SHIP NEWS.

PORT OF ST. JOHN.

Arrived.

Nov 2—Sch John Stroup, Whelpley, from New York, coal.

Nov 3—Str State of Maine, Colby, from Boston, W G Lee, mdse and pass.

Sch Hunter, 180, Kelson, from Boston, D J Purdy, bal.

Coastwise—Schs Lennet, 15, Frost, from fishing; Princess Louise, 20, Ingalls, from Grand Master; E M Oliver, 13, Harkins, from fishing; Golden Rule, 49, Calder, from fishing.

Nov 4—Str Evangeline, Williams, from Glasgow, Furness, Withy and Co, general cargo.

Sch Avis, from Boston, bal.

Nov 5—Str Aurora, Ingersoll, from Grand Manan, mdse and pass.

Sch Avis, 124, Grady, from Beverly, master, bal.

Coastwise—Schs Maitland, 44, Morris, from Port Greville; Rex, 57, Sweet, from Quaco; Serene, 58, York, from Parrsboro; Mandie, 25, Beardsley, from Port Lorne; str Beaver, 57, Tupper, from Canning, and cleared.

Cleared.

Nov 2—Str St Croix, Pike, for Boston.

Nov 3—Ship Avon, Schiaffino, for Oran.

Sch Advance, Shand, for Boston.

Sch A P Emerson, Maxwell, for City Island f o.

Sch Thistle, Steeves, for New York.

Coastwise—Schs J Walter Scott, Christopher, for Sackville; Greta, Ogilvie, for Windsor; Elihu Burrett, Spicer, for Wolfville; Glide, Black, for Quaco.

Nov 5—Str State of Maine, Colby, for Boston.

Sch S A Fownes, Ward, for Vineyard Haven f o.

Coastwise—Schs Beulah Benton, Mitchell, for Weymouth; Hattie, Thompson, for Westport; Geo L Slipp, Wood, for Harvey; Forest Flower, Ray, for Margaretville; Jessie, Spicer, for Harborville.

Sailed.

Nov 3—Str Crewe, Sharp, for Avonmouth.

DOMESTIC PORTS.

Arrived.

CANSO, NS, Nov 2—Ard, schs Ferawood, from Banks, Parthia, from do.

HALIFAX, NS, Nov 2—Ard, British cruiser Alert, from St Johns, NF.

HALIFAX, N S, Nov 3—Ard, str Mediana, from St John for London; strs Petrel, from St Johns, NF, via Sydney; Grecian, from Glasgow and Liverpool via St Johns, NF; Silvia, from New York (and sailed for St Johns, NF); Tyrian, from New York; Cambrian, King, from Antwerp.

HALIFAX, N S, Nov 4—Ard, strs Tampico, from Cleveland, Ohio, for New York, to land a sick man; Halifax, for Boston.

Sld, str Ulunda, for London.

Cld, str Ocamo, for Bermuda, Windward Islands and Demerara.

Cleared.

At Hillsboro, Nov 3, sch William B Herrick, Bunker, for Baltimore, Md.

At Campbellton, Nov 2, barks Ale Smith Plong, Hansen, for West Hartlepool; Prince Patrick, Evensen, for Hartlepool.

At Chatham, Nov 3, bark Sif, Wager, for Garston.

At Hillsboro, Nov 3, schs Hattie C, Buck, for Stanford, Conn; Annie Bliss, Day, for Newark, NJ.

Sailed.

From Halifax, Nov 2, str Greta Holme, for Sydney; barks Viscon, for Antwerp; Don Quixote, for London; Henrietta, for Fleetwood.

BRITISH PORTS.

Arrived.

At Barbados, Oct 12, brig Harry, Larkin, from Demerara (and sailed 15th for Turks Island); sch Trader, Ryan, from Shelburne (and sailed 17th for Trinidad.)

At Victoria Basin, Nov 3, bark Cedar Croft, Nobles, from St John.

At Bermuda, Oct 19, strs Beta, Hopkins, for Halifax (and sailed for Jamaica); 25th, Oruru, Seeley, do (and sailed 26th for West Indies.)

GRIMSBY, Nov 1—Ard, bark Brilliant, from Newcastle, NB.

LIVERPOOL, Nov 2—Ard, bark Daphne, from Halifax.

