

A WIERD STORY OF WAR.

How the Captured Boers Looked to the Canadian Soldiers.

Were Morose, Downcast and Dejected—The Glory of the Victory Was Clouded By Death.

Fourteen ancient tents, their blankets, kettles and camp utensils, tossed about in wild confusion. Three long wagons of the type in which the voortrekkers voyaged the veldt, a team of a dozen magnificent oxen, big water cart which we eyed greedily, a Kafir wattle hut, its floor piled high with odds and ends of clothing and valuables, its doorway marked by a shell-smash; the rocky kopje-side behind, a flat plain dotted with shaggy, bushlike trees in front—such was the Boer laager. Prisoners came from here and there, over a score from the kopje top, more from this corner and that of the field, and were taken to the hut. Within it and around its door they squatted, a silent, down-east crew; what a mess they had made of their affairs! Perhaps they were not so despondent as we thought, for one man as he sat in the guarded group pointed out a rifle which one of the victors was carrying and claimed it as his own—a piece of cheer which staggered our men. The prisoners claimed only part of our attention; with eager curiosity the camp was ransacked. At last we had our hands upon these Boers; what manner of men were they, and how did they live? Poorly enough, I should say; the camp must have been densely crowded with the motley gath'ring, and we could see the odd admixture of practical barbarism with occasional contact with civilization as when good suits of clothes lay side by side with repulsive looking strips of biltong. We felt that all this was ours, ours by right of battle, ours by virtue of victory. Perhaps we were wrong, perhaps the confiscated property of rebels should fall to the Crown, but as long as men go to war so long will victors walk through the camp of the vanquished with just that feeling swelling their veins. Something else lay heavy upon us—thirst. It raged through us. The yellow pool where the veldt cut into the kopje face filled our water bottles, and we drank and drank. The foul dregs of the Boers' water cart were drained with joy. As the sun was setting our own water cart with more wholesome water drove up, and we drank and drank again. As our fires were lighted what receptacles could be found were filled and the muddy fluid boiled. Our transport wagons were miles away, and for tea or coffee we were dependent on what we found in the Boer wagons. I remember drinking a cup of hot water and finding it most refreshing. Food was foraged. One section of our men found a sheep's carcass hanging up under a tree, slaughtered by the rebels before our shell changed the tenor of their day. Some hadhardtack or army rations in their haversacks. Here and there they picked up enough to make up a meal, not especially plentiful, and very scrappy, but satisfying. Indeed a most peculiar thing about the whole affair was the great amount of work we managed to do on a very small amount of food. The shadows of the evening were falling as we finished our meal, sent out the necessary pickets and prepared for rest.

That was not all. Death was in our camp, was with us in the hour of our victory. The Queenslanders had left us early and had ridden to Rooi Pan, a farm house across the veldt where the rebels used to gather. Some of the New South Wales army medical corps remained with us, and in a Boer tent lay two of our wounded, Privates Macleod and Rose, and alongside them two wounded Boers. The former was hurt unto death; a shot had pierced both hips as he stood sideways to his slayer. The surgeon was suddenly called to his side, but aid was useless, and soon the breath had left the ashen lips, as the less sorely wounded man was softly conveyed from the tent of death. The regimental surgeon was the only Queensland soldier left when poor Macleod died, and the Canadians willingly discharged the last duties towards his body. A grave was dug, a New Testament was found. Canadians furnished the bearers who carried the stretcher and its melancholy load to the grave side, a party of our men under Sergeant Beatty formed the firing party, our bugler sounded the "last post." Major Bayly, the staff officer of the expedition, who was in command of our little force, read a few selections from that wonderful chapter of Corinthians, and then the earth was shovelled upon him. A

rough cross with his name and corps and the inscription, "Erected by his Queensland and Canadian comrades," was erected at the head of the grave. Less honored with solemn ceremony, I may add, was the grave of Private Jones of the Queenslanders, who was shot through the heart at an early stage of the attack. Two men who knew where the body lay were left behind at Rooi Pan next day, and they had to go out, dig a grave and bury their comrade by themselves.

As night fell sleep came. Great coats and blankets were with the wagons; a very few had rubber sheets. We shunned the Boer tents and slept in the open, using such of the Boer bedding as we fancied. South African nights are likely to be cold, but our rest was sound. By the prison hut two fires blazed all night, their light making it hopeless for the rebels to escape. Their numbers, in fact, were increased, for in the early hours a Kafir runner with a letter for the rebel camp innocently walked into the guard, ignorant of the events of the day.—Frederick Hamilton, in the Toronto Globe.

A Quick Trip.

