

In the Boer Camp

How Punishment For Offences Is Awarded—Standing on an Anthill.

Bridling a Nuisance—Tossed in an Oxhide—Flogging With the Sjabbok.

It is an article of faith with many people that a Boer commando is a mere mob, that its leaders exercise no control over men in laager or on the field, and that punishment for crimes is a thing unknown. But this is far from being the case. It is quite true that a Boer soldier does not know how to click his heels together, turn his toes to an acute angle, stiffen his back, and salute every time an officer runs against him. He could not properly perform any of the very simplest military evolutions common to all European soldiers if his immortal welfare depended upon it. That is why he is such a failure as an attacking agent. Still, in spite of these things, the Boer on commando has to submit to very rigid laws. The penalty for outrage or attempted outrage on a woman is instant death on conviction, no matter what the woman's nationality may be. For sleeping on sentry duty, the punishment is unique; it is a punishment born of long dwelling in the wilderness. It is of such a nature that no man who has once undergone it is calculated ever to forget. When a clear case is made out against a soldier by trial before his commandant, the whole commando is laagered and summoned to witness the criminal's reward. He is taken out beyond the lines to a spot where the sun shines in all its unprotected fierceness. He is led to an anthill full of busy, wicked, little cawlers; the top of the ant hill is cut off with a spade, leaving a honey-combed surface for the sleepy one to stand upon (not much fear of him sleeping while he is there). He is ordered to mount the hill and stand with feet close together. His rifle is placed in his hands, the butt resting between his toes, the muzzle clamped in both hands. Two men are then

Told Off to Watch Him. They are picked men, noted for their stern, unyielding sense of duty, and love for the cause they fight for.

These guards lie down in the veldt twenty-five yards away from the victim. They have their rifles pointed at him, and their orders are, if the prisoner lifts a leg, to put a bullet into it; if he lifts an arm, a bullet goes into that defaulting member; if he jumps down from his perch, the leaden messenger sent from both rifles will cancel all his earthly obligations. The sun shines down in savage mockery; it strikes upon the bare neck of the quivering wretch who dare not lift a hand to shift his hat to cover the blistering skin. It strikes in his eyes, and burns his lips until they swell and feel like bursting. The barrel of his rifle grows hotter and hotter until his fingers feel as if glued to a gridiron. The very clothes upon his body burn the skin beneath. He feels desperate; he must shift one arm for the anguish is intolerable. He makes an almost imperceptible movement of his shoulder and glances toward his guards. The man on his right front lays his pipe quickly in the grass and slyly lifts his Mauser to his shoulder. The wretch on the antheap closes his eyes with a groan, and stands still as a Japanese god carved out of jade wood. The guard lays down his rifle and picks up his pipe.

The sun climbs higher and higher until it gleams down

Straight into the Antheap; the scorching heat penetrates into the unprotected cells and enrages the dwellers inside. They swarm out full of fight, like an army, lusty for battle. Their home has been ravished of the protection they had raised with half a lifetime of labor, and in their puny way they want vengeance. They find a foe on top, a man ready to their wrath. They crawl into his scorched boots, over his baked feet, guiltless of stockings; they charge up the legs, on which the trousers hang loosely, and as they charge they bite because they are out for business, not for a picnic. The very stillness of their victim seems to enrage them. The first legion retires at the speed down into the antheap again. They have gone for recruits. In a few seconds up they come again, until the very top of the heap is alive with them. They climb one over another in their eagerness to get in their individual moiety of revenge. Down into the veldtschoon, up the bare hairy legs, over the hips, round the waist, over the lean ribs, along the spine, under the arms, round the neck, over the whole man they go, as the Mongolian hordes will some day go over the western world. And each one digs his tiny prongs into the smarting, burning, itching poor devil on top of their homestead. He shifts a leg the hundredth part of an inch. The guard on the left gives his bandolier a warning twist, and glances along the long barrel that nestles in the hollow of his left hand.

