POOR DOCUMENT

MC 2033

LETTER FROM LADYSMITH

Graphic Account of the First Week of Siege.

How the Inhabitants Received the First Salute from the Boer shells and Took to Earth—Joubert's Terms Refused—Some Interesting Incidents After the Bumbardment.

Ladysmith, Nov. 2.—During the afternoon of Thursday the expected happened. The telegraph wires were cut, and a mineral train out of Ladysmith was stopped by the Boers. This was investment—complete isolation.

Ladysmith, besides being awkwardly situated in view of a bombardment, is about the last town in the world that one would choose to stand a siege. There are few stores, as shops are called in the Colony, and these had already been drained of useful commodities. Still, Mr. Melton Prior, in his role of the old campaigner, bustled round, and we added several pounds' worth of foodstuffs to the stock of provisions we brought out from England.

Provisionally, with our tinned Irish stews, pea soup, and corned beef, which we supplemented with biscuits, cocoa, tea, sugar, jam and the little odds and ends that could be picked up anywhere, we were prepared to stand at least a month's investment. No one will be surprised to hear that we became exceedingly popular before the siege had lasted 48 hours. We carried two travelling filters with us from Durban; but discovering a beautiful large Pasteur-Chamberland in a deserted store we "commandeered" it for the duration of our enforced stay in Ladysmith.

Commandeered.

What a delightful word is that which we have learned from the enemy! It is not safe for anything that looks useful to come into your hands; human nature whispers "commandeer it," and the thing is done. I have a brand new copy of Whitaker's Almanac for 1899, which was not mine a week ago, but it will form my stock reading until relief and daily newspapers arrive from Pietermaritzburg. I might have wished that it were less statistical, less instructive if you will, but only the military authorities look a "commandeered" horse in the mouth.

A curious feature of a state of siege is this: You go into the hotel, morning, noon, or night, and you walk instinctively to the green baize board on which letters and telegrams are displayed, study them for the fiftieth time, and turn away, looking as disappointed as if you really expected to find your name staring you in the face on a dispatch.

On Friday the Boers gave us a rare basting with their big guns. We started them quite early—soon after five o'clock. There is an axiom about letting sleeping dogs lie, and this ought to be observed with "Long Tom." He looked simply superb crowning that distant hill, eighteen feet of earthwork protecting him from the best in the shape of lyddite and ordinary shell that our naval guns can hurl at him.

Long Tom's Charmed Life.

He really bears a charmed life; for hours we pitch projectiles to the right of him, to the left of him, above him, and we plough into the soft earth in front of him, throwing up a cloud of dust as large as a small hill—but hit the thing—we can't do it. Sometimes we think we have. Then up goes the menacing muzzle afresh to an angle of quite 40 deg—a flash, a cloud of white smoke nearly half as big as the cloud of dust we raised around him and twenty-one seconds later the town is shaken with an awful crash. "Nothing hit," comes as the almost invariable reply to the questions: "Where is it?" "What's the damage."

"Long Tom certainly possesses terrors that no other guns ever wielded. Why even here, hard pressed as we are by the Boer attentions, we listen almost contemptuously to the shrieking, screaming, screeching little beasts of shells which are thrown at us by "Merry Susan," "Puffing Billie," "Weary Willie," (the latter is also dubbed "The Luggage Train" by the Carbineers in whose camp his shells fall at a stop-at-all-stations pace), and other guns nick-named by our fellows.

Shells That Sing in the Sky.

So used did we get to periodical bombardments that we ended by recognizing the particular noise made by projectiles from particular guns. I think the opinion on shells of a tiny Ladysmith maid, who is undergoing the siege, is as pretty as we shall hear for many a long day: "I don't like the ones that make a noise," she lisped, "but I like the ones that sing in the sky."