LONDON, Nov 1—Ard, strs Dahome, from Halifax; 2nd, Freshfield, from Portland.

At London, Nov 3, bark John Gill, Gustafsson, from Chatham, NB; 2nd, bark Tabitha, Danielsen, from Dalhousie.

At St Johns, Nfld, Oct 20, brigtn Curlew, Winchester, from Cadiz—14 days passage.

At Wellington, N Z, about Nov 2, bark Star of the East, Rogers, from New York.

LIVERPOOL, Nov 3—Ard, str Tauric, from New York.

Sailed.

From Barbados, Oct 20, sch Josie, Morehouse, for San Domingo.

From Newcastle, N. S. W, Nov 1, bark Mary A Troop, Walley, for Acapulco.

From London, Nov 4, str Tanagra, Masters, for Savannah; 3rd, str Daltonhall, for Halifax.

From Yokohama, Nov 2, str Empress of China, for Vancouver.

From Waterford, Nov 2, bark Veronica, McLeod, for Savannah.

PRESTON, Nov 1—Sld, str John Christie, for Pugwash.

BRISTOL, Nov 3—Sld, str Etolia, for Montreal.

FOREIGN PORTS.

Arrived.

At Ponce, PR, Oct 15, brig May, Love, from Mayaguez.

At Philadelphia, Oct 31, bark Baldwin, Dalling, from Turks Island.

At New York, Oct 31, sch Evolution, Gale, for St John.

At Inague, Oct 23, brig W E Stowe, Smeltzer, from Jamaica (and cleared 24th for Rum Cay to load for Halifax.)

At Santos, Sept 26, bark Hebe, Coon, from Arichat.

At Havana, Oct 24, sch Etta A Stimpson, Hogan, from Fernandina; 26th, strs Lauenburg, Sperling, from Mobile (and cleared 28th to return); Transit, Dahl, from Halifax.

At Philadelphia, Nov 1, str Atlas, Rubelli, from St John.

At Bahia, Oct 27, bark Albatros, Chalmers, from Swansea.

PORTSMOUTH, NH, Nov 2—Ard, schs Abbie Keast, from St John for New York; Vesta Pearl, from Clementsport for Boston.

CITY ISLAND, Nov 2—Bound south, sch Alaska, from River Hebert, NS.

SAVANNAH, Nov 2—Ard, str Cunaxa, Lockhart, from the Mersey.

BOSTON, Nov 2—Ard, strs New England, from Liverpool via Queenstown; Halifax, Pye, from Charlottetown, Port Hawkesbury and Halifax; schs St Anthony, from Cheverie, NS; Temperance Bell, from St Martins, NB.

PORTLAND, Nov 2—Ard, schs Sarah C Smith, from Hillsboro for New York; Maggie Miller, from St John for Boston; Waleda, from River Hebert for do.

BOOTHBAY, Me, Nov 2—Ard, schs Alaska, from Sand River, NS; Nellie Blanche, from Cape Porpoise for Sackville, NB.

ROSARIO, Oct 2—Ard, bark D C Mulhall, from Port Le Bar, NS; sch Moama, from Annapolis, NS, via Buenos Ayres.

BUENOS AYRES, Oct 5—Ard, bark Grenada, from Hantsport, NS.

ROSARIO, Oct 1—Ard, bark Annie Lewis, from Weymouth, NS, via Buenos Ayres.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov 2—Ard, schs Jacob S Winslow, from Portland; Eva L Ferris, from Bangor.

SALEM, Mass, Nov 2—Ard, schs G H Perry, from River Hebert for New York; Henry, from Calais for Fall River.

Sld, schs Ada G Shortland and R D Speer, for New York; Abbie G Cole, for Myronus; Tay, for Providence; G H Perry, for New York; Hattie Muriel, for St John.

At Algoa Bay, Sept 23, sch Preference, Tretry, from Rio Janeiro.

At City Island, Nov 5, sch Joseph Hay, Phipps, from Chatham.

At New London, Nov 4, sch Ellen M Mitchell, from western ports; 2nd, sch Marion, from New York for Sackville.

At Boothbay, Nov 4, sch Ayr, from New York—bound east.

At Salem, Nov 4, sch Helen G King, from Calais for New Haven.

