

two monuments have been built, though no tablets have yet been placed upon them. Little crosses are scattered about in disorder, some crookedly placed in the ground, others bent or broken, all showing signs of hasty construction. The plateau is seamed with rough trenches and long, irregular mounds of red, stony earth. A few empty cartridges, or shrapnel ball, or

Bits of Shell Lie About,

but most of such relics of the bloody battle have disappeared. The scene is one of utter confusion and of unspeakable dreariness, and it has a dreadful irony of its own. All round nature is revealed in her fairest and grandest aspects, but here on this lonely, rugged hill-top — War is devil's work after all.

As all the world knows, Buller ultimately broke through the Boer defences near the point at which he started. To follow the line of the fight, the

British advance one should establish one's headquarters at Colenso, and do much horse riding. All the interesting points can be visited on horseback; indeed, there is no other effective way of getting about. One can ride out past Hlandwane towards Monte Cristo, where the British at last found the key to Ladysmith. Fort Wylie, an unpicturesque rubbish-heap, shot and shell shattered until scarcely one stone remains on another, crowns a slight eminence. Ex-

quisite bits of river and hill scenery present themselves at every turn of the road. The Tugela is a perpetual delight to the eye. One picture succeeds another—foaming cascades, dancing rapids, glassy pools, mirroring in their unruffled surface every hue and outline of the foliage above.

A Land of the Dead.

From the summit of Hart's Hill—the strategic key to the whole complicated series of positions—one commands a

superb panorama of rolling landscape. Pulwano is on the one side, and Colenso on the other. On Hart's Hill the Boers had a position of enormous natural strength. Their trenches and shelters are marvels of ingenuity.

To visit the positions held by the Boers is to understand something of the awful ordeal of modern artillery fire. Hart's Hill is torn and seamed and scarred with shell. Great trees are rent in twain, rocks are smashed into fragments, trenches are strewn from end to

and with shrapnel. The boulders are splashed green and yellow with lyddite. Not a stone but is chipped with bullet shrapnel. It is as though all the fiends of hell had been let loose on this fair countryside.

The afternoon was drawing to a close and I retraced my way towards the river. In the shadow of the hills the air was cool and sweet. The turbulent voice of the river filled the valley. Here and there on the crest of a hill a white cross glinted in the sun. All these little

white crosses. They are everywhere to be seen on the banks of the Tugela. Besides them "the tumult and the shouting dies." They speak to each heart in words no tongue could tell—of the agony and the suffering and the sacrifice. They make of this South Africa of ours a land of the dead. But the great world goes on. The future awaits the living—the future, as we shall shape it, with our brains and with our hearts. Or redt and hill, by kloof and kopje, lie

the brave men and true who will never know that future, never share in its hopes, its achievements, its aspirations. Let us pause sometimes to think of them kindly and reverently. However busy the years be, let us keep their memory green.—Chas. D. Don, in the London Daily Mail.

WAY FREIGHT HOTEL

Proprietor of the Popular Montreal
Hostelry Talks About Dodd's
Kidney Pills.

Used Them Some Years Ago For a Bad
Case of Kidney Weakness—Recom-
mends Them Highly to All Those
Who Are Worried By Any Urinary
Sediment.

Montreal, Aug. 30.—Dan W. Allan, proprietor of the Way Freight Hotel here, made a strong statement about the well-known remedy Dodd's Kidney Pills. Mr. Allan's hotel is at 463 St. James street, and enjoys considerable popularity with railroad men.

Some of the latter were discussing ailments peculiar to engineers, brakemen, firemen, conductors and train crews generally. It was acknowledged that the greatest difficulty a railway man has to contend with is Kidney Trouble. The

"Are Dodd's Kidney Pills what they're cracked up to be though?" put in a second.

"Yes, sir," returned the first emphatically. "Dodd's Kidney Pills are what they're cracked up to be, and I'll leave

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Allan, "I firmly believe Dodd's Kidney Pills will do everything that is claimed for them. They are a genuine medicine. They cured me of Kidney Trouble. I know that. My urine was full of a kind of red brick dust for years. I knew it was my kidneys, but could get nothing to stop it. Two boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills did the work finally and I've been all right ever since."