights cruel and sickening, as the faithful animals, their tongues lolling from their mouths, their eyes like balls of fire, haul the huge implements of war to the top of a kopje, only to sink beneath their load, and be cut loose, food for the vultures. Thus the advance goes on. Amidst a babel of distracting noises and the ever present dust clouds and sand-dusts, relieved only by the cooling of the wood pigeons, the gentle flute of a passing cloud of locusts, the rustle of the startled springbooks in the long grass, or the occasional cry of a young baboon like the wall of a new born child. An order has been issued cautioning the Tommies about bathing in the deeper pools along the river on account of the presence of crocodiles, but Tommy takes his plunge just the same, remarking "blast the bloom'in' crocodiles."

KENT CO.

Declaration Day Proceedings at Richibucto.

The Cash and Canvasses that Elected Mr. LeBlanc, the Liberal Candidate.

After Sheriff Leger had declared O. J. LeBlanc elected, subject to the objection taken by Mr. McInerney that the ballots used in the election had not been numbered on the stub, pursuant to section 45 of the act of 1900, Mr. LeBlanc briefly returned thanks, and promised to build a custom house and post office at Richibucto and a light house at Point Sapin within twelve months.

Mr. McInerney, who was loudly cheered on, rising, said he appeared as a beaten but not as a dishonored or disheartened man. It might be his last fight in Kent, but wherever he went he would always carry tender memories of the kindness of the people of Kent towards him. He thanked his workers for the great fight they had made against overwhelming odds. The two governments had opposed him. The three railways running through the county had done their utmost to defeat him, mean and contemptible appeals had been made to the prejudices and passions of sections and classes of the people. In the large southern parishes the Acadian electors had been appealed to in public meetings, to defeat him because two Irish coadjutor bishops had been appointed in New Brunswick. All the French newspapers, except the Moniteur Acadien, had called for LeBlanc's election on the sole and simple ground that he had done his best to defeat him.

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