At New York, Nov 2, sch McClure, Wetherbe, from New Richmond.

VINEYARD HAVEN, Mass, Nov 3—Ard, schs Tay, from Boston for Providence; Annie A Booth, from Port Johnson for St John; Stella Maud, from New York for do; Utility, from New Haven for Hopewell Cape.

Cleared.

At New York, Nov 1, ship Lizzie Burrill, Robertson, for Fort Blaye.

At Savannah, Nov 1, str Pydna, for Manchester.

Sailed.

From New York, schs Walleda, for Trinidad; Blomidon, for Canning.

From Santos, Sept 27, bark Belvidere, Slawenwaite, for Buenos Ayres.

From Salem, Mass, Nov 2, strs Boston and Yarmouth, for Yarmouth, NS; State of Maine, for Portland, Eastport and St John, NB; schs Gem, for Hillsboro, N B; Maggie Miller, Hattie Muriel, Reporter, and C J Colwell, all for St John, N B; Levose, for Bellevue Cove, NS; Bessie G, for Parrsboro and Windsor, NS; Geo M Warner, for Port Gilbert, NS; Hattie P, for Salmon River, NS; Earl D, for Wolfville, Port Gilbert and Margaretville, NS; Mary E, for Canning and Windsor, NS; Maple Leaf, for Parrsboro; Coquette, for Bar Harbor; Frank L P, for Bath.

NEW LONDON, Conn, Nov 2—Sld, sch Annie A Booth, from New York for St John.

From New York, Nov 3, sch Carrie Easler, for Halifax and Liverpool, NS.

LIVERPOOL, Nov 3—Sld strs Lucania, for New York; Assyrian, for St John and Halifax; Bovic, for New York.

REPORTS.

ST THOMAS, DWI, Nov 2—The British bark Lancashire, Captain Crowell, which left New York Oct 15, bound for Rio Janeiro, has arrived here in a leaky condition. She reports having encountered a storm, during which the deckload of rosin and lumber had to be jettisoned.

KEY WEST, Fla, Nov 2—Captain Barslow of the Mallory line steamer Lampasas, which arrived here this afternoon from New York bound to Galveston, reports a large British steamer ashore on Tennessee Reef. The vessel is apparently coal laden. Wreckers have left to give assistance.

LONDON, Nov 2—The British str Freshfield, Captain Norton, arrived here today from Portland, Me, and reported a fire broke out in her second hold on Oct 20th, which was successfully extinguished, but the damage done is not yet known. On Oct 26, when one day out from Portland, the Freshfield fell in with the American sch W K Smith, leaky and dismasted; rescued her crew and brought them to this port.

NEW YORK, Nov 2—The W K Smith was a 98 ton schooner and belonged to W K Smith of Digby, NS. The vessel sailed from Portland, Me, on Oct 14th for Weymouth, NS, in ballast.

SPOKEN.

ShipCreedmoor, Kennedy, from Chemainus for Queensboro, Sept 29, lat 24 N, lon 36 W.

Ship Mary L Burrill, Rice, from New York for Salgon, Sept 10, lat 2 S, lon 21 W.

Bark Mary Classen, from Port Modoc for Shippegan, Oct 24, lat 45, lon 51.

MEMORANDA.

RATHLIN ISLAND, Nov 2—Passed, bark Havfruen, from Dalhousie for Belfast.

DUNGENESS, Nov 2—Passed, bark John Gill, from Chatham, NB, for London.

Passed Vineyard Haven, Nov 3, schs Ada G Shortland, from St John for New York; G H Perry, from River Hebert for do; R D Spear, from Hillsboro for do; Ada L Lockwood, from Hillsboro for Philadelphia; H M Stanley, from Fredericton, bound west.

Passed Rathlin Island, Nov 2, bark Havfruen, from Dalhousie for Belfast.

Passed Dungeness, Nov 2, bark John Gill, from Chatham, NB, for London.

NOTICE TO MARINERS.

Portland, Nov 1, 1900.

Frenchman's Bay, Me.

Notice is hereby given that Egg Rock whistling buoy, painted red, with "E R" in black, has been removed for the winter season.

BIRTHS.

MURRAY—To the wife of J. A. Murray, Johnston, Queens Co., N. B., Oct. 25th, a daughter.