The commandant comes out of the circle of burghers, looks at the victim, sees that his eyes are bloodshot, and protruding far beyond the normal position. He is not a hard man, but he knows that the culprit has endangered himself and liberties of all. "You will not again sleep when it is your turn to watch," "Never, so help me God," gasps the prisoner. "Stand down then; you are free." Quicker than a swallow's flight are the movements of the liberated man. He drops his rifle with a gasp of relief, tears every stitch of clothing from his body, throws the garments from him, and pets his veldsheen after them. Some sympathetic veteran who has possibly, in earlier wars,

Been Through the Ordeal himself, runs up with a drink of blessed water. He does not drink it, he pours it down his burning throat, then sits on the grass, drawing his breath in long, sobbing sighs, all the more terrible be-

cause they are fearless. From head to heel he is covered with tiny red marks, like a schoolboy who has had the measles; in three days there will not be a mark on him, but he won't forget them, all the same, not in thirty-three years, or three hundred and thirty-three, if he happens to have a memory of any kind at that period.

This mode of punishing recalcitrant persons was picked up, I am told, from one of the savage tribes. I do not know if this is so or not, but there is no doubt that the niggers know all about it, because one day, when I found that one of my niggers had been helping himself lavishly to my tobacco, I promised to stand him on an ant-heap as soon as I had finished shaving. Five minutes later my other nigger, Lazarus, came in to my tent and informed me that "Johnnie" had bolted. I went out, and by the aid of my glasses I could just espy a black dot away out on the veldt, making a rapid and direct line for the land of the Basutos, and that was the last I ever saw, or heard, of tobacco-loving, work-dodging, traitor-twisting "Johnnie."

There is a distinctly humorous side to the Boer character, which crops out sometimes in his methods of dealing out justice to those who have done the thing that seems evil in his sight. If there is a fellow in laager who is not amenable to orders, or who makes contents who desires to have everything his own way—and there generally is one of these cherubs in every large gathering of men all the world over—the commandant first calls him up and warns him that he is making himself a pest to the whole commando and exhorts him to mend his manners. As a general thing the commandant throws a few slabs of Scripture appropriate to the occasion at the disturber's ears, and mixes it judiciously with a good deal of worldly wisdom, the top of the ant hill is cut off with a spade, leaving a honey-combed surface for the sleepy one to stand upon (not much fear of him sleeping while he is there). He is ordered to mount the hill and stand with feet close together. His rifle is placed in his hands, the butt resting between his toes, the muzzle clamped in both hands. Two men are then

Put a Bridle on His Head; the bit is jammed into his mouth and firmly buckled there and then the circus begins. One of the guards takes the reins, usually a couple of long leathers, and rawhide; another flicks the human steed on the bare ribs with a sjabbok, and he is ordered to show his paces. He has to walk, trot, canter, gallop and "tripple" all around the laager several times, amid the huzzahs and laughter of the burghers, and he gets enough "chaff" during the journey to last the biggest horse in England a lifetime.

It is bad enough when there are only men there, but when there are, as is often the case, a dozen or two of women and girls present, his woe is served up to him in full measure and swimming over. The men roar with laughter, and pelt him with crusts of rusks, but the women and girls make his life an agony for the time being. They smile at him sweetly, and ask him if he feels lonely with a girl, and they pull up a handful of grass and offer it to him, or the edge of a stick, making a lot of "stage aside" remarks concerning the length of his ears the while, until the fellow's face crimson with shame.

They are wonderfully patriotic, these Boer girls and women, and are merciless in their contempt for a man who will not do his share of fighting, marching and watching cheerfully and uncomplainingly. The hardships and privations they themselves undergo without murmuring in order to assist their husbands, brothers and lovers is worthy of being chronicled in the pages of history, for they are the Spartans of the nineteenth century. They are swift to help those who need help, but unsparing with their scorn for those who are unworthy. Their treatment meted out to the grumblers and mischief-makers is usually presented more of the elements of comedy than anything else, and it is his own fault if he does not get off lightly. But if he cuts up rough, tries to kick or strike his drivers or tormentors, or if he goes in for a course of sulks, and flogs himself down, refusing to be driven, then the comic element disappears from the scene.

Out Come the Sjabbok, and he is treated precisely as a vicious or sulky horse would be treated under similar circumstances. As a rule it does not take long to bring a man of that kind to his proper senses. Should he talk of deserting, or of crowding himself later on, he is watched, and a sharper soon learns that a rifle bullet can travel faster than he can. As for revenge, the sooner he forgets desires or designs of that kind the better for his own health.

