POOR DOCUMENT

THE SEMI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, ST. JOHN, N. B., FEBRUARY 17, 1900.

THE HUMORS OF WAR.

Unconscious Fun of a Mischievous Scotchman.

A DISREGARD OF BULLETS.

The British Soldier is a Pretty Fine Fellow to Be With But a Bad Man to Meet--Can Take as Well as Give -- The Story of a Stolen

[Special Correspondence of the Telegraph.] Cape Town, Jan. 2-Laughter and tears Cape Town, Jan. 2—Laughter and tears

-tears and laughter! How curiously they intermingle in this queer old of curs. How close together they come, and how seldom we are considered necessary, it would be good business to put on as many frills some of us to go and get them if we could.

The grip horror of the large English dailies are considered necessary, it would be good business to put on as many frills some of us to go and get them if we could. notice the contrast. The grim horror of as possible. . comrade to comrade four files away! The b.vouac fire and the groans from the field hospital on the other side of the rocks since I have wandered far afield and seen shadows of the mystery called life, there tenement. That maudiin joke tells you so much. Shally I tell you some of the nors of the battlefield? For after ali, 'tis better to laugh than to cry. Better meet the world with a smile. Laugh and the world laughs with you-and a lot of other equally clever platitudinal sayings.
In these days of Jan Maclaren, Barrie tion that Scottish humor is unconscious We had swept over the level veldt in the dim morning light up to the fire-lined kopjes-firing line and supports, guards and line, the artillery, Boer and the British, roaring, shels screaming, musketry rabbling and not a man wavered. We were at the foot of one of the most preci pitous. The Scots Guards were to take i and I was about passing on to the Cold-streams on the right. I wasn't taking notes, and I believed in giving the Scot-Guards a chance. A pucky old Boer, who had waited too long or was not active enough to clamber the steep height in the face of the sudden onslaught, was stalwart young Scotchman

Sprang at Him Like a Wolf,

thrust, pinned him to the earth. He wa dead to all intents and purposes, and the Guardeman was about to press on, but in his death throes the Boer threw up his arm. The soldier looked at him in an of fended, aggrieved sort of way, then plant ing his bayonet again through his breast said, "Great heavens, mon, are ye no deid yet?" He seemed to think it unreas onable that any self-respecting man should like Oliver Twist, want "more." For, it may be remarked, that Tommy is no trifler "when he's playin' with the bay onet or the butt." The British lust of fight once aroused within him and Tomin Atkins is a very different animal to the spruce, cane swinging, maid-mashing being with hair-plastered forehead and clean shaven chin you see strutting along th streets. He has whiskers on when he fights. Lut if he gives he will take.

I came where the Coldstreams wer hit the hardest. There was a cluster of twenty or thirty dead and wounded Look 'ere, sir," yelled a Coldstream bending over a comrade, as I was hurry ing forward, for the shots were flying a little hot. The man was hard hit in two places on one leg. "Wot d'ye think a that?" I didn't think anything, except to be sorry for the poor beggar, who never said anything more than, "I wonde: Townie, wot the little girl will think of me, 'opping round on one leg." "Think,' answered the townsman. "Think, God answered the townsman. "Think, God sakes, man, it's a shillin' a day pension for And as the blood, which couldn' be staunched, gushed forth anew, and Canada, knew what war, which they deemed so glorious, really meant. Six feet of splendid manhood

Going Back on One Leg

to the little girl in far off England who was his only thought while the bullets whistled over him and the pain of his

I hurried on to catch the Coldstream who were nearing the crest of the kopje It is safer in a crowd. But the hill top was cleared. An occasional shot was sen by flying Boer from a kopic a few hum dred yards in the rear, and I reclined quietly and unobtrusively behind a boulder You see I was tired and there was a nice friendly shade on that side of the rock. Tommy didn't. His eyes were glistening and he was looking for pot-shots at flying Boers. I like Tommy Ged knows I have Boers. I like Tommy, God knows I have reasons to, but his contempt for bullets is something that I cannot admire. It shows a lack of intelligence. It there i anything that I have a respect for it is Mayeer hullet with a lack of the state of Mauser bullet, with a business move on It shouldn't be interferred with. But Tommy is such an "absent minded beggar." A chance shot went through the helmet of the fourth man from me and he had the effrontery, the cool, calm effrontery to take it off, look at it for a few seconds and cheerfully quote the London popular song "Only a little of the rop."

