DAILY HEROISM.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Says We Find It Everywhere.

******************* Dr. Talmage, who is now preaching to large audiences in the great cities of England and Scotland, sends this discourse, in which he shows that many who in this world pass as of little importance will in the day of final readjustment be crowned with high honor; text, II Timothy ii., 3, "Thou therefore endure hardness." to large audiences in the great cities of England and Scotland, sends this discourse, in which he shows that many who in this world pass as of little importance will in the day of final readjustment be crowned with high honor; text, II Timothy ii., 3, "Thou therefore endure hardness."
Historians are not slow to acknow-

ledge the merits of great military chieftains. We have the full length portraits of the Cromwells, the Washingtons, the Napoleons and the Welligtons of the world. History is not written in black ink, but sed ink of human blood. The gods of human ambition do not drink from bowls made out of silver, or gold or precious stones, but out of the bleached skulls of the fallen. But I am now to unroll before you a scroll of heroes that the world has never acknowledged-those who faced no guns, blew no bugle blast, conquered no cities, chained no captives to their chariot wheels, and yet in the great day of eternity will stand higher than some of those whose names startled the nations, and scraph and rapt spirit and archangel will tell their deeds to a listening universe. I mean the heroes of common, everyday

In this roll, in the first place, I find all the heroes of the sickroom. When Satan had failed to overcome Job, he said to God, "Put forth thy hand and touch his bones and his flesh, and he will curse thee to thy face." Satan had found out that which we have all found out, that sickness is the greatest test of one's character. A man who can stand that can stand anything. To be shut in a room as fast as though it were a bastile; to be so nervous you cannot endure the tap of a child's foot; to have luscious fruit, which tempts the appetite of the robust and healthy, excite our loathing and disgust when it first appears on the plat ter: to have the rapier of pain strike through the side or across the temples like a razor or to put the foot into a vise or throw the whole body into a blaze of fever, yet there have beer men and women, but more women than men, who have cheerfully endured this hardness. Through years of exhausting rheumatisms and excruciating neuralgias they have gone and through bodily distress that racked the nerves and tore the muscles and paled the cheeks and stooped the shoulders. By the dim light of the sickroom tape they saw on their wall the picture of that land where the inhabitants are never sick. Through the dead silence of the night they heard the chariots!

HEROES IN SICKNESS.

of the angels.

The cancer ate away her life from week to week and day to day, and she became weaker and weaker, and every "goodnight" was feebler than the all her earthly torture. Heroes and "goodnight" before, yet never sad. heroines! The children looked up into her face and saw suffering transformed into heavenly smile. Those who suffered were not more heroes and heroines than those who, in the field hospital and in the asylum had fevers which no ice could cool and no surgery cure. No shout of a comrade to cheer them, but numbness and aching and homesickness-yet willing to suffer confident in God, hopeful of heaven. Heroes of rheumatism. Heroes of neuralgia. \$25. Until yesterday we have had no Heroes of spinal complaint. Heroes of meat in our house for three months, sick headache. Heroes of lifelong invalidism. Heroes and heroines. They shall reign forever and ever. Hark! I catch just one note of the eternal anthem, "There shall be no more pain!" Bless God for that!

In this roll I also find the heroes of toil, who do their work uncomplainingly. It is comparatively easy to lead : regiment into battle when you know that the whole nation will applaud the victory; it is comparatively easy to doctor the sick when you know that your skill will be appreciated by a large company of friends and relatives; it is comparatively easy to address an audience when in the gleaming eyes and the flushed cheeks you know that your sentiments are adopt ed. But to do sewing when you expect the employer will come and thrust his thumb through the work to show how imperfect it is or to have the whole garment thrown back on you to be done over again; to build a wall and know there will be no one to say you did it well, but only a swearing employer howling across the scaffold: to work until your eyes are dim and your back aches and your heart faints, and to know that if you stop before night your children will starve-ah, the sword has not slain so many as the needle! The great battlefields of our civil war were not at Gettysburg and Shiloh and South Mountain. The great battlefields were in the arsenals and in the shops and in the attics, where women made army jackets for a sixpence. They toiled on until they died. They had no funeral eulogium but, in the name of my God, this day, I enroll their names among those of whom the world was not worthy. Heroes of the needle! Heroes of the sewing machine! Heroes of the attic Heroes of the cellar! Heroes ond hero

ines! Bless God for them! HEROES OF INJUSTICE.