For minor offenses, such as laziness, neglecting to keep the rifle clean, and in good shooting order, attempting to strike up a flirtation with a married woman, to the annoyance of the lady, or any other little matter of the kind, the wayward one is "tossed." Tossing is not the sort of pastime a fellow would choose for fun, not if he were the party to be tossed, though it is a beastly for the onlookers. They manage it this way. A hide freshly stripped from a bullock, smoky, bloody, and limber as a bowstring, is requisitioned, the hairy side is turned downward, two strong men get hold of each corner, cutting holes in the green hide for their hands to have a good grip; they allow the hide to sag until it forms a sort of cradle, into which the unlucky one is dumped neck and crop. Then the signal is given, the hide sways to and fro for a few seconds, then with a skilful jerk it is drawn as taut as eight pairs of strong arms can draw it.

If the executioners are skilful at the business, the victim shoots upward from the blood-moist surface like a But by the time the hide is drawn taut, he comes down on his feet, sometimes on his head, or he may sprawl face downward, clutching at the slimy surface as eagerly as a politician clutches at places in power. But his efforts are vain; a couple of more swings, and another jerk, and up he goes, twisting and turning like a sold soldier on a wire fence. This time he comes down on his hands and knees and promptly commences to

Plead for Pity, but before he can open his heart a new little jerk sends him out on his back,

where he claws and kicks like a jackal in a gin case, while the more ribald among the onlookers sing songs appropriate to the occasion, but the more devout chant some such hymn, as this:

Lord, let me linger here,
A man is very seldom hurt at this game, though how he escapes without a broken neck is one of the wonders of gravitation to me. One second you see the poor beggar in midair, going like a circular saw through soft pine. Just when you are beginning to wonder if he has converted himself into a catheter-wheel or a corkscrew, he straightens himself out horizontally, remains poised for the millionth part of a second like a be-angel that has molted its wings; then down he dives perpendicularly like a tornado in trousers, skidding forehead, nose and chin as he kisses the drum-like surface of the hide. No, on the whole, I do not consider it healthy to try and fool with a married woman, in a Boer fighting laager, apart altogether from the moral aspect of the affair. If some of the amorous beginners I wot of, who claim kindred with us, got the same sort of treatment in Old England, many a merry matron would be saved much annoyance.

For rank disobedience of orders, brutality of conduct, cowardice in the face of the enemy, or any other serious military crime, the punishment is sjabbok-ing, which is simply flogging, as it existed in our army and navy not so many years ago. On board ship they used to use the "cat," a gentled instrument with a lash on the end. The Boer sjabbok is a different article altogether; it has not nine tails, but it gets there just the same. The sjabbok dear to the Boer soul is that made out of rhinoceros hide. It is

A Plain Piece of Hide, not twisted in any way; just cut clean out and trimmed round all the way down. It is about three feet long, and at the end where the seagr holds it is about two and a half inches in circumference, tapering down gradually to a rat-tail point. It is a terrible weapon when the person who wields it is bent on business and is not manufacturing poetry or mingling thoughts of home and mother with the blows. Truly to tell, I don't think they do much flogging, or half as much as they are credited with; but when they do flog, the party who gets it wants a soft shirt for a month after, and it's quite a while before he will lie on his back for the mere pleasure of seeing the sun rise.—A. G. Hakes, in London News.

NEW MINING COMPANY
To Be Organized to Operate in This Province—Announcement by Hon. C. H. Mackintosh.

Hon. C. H. Mackintosh, of Rossland, managing director of the British Columbia Corporation, arrived in the city on the Yosemite this morning and registered at the Driad.

In conversation with a Times representative this morning Mr. Mackintosh stated that affairs at Rossland during the past seven months were very quiet, notably in mining circles. There were several causes for this. There was for instance the South African war, the closing down of the War Eagle mine owing to the inadequate machinery, the crisis in the Orient, and above all the fact that the leading banks had manifested a decided lack of confidence in the conditions there. The War Eagle is expected to resume operations immediately; the various crises which have been agitating two principal portions of the globe, exercising a deleterious influence on affairs of the province by diverting the general attention and capital, are being averted, and the banks are regaining their pristine confidence in the country.

