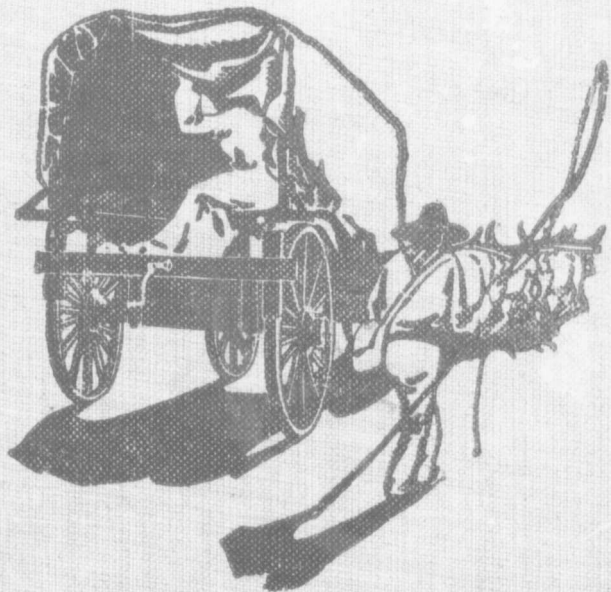


A CANADIAN GIRL
in
SOUTH AFRICA



E. Mand Graham





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7



8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15

NORVAL'S PONT REFUGEE CAMP TEACHERS, WITH GEN. DE WET IN CENTRE, JUNE 21ST, 1902.

11. Mr. Gunn, Director of Education, Orange River Colony. 12. Gen. Christiaan De Wet. 13. Mr. Malerby, Dutch Minister in Camp. 10. Mr. Erasmus, Dutch Headmaster in Camp. 1, 2, 3, 7, 9, 14, 15. English and Scotch Teachers. 4, 5, 6, 8. Canadian Teachers. Remainder, Dutch Teachers.

A Canadian Girl in
South Africa

By M. A. B. B. B. B.



Published by the
Author

THOMSON
WILLIAM BROWN
1905

A Canadian Girl in
South Africa

By E. MAUD GRAHAM



*With Portraits and Illustrations from Photographs taken
by the Author and Others*

TORONTO
WILLIAM BRIGGS
1905

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1905

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DEDICATION

TO THE many South African and Canadian friends who have urged me to publish these notes, but especially to the following eight ladies of Fauresmith and Kroonstad, whose birthplaces number almost as many parts of the Empire, and whose latchstrings were always hung out to me during my twenty-five months in the Orange River Colony, this book is dedicated :

- Mrs. Jacobus Meintjes*
- “ *Peter Truby*
- “ *Philip Voortman*
- “ *John Polson*
- “ *E. Hely-Futchison Burke*
- “ *Frank Pope*
- “ *Benjamin Noakes*
- “ *Holman James*



A NOTE OF THANKS

I WISH to thank Mr. Joseph Pope,
Under-Secretary of State; Mr.
F. Colson, of the Department of
the Secretary of State; and the
Bloemfontein *Post*, for help re-
ceived.

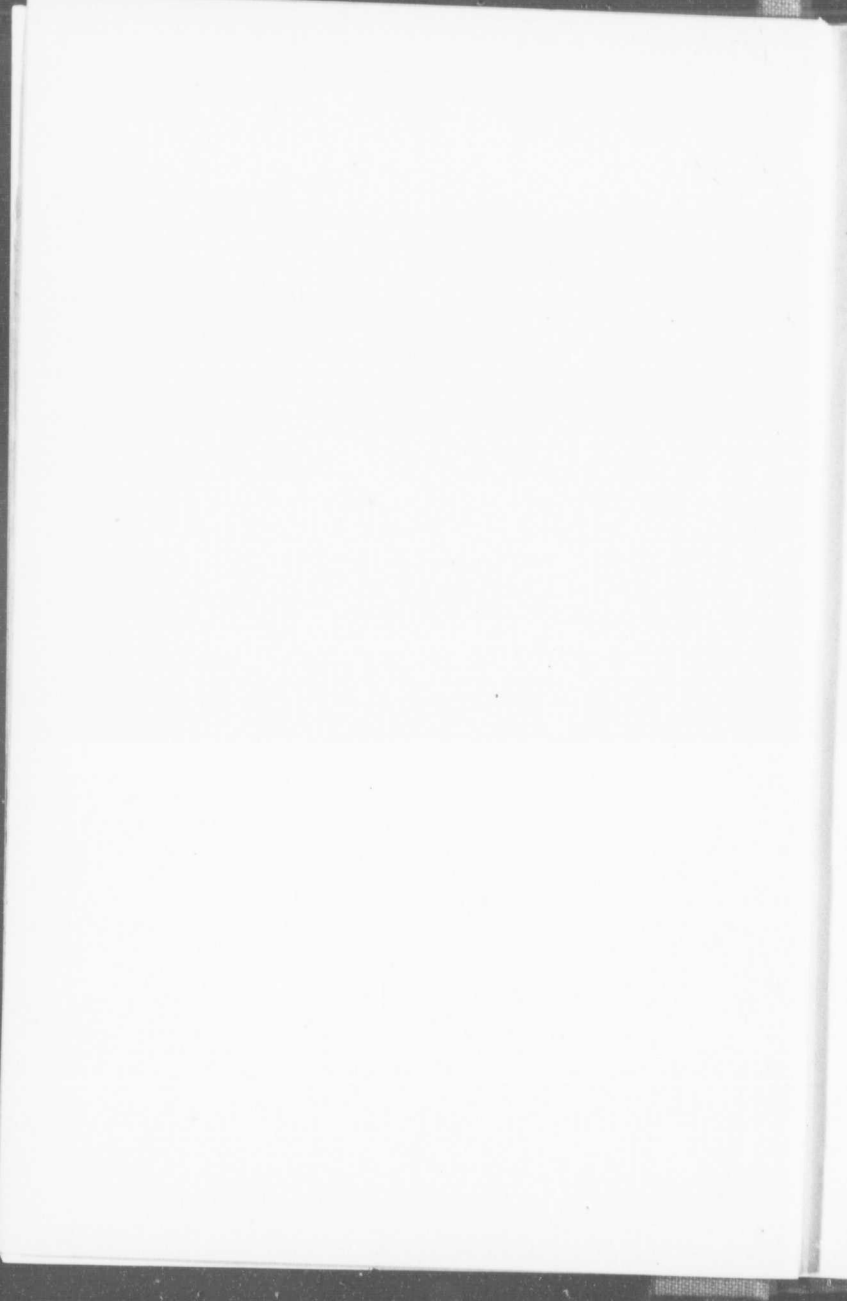
E. MAUD GRAHAM.

OWEN SOUND, *November 1st, 1905.*



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Miss Margaret D. Scott.



Miss Ella D. Crandall.



Miss Katherine McLellan.



Miss Ida Emery McLeod.



Miss Florence J. Wilkinson.



Miss E. Maud MacFarlane.



Miss Annie I. Burns.

CANADIAN
TEACHERS IN
SOUTH AFRICA.



Miss E. Maud Graham.



Miss Sylvia B. Lee.



Miss Eleanor M. Yenney.



Miss Julia Urquhart.



Miss Mabel K. Coffey.



Miss Sara E. Drysdale.



Miss Jessie Fleet

CANADIAN
TEACHERS IN
SOUTH AFRICA.



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Miss Berta Brydon.



Miss Isabel Perry.



Miss Edna O'Brien.



Miss Agnes L. Carr.



Miss A. E. Hoover.



Miss Libbie Rodger.

CANADIAN
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Miss Winnifred Johnston.



Miss Ruby M. Rothwell.



Miss C. Gertrude Arbuckle.



Miss Annie Moulton.



Miss Sarah L. Abbott.



Miss Sophy M. Pickle.



Miss Mabel V. Elliott.

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SOUTH AFRICA.



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Miss Emma Ellis.



Miss Blanche MacDonald.



Miss Margaret W. De Wolfe.



Miss Davina Rodger.



Miss Grace Dutcher.



Miss Maude L. Brenner.

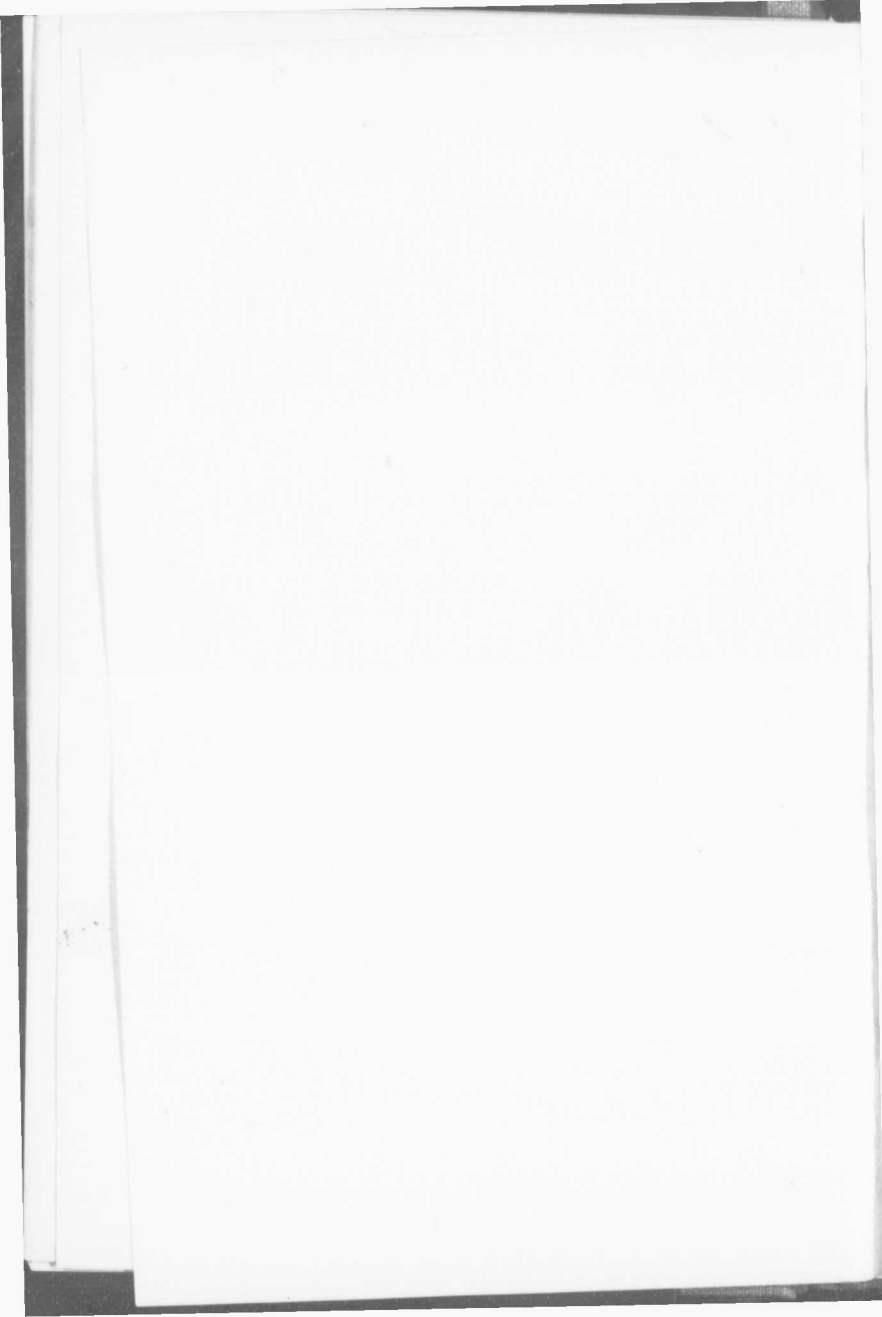


Miss Edith A. Murray.

CANADIAN
TEACHERS IN
SOUTH AFRICA.



Miss Florence Randall.



A CANADIAN GIRL IN SOUTH AFRICA.

CHAPTER I.

THE CALL TO SOUTH AFRICA.

“I wish I were a girl. You girls have the best of everything nowadays,” said a stalwart Rugby man, an old Varsity acquaintance, as he listened to some of the experiences of the Canadian girls in Africa.

And he was right. Imagine, if you can, forty girls of a hundred years ago being taken on a trip half around the world, fêted *en route* like princesses, all expenses and comforts provided by their Government, and paid besides £100 each for their services as teachers. Or imagine, if you can, forty men of the present day being treated in like manner! Yet such was the way in which forty Canadian girls were treated by the British Government in 1902.

This is how it happened. When Lord Kitchener was appointed Commander-in-Chief in South Africa, towards the close of the late Anglo-Boer war, he saw that so long as the outlying villages

and farms were inhabited, guerilla warfare would continue indefinitely, and he conceived the idea of forming large camps in which to gather all refugees friendly to Great Britain, the women, children and non-combatants from the outlying villages and farms, all Boers who had kept the oath of neutrality taken under Lord Roberts, and any others who would take the oath of allegiance to the British Government. These camps were spoken of indifferently as "Refugee" or "Concentration" camps. The crops and stock throughout the country were then destroyed, and it has become a matter of history how this policy hastened the end of the war. As the various commandos of Dutch surrendered, those who would take the oath of allegiance were sent to the camps, while those who would not—known as "Irreconcilables"—were sent to prison camps at Green Point, near Cape Town, St. Helena, Ceylon, or India.