As on the previous day, the evening's bombardment was singularly ineffective. Shell followed shell into batteries and town, yet nobody appeared to be hurt, and houses remained standing. There were some very curious examples of the vagaries of shells witnessed during the morning. One went clean through the water tank standing against a house on the ridge, continued its way under the doorstep and burst into the drawing-room. Another shell rollicked through a second house close by. Eleven people stood watching the bombardment from the balcony, and although the shell exploded inside, not one of them was hurt.

"Long Tom's" practice was less accurate than usual, and as many of his missiles fell into open fields as missed the battery and pitched into the town. As a shell whistled past a pony the animal jumped yards high; while about the same time a strange effect was produced upon an ox. It was grazing with the herd when a shell went through the beasts. One of them although it was not touched, sank back on its haunches. Then it commenced to draw itself away, dragging both hind legs as if they were paralysed and useless; and next, to our great surprise, the old fellow shook himself and marched off to resume grazing with the herd, as though nothing had happened.

Shelled in the Hotel.

About half-past one we were at lunch in the Royal Hotel when "Long Tom" crashed a shell deliberately at us. It struck a slightly-built house used as quarters by Mr. H. S. Pearce, the Daily News war correspondent, burst in his room, and came on, with splinters, wall and debris through the window of the hotel dining-room. Quite 50 persons were at table. A terrific report was followed by the noise of falling glass and rubbish; a stench of powder permeated the cloud of smoke that immediately filled the room. I saw one man roll on the floor behind me; but I heard no cries, no sound of voices, until a lady nurse sitting at our table asked? "Is anyone hurt?"

Before the siege began the Royal Hotel was virtually an officers' and war correspondents' mess. The evening previous to this shell being directed at the place several Boer ambulances came in for their wounded and we had a shrewd suspicion that the drivers took out word that a shell dropped directly into the hotel at meal times might result in a substantial bag of officers being made. Another significant fact which we afterwards remarked was that a man with a Dutch name, whom some people believed to be a spy, was not at table that morning. He is now under lock and key in Ladysmith goal. There are others who think that Dr. Jameson's presence at the hotel sufficiently accounts for that visitation from "Long Tom."

As it happened there were practically no officers at table. Since the siege commenced they have been elsewhere. The dining room was crowded with Red Cross doctors, the hospital staff, and non-combatants. Fortunately the shell caused no personal injury. Mr. Pearce was still at the table when it exploded in his room: the man who had been bowled over by the concussion picked himself up; and only two of the party sustained slight scratches from the falling glass.

"As Safe as Piccadilly."

The whole episode is quite in keeping with the miraculous escapes which are reported on every side. Really it seems as safe in a bombarded town as in London streets; for of the 12,000 persons here, civilian and military, not one in a thousand gets scratched or bruised.

Outside the lines we had a bright little skirmish during the afternoon. A squadron of the Imperial Light Horse reconnoitring the enemy to the northwest of the town found itself in a very tight corner. It was ordered to clear a kopje and discovered quite a couple of thousand Boers in possession. Twenty volunteers fell killed and wounded, including Capt. Knapp, before a squadron of the 5th Dragoon Guards, sent out post haste, relieved the pressure. The skirmish was dignified by a gallant deed on the part of Lieut. Hon. Pommeroy of the D. G.'s, which is deserving of the highest recognition. Having succeeded in extricating the Light Horse from their plight, the Dragoons raced across the plain under a terrific rifle fire for cover behind the nearest kopje. A trooper slipped from his saddle. His horse bolted and he lay on the ground beneath a merciless hail of bullets. Pommeroy drew rein, dragged the fellow upon the back of his own horse, which carried the pair into safety.

Hoist with Our Own Petard.

In the course of today's bombardment we received the first evidence that Monday's disaster had directly profited the Boers. When the 10th Mountain Battery mules stampeded, carrying the parts of guns on their backs we were in hopes that the enemy might not capture sufficient to be able to piece the cannon together. There was no such luck. Quite a number of the fragments of shell picked up bore the mark "M. B. 10," which told us conclusively that our own weapons and ammunition were turned against the town. This was very annoying, as the enemy has quite enough guns of his own without this windfall.

