

THE SUNNYSIDE AFFAIR

(Continued from page 8.)

The mother turned pale, and looked anxiously at her son. The boy flushed red.

"The only place for that lad," I continued, "is within the British lines, and he must go without a moment's delay."

The boy, seizing his rifle, cried: "Mother, the gentleman is right, I must go. Give me the note, sir, I will deliver it safely to the General."

He embraced his mother and sister, and in another moment he was out on the stoop and had plunged into the night. I felt much easier in my mind, for within the hour Pilcher would get my message and be prepared. The doors of the farm-house were left open, so that if the Boers turned up during the night they should have free entry and less excuse for molesting its occupants. Burying my revolver in the garden, in case I should be taken prisoner, for I concluded than on finding me unarmed, they would treat me as a non-belligerent, and send me out of the country, via Delagoa Bay, I felt fairly comfortable and soon fell asleep.

The sun was well up when I awoke, and I was so refreshed with the night's rest that I was able to proceed to the British lines, the Dover farm, like all others of its kind, was at the foot of a steep kopje, one of the many hills spreading in the direction of Spetfontein. Then came the stretch of feldt, over which we had trudged the previous day, trending towards the next farm called Richmond, where a ridge of hills cut the plain between that and our temporary base on the railway at Belmont.

The little army, at first sight, was apparently taking its ease after the exertions of the previous day. The forty prisoners were being rounded up preparatory to their march to Belmont, which the General thought they had better make at once, for they would only hamper his movements if he was attacked.

Pilcher, with the chief-of-his-staff, my friend Bailey, had found lodging at the farm-house, for I met the General in his pyjamas, with bare feet, bounding in a most frantic manner through the orchard, followed by Bailey. And down from a heavily-laden fruit tree tumbled three British soldiers, who had been attempting to supplement their breakfast rations with a few apples. But Pilcher was quite Wellingtonian in his horror of looting, and would have none of it.

I could see that the message I sent from the farm-house which I had slept at on the previous night, had been acted upon, for every point of vantage had been occupied by our men, and the whole force, without much bustle, was making ready for defence. Thinking we would be in that position for at least another day, I had permitted my Cape boy to take my horses to graze, and had improvised a tent by a rug attached to the cart, under which I stretched myself.

A smart-looking trooper approached me and said: "Sir, will you have some fresh meat? They have killed an ox this morning and I thought you might like a ration," and he proffered me a piece of steak.

I thanked him for his kindness, but pointed out the fact that I had no means of cooking it, and had not yet adopted the Abyssinian custom of eating meat raw.

"No difficulty about getting it cooked," he cheerfully replied. "Wait a bit, sir, and I will show you."

In another moment he had seized a spade from a burial party, and in this rough frying pan my steak was soon frizzling over a pile of flaming sticks. It was really a novel proceeding, an excellent idea, which I appreciated, and I told him so. He seemed much pleased.

During the afternoon the field telegraph gave out. Whether it was cut or not by the Boers we could not tell, but we could not communicate with Belmont, or even with the Richmond Kopje. Towards evening there was an ominous rumour going about camp that we were to "inspan." I sent at once for my Cape boy to bring in the

horses. My orderly friend sought for him all over the camp, but neither he nor the horses could be found. When, at nine o'clock, a definite order was passed round to "inspan" at once and be ready to march, I was on the horns of a dilemma, for it was impossible for me to walk any distance. I resolved to see the General about it, and request permission to remain at the farm.

Pilcher laughed. "Impossible, Mr. Villiers, I have ordered Mr. Cook, the farmer, his wife and family and the farm hands to clear, with all the live stock they can manage to take away."

"The enemy is attempting to surround us, and I am not quite certain whether that ridge there," pointing to the Richmond Kopje, "may not be in the hands of the Boer before we reach it."

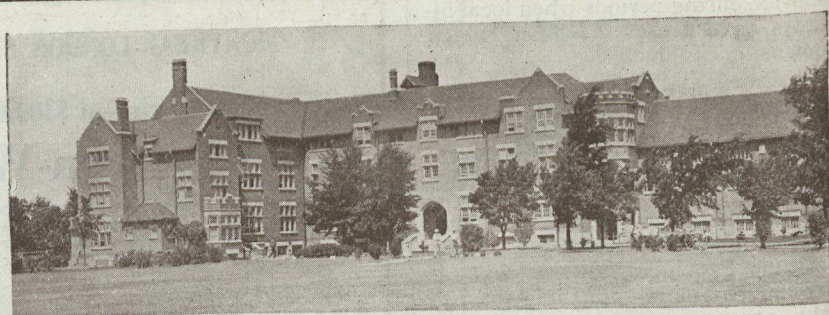
I told him of my trouble with my Cape cart, and that I could not walk. He was good enough to tell me not to worry myself about that. Anyway it was impossible for me to remain behind, and he would see if he could manage to find me a seat in one of the baggage waggons. This he was able to do, and eventually I found a fairly comfortable shake-down on a pile of haversacks.