Naturally these "refugee" camps contained all the poorest people, as well as many of the wealthier who had not fled to Cape Colony or Europe at the beginning of hostilities. As large numbers of the children had never had a chance to go to school, Lord Milner and others in authority thought it an excellent opportunity to help these children by organizing camp schools, and under the circumstances it was deemed advisable to have British teachers. It was Mr. Chamberlain's idea to have volunteers from all parts of the Empire, and each colony was asked to send a certain number. In due

time contingents of teachers sailed from New Zealand, Australia and Canada, as well as from the Home Country.

The Canadians were the first colonials to go. As their pathway led through England they naturally had many opportunities which the others missed. The Colonial Office in London had asked for forty teachers from Canada; over a thousand applied. Those chosen were under contract with the Colonial Office for one year's service, with free rations, household necessities, medical attendance, free passage, second-class, to and from South Africa, *via* England, and £100 in cash. The Canadian Government supplemented this by paying for first-class passage to Liverpool; and everybody knows that second-class to the Cape is equal to first on all the smaller Atlantic boats.

The forty girls from Canada were divided into two parties of twenty each, sailing on different dates. Of the party of twenty to which I belonged, not one returned at the end of her contract year, so much were we interested in our work. After that period we were paid by the particular colony in which we happened to be stationed, and our passage home was eventually paid for by the same colony. Of these twenty, one, Miss Sylvia Lee, of Waterloo, Quebec, fell a victim to enteric, and was buried on the veldt; six have married in South Africa, six have returned home, and the remaining seven, so far as I know, are still engaged in their work of teaching. Of the other twenty girls I can-

not speak definitely, as they were so widely scattered we could not keep in touch with one another.

Concerning the work done by these forty girls we read in the Government Report of December, 1902:

"To the judicious selection on the part of the gentlemen at the head of the educational departments in the several provinces is due the admirable result of the undertaking; the entire contingent, it is gratifying to know, having given complete satisfaction, both as regards its personnel and the accomplishment of its purpose. As the request, in itself, was a tribute to the systems of education in the Dominion, so the outcome may justly be regarded as a striking proof of their high standard of excellence and efficiency."

The complete list of the names is as follows:

(1) Sailing from Halifax, by the *Corinthian*, April 12th, 1902:

- Miss Katherine McLellan, Toronto, Ont.
- " Margaret D. Scott, Hamilton, Ont.
- " Florence J. Wilkinson, Toronto, Ont.
- " Edna E. O'Brien, Nobleton, Ont.
- " Florence Randall, Ottawa, Ont.
- " Ruby M. Rothwell, Ottawa, Ont.
- " Julia Urquhart, Ottawa, Ont.
- " E. Maud MacFarlane, Peterboro', Ont.
- " Eleanor M. Yenney, Peterboro', Ont.
- " Berta Brydon, King, Ont.
- " Libbie Rodger, Belwood, Ont.
- " Sara E. Drysdale, Perth, Ont.
- " Mabel K. Coffey, Millington, Que.
- " Sarah L. Abbott, Montreal, Que.
- " Isabel Perry, Montreal, Que.

Miss Davina Rodger, Belwood, Ont.

“ Augusta E. Hoover, Toronto Junction, Ont.

“ Georgia A. Grant, Newington, Ont.

“ Annie Moulton, Gananoque, Ont.

“ E. E. MacBurney, Montreal, Que.

(2) Sailing from St. John, by the *Lake Ontario*,
April 19th, 1902:

Miss C. Gertrude Arbuckle, Summerside, P.E.I.

“ Maude L. Bremner, Charlottetown, P.E.I.

“ Grace Dutcher, Charlottetown, P.E.I.

“ Agnes L. Carr, St. John, N.B.

“ Annie I. Burns, St. John, N.B.

“ Ida E. McLeod, Fredericton, N.B.

“ Winnifred Johnston, Fredericton, N.B.

“ Mabel V. Elliott, Newcastle, N.B.

“ Sophy M. Pickle, Bloomfield, N.B.

“ Jessie Fleet, Montreal, Que.

“ Sylvia B. Lee, Waterloo, Que.

“ Susanna Younghusband, Portage la Prairie, Man.

“ Edith A. Murray, Winnipeg, Man.

“ Ella D. Crandall, Walton, N.S.

“ Ellen M. MacKenzie, Stellarton, N.S.

“ Blanche MacDonald, Hopewell, N.S.

“ Margaret W. De Wolfe, Halifax, N.S.

“ Bertha B. Hebb, Bridgewater, N.S.

“ Emma Ellis, Truro, N.S.

“ E. Maud Graham, Owen Sound, Ont.

I cannot speak too highly of the kindly way in which we were treated while under the Colonial Office. In addition to the contract salary we were given a daily travelling allowance for incidental expenses; at Liverpool and London ladies were waiting to meet us; at Southampton, mysterious

boxes were shipped with us, which later revealed every possible convenience for camp use; at Cape Town we were met and chaperoned up country.

Under the circumstances, our trip to Africa was unique, and scarcely to be duplicated in this generation. Doubtless much of the hospitality heaped upon us girls in London was due to the enthusiasm aroused there by our brave Canadian boys who had preceded us to Africa. The opening chapters, therefore, contain a short account of that trip, written chiefly in recognition of the exceeding kindness of the English people, who impressed us indelibly with the sincerity of their wish to treat the new South African colonies in a spirit of the broadest-minded liberality. The succeeding chapters, as far as the one on Kroonstad, are an attempt to picture everyday life since the close of the late war, and to correct prevalent erroneous ideas about the South African Dutch. With this aim in view I have given a somewhat chronological sketch of the first year of my life amongst the people. In the later chapters I have attempted to explain the various questions agitating the public mind, in some cases threatening the future welfare of the country. One thing is certain, that most of the glaring faults of the administration are not due to the policy of the Home Government, but to the culpable incapacity of many of the officials, who have obtained their positions, no one knows why. One of the hopeful signs, however, is that many of these

men, from various departments, have been dismissed during the past year and a half.

As I look back over the time spent in the new South African colonies, I am forcibly struck by the resemblance of conditions there to the swirling waters of the Niagara. The tumultuous cataract plunges over the edge of the rock with a force which buries it to a depth of a hundred feet below the surface of the river. This surface water, partly concealed by the mist, heaves with a gentle motion, which alone betrays the fierce current beneath, and on it the little "Maid of the Mist" sails securely. But some distance down stream that current rises to the surface and rushes in angry seething rapids to the whirlpool, the most dangerous part of all the river. So it was with South Africa. The catastrophe of the war was followed by a year of calm, when credit was good, and men's deeper feelings hidden by their joy at being home again and renewing old friendships and habits of life. But in the second year, when bankruptcy strode through the land, hidden passions revealed themselves in racial animosity and general discontent with the administration and the delay in granting the promised self-government. There is no lack of croakers to predict that South Africa has not yet reached her whirlpool. Time alone will show whether or not she is nearing the season of prosperity which will give her the beautiful serenity of Niagara as it flows into Lake Ontario.

The party of girls to which I belonged sailed from St. John, New Brunswick, April 19th, 1902, in the *Lake Ontario*, of the Elder-Dempster Line, after a kindly send-off from Mr. Colson, representing the Canadian Secretary of State. The voyage was an average one, broken by the usual details of a squall, sea-sickness, and games on deck—hop-scotch, shuffle-board, quoits, etc. The gentlemen, without exception, tried to make it pleasant for us, even giving us the freedom of their smoke-room on deck, as the number of cattle on board made it very stuffy below.

Amongst the passengers were two clergymen, Rev. Mr. Hastie, Presbyterian, and Rev. Mr. Scovil, Anglican, who took turns in the services on the two Sundays at sea, and were the last Canadians we saw, later, on the pier at Southampton. Another passenger was Mr. Gibbs, an engineer from the unfortunate *Lake Superior*, who piloted us through the engine rooms, and along the shaft to the very keel of the ship. Several of us amused the stokers vastly by trying to shovel in coal. There was also a Marconi instrument on board, making experiments, in charge of an electrician who was unable to get any answer until near the Irish coast.

When we reached the cold, foggy sea off the banks of Newfoundland we found ourselves in the midst of a fishing fleet, and some chapters of Kipling's "Captains Courageous" passed before our eyes. We signalled a large schooner to know if she had any mail to send, but she replied that she

had not. In the course of further conversation we learned that she was French, and would not return home for a whole year.

During the voyage we laid plans for our sojourn in London, not knowing or dreaming of the way in which that was being arranged for us. The way we acted was rather absurdly characteristic of Canadian or American girls. We decided to organize. Miss McLeod, of Fredericton, was selected chairman, and Miss De Wolfe, of Halifax, secretary. As Miss Carr, of St. John, had formerly lived in London, we asked her if she would kindly act as leader, or guide, for us. We also concluded that as a party of twenty girls could not wander about London without attracting attention, we would wear the stolid expression of Indians, even if the Abbey were to fall at our feet.

As we neared Liverpool the days passed all too quickly, and it was with genuine regret that we had our last "sing-song," and said good-bye to the *Lake Ontario* and Captain Ellis. Everyone felt that the old boat was the last link with Canada.

CHAPTER II.

LONDON.

At the Liverpool dock some ladies met us with the cheering news that we were to have ten days in London. They helped us get our baggage through the customs, which gave us no trouble at all, the officials merely asking with a laugh whether we had any whiskey or tobacco to declare. We then drove to the station of the London and North-Western, where there was a corridor coach reserved for us. Our Liverpool friends said good-bye, giving us each a package of sweetened chocolate to keep up our spirits until lunch-time.

That corridor coach was exciting. We visited from one compartment to another, and decided unanimously that such a car was ideal. Presently lunch was served in the dining-car, the way to which made us feel like a band of exploring Westerners. We had to pass through half-a-dozen coaches, crowded with people, each with its own luggage compartment, a system which we found afterwards to be much more speedy than the American fashion of having all the luggage in one large car. In the middle of some of the carriages the corridor crossed to the other side. The cross-

section was arranged with shelves for hand baggage, and the compartments opening in one direction were labelled "Ladies only," while those opening the other way were apparently for gentlemen.

The country along the London and North-Western is mostly in sheep farms, and the small grey sheep with their short legs, in the prim little fields surrounded by hedges, interested us greatly. But meantime a great cloud of smoke in the distance, steadily growing larger, indicated that London was near. Soon we steamed into Euston station, where there were more ladies to meet us. One, Miss Mansfield, in introducing herself, told us that she was appointed by the Colonial Office to see that we had a good time in London; a duty she fulfilled most thoroughly and gracefully. When we had driven to our hotel we found a pleasant surprise waiting for us in the form of cards to a tea at Miss Balfour's, Downing Street, for the following afternoon.

The rest of that day was a whirl of callers, London friends and some of the first party of Canadian teachers. The afternoon was broken by a trip down to the Colonial Office to report ourselves and to have our cheques cashed for the first month's salary, which was paid in advance.

Thursday morning, May 1st, we started out to "do" London on the top front seats of the busses, when we could get them. It is an excellent way to see things, for the drivers are so obliging in explaining everything. It was the height of the

London season, and the city was very crowded, yet the streets seemed quiet to us without the horrid clang of trolley cars. Electric trams, as the English call them, are not allowed to run on the surface except in the suburbs. The crowds at the crossings were comparatively easy to penetrate, thanks to the universal courtesy of the policemen, and also to the excellent system of "refuges." These are elevated lamp-post platforms in the middle of each crossing; all traffic in one direction must keep to one side of them, and all in the other direction to the other side.

In the afternoon, at Miss Balfour's, we met, to our great delight, Lord and Lady Roberts. There were also present Earl Grey, now Governor-General; Lady Edward Cecil, now Lady Salisbury; the Bishop of Rochester, now the Archbishop of Canterbury; Hon Alfred and Mrs. Lyttelton; Mr. and Miss Chamberlain, and a score of other well-known people. We were formally presented to Lord and Lady Roberts and a few others, but with the majority we had the fun of guessing who they were from their pictures. A lady was talking to me whom I was admiring as a very handsome, fresh-looking English girl, when a gentleman, whom I recognized as Mr. Balfour, brought us some ices, and from him I learned that the "English girl" was the Duchess of Marlborough. Certainly English air has agreed with her.

After tea we were taken to a large drawing-room, where Mr. Sadler, of the Educational Depart-

ment, made us a neat little speech, giving us a definite idea of what we were expected to do in South Africa. Then Mr. Joseph Chamberlain gave an earnest address on the dignity and importance of our work, and what it might do for the Empire. After some music Miss Balfour showed us several historic rooms which are never open to the public. First, was the library where Gladstone formerly held his cabinet meetings, a fine room overlooking the garden, with St. James Park beyond the wall. Near this was the Treasury Room, where the Lords of the Treasury are supposed to meet, but where they gather only once a year to appoint the First Lord of the Treasury. There were several mysterious-looking boxes on the table, and at one end a massive chair, last used by George III.