Writing of ammunition reminds me that in my description of the battle of Elands Laagte I mentioned that the Boers used explosive sporting cartridges. I have since seen quite a number of Eley's 500 express explosive cartridges as well as some Mark IV., expanding incision, and split bullets, all found on the field of Elands Laagte or taken from the banderilla of dead and wounded Boers.

This picked team of Germans, Hollanders, and Boers appears to have been a thoroughly "go as you please" lot so far as its equipment in fighting utensils was concerned. It is just as well we gave them so severe a smashing; it ridded the world of many unfair combatants. I don't think the rank and file of the Boer commandos are armed with sporting rifles and unsportsmanlike ammunition.

Devoted Sisters of Mercy.

The ordinary Mauser bullet makes a very clean wound. It has some eccentricities, like all bullets in fact. In quite a number of cases, where it has passed through the flesh of the arm or leg, or even through the body, the projectile has been found lodged beneath the skin on the other side, pushing it up into a lump. The elasticity of the skin has prevented its going quite through. By the courtesy of Major Bruce, R. A. M. C., I went over the main hospital at the town hall. He has a devoted staff, and in the thick of today's bombardment were Sister Superintendent Dowse and about 30 volunteer lady nurses. Their pluck in a dangerous situation is equal to their splendid devotion to the suffering. They passed to and fro from the main to one or the other of the half-dozen temporary hospitals as calmly as if no peril lurked in the perfect blue sky which has hung over us since the bombardment commenced.

The Rontgen rays apparatus is installed at the town hall in one of the rooms leading off the main ward. It is the same plant which was used in the Soudan campaign. By its aid upwards of thirty bullets were "located dead" in one batch of wounded alone, and the extraction of them consequently was facilitated.

A Shell Through the Balloon.

During the day's operations—I am still writing of Friday—our war balloon was hit by one of the enemy's shells. The Boers had expended a deal of ammunition upon it, never neglecting to take a pot shot when they got it on the sky line of the hill behind the hollow from which it was sent up. Now they had their hearts' desire. Lieut.-Col. Sir Henry Rawlinson, of the headquarters staff, was aloft making a reconnoissance when a shrapnel shell went clean through the balloon and burst some distance beyond. Had it exploded whilst traversing the gas bag it would have been good-bye for ever; as it was the balloon sank to the earth without any exhibition of undue haste. The next time it ascended a black patch showed where the damage occurred, and that was all.

It would be difficult to over-estimate the assistance we are deriving from this new implement of modern warfare. Our regular and volunteer cavalry is spared an immense amount of scouting; men and horses are able to spend hours in the shelter of cool ravines where, under ordinary conditions they would have to be out and about watching the enemy's movements.

Townsfolk Under Fire.

This day of bombardment was not to the liking of a good many townsfolk. Although a number of women and children had gone down country, no official intimation to do so had been made public, and it was really sad to see hundreds of defenceless creatures crouched behind walls and huddled in the open plain in front of the town. The corporation held a hurried meeting, at which it was decided to approach Sir George White with a view to an endeavor being made to get not only the women and children, but also the sick and wounded out of Ladysmith.

The latter had a bad time, because in the course of Friday's bombardment at least six shells fell within a hundred yards of the hospital, frightening the wounded and diminishing their chances of recovery. The effect of this demarche was forthcoming next morning (Saturday) when the following handwritten intimation was posted all over town:—

LADYSMITH CORPORATION NOTICE.

Important Communication From Sir George White Regarding Means of Protection.

The following letter is written for general information:—

Ladysmith, 4 Nov., 1899.

Sir George White has written to General Joubert to suggest that non-combatants, men, women and children, be permittted to leave Ladysmith, and is awaiting his reply.

Meanwhile Sir George suggests to you that if the town is bombarded he thinks the safest place is near or beyond the grand stand on the race-course, and that anybody proceeding there may go under the white flag to show they have no connection with the combatant forces of the garrison.

