

THE LIFE OF METHUEN'S MEN.

How the British Soldiers Work and What They Talk About.

Tommy is a Good Fighter and a Faithful Attendant—Christmas in Camp—The British Officer.

The following letters by Julian Ralph, American writer who is working for the London Daily Mail in South Africa. The Mail is reporting the war more graphically than any newspaper in this country. He has a small army of correspondents in the field. Since the death of W. G. Stead in Ladysmith, Ralph is probably the most brilliant of his staff.

Eight or nine inches wide in the middle. In one of these Porridge is cooking, in another tea, in others coffee, milk, bladders, and the like. Officers in their shirts are chopping wood, stirring the pots, frying the bacon, and serving out the food to the servants. The mess sergeant's tent is near by—a little provision shop, in and before which are boxes and a board of black cake, tinned goods, almost every sort of sauce, beer, spirits, and, and other edibles—milk and butter being wholly missing.

we have taken—for we are fighting an invisible foe as every one knows by this time. "Well, have a look through this." He takes the gun's telescope as he speaks, and we look through it. "Heaven! are those Boers?" We see them all over the hill in numbers, some on plants on the left. They are all over the hill—riding, walking, sitting in groups, looking over redoubts, digging trenches, passing water up the slope—the little range of purple breasts is alive with Boers. Then we must have been mistaken about the peacefulness of this place. Peace where all those Boers are! There has been no peace in Africa since the Boers came here; no peace for the British since they became the Boers' neighbors.

A BRITISH OFFICER Cannot Stay Away From Fighting Ground. ALTOGETHER A FINE MAN. Brave and Modest, Active and Self-reliant, Knows When to Talk and What to Say and When to Keep Silent—South Africa is Full of Him.

The Bursting of the Shell. "That's our Joey," says the colonel; "let us see where the shell strikes! By Jove! a pretty shot—plumb where they were! Boom!" from the Boer gun on the right; "Light!" from the shell, which sends a hail of shrapnel shot into their trenches. "Boom!" from the Boer gun on the left; "Light!" from the shell, which sends a hail of shrapnel shot into their trenches. "Boom!" from the Boer gun on the right; "Light!" from the shell, which sends a hail of shrapnel shot into their trenches.

A good description of the average British officer, neat, dapper, distinguished, is given by Julian Ralph, the well known American journalist, in a letter from Cape Town to the London Daily Mail. What Mr. Ralph has to say possesses an added interest from the fact that it is fair and disinterested, tempered neither by the hostility that might be expected of a European continental critic nor by the royal adulation that might come from a native Briton.

The Squeezing, Surging Noise of men pushing his way as if you were in a drum and he was breaking through it. He is your soldier servant, and remarks, "Gin fire, sir! I've got a cocco, sir." "What a good fellow!" You were told before you took into your employ at eighteen pence a day that he was not precisely what you wanted against his name, that at home in ricks he was one of the dar-dar-devils the installment—got to slip out of a second story window and come back, and say to some officer he met, "Good morning, sir; you're a—good soldier, sir." But if you didn't mind a cocco, sir, you'd better employ him, you'd find him willing, clever, respectful, and his weight in gold as a servant, just as he was worth the same amount of fighting man.

With this address. We have made ourselves at home here. A market has been established for us, and we are having fresh eggs and genuine milk, new vegetables and butter, to say nothing of formal dinners to our generals and our friends from other messes. Books are coming into camp, and we are reading and lending them around. Our horses are used only for afternoon rides, and there are even men among us who fish at times in the river—which in other camps became a laundry and a horse trough, where the foot soldier's wash and the troopers' water their steeds.

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to find yourself surrounded by the rich refugees from Johannesburg, and to hear them cry like children as they tell you what they will do if the British do not hurry up and take the Transvaal before the Boers destroy Johannesburg. They actually cry in their plates at dinner and half struggle themselves by sobbing, as they drink their whiskey at bed time. The Mount Nelson, the Queen's and the Grand hotels are all full of these merchants and millionaires, faring on the fat of the land, loafing all of every day, and discussing what per cent. of their losses they will accept in exchange for a status in the British army. They are pulling their long faces all over the place, and shedding their tears whenever you meet them. It is enough to make a statue ill to have to hear and see them and move among them. Why don't they equip a regiment of rough riders or make a battalion of volunteers among themselves? Why don't they fight? The war has jeopardized their property, and they have a keener interest in it than any Tommy or any officer now at the front. How can they see the cream and dower of English manhood rushing down here to their destruction, and they do not feel a blush of shame or a pang of emotion except grief over losses which will still leave many of them rich in the end?