In this roll I also find the heroes who have uncomplainingly endured domestic injustices. There are men who, for their toil and anxiety, have no sym pathy in their homes. Exhausting application to business gets them a livelihood, but an unfrugal wife scatters it. He is fretted at from the momen he enters the door until he comes out of it—the exasperations of business life augmented by the exasperations of domestic life. Such men are laughed at, but they have a heart breaking trouble, and they would have long ago gone into appalling dissipation but for

the grace of God. Society today is strewn with the wrecks of men, who under the northeast storm of domestic infelicity, have been driven on the rocks. There are tens of thousands of drunkards today. made such by their own wives. That is not poetry; that is prose. But the wrong is generally in the opposite di- made no answer, for she could not berection. You would not have to go far tray the minister of the gospel. "Ha!"

full organ played the wedding march and the carriage rolled away with the and the carriage rolled awa; benediction of the people. What was the burning of Latimer and Ridley at the burning of Latimer and Ridley at fire, but there is 30 years martyrdom, a 50 years' putting to death, yet un-complaining. No bitter words when the rollicking companions at 2 o'clock in the morning pitch the husband dead drunk into the front entry. No bitter words when wiping from the swollen brow the blood struck out in a midnight carousal. Bending oven the bat-tered and bruised form of him who when he took her from her father's house promised love and kindness and protection, yet nothing but sympathy and prayers and forgiveness before they are asked for. No bitter words when the family Bible goes for rum and the pawnbroker's shop gets the last decent dress. Some day, desiring to evoke the story of her sorrows, you say, "Well, how are you getting along now?" and, rallying her trembling voice and quieting her quivering lip, she says, "Pretty well, I thank you; pretty well." She never will tell you. In the delirium of her last sickness she may tell all the other secrets of her lifetime, but she will not tell that. Not until the books of eternity are opened on the throne of judgment will ever be known what she has suffered. Oh, ye who are twisting a garland for the victor, put it on that pale brow! When she is dead the neighbors will beg linen to make her a shroud, and she will be carried out in a plain box with no si ver plate to tell her years for she has lived a thousand years of trial and anguish. The gamblers and swindlers who destroyed her husband will not come to the funeral. One carriage will be enough for that funeralone carriage to carry the orphans and the two Christian women who presided over the obsequies.

THE CELESTIAL DOOR OPENED But there is a flash, and the opening of a celestial door and a shout, "Lift up your head, ye everlasting gate, and let her come in!" And Christ will step forth and say: "Come in. Ye suffered with me on earth; be glorified with me in heaven." What is the highest throne in heaven? You say, "The throne of the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb." No doubt about it. What is the next highest throne in heaven? While I speak it seems to me it will be the throne of the drunkard's wife. if she with cheerful patience endured

I find also in this roll the heroes of Christian charity. We all admire the George Peabodys and the James Lenon the battlefield amid shot and shell oxes of the earth, who give tens and hundreds of thousands of dollars to good objects. But I am speaking now of those who out of their pinched poverty help others-of such men as those Christian missionaries at the west who proclaim Christ to the people, one of them, writing to the secretary in New York, saying: " I thank you for that \$25. Until yesterday we have had no We have suffered terribly. My children have no shoes this winter." of those people who have only a half loaf of bread, but give a piece of it to others who are hungrier, and of those who have only a scuttle of coal but help others to fuel, and of those who have only a dollar in their pocket and give 25 cents to somebody else, and of that father who wears a shabby coat, and of that mother who wears a faded dress, that their children may be well appareled. You call them pau-

pers or ragamuffins or emigrants. I call them heroes and heroines. You and I may not know where they live or what their name is. God knows and they have more angels hovering over them than you and I have, and they will have a higher seat in heaven. They may have only a cup of cold water to give a poor traveller or may have only picked a splinter from under the nail of a child's finger or have put only two mites into the treasury, but the Lord knows them. Considering what they had, they did more than we have ever done and their faded dress will become a white robe, and the small room will be an eternal mansion and the old hat will be exchanged for a coronet of victory, and all the applause of earth and all the shouting of heaven will be drowned out when God rises up to give his reward to those humble workers in his kingdom and to say to them, "Well done, good and

faithful servant." REWARD OF DEVOTION.