(Signed) A. Hunter, General.

His Worship the Mayor.

Later in the day Gen. Joubert's reply was received. It was brought in by a native who was blindfolded on reaching our lines and led through the town so that he might not carry back any information to the enemy. The Boer commander's letter was read to the inhabitants assembled outside the town hall. Considerable indignation was expressed by a section of the population at the tone of Gen. Joubert's communication. "I will do this," "You must do that," sounded very badly to British ears, but it was impossible to ignore the fact that the Boer was top dog at that particular moment, and that we were asking him a favor. Anyhow the town feeling and the town vote went against accepting Joubert's offer to establish a neutral camp at the foot of the Bulwana Hill.

Volunteers were called for to dig pits for the women and children, enthusiastic fighting speeches were made with the enemy's guns frowning on the town from the surrounding hills, we sang God Save the Queen, and cheered and dispersed, challenging the Boers to do their worst.

"Better be blown to pieces in Ladysmith than put our women and children under the enemy's protection, for him to bring up his guns behind them and interfere with our means of defence." That was the popular view in Ladysmith. There is no trust put in the word of the Boer in this part of the world. Everybody was anxious to proclaim Gen. Joubert's good faith, but doubt his ability to hold the young Boer when relief approached us, as it was bound to do sooner or latter.

Nevertheless, as the resolution of the meeting provided that individuals should enjoy liberty of action, a certain number of the inhabitants took their families to Intombi Spruit next day with the sick and wounded.

Going to Earth.

Those of us who remained in town devoted the whole of Sunday to barricading houses, digging shelter pits and trenches. We laughed a good deal at one another at the idea of going to earth, but it really had to be done. With the enemy's big guns lining the hills we were literally in a rat trap, and seemed likely to be absolutely helpless for at least ten days. There were no strongly constructed buildings in the town to afford protection; half the place being built of common red brick, with corrugated iron roofing. Ladysmith is a typical colonial town from that point of view.

It was a question of getting every living thing in town and camp out of sight. A general shift was made on Friday afternoon, the Boers dropped four shells so close to our ammunition stores that there could be no sort of doubt but that some kind friend had informed as to where they were situated. They might have pitched 40 shots there on Saturday and they would have been a long way off bringing about the wished for explosion.

On Sunday morning it was rather amusing to see ourselves prospecting for safe spots to entrench against the coming bombardment. The town was so well covered by the enemy's artillery that as a matter of fact, our safety depended more upon lack and the quality of the Boer shells than upon anything else. There were one or two spots which could be reached only by a very wily shell, but we had to recollect that a splinter will often go where a shell cannot, while that delightfully murderous accessory, the shrapnel, is ever above our heads ready to drop like the gentle dew from heaven upon the place beneath.

We are no longer fighting in days where projectiles travel dead straight towards the object they are intended to hit. They are trained to drop over ridges—the next thing we shall find them turning corners. We correspondents worked like niggers to make ourselves refuges in case of necessity. One of our colleagues decided after the first trial of his shelter pit that as there was not room in it he would cede his claim in faver of the shell.

Penned in by Boer Shells.

Mr. Melton Prior and myself fared almost as badly. We had hewn a proud little cave in the river's bank. Indeed we were really proud of it. But the Boers fairly penned us in on the second day of our occupation by pitching shells at a merry rate around the entrance. It was not entirely our fault. The situation of our "dig out" was safe enough until the Natal Carabineers were ordered to make their shelter trenches in the same bank, and when they came into hiding they naturally drew the enemy's fire upon our retreat. A curious thing happened during this part of the bombardment. One shell burst in the Carabineers' shelter trenches about twenty yards beyond our cave and drove a splinter upwards through the bank, which caught a civilian full in the back, and toppled him over into the river as neatly as if the performance had been rehearsed.

