

Incidents of South African War.

The Women's Club has come and gone and left behind it many pleasant recollections and memories of its days of work and pleasing. It has been an interesting event for many reasons; perhaps from no standpoint more than the mere fact that it was a gathering of women controlled by women, a thing which is not often seen. I should say the work has turned if it were not that I should get into serious trouble if my better half

it was 99 degrees in the shade in New York on Wednesday last, this shady nook by Fundy's wind swept tide seems to be a pretty good spot to pass the summer in.

A friend of mine met me yesterday. He had just retreated from the blazing heat of Philadelphia and he was growing fat from reading the record of best places to visit in the summer. I told him that life he was gaining from his month's vacation in St. John. There are others.

The battle ground Sand River is between Bloemfontein and Pretoria and it was there a little more than two years ago that certain Boers were captured, much to their mortification, the bitterness of which they have since been able to assuage by the reflection that God had so willed it.

The 70 prisoners were dispatched under armed guard down to Bloemfontein, and the brown legions continued north.

Now, through the unaccountable play of fate, four fever patients, who were being transported from the north, were considered worthy enough to rejoin the rank. One was a C. I. V., one a Derbyshire, another a Klender's Horse and the other a Canadian.

Up to the time of the fever camp, each was ignorant of the others existence, and now, as they lay side by side, an intimacy which subsequently blossomed into friendship, for enteric introductions are quite rare in the field.

After a fortnight's deliberation, news from Lord Roberts' advance, dribbled in. The fortunes of that host which had set the world agog, were told in fragments, in vague and distorted forms. As a fitting consort, the spirit of prophecy and speculation started up, and some of the sick, but Kelly-Kenny himself, and the two divisions, which had been left to hold the country, were also mentioned.

Presently, though, there came wallowing in, an ominous rumour. It was supported by a brisk assertion—Bloemfontein had fallen! The Boers were attacking every another battle, and more prisoners on their way down country. Bloemfontein plumed itself, and avowed its readiness to meet them. A few brave patriots, A medical officer paraded the convalescent camp, gave his professional opinion—meantime, the Boer army advanced by expressing his conviction that elected men on the parade should hold themselves in readiness to escort him.

In the official range of conviction was a C. I. V.,

a Derbyshire, a Kitchener's Horse and a Canadian.

On the morning of May 21st, 1900, a train waited at Bloemfontein station.

The morning sun shone brightly on the roofs in the air—the sky a hard blue—the sun, a burst of colours intensely—all objects beneath it kept their own colour.

The train was small—only a locomotive, and a few bogies, but it was in these that the Sand River prisoners were packed. They would be placed and conveyed to the Cape.

Already the station platform was thronged with soldiers on duty, and with those who were not.

Strolling Dutch merchants, spies, portly "vroues," clattering blacks, fled along the rails. The British general, Sir Buller, and the military governor, walked and pondered. Kelly-Kenny, the outward man, might have been accepted as coming with the requisites which a British public somewhat expects to see in its generals of today. Of middle height, erect posture, dark hair, a keen face, bright eyes that hid in them a suggestion of scintillating steel. Weather-beaten cheeks, a hawk nose, strong jaw. His uniform was trimly worn, his boots black shining straight, thin lips, sparse white hair showing beneath a stiff cap. He wore a light grey frock coat, with gilt livery leaves. He wore over the khaki a cavalry green coat, and handled a riding crop with a flourish. He was eminently a high band leader. His official name was a British officer—nothing more—poaching less.

Styled as a soldier, the Boer is distinguished by incongruous features. He is disciplineless. He may put a certain value on his place at the front, but both were by him placed secondary to the power of his rifle. He is not a prisoner, the strength of this could be seen. You instinctively knew it, when you

James F. Armstrong.
The death occurred Saturday morning of James F. Armstrong at his residence, Lancaster Heights, at the age of 78 years. Mr. Armstrong was a native of New York (N. Y.) and has been a resident of West End since about 60 years. He was a blacksmith. He leaves three sons, George (G.), and Thomas P. of Victoria (B. C.), and Thomas P. of Lawrenceville (N. S.), also two daughters, Mrs. E. B. Bailef, of New York City, and Mrs. J. W. Rich, of Bridgetown, N. S.