You have all seen or heard of the ruins of Melrose abbey. I suppose in some respects they are the most exquisite ruins on earth. And yet, looking at it I was not so impressed—you may set it down to bad taste-but I was not so deeply stirred as I was at a tombstone at the foot of that abbey, the tombstone placed by Walter Scott over the grave of an old man who had served him for a good many years in his house—the inscription more significant, and I defy any man to stand there and read it without tears coming into his eyes—the epitaph, "Well done, good and faithful servant." Oh, when our work is over, will it be found that, because of anything we have done for God or the church or suffering humanity, that such an inscription is appre-

priate for us? God grant it! Who are those who were brave and deserved the greatest monument. Lord Claverhouse and his burly soldiers or John Brown, the Edinburgh carrier, and his wife? Mr. Atkins, the persecuted minister of Jesus Christ, in Scotland was secreted by John Brown and his wife, and Claverhouse rode up one day with armed men and shouted in front of the house. John Brown's little girl came out. He said to her. 'Well, miss, is Mr. Atkins here?" She

Claverhouse said, "then you are a chip of the old block, are you? I have something in my pocket for you. It is a nosegay. Some people call it a thumbscrew, but I call it a nosegay." And he got off his horse and he put it on the little girl's hand and began to turn it until the bones cracked and she cried. He said: "Don't cry, don't cry. This isn't a thumbscrew, this is a nose-gay." And they heard the child's cry, and the father and mother came put and Claverhouse said: "Ha! It seems that you three have laid your holy heads together, determined to die like all the rest of your hypocritical, canting, sniveling crew. Rather the up good Mr. Atkins, pious Mr. Atkins you would die. I have a telescope with me that will improve your vision," and he pulled out a pistol. "Now." he said, 'you old pragmatic, lest you should catch cold in this cold morning of Scotland and for the honor and safety of the king, to say nothing of the glory of God and the good of our souls, I will proceed simply and in the neatest and most expeditious style possible to blow your brains out."

JOHN BROWN'S PRAYER. John Brown fell upon his knees and began to pray. "Ah," said Claverhouse, "look out, if you are going to pray; steer clear of the king, the council and Richard Cameron." "O Lord," said John Brown, "since it seems to be thy will that I should leave his world for a world where I can love thee better and serve thee more, I put this poor widow woman and these helpless, fatherless children into thy hands. We have been togother in peace a long while, but now we must look forth to a better meeting in heaven. And as for these poor creatures, blindfolded and infatuated, that stand before me, convert them before it is too late, and may they who have sat in judgment in this lonely place on this blessed morning upon me, a poor, defenseless fellow creature—may they in the last judgment find that mercy which they have refused to me, thy most worthy but faithful servant. Amen. 'He arose and said. "Isabel the hour

has come of which I spoke to you on the morping when I proposed hand and heart to you, and you are willing now. for the love of God, to let me die?" She put her arms around him and said: "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord." "Stop that sniveling," said Claverhouse. "I have had enough of it. Soldiers, do your work. Take aim! Fire!" And the head of John Brown was scattered on the ground. While the wife was gathering up in her apron the fragments of her husband's head-gathering them up for burial-Claverhouse looked into her face and said, "Now, my good woman, how do you feel now about your bonnie man?" "Oh," she said, "I always thought weel of him; he has been very good to me: I had no reason of thinking anything but weel of him and I think better of him now." Oh, what a grand thing it will be in the last day to see God pick out his heroes and heroines. Who are those paupers of eternity trudging off from the gates thrones, but they lived for theb own aggrandizement; and they broke othe heart of nations. Heroes of earth, but paupers in eternity. I beat the drums of their eternal despair. Woe, woe,