Mr. Mackintosh left Rossland about two weeks ago for Oregon, where he has been inspecting some gold properties. In this connection Mr. Mackintosh made an important announcement which will be of great interest to all connected with the promotion of mining and industrial affairs of the province. He stated that another large company would probably be shortly organized to control both industrial and mining concerns. This will be wholly dissociated from the British American Company, and will operate largely in British Columbia. Mr. Mackintosh's visit to Oregon was, it is understood, principally in the interests of the new corporation.

Speaking on matters political, he explained that he could not make any prophecy as to the outcome of the election in the Yale-Cariboo constituency. Both Mr. Gallie, the Liberal candidate, and Mr. McMill, his opponent, were good sterling men, but beyond that he was unable to express any opinion regarding the coming campaign.

It will be remembered Mr. Mackintosh was approached during the convention at Revelstoke, and asked if he would allow his name to stand for nomination. He was unable to run amuck in the streets of Moscow, anarchy undermining the royal palaces, foreign politics may interfere with the sleep and digestion of his fellow countrymen of a higher type of civilization—the Russian moujik remains as stupidly serene in his "trulop" with the fur inside in winter and his homespun linen shirt and trousers in summer, as if he lay forever in his wooden cradle sucking away at a bony ring. Of wars and victories—and in his mind, the Russian czar never fights, but wins—he has a vague idea. True, he knows that when he gets old enough to do some thinking, and perhaps to smite with his charms the village belle, his barefooted neighbor, there shall come from the city uniformed soldiers. After drinking all the "vodka" they can possibly get, these men with shining brass buttons and dangling swords will

Drag Him and His Chums to the nearest city, where, unless he is crippled or absolutely unfit to hold a gun, he will be mustered in. He dreads this day, but is resigned. Together with the idea of death it is brought home to him every day of his childhood and youth by mother, friends and priest. He grows up in that apathetic, resigned, devil-may-care mood, and his face shows it. It is dull, unexpressive, heavy, coarse, and withal not handsome to look at. In six cases out of ten it is pitted by smallpox and otherwise disfigured.

His life in the open air, his arduous task in the field, make him strong and enduring. He is satisfied with little.

"For God and The Czar"

The Russian Soldier and What Has Made Him—Obedience of Officers.

His Schooling Commences Only When He Enters the Army—Village Life.

If Russia holds her present position among the powers of the world, if she is at once feared, dreaded and courted by nations whose form of government is by its very nature antagonistic to the czar's iron rule, it is because the Russian soldier has made her so, says Nathaniel M. Bobard M.D., in the Boston Transcript. In all other countries the soldier fired with patriotism, fights for his flag and his country. The German, for instance, sheds his blood "für Gott und Vaterland;" the Frenchman "pour la Patrie." But the Russian soldier fights for God and the Czar. He has been taught to look upon the latter as the duly anointed viceroy of Christ, appointed to this lofty position for virtues more mysterious than visible.

And he believes it devoutly. It is in him, in no other Christian land are the church and state so closely allied as in Russia. The love that binds the soldier to his royal Batishka (father) is inspired by a purely religious feeling of veneration. It is not a question of mere automatic discipline. It is sincere. It is fanatical. With but few exceptions the

Russian Soldier's Home is the village. It is not very large, nor very pretentious, this Russian village. On the shore of some shallow, winding stream, except where on the banks of the Volga they are a continuous chain of hamlets, it is often very picturesque in its poverty and God-forsakenness. It has but one long street, with the "traktir" (saloon) at the head of it. Pavement is unknown. The streets are dirt roads, and the imposing air of a village, as distinguished from mere solitary farms, is the church, built on an eminence, with its bronzed dome and its cracked bell, appealing to the eye and ear of the pious traveler, who invariably stops to cross himself.

The cabin wherein the future soldier sees the light of day is anything but modern in its arrangements for comfort and luxury. It consists of one large room, through whose small windows, broken in places and the gaps filled in by remains of old clothing, and whitewashed in others, the sun seldom peeps. There is no floor, except near the fireplace, where the old folks labor in the fields. A goodly part of the room is taken up by a huge stove, around which are arranged narrow bunks, that serve as beds in the winter. Fresh hay in the barn is good enough in summer. A table, a bench or two, perhaps an old-fashioned chest to compose the furniture, with the hanging lamp in which oil burns over an image of Christ, facing you as you come in, to denote

A Christian Dwelling. Not that there could be any doubt of the latter fact of Jews is not allowed to live in villages, as much as they may crowd the cities.