WEDDING ANNIVERSARY. Mrs. Feb. 5.—On the evening of the 27th ult. the friends of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Urquhart assembled at their residence in Beulah to celebrate the 15th anniversary of their marriage. After a bountiful supper was partaken of by all present, numbering over 100, the Rev. W. J. Gordon read an appropriate address to Mr. and Mrs. Urquhart, to which Mr. Urquhart replied in fitting terms, welcoming all present and heartily thanking them for their kind and generous presence.

SUSSEX NEWS. Sussex, N. B., February 5.—The family of Isaac DeBoo, trackmaster on the northern division, intended leaving here Saturday, to take up their residence at Newcastle, but received a telegram telling them to remain where they are for a while longer, as Mr. DeBoo is quarantined in a boarding house which is said to have lately contained a man who is now sick with the small pox.

THE POLICEMEN ORGANIZE. St. John Police and Relief Association a Fact. HAS A BANK ACCOUNT. At Present of Six Hundred and Fifty Dollars—A Substantial Sick Fund Arranged For—Contributions From Each Man Once a Month.

An important meeting of the St. John policemen was held in central station building Tuesday afternoon with Chief Clark presiding. After the meeting had concluded for the day, "The St. John Police and Relief Association" was a live and active organization under a well arranged constitution and by-laws and a competent staff of officers.

Chief Clark was president last year and so far has been re-elected to the position, but declined nomination. He said he had inaugurated the fund and started the association and now wanted the men to hold it and to work out its destiny. While deeming the office of president, he named Sergt. Henry Kilpatrick as a capable heir to the position. Officers were elected as follows:—Sergt. Henry Kilpatrick, president. Sergt. George Baxter, vice-president. Officer Michael J. Collins, recording secretary. Officer William H. Finley, financial secretary. Capt. Fred W. Jenkins, treasurer.

Came in Very Handy when the captain came along he said gave him the finest 'ragoo' he had ever eaten, sir. He said he didn't ask no questions how we had a cocco, sir, as he hadn't had any, and he didn't ask any questions. He didn't get no lies. Breakfast at half-past six, sir; shall I row at six? "Yes, sir." "With the word I sink back slumber between my goatskin cocco my blanket, both still necessary, for night was bitter cold, and the sun has yet warmed the air.

Breakfast over, most of us linger at the table. Under it at one end is a packing case filled with newspapers and pictorial weeklies. A subaltern without will joy in a cocco, sir, and so he stirs up the cocco in an Illustrated Mail that he had not seen before. The rest of us look for papers to read, but no such luck is to be had. "Ship" is almost our only theme. Sometimes we get well on with a conversation of other sorts, but invariably a new cocco drops in and says that our balloon is being sent up, or the new 4.7 gun has come, and—off we go upon the war. Tommy, for a change, we got up an uncommon strong interest in a new subject—sports for New Year's Day. That I take it is a topic that never fell flat in a British company.

Got Commuted Fractures in the last great battle. In all the world there are no many trades as active and laborious as this "soldiering" which once bore such a poor nickname. "Let me see your service stores and see what you are making ourselves believe that we're at rest; and our surroundings help to strengthen this form a complete picture of peace; they symbolize calm and leisure; they wear a Sabbath air of village restfulness. Comm. to my quarters, which is a happy command the whole camp, and by what you see I shall understand my meaning. "That done, I will destroy your cocco, sir, and so he stirs up the cocco in an Illustrated Mail that he had not seen before. The rest of us look for papers to read, but no such luck is to be had.

FRANCE WANTED TO MAKE TROUBLE. St. John's, Nfld., Feb. 6.—From the character of the despatches between Great Britain, France and Newfoundland, it is clear that the offer of Newfoundland to renew the modus vivendi respecting the French treaty shore for the present season has prevented serious friction between the two powers. France had sought to make the South African trouble a cover for new demands and the colony's maintenance of the status quo prevented this scheme being carried into full effect.