THE HEROES OF HEAVEN. But there is great excitement, in neaven. Why those long processions? Why the booming of that great bell in the tower? It is coronation day in heaven. Who are those rising on the thrones with crowns of eternal royalty? They must have been great people on the earth, world renowned neonle. No. They taught in a ragged school! Is that all? That is all. Who are those souls waving sceptres of eternal dominion? Why, they are little children who waited on invalid mothers: 'That all. That is all. She was called "Little Mary" on earth. She is an empress now. Who are that great multitudes on the highest thrones of heaven? Who are they? Why, they fed the hungive they clothed the naked they healed the sick; they comforted the heartbroken. They never found any rest until they put their head down on the pillow of the sepulchre. God vatched them. God laughed defiance at the enemies who put their heels hard down on these, his dear children. and one day the Lord struck his hand so hard on his thigh that the omnipotent sword rattled in the buckler as he said, "I am their God, and no wea-

pon formed against them shall pros-

What harm can the world do to you when the Lord Almighty with unsheathed sword fights for you? I preach this sermon for comfort. Go nome to the rlace where God has put you to play the Eero or the heroine Do not envy any man his money or his applause or his social position. Do not envy any woman her wardrobe or her exquisite appearance. Be the hero or the heroine. If there is no flour in the house and you do not know where your children are to get bread, listen. and you will hear something tapping against the window pane. Go to the window and you will find it in the beak of a raven, and open the window. and there will fly in the messenger that fed Elijah. Do you think that the God who grows the cotton of the south will let you freeze for lack of clothes? Do you think that the God who allowed his disciples on Sabbath morning to go into the grainfield and then take the grain and rub it in their hands and eat-do you think God will let you starve? Did you ever hear the experience of that old man, "I have been young and now am old, yet I have never seen the righteous forsaken or his seed begging bread." Get up out of your discouragement. O troubled soul, O sewing woman, O man kicked and cuffed by unjust employers, O ye who are hard beset in the battle of life and know not which way to turn, O you bereft one, O you sick one with complaints you have told to no one, come and get the comfort of this subject. Listen to our great Captain's cheer."To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the fruit of the tree of life which is in the midst of the paradise of God."

Ten barks arrived at Chatham on Sunday last.

PRETORIA OURS.

(Continued from First Page.) and that the first regiment we sent there had been reduced by death and sickness to less than one-half. This testified to the courage of the Canadian volunteers, and showed that the Canadians were equal to any part of Her Majesty's forces. Canada had the proud satisfaction of having sent three thousand men to that distant land, and no troops had borne themselves better than they. He would say also that no man in the whole empire had played so generous and patriotic a part that the distinguished Canadian, Lord Strathcona, had. All would rejoice that Her Majesty had honored his services and his patriotism by providing that the title which he honored should be handed down to his children and his children's children.

MR. BOURASSA

regretted that he could not join in this address. He spoke for a large num ber of French Canadians and som Canadians of other races when he de clared that this war was an unjust war. (Cries of dissent.) It would be shown in the future that this was most unfortunate war. It would remembered that the whole force England, more than two hundred thousand men, the best that could be reached in Britain and the colonies were eight mouths overcoming a small force of peasants, drawn from a total copulation of less than a quar ter of a million. This was would not add one ounce of glory to Britain. (Here Bourassa was interrupted by (Here Bourassa was interrupted by Lord Roberts find it if he can." lisses and repeated angry cries of "They also say in England, Mr. Kru-'shame.") He protested against this treatment and went on to say that Britain had departed in Africa from her traditional policy, which was not to force her institutions on an unwilling people. He could not congratulate Her Majesty on the result of this war. The war was forced on her and on the rest of the country by ambiflous men and by capitalists who had purposes of their own to serve. He would say that he for one could agree with Cartier's statement that the French Canadians are English speaking French. They were French people who were British subjects. Bourassa spoke of three Canadians (whom he did not name) who, he said, were hanged for defending the liber ties of the people.