On the 20th inst., Mr. A. L. Stephens, the cashier at the A. C. Co.'s store, returned to Dawson from a visit to San Francisco and other Pacific coast cities. Mr. Stephens made the trip from Lake Bennett to Dawson in the remarkably quick time of seven days and seven and a half hours. He rode a Columbia chain less bicycle over the trail, and he has established the bicycle record for the trip over the ice. His wheel and traveling outfit weighed 76 pounds and as he weighed 229 pounds when he left Portland, it made a pretty heavy load. He lost 20 pounds coming in, but he is the picture of vigorous health and says he never felt better in his life. The cyclometer attached to the bicycle registered 450 1/2 miles. Mr. Stephens reports that the trail from Bennett to Selkirk is in poor condition, but that traveling is excellent from Selkirk to Dawson.

He says that people on the outside who have never visited the Yukon valley have vague ideas of what this country really is during the winter months, and most invariably such persons conceive it to be afflicted with all sorts of horrible conditions. Before leaving San Francisco, he expressed his intention of making the trip from Bennett to Dawson over the ice on a bicycle. Immediately he became subjected to jokes and ridicule. The San Francisco Examiner cartooned him in the most grotesque manner, and his intended effort was ludicrously criticised. Indeed, he was regarded as a prevaricator, indigenous to Arctic soil. Mr. Stephens enjoyed a pleasant visit to the coast. He has resumed already his duties as cashier of the A. C. Co., with which concern he has been associated since its establishment in Dawson.

Nome Rush Off.

So far as known not a person has left Dawson for Nome since one week ago this morning, when a lone traveler with three little dogs about the size of ordinary house cats struck out down the river. The chances are ten to one that he will not get further than Fort Yukon on the ice, and possibly not so far. But he will not be alone in his failure to reach the city on the beach before the opening of navigation. It is not believed that any who left Dawson after the first of March will succeed in reaching Nome over the ice; and during the time that these people are element bound on the inhospitable shores of the lower Yukon they could, had they remained in Dawson, have made sufficient money to travel to their Mecca in first class style and still have reached in advance of the time they will now make.

Blacksmithing Stimulated.

Business in Dawson with "vulcanites" is more rushed now than at any time for several months past, and followers of the trade pursued by that historic gentleman who did business under the spreading chestnut tree are now busy all day and far into the night, the principal work being the shoeing of horses and repairing of wagons. Since the snow has mostly disappeared, the surface of the streets and roads are almost as smooth as ice before the daily thaw sets in, with the result that while a horse is "rough shod" he has no business out of the stable. Hence, the ring of the hammer on the anvil fully 16 hours in every 24.

Weather Report.

The maximum temperature for the 24 hours preceding 9 o'clock this morning was 44.5 degrees above zero.

The minimum temperature during the same period of time was 22 degrees above.

Table de hote dinners. The Holborn.

The most popular house in town, the Fairview; new management.

Short orders served right. The Holborn.

HE COUNSELS MODERATION.

"Old Maple Leaf" Expresses Some Sensible Ideas.

Suggests That Great Care and Discretion Be Exercised at the Mass Meeting Tonight.

Editor Daily Nugget:

I am not going to begin by repeating the old maxim: "Old men for counsel and young men for action," for the reason that I believe in it under any and all circumstances, for I do not. Some of the hottest heads I have ever seen were on old shoulders, and some of the best counsel I have ever heard came from young men; but what I desire to do is to counsel moderation and discretion on the part of those who expect to participate in the mass meeting to be held tonight, and with the objects and purposes for which said meeting is being held, I am heart and soul in sympathy.

I do not know that I have judged rightly, I hope I have not; but from several articles which I have read within the past few weeks, I have formed the conclusion that maybe some of my fellow Canadians are becoming almost too enthusiastic on the matter of bringing about a change for the better and that the very interests we most desire to further and promote might in reality be injured and suffer at the hands of their well meaning friends through too much zeal displayed by them.

If I understand the purposes for which the mass meeting is to be held tonight, and I think I do, it is to well and carefully consider and discuss several very important features relative to conditions and laws as they now exist and are operative in the Yukon district. One of the most important subjects which will come before the meeting is this: We feel that, being British subjects, loyal to our country and to our flag, that we should have some voice in the making and enacting the laws by which we are governed; and in view of the fact that parliament has already passed an act that provides for such representation as the legal voters may in their wisdom elect, we merely want to indelibly impress upon both the Dominion government and its local branch the fact that we are cognizant of our rights and respectfully but firmly demand that they be accorded us. This end can best be attained, not by radical and impulsive measures and hotheaded oratorical outbursts, but by calm, deliberate and dignified action on our part at tonight's meeting.