PIM—Nov. 5th, to the wife of Capt. E. H. B. Pim, R. A., Athlone, Ireland, a son. (Mrs. Pim is a daughter of the late James I Fellows of St. John, N. B.)

MARRIAGES

CCUGLE-EWART—At the residence of John Engalls, Milford, 1st November, by the Rev. Arthur S. Morton, Samuel Cougle of Fairville to Jennie Ewart of Milford.

DEATHS.

BERRYMAN—Entered into life eternal, Nov. 4th, John Berryman, M. D.

CURRY—At Barnesville, Kings Co., N. B., Oct. 29th, James R. Curry, beloved son of James A. and Maggie E. Curry, aged 18 years, 9 months and 29 days.

LOONEY—In this city, Nov. 1st, Michael Looney.

ROBERTSON—At Tauntoff, Mass., Harriet Spurr Robertson, widow of the late Charles R. Robertson, late of Carleton, in her 77th year.

HOPEWELL HILL.

HOPEWELL HILL, Nov. 1.—Mrs. S. S. Calhoun of Lower Cape left this week for Boston, in response to a telegram announcing that her sister, Mrs. J. B. Hamilton, was not expected to live.

Dr. Weldon addressed a largely attended and enthusiastic public meeting in the hall here last night. A. C. M. Lawson president.

Mount Pleasant Lodge, I. O. O. F., has elected the following officers for the ensuing quarter: John Russell, C. T.; Leander Elliott, V. T.; Mrs. W. J McAlmon, Sec.; Ruth Mitten, A. S.; Edna M. West, F. S.; Elmer A. Smith, Treas.; Grace McGorman, Chaplain; Maggie Stevens, M.; Bertha West, D. M.; Walker Perry, G.; Ora Mitton, S.

Subscribe for Semi-Weekly Sun.

CATARRH.

Testimony of a trained nurse who was cured of Acute Catarrh. For three months the suff rer used snuffs, powders and other equally worthless remedies.

CATARRHOZONE CURED AFTER ALL ELSE HAD FAILED.

Miss E. Eames, trained nurse, residing at No. 47 Aylmer street, Montreal, writes: "About three months ago I caught cold in my head, which developed into acute nasal catarrh. From that time up till a few days ago I had been constantly using snuffs, powders and other worthless remedies, but none of them benefited. Hearing of Catarrhozone I decided to try it, and am pleased to say that I found relief upon the first application, and a few days of its use completely cured me. My experience with all kinds of medicine has been extensive, but I must say that I never saw a remedy more speedy in its action than Catarrhozone. I think I know what I am talking about when I say it is the best remedy in the market for catarrh."

If you have catarrh you cannot afford to be indifferent to its progress. Treatment cannot be commenced too early. Your unsatisfactory experience with other remedies should not influence you against Catarrhozone.

CATARRHOZONE

is a guaranteed cure for

CATARRH, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.

It is a specific for these diseases, and as such receives the recognition of the medical profession, the patronage of the drug trade and the free endorsement of every health journal.

Complete outfit, consisting of beautifully polished hard rubber inhaler and sufficient inhalant for six weeks' use, price $1; extra bottles of inhalant 50c. At druggists, or by mail. Twenty-five cent trial size for 10c in stamps from N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

BACK FROM THE WARS.

An Interview With Mr. A. G. Hales.

Lord Kitchener and the British Officers.

(London Daily News, Oct. 3.)

Mr. Hales needs no introduction. His letters, vivid, human, audacious and sensational in the best sense of the word, have been one of the features of The Daily News during the last few months; they have been quoted far and wide; they have furnished the text for more than one angry half-hour in the house, and have made the torpid Dragon of Red Tape lash its tail with sullen fury. Scribbled in fierce haste, often enough with the bullets whizzing round his head, amongst the dead and dying, they were palpitating, as it is best for us at home that such grim and awful actualities should be; written with pen dipped in blood. I beg (writes one of our representatives, just fresh from a visit to Mr. Hales) the more exact and literal of those who read this to understand that I am using a metaphor, but I have heard compositors in Bouverie-street say that Mr. Hales's copy, if not exactly smeared with ruddy gore, was almost undecipherable when it reached them. The very Linotype used to begin buck-jumping of its own accord at the sight of the pencilled hieroglyphics, stained with many adventures by flood and field.