When he had finished. DR. MONTAGUE

said, I think the best answer we can give to all that is to give three cheers for the Queen.

The members sprang to their feet with the exception of Fielding, Fisher, Fitzpatrick and two or three others and cheers were given with great energy.

Laurier sat down as soon as he rose, but those on their feet sang God Save the Queen before they took their seats. THEN MR. CHARLTON

spoke, expressing the hope that Bourassa might see the error of his ways when he got older. Charlton pointed of heaven? Who are they? The Lord out to him that the war was begun by Claverhouses and Herods and those the Boers, who invaded and annexed who had sceptres and crowns and British territory. He held that Bri- but it has done us no good. There is tain would have been the laughing stock of the world if she had submitted to the insulting ultimatum of Kruger. That autocrat had led his subjects on to their doom, as a nation, but the re sult would be for their benefit and the benefit of the empire and the advancement of the world.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER hoped that the house would keep calm. He observed that while every man had a right to his opinion, he thought Mr. Bourassa had taken a most unfortunate time to express his. For himself he felt that the war was just, but all must rejoice that it was approaching the end. We were here today to congratulate the Queen on equality and justice. The address was then adopted

the Senate was asked to join in it.

WAR SUMMARY.

LONDON, June 8, 3 a. m.-The executive offices of the Transvaal goverament are in a railway car, which is shunted on a switch at Machadorp station. President Kruger caused the interior of the coach to be reconstructed some time ago, with a view to contingencies that have now arrived. A correspondent of the Daily Expres

who went from Lourenzo Marques to see President Kruger was received yesterday. The president sat smoking a long pipe. He looked worried, but his bearing was quiet and dignified. He did not make the least objection to being interviewed. The correspond ent was equipped for the interview by cables from London.

"Yes," said President Kruger, 'it is quite true that the British have occupied Pretoria. This, however, does not mean the end of the war. The burghers are fully determined to fight to the last. They will never surrender so long as five nundred armed men remain in the country. I feel deeply encouraged by the fine work Steyn and De Wet are doing in the Free State."

The correspondent suggested that the war was over, inasmuch as the capital had been taken.

"The capital," exclaimed Mr. Kru ger with energy, "what is a capital? "It does not consist of any particular collection of bricks, and mortar The capital of the republic, the seat of government, is here in this car. There is no magic about any special site. Our country is invaded, it is true; but it is not conquered. The government is still effective." Referring to the reasons why he left

Pretoria, Mr. Kruger said:

"I was not so foolth as to be taken prisoner. I provided this means of locomotion precisely for the same reason as our burghers supply themselves with horses when they take the field. "It is necessary that I should be able to move quickly from place to place. That is all. By and by this car will

take me back to Pretoria. For the present it enables me to keep away from Pretoria, where I could be of no service and where I should only play into the hands of the enemy." "They say, Mr. Kruger," remarked the correspondent, "that you have lowing pathetic scene to have taken

"It is not true," replied the presi-

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Whatever monetary resources | could give, at the Green Point Hosp-I may have with me are simply those which we require for state purposes. At the same time, I am not going to tell you where our treasure is. Let ger, that you contemplate taking re-

enzo Marquez." "That again is a lie," retorted the president, with emphasis. "I know of no Dutch war vessel. I am not contemplating taking refuge anywhere. I shall not leave my country. There will nothing has yet been settled concernbe no need for me to do anything of the kind."

fuge on a Dutch man o'-war at Lou-

The correspondent-"Then, sir, there is much surprise at your having left Mrs. Kruger behind." President Kruger-"But why? Mrs. Kruger is quite safe in Pretoria. She would only be put to personal incon-

renience here. All communication

she will await my return with calmness and courage. She is a brave wo- gladly take them in. The authorities man. I am here awaiting further in at Shorneycline deny that there is formation. We are surrounded by faithful burghers and are quite safe." State Secretary Reitz remarked: You may depend upon it that the war not yet over. Guerilla warfare will centinue ever an enormous area. We intend to fight to the bitter end and shall probably retire upon Lydenburg, where we can hold out for many

months." "Yes," observed Mr. Kruger, "it is only now that the real struggle has begun. I fear that there will be still much bloodshed, but the fault is that of the British government."