Then I got closer in the shade of that pared to stay there for a considerable time, in fact, spend the morning there when bounding over the rocks came the drum-major of the First Coldstreams, who seemed to have a sort of roving commission, and I heard my name called. Drum-

Afr.can hilltop under fire. And I considered that Drum-Major Blundell hadn't Afr.can hilltop under fire. And I considered that Drum-Major Blundell hadn't any tact, and I met his enthusiastic handshake reluctantly, and ducked as a shot whistled overhead. In years gone by whistled overhead. In years gone by when our country was civilizing with the aid of a few thousand Martinis, a considerable portion of the northern part of the continent on which we now stood, 1 had met my friend Blundell, then a had met my friend Blundell, then a lance corporal. It was in the midst of a sandstorm of modest dimensions on the Great Bayuda desert, and Lance Corporal Bundell had asked me to hold a gunnysack to windward of a camp kettle while he examined its contents. He said there was as much sand in that buly-beef stew as it could safely stand. And I had done so and had partaken of the stew and had become friendly with Mr. Blundell, who, as I said before, was a man worth knowing. A couple of weeks before Belmont at Orange River an idea—one great big idea—struck me, which took away that lonesome feeling that had hitherto prevaded me—that as I hadn't been provided

rockling music hall song around the in a hard fought campaign as on Sparks the horses got their legs over the trace, and so we had to stop in a big ditch under I went ruthfully through my modest ever. At last we got the horses' legs working kit, and there was nary a frill, free, and then we had the order to under which your fire is built. To me, and then I remembered that I was possing I have wandered far afield and seen sessed of a couple of medals, and I something of the far-reaching lights and could wear the ribbons. And I started forth in pursuit thereof. The non-commissioned officer who had the ribbons, than the Boers opened fire with their which I was after, on his breast, after is more grimness and sadness in the humor of the world than in what men call the pathos. There comes a sadder feeling at the ribald joke of the homeward-reeling drunkard at the street corner than at the sight of his half-starved, fear-stricken th bered. People remember it as they would a nightmare or some other impressive thing. It was Lance-Corporal B.undell, now drum-major, back to his old corps irom the reserves as keen for fight as ever. I may remark that I got the ribbons. Some officer is two inches short of bons. Some officer is two inches short of bons. Some officer is two inches short of bons and white ribbon lost at Orange of such a heavy fire without gettin hurt. blue and white ribbon lost at Orange of such a heavy fire without gettin hurt. He sent down to our battery for names top of that kopje. It made me feel companionable, feel like a smoke, but in the he was proud to have such men under scramble of the ascent my pipe had drop- him.. ped from my pocket. I was cleaning out Blundell's pipe earnestly, for fifteen miles without a smoke was wearing on my con-stitution, and Blundell was holding my

"There's a bleedin' Boer," and I saw and back. We have a bar opened here, it hundred yards away, running across but the prices are so high that we cannot ctic young Boer who preferred the awful hard, dry bread. It takes a day's pay to chances of a dash for liberty to imprisonbuy a small tin of jam. Still, we are very ent. "Crack," "crack," "crack," "crack," arked the rifles around me, and Brun-lell muttered oath after oath as he, one of the best shots of his regiment, missed again and again. On and on the poor devil ran for another chance to fight for home and fatherland. The dust flew on t his feet, on either side, before, behind, ut he never paused. It thrilled, it unaerved me—twenty men firing at this the never paused.