Cheerful, picturesque and even inviting looks the Russian village in summer, with the sunflower blooming on the thatched roofs, the trees laden with fruit and the boys wading knee-deep in the stream, while the old folks labor in the fields. But no picture of stagnation, of living death, making you feel as if you were cut loose from the rest of the world and buried alive in this truly howling wilderness, with only the church bells mournfully ringing for the dead peasants, vibrating through the frosty air—no picture, I say, of helplessness and gnawing despair can be equal to that of the Russian village in winter.

In this atmosphere of gloom and apathy the future soldier grows up. If he is fortunate enough to live in central Russia, not very far from large cities or railroad stations, he may sometimes see the inside of a school. Otherwise the stories of his grandmothers about giants and devils, and anti-Christians, tales that make his blood freeze, are the only glimpses of the outside world that he gets, save, of course, the constant prayers he is taught to repeat, all imploring for the health and the glory of the Czar.

Nothing may run amuck in the streets of Moscow, anarchy undermining the royal palaces, foreign politics may interfere with the sleep and digestion of his fellow countrymen of a higher type of civilization—the Russian moujik remains as stupidly serene in his "trulop" with the fur inside in winter and his homespun linen shirt and trousers in summer, as if he lay forever in his wooden cradle sucking away at a bony ring. Of wars and victories—and in his mind, the Russian czar never fights, but wins—he has a vague idea. True, he knows that when he gets old enough to do some thinking, and perhaps to smite with his charms the village belle, his barefooted neighbor, there shall come from the city uniformed soldiers. After drinking all the "vodka" they can possibly get, these men with shining brass buttons and dangling swords will

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His life in the open air, his arduous task in the field, make him strong and enduring. He is satisfied with little.

His diet is the simplest imaginable. On Sundays only or holidays he has fresh meat, usually pork or mutton. At all other days a soup called "stchi" in which cabbage plays a prominent part, and "kasha," another gruel, made of buckwheat or cornmeal plus fat of some cheap oil. To this add black bread baked once a week, plenty of garlic, onions, fish, fresh in summer where it is obtainable, or dried during the long Lent, and an occasional glass of "vodka" and his daily menu is deemed by him a feast. There are times—occurring quite often of late—when he can not get even this.

But if nature has not dealt very kindly with him in the way of facial beauty or comfort of life, it has given him some other features that make one's heart go out to him, that make one wish to shake his broad, coarse hand. The

The Gentleness and Simplicity of a child are his. Hospitable, trusting, superstitious, devout and loyal, he frequently indulges in acts of brutality not prompted by malice, but because of childish underdevelopment—a foolishness that is at once winning and repulsive. You can only conjecture and shudder what should happen if ever this child-giant should get some sense and turn his gun at his real enemies! He is not ambitious, however. He lives in a communistic happy-go-lucky sort of way, and will only howl when he is famished.

It is the business of this Czar of the village that it rarely comes to this; sober for months, he will sometimes, during the holidays preceding Lent, go on a spree that is as wild as his home in the woods. He knows no middle. He is either wretchedly drunk or religiously sober, childishly kind or beastly brutal. His real schooling begins when he enters the army. He is looked upon as a child—overgrown to be sure—and is treated as such. Obedience and awe of his superiors are the first things he learns. It makes no difference how petty the officer might be—a private soldier even, but of longer service—the new recruit must stand "attention!" He obeys implicitly all his orders, receives sometimes the severest punishment without taking his hands off his hips. He has no right to think, even if he were addicted that way. He must obey those who do the thinking for him. He dare not speak or address an officer unless spoken to first, and then his vocabulary is limited to "tak tochno, vashe Blagorodie" (even so), "Nikak nyet" (No sir). His education begins in the barracks. The results are wonderful, and only prove what unbending discipline and childish faith coupled with endurance can accomplish. Entering the army

Ignorant, Stupid Fellows, the same men will leave their posts five years hence with a lot of good common sense knocked into them, including acquaintance with letters. Some will learn a trade, become proficient tailors, shoemakers; others, more gifted, will come home accomplished musicians; still others with a smattering of mechanics and building.