Sunday opened sensationally for many of us. All our horses were "commandeered" by the military authorities. The stable boy came across to my quarters before 5 o'clock and could scarcely tell the news for fear and trembling. I went over in my pyjamas and slippers to enter a protest against my two ponies—one of them a capture from the enemy at Blandslaagte—being enrolled for fighting purposes. Still, they were taken away and put through their facings with three or four hundred other "commandeered" animals, and it was only upon renewal of the protest in higher quarters that the military authorities released them with profuse apologies.

Despite the town's vote the sick and wounded were taken to Intombi Spruit on Sunday afternoon. Personally I think it was a wise resolve on the part of Sir George White. Free as I am to move about and to "dodge" shells or seek cover as I judge well, I cannot disguise the utter helplessness of the feeling one experiences. Of course, you trust to your luck. How much more intense must be the sensation of helplessness felt by our poor fellows glued to a bed of sickness. There was no dodging behind a wall or falling flat on the ground for them when they heard the shrieks of an approaching shell.

Near the Red Cross Flag.

It may have been faulty marksmanship possibly it was, yet that does not alter the fact that Boer projectiles fell uncomfortably close to buildings over which the Red Cross flag was hoisted. Some medical men declared that more sick would die from exposure in the open plain than Boer shells would kill if the hospital remained in Ladysmith. Heaven knows our wounded had enough to put up with here, poor fellows. Things don't always go right in a besieged place.

I have noticed no shortness up to the present except in luxuries—fresh vegetables, milk, butter and clean linen. One effect of the bombardment has been the flitting of the laundress. Another is that the Standard Bank of South Africa and the Natal Bank have been commandeered by the government, so we have no money to spend—and few ways of spending it if we had, because the stores are either closed by refugee proprietors or else seized by the military authorities.

I am beginning to think that as my ponies are eating their heads off in stable during our involuntary confinement to Ladysmith, I might have been a trifle smarter if I hadn't been in such a hurry to regain possession of them. The post and telegraph office is closed. The railways started yesterday morning to run a train-load of provisions to the sick and wounded at Intombi Spruit. How refreshing sounded the shriek of the engine-whistle after hearing nothing but the shriek of shells for days!

The streets are deserted.

On Sunday night the Boers came down to the neutral camp on the plain and repeated a phrase which they attributed to Gen. Joubert: "God help those who have stayed in Ladysmith!" We waited patiently all day Monday for something to happen. Not a shot was fired. And so ended the first week of our siege. E. W. S.

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Deaths and Burials.

There were 12 burial permits issued last week by the board of health the deaths being caused by consumption (2), and inanition, apoplexy, paralysis, bronchitis, heart failure typhoid fever, natural causes, tubercular meningitis, abscess of abdomen, congestion of lungs.

Word has been received of the death of Mr, B. L. Lippincott at St. Louis, Mo. He was married to a daughter of the late Mr. Barnabas Tilton of Lancaster Heights.

The West Indies liner Taymouth Castle, Captain Bell; arrived in port on Sunday morning from the West Indies with about 600 tons of general cargo and no passengers. The Taymouth had a good voyage up from Bermuda, with the exception of one day, when a southwest gale was encountered.

While the steamer was lying at Antigua, on New Year's eve, one of the firemen, John McInnis, aged about 50 years, and hailing from Halifax, was unwell and Second Steward Spaulding gave him a dose of black draft. After receiving the medicine, McInnis complained of a burning in his stomach, and the steward found that he had given the man a quantity of carbolic acid by mistake. Dr. Messiah who was a passenger on board the ship from Barbadoes to Bermuda, was called and the doctor of H. M. S. Pearl, which was lying in the harbor, was also called on. They did all possible to save the man's life, but without avail, and he died about half an hour after taking the poison. An inquest was held on New Year's morning and the jury empannelled gave a verdict of accidental poisoning.

The funeral took place on that afternoon and was largely attended by the officers and crew of the steamer, a Church of England clergyman at Antigua officiating.