Then raising his voice to an almost passionate height, Mr. Kruger exclaimed: "The time has passed for us to talk. We have done plenty of that. now nothing left for us to do but to keep on fighting, keep on fighting." The correspondent who secured the interview telegraphed it direct from Machadorp station yesterday, when the wires were working as usual, to Leurenzo Marques

The Daily Express, in commenting upon the interview, refers to the "unabated defiance of the chief of the Transvaalers."

Nine hundred British prisoners arrived Tuesday at Nooitgedacht. They are penned in a barbed wire enclosure of four acres on the open veldt. According to a despatch from Lour-

enzo Marques, dated yesterday, Lord Roberts is reported to have intercepted two trains full leaving the vicinity the promise of peace. The result of the of Pretoria. Telegrams from the Britwar would be the triumph of liberty, ish side are exceedingly scanty. Two brief ones received from Preotria say that Mrs. Kruger is still occupying the presidency and that a number of engines and cars have been secured. The British under Major De Lisle captured a machine gun and caused the Boers heavy loss, the British casualties being slight. Boer officials removed £300,000 in gold from the National Bank June 4, but did not touch the cash holdings of the other banks.

Some of the Boers are surrendering voluntarily, and the townspeople of Pretoria are described as showing considerable enthusiasm over the British arrival. Provost Battersby, in a desbatch to the Morning Post from Pretoria, dated June 5, says:

"The Boers pledged themselves to wenty British officers not to take the British prisoners away if these officers would control them and prevent an outbreak. Nevertheless they began their removal. After 900 had been taken. British shells struck a train that was loading, and the Boers desisted and retired.

"The British officers at Daspoort refused to leave their quarters and made the Boer commandant a prisoner, releasing him at midnight on the condition that he would cancel the order for the removal of the prisoners. The Pretoria forts were found without guns. All the artillery had been gotten away."

Another despatch says: "Sixteen hundred British prisoners were removed. After the government had taken away most of the stores the burghers were given a free hand to help themselves. All the British found was a few hundred bags of coffee and sugar."

CONSUL HOLLIS RETURNS. LONDON, June 8.—The Lourenzo Marquez correspondent of the Times telegraphing vesterday, says: "U. S. Consul Hollis returned today from the Transvaal by a special train. The object of his unexpected aroused curiosity. "One hundred Dutch refugees have found accommodations on board the Netherlands cruiser Friesland."

THE STAR'S CABLE. MONTREAL, June 7 .- The Star's

London cable says: "The Cape Town correspondent of the Daily Telegraph reports the folbrought with you gold to the value of place in Cape Town on Monday: A £2.000.000." despite all the attention that skill

ital. When the news became known at the camp of the City Imperial Volunteers, they insisted upon providing a burial party and furnishing squad bearers. Meanwhile all the troops turned out and saluted the cortege.

"Already representations are being made to the war office to secure permission for the colonial troops now in South Africa to return via London and take part in Lord Roberts's triumphal march through the capital of the empire. The war office states that ing the question.

"Thirty-two Canadian troopers now recovering from wounds at Shorneycliffe camp, here, express resentment at their enforced confinement, and contrast their present food and absence of comfort with the good homes they left behind in Canada. They contend that they should be granted between us is stopped, of course, but furloughs in order that they might visit friends in England, who would any lack of necessaries. With regard to delays in granting furloughs, the matter rests with the war office, which has not yet decided whether they are to return to the front or will be sent back to Canada. A strong protest from Canada would doubtless lead the war office to overcome its rigid adherence to red tape."

CONFIDENCE FOR CONFIDENCE.

CONFIDENCE FOR CONFIDENCE.