As a soldier, the Russian is the most powerful defender any country might be proud of. Absolutely fearless, he will stay till the last man near him has been shot down, unless some superior authority commands retreat. He can not and does not care to reason. He looks always and everywhere for the command of his officer, whom, if the latter happens to be a decent sort of chap, he adores with all fervor of a child; but he never stops to put questions or to doubt the wisdom of the command.

Even the blind instinct of self-preservation in his case seems to have yielded to a stronger feeling of obedience; machine-like, boundless, terrific. He can fight on half rations just as well as on full; in storms, in drenching rain or in the broiling sun. He can run the gauntlet of artillery, leading as he runs, all the while munching a dry "suchar," black bread of six months' standing. His endurance knows no equal. True, without a leader he is helpless, but the word panic does not exist in him. He will fight, wounded, till a merciful bullet puts an end to his misery.

That the Russian army has not always been victorious was not the fault of the soldier. He was

Always Ready to Die for his God and the Czar. The fault lay with his officers. In every case of defeat there was a bungling of orders somewhere, a lack of strategy or inability to use to the best advantage the wonderful material. But this is not surprising when one remembers that the Russian army numbers at least 500,000 officers, that their education, though nearer to the standard of civilized countries, has been one-sided and incomplete. Corruption and bribery, frequent in the army, as everywhere in Russian government spheres, enable men to hold positions to which they are not entitled either by gift, science or general merit. This has been recognized, and the present system of supplying the army with officers and promoting those already on the staff affords fewer facilities for the "sons of their fathers" to get in where they can do harm. To become an officer, for a man of the rank and file, is out of the question entirely. The pinnacle of success in his case is the corporal's pay. Too poor to get an education, the common soldier can never hope to climb to loftier heights than this. That he is perfectly satisfied with his lot may be gleaned from the fact that though his wages are something like 3 cents a day and the food the same black bread with cabbage gruel and "kasha," he frequently

Serves Two or Three Terms, going as far as the remotest parts of Siberia, forever losing the desire to come back to his native village, from the soil of which he has been torn away.

There is a million and a half of him in Russia just now—a million and a half of powerful, enduring, never-thinking, never-doubting men, content with anything, giants ready to die for their Czar, the knowing little of patriotism as the soldiers of this country, thinking less of the reward in the hereafter, as the Turks; a vast army led by men with brains and a fair knowledge of the modern improvements in the art of extermination. This at the end of this glorious century, after a peace conference by the Czar, who winks at peace with one august eye and invites, provokes war with the other.

Suffering From Lockjaw

Serious Result of an Accident by Which a Young Man Lost a Finger.

Lieut. W. C. McLean, of the First Contingent, Has Returned From Africa.

(Associated Press.) Hamilton, Sept. 25.—The inquest into the death of Annie Griffin, murdered by her lover, George Arthur Pearson, who, after driving on Sunday night, opened yesterday. No evidence was taken, and the inquiry was adjourned till tomorrow.

Harry Stead, while fixing a typewriter in the Herald printing office last night, got his hand caught and one finger taken off. To-day he was taken to the city hospital suffering from lockjaw, and his condition is serious.

Montreal, Sept. 25.—The following nominations for the Dominion House took place in Ontario yesterday: East Simcoe, W. H. Bennett, M.P., Conservative; West Bruce, John Tolmie, M.P., Liberal.

After a trip through the Northwest George Hague, general manager of the Merchants' Bank of Canada, expressed the opinion that there is no reason for a gloomy forecast of Canada's wheat crop in the West.

St. John, N. B., Sept. 25.—D. Scriber, tobaccoist, was killed at Hampton today by being thrown from a carriage. Deceased was a prominent Mason and an officer of the Provincial Grand Lodge. He was 83 years of age.

Lieut. W. C. McLean, of the first Canadian contingent, arrived here last night and was given a grand reception. Ten thousand people and two bands were at the station to meet him. The town was decorated and public dinners were given in his honor.

Belleville, Sept. 25.—George A. Zeff, whose back was broken in a collision some weeks ago, is now able to sit up in bed in the hospital.

Toronto, Sept. 25.—Hugh John MacDonald has completed his political tour through Ontario and has returned to Winnipeg.