That evening we went to the House of Commons, where the Speaker's and the Ladies' Galleries were reserved for us. As these are at opposite ends of the chamber, we had a fine view of everything. We had heard that this chamber was small, but were surprised to find it so very small that if a large number of members attend, many are obliged to find seats in the galleries, where they may not speak. The Speaker and the clerks below him with their wigs and gowns looked quite imposing, but their dignity was evidently non-existent for the occupants of the Ministerial bench, who calmly put their feet on the Speaker's table. Indeed, the conduct of the members generally made one think of a lot of frolicsome school-boys. They

were lounging about, hats on or off, and if a dull man rose to speak they began to read or talk, and paid no attention whatever. We were unfortunate in not hearing a good debate, only a discussion over a Ways and Means Bill; but had the pleasure of listening to Mr. Balfour, Mr. Lyttelton, Lord Stanley, Mr. Bryce, Mr. Dillon, Mr. O'Connor and our own Mr. Blake. The sergeant-at-arms then led us about the building, and about midnight we saw the members file out for a division.

Next day, Friday, was spent in choosing school supplies to take out with us, and in saying good-bye to the first party of twenty, who were to sail for the Cape the following day. The mail that day brought a shower of invitations which promised to keep us busy in London. In the evening we saw Sir Henry Irving in "Faust."

The chief event for Saturday was a visit to the Royal Mews, at Buckingham Palace. The stables contained some hundred and fifty horses in old-fashioned open stalls. The King's racers were not there, of course, but we saw the ordinary carriage horses, the beautiful black procession horses, and the famous Hanoverian creams, which are not really cream at all, but a light khaki, with manes and tails lighter still, and pinkish eyes. In the harness room were many cases of splendid harness. One set of red and brass, made for George III., was evidently the model for the handsome red and gold set made for Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, and worn by the creams. In the carriage

rooms were a number of perfectly plain carriages, some made on specially easy springs for the late Queen's use. There was also the magnificent red and gold coach for state processions, drawn by the creams, built in the reign of George III., of beautifully carved oak, covered with gold leaf, the body of the coach decorated with paintings, and the upholstery of red. The coach weighs about two tons. In the stable-yard some horses were being exercised with an accompaniment of drums, whistles and flags.

After leaving the Mews we took the Underground for St. Paul's Cathedral, where we had tickets of admission to the crypts, whispering gallery, etc. In the crypts the most conspicuous object is Wellington's great funeral car, made of metal from guns captured in his battles. Amongst the illustrious dead in St. Paul's are Wellington, Nelson, Sir Arthur Sullivan and Turner. In the curious whispering gallery, high up in the dome, a whisper on one side of it may be heard distinctly on the other, a hundred and eighty feet across. Outside of the dome there is said to be a fine view on a clear day, but our visit was paid on a very gloomy day, and all my impressions of St. Paul's are hazy in consequence. We could not visit the Abbey, as it was undergoing repairs for the Coronation.

That evening we went to Drury Lane, where there was a very wonderful spectacular production of "Ben Hur."

Next day, Sunday, I spent in one of the suburbs,

with friends living there. A number of the girls, however, went to a tea where they met Madame Albani.

On Monday afternoon we were entertained by Miss Harvey of the Victorian League at the Imperial Institute. I am ashamed to confess that up to that time we knew nothing of the Victorian League or the splendid work it had undertaken along with the Guild of Loyal Women of South Africa, the Daughters of the Empire in Canada, and kindred societies, in furthering patriotism by spreading a knowledge of the different parts of the British Empire. During the afternoon Miss Baden-Powell, Miss Fawcett, and other ladies who had been in South Africa, told us many interesting things of the camp life there, and that we could hire Boer girls and Kafirs to do our housework. The ladies gave us much good advice, and finally embarrassed us by presenting a farewell poem written by the daughter of the Bishop of Winchester. It was rather like getting a medal before earning it.

The poem was as follows:

GODSPEED.

“ You who have come from your snowland,
Crossing the main,
Touched on the shore of our Homeland,
Starting again ;

“ Bridging the width of two oceans,
Weaving a rope
Linking the mighty St Lawrence
To streams of ‘ Good Hope.’

- “ Go from the shore of the Homeland,
Cheered for your start,
Warmed with the grip of her handshake,
Straight from the heart.
- “ Feel that she glows with your triumphs,
Thrills with your toil ;
Longs that the seed which you scatter
May spring in good soil.
- “ There in the land of the sunshine,
Children, large eyed,
Wait for the light you will bring them,
Drawn to your side.
- “ Children, the germ of a nation,
Of peoples to be,
Under one Flag, in one Empire,
Prosperous, free.
- “ Clasp those small hands in your own, then,
Draw them with love,
Tell them we work for one Master—
Our Father above.
- “ Tell them we look for one Homeland,
We pray the same prayer,
We love the Good Shepherd who folds us
So tenderly here.
- “ Pray that all feuds may be ended,
All enmity cease,
That we all may fight under one Banner—
The Banner of Peace.”

Tuesday we were invited to visit Hatfield, Lord Salisbury's famous country-seat, thirty miles north of London. There was a first-class car reserved for us, and we were met at Hatfield station by Lady Edward Cecil, Lord Salisbury's daughter-in-law, who led us about the house and grounds herself. Hatfield House is said to be one of the finest

examples of the old style of English country-house. I may not attempt to describe it fully here, but will refer to a rather excellent account of the public rooms, given in *Pearson's*, for May, 1902. A few of the most noted historical features are the "Lion Oak," mentioned in *Domesday Book*, still in a flourishing condition; the stables, formerly the old Tudor Hatfield where Mary kept Elizabeth a prisoner; and the large tapestries in the stone gallery or cloister. These tapestries, made in Norman times, were formerly full of gold thread, but during the Wars of the Roses the gold was melted out. Hatfield is filled with beautiful things, trophies of travel and gifts from kings and emperors; but what impresses the visitor from America most strongly is the profusion of magnificent carving everywhere in the house. Lord Salisbury being away, we had a glimpse of his private rooms: first was the library crammed with books, simply furnished, with a large window opening on the quaint Elizabethan rose-garden; opening out of this was the bedroom, just a large chemical laboratory with a bed in an alcove; beyond it were bath-room and dressing-room. The serious simplicity of all the family rooms bore out the tales one reads of the simple dignity and kindly generosity of the late Lord Salisbury. After tea and a stroll in the park, we returned to town.

On Wednesday we visited the Tate Gallery, where we were to meet the Hon. Maud Stanley, who had invited us to tea. In the Tate Gallery are gathered

most of the finest modern works from the National Gallery; the Watts collection, many of Landseer's pictures and other famous modern paintings being here. Miss Stanley then took us across Lambeth Bridge to Lambeth Palace, the home of the Archbishop of Canterbury. The late Archbishop, a frail old man on crutches, welcomed us kindly, and gave us the freedom of the house. Such a quaint old place it was, the chapel and all the older parts being thirteenth century. We were taken through shuddery dungeons and corridors in the Lollards' Tower to gaze at the old whipping post with its gruesome associations. The Puritans had destroyed all that was beautiful in the palace, but from descriptions in books the chapel had been restored. We then re-crossed the bridge to Miss Stanley's for tea.

Next day, Thursday, we were invited to Lord Strathcona's country house, Knebworth, twenty miles beyond Hatfield. We left at noon in a special car, Miss Mansfield telling us that there would be a drive of some distance from the station. Carriages were waiting for us, and our road lay through the village, where we were much amused to see the village children running out to curtsy when they saw the carriages from the "big house." Knebworth, the ancestral home of the Bulwer-Lytton family, was leased by Lord Strathcona for a number of years. His daughter, Mrs. Howard, took us at once to the big banqueting hall, where luncheon was spread. Fortunately we were very hungry, or it

would have been hard to eat in a room with so many things to attract our attention. Hanging from the rafters were tattered old banners, from one of which we learned that there had been a Bulwer in the battle of Hastings, from another that there had been a Lytton in the Field of the Cloth of Gold. While we were still at dessert the village rector came in, who wished to show us the famous old brasses in the church. This was a quaint little building in Norman style, dating back to the thirteenth century—Knebworth itself was built in 1560. Afterwards we went down an avenue of fine lime trees to the lake, and saw a little boat-house, where the late Lord Lytton did most of his writing. Then we returned to the house, the outside of which we admired rather more than Hatfield. It was a brownish sandstone covered profusely with ivy; but the inside, however, was not nearly so interesting, although, as a matter of fact, a description of the beautiful things it contained would fill a volume. After tea we strolled about the flower gardens and then returned to town.

That evening we saw Their Majesties, King Edward and Queen Alexandra. It was opening night at Covent Gardens, and Nordica was singing in "Lohengrin." In the Royal box, besides the King and Queen, were Prince and Princess Christian and the Princess Victoria. We were fortunate in having seats in the gallery above, almost opposite. I never heard "God Save the King" sung so heartily as it was that night.

Next day, Friday, the Colonial Office paid our accounts and gave us our steamer tickets to Cape Town, for the following day; after which we went to the Tower of London, where we were to meet Lady Buller. The guide explained that the original tower, built by William the Conqueror, had been added to until it became a little town in itself, surrounded by a wall and moat. It is really not a tower at all, but a fort, built to guard the port of London. Of all the things we saw in London, the "Tower" made the most profound impression upon us. The walls, eighteen feet thick at the base, hide and contain unspeakable dungeons, where the light of day never penetrates. One must see these places, and the horrible instruments of torture once used there, to appreciate them, and to realize how the world has progressed. Yet the Tower has its lighter side, the guards in their quaint costumes, nick-named "Beef-eaters," the museum with the armor of the old kings, the strong room with the crown jewels.

After leaving the Tower we took the Underground for Lady Buller's home in Lowndes Square, where her daughters and some friends were waiting for us. It was a cozy little tea, where we had the feeling that our hostess liked us just because we were girls, and not because we were Canadians.

As an antidote to the Tower we went that night to the "Toreador," and had a hearty laugh at the antics of Grossmith Junior and Sammy Gigg.

We had invitations also to visit Winchester, the

House of Lords, and one or two other places, which unfortunately clashed with engagements already made.

Saturday morning early found us at Waterloo station having an awful time with our baggage. After a nerve-racking experience we succeeded in getting ourselves into our own special for Southampton, and all our belongings into the soldiers' train for the same place. There were a number of English people down to see us off, Lady Buller, Miss Buller, Miss Baden-Powell, Miss Mansfield, Mr. Martin, and others; also some of our *Lake Ontario* friends who went to Southampton with us. Miss Baden-Powell gave us each a lovely bunch of cowslips, primroses, forget-me-nots and lily-of-the-valley, a dainty and typical English nosegay.

We reached Southampton about noon, where the docks were already packed with Tonmies and their friends. Two transports were to have sailed that day, but as one had been disabled, our boat, the *Avondale Castle*, was to take on seven hundred and fifty men. A transport in the next dock was carrying eleven hundred. Such indescribable confusion it looked! Endless lines of trucks running up and down, countless bales being lowered to the hold by windlasses, hucksters winding in and out selling fruit and fizz drinks to the men, everyone laughing or crying and shouting at the same time—we were exhausted when the order came to cast off, about four o'clock.

CHAPTER III.

SOUTHAMPTON TO CAPE TOWN.

AS WE moved down Southampton Water the passing boats added to the tumult with whistles and cheers. One conjectured vaguely what the excitement must have been three years before. A huge White Star liner, home from Australia, was moving slowly to her place with flags flying, band playing and a great crowd on deck cheering. Farther on, towards the Isle of Wight, the water was crowded with small craft, bobbing at anchor or skimming along. The bright sunshine over all and the background of soft green English hills made a charming picture to remember old England by.

But when we went below, we no longer felt so calmly happy. We were second-class to begin with, which hurt our Canadian pride; the boat was very crowded and we were to be four in a cabin. Miss Arbuckle, of Prince Edward Island—with whom I had chummed in London—and I noticed an inside cabin with an air-shaft from the upper deck, and made a Canadian rush for the purser. Before the poor man had time to recover from the shock we were settled in the coveted quarters,

which proved much more comfortable than the outer cabins, where the girls had to keep their ports closed all through the tropics because of rolling seas. Then again, we Canadian teachers did not fancy our fellow-passengers, and I must confess they did not improve on acquaintance. There were a few nice people, certainly, especially Mr. and Mrs. Raney, taking a little honeymoon trip to Central Africa as missionaries. But there was a party of English teachers on board who found it amusing to sit about the decks on the subalterns' knees, until the officer commanding put a stop to it. We were rather pleased to hear that these called us "the Canadian snobs."

Sunday morning we met for the first time the custom of hot coffee before rising. Afterwards we found it to be universal in South Africa, but Miss Arbuckle and I never became reconciled to it, and each new Kafir girl appearing at 6 a.m. with unspeakable coffee met with a hostile reception. It was only after offering to slay them if they persisted in bringing it that we could make them understand that we preferred our morning rest unbroken. They all thought us quite mad.

That Sunday morning also we sighted the coast of France, which we skirted closely all day. It was a perfect day, and the Tommies entered heartily into the service held on the forward deck. Their singing was especially good. Mr. Brookes, a navy chaplain bound for Ascension Island, and Mr. Raney took turns in conducting services; while

Miss Murray, one of our party who had a charming voice, gave everyone much pleasure by her solos.

On Monday we were well into the Bay of Biscay, which was calm as a mill-pond. There were a number of raw recruits amongst the Tommies, bound for St. Helena, where they were to do guard duty at the Boer prisoners' camp. These were sent to the upper deck in squads for drill, and it was most amusing to see how clumsy some of them could be. They had to go barefoot, to save the decks, and they looked rather self-conscious in consequence. Seeing our interest, the sergeant-major offered to drill any ladies who wished it, and for several days, till the heat stopped it, many of the lady passengers, including most of our girls, did calisthenics, and hopped about on one foot, or did other kangaroo antics, to the great amusement of the non-athletes.