DEATH AT CHATHAM. Bessie Hocken Passed Away Monday Afternoon—Big Storm. Chatham, N. B., Feb. 6.—Miss Bessie Hocken, daughter of the late Richard Hocken, Esq., died at her residence Monday afternoon after a brief illness. The relatives have the sympathy of the community for her death; every one of whom I honestly believe, fears it more than this splendid, dashing fellow, who keep on carrying copies out of the map to swell the size of England. "It is disgusting to leave these men and turn into any one of the Cape Town hotels."

Our Sheet Steel Pressed Brick. Can't be equalled as a durable, economical, practical covering for buildings. It gives Fire and Lightning proof protection—keeps out winter's cold and summer's heat—is uniformly handsome in appearance—can be most easily applied and costs very little. You'll find it most desirable for use in either old or new buildings. Write us about it. Metal Roofing Co. Limited TORONTO. A. MacLaughlin, selling agent, St. John.

Studied Coloured Cards and jingled coils at tables in the bed room. I am afraid these folk would not know the place this year any more than I can imagine it as they have known it. A shrapnel shell burst in the dining room another ventilated the bed-room of the Times, and a third has made a new window in the wall of Number 5. All the walls are rendered like the tops of so many pepper pots by Mauser bullets, and in a storm it always rains harder in the hotel than outside. However, stand with me on my steps. The green trees of the riverside are bathed in sunshine and trembling in a soft breeze. They are so small that we can look over them to the other trees around the store, and station, and the Crown and Royal hotels. The view is a most beautiful and far away are many lines of tents, which ought, perhaps, to suggest war, but they are so quiet and calm, which sweetly sounds in everything else. The farthest object on the left is a ganger's hut on the railway to the left, and then the view closes with a soft rolling purple line of hills. The level yellow veldt, the village among trees, the brilliant blue sky, the white clouds lazily float beneath it, and the smooth undulating bluish hills, how perfect a scene! The village among trees, the brilliant blue sky, the white clouds lazily float beneath it, and the smooth undulating bluish hills, how perfect a scene!

"The White Man's Burden!" What more appropriate name could be applied to that most insidious and universal of diseases—Catarrh—which affects nine hundred in every thousand of our people. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder Has Proved Itself a Wonderful Power in Lifting the Burden—A Dove of Peace in the Battle of Health. It makes life worth living—it helps in a hurry—and it cures permanently—relief in 10 to 60 minutes. So-called cures come and go and hardly a week passes but some new claimant as a cure for catarrh presents itself, only to fail in its mission, add another to the long list of disappointments in the line of permanent cures for this most universal and distressing disease. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder has been for many years before the public as the surest, safest, most harmless, quickest and most permanent treatment for Catarrh, Hay Fever, Cold in the Head, Sore Throat, Influenza, Catarrhal Deafness, Headache and Tonsillitis. That it has relieved its work thousands of times, east, west, north and south, over the whole continent, is allowed by the thousands of unsolicited testimonials that have been received by those who have suffered from the Catarrh Malady in all its forms, and for periods of suffering, whether the limit of a few days of Influenza or Cold in the Head to the cure of stubborn and deep-seated Catarrh of the Head and Nose, covering the almost incredible period of fifty years. Apart from the splendid evidence of the curative powers of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder received from people of all ranks and conditions of men, from the laborer in the street to the judge on the bench. The most eminent nose and throat specialists concede it the greatest cure, give it their unqualified endorsement and show their practical faith in it by using it in their daily practice. Catarrhal Powder goes right to the source of the trouble. It attacks the disease, removes the cause, cleanses and heals the parts, quickly and permanently. The treatment is simple, the applications are easily made, perfectly painless, and in ten to sixty minutes after applying, relief follows. It's so wonderfully searching, and yet so soothing, comfort comes like magic. Mrs. M. Greenwood, of 204 Adelaide street west, Toronto, says, in substantiation of the claims of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder and the good results derived from it, that I hardly know how to express myself. For years I was a great sufferer from Catarrh in the Head and Throat. I tried many remedies without getting relief until I began using Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. A few applications gave me great comfort and relief. I continued using it, and now every vestige of the trouble has gone, and words fail me to express the gratitude I feel at being freed from this loathsome disease. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart stops palpitation, smothering, shortness of breath, pains about the heart, gives relief in 3 minutes. Dr. Agnew's Ointment—When the skin seems fairly on fire from itching skin disease, one application will give quick and permanent relief. Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills cure liver ill; 20 cents for 40 doses.