The pause of the never paused is a superved me—twenty men firing at this one human hare. He was within a dozen yards of shelter. My heart throbbed as to never throbbed before. I trembled so he pipe fell from my hands—a few more he pipe fell from my hands—a few more stuck right through him. I have lost four rifles in this way." ange. "Run, for God's sake, run." But here was a throwing up of the hands, a fall, and I heard a Cockney voice say uietly, "I've got 'im!" This is the the humor—the awful, the hellish humor—of

ng to a bunch of seventy-five or one hun-lred saddle horses in the lift of the valey. "I wish I 'ad one and be a — cavitryman for once." So did I. We had been on the march and climb for for ight hours, and the way back to camp vas long and hard. I walked quietly towards those horses. They were patiently vaiting for their masters' return. I knew heir masters wouldn't return. There vere several thousand reasons—perched in the surrounding hills—why they

They were going in the opposite direction, and I had seen the 9th Lancers

Charge Around the Distant Kopje, Hastening their departure. Now a horse saddled and bridled, alone and master ess, amidst a collection of inhospitable hopjes, is a pitiable object. Any man with a heart, a tired feeling all over him, with a heart, a tired feeling all over him, and seven miles to walk in a blazing noon-day sun, should pity one at least out of a large an interesting group of 75. I pitied one. In fact he was forced upon me. A few dozen men of some line regiments, York or Northumberland, I think, were also of a sympathetic turn of wind, and they had set them for the state of the stat think, were also of a sympathetic turn of mind, and they had got there first. I would like to speak right here without disparaging the discipline of the British rmy in general, regarding the meretricious habit of officers after a successful engagement allowing sheir men a certain amount of latitude. There men should be drawn up as if on parade and held there—until the special correspondents get -until the special correspondents get through investigating the enemy's quarters. Let them loose in half and hour, and then I'll guarantee nobody can accuse "a brutal and licentious soldiery" of loot-ing unless they carry away the kopje. There was one solitary steed left when I came up. He didn't seem to have a friend left in the wide, wide world. Nobody seemed to want him, but I looked at him, and my heart glowed within me. He was the perfect embodiment of the Cayuse or Indian pony of the prairies of Western America. It made me homesick to look at him. His very grunt as I swung into the saddle seemed a voice from home. After a painful hour's jaunt I tied him to the wire fence near my tent, and during the process of getting grub, and the tired. half-sleepy after-dinner smoke, I dreamed dreams about the pony. How I would feed him up, and from my western knowledge of the supernatural cunning of the animal, I felt that soon would I outwit outposts, patrols and rival correspondents. For I knew the cayuse, and that was one if ever there was. And I looked out of the tent door to verify my opinion. He was gone—vanished—disappeared—vamoosed. "Untied the bridal with his teeth; ed. "Untied the bridal with his teeth; old trick," I thought as I went out. But TORONTO.

Toront

Major Blundell was an old friend of mine and

A Man Worth Meeting.

the all-pervading, non-identifying khaki, on his back, and I knew that before I should arrive in the cavalry lines that pony would have changed hands at least appointed. 'It had took us half an hour A Man Worth Meeting.

but you know there are times—there are times when you don't feel inclined to meet the dearest friend you ever had especially if he is standing upon a South Afr.can hilltop under fire. And I contact to the standing upon a South Afr.can hilltop under fire. And I contact to the standing upon a South Afr.can hilltop under fire. And I contact to the standing upon a South Afr.can hilltop under fire. And I contact to the standing upon a South Afr.can hilltop under fire.

Artilleryman's Gallant Exploit. A driver in the 7th Battery Royal Field Artillery, in a letter from Chieveley Camp to his father at Richmond, modestly relates the part he played in the rescue of the guns at Tugela. He says: "I think I am as lucky a man as there is living, for I was in the midst of the thick fire I asked to go. When we started we were under shell fire, but none of us got hit. For Frills Count as Much at the Front But in galloping out of the line of fire

INCIDENTS OF THE WAR.

Not Living Like Lords.

Pte. Dunn, of Lane-end Bucks, with the of his hard Christmas fare. It was the cheerful. . . . But what we don't like to see in the papers is that people think we are living like lords."

Grenadier Budge and His Bayonet. Pte. Budge, of the Grenadier Guards, writing to his mother at Neath, says: "When the Boers see bayonets they run like sheep. At the battle of Belmont I jut my bayonet through a Boer, and it took me half an hour to pull it out. I felt with fair to the right of it but I

Worthy of the D. S. O.