Chief Engineer Sims, of the Taymouth Castle, says that McInnes was a good fireman and well liked by all the crew. He leaves a wife and two children who reside in Halifax.

The steamer after discharging her cargo here will take in cargo for Bermuda only and is expected to sail tomorrow or Wednesday. From Bermuda she will go to Halifax and from the latter port will sail for Glasgow where she will get new boilers and undergo a general overhauling.

On Saturday night Mr. Michael Coll, of the Board of School Trustees, received a telegram informing him of the death of his son, Francis D., at LosGatos, California. The despatch bringing the sad news was from deceased's cousin, Rev. Louis Cotter, S. J., of Montreal, the word having come there from the Jesuit house at Los Gatos. Deceased was 23 years of age. He was a bright and promising young man, and his early death will bring many expressions of sympathy for his parents and other relatives in their bereavement. Mr. Coll graduated from the St. John Grammar School in 1894, winning the Governor General's silver medal for mathematics, and he was also the clever valedictorian of his class. His inclination was for the church, and he continued his studies to that end. For three years he studied at St. Mary's College in Montreal and then entered the Jesuit Novitiate. In 1896 he was home for the last time and bade farewell to his family before taking his entrance in the Society of Jesus. Returning to Montreal he entered Loyola College and then St. Joseph's at Sault au Recollet. He was in excellent health, but about a year ago he became troubled with indigestion and his health began to fail. In August last it was decided to send him to to the house of the order at Los Gatos, about 30 miles from San Francisco. The situation was an excellent one in the mountain district, and the young man was hopeful of recovery, for others had been benefited by the wholesome climate. Letters to his parents recently were less cheering and prepared them for the end which he felt was approaching. Only on Faiday last, the day of his demise, letters were received from him. He then wrote that he spent most of his time in bed. Deceased had received minor orders, but, because of his youth, would not have been raised to the dignity of the priesthood for some years. Under the rules of the Order his remains will in all probability be interred at Los Gatos.

Relatives in this city have received the sad intelligence of the death of J. Fenwick Fraser, which occurred in New York on Saturday. On Friday Mrs. Fraser had learned of her husband's illness and at once left for New York, but he had passed away ere she was able to see him. Deceased had only been ill a few days with pneumonia. J. Fenwick Fraser was a son of the late John Fraser, shipbuilder of this city, and resided here until a few years ago. Deceased was at one time very prominent in athletics, and was manager of the old National base ball team. Mr. Fraser, at the time of his removal to New York, was quite largely interested in Nova Scotia gold mines. He was about 40 years of age and leaves a widow, nee Richards, daughter of the late John Richards, of Fredericton.

Sussex, N. B., Jan. 14—Mrs. Elizabeth McLeod died here this morning at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. F. M. McLeod. The deceased, who was 72 years old, was an estimable lady and universally respected. She was the relict of the late R. E. McLeod, who for years represented Kings county in the local legislature.

David Law, aged 81 years, an old and respected resident of Piccadilly, died this morning.

John M. Campbell, son of Albert Campbell, manufacturers agent at Sussex, died at his father's residence, Apohaqui, today. The deceased, who was in his 20th year, was a bright and promising young man, and his early demise will be heard with regret by his many friends here and elsewhere. Typhoid fever caused his death.

TERRIBLE SHIPWRECK.

STEAMER ASHORE ON NEWFOUNDLAND STILL UNKNOWN.

St. John's, Nfld., Jan. 13, 1 a. m.—The following comprise all the details regarding the wreck in St. Mary's Bay that could be obtained up to midnight:—

The ship is a two-masted steamer of nearly 3,000 tons and probably carried a crew of 60 with possibly some passengers. She went ashore before daybreak on Thursday, striking a ledge at the foot of the cliff, where escape was hopeless. The crew launched the boats but, probably during the panic, some were crushed against her sides, others being swamped and all the occupants apparently perished.

The ship was seen to be on fire by residents six miles away.