Luckily it was a dark night, and the column, with but little noise, was moved out of the bivouac and commenced trailing over the plain. The feldt was free of scrub till we got within a mile or two of the suspicious Richmond Kopje, when, the ground becoming broken and tufted with bush, the column began to straggle, and there was considerable noise and difficulty in keeping the men and waggons together.

"Now," thought I, "would be the Boer opportunity." All eyes were eagerly peering toward the purple black ridge indistinctly cutting the sky. When the larger stars rose behind it, the blaze of their light lingered, apparently, on its summit. Some among us listened intently for the sharp crack of the rifles. Our men were really spoiling for a fight, and our brethren from Queensland and Canada were particularly anxious to have "another go at the beggars." For one, I was not so keen. Night fighting is such an unknown quantity, especially when the enemy is on the top of a hill and you are down on the plain. What a clean sweep the Boers might have made of us, had they occupied that hill by blazing, as it were, into the crown of us.

To the disappointment of the soldiers, but probably to the relief of the General, we found the Kopje still unoccupied by the Boers. It was three o'clock in the morning before the whole force came to a halt, having marched since nine the previous evening. It was one of the most brilliant night marches I had ever experienced. All arms were so eager to meet the Boers that they felt no fatigue till the possibility of a fight was over, when a sudden reaction set in, and the men found for the first time that they were tired. While they were resting, and our straggling train was getting into their regular line of march, some scouts galloped in from Belmont and we found that a large contingent of British troops was on the road to reinforce our Brigade. It was a delightful meeting, for if there had been any fist cuffs, I am afraid that, in spite of the men's ardour, our weary, hungry, and thirsty column would have suffered severely without this support of men mentally refreshed by slumber and physically refreshed with a good breakfast.

When we arrived at Belmont our tired contingent received quite an ovation from the troops occupying the station. This successful affair of Sunnyside, which had come off without the slightest hitch, though small and insignificant, was a veritable ray of sunshine to break the gloom of the then recent British reverses. The dead year had been rife with disaster. The new had opened with a success for the British arms, and the knowledge of it acted as a bracer to the flagging spirits of Tommy Atkins throughout South Africa.



A CANADIAN SCHOOL FOR BOYS

RIDLEY COLLEGE

St. Catharines, Ont.

Rev. J. O. Miller, M.A., D.C.L.
Principal

Three separate residences, new, specially built and equipped. 1. Lower School for boys under fourteen. 2. Dean's House for boys of fourteen and fifteen. 3. Upper School for Advanced Pupils. Gymnasium and Swimming Bath just erected. Fine Hockey Rink. Athletic Fields and Playgrounds unsurpassed. Eighty acres. Mild climate. The School won University Scholarship in Classics, 1909, and in Classics and Mathematics, 1910. S T



A NERVE AND BRAIN FOOD

Wilson's Invalids' Port

(A la Quina du Perou)

Contains extract of Chinchona Bark and pure Oporto Wine in a natural state of combination in a greater degree than any other similar product.

ASK YOUR DOCTOR

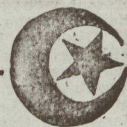
School of Mining

A COLLEGE OF APPLIED SCIENCE.
Affiliated to Queen's University.

Kingston, Ont.

For Calendar of the School and further information, apply to the Secretary, School of Mining, Kingston, Ont.

Mining and Metallurgy.
Chemistry and Mineralogy.
Mineralogy and Geology.
Chemical Engineering.
Civil Engineering.
Mechanical Engineering.
Electrical Engineering.
Sanitary Engineering.
Power Development. 16



The Right Time to Clean

Oriental RUGS

While summer is on one should think of taking care of Oriental Rugs by having them cleaned or washed. We have the best experts for washing Oriental Rugs.

By PERSIAN PROCESS

which is the only satisfactory way for cleaning them thoroughly, and killing all the moth eggs. It also gives a beautiful lustre and shine to the Rugs.

Our charges for dry dust cleaning is 15c per square yard, and for washing by Persian Process 5c per square foot.

Orders taken and estimates given for cleaning, washing, repairing, and storing Rugs.

Phone: Main 3058

Courian, Babayan & Co.

40 King Street, East
TORONTO

HOTEL VICTORIA

BROADWAY

Fifth Ave. and 27th St., NEW YORK



RATES

Rooms without bath, one person, \$1.50 per day and upward, two persons, \$3.00 and upward; with bath, one person, \$2.50 per day and upward, two persons, \$4.00 and upward. Suites \$6.00 per day and upward.

American Hotel Victoria Co.

GEORGE W. SWEENEY, President.

ANGUS GORDON, Manager.

Late of King Edward Hotel, Toronto, Can.

EUROPE



70 Spring and Summer Tours at inclusive fares to all parts of Europe, comprising Tours de Luxe and Long and Short Vacation Tours. Several itineraries include London during the Coronation of King George V. Tours to North Cape, Russia, etc. Summer Tours to Oriental Lands.

STEAMSHIP TICKETS BY ALL LINES

THOS. COOK & SON,

65 Yonge St., Traders Bank Bldg., Toronto, Ont., 330 St. Catherine St. W., Montreal. Cook's Travelers' Cheques are good all over the world.