A lieutenant attached to the 2nd West Yorkshire Regiment tells his friends this Christmas story: "Yesterday I went out to to forage for our Christmas dinner. I went to a Zulu's farm and asked his daughter (who was quite pretty for a black lady) how much she wanted for some turkeys. She could not talk English, so it was rather amusing. After palavering for some time I pulled out half a crown and pointed to three turkeys, but she shook her head and said, 'No, no, me want two sheelin';' so I gave her 2s. and then chased the three turkeys round the kraal with a knob-kerrie, and returned in triumph. The colonel said he could recommend me for the D. S. O. for providing the mess with such a cheap Christmas dinner

A letter from Mr. Churchill left behind when he was taken a prisoner is printed in the Morning Post. It describes an in-cident which shows the alertness of a cident which shows the alertness of a patrol. "We were surrounded—but by the Natal Carbineers. 'Got you, I think,' said the sergeant. 'Will you kindly tell us all about who you are?' We introduced ourselves as President Kruger and Gen. Joubert, and presented the farmer as Mr. Schreinerer, who had come to a secret con-

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to stalk you, but if you had only been Dutchmen we'd have had you fixed up Credit to Yorkshire.

Corpl. H. Thornhill, of the 2nd West Yorks Regiment, writing home describes the battle at Willow Grange, concludes thus: "The General said our regiment was the finest he had under his command, and a credit to Yorkshire. If the papers give us our due we should 'blind' the Gordons, as the hill we took was almost perpendicular, and we had white men to contend with, not blacks."

Gatacre Nearly Taken Prisoner.

The following extracts are from a private gentleman in Port Elizabeth: "From what I heard from a man who was on Gatacre's staff and present at the Storm-berg fiasco . . Gatacre himself was berg fiasco . . Gatacre himself was nearly taken prisoner, so much so that he tore up his pocket-book and letters so should not fall into the enemy's hands. . . His men were worn out with a long night march, having come by a roundabout way to the place they meant to reach in the dark and take by prise. They arrived in broad daylight, and walked slap into an ambush. The Poers let them get passed them and then opened fire on both sides and from behind. Result, a stampede and utter col-

A Neglected Column.

"The Royal Irish, who were leading, were mostly taken prisoners," continues this correspondent, " and the Northumberland Fusiliers, 'the Fighting Fifth,' simply broke to pieces and fled. The artillery opened fire for a few rounds and then did likewise, leaving two guns behind. There were not five rounds per man fired by the British troops in the whole engagement, and we lost 28 killed, unded, and about 600 prisoners!

suggest that even officers should take shelter until the shell has arrived. Of course, it is a thousand to one against the shell, but occasionally chance will direct it aright, and we shall lose a valuable life for no possible reason whatever."

His Last Drink.

Blundell screamed in that high-pitched Cockney voice he carried around with him, "'Old it sir, 'old it. For Gawd's sike, 'old it," and he thrust the pouch towards me.

Of his hard Christmas fare. It was the same for the was the same for tea. We got a little fresh meat for dinner. Upon this fare we had to go digging trenches for the battle he came on some of the wound ed enemy: "The Scandinavian in command had a bayonet thrust through his fare we had to go digging trenches for the battle he came on some of the wound ed enemy: "The Scandinavian in command had a bayonet thrust through his fare we had to go digging trenches for the battle he came on some of the wound ed enemy: "The Scandinavian in command had a bayonet thrust through his fare we had to go digging trenches for five hours, having to walk five miles there and back. We have a bar opened here, but the prices are so high that we cannot afford to buy anything to go with our hard, dry bread. It takes a day's pay to buy a small tin of jam. Still, we are very cheerful. . . . But what we don't like the refreshing draught passing down his throat. It was his last drink. I can see his eager, hungry look even now, and, though an enemy, I wish I could have done more for him. A few hours afterwards he was buried by the side of the heroes of the Highland Brigade."

Tommy's Descriptive Powers.