On Thursday, May 15th, we made the first stop, at Teneriffe, one of the Canary Islands. It is a volcanic island with a great peak at one end lost in the clouds. At the other is the little town of Santa Cruz, a dainty pink and white Spanish place nestling amongst the hills, and full of luxuriant tropical trees and flowers. The ship was quickly surrounded by little boats selling fruit, birds, tobacco, Spanish drawn-work and lace. Boys were diving for shillings—pennies no longer; boatmen were mobbing the passengers who wished to go ashore, hucksters were yelling their wares—alto-

gether a scene for an artist. Soon our party was started for shore. We bobbed along in the sparkling sunlight over waves of such a brilliant blue it seemed as if the water would surely stain blue. On shore we met at once one of the characteristics of Santa Cruz—swarms of beggars. They were an assorted collection of all the beggars we had ever met singly or read about. One man had no legs; another had leprosy; the very babies in the gutter piped out in broken English, "I say, gimme a penny." But for all this we enjoyed Santa Cruz, rode its donkeys, raided its bazaars and market, till even the ship men admitted that we had made good bargains. In front of the market I took a snapshot of a characteristic group, fat, swarthy old women with bright scarfs over their heads, sitting in the midst of their wares; others with baskets or bundles on their heads pacing up and down; in the centre a number of donkeys with their yelling drivers.

After the Teneriffe excitement we settled down to the endurance of very hot weather between the Tropic of Cancer and the Equator. It was odd to have the days growing shorter in May, until by the time we reached St. Helena, Sunday, May 25th, it was twilight before dinner. The poor Tommies on the lower decks must have suffered terribly from the heat. We found it so unbearable one night that everyone refused to go below, the ladies taking possession of one side of the deck, and the gentlemen of the other. Fortunately for us the captain

was ill with pneumonia at the time, else we could not have mutinied so successfully. One afternoon we forgot the heat in listening to a most interesting talk which Major Barton, the officer in command, gave us on the military schools of Sandhurst and Woolwich. Evenings, the Tommies amused themselves and us by impromptu concerts, the most popular features of which were comic songs, with numberless verses and catchy choruses in which everyone joined. One favorite ditty ran thus:

“ Hidin' 'neath the ammunition wagon,
Hidin' 'neath the luggage van,
When the cannons roar and the battle's on,
I'll be nowhere to be found—not likely.”

We reached the Island of St. Helena Sunday afternoon, May 25th, and no one was allowed to go ashore until the next morning, and then only British subjects. The Tommies went first, half of the contingent below decks. The landing there is always difficult, as St. Helena, a bold, bare, volcanic bluff, rises perpendicularly from the water's edge. We thought the little town of Jamestown, nestled in a valley between two great bluffs, quite English-looking. A flight of seven hundred steps leads to the citadel on the right; or one may follow a rocky path, miles long, winding between rough rocks, and clumps of clinging cacti. On top, the view is magnificent, repaying the climb. At one's feet a toy town, and everywhere to the horizon a sky-blue sea. Over the hills behind the town we could see faintly

a Boer camp, and farther off still Napoleon's tomb, which we had not time to visit. There were no beggars in Jamestown, and some of the shops were kept by Boers, on parole, happy-looking fellows, speaking good English, to our surprise. Miss Arbuckle asked one fair-haired man if he would kindly point out some Boers to us. "Well," said he, "look at me, I'm one," and laughed heartily at her surprise. There must be some very fertile spots in St. Helena, for the fruits we got there, bananas, tangerines and loquats, were far superior to those at Teneriffe.

After we left St. Helena we found ourselves in a very heavy sea, and, curiously enough, a few who had not been sick the first trip were now laid low. The rest of us put on rubber-soled tennis shoes and practised promenading at an angle of 45 degrees with the deck. With practice also we became quite skilful at dressing with our cabin boxes shooting in and out under our feet like trombones. It grew steadily worse till Saturday night, when we found it so difficult to stay in our bunks that we got up and dressed. Someone ran up the fore companion way to look out, but a great wave came down and flooded two of the cabins, and after that we kept below. It is odd how passengers grow indifferent to a storm. No one was a bit nervous, just chatting between the crashes or reading as the old boat righted herself. In the general din we gradually became conscious of a new variety of noise from the dining-saloon, which was not explained until morn-

ing. The piano had broken loose and gone waltzing about the room, to be gathered up in fragments later. Daylight revealed also that there were not enough dishes left to go around, and, indeed, dinner-time, for some days previously, had become a vaudeville performance in which the third-class stewards regularly tumbled on the lower deck with the kettles of soup for the Tommies. We used to gather daily to watch this impromptu shower-bath. Naturally we were not sorry to reach Table Bay on June 1st. As no one was allowed ashore till the following day, we anchored outside the breakwater, where we tossed about uncomfortably until Monday afternoon, when we landed in tenders in a drizzling rain.

Meantime a government lighter brought us the news of peace. The soldiers on board were greatly excited, but to our surprise there were no signs of rejoicing in Cape Town, not even a flag flying, and in fact, we heard afterwards that the Cape people were not particularly elated, as they had made fortunes out of the war.

Table Bay was full of shipping riding at anchor, and bobbing up and down like corks. Our first view of the city was not prepossessing. The "table-cloth" of cloud was low down over Table Mountain, and at the foot of the gloomy hills we could see Cape Town straggling along, dirty pink and white in the mist.

With the government officials to examine our permits to land—none but British subjects being

allowed ashore—came Miss Nevers, a lady appointed to look after us in Cape Town, and arrange our transport up-country. Military rule remained in force for some five months after the war ceased, and until the end of that time no one was allowed to travel anywhere without a permit, sometimes very hard to get.

We stayed in Cape Town till Tuesday evening, and spent the day exploring the city, including a trip to Rondebush, Cecil Rhodes' beautiful place. June is mid-winter at the Cape, the rainy season, but we thought it a fair variety of summer, as the foliage and flowers were luxuriant. There were quantities of wild calla lilies—arum lilies they call them there—about Cecil Rhodes' place. Cape Town itself was very dirty, and swarming with all sorts of people, fashionable women, dusky Cape girls with gay scarfs on their heads, Kafirs, coolies—and khaki, khaki everywhere. The houses and vehicles presented the same picturesque jumble, a handsome, modern, cut-stone building jostling a long, low, stuccoed native cottage; in the roadways electric trams, donkey carts, handsome carriages, cabs, ox-wagons and troops of cavalry completed the mix-up. The warm moisture made us long for ice-cream, and the amazement of the shop-men was too funny when we asked for it. "Ices in winter!" they fairly shouted at us. At last we found a little shop near the Parliament Buildings selling a frozen mixture they called ice-cream, and

which we ate with much misgiving. It was cold anyway.

In a later visit to Cape Town I found it to be a really charming city, of some two hundred thousand people, with quite up-to-date shops, electric tram service, etc., and ideal residence sections running along the inlets of the sea.

Miss Nevers had allotted us to our various camps, allowing us to pair off as we chose. Miss Carr, who had friends at Pretoria, in the Transvaal, went there at once, and the rest of us left Cape Town Tuesday evening, June 3rd. We were to be stationed as follows: Misses McLeod, Johnston, Ellis and Hebb at Vryburg in Griqualand West; Misses Bremner, Dutcher, DeWolfe and Lee at Bloemfontein, Orange River Colony; Misses Elliott, Burns, Pickle and Fleet at Brantford, Orange River Colony; Misses Younghusband, Crandall and Murray at Kroonstad, Orange River Colony; and Misses MacKenzie, MacDonald, Arbuckle and the writer at Norval's Pont, Cape Colony.

CHAPTER IV.

ON THE KAROO.

WE left Cape Town about nine o'clock p.m., thus seeing nothing of its outskirts. We were in two first-class corridor coaches sandwiched between sections of a goods train. There was no chance of anyone mistaking our identity, for our coaches were all labelled, "CONTENTS, *Canadian Teachers.*" Miss Nevers had thoughtfully stored one compartment with food necessary for the journey, and it was arranged that we should have hot dinner each day at station restaurants.

It had rained nearly all the time we were in Cape Town, and we seemed to have exchanged our normal good spirits for a more than liberal supply of Cape Town mud. We realized at last that we were in Africa, and imagined that we would have nothing but uninterrupted hard work until the return voyage, which we all planned to take together at the end of the year.

But Wednesday morning the sun was shining out of a sky of dazzling blue; the air was clear and crisp, and we hurried out to find our train twisting up through the Hex Mountains, snow-capped and majestic in the sunlight. We had not

gone far during the night, for the line, a single narrow-gauge, was badly blocked with trains of homeward bound troops. Besides it was still dangerous to leave the shelter of a station during darkness. Some

Tommyes yelled at us as they passed us on a siding, "You're going the wrong way; the fun's all over." Gradually the hills, or *kopjes*, grew less frequent, until we stopped for dinner at Matchesfontein, on the



Typical Soldiers' Graves.

great Karoo or sandy plateau which stretches across the interior of Cape Colony.

"Such a country!" everyone exclaimed. There was nothing but great kopjes, covered with boulders, and sandy desert in every direction. The only vegetation was dusty, stunted sage-brush. We wondered where the sheep, with their funny long legs and trailing fat tails, found food, to say nothing of water. And what extremely long legs they had; it was almost impossible to tell a sheep from a goat! But what air! keen, exhilarating, and so clear that every object stood out as if magnified. Our eyes felt oddly out of focus. It was no wonder that the

war dragged on so long; we were puzzled to see how the British made any gains at all.

The signs of war were all about us. Each side of the railway, for a distance of from twenty to thirty feet, had a continuous network of barbed wire, called an "entanglement." At intervals we passed block-houses, of various size and construction, some of stone, some of mud-brick, some of



Hotchkiss Gun Muffled, to be Drawn near Boer Lines.

tin, all well fortified with stone walls and sand bags, and all uniformly desolate, with a sign picked out in white-washed stones, "Please throw us your old papers." Next we passed a mili-

tary hospital, Deelfontein, with a number of white tents, and a large cemetery in which the graves were marked by white-washed wooden crosses.

So the hours of the first day flew past. Kodaks were clicking incessantly and everyone grudged the time necessary for meals, although the keen air and the exercise we got following the train up slow grades made our appetites enormous.

On Thursday we passed many scattered graves, bones bleaching in the sun, heaps of empty tin cans and dead cattle. Once we saw a

column on the march. Such a contrast to a parade at home! First came dusty scouts in their shirt sleeves, on scraggy horses with broken harness; then great wagons, called trolleys, drawn by fourteen or sixteen little donkeys, raising a dense cloud of dust; next a mounted guard; then more carts, and finally the men on foot.

At De Aar Junction, where we stopped for dinner, the whole population was rushing out to meet a Dutch commando coming to surrender. The dust there was beyond words. We actually sank to our ankles in it, as in snow. Miss Arbuckle and I,



The Carts were Remnants of War Days.

by bribery and persuasion, captured a Canadian flag from some Irish Fusiliers, which had formerly belonged to the Strathcona Horse. As we had to wait in De Aar a few hours, we visited the little railway school, in charge of a Cape Colony Dutchman. It was very up-to-date, and somewhat jarred our preconceived ideas of South African schools. During the afternoon the Vryburg girls and Miss Nevers said good-bye to us and took the Mafeking train westwards.

The rest of us then continued our journey on the Johannesburg track. Although the Karoo appeared

to be level, it was really a steady upward slope, and before the short twilight had ended it became very cold, and the temperature soon fell below freezing point. But the uniform evenness of the land lent itself to the schemes of the fraudulent engineers who had built the railroad. It was ludicrous the



North-side: Block-house at Norval's Pont.

way the track described semi-circles and S's in the most bare-faced manner. On a perfectly flat and featureless bit of ground there were frequent compound curves of this sort, for no other

purpose than to increase the mileage of the road, built by day-labor. It is being straightened lately at great expense and inconvenience.

As we were due at Norval's Pont early the following morning, the remaining fifteen of us proceeded to make a night of it. We were sidetracked at Naauwpoort, our lamps were empty and no oil—paraffine they say in Africa—could be had at the station. We all crammed into one compartment—sociability; fastened shutters and doors—security; and burned one candle at a time—economy. There were girls on the seats, on the bunks overhead and on the floor; the folding table

erving as platform for performers. Everyone had to do something, no excuses taken, and everyone joined in the choruses. We only stopped when the candles gave out.

Early in the morning of Friday, June 6th, we reached Norval's Pont, on the south side of the Orange River, which divides the Orange River Colony from Cape Colony. The journey from Cape Town had lasted sixty hours, a distance now covered in thirty-six. The four of



Orange River at Norval's Pont.

us allotted to that station, Misses MacKenzie, MacDonald, Arbuckle and myself, felt quite forlorn as the train moved out with the other girls, for we had become very good friends during our long trip together. They were all hanging out of the car windows singing, "Good-bye, Dolly Gray," till the bridge swallowed them from sight, and left us staring at the long, shining rails, and the Kafir huts beyond the barbed-wire entanglement.

CHAPTER V.

NORVAL'S PONT CAMP.

BUT it is not in the nature of four Canadian girls to stand on a station platform at 6 a.m. of a frosty morning and endure the pangs of hunger in silence. We soon unearthed a sleepy coolie—polite little Jimmy—and sent him after hot coffee.