LONDON, June 7.—The liberal leader in the house of commons, Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman, specking at Glasgow today on the attitude of the opposition towards the South African question, said it was for the government, who had allowed the war, to deal with what is left behind. The members of the opposition, he added, were only onlookers and critics. The two conquered republics must in some form become states of the British empire, and while the success of the army relieved them from anxiety, South African affairs still demanded intense watchful interest. The happiness of the Free State, Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman watchful interest. The happiness of the Free State, Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman said, could be best effected by a return as hear as possible to the government it had

said, could be best effected by a return as hear as possible to the government it had before, so that the people might experience the least possible change.

"There is only one royal road," he continued, "to confidence, and that is to gain it through confidence. The liberal party is strong enough to supply these liberal principles from which the power of the empire sprang. The two republics must be given those rights of self government which give life and vigor as well as contentment and loyalty to the colonies. It would be impossible to find an enduring settlement in a stissue of limitations which would be a standing symbol of subjugation. There is standing symbol of subjugation. To no need, however, for a hasty settlen there will be a considerable period tary occupation."

SYMPATHIZES WITH THE BOERS.

WASHINGTON, June 7.—The state department has not directed the reported visit to retoria of Mr. Hollis, United States consul ment has not directed the reported visit to Pretoria of Mr. Hollis, United States consult t Lourenzo Marquez, and if he has gone not the Transvaal he has done so without retructions and presumably upon his own Mr. Hollis is an carnest sympathizer with the Boer cause; in fact it has been necessary to admonish him to be strictly impartial in the discharge of his duties, so it is presumed that his personal sympathies have led him into the Transvaal.

DO NOT BE IN A HURRY. LONDON, June 7.—The following despatch has been received at the colonial office from the British high commissioner in South Africa, Sir Alfred Milner:

"CAPE TOWN, June 7.—It is reported by telegram that large numbers of miners and others are about to start for the Transvall from Southampton on Saturday Caputa from Southampton on Saturday. Cannot a public notification be issued warning the people against premature return here. They will be delayed at Cape ports, and will only increase the numbers supported by charity. It must be a couple of months at least before the bulk of those now in the colony and in National can be allowed to return property.

in Natal can be allowed to return or

PARIS, June 7.—In the senate today, during the discussion of the bill providing for the formation of a colonial army, Gen. Billet, the former minister of war, eulogized the attitude of Great Britain, which, he said, at the time her troops were suffering reverses in the Transvaal, supported her generals and rendered possible the present victories. At the same time Gen. Billet praised the brave Boers, who with a rifle in one hand and a Bible in the other were fighting for their independence.

HALIFAX EXHIBITION.

HALIFAX, N. S., June 6.—The Nova Scotia exhibition commission has decided to make no change in the date of the Nova Scotia exhibition. The commissioners would like to change the dates so as not to conflict with St. John, but it is impossible to make a change, owing to the fact that the prize lists were issued with the dates, and that engagements and contracts entered into could not be broken. The commission decided not to lease the grand stand or to give the privilege to anyone controlling special attractions. The tenderers were: H. B. Clarke, \$550; John Mullane, \$800 and 10 per cent. of the profits.

The commission voted \$5,400 for special attractions and \$1,500 for speed competitions. The manager was instructed to correspond with the government of the West Indies, asking them to make an exhibit at the coming It is likely the battle of Paardeberg will HALIFAX, N. S., June 6.-The Nova Scotia

It is likely the battle of Paardeberg will be the chief attraction this year.

SHIPPING AT RICHIBUCTO.

The Sun's Richibucto correspondent writes on June 6th: A Norwegian brig consigned to J. & T. Jardine was towed in by the Calluna on the 5th, making the eighth arrival this season. The schr. Ceto, Capt. Weston, sailed for Boston this morning with lumber. The schr. Raeburn is loading from R. O'Leary's mill for the same port. The two-topmast schooner Kalevala of Pictou arrived on the 5th, consigned to R. O'Leary.

trict LONLON. Review prin

by Algernor "Astraea V reads: And now That bri To faith a Whose e

Fourth

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