Mr. Bennet Burleigh relates the following: "Lieut.Gen. Sir, Francis Clery still remains at Chieveley, Tommy has a sweet knack of description. 'Who is this Clery?' said a new-comer. 'It's General Clery, said a comrade; 'don't you know him?' 'No; what's he like?' 'Oh, you can't mistake him at all—thin, queer-looking bloke, with a puzzle beard and blue whiskers.' I have known many more elaborate and less accurate 'wanteds' pub

Wandered Wheire he Would be Hit.

A 5th Dragoon Guard writes to a friend: "It makes you think a lot when the shots are flying round you. I thought it was all are flying round you. I thought it was all up with me. I wondered where they would hit me, whether they would kill me or only wound me; but luckily they did not hit me at all. But they were quite near enough for me. You should have seen me get down in the saddle. You talk about the Derby; it was not in it." He concludes: "Fighting is all right to talk about, but I think I shall have had enough of it if I get through this." enough of it if I get through this."

In Grim Tragedy Now.

Mr. Hy. C. Arnold, the lessee of the Lyric theatre, Liverpool, has received a letter from Mr. Coventry Davis, an actor nold's theatrical companies, now a lieutenant in the South African Light Horse. He made his last appearance at the Lyric in The Lights of London. He writes from Colenso: "I have had some stiff times with the Boers, but the battle of Colenso last Friday (the 15th ult.) was the hottest affair I've ever been in. I went into action with my squadron 52 strong only, but came out with only 26 men, and two of ficers prisoners. Of course we were dismounted, and most of our horses being shot, we had to get back to camp on foot."

This is from a Scots Guard's letter from Modder River: "A party of Boers, about 80 strong, tried to remforce the men on the hillside, but the 12th Lancers—or the oth, I can't be very certain—soon stopped them, and were on them like madmen. They cut up 73 of them, and took the other seven prisoners. I never saw such a cutting up in my bit of service. They were caught fairly in the open, and they howled for more but the caught had been say that he had been say that the caught had been say that he had be ed for mercy, but the cavalry had been too long waiting on them to show them Two days afterwards we were o outpost duty, and what we thought were two Highlanders on horseback in kilts came riding along. They were stopped and found to be Boer spies. . . Their ignorance in riding into our camp thinking they would pass for Gordons made

Officer in the Guard Room.

Sapper T. Harvey, R. E., of Morriston near Swansea, writes from Frere Camp: "I was on guard last night, and an officer came up to me. In the night of course I could not see who he was, but I challenged him and asked him for the countersign, and he could not give it. He did not know what it was, so I started ordering him, 'Quick march,' I said, with my bay-

room, and we kept him there all night, and the major told me I had done very well."

Only One Order. A Times second edition telegram from Pietermaritzburg gives a field order warning the Ladysmith relief troops of the misleading methods of the enemy with a flag of truce, false orders, and bugle calls sounding "Cease fire" and "retire." There is only one order, adds Colonel Wynne, the chief of the staff, which will secure the complete success of our arms. That order is "Advance," and the soldier must remember that the one thing the enemy

cannot stand is a hand-to-hand fight. Morphia for the Wounded.

A lady resident at Muizenberg met a soldier in the graveyard at Wynberg. He showed us the wound mark in his neck, and the slit in his coat caused by the bullet; but he was quite recovered and ready to 'have his revenge,' he said He further told me that after the battle of Elandslaagte he and hundreds of wounded were out in the pouring rain on the battlefield all night, and doctors went round and injected morphia into the arms of the soldiers that were lying wounded, in order that they should sleep and not suffer through the long night."

How the "Queen's" Behaved.

Sergt. David Moon, of the 2nd (Queen's) Royal West Surrey, writing to his brother at Guildford, graphically describes the Celenso battle.. He says: "Our lyddite shells fairly took the ridges off the hills. You could see them strike with a great cloud of dust and a rumbling like distant thunder; then an explosion, and up went --well, whatever was there. At one time their advanced position looked like an actheir advanced position looked like an active volcano. The clouds of red dust looked like flames. Another hour's bomnot less than \$5,000, including the \$1,000 not less than \$5,000, including the \$1,000 not less than \$5,000 including the \$1,000 not less than \$1, . . My company, with some of the others, got into the buildings of Colenso mittee was received graciously and it was Station. One chap took a big biscuit tin felt without doubt by the committee that and went down to the river and filled it, the sum mentioned would be granted. although the bullets were splashing in the water like rain. There had been a discussion as to the second contingent and the feeling was that

He Never Even Bobbed.