Presently the R. S. O. (Railway Station Officer—South Africa is a land of initials, and the military still controlled the railways) came down. He examined our permits and put us into his office, where there was a bright grate fire, until he sent for carts to take us to the camp, two miles away. Soon a donkey trolley came for our stuff and a Cape cart for ourselves. We learned later that a new Cape cart is quite a pretentious affair, a good one costing £70. It is a square-boxed vehicle, hung high on two heavy wheels, with a very long *dissel-boom*, or tongue. The seat may be drawn forward to accommodate four persons, and the large hood, or tent, as the South Africans say, is covered with white cloth, which sheds the heat-rays excellently. But our first sight of a Cape cart was something different. It was destitute of paint or upholstery, covered with the grime of years, and tied together

in places with rope, as was also the very extraordinary harness. And such horses! The hair was all off in patches, from the mange, and they looked fit for nothing but fertilizer. One hurried glance decided us unanimously to walk, and it was only after much persuasion on the part of the R. S. O., and much laughter from the driver, that we finally climbed in. Then to our surprise the horses started off at a spirited pace, and the cart rode quite comfortably. That was our first lesson to judge nothing by Canadian standards.

On the way to the concentration, or refugee, camp, we passed various groups of tents, which the driver told us contained detachments of Army Service Corps, Gunners, Manchester Militia, and Nesbit's Horse.

As we rounded the huge, steep kopje separating the military from the refugee camp, we exclaimed with delight at the picture before us. To the left were enormous kopjes; at their base was the Orange River, winding along between green banks; to the right, and sloping up the opposite hillsides was the camp, with its long lines of tents glistening white in the morning sun. The tents were pitched in regular rows, with broad streets between, edged with lines of white-washed stones for guides on dark nights. The camp officials' and teachers' tents were farther up the slope by themselves. There were also numbers of sun-dried brick huts, and our driver volunteered the information that it had been planned to build many

more of these, but that peace had removed the need for them, as many of the refugees were already applying for leave to return to their farms.

As we drove up, Miss Phillimore, the teachers' chaperone, and herself a teacher, came to welcome us; also Mr. Hemans, the Camp Superintendent, Mr. Gunn, the District School Superintendent, and Mr. Erasmus, the Camp School Headmaster. A frowzy head in curl-papers was thrust out of an adjoining tent for an instant, and a muffled voice exclaimed, "Oh, girls, they've made a mistake and sent the mothers instead of the daughters!" an unflattering comment on our appearance after three nights on the train. It's very queer how tent-life affects people. They always seem to think that because they cannot be seen they cannot be heard. These other girls, however, proved to be quite human when we knew them. They were Miss Wilson, a Scotch girl; Misses Odell, Webb, Daniel, Gillingham and Rose, all English.

These teachers already had three marquee tents, and a tin kitchen. A marquee is a long, high, narrow tent, made double, very airy and comfortable in fine weather, and perfectly certain to turn over in a storm. They used one tent as a living-room, and quite cozy it looked. There were pictures pinned to the walls, tennis racquets and hockey sticks standing about, pretty green canvas chairs which they said came in their outfit, some canaries in cages, a book-case and a sideboard made from

packing cases, and bunches of wild-flowers on the table.

Mr. Erasmus arranged that Miss Phillimore should take the morning off to show us about, and after breakfast—consisting of porridge with condensed milk, coffee, tinned sausage, and what we mistook for poor brown bread—we visited the school. The school buildings and tents were three-quarters of a mile from our tents, at the farthest edge of the camp, where there was plenty of space for playgrounds. Miss Phillimore told us that there were some thirteen hundred children in camp, and that all but the babies went to school. We visited Miss Webb's class first. She was in an old ragged marquee with not nearly seats enough for all. The class, therefore, took turns standing to recite, or sitting to use their slates. Desks there were none. The mud floors were delightfully noiseless, but caused such clouds of dust that we nearly choked. We went next to Miss Wilson's class, in a new tin or corrugated iron building, still roofless. She had benches enough, and her children, in the kindergarten stage, rose politely to say "Good morning." Miss Rose we found in a shelter made of tent-cloth spread over poles. Others were fairly comfortable in E. P. tents, the only reliable sort, but too expensive for general use. An E. P. (European Private) is a square tent, double, white outside, and green or brown inside. It has strong ropes to hold it down, and will withstand the severest storm. Miss Daniel was in a tin building,

with a mud-brick addition just finished. She told me I was to have the room where she was then, with one hundred and thirty of her children, and that she was to go into the brick room with the remaining one hundred and seventy. This room had desks—that is there were uprights in the ground, with single planks laid across. Miss Daniel offered to go over my register with me to give me an idea how to pronounce the names; but when I heard a few like Wilhelmina Kachelhoffer and Abrahama Oosthuizen I decided to let my Dutch assistant, Miss Collins, call the roll for some time.

Then the bell rang for recess, and I saw that every child was carrying a mug or basin. Miss Phillimore explained that they all went to the soup kitchen during the cold months, where they were given hot soup at recess. I had a better look at them as they trooped out, and the majority of them seemed to me to be fat, healthy, ragged, dirty, but quite happy-looking youngsters. Evidently they were fond of their teachers from the way they clustered around them, and their pretty manners had impressed us at once from the way in which each class had risen with a smiling "good-morning" as we made the rounds of their class-rooms.

But we were interrupted by a message that the men were ready to pitch our tent, so we hastened back to see the unpacking of those mysterious boxes which had accompanied us from London. The squad of Boers detailed to do the work lived up to the reputation their countrymen had earned

for laziness, and at nightfall our tent was not nearly ready, and we had to visit with the other teachers. We learned later that all the men were not of this stamp, and that the educated classes resented the term "Boer," which they said meant a peasant. But these camp squads, however, were Boers required to do a certain amount of work each day—that is, to go through the motions of working for a certain number of hours. It was most amusing to watch them; a squad would do about two men's work, yelling all the time as if they were fighting.

The unpacking of our boxes disclosed that an outfit for two consisted of a large marquee tent with two woolen rugs; two green canvas folding camp beds, with mattresses, pillows and good red blankets, three each; a folding iron washstand, with fittings of enamelled ware; folding canvas lounging chairs, upright chairs and bath; two folding tables, one fairly large and the other a little sewing table; water filter and small mirror; also a canteen containing a little stove and cooking utensils, enamelled dishes, knives, forks and spoons, all packed inside one another into the space of a patent pail. The stove we did not need, as the girls already had the little tin cook-house mentioned before, with a Dutch woman as cook, and a boy for messages.

We did not sleep much that first night. At nine o'clock a bell rang, the signal for the refugees to put out their lights, after which we heard the night watchmen stumbling round. It seemed as if we had

scarcely closed our eyes when a noise like a score of American locomotive whistles galvanized us into life. At the same time the tent began to shake violently, and some heavy bodies were evidently tangled up in the ropes. A sleepy voice from the next tent explained matters.

"Oh, Josie, there's those donkeys caught in the ropes again! Do chase them off, there's a dear." It appeared that when the camp was wrapped in sleep the little half-starved beasts left their miser-

able pastures on the sides of the kopjes and often came down to forage for scraps.

After this excitement there was a calm of a few hours, broken just at daybreak



Public Bake Ovens in Camp.

by the most doleful sounds I had ever heard. After listening in dismay for some minutes, and wondering if it was a funeral, I suddenly realized that it was the Boers at their sunrise devotions. Apparently they were singing psalms, a custom universal amongst the poorer classes. At sunset again they have similar exercises, but always in the same extravagantly doleful manner.

Next day we went for a walk through the lines, and saw the tents with their sides up for the regular Saturday inspection. The officials, doctors and

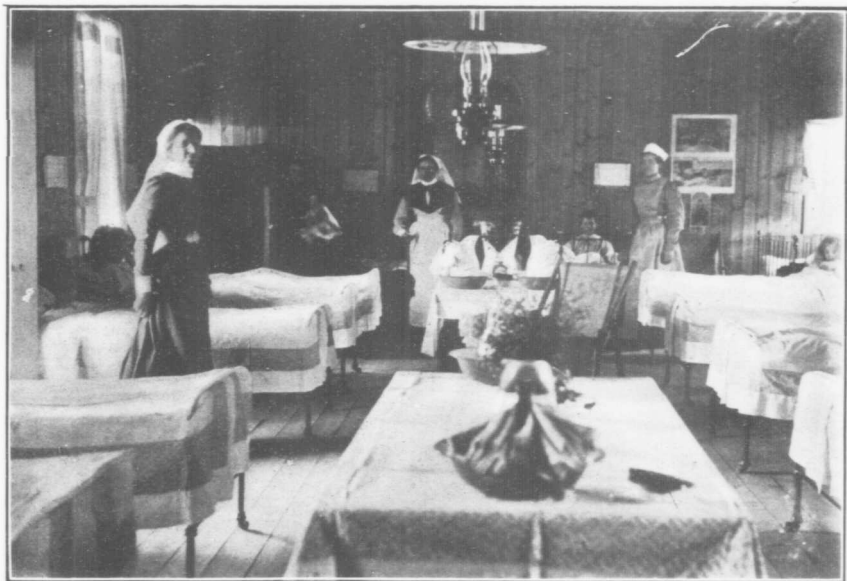
line nurses were making their rounds. We were surprised and pleased to find the women quite friendly as they stood about chatting, most of them knitting. "Mittag" was the word of greeting, but when we spoke to some of them they smiled, shook their heads and said, "Verstan nie." Every woman and girl wore a "kappe," or sun-bonnet, and a mother-hubbard apron, usually of dark, dingy print. On the central street were the general bake-ovens, formed in long low mounds of sun-dried brick, the fuel for which was provided by the Government.

We kept straight on to the Camp Hospital, which was in one corner, separated by a high wire fence and a gate with a lock. In the enclosure were a number of E. P. tents and a new building just finished, of tin, lined with fitted hardwood. The "Sisters"—nursing sisters, the English call the nurses—some half dozen in number, were very friendly, and gave us some tea. Apparently every occasion in South Africa is an excuse for drinking tea or coffee. The Sisters told us that they had found the fence a necessity to isolate contagious cases, the Boers being too ignorant to stay in quarantine. At first, if anyone had measles or diphtheria, the whole camp got it, largely through carelessness, thus giving credence to the stories of neglect and ill-treatment. The line nurses, several of whom were young Dutch-women, went through all the lines every day and reported all cases of illness. At that time there

were not more than a dozen in hospital, although the camp numbered about thirty-five hundred people. We learned also that the greater number of the people in the camps were of the poorer classes, which accounted for their dirt and susceptibility to disease. It is perfectly true that numbers of the children had been found sewn up in their clothes. Such people were never so well off in their lives as when in camp, for they received lessons in cleanliness and sanitary living which must have been beneficial to their children at least. As we went back to our tents I asked what the peculiar smell was along the lines, and was told that it was caused by the weekly "smearing" of the floors with manure water to harden them. The doctors winked at this custom, for although offensive, it was not particularly unsanitary, and had always been the custom in the poorer houses.

In the afternoon some of the Sisters from No. 10 military hospital came up to call, also some officers. The girls could not get Miss Arbuckle's name right; one of them convulsed us by calling her Miss Carbuncle. We also learned that four Canadians were considered too great an addition to Norval's, and that Miss MacDonald and Miss MacKenzie were therefore to go on to Springfontein, where the need was still greater. They were not to go for a few days, however, as a house was being built for them, which was not quite finished.

On Sunday Dutch service was held in the big unfinished tin school, the Government paying a



CHILDREN'S WARD IN THE CAMP HOSPITAL.



Dutch minister, Mr. Malerby. English service was conducted by the military chaplain in the railway school-house, and Colonel Leyden of the Manchesters kindly sent up a cart for any of the teachers who wished to attend. There was a special service this Sunday of thanksgiving for peace, in which Monday was proclaimed a public holiday.

The officers of Nesbit's Horse celebrated by giving a fine picnic in the bend of the river. A gorgeous spread it was, too—fresh butter, yeast bread, chicken in aspic, and similar luxuries from the canteen. To appreciate fresh butter, one should use the tinned variety for a little while; and to appreciate yeast bread, I would advise a trial of the sort of thing we were living on, made by our Boer cook, known as sour-dough bread, and tasting likewise. It was heavy as lead, yet we ate enormous quantities of it, for tent life made us so hungry. We could have bought yeast bread at the station shops, but it was sixpence a pound, and we required at least four pounds a meal, which meant bankruptcy.

Our housekeeping arrangements were rather complicated. The girls took charge in turn monthly, and kept careful accounts during that time. The Government paid for the cook, who refused to do anything else but cook, so we had to hire other help; also it allowed us ten shillings a month washing allowance. Then we had "rations" the same as the camp people, and also certain "hospital comforts." Rations included fresh meat, usually

Australian frozen beef, vegetables from the big garden, candles, one each per day, flour, salt, sugar, and similar things. Hospital comforts meant paraffine for our hanging lamps, fresh fruit, one quart of fresh milk, jelly powders, bacon, bovril and corned beef, suggestively known all over South Africa as "bully beef." Yet we were always hungry with living in the open, and bought quantities of things besides. The officers also brought up many a welcome present of *spring-buk* (venison) or cold storage fish from Cape Town. We were fortunate also at Norval's in having excellent water, brought down in pipes from springs in the kopjes.