Attracted to the scene they found the after half of the wreck blazing fiercely and the fore part under water. Kerosene in the cargo helped the blaze.

At that ime only three men were left on board. Two were on the bridge and one was in the rigging. Those on the bridge were safe until about 2 p. m. when they were washed overboard and drowned the bridge being carried away. The survivor soon afterwards left the rigging, swam to the rocks and twice endeavored to get a footing. Failing in this, he made his way back to the rigging, where he died of exposure during the night.

Many dead bodies are visible tossing in the surf. Two of them were thrown up in a cove, but cannot be reached owing to the heavy sea. One is thought to be the body of a woman. Boats and other wreckage are strewn among the rocks for miles. Yesterday (Friday) was more stormy than the day before and it was impossible to reach the wreck, which has gone to pieces to such an extent that it has sunk beneath the waves. A severe gale is raging tonight, which is likely to reduce her to fragments.

The weather is becoming stormy again and it is feared the shore folk will not be able to board the steamer tonight or recover enough wreckage to identify her.

The wreck commissioner hopes to be able to obtain her name today (Saturday.)

Residents along the shore made every possible effort to rescue the survivor in the rigging, but lacking proper outfits they were unable to succeed.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER'S WORDS.

Why Canada Sent a Contingent to South Africa.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, in his speech at Sherbrooke the other day, explained why his government sent a contingent to South Africa. He said:—

"I wish to speak in French of a question which now occupies the attention, not only of the people of Canada, but of the whole world. The mother country is engaged in the greatest war, perhaps, that it has been engaged in during the century—the war with the Transvaal Republic. We believed it our duty as a British colony to take part in the war, and to permit 2,000 Canadian volunteers to enlist in the English army and to fight for the mother country. (Cheers.) We did it because we believed it to be our duty to do it, in response to the unanimous sentiments of the people of this country. We are a free country; ours is a constitutional government, and our duty it to put into execution the popular will, and, the moment the popular will was known to us, we had but our duty to discharge, and we discharged it of our free will. There was no power to constrain us to act as we did; but, in the plenitude of our legislative independence, we had the right to reply to the popular will, manifested to us. We did not do it for the purpose of lending England a material aid, which she did not need, but we rejoiced at the opportunity of giving to the world a spectacle never seen before—the spectacle of the colonies behind the mother country, and that we could not remain indifferent when England had a war with one of her enemies.

"We showed the world that the British Empire was, above all, a land of liberty, and that there was enough liberty in that Empire to make it the duty of every citizen to affirm its unity when occasion presented.

ST. STEPHEN NEWS.

St. Stephen, Jan. 12.—The wrapper factory will start up again next week, under the management of R. W. Sawyer, one of the company. The difficulties which have caused the factory to be closed for some time have been settled, and a good business is expected the coming season.

The school of instruction held by the Knights of Pythias' order yesterday, in Calais, was attended by about 150 members from Eastport, Lubec and Calais. A special session of the Grand Lodge was held, at which rank of that lodge was conferred on all past chancellors present who had not previously received same. Syracuse Assembly of Pythian Sisterhood prepared a bountiful banquet in G. A. R. Hall, which was enjoyed by the visitors at 6 o'clock p. m., as well as at mid-night, after work was concluded. This morning the visitors left for their homes, loud in the praises of the royal time given by the border knights. Past Grand Chancellor S. B. Roberts and Wesley G. Smith, G. K. of R. and S., both of Portland, were present and congratulated the officers of Calais Lodge on the very able manner in which the rank work was performed.

Very favorable comments were heard on the new Freeman by those who have received sample copies. It will be a good successor to the old Freeman and all trust it will be successful.

"Christmas is when people show how much they think of one another, isn't it?" said Mrs. Blykins.

"It is," answered her husband with his characteristic glance of gloom. "It's when all the husbands begin to wear rag-time neckties and smoke rag-weed cigars because they love the giver."—[Washington Star.