The question of local taxation will also demand considerable attention at the hands of the meeting, and it is one which we are fortunate in having brought out and made public just at this particular time for it is our strongest lever in the matter of aiding in our securing representation on the local governmental board. It supplies us with that argument with which nations have struggled but failed to answer, that argument which our American cousins advanced a century and a quarter ago, namely: "Taxation without representation is tyranny."

Friends, I feel that those of us who will participate in tonight's meeting, and every loyal British subject within reasonable traveling distance will be there, hold in our hands the future destiny of the Yukon district; therefore, let us guard it as we would our lives, and let not a word or an innuendo be uttered that will in any way or in any manner serve to weaken our efforts in the grand cause in which we are laboring.

Water Supply for Klondike.

Vancouver, B. C., March 8.—Joseph McGillivray, a mining engineer of the Klondike and California, arrived here on Wednesday on his way to the north. He says that he has obtained the necessary capital for the carrying out of a large water supply service in the Klondike. Mr. McGillivray says that in a couple of years at most the more thickly worked parts of the district in the north will be dried out, and water will have to be brought from a distance. His plan is to bring it in huge pipes for hydraulic and other purposes from the upper reaches of Indian river, and to sell it to the miners. It is said that, from an engineering standpoint, at least, the scheme is quite a feasible one. McGillivray is over 70 years of age, but he intends making the trip into the Klondike over the snow.

Yukon Sawmill Resumed.

The Yukon sawmill has resumed operations. The company has many large orders for bills of lumber, and will commence immediately to fill them. Just as soon as the days become longer

a night force of men will be engaged it will be more difficult to secure saw logs this season than ever before; but notwithstanding this fact, the price of lumber will be lower than during any previous year.

Come and try our one dollar turkey dinner, at the Yukon hotel restaurant, 5 o'clock Sunday, March 25. Under new management J. E. Booge, manager.

Private dining rooms at the Holborn. When in town, stop at the Regina. Shoff, the Dawson Dog Doctor, Pioneer Drug Store.

Fresh Beef

The Only Fresh Beef in Dawson.

Pat Galvin..

Market...

Sold at Reasonable Prices

Wholesale and Retail

Depot, First Avenue T. & E. Co. Building

H. I. MILLER, Prop.

NOTE—This beef has been brought in over the ice from Selkirk, where 119 head of choice stall-fed cattle were slaughtered.

MOHR & WILKENS,

DEALERS IN

"The Finest Select Groceries"

IN DAWSON

S. E. Cor. Third Street AND Opposite and Third Avenue Klondike Bridge

Electric...

A Steady
A Satisfactory
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Light

Dawson Electric Light & Power Co. Ltd.

Donald B. Olson, Manager.

City Office Jostyn Building. Power House near Klondike. Tel. No

Full Line Choice Brands

Wines, Liquors and Cigars

Chisholm's Saloon

TOM CHISHOLM Proprietor

Yukon Hotel Store

FRONT STREET.

We Want to Close out Our Stock of

Groceries, Provisions

Choice Hams and Breakfast Bacon Just in Over the Ice.

J. E. BOOGE, Manager.

Mitchell, Lewis & Stover Co.

OF SEATTLE, WASH.

Mining Machinery

Of all Descriptions.

Pumping Plants a Specialty Orders Taken For Early Spring Delivery

Chas. E. Severance, Gen. Agt. Room 15 A. C. Building

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TRANSPORTATION & STORAGE

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Health Is More Than Wealth

Try the Sanitarium Baths...

For All Physical Ailments

Ford's Club Baths The Only Health Resort in Dawson

Third Ave., Bet. 3rd & 4th Sts.

BERT FORD - Proprietor

Changed: Hands.

Having Purchased the Business of the

Juneau Hardware Co.

We Beg to Announce We Are in a Position to Supply all Wants in the Hardware Line

Just Received Over the Ice:

Patent Bush Shives, 6 and 8 inch. Globe Valves, Bit Stock Drills, Stillson Pipe Wrenches, also a Nice Line of Assorted Whips.

M. H. JONES, Manager

Buy Your Meat From



The City Market

And Get the Best in Town

Largest Wholesalers

Miners Call and See Us. We Will Meet all Competition and Give the Best. Orders Promptly Filled.

C. J. Dumbolton & Co.

Second Ave. Opp. S.-Y. T. Co.

Why Buy Meat in Town

When you can get Fresh Meat at Dawson Prices at the

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Meat Market

FRED GEISMAN, Proprietor.

....Opposite Gold Hill Hotel.

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Full Line of

Globe Valves

and Steamfitters' Supplies

McLennan, McFeely & Co. Ltd.

DAWSON, Y. T.