Tuesday morning, June 10th, found Miss Arbuckle and myself at work in the schools. The hours were from nine to one-thirty, with recess from ten-thirty to eleven. The regulations called for twenty minutes of religious instruction at the opening of school, in Dutch; but as our Dutch assistants took charge of this work, it gave us an extra twenty minutes in bed—very acceptable on the frosty mornings.

We found it difficult to dress to suit the weather. The nights and early mornings were frosty, so that we enjoyed our warmest clothing when school began; by noon the sun's rays were so hot that cotton blouses were comfortable. Then it always became windy in the heat of the day, and sometimes the dust was so thick that we had to close school early, a welcome respite, as the roof of my tin room used to

pound up and down with the wind in a deafening manner.

Let me describe my school-room, and an ordinary morning's routine. I would arrive when the class was finishing a morning hymn, usually a Moody and Sankey, of which they were very fond, and of which they knew several in English. "Dare to be a Dan-e-el," was the favorite. Then, at first with Miss Collins' assistance, I would call the roll, and Miss Collins would write out a list of absentees for the truant officers, who made the rounds every morning. While she was doing this, I went around and examined feet, hands, necks and ears; specially dirty children were sent back to their tents to wash, and any with veldt sores were sent to the line nurses for treatment.

The children suffered dreadfully from chilblains and these veldt sores, similar to boils, caused by bad blood and poor food. The poorer Dutch women hadn't the faintest idea of cooking anything properly, even when they had good materials; the rich, hot soup given the children by the camp, at recess, being the only nourishing food they had, in many cases. The soup was of the best, and many a time we teachers took it in preference to our own lunch sent down from our kitchen. The veldt sores were especially hard to heal because of the dust and dirt.

My class was Primer II., and when I had finished this inspection, the big cupboard was unlocked, and the slates given to half a dozen little ones to pass around. All slates, pencils, books, etc., were

supplied by the Government, a system which is still in force, except in high schools charging fees. I had also a number of picture rolls of different sorts which were hung to the scantling, on which the corrugated iron walls were nailed. It was a great relief when the sun began to warm the air so that the windows could be opened. These had no glass panes, but the frames were filled with pieces of calico tacked in.

Meanwhile the class was carefully copying figures or letters, from large models on the black-board, a portable one some three feet square, standing on an easel. I went around to correct the work, and those who had done well were allowed to draw on the side of the slates marked in kindergarten squares. Those who had done badly were obliged to do it again. Then they laid down their slates and sat straight for a reading lesson off the big reading sheet. This usually caused a number of benches to collapse. These were made to fold, and had a disagreeable way of folding without warning, catching some poor unfortunate little toes, on which there would be a great outcry, and after peace was restored the lesson went on. After that everyone was getting tired of sitting, so the class stood to sing. They were very fond of this, and it was a reward for good behavior to be allowed to choose favorite songs. The kindergarten action songs proved the quickest way of teaching English, and I found it wonderful how quickly they memorized a new song.



SATURDAY INSPECTION OF TENTS.



By this time the recess bell was ringing and the headmaster went to each class in turn to dismiss, so that the soup kitchen might not be mobbed. The favorite games at recess were marbles for the boys, and skipping with a long rope for the girls. Curiously enough, the girls seemed to have far more energy than the boys. After recess there was a lesson in reading from the small books, followed by a simple lesson in mental arithmetic, and spelling. After that they had a few minutes at memorizing a new verse, then a simple, very simple little story, and an illustrated talk about something in Nature—animal stories being the favorites. When I could not make myself understood, Miss Collins explained the new word. Then it was nearly time to dismiss, so we sang again until the bell rang. The highest reward for the day's work was to be allowed to carry teacher's clock back to her tent; a lesser reward was the carrying of a coat or book; and there was always a lively row as to who should hold her hands. And such pathetic little presents they brought to school—a ragged ostrich feather, a battered old Christmas card, a gay cover of a cigarette box, a green quince—treasures to be received with delighted thanks.

Another of the teachers' duties was to report to the officials all ragged children, in order that the reason of the raggedness might be inquired into. If the family was very poor clothes were given out of the stores. Of course there was a great deal of imposition practiced; in scores of cases the chil-

dren were persistently sent ragged and barefoot in the cold weather, and the new clothes hidden away for such time as the family would leave camp. I remember one case in particular which amused us greatly. The man had never ceased complaining of great poverty, and had been given an unusual amount of free supplies. When he left camp he unearthed a bag of gold from the floor of his tent, bought all he wanted, and paid thirty-five pounds for a horse he fancied. Even in times of peace it had not been uncommon for a Boer to secrete his money in this way, as the more ignorant had a deeply-rooted prejudice against banks.

We found that as a general thing the little girls were cleaner and neater than the little boys, and they all wore quaint short-fingered mittens, for down to the poorest, dirtiest little tot there was a general horror of having face and hands sun-burnt. The boys were odd wee men. They wore soft, shapeless felt hats with brims down; their clothes were most frequently made of mud-colored corduroy, the coats cut high in the neck and collarless; while their knickers were always made with a large, neat patch of a different color on the seat, the legs reaching nearly to their boot-tops. All the children wore *veldt-shoene*, home-made shoes, rather shapeless, but comfortable, as the leather was very pliable.

But I would be very sorry to confirm the rather wide-spread belief that all those in the camps were dirty. Far from it. Of course *all* the poor

people were gathered into them, making them seem, at first sight, like the poor section of any large city. But even of the very poor some were scrupulously clean; indeed, some quite well-to-do people were of the dirtiest. Curiously enough, or perhaps naturally enough, the dirty ones were also the ignorant ones, unable to speak any English, their children being quite unschooled. All this class benefited by the camps. They had free schools, free medical attendance, wholesome food, and were obliged to be decently clean. But there was also a large class who undoubtedly suffered many hardships in camp, though some say not so great as they would have suffered had they remained in their homes after the destruction of stock and crops. However, they did suffer, and greatly, as some are bound to do in every war. There were in our camp numbers of people whose homes I afterwards saw—beautiful places, with numbers of servants—and it is simply nonsense to pretend that it was not a fearful trial for such people to live huddled together in a bell tent, or a mud room, doing their own work, and carrying their own wood and water in all sorts of weather. For instance, there was one family of mother, father, and three daughters, living in a mud room, whose home was a large house with piazzas back and front, standing in a beautiful orchard, irrigated by an artesian well; the house inside finished with hardwood floors and ceilings; amongst the remains of destroyed furniture, two pianos, one a grand, the other for common use. But such is war.

And again, as regards food, I know that Norval's Pont was more fortunate than some of the other refugee camps. Norval's farm, and also Schalkwyk's across the river, were well irrigated, and had fine vegetable gardens, tended by the men in camp, from which generous rations of vegetables were issued three times a week.

But I have wandered far away from that first day in school, and now must "resoom and continuo," as Samantha Allen says. The morning had been hazy, and as the day wore on the clouds rolled up, and the wind increased so that everyone predicted an unusual storm. Towards bed-time it grew very cold, and began to drop rain. The other girls advised us to loosen the tent ropes in spite of the wind, for our tent being new would shrink greatly in the wet. I went to bed with a thick old serge dress, and a pair of high rubber boots close by. It wasn't half an hour till the rain poured down, and up went the side of the tent next Miss Arbuckle and Miss MacKenzie, the pegs popping out of the ground like corks out of ginger-beer bottles. We dressed in record time, got out our oil-cloth sheets, and put as much under them as possible. By this time the wind was blowing a hurricane and it was beginning to snow—and thirty-six hours before we had been enjoying a picnic in cotton shirt-waists! What things we could not cover we carried over to the mess tent, which seemed quite solid, and left our old marquee to collapse as soon as it liked. It did so in about ten minutes. By that time relief gangs

were out all over the camp, and some men pulled the tent cloth well over our trunks and furniture. Between the noise of the storm and the shouting of the people the uproar was deafening. We asked the other girls if they meant to get up and dress. "Oh, no!" they said; "our old marquees have weathered out lots of storms." But towards morning we got our revenge, for their tents went down on them in bed, and everything was soaked. We managed to keep the mess-tent standing by taking turns at hammering down the pegs. In the morning half the tents of camp were down, and there was much discomfort, the people crowding into the school-rooms for shelter, which ended school for that week. The camp officials lent us teachers their mud-brick mess-room, where we camped until our tents dried. The military camp fared still worse. There they had nothing but bell tents, which were lifted clear by the wind and went flying up the kopjes, with their contents after them.

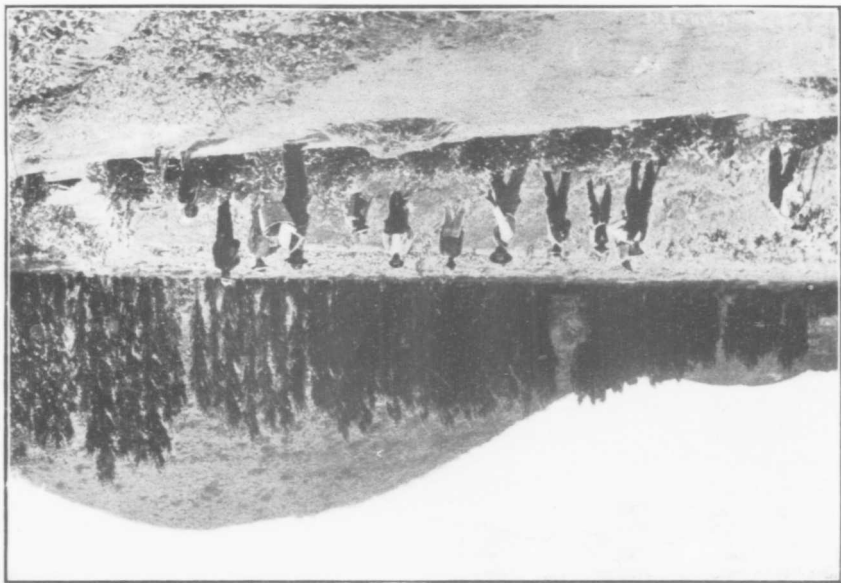
They say it never rains but it pours! To add to the discomfort, fuel was scarce, and to cap the climax for us, the cook was sick, so we took turns cooking. In the afternoon the sun came out, and Captain Reid, of the Nesbit's, kindly came up with a squad of men to help with our tents. Presently a lot of Manchesters followed suit, and soon we had crowd enough for a barn-raising. The fun quite made up for the discomfort. In a few days everything was dry, and nothing but the mud-stains on the tents told of the storm.

After Miss MacKenzie and Miss MacDonald left for Springfontein, Miss Phillimore came to share the tent with Miss Arbuckle and myself; and a lasting friendship sprang up between us, in spite of the fact that our Canadian ways and manner of speech were a never-ending source of amazement to her.

About this time we were ordered to take a census of all the children in camp, and fill out papers answering such questions as, "Was je pa's nom?" "Was je ma's nom?" "Was je Plas nom?" and so on—and after days of labor the papers were never asked for by the Education Department.

Towards the end of June there was great excitement one day. A big commando had surrendered and had come into camp. The wives refused to believe that peace was signed, and said they would not believe it unless they heard it from General Christiaan De Wet himself, called their husbands and sons "Hands-uppers," and proceeded to beat them with brooms or any other convenient weapon. To pacify them, the Superintendent, Mr. Hemans, said he would telegraph for De Wet, and the latter came two days later and spoke very sensibly to both parents and children. It was most pathetic, too, and before he finished everyone was in tears. He spoke in Dutch, though to us he used fairly good English. He said he had done his best in the war, no man could do more. They had all fought bravely, and were fairly conquered, and now instead of wasting their energy in useless grumbings, he advised them to take advantage of

VEGETABLE GARDEN, NORVAL'S POINT CAMP.





the schools, to work their farms well, and to show the world what good stuff was in them. We thought, however, he did a very unkind thing in Miss Arbuckle's room. Her assistant, a nice little Dutch girl, went up to shake hands, but De Wet drew back, saying, "Your uncle was a traitor who surrendered with Cronje, and I cannot shake hands with such people." The poor girl cried bitterly.

The next excitement was a party out at Schalkwyk's farm, given by the Nesbit's Horse, a force of South African volunteers, who had orders to disband. We girls drove out in a big van drawn by twelve donkeys, our first experience of Kafir driving, and very exciting it proved. One boy sat on the driver's seat, while another ran alongside cracking a great stock-whip with a lash twenty feet long, both yelling constantly "mach ho" (get up) and other unintelligible words. All *sluits* (ditches) were taken at the dead gallop to gain enough impetus to take us up the opposite slope. The whole surface of the veldt is scored with these dry waterways.

We had not expected anything but work in the camp, and I had provided myself with photographic materials for leisure moments. As a matter of fact there was always something going on. Someone was sure to drop in for afternoon tea, after which there would be tennis, at which game the Dutch people are experts. The military had polo, until the Nesbit's left, taking their horses along. And everybody played field hockey. Miss Arbuckle

and I kept out of that rather loftily at first, it looked so rough and dirty, until one day a Dutch girl asked Miss Arbuckle to supply in her team. She did so, and came back hot, dusty and enthusiastic, while I poured out tea, feeling consciously superior in a fresh pink blouse. A few days later another teacher asked me to supply for her, and I too came home hot, dusty and enthusiastic. An English gentleman had furnished the camps with materials for games, hockey, tennis, etc., some of which we did not use until the town schools were re-opened. We also had several concerts in the big tin school shed, some of which were given by local talent in aid of the orphanage, the best part of such entertainments being that everyone joined lustily in the choruses.