Moon, "that a British soldier has to face such a terrible rain of lead, but not one and joking were the order of the day. Many an incident I could relate showing Tommy's not afraid of Boer shooting. One fellow named Smith was kneeling down attending to a wounded comrad but although the bullets were falling thick as possible, he never even 'bobbec only told the other fellows to lie dow or they would get hit. Truly an 'Abser Minded Beggar'! (He was one of the Queen's.) The G. O. C. gave the regr ment a splendid name, such as anyon might be proud of, and I can safely sa that 'the Queen's' will be 'well away' i our next attack, which I hope will prov a complete success.'

Fleeced as Well as Fired at.

Putney vale from Modder River, corplains of the exhorbitant prices that I and his comrades have to pay for supplementary foodstuffs. Some have bee trying to make out that everybody is con siderate just now towards Tommy, but as far as that goes it is just the reverse Everybody puts on the price. When were at De Aar we had to pay ls. for a loaf. . . Everyone seems to want t make a fortune, but a warrant officer o the Braemar Castle tried to make hi the quickest I ever saw. We used to pa when the fellow rushed to the canteen fe bread, the man behind the counter said, bread is 1s. 4d. this morning.' Of course the fellows bought it just the same, but one made a complaint to one of our of-ficers. He went and saw about it, and when he came back he said, 'all who bought loaves this morning, if they take them back and show them to the canteen caterer will get Is. refunded.' Fancy a ellow making 1s. for himself out of a 4d. article!

Queen's Portrait Gallery.

f Rootfield, Ross-shire, brother of Gen. York. Hector Macdonald, now in command of the Highland Brigade at Modder River, has received the following letter from the Queen, dated Osborne, 18th January., \$67.50, being the amount of balance of Queen, dated Osborne, 18th January., \$67.50, being the amount of balance of testifying thus publicly our fidelity to \$90, Private Chappel's portion of the fund the Catholic church, one through-its distribution. to have portraits of the principal officers for six months.

Nayor Winslow of Chatham was presumed to have portraits of the principal officers for six months.

Mayor Winslow of Chatham was presumed to have presented to the principal officers for six months. to send me a photograph of your brother for Her Majesty's acceptance. 1 am, dear sir, yours very truly, J. M. Ponsonby (Equerry-in-Waiting)." Mr. Macdonald has forwarded a photograph of the gallant and distinguished soldier.

This is how Pte. Hodgson, of the Northumberland Fusiliers, describes General Catacre's reverse at Stormberg: "We after being on foot for 36 hours we were ment that the damage was done. The bullets were whizzing round us like hailstones. Then we got to a trench about six feet deep, which had been laid as a trap for us. We fell in headfirst, anyhow, and some of the poor chaps were that the were unable to get up the other side before the Boers captured them. How 1 got out I don't know, but, thank God, I'm safe up to the present. I think they'll get it a bit warm next time. I hope so. We shall have a good try."

Running Unnecessary Risks.

While a good deal has been done to prevent our officers being singled out for the enemy's special attention it would seem that they often run unnecessary risks. A correspondent says: "They take no more notice of the enemy's shells than they would of snowballs, which is possibly the proper attitude for an officer to take. At the same time, considering that the Boers use almost entirely black powder, so

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CUSTODIANS OF THE FUNDS.

Committee

IN SESSION MONDAY.

The Contributions for the Second Volunteers' Relief Turned Over to the Committee--Fourth and Fifth Months' Payments Ordered to be Paid.