The death of his father, the rector of hison, Councilor Russell M. Embree, after a few days illness. Mr. Embree, although 73 years of age, was in the best of health until the day last, when he was stricken with paralysis from which he never rallied. Deceased was a mason by trade and had been in Ambert the greater part of his life. He was a member of St. Stephen's Presbyterian church and highly respected in the community. He was survived by a daughter, the wife of the late Rev. Alexander Clark, D. D., one of the pioneer Presby-

terians with consumption. Deceased was 25 years old, a native of St. John (N. B.) and a coopermaker by trade. He was buried in the cemetery, burial being in the Cross cemetery, Malden—Cambridge (Mass.) Times.

Archbishop Feshar, Chicago.
Chicago, July 12.—Archbishop Patrick J. Feshar, in charge of the Roman Catholic archdiocese of Chicago, died today at his home in Chicago. He was born in Ireland in 1829, and lived in this country for 40 years.

Mrs. Susan B. Berlon.
Mrs. Susan Berlon, widow of W. J. Berlon, died at an early hour Saturday morning at her home on Hazen street. Mrs. Berlon, who was 82 years of age, had been in poor health for some time. She leaves one son, W. J. Berlon, and one daughter. Her funeral will be held from Trinity church at 2 o'clock today.

born at Greenwich (K. C.), July 7th, 1843. She leaves a mother, husband and two sons. Her father, John Owens, was a resident of Buchanan county (Iowa), for the past 36 years. She was a kind and loving daughter, a devoted wife, an affectionate mother and a conscientious Christian, and died at her home of grief. She was buried at Hazelton beside her son on July 1st, the funeral services being conducted by Rev. Messrs. McKewen and Taylor.

New York, July 13.—Mrs. Ada Egerton Vrooman Leslie died yesterday, aged 56. Mrs. Leslie edited the Ladies' Bazaar.

Bright's disease. His many friends throughout the maritime provinces will hear of his death with sincere regret.

Patrick Crowley.

The death occurred in this city on Saturday of Patrick Crowley, in the 40th year of his age. He lived at No. 36 Mill street, and was unmarried. For years he had worked with the I. C. R. Two brothers and one sister survive.

He was buried on Saturday afternoon, funeral being from the residence of son, Thomas Black. Some 75 persons were present. He died at 11 a day but quite peacefully, away her last hours. had several sons and daughters in Iowa.

Capt Joseph G. Kenney.

The death occurred in Liverpool, land, last month of Joseph G. Kenney, 62 years of age, the ship chandler

that Mrs. Anne Bray had once suddenly at her home at Hopewell Cape. She was a lady of excellent character and disposition, and had the warm affection of her many acquaintances. As mistress of the Cape House she was widely known and highly respected. She was a consistent member of the Hopewell Baptist church.

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several grandchildren—Mrs. A. E. Prince, Miss Leck, Messrs. Harry, John and George, the young daughter of the late Dr. John Byers of Springfield (N. S.).

Rachel Brodie, Truro.

Truro, N. S., July 14 (Special)—Rachel Brodie, one of the oldest colored women in Nova Scotia, died here tonight, aged 96.

Wm. Caldwell, Halifax. Prominent Orange-

With manly glances and a manly voice, he earnestly insisted a request for her hand.

She shuddered, refused and courageously told him to his face.

With features convulsed with passion he was about to comply with her demand when, with a triumphant cry she bowed him from the scene.

It was the hero.

With a dreadful smile and in joy to be informed of his word—the word that the world was not large enough for both.

One must die.

He was a prominent Orangeman, one of the oldest members in Nova Scotia.

Richard Saxton.

Tatlow, N. S., July 14.—(Special).—The death occurred today of Richard Saxton, temperance. He had been ill only a short time. He was a widower, eight sons and two daughters.

FOUND HIS WIFE DEAD.

—St. Andrews, A. B., July 1901.

When Elford, brother of St. Andrews, arose this morning, he intended to find his wife dead at his side. She had evidently been dead for some time. She was a stout woman and it is thought death was due to syncope of the heart. She had retired in good health and at 1 o'clock had got into bed. He looked out of the window, if he is of the female persuasion and the

from the land of the free and the home of the brave the Star-Spangled banner, In

wouldn't seem like summer without visitors to brighten our city with its presence and tell us nice things about climate, etc. And as one reads the various papers and reads for example

In Memory may look back to a vision
 The girls of long ago,
 With cheeks so fair and eyes so blue,
 And voices so merry, warm, and true,
 That if you searched the whole world
 through,
 You'd findling find so sweet, I know,
 As were the girls of long ago.
 They held a charm that words defy—
 The girls of long ago,
 Who were not born the glancing eyes,
 The rippling laugh, the tender sigh,
 The loving look that painter's try
 To lend their dreams, yet never show

That time should deal so shrewd a blow. Nor spare the girls who long ago
William Wallace Whitlock in June 1875.