Towards the end of June we were told to prepare for a ten-day trip to Johannesburg on June 30th, for a Teachers' Convention. Mr. Sargent, the Director of Education, had planned this convention, to bring together all the teachers, Dutch, English and Colonial, from all the colonies of South Africa. The railroads promised free transportation, and the residents of Johannesburg offered to billet as many as possible. It was a tremendous undertaking, especially so soon after the war, but the idea was one of the best. Mr. Sargent deserved all possible praise for carrying it out to a successful issue. It was the one scheme of Mr. Sargent's with which no one found fault.

CHAPTER VI.

JOHANNESBURG AND PRETORIA.

EARLY in the morning of July 1st we arrived in Johannesburg, in a wretched condition. Apparently the cars had not been cleaned from the outbreak of hostilities. Our train, an enormous one in two sections, was crowded with pedagogues, most of them awful-looking females.

The approach to Johannesburg through long groves of tall Australian blue-gum, or eucalyptus, trees, was very pretty after the monotonous bare plain from Norval's northwards. These trees were grown to furnish poles to support the underground levels of the mines.

We had each been given numbered badges for identification, which we found very necessary, as the big station was simply packed with people. Miss Arbuckle and I were claimed by a young gentleman with a smart horse and trap, who drove us to his uncle's, the late Mr. Freeman-Cohen's, where we found the Bloemfontein Canadians, Misses Lee, Bremner, Dutcher and De Wolfe. During our stay of ten days in this beautiful home, Mr. Cohen and his family could not have been kinder to us if we had been their best friends.

The sessions of the convention, held in the big gymnasium of the Wanderers' Club, were interspersed by popular lectures and concerts, amongst others a lecture by General Baden-Powell on "Scouting."

Johannesburg presented even greater contrasts than Cape Town. It had a population of about



Canadian Coronation Arch, Johannesburg

sixty thousand, but, for its size, had more fine houses and public buildings. But the pavements were very rough, and the roadways one sea of red dust. The un-

ceasing cry in "Joburg" is, "What shall we do with the dust?" The city was beautifully decorated for King Edward's coronation, which should have taken place on July 3rd had it not been for His Majesty's illness. In the big market square were a number of arches, Indian, Australian, American and Canadian, surrounding a statue of the King, erected by South Africa. As the cables were rather hopeful, people indulged in fireworks that evening, but saved the holiday and regular celebration till later.

Two of the features of Johannesburg are the coolies and the rickshaws. Numbers of these latter



COOLIE HAWKERS, JOHANNESBURG MARKET SQUARE.



have their stand in front of the big post-office, and are drawn by native Kafirs, or Indian coolies with extraordinary head-dresses. Another girl and I stood until we were tired, trying to get a snapshot, but they proved as wily as brook trout, and kept turning their backs when we attempted to press the button.

One day the convention was adjourned to pay a visit to the mines. We visited the Village Main Reef, and the City and Suburban. The party I was with was hurried past the native compound, with the remark that it was "a dirty place." This remark occurred to me months later when visiting the diamond mine at Jagersfontein, and noticing the contrast in the better condition of the natives there. We then descended six hundred feet to the second level in a sort of rough elevator, used for carrying ore to the surface. As there was no gas to fear in these mines, everyone carried a candle, and we watched the Kafirs for some time loading the ore on trucks which ran along a narrow rail to the elevator. Our guide explained that there were eight levels below the one we visited, and that the vein of gold sloped down far enough to allow the sinking of the shaft twice the depth it was then. After ascending to the surface again, we visited the great smelters and saw the refining machines at work, also the assaying process. This mine yielded about ten ounces of gold to a ton of quartz, which was considered a good average. Then we had

afternoon tea in the officials' mess, and retraced our dusty road to the city.

On the seventh of July, Lord Milner gave a garden party to the convention at his beautiful place a few miles out of town. Our party of six from Mr. Freeman-Cohen's went together, of course, and Miss Carr and Miss McLeod were also with us that day. Lady Lyttelton, whose husband, General Lyttelton, had just taken General Kitchener's place as Commander-in-Chief, recognized us as having been at Miss Balfour's reception in London, and presented us to Lord Milner. On learning that we planned to visit Pretoria she said that she would like to have us to tea at the Residency there.

We spent all day Wednesday in Pretoria, which was a much smaller, quieter and more settled-looking town than Johannesburg. The streets had many fine trees, well-watered, for the city had an excellent irrigation system, sending little streams of water along the ditches. We visited the *Raadzaal*, the old Dutch parliament, on the market square, and sat in Kruger's big chair in the council room. Then we visited Kruger's house, used as headquarters of the South African Constabulary, with Colonel Steele, of Montreal, in charge. The living rooms were just as Kruger left them, even to the big Bible on the sitting-room table. Miss Carr took us to the school where she was teaching, and where Winston Churchill and some others had been imprisoned, and had effected their much-talked-of

escape. It did not seem to us as if very wonderful ingenuity had been required.

After dinner we visited the Zoological Gardens, which contained an excellent collection of South African birds and animals, including the *wildebeste*, or South African buffalo, now found only in protected herds. After that we went to General Lyttelton's, the Residency, a very handsome two-story brick house, quite American-looking, standing in large grounds. Lady Lyttelton showed us the dining-room, where the peace contract had been signed. Then we had tea on the lawn, where the General joined us, saying that he had been in our North-West rebellion of '85.

While in Johannesburg we met a number of Canadian men, and most of us found some acquaintances. Amongst others who called one night was Dr. Parry, who graduated in the same year as myself from Toronto University. It was very jolly meeting these people, and made us feel how small the world is after all.

At a dinner-party at Mr. Freeman-Cohen's we met a number of very interesting people. The gentleman who took me in had been a chief intelligence officer under General French. According to him French was the greatest hero of the war; an opinion I heard confirmed by many other men of different regiments, and also by civilians. From one end of the country, indeed, to the other we were amazed at the different rating given to the various leaders from what we were accustomed to in news-

paper reports. General Buller, for instance, was spoken of in terms of the highest praise. Men said he had been set to do an impossible task, and under the circumstances no man could have accomplished more. Others, again, who had received unstinted praise from the outer world had no reputations worth speaking of in Africa. One of the most interesting bits of literature it has been my lot to read was "Unofficial Despatches," a book published by a London reporter whose work was censored, being too rashly accurate to be palatable.

Another surprise in "Joburg," as people usually call it, was to find a first-class opera house, and an actor like Wilson Barrett playing "The Sign of the Cross." There was a special convention night, when we packed the building. Altogether we all felt vastly ashamed of our preconceived ideas of Johannesburg, which we had imagined to be a rough mining town with few of the comforts and none of the luxuries of civilization.

Saturday morning, July 12th, we left Johannesburg and stayed at Bloemfontein, for some reason or other, from 10 p.m. till 10 a.m. Sunday. Miss Arbuckle and I went to early service in the Cathedral, a large barn-like building outside, but quite handsome inside, after which there was plenty of time to see the town, which numbers about twelve thousand. The main street, Maitland, running past the Market Square, had some fine shops, but the paving was the worst we had seen yet. Each man built his own piece of sidewalk, and some were

high and some were low, some wide and some narrow. People generally kept to the middle of the road, the usual way in all small towns. The Government Buildings were much superior to those in Pretoria, standing in large, well-kept grounds, with a fine statue of the late President Brandt in front. To this man is given most of the credit by both English and Dutch, for the excellent system of government in the Orange Free State, a system not yet equalled by the present administration. The Raadzaal was a handsome building, surrounded by a lofty portico with polished marble pillars. Besides these there was nothing of note in Bloemfontein.

The railroad journey from Pretoria to the south of the Orange River Colony is the dulllest possible, the land being an almost unbroken plain; therefore, when we saw the kopjes increasing in size and number we knew we would soon be home. About nine p.m. we pulled into the familiar Pont station.

CHAPTER VII.

END OF CAMP LIFE.

DRIVING up to our quarters, we saw great changes in the camps. The number of lights in the military camp showed that it had grown, although the Nesbit's and Gunners had broken camp before we left; but, in the meantime, the Manchesters, seven hundred men, had been gathered in from their detachments, and were awaiting orders to embark for home. The refugee camp, on the other hand, had shrunk greatly. Large numbers of families had *trekked* during the holidays, leaving big gaps in the lines, and when school re-opened I found only a hundred left in my class. From this time on the shrinkage was continued, until by the time my own orders came to move on, I had only twenty left.

On Coronation Day we had a holiday. Every child was given a bottle of lemonade, a bag of candy—sweets, as the English say—and an orange. I doubt if many of them realized what the treat was for. There were also sports for young and old, and some quite attractive prizes offered for the bigger events. The most amusing item on the children's programme was an obstacle race in which

each competitor, after crawling through a barrel, had to eat a crumbly biscuit and drink a bottle of ginger beer. The sputtering was indescribable, and the vanquished realized at least that haste was not the best policy. The military camp celebrated on the following day so as not to interfere with our programme. Some of their events were open to the ladies, as the egg-and-spoon, the steeplechase, etc. The steeplechase was most absurd; a gentleman, blindfolded, ran at full speed down the course and over green hurdles, guided by reins tied to his arms and held by his lady driver.

About this time a challenge to a hockey match came over from Colesburg, of Cole's Kop and Suffolk Hill memory. The team was to be a mixed one, five ladies and six gentlemen. I had been practising industriously, and was rewarded by a place on the team. August 2nd was set for the match.

When the day came, everyone who could get off came along with us, so that we quite filled an empty goods van—freight car we say—and reached Colesburg about noon. Carryalls were waiting to drive us to our hotel, where a number of the Colesburg team were waiting to welcome us. They entertained us at dinner and treated us right royally all day. The game was not called until four o'clock, so we had plenty of time to see the town, a typical country village, clustered about a large central market-square, the houses one-storied, of mud-brick, limed over white or pink,

with wide verandahs, and shaded by pepper-trees or blue gums. All the houses were built on the street, with gardens behind. There were no sidewalks, and whites, blacks, horses, donkeys and oxen mingled indiscriminately in the roadways. There were some quite good general stores, which we raided in hilarious fashion. As I was housekeeper that month, I had a long list of household wants to work through, from new dish-cloths to lamp glasses. The others entered on a regular orgy of shopping. One giddy subaltern bought up all the white kid gloves in town and proceeded to run a corner on them. Retribution, however, overtook him swiftly, for when he tried to fit them on himself they all split up the back, "Unhasting, unceasing," as Goethe says. Everyone borrowed from everyone else, and I haven't the foggiest idea how we ever straightened out accounts.

About three-thirty we gathered in vans to drive to the recreation grounds, within view of Cole's Kop, where the grand-stand was already filled. Our girls were feeling nervous, because one of our best players was not on the team, but had come simply as a supply. However, we soon saw that we could more than hold our own. The Colesburg team did some splendid individual work, but could not break our combinations. We scored every time from the right wing. When little Carroll, right half, sent the ball in to Miss Webb, inside right, who in turn shot it out to old Barlow, outside right, he never failed to dribble it past a half dozen opponents.

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Place and Date.
Mrs. Miss Graham & Arbuckle is authorised to travel by rail
between Glendfontaine and Roswell Park
This Permit is available for* Single journey
and expires on _____
G. H. ... 11/11/08
Signature of Issuing Officer with Rank and Official Title.

Signature of Holder.
(To be filled in before Railway Staff Officer.)

Signature of Railway Staff Officer.

* (Here enter "Single Journey," "Forward and Return Journey," or "Desired Period.")

SEE BACK.



Poor Mr. Barlow! His death was the first break in the friendship of those days. At half-time the score was two all, and with the change of sides, wind and sun would be in our favor. Tea was served at half-time; and during the second half everything came our way until, when time was called, the score stood eight to two for Norval's. The Colesburg team promised to play the return match in a few weeks, but the weather became so hot and dusty that we had to drop hockey. However, several of the girls, and the mother of one of them, came to visit us later on.

After an excellent supper we started back to Norval's, which we did not reach till nearly midnight, as the speed of a goods train is not breathless. There a final excitement awaited us. We were held up at the station by a sentry, and not one of us had his or her pass, but luckily Captain Smith, a staff officer, was along and got us through. So ended a day to be marked with a white stone.

The rules regarding passes were amusing. After the war, until the end of martial law, the authorities enforced the regulations with spasmodic severity. All refugees were strictly forbidden to leave the boundaries of camp without a special pass, and this was regularly enforced; we teachers, however, could go where we pleased in daylight, but were required to have a general pass for the evenings. The military were not allowed in the refugee camp without a special pass, but, as

our tents and tennis court were at the boundary, this rule was not incapable of being stretched.

Towards the end of August camp life was not so pleasant. The refugees were moving out as fast as they could get their wagons in readiness. Each family, on leaving, was given free seed and a month's provisions, also stock at cost price, by the Repatriation Board. This was entirely separate from the Compensation Board, as I shall explain later. School had become a succession of good-byes. In our own camp the circle was broken by the departure of Miss Odell for Bloemfontein. Also the weather was changing and we no longer had a procession of brilliant, cloudless days, warm at noon, and cold at night. August is always characterized by endless dust storms, which usher in the clouds for the September rains; in a good season it rains the greater part of September, thus soaking the ground, and filling the dams to overflowing. An ordinary shower does no good whatever, for the ground is baked as hard as brick, and the water simply runs over the surface and is lost.