Who is this "A. G. Hales" who has just made a name for himself in the most adventurous of all professions? What sort of a man he is? I will try and give you an idea.

One of his most lurid impressionist pieces was his sketch of Tommy Atkins' sermon on a battlefield. It was famous in twenty-four hours. It deserved to be. I was not at all surprised, therefore (continues our representative) to find the man who could splash down for us on cold paper such a Turneresque picture, quivering with life and feeling, located (as they say) in a hotel not a thousand miles from Exeter hall. After a couple of hours with him I should never be astonished to find him in the blood-red jersey of the Salvation army. I may be wrong, but he seemed to me to be built in that emotional way, though I have not the remotest intention of suggesting that he is a fit subject for the penitent stool. He may be, of course. I have no means of knowing. At any rate, most men of forty, which is his age, are, especially journalists.

Mr. Hales was taking a hearty breakfast in a luxurious bed, in a luxurious electric-lighted room, when I was introduced to his presence. His room was small, and was like a camp for litter. Kit bags here, portmanteaus there, rugs and cloaks all over the place; and only a gun case leaning against the washing-stand, and a batch of "copy" on the dressing-table proclaimed his calling.

"GOOD MORNING," HE SAID,

smiling genially, "I'm taking it out, you see"—it was ten o'clock—"you city folk don't know what a soft bed is to a man like me. I feel just like never getting up, it's so comfortable." Then he adjsted the pillows, heaved a sigh of intense pleasure, and went on with his interrupted meal, talking about London between the mouthfuls. It was new to him. He is born Australian, bred Australian, Australian to the core, with speech full of racy vernacular of the bush and the goldfields, which so tickles the ear of the poor played-out, anaemic, town-bred Britisher. If he ever writes his life it will be a book worth reading. Alas! I don't suppose he ever will, for his is the life of close shaves and near things. As he broke a piece of toast with his right hand I noticed that he was a finger short. He lifted his cap with his left hand, and I saw that he was minus another, if not two. I forget.

"In the wars!" said I, with a look.

He muttered something about "Oh! a bit of a row" down somewhere or other, heaven knows where—in the bush, on the sea, in the island maybe. Mr. Hales looks so mild, his face is that of the fair Saxon, his golden moustache has got such an elegant droop, that it is difficult to connect him in this dainty boudoir of a chamber with scenes of violence far away under the blazing suns of the tropics. Or with war, he looks so cherubic in his bedgown. But I should guess that those ugly stumps could tell a tale.

Then my eye caught a quivering cicatrix right over his right eye.

"A Boer?" I queried.

"Yes, I got that, and poor Mambie was killed." Lambie, another Australian correspondent, and Hales, you may remember, were out scouting one day, and fell into an ambush.

"A near shave for the eye?" said I.

"'Um," said he, and then lifting his cup to his lips he gave a bit of a shiver, 'they hit my horse in three places, and it fell on my right shoulder. It still hurts a bit."

"Better luck than Lambie, anyway!"

"Yes—poor Lambie!"

"Dead and buried—the dead are soon forgot!"

"Ah! the dead's soon forgot when war's waging—a page of 'The Pilgrim's Progress' over a man—a few clods thumping down on his poor breast—"

"And out of sight, out of mind—the Pilgrim's Progress and short shift—a merry life—"

Mr. Hales closed his eyes; for a moment his thoughts were far away in some lonely corner in the veldt; then he said: "Give me my pipe, will you?"

"It might have been you!"

"Yes—have you got a match?"

"That bullet was precious near your eyes—you

"MIGHT HAVE LOST YOUR SIGHT,

like poor Towse."

"Ah! a man, if you like—I was with him—he deserved the V. C. twice."

"I heard the queen cried when she pinned the cross on his breast."

"Did she? He had pluck. I wonder how he bears it?"

"I did hear—cheerfully. They say the last glimpse of mortal things Towse had was a Boer in a grey frock coat aiming at him; then a bullet shut out the light for ever. But the man in grey fell too, and he is solaced somewhat. He is as heroic under his affliction as when has gallant deeds won him the most cherished of honors, and, blind as he is, fishes, plays, and is learning to read the blind man's literature."