The total subscriptions to the Methodist mission fund will show an increase of \$10,000 for last year, which indicates that giving to the Century fund has not interfered with the mission fund. London, Sept. 25.—South Essex Conservatives have chosen Lewis Wile, ex-M.P., to contest the riding in their interest at the general elections.

Quebec, Sept. 25.—Premier Marchand is not so well this morning.

Ottawa, Sept. 25.—Charles Tupper leaves for Quebec tomorrow to confer with the Conservative leaders of that city.

Halifax, Sept. 25.—The immigration authorities here are taking measures to use powerful rat poison on the water front with a view to destroying all rodents in order to prevent the possibility of an outbreak of bubonic plague, which it is brought here from Glasgow and carried into the city by rats.

THEY TELL THEIR SIDE.
Trading Stamp Company Director Contends That the Business Is Entirely Legitimate.

C. H. Hubbell, one of the board of directors of the Dominion Trading Stamp Company, is registered at the Driad. Mr. Hubbell is here on one of his periodic tours of inspection of the various branches of the concern throughout the West. The headquarters of the company are at Toronto.

In regard to the recent action of the city council in imposing a monthly levy of \$108 upon the trading stamp institutions here, Mr. Hubbell stated that he believed the municipal body had exceeded all power. The trading stamp business was a legitimate one and had been so denominated by the highest court of Ontario. It had been established three years ago and was conducted in all the principal cities throughout the Dominion.

In one of the eastern communities the authorities endeavored to restrict the company under the Transient Traders' Act. The particular case in question was Regina vs. Langley, and the litigation occupied considerable time. The matter was ventilated in three courts, the first being the Supreme Court of Ontario, which expressed its opinion that the trading stamp pursuit was a legitimate enterprise.

Although Mr. Hubbell did not make any direct statement there was a veiled suggestion in his remarks that might be interpreted to mean that the company will not allow the matter to remain as it stands. At the same time he pointed out that the company were distinctly on the defensive. The municipal council had assumed the aggressive and the company intended to defend its rights. Miss Murphy, manager of the Victoria branch of the Dominion Trading Stamp establishment, is responsible for the statement that the imposition of the heavy license tax will not prohibit the continuance of the concern in this city. She stoutly claims that no illegitimate business is being carried on here, and she maintains the council merely endeavors to prohibit the system here by the imposition of the license. She further stated that the business would be continued despite the new order of things.

MILLIONS UPON MILLIONS.

What is regarded as next to a deadly reason why there must be European peace is the calculation that the mobilization of the French, the German, and the Russian armies would cost \$200,000,000, and their maintenance in the field would cost \$40,000,000 a month. A war of six months' duration would therefore use up, for these three countries alone, the sum of \$200,000,000. Besides that, every nation in Europe including Great Britain, would have to arm and hold itself ready, which would cost millions more.

Rev.

John M. killed on the train struck by death, and has years.

City C. incident on serious m. on siva. striking sidewalk is now as well as

The B. pany's R. Lode night day night. The guests f. Greenwo. fair, and mo. in the d. seating time and

The se. tion of. cess. Fr. gradually commod. ing near. In every that of. been ma. ravages and fruit. known. After th. long, pro. letic spo. the ever. tested.

The s. Monday. party of. been bu. to Kusk. Sloan. ton & T. summer. with a. depth of. dimens. steamer. A Lib. vicinity. on Mond. a. Young, president. dent.

The fi. congrat. fourth. Each ye. ed impr. taken in. the distr. to the showing. a. was not. pected, was all of the e. ried dist. the first in arrat. the ex. on Frid. attenda. loops, E. the line. large ha. per dis. work. outside. duces ex. horse g. than. a. vided, a. able da.

On T. evening. this bus. south. cash an. ing. T. window. side of. Arthur. was ven. in three courts, the first being the Supreme Court of Ontario, which expressed its opinion that the trading stamp pursuit was a legitimate enterprise.

Stewart. commit. noon se. work d. and m. Presby. called f. funds of. Appoin. term w. Golden. Turner. student. ledicew. ordaine. continu. of the. Salmon. ply, Re. tinned; Mr. A. Rev. M. Rev. R. and Tal. to to.