The Transvaal contingent fund committee met on Monday afternoon iu the mayor's office, voted payment of the fourth and fifth months' allowance to the | church mothers' meeting, \$10; Jewish cor first contingent, assumed charge of the gregation, \$25. second contingent fund, made Mr. J. R. Ruel its treasurer, and transacted other

business On motion Lieut. Col. H. H. MacLean took the chair. He called on Mr. George Robertson to report for the committee mittee was received graciously and it was there should be only one common fund for first and second or any future con-

given that the sum would have to be voted first by the legislature. The committee was given further time to continue their work and secure the payment of this money by the govern-

6	Treasurer Ruel submitted the followi
е,	statement of the first contingent fund
S	date:-
,	Deceived.
n	St. John
t	St. Andrews
e	St. Stephen 595
1-	Milltown 200
e	Municipality of Charlotte county 300
y	Woodstock
n	London, England 169
е	Charlottetown
	Campbellton 200
	Grand Falls
	Eackville
t	Marysville
1-	Shediac90
e	Newcastle
)-	Lieut. Gov. McClelan 25
n	Fredericton Junct. and McAdam. 12
1-	York county council 400
t	Fredericton 500
齫	Frederiction, subscriptions 13
е.	H:ram Lodge, F. & A. M., Frederic-
e	ton
r	Commercial Travellers' Association
0	St. John 66
n	Municipality of Sunbury 100
is	Municipality of Bulldury 100
У	Total
g	
r	Paid Out.
1	

On soldiers' orders 2,470 03 Balance\$6,852 62 The report was received and placed on

It was explained that, with the \$1,000 promised by the government and which the secretary stated there was word would be sent soon to the treasurer, the first contingent fund would be practically provided for. Col. MacLean spoke of the creditable contributions from Charlotte and York as shown in the statement— that has endeared you to the hearts of

It was decided to pay Mr. Chappel

now serving out in South Africa, and 1 Mayor Winslow of Chatham was presapplied to them. He saw now that such could not be done and the fund was being dministered in a systematic way.

Mr. J. V. Ellis, M. P., moved that the fourth and fifth months' quota be ordered

paid when due. The question arose as to one or two members of the contingent who were reported dismissed from the ranks. It was

meeting of the committee before dealing with cases that might arise. The mayor wanted also that there should be only one fund and suggested re-consideration of the first meeting's action with the view of having the two funds made one.

Lt. Col. Markham moved that Mr. Ruel committee take charge of the second fund,

and the mayor would be relieved thus of the burden of the fund.

Lt. Col. MacLean said a copy of the list of the second contingent should be had from the D. O. C. He would undertake

to procure it. Mr. E:lis' motion for payment of the first contingent was carried.

Lt. ol Markham moved that Mr. Ruel

the second fund. Mr. Robertson seconded this and it carried, though Mr. Ruel wished to be relieved from the work. It was decided that the committee take charge of the second fund, as the first. Mayor Sears asked to be relieved of the wished all present his blessing.

Tomorrow morning at 10 o'clock, Bishop Casey, assisted by the visiting clergymen, when the second high mass. burden of the treasurership and to transfer the funds to Mr. Ruel. He said he had received \$2,074.83 and paid out \$126.50, for sovereigns for the second contingent, The priest's house and convent, and for sovereigns for the second contingent, leaving a balance of \$1,948.33, besides some \$50 or \$75 received since his statement was

Lt. Col. MacLean said the needs of the fund should be placed strongly before the towns and municipalities and he suggested a committee for the purpose. It was felt that the contingents would be a year in the imperial service and some \$18,000 or fund should be placed strongly before the

\$20,000 more would be required to

Mr. Robertson moved a vote of than to Mayor Sears for the energy shown collecting the special fund for the second contingent. Lt. Col. Markham second this warmly and said his worship he jumped into the gap and collected ti money for sovereigns for the second co tingent, and had by this, entailed on hir self the burden of the second fund. The

vote was unanimously passed.

The mayor said Secretary L. P. Tilley had assisted in the collection Tilley had assisted in the collection.

Mayor Sears, Mr. George Robertson
M. P. P., Ald. W. W. White, Mayor Win
low of Chatham, and Lt. Col. MacLea
were appointed the committee on the a Mr. Hamilton wrote asking support

the committee in offering copies of h large picture of St. John, half the proceeds to go to the fund. The matter was left to a committee.