"Gallant Gordon!" cried Mr. Hales, his emotional side turning uppermost. "If all your young officers were like him, the British army would not now be a laughing stock and a mark for derision—it's no use hiding it. No—not Tommy, but Tommy's leaders—a good many of them."

Roughly speaking, I take Mr. Hales to be a simple child of nature at bottom, with a warm heart and a hot temper, in whom the incessant and stressful struggle for existence has produced slimness enough to cope not unsuccessfully with a wicked world. I no more doubt that he would give half his last shirt to a naked comrade any more than I do that he would bluff you into believing that black was white if to instil that belief would serve any end he had in view. He ran away to sea when he was a boy, and since he was fifteen has turned his hands to most things.

Keeping these facts in view, you will the more easily understand why Mr. Hales has a profound contempt for the average British officer, and positive adoration of Lord Kitchener. Bane and antidote, in fact.

"Instead of glory when they come home, glory and guzzling, some of them should get three years"—you know where.

Then he poured out diatribes and scorn on the young gentlemen with their eye-glasses, their lisps, their hee-haw manners, their cigarettes, their drawling speech, their offensive arrogance, their astonishing ignorance their supercilious condescensions, their worship of dress,

THEIR LOVE OF LUXURY.

their appalling incompetence.

"Many a one I've asked why he scuttled. 'Tommy, lad, why did you run, or why did you throw up your hands?' I'd say."

"'What's the good of being killed,' he'd answer. 'E don't know where 'e are,' meaning his officer. 'I'd go anyanywheres if I'd a man to show me the way.' I believe if Kitchener had been chief in command he'd have shot some of those officers who surrendered."

"I suppose these offensive young men were a bit frightened of Kitchener, eh, though he wasn't supreme?"

"My God!"—let one of Mr. Hale's emotional expletives go for once. "I've seen men go into Kitchener's quarters swaggering and laughing, and come out looking like plucked birds."

"All the fine feathers gone?"

"My word! I've asked more than once what happened. 'Well,' came the answer, 'one look is enough for me. It makes your blood run cold."

"And do you think that such a man is likely to inspire confidence? Lord Roberts is loved by his army."

"A man might disobey Lord Roberts, but Kitchener!—

"Well, did Kitchener come into touch with these men?"

"Yes; and when he did their jaws fell, I can promise you. Why he told some of them one day he wondered they didn't bring ladies' maids to curl their hair for them. He went down to Capetown and found dozens of them having a good time in a swell hotel there, full of rank and fashion. 'Well, gentlemen, what are you doing here?' —'On leave, my lord, and this is the—haw—only good hotel in Africa—haw—haw—'" Mr. Hales screwed an imaginary glass in his eye, toyed with his moustache, and haw—hawed again and again, roaring with laughter at the picture of the poor British officers, thousands of miles from the front, trembling before their master. "On leave—eh?"—"Yes, my lord. There's nothing—haw—haw—doing just now." "Oh, well, gentlemen, you'll either take the next train back to the front—there's one in two hours, I believe—or—the next boat to England. Which you like best." Mr. Hales chuckled again, and then he thundered: "Those men thought they'd come out to a picnic—haw—haw. And it's just that type of man you hear talk about wiping out the d——d German, or the d——d Dutchman—haw—haw—"

"Do they talk like that?"

"Haw—haw—wait till they're back and listen. Yes, if your army's

TO BE REFORMED

it is this class of nice young man you'll have to start with. Let him understand that soldiering is hard, stern business, and not play. Does a lawyer or a doctor finish his work when he's passed his examinations? Why your average officer hasn't a mind above golf or cricket. He knows nothing of drill. He can't ride. Your mounted infantry's a farce. Why, a Boer's horse is part of him. If there's a body of them, and you watch them through a glass, each man is off, taken cover, and their horses are led away before you can say knife. But watch a body of British. They have to wait for orders before any dismount; cover has to be pointed out to them; they've no initiative."

"Then where are you to get your officers?"

"What did Napoleon do, and I suppose he was the greatest soldier that ever lived? Got them from the ranks. Who'd make such a good officer as a sergeant-major?"

"But would the men be likely to respect a ranker as much as what we call a gentleman?"

Mr. Hales exploded.