There was considerable fun going on in the military camp, however, for forty officers and seven hundred men waiting for orders to move on had nothing to do but amuse themselves. And the men were most exemplary. I did not hear of a single instance of an officer, or a Tommy either, in that camp, doing anything objectionable. The men were taken out every day for long route marches, and on pay-nights the officers started a

series of concerts to keep the former out of mischief. The N.C.O.'s (non-commissioned officers), managed these, and everyone helped. Two of our girls, Miss Daniel and Miss Wilson, sang very nicely, as did also a few of the hospital sisters. Naturally the best features here, as in the Refugee Camp concerts, were the comic songs, in which everyone joined in the choruses. One absurd account of the trials of a man in the Yeomanry had for chorus:

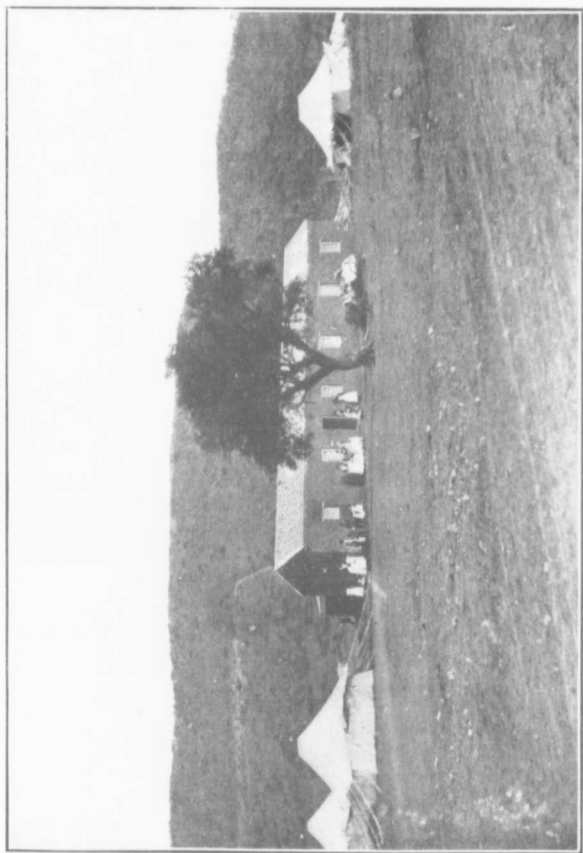
" Oh, you don't catch me on a gee-gee's back again,
It's not the sort of place that you can doze on,
For the only 'orse that I think that I can ride
Is the one that the m'assis dries the clothes on."

These concerts were held in the big engine-house at the station, used also at that time for Sunday service. There was scarcely anyone in camp who could play, and I was gradually called upon to play everything, from the hymns in the military service to "vamping" accompaniments to unheard-of songs, without music. I drew the line at that. One prime favorite, often "sung by request," was "Because I Love You," and the reason of its popularity was characteristic of the life in camp. One of the staff officers had become engaged to one of the English teachers, and thereafter subalterns and men made his life a burden to him. Every order given was respectfully received, it is true, salutes given and "Yes, sir," uttered in the regulation wooden tone, but—every subordinate turned away to carry out his orders to an accompaniment of

"Because I Love You." And the worst of it was that there was absolutely nothing to be said about it.

A new element of interest in the refugee camp in August was the return of many prisoners of war from St. Helena and Ceylon. Whenever these men signified their willingness to take the oath of allegiance they were taken back to South Africa, and put on an equal footing with the other Dutch in regard to supplies of stock, seed, etc., from the Repatriation Board. All whom I met expressed regret that they had been so slow in taking the oath, saying they had never dreamed that the British would have shown such clemency.

There was in one corner of the refugee camp a comfortable orphanage, the main building of sundried brick surrounded by several E. P. tents, and sheltering some forty-five little orphans whose fathers had been killed in the war. It was supported partly by the English and partly by the Hollander Government. I say "Hollander," because all through South Africa that word is used to distinguish the people of Holland from the Dutch people of Africa. The children there were healthy and hearty and well-cared for in every way. About the end of August there was a big farewell picnic for them, our last picnic on the banks of the Orange River. We drove out in the big donkey trolleys, and for anyone suffering from a torpid liver, let me recommend a ride on a donkey trolley. Such a jolly picnic it was! I think those teachers who expressed the opinion that the Boer children



ORPHANAGE IN NORVAL'S POST CAMP.



were dull and disinclined to play did so before they got acquainted with their charges. They were shy with strangers, and were never so quarrelsome and boisterous as American children, but they were just as fond of fun as any children I ever met, and at picnics, such as this orphanage one, showed a knowledge of many a game I had never heard of, though they played one game called "rounders," which is almost the same as our baseball.

The people were now leaving camp by hundreds every day. Miss Webb and Miss Wilson had received notice to leave for Bethlehem on September 1st. Miss Daniel and Miss Gillingham were to go a few days later to Jagersfontein, and Miss Arbuckle and myself, at the same time, to Faure-smith. The Manchesters also had orders to leave September 1st. So, from end to end, the camps were in confusion. Just as things were at their worst, Mr. Gunn, the Superintendent, called me one morning as I went to school and said that he had just had word that a party of Australian girls had come over to teach, and that the camps would have to billet them until the town schools were ready. He had been asked to accommodate six. We arranged that I should stay at home and plan with Mr. Robertson, our assistant Camp Superintendent, for their entertainment, while he would go to the station to meet them. Six visitors! And two of our girls had all their own things packed and were sharing ours! Indeed for some time it had been a standing rule at our occasional dinners, that

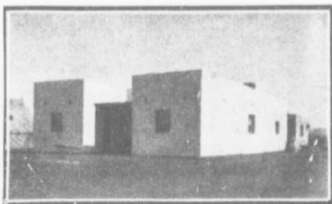
everyone should talk fascinatingly between courses, so that no one should notice the delays owing to the fact that all the dishes had to be washed. Mr. Robertson, however, proved to be a trump. He had an E. P. pitched in an incredibly short time, furnished it with hospital supplies, and sent us some school benches and tables for the mess-tent. Meanwhile I rushed from office to shop with an order for extra rations, and then to the kitchen, where the cook railed at having to cook them. Soon the Australians came. They saw, they smiled—a sickly smile—and they retired to their E. P., where they raised their voices in one prolonged wail. Miss Gillingham thought someone was ill, and rushed over with a kettle of hot water, but they told her no—"boo-oo"—they were only homesick. And for one awful week they floated about the camp in dressing-sacks and wrappers, red-eyed and doleful. Then they were sent on to Springfontein with the remaining refugees from Norval's, which was to be finally closed about the middle of September.

Events crowded thickly in those last few days, but the most highly-colored one was the Manchester auction sale, held in the Refugee Camp. The auctioneer was an Irish captain, famous for his comic songs and stories. He kept the crowd in a gale of laughter over the rubbish he sold!

Meantime the Repatriation wagons had been out Fauresmith way and returned. The drivers amused themselves hugely at Miss Arbuckle's and

my expense, telling us we would find baboons in the houses and not a soul who could speak English.

On September 12th we left camp in the midst of the long-threatened rain-storm. Our party of six consisted of Misses Daniel, Gillingham, Arbuckle, Mr. Gunn, Mr. Robertson and myself. Our boxes had preceded us by a few days to Jagersfontein Road, where a traction engine of the Jagersfontein Mining Company was to haul them out to Jagersfontein and Fauresmith. We girls were to stay over night at Springfontein Camp, and drive from there in Cape carts, accompanied by Mr. Gunn and Miss Pugh-Jones, a camp inspectress, who had visited us a short time before. But the storm increased so in violence that the roads became impassable and we were obliged to stay some days at Springfontein.



Teachers' Quarters, Springfontein.

We girls camped there in a big unused hospital ward, along with our friends the Australians, who, now that they had recovered from their homesickness, proved to be exceedingly bright and pleasant. However, I heard afterwards that very few of them remained longer than the year in South Africa; so they probably disliked the country to the end.

There was at Springfontein, doing guard duty for the camp and surrounding blockhouses, the unfortunate regiment of Irish Fusiliers which had shown the white flag at Nicholson's Nek, and had been punished by being taken off active service. The poor colonel had become a broken-down man, so deeply did he feel the disgrace. Everyone said that he was absolutely innocent, as was the majority of the regiment, for some fool subalterns had put up the flag in a moment of weakness. It was not known exactly who had started it, but suspicion rested strongly on one youth, who, if guilty, was not man enough to confess for the sake of his regiment. There was also in Springfontein a very large number of refugees, many of them in houses. The authorities gradually gathered there all who had no farms to return to, and were thus enabled to close the neighboring camps. Government works were then started at Springfontein to give these people employment.

As the Springfontein government store was better than the one at Norval's, Miss Arbuckle and I supplemented the month's supplies which we had laid in. Mr. Gunn was greatly amused at the amount of food we were taking, but he didn't know the Canadian girl's appetite. As a matter of fact we finished all the vegetables and nearly everything else except the bags of flour and sugar, in two weeks. Mr. Sinclair, of cricket fame, then Superintendent of Springfontein, kindly gave us a soda

sparklet bottle, an indispensable article in the hot weather.

We could not get carts after all at Springfontein, but had to go on to Jagersfontein Road station. The mail train was four hours late, as usual in those days, and this delay would prevent us from reaching our destination before dark. There was a goods train ready to start, however, but the guard's van was full of paraffine tins. In this train was an open truck half-full of meal bags, covered with sail-cloth, and as the day was warm, sunny and dustless, we girls suggested climbing into it. It was no sooner said than done, and a few minutes later saw us and various bundles and rugs, our fox-terrier Nellie, and Miss Daniel's

birds all perched on top of the open truck. Mr. Sinclair took my kodak and snapped us, for we looked just like a Boer trek.



Travelling in an Open Truck.

We reached Jagersfontein Road about eleven o'clock—thirty miles in two hours—only to find that all our stuff was still there, as the traction engines had broken down in the mud. There were there also a number of Norval's refugees, who had left some time before, delayed likewise for lack of transport. They told us that

they were bound for Smithfield, but the roads that way were still hopeless. Poor Mr. Gunn was wearing a worried look, when we caught sight of the good-natured face of Mr. Van Niekerk, an old Norval's Ponter, now driving a Repatriation wagon between the Road and Fauresmith. He said he could make room for a few of our smaller boxes, so we each chose a steamer trunk and a roll of bedding, and that was the last we saw of the rest of our belongings until the 9th of October. Then we drove off in two Cape carts, and I did not see the railroad again for eleven months.

CHAPTER VIII.

FAURESMITH.

OUR carts were driven by Cape boys, who spoke English very well, and were thus able to tell us what we wanted to know. This was really our first acquaintance with the veldt,



Crossing the Veldt in Cape Carts.

for at Norval's we had been surrounded by high kopjes. We had a thirty mile drive ahead of us, to Jagersfontein, and then some six miles more to Fauresmith.

For the first two hours the road was perfectly flat, and the country absolutely featureless. At noon we reached Fischer's Farm, where we "out-spanned" and ate our lunch. There were people living in the farmhouse, which was in fairly good condition compared with others we saw later. In the afternoon we passed several farms, most of them deserted and the buildings destroyed. All along

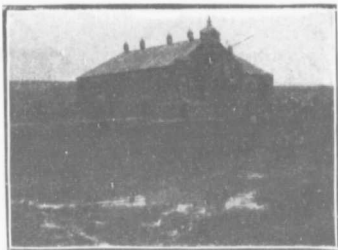
the road there were burnt and battered articles of furniture and skeletons of animals. We saw now for the first time what war did to the prosperity of a country, for all this section had been under fire repeatedly. Along the railroad, of course, things had been repaired quickly.

This Jagersfontein road, like all roads on the veldt, was simply a track leading from one farm to another. The land was an immense open plain, used for great stock runs, the only enclosed fields being the house gardens. In the distance a clump of fruit trees, a green oasis in the general brownness, marked our approach to a new farm. Cattle kraals and gardens were surrounded by low stone or mud-brick fences, or hedges of prickly pear, the ordinary cactus which grows wild all over South Africa.

We saw a number of large, dignified birds stalking about, something the shape of the pelican. Our "Boy" said the Dutch name for them meant policeman, and that they were highly prized because they devoured the locusts. Around some of the carcasses also were gathered solemn-looking vultures, the scavengers of the veldt. They gather in a circle about the carcass, guarded by sentinels, and apparently at a signal all begin the feast together. There is a heavy penalty for shooting one of these birds, and they seem to know it as well as people, for they have not the slightest fear of man.

As we neared the kopjes which indicated Jagersfontein, the ruins beggared description, and we

were glad that twilight began to veil the landscape. Sunset amongst the kopjes is very beautiful. The long shadows have violet and opal tints, never seen in the north, but darkness follows so rapidly that one has need to hasten if there is no moon. We began bumping over a villainous stretch of road just as darkness fell, and saw that we would have to remain in Jagersfontein over night. As we drove to the school-house we



Fauresmith School.

met a large number of people in the streets, but could not see the town clearly.

The school-master, Mr. Rowan, was comfortably settled in the school-house, which means in South Africa a residence, the school being a separate building. We girls stayed over night in the school-house, Mrs. Rowan giving us two empty rooms to camp in. Mr. Gunn put up at the Methodist parsonage, a cozy bachelