# POOR DOCUMENT

THE SEMI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, ST. JOHN N. B., MARCH 14, 1900.

Riflemen--War Certainly Furnishes Some Excitement.

He had reported only one battle before stomach torn out. Somebody began the this.

Ile had gone into it gaily, with a journalist's longing for a new sensation.

It had gone into it gaily, with a journalist's longing for a new sensation. alist's longing for a new sensation.

But something had happened that was

not in his programme— a lot of things, in While running down the railway em bankment he had all but stumbled over a corpse with one shoulder and breas

saw that it was the body of a splendid fellow who had sat next to him at mess the night before—an officer of the Grena-dier Guards. The unclosed eyes were looking at him. They seemed to follow him as he turned away sick at stomach and at heart.

bled ahead over the rocks and furrows of the veldt, tugging at the reins of his horse, which persisted in trying to graze, as horses always do, even where bullets are whistling and shells are bursting-as horses will do even while their riders are swaying in the saddle shot through the heart or head. He cursed the gluttonous its nose went down again for another grubble in the sage bush he lashed its face with the loose end of the lines.

After that there was another war or

within a war. He was trying to hurry to a small round, rocky kopje, against which he had seen a regiment in khaki fling itself, Eng-lish fashion, headlong, blunt,

Straight from the Shoulder.

His horse was still trying to graze, and must be either ridden or turned loose. As this was too close to battle for him to make himself a target on horseback, he let it go and ran for the men in khaki, and the crackle of their r.fle fire, which was like the sound of frying fat.

Like the same sound of frying fat was the continuous fire of the foul and un kempt Boers from behind the rocks on high, and when he reached the last line of British, stooping like stalkers after deer, he found himself in a downpour of

The bullets sang all around him, like darting, angry bees disturbed. They sang over his head, they whizzed over his shoulders beside both ears, they zizzed by his waist, and they buzzed be For there is no place where the super-

fluous bullets do not go; and thank God 999 in every 1,000 are superfluous.

They even buzzed between his legs, an he fell flat on his face, and said to himself that he did not get salary enough for such an experience, and that the war corresondent who exposed himself to fire was recreant to his duty and an idiot as well. He lay flat on his face, and lo! the firing ceased. There was only now and then a shot, and here and there a reply, and he looked up and saw the men in khaki, silhouetted against the shiny black rocks, al bodily upright, and rushing up the hill. They had driven the unwashed, unshaven odorous enemy out of its rocky nests, and all was well except that he, a war corres

Narrowly Missed Death.

And now another day had come and an other battle was on. Another battle was on, and to be in it and safe at the same time he was with the battery of naval nns. Though it is not at all true, any one who has never been through a war one who has never been through a war will tell you that you are safe in battle if you are with the guns. He was a handsome young fellow, and has since proved himself brave to the marrow. But with bravery he unites common-sense, so he said to himself: "I can't write if I'm safe." So he and and another correspo broad-rimmed straw hats covered with khaki, with their loose, slouching at titudes and movements—so different from soldiers, without being any the worse for the difference. When they saw anything at which to fire they were busy for a minute or two, but, between whiles, they lounged about like a pic-nic party. The officers smoked cigarettes and talked of least pight's "circumora", humming away last night's "sing song," humming over again some of the "catching" choruses they had heard. The men squatted on the veldt with their backs against the gun against a mother hen. They fired when they saw some Boers a-horseback of heard a long fusilade from an unseer trench. Nobody answered them. It was ne-sided warfare such as a correspondent "paid for keeping safe," could enjoy.

It was one-sided warfare till the rank and hairy Boers got one of their batteries into position behind a ridge a mile and a half away. Then it became two-sided

A Game of Pitch and Toss. In which it seemed that every time we sent them a shell they sent it back. A Royal Artillery battery rumbled up and unlimbered near us, sending its limber of horses a little way back and opening heavy fire on the unclean foc. ning heavy fire-and meeting heavy pring the air, gashing the ground and throwing up fountains of red earth and broken iron. The correspondents and one or two officers, who appeared to have no part in the week of part in the work of the battery, stood and strolled into its shelter every tim they saw the flash and smoke of a Boe gun. It may not have been very brave but they had no call to be brave just then "Courage is not a thing to brandish about like a horse pistol in the hands of a madman," the correspondent thought, "it's like a good liquor, to be barrelled and tapped when called for."

They continued to stroll into the culthem and every time. Then they turned them and every time. Then they turned their backs upon the culvert and strolled about, pooh-pooling the enemy's shells. "Hello! there goes that gun. That's going wide of the R. A. limber. Hi! there goes the chap who is shooting at us. Let's see if he gets any nearer than the next county. Look! there goes Johnny who's after that bunch of transport wagons. By Jove! look at them scamper! Hanged if he didn't chuck dust all over that near

In this way the idlers chronicled every shot that was addressed to us by the enemy, until—until z-z-z-oo-wuf went a shell into the R. A. limber, and

Two Horses Fell.

Every man around it stood his ground, and death licked his lean chops as he reached a bony arm towards them, but— the shell did not explode. "Number one gun" was quickly hauled back a hundred yards, and while it was moving a shell chased it up and exploded thirty yards behind it.

"I get no pay for this,' said the handomer and younger of the correspondents.
"Let us go over and see what the heavy rife firing is about on the far right."

"I'm rather taken with this," said the second correspondent. "It's getting very lively. I'd like to see it out."

But the first one would not stay, and, so as he carried the second one's live he.

so, as he carried the second one's lunch in his saddlebags, both went together and sat down out of gun range, to dine upon sardines, biscuits, water and cheese. Like

An hour latter each sat upon his separate anthill on the extreme right of the battle-field, where an endless awful volleybattle-neid, where an endless awful voiney-ing of rifle fire had sounded ever since daybreak—for hour upon hour. The cor-respondents were 2,500 yards behind the firing-line of the British, who lay in rows upon their bellies firing at unseen Boers in an invisible trench, which spat out bullets as a needle-bath sprays water. The bullets as a needle-bath sprays water. The dead brown veldt lay empty between the two reporters and the battle—empty save that it was sparsely tufted with dried sage bush and heroically pimpled with hard, conical ant-heaps, one, two, or three feet high, and all wide enough to lie behind. Empty, except for these and the mangled men who were crawling and hobbling out of the fight; and the stretcher. bling out of the fight; and the stretcherbling out of the light; and the stretcher-bearers, who were either rushing in to pick them up or else seeking shelter.

I fancy the younger correspondent was congratulating himself upon his safety, but as he did so there came a sound like

heavy hail upon a tin roof and bullets whistled, pinged and spattered all around him. The sound came from behind his back. There the Boers had made a flank

more dangerous to be than even the firing line. That is the zone where the bullets strike the earth. Soldiers almost always shoot too high—over the head of the foe before them, so that it is safer to be in the front than in the middle rear. To the middle rear ran the correspondents, and then fell down. They fell when they found the air as thick with bullets as ever a pudding was with plums and when, wherever they put down a foot there was a spurt of sand from a falling shot. Have you ever seen a sorry tramp walking in the rain with water gushing from

The Holes in the Boots? The sand fountains reminded them of that. Both fell behind an ant heap and

"There was no other way to run," they said to one another, "it looked as if the Boers would cut us off in the other direc-

"Putt-putt-putt" sounded the awful Vickers-Maxim quick-firer, and its tor-nado of one-pound shells raked the air over their heads with seven screaming missels at a time. Zazzzit hummed the Mauser, and the Martini-Henry bullets like magnified bees in swarms. The air was thick with flying lead. Bits of the was thick with flying lead. Bits of the friendly anthill were chipped off. Spray from the dust-jets thrown up by bullets from the dust-jets thrown up by building from the hands of the correspondbottle, raised himself on high, and began to quaff. A thousand rifle balls and ten to quaff. A thousand rifle balls and ten to quaff. a cross-fire where they lay. They buried their noses in the red noses in the red sand and talked and thought. They talked and thought—about what?
They have told me, and I have made notes

"Say something funny," said the younger man. "I wish young B— was here. He'd keep us laughing. Wow! but that was close. It fanned my ear."

"I wonder what's become of our horses."

"Hang the horses! What I wonder is, how that mule can stand there one hun dred yards ahead of us, where the bullets are like drops in a slanting rain. I'll bet

the brute is full of holes and doesn't know it. Perhaps we are, too.' tor! Doctor! come and tell us what's going on." The Guards doctor is nothing loth. He dashes over to the correspondents, and in doing so awakens a new fury of

Rifle and Machine-gun Fire. "I can't stay long," he says; "we've got a great many wounded up there, and I must look after them. How's the fight going? It's simply going on, for ever, and neither side is budging. You think the bullets are thick here. Watch me go forward, and when you see me drop, you may know it's a bit thick. There's one place ahead where the shot come in solid streaks like telegraph wires. Well, ta-ta!

must make a dash for it." As he runs the correspondents see the tiny sand fountains spurt up in front of, beside, and behind him. At last he drops and for half an hour lies still. For an hour and a half the corespond

ents kep their noses pinned in the veldt behind their ant hill. Every now and again there comes a lull, and they think they will make a bolt for safety. They think they will make a bolt for safety, and one raises his head or lifts an arm, whereupon the bullet factory opens again vert at every flash of a Boer gun, until they saw that the Boers shot wide, all of air like a fine-toothed comb. They resign themselves and watch other men in like

positions. They see a Coldstream Tommy run to a tiny sage bush that wouldn't stop a peashooter, and gratefully take its shelter.

They see another Tommy lying flat as a flapjack and reaching stealthily, blind

ly, over the ground To Gather Little Stones none bigger than a hen's egg. He gets five or six of these and builds a whimsical shelter four inches wide and three inches high. He presses his face in the sand with this ridiculous, microscopic wall in front of his crown. It is the best that he can do, and he is content. He is conone minus a jaw and the other with its tent until-ten minutes later an explosive

How it Feels, How it Sounds and How it Looks to be Shot at-Lying Beneath a Hail of Bullets from Unseen

War of the American revolution but for the loyalty of the French-Canadians. It was the same in the war of 1812 when Canadians, both of French and English

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### DOWLING BROS., 95 KING ST., ST. JOHN, N. B

the soft strains of an orchestra, the first correspondent sang his refrain about the breach of faith to public and employer which is perpetrated by a war correspondent who puts himself in danger.

A Tommy looms up ahead dragging hear. A Tommy looms up ahead dragging a shattered leg, hopping along before a pursuing blizzard of bullets. He, too, calls to the correspondents, 'For Heaven's take, to the country and the preservation of the country and the countr

> They forget themserves and their danger, though there is death at every step-just as every man who is any good forgets self

Even if he has the jumps, give him a rifle and see how interested he will become. Send him galloping into the fire on an er-

him. The sound came from behind his back. There the Boers had made a flank movement, dashing furiously toward the ambulance and transport wagons, banging at them with a volley, and setting all the drivers and horses in a panic. In the same panic the correspondents ran battle.

There is a place in a battle where it is selves killed as much as you like, but don't direct the fire on us. Lie down by yourselves, you idiots." Their frenzy and profanity revealed to the correspondents how great had been the tension on their

> "It's telling on me," said the young and handsome one, "yet I am not conscious of being afraid."
> "There's no room for fear," said the

other. "We know our danger. We can't he p ourselves, and that's all there is water. Give me a drink of your plain Next a bullet-headed Tommy darted up

from behind, and dropped beside the younger correspondent. Just Heaven! how he was sworn at and abused as A New Hail of Bullets

showered around the three-loosened by his dash across the veldt. "If you would pull in that blooming tin pail, and put it under your stomach, you wouldn't git new tin waterbottle which the elder man had left behind him on the ground. Of all the sublimated fools in any army this Tommy was the worst. He next askminutes' play of the "putt-putt" showed that this had been accepted as a challenge. Again Tommy was sworn at for

an idiot—and what was his reply?
"I know it. When I was loying hover there be ind a hant-'ill, I 'eld up me blooming 'elmet an' got a 'ole put through it before I could g't it down again." He was quieted by the impressive assurance that he would get a pistol ball through his skull at the next provocation, and for another half-hour he lay quiet. Then, suddenly, he said, "Gents, I'm blimed tired of planting me nose in the sand and waiting for it to sprout. What I say is, let's run for it, each one in a different direckshin, so the blooming Boers won't know which to peg at."

"You're a general, Tommy," said the correspondents. "We're with you."

He gave the word. All three ran like mad in different ways, and the Boers directed all their fire on the young and handsome correspondent. It was dusk, and jets of flame sprang out of the veldt all around him. But he was not hit. JULIAN RALPH.

## Chatham News.

very large.

Chatham, March 7.-Rev. A. F. Robb, of Doaktown, gave an interesting chalktalk on the Missions of the Presbyterian church of Canada in St. Andrew's Hal on Tuesday evening. Although the weather was most disagreeable the audience was

Preparations are being made for a concert to be held on March 29th. The proceeds to be devoted to the New Bruns wick contingent fund. The W. C. T. U. gave a tea on Monday evening to about 100 of the poor children of the town. The children seemed to thoroughly enjoy the entertainment.

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ture's mild laxatives, and while gentle are reliable and efficient. They

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iousness, Sour Stomach, and Constipation. Sold everywhere, 25c. per box. Prepared by C.L. Hood & Co., Lowell Mass.

Ottawa, March 6-The total disregard of the Conservative leaders for the interests of the country and the preservation of its gentlemen, get me an amount so. I've to whole affair was a continuation of the attempt which has been made for some attempt, and, telling him with the crushed foot, they start through the rain of bullets to try to rouse the two lines representations. I've whole affair was a continuation of the attempt which has been made for some months past to prove that the French-Canadians are disloyal and that therefore the present government, whose leader is a French-Canadian, ought to be driven from power. Mr. McNeill was put for ward to a superior w the present government, whose leader is a French-Canadian, ought to be driven from power. Mr. McNeill was put for-ward to enunciate this view of the case and his text was an article which appeared in La Patrie on the 2nd March, dealing with the outrages committed by a mob in Montreal on the French newspaper offices and on Laval University. A pretty full report of the discussion has already appeared in the Telegraph, but some of its leading features remain to be dealt with. One noticable feature was the utter lack of sincerity which characterized the whole discussion on the Consequential Management of the consequential of the conseque rand, and his funk will drop as if the bullets had shot it away.

A word of command to those stretcherbearers brought them quickly to their feet. Then the correspondents had nothing to do again, and then the bullets "ping-ed" beside them and buzzed about them, and they dropped flat on the veldt. continually leading up to a point that was continuary leading up to a point that he did not have the courage to make. He would have liked to be as violent and unfair as Clarke Wallace, but he was very far from approaching that leader in his bitterness or his untruthfulness. His worst offence with respect to veracity was his attempt to repudiate Mr. Hetherington as a Conservative organizer, but the people of New Brunswick will know how to re-

speeches are of the most moving charac-

a supporter of the Conservative party, effectually pricked the bubble of French-Canadian disloyalty. His friends on the same side of the House must have felt fectually pricked the bubble of French. Canadian disloyalty. His friends on the same side of the House must have felt exceedingly foolish as he proceeded to destroy their case and vindicate the French. He very properly characterized the conduct of the McGill students as an outrage and a wanton interference with private property. He ridiculed the idea of Laval, one of the most ancient institutions of learning in America, being accused of disloyalty and he recounted the struggles that Laval had to face for the purpose of erecting and equipping its buildings which the McGill students proceeded wantonly to deface and destroy. No reply could be made to such arguments and they produced a great impression, for they clearly fixed the responsibility for the troubles that had occurred in Montreal. In this connection it may be remarked that there is not an English Conservative in Montreal of any standing who does not condemn the conduct of the McGill students, and while their attack on the newspaper offices and on Laval may be described as the first floor, are two spice and Mexican blends. On the first floor, are two spice and mean of tartar mills.

The pepper mill is situated near the main entrance. The pepper is placed in a large resevoir and passes between two large revolving stoves, The ground pepper is conveyed by elevator buckets to a device above the mill. The pepper passes through a silk cloth sieve with the finest of meshes and then through a chute. It is then filled into barrels. Only the finest grains of pepper pass through the sieve and the coarse are deposited in a separate barrel to be ground over.

Another interesting piece of machinery is, the currant and raisin cleaner on the second floor. The currants are forced through a coarse sieve into a receiver, equipped with brushes and wings which revolve 1,500 times to the minute. The receiver is kept supplied with a stream of at the rate of 1,000 pounds an hour.

The establishment also has what is known as a cattle spice mill. and while their attack on the newspaper offices and on Laval may be described as omces and on Lavar may be described as a boyish freak it was none the less a dangerous and regrettable incident, well calculated to lead to trouble. If any Tory attack on Mr. Tarte and La Patrie it is the fact that the McGill students who originated the difficulty have their conduct originated the difficulty have their conduct condoned by the Tories while La Patrie, which protest against their ruffianism and advised that those who had been made the victims of these attacks should organize to resist them, is accused of inciting rebellion and civil war. This is as if a man who was assailed on the street, knocked down and kicked, should be consured for attempting to defend himself against a second attack. As was well said by Mr. Charlton, if the Laval students had attacked the English newspaper offices and McGill University the Tory papers would have raised a cry of vengeance against the French. Yet the outrage would have been no greater than the attack of McGill students on Laval. It makes a great deal of difference with some people whose ox is gored.

The speeches of Sir Wilfrid Laurier,
Mr. Tarte, Mr. Charlton, Mr. Bourassa,
Mr. McMullin, and Mr. Prefontaine, who
spoke on the side of the Government were

all excellent. Mr. Charlton was particularly happy in his reference to the illustrious history of the French Canadian people and their record for loyalty. Every one knows that Canada could not have been preserved to the British crown during the

Canadians, both of French and English origin, united for the defence of the country. It is true that there were French rebels in 1837, but there were also English rebels in Canada in that year and the English rebels were the more numerous and the more formidable. There were also rebels in England in 1645, and there were rebels in 1688, but in both cases successful rebellion led to reform and improvement. There were almost a civil war ovement. There was almost a civil was n England in 1832 when the Tories tried to destroy the reform bill, but the people triumphed and the good cause won a great victory. The British are the las people in the world who should reproach others for resorting to force to vindicate their rights.
Mr. McMullin's speech, all things con

Mr. McMullin's speech, all things considered, was the most effective that was delivered yesterday. He expressed the shame that every man of British descent ought to feel at the attempt that had been made by the Tories to make political capital by raising the race and religious cry. He truly characterized it as "peanut politics," and if there is anything smaller than a peanut in politics he might have used that word. A whole day had been wasted in a discussion which could by no possibility do any good and which might do a great deal of harm. Mr. McMullin's defence of Mr. Tarte, who has been pursued by the Tories with a rancor unheard of even in Canadian politics, was very fine, and the general effect of the discussion was to greatly injure the Conservative of all good cussion was to greatly injure the Conserva-tive party in the estimation of all good J. H.

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boiler is one of the improved Mumford pattern, manufactured by the Robb Engineering Co., of Amherst. The engine is 40 h. p. and is bolted to the solid rock, of New Brunswick will know how to regard such an assertion even when it comes from the leader of the party in that province. Mr. Foster was unable to deny that Mr. Hetherington had been acting in his babels are an exerciser in the Caunty of Mr. Hetherington had been acting in his behalf as an organizer in the County of Queens, and therefore he cannot evade the responsibility for his utterances in the Parish of Brunswick and elsewhere.

Mr. Clarke Wallace's speech must have produced a most painful impression on those who have been taught to look upon him with respect as a public man. A more unfair deliverance never was uttered in the House of Commons, and any one who wishes to test its unfairness for himself has only to compare the speeches of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mr. Tarte as published in Hansard with Mr. Clarke Wallace's statements in regard to them. He

speeches are of the most moving charac-ter.

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Inlorodyne must be false DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE -Vice Chancellor Sir W. PAGE WOOD HOWNE was undoubtedly the INVENTO:

OR, J COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNR is the TRUE PALLIATIVE ID Nepr-

Wilfrid Laurier and Mr. Tarte as published in Hansard with Mr. Clarke Wallace's statements in regard to them. He accused Mr. Tarte of being responsible for the Montreal riots and for the tearing down of the British flag. He, in effect, charged the entire French-Canadian race with disloyalty and Mr. Tarte with being the chief rebel.

It would be a waste of words to bestow any attention on Mr. Davin, whose speeches mainly consist of vituperation and are the signal for everyone to leave the House. In this sense Mr. Davin's speeches are of the most moving characters.

and Mexican blends.
On the first floor are two spice and

known as a cattle spice m

On the top floor all kinds of flavoring extracts, mustards, prepared corn, tapioca bird seed, cocoa, baking powder, spices etc., are put up in various sized packages handsomely labelled.

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ders from the grocery trade and in a few days a handsome delivery wagon will appear on the streets for the purpose of serving out daily fresh ground goods to the various stores. The company have adopted the Acorn Brand, represented by an oak twig bearing two acorns as their trade mark, and all goods decorated with this may be taken with confidence as being of



Q. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNB THE IL ... TE 1896. 48VA "If a were asked which sing a das should profer to take abroad with me, which of all others, it and say THIM DYNK, I never trave without, it, and general applicability to be relief of a number of simple all sants. See the communication of the communication.

obstances defying elimination, and since ne formula has never been published, it is DR. J. COLLES BROWNE'S CHARRISTS Is a liquid medicine which assuages P.

of CHLORODY NE, that the whole story of the defend art Freeman was deliberately untrue, and he regretted to say it had been worn co.—Nee The Times, full 18, 1864.

MENSES SALE IN A CONTROL OF THE SALE IN TATIONS. Be careful to the regret to the say it had been worn co.—Nee The Times, full 18, 1864.

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