"Why, look at Hector Macdonald. 'Beg pardon, sir, but is the good news true? 'What's that, my lad?' 'Is Hector comin'?' 'Yes, my lad.' 'Oh! thanks be to Almighty God for all His mercies.' That's the way they talked. Always Hector, mind you. They'd follow him anywhere—he's one of Kitchener's men—a soldier. He never plays to the gallery. Rundle's another—hates the gallery. You can always spot one of Kitchener's men. They mind their business, and don't care for anything else. They are soldiers, and their duty is to fight, and to win. If not, to die. I believe that this war would have been over months since if Kitchener had been in command."

"Good Heavens! surely Lord Roberts has done splendidly?"

"A magnificent soldier, but I think Kitchener would have done the work quicker."

"How's that?"

"Those brilliant flanking movements are slow. Kitchener believes in frontal attacks."

"But what slaughter!"

"Well, there wouldn't have been thousands of deaths from enteric anyway."

This is Mr. Hale's view. The war, in his opinion, teaches this lesson.

"And Lord Kitchener—?"

"I think he is another Wellington. Terrible—a man without bowels—without a friend—hated by many—feared by all—but a man who will put things through—a man who believes that it is a soldier's work to fight and win—or die. Now the sight of our transports crawling, lumbering along used to make my blood boil.

KITCHENER WOULD HAVE CUT

the baggage down by a half. Half of the waggons laden with officers' luxuries—Tommy never got any. He did cut them down when he had the chance. Mind, there are no hasty conclusions. I was there for nine months, and I didn't go about with my eyes shut. He's a fine judge of men, too. Do you think he'd let his officers go loafing about cities and towns? No fear."

"So this is what we are coming to," murmured I. "Just as in the Middle ages:"

* * * *

"And what do your Australians think about it all, Mr. Hales?"

"You'll hear that when they get home. Their belief in the British army is shattered. I'll tell you one thing. I don't suppose they'll ever ask another Englishman to train their volunteers."

"That's disillusionising us, isn't it? We plumed ourselves that the war was going to weld us closer than ever."

"If you want to know the blunt truth, I'll tell you my opinion. The Britisher told the Australian that he could play cricket very well—for a colonial. And he could scull very well—for an Australian. When the war broke out, they thought they would like to show the Britisher that they could fight very well—for Australians. I think they showed that they could. Eh?"

"So, in spite of all the tall talk, you think it was more in the spirit of emulation and the love of a row, and the desire to be in it, rather than love of the Old Country, that gave us the splendid Australian arm?"

"Well—well—let's says it's a mixture of motives—we are all mixtures. But if there was one British institution your colonial believed in more than another, it was the British army. The idol is broken."

"But come; your Australian, does he like sharp discipline—the rule of a Kitchener martinet? I understand that he was a go-as-you-please, rough-and-ready soldier?"

"If he believes in his leader he'll do what Tommy will do for 'Old Hector'—follow him to kingdom come. But let one of those 'officers'—you know the sort I mean—put the curb on him—Well—I don't know that he will. But come—I'll give you a case. I came over with the West Australian contingent. They were wild boys,

DEVILS TO RIDE,

and didn't care a dash for anything so long as they had some fun. A young English officer—Moore by name—was out there training a battery. He was given the command. He had no experience of such a mob, and some people shook their heads, and said he would never keep them in hand. I went with them. By Jove, he did. 'Give a bit and take a bit,' said I, when he was talking to me about them. I watched him closely. He was splendid. They worshipped him. They'd do anything for him."

"You pitch into our officers—did you come into close contact with many of them?"