Those present at the meeting were Col. MacLean, J. V. Ellis, M. P., Georg Robertson, M. P. P., Secretary L. P. I Tilley, Mayor Sears, Treasurer J. R. Rue Lt. Col. Armstrong, Lt. Col. Markhan Dr. J. W. Daniel, Major Sturdee and Alo

T. B. Robinson Late contributions are-Sons of land, Fredericton, \$242.60, being \$236.6 from concert, \$5 from Dr. Barbour and \$ from a lady; Capt. Pratt, \$5; St. Paul

WELCOMING THE BISHOP

St. Dunstan's Greeting Coadjutor Bishop Casey.

Fredericton, Feb. 13.-A splendid recep tion was accorded to His Lordship Bisho Casey on his arrival here this evening Col. MacLean said intimation had been ly boarded by a deputation of leading their homage to the bishop. His Lord ship was then escorted to a barouche which, preceded by the band and a lon torchlight procession and followed by throng of vehicles, moved away through the city to the palace, into which he en tered accompanied by the other ecclesias ties. Soon the party re-appeared, the blshop arrayed in the episcopal vestments and passed along the carpeted walk to the entrance of the church. As he enter-ed the door and moved through the aisle, besowing his blessing on the gregation, the choir burst forth in the strain from Ecclesiasticies "Ecce Sacerdos strain from Ecclesiasticies "Ecce Saceroos Magnus," (Behold a Great Priest), sing to grand and appropriate music. In the sanctuary were the following priests: Rev. M. Murphy, Fredericton; W. O'Leary, Kingsclear; J. J. Walsh, St. John; C. Collins, Fairville; J. J. Ryan, St. Mary's; F. L. Carney, Debec; J. McDermott, Petersville. An address on behalf of the congreg

tion was read by J. H. Barry, Q. which is as follows:-To His Lordship the Right Rev. T Casey, D. D., Coadjutor Bishop of St

My Lord,-We offer with deep respec My Lord,—We offer with deep respect our welcome and congratulations to your Lordship, returning now as bishop to the faithful people of St. Dunstan's parish. It has been our happy portion as the Catholic congregation of Fredericton to be the beneficiaries of your Lordship's earliest labors in the priesthood of the church of God, and at a later day to have our spiritual welfare confided to your especial care, when commissioned to be

our beloved pastor.

The wisdom and ability which have marked your administration here have been to us all a source of pride; and we have esteemed them none the less for be-Queen's Portrait Gallery.

County Councillor William Macdonald, \$1,246.75 from Charlotte and \$950 from the congregation. Permit us, therefore, this opportunity to acknowledge and return our sincere gratitude and thanksgiv-

> Mayor Winslow of Chatham was present and said Northumberland county had provided for insurance for the men from there. Two Chatham men had gone leaving widowed mothers at home. He had written to Mr. Ruel thinking then that the contributions from Chatham could be applied to them. He saw now that such stan's, and continued under the present much venerated bishop of St. Dunstan, may go still increasing, will be the earnest prayer of your Lordship's Cath-

We cherish the hope that the coming years may manifest more and more the sublime mission of the church throughout the world, and that her children may conmembers of the contingent who were reported dismissed from the ranks. It was explained that correspondence was in progress regarding the matter and meanwhile payment on these men's accounts was suspended.

Mayor Sears wanted an executive appointed to deal with such matters in assistance to the treasurer. Then the treasurer would not have to wait till the monthly meeting of the committee before dealing with cases that might arise. The mayor wanted also that there should be only stan, and soliciting at the hands of our

bishop coadjutor continued prayer in be half of the congregation. Addresses were also read by E. A. O'Brien on behalf of the A. O. H., and Prof. Belliveau, representing the C. M. B.

His Lordship made a suitable reply to that it was just three years tonight since Dunstan's. He also spoke of the hearty Mr. Elis' motion for payment of the third and fourth months' quota to the had always existed between himself and the members of the outside denomina-tions, and stated that the great improve-

The church was beautifully decorated in purple and ablaze with lights. Over

also very many houses on the line of march from the station were illuminated. WHEN THIS PARAGRAPH CATCHES