Mayor Collins, of Boston, announces that in future he will refuse to see officer seekers, who are now referred to the heads of departments in which they desire to serve.

Masses, Sweden, has a woman's fire department, 150 strong.

The first intimation of danger was a sudden appearance yesterday of a in the city.

The Campanile stood opposite the cathedral of St. Marks. It was founded in 1488, restored in 1529, provided with marble top in 1675, and was called into use with the fear of an angry neighbor.

the
her of
had
the
Calli-

MICA
make short roads.
AXLE
and light loads.
GREASE

observations from this tower.
A little before the collapse the
of falling stones within the bell
warned the shopkeepers' workmen
of the impending disaster. At
latter fled for their lives, crying
Campanile is falling."
When the disaster was complete
Ferdinands were seen in the streets
meaning the destruction of one of
oldest art treasures in the king-
dom of Savoy. The statues of Ve-

that runs on wheels.
Sold Everywhere.
Made by THE PENN. LOT. CO.

The women's council is more exciting than anything in the shape of a man's convention, excepting a church conference. The gathering of skirted orators is more picturesque. Barring the fact, however, that the ladies are at their meetings with dignity and grace, they have no other advantage over the council could tell you. "Why should only two amendments be in order," "And how can we amend them?" "What has been objected as an authority?" Well, St. John enjoyed the Woman's Council.

in the tragic letter, comment by the publication of the Royal Commission's report. It seems to me with general approval, but what strikes my sense of the humorous is the fact that the Commission, although one has to struggle to appreciate, although she incidentally let fall the remark that she weighed 111 and evidently considered herself quite huge. By and by four other daughters were mentioned, and that their father was on the board, as well as her friend's mother, but not a word did she breathe of her friend's name. The man was beginning to be a little suspicious, and he was right, for as he was about to ask her name, she came along and was hailed as Ethel. Then the man was informed of the missing name, or at least part of it. "Why Vera," said Ethel, "I've been looking everywhere for you."

Then she wanted Ethel to sit down and talk, but Ethel refused and Vera said, "Now Ethel T., you're real mean. I believe he's real nice if you only knew me. I'll tell you all about him. I want to talk to." But Ethel didn't like to stay and went away. Then Vera said

With malicious glee he was secretly informing a request for her hand.

She shuddered, refused and couraged to the work.

With features convulsed with passion he was about to comply with her desire when, with a triumphant cry someone came from the scene.

It was the hero.

With a dreadful smile and in joyous tones he said, "My dear girl, the world was not large enough for both of us."

One must die.

He was the first to die.

He only five and a hero is hard.

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if he is of the female persuasion and then, as I found out, he recognized the smile as the same smile of glad recognition of a kindred spirit. He is learning to be a hero, and even if he doesn't know he will at least learn to be a manly hero and he will at least have a good substitute. CHATTERBOX

THE CAMPANILE, ART TREASURE OF
VENICE, COLLAPSES.

Fear There Was Loss of Life—Venetians Bewail Destruction of Spile did Examples of Art—More Serious Disaster Narrowly Averted.

in Salonia, completed the destruction of the Campanile in Venice, which has shown the effects of the recent disastrous in Northern Italy.

Venice, July 14.—The municipal authorities have opened to accept a preliminary fund of 500,000 lire (about \$100,000) for the rebuilding of the Campanile and the Salvatino Legatta. A public subscription will also be opened.

Czar Steps Lutheran Clergyman's Stipend

The first intimation of danger was the sudden appearance yesterday of a crack in the wall at one of the windows.

The Campanile stood opposite the Cathedral of St. Marks. It was founded in 888, restored in 1323, provided with a marble top in 1417 and in 1417 was crowned with a bell of an area nearly 16

dozes are quite safe, but a corner of the royal palace was damaged. Repairs on the Campanile were to have been commenced today. It is feared there was some loss of life.

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Great Northern Strike Settled.

St. Paul, Minn., July 12.—The makers and helpers on the Great Northern Railway, who went on strike for wages six weeks ago, will retire to their homes today. There were concessions on both sides.

A little before the collapse the noise of falling stones within the bell tower warned the shopkeepers, workmen and residents of the impending disaster. The latter fled for their lives, crying "The Campanile is falling."

When the disaster was comprehended the scene there seen in the streets meaning the destruction of one of the oldest art treasures in the kingdom. Four of Sansone's statues of Venetian

The deputies of Venice have telegraphed the government at Rome for authorization to establish a lottery for the purchase of bonds.