"Much too close. Now, I'll give you a couple of instances, and you may judge for yourself how fitted they are to deal with men. I've lived rough enough, God knows, but I envy no man his birth or his position. All I want is justice and some civility. Even a nigger has his feelings. Here you are: One afternoon I got a bit of news, and I went to get my cable censored. The censor was one of those haw-haw officers, who look down upon men like me as unnecessary upon this earth—at least they leave that impression, which is just as bad. I boil when I think of it, even now"—he hashed and thumped his pillows with a brawny brown fist at the end of a Sandow-like arm, attached to the thorax of a Sullivan. Perhaps that's a little too strong—but pass it. "'I'm The Daily News correspondent, sir,' said I, 'would you be kind enough to initial this message?' 'What do you mean by coming in here until I send for you? Step outside and wait—haw-haw.' 'I beg your pardon, sir. I didn't know you were engaged.' I waited half an hour. No invitation to come in. I could see him smoking his cigarette, which was all the work he was doing. I waited a bit longer, until I began to get impatient. I was thinking about my bit of news. I knocked, and went in again. 'What—haw-haw—you here again!' said he. 'Haven't I told you that I'd send for you when I was ready? Hee-haw, hee-haw.' I begged his pardon again, for you must hold the candle to the devil, and shortly afterwards who should come out but my censor. 'Have you forgotten me, sir?' said I. 'I've told you you must wait till I'm ready. I'm going to—haw-haw—dine—haw-haw.' I was mad with rage, and went off to an Australian captain, and told him. 'Oh!' said he, "I'll go with you, and we'll see what I can do.' So presently we went. We could see them laughing, and smoking, and telling stories. My friend talked to him, and after I had kicked my heels about for four mortal hours, he comes out, and says, 'Give me the cable—is it within the length?'—and he signed it, without so much as looking at it."

"A bitter experience!"

"Only one of many. I'll give you another."

"At Bloemfontein one of them cancelled my papers for giving a drop of whisky to a Tommy who had done me a good turn, and told me I disgraced my calling for associating with Tommies. 'You rank as an officer and a gentleman. You are unfit to be classed with either.'" He slanged me like that till I could have knocked him down. "I've never been talked to like that in my life," said I, controlling my passion as well as I could. "You speak to me worse than if I was a Kaffir dog or a Chinaman. I've risked my life many a time for an Englishman—but it's the last time.' 'Go,' said he. And I went—to the acting military governor. 'Well,' said he,

'I MUST REPRIMAND YOU

for breaking the rules by giving whisky to one of the men, but—here's my hand. I thank you for thinking of poor Tommy. I wish others considered him so—kindly'—he didn't mean whisky, not he. But there—he was a fine soldier. Good God—talking to Tommies a sin!—I should like to know where we correspondents were to get any information from if it wasn't from Tommy. The fact is they hated us—and me in particular—for my plain speaking."

"How did you ever get your letters past the censor, Mr. Hales?"

I have said that he was a child of nature in whom circumstances had developed certain slimness.

"Oh, well, there are such men as engine-drivers, you know. Engine drivers are poor—and married, with children. Engine-drivers know other engine-drivers. The letters seem to have got home somehow."

"And when a movement was about to take place—a night attack. I suppose you picked up the tip from headquarters?"

Mr. Hales smiled that particular smile of his. He is known all over Australia as "Smiler Hales," because he always comes up smiling, no matter how far he has tumbled. "Come, I mustn't give the game away."

"I suppose a man like you would be capable of tapping the wire, now?"

"Here, that'll do."

"Well—did you get any boodle?"

He sprang out of bed, seized the gun case I have mentioned as being amongst his traps. It was locked, and he began to hunt through a quantity of garments for the key. "It's the only key I've got," he murmured, "bags, you see, all yawning for want of 'em." Here was the open child of nature's trust and simplicity speaking. "You don't know," he said, "how many have tried to jump this." He found his key under his pillow, and opened the box of boodle, which is Yankee for loot. The box contained two beautiful guns. One had been General Prinsloo's—a sporting Mauser carbine—and upon it was a plate—presented to A. G. Hales by General Rundle. The other was a business Mauser, short, thick-set, and as ugly a weapon as you'd see in a lifetime. On this was a plate, and upon it was inscribed the fact that it was presented to A. G. Hales by Captain Driscoll, the famous scout, and one of the most reckless daredevils who have lived through this war. It was taken on that great occasion—one of the biggest bit of magnificent bluffing on record—when Lord Kensington, Tempest, Driscoll, and a small band of sixty or seventy, stuck up a township crammed full of Boers in hundreds. They rode in like madmen, and before the enemy had time to think, it was, "Hands up, or I'll blow your brains out. Rundle's behind with ten thousand men," and they all scattered like the winds. "Where is Rundle?" cried some of our own fellows, captives. "God knows," cried Driscoll, "I don't." That's the story of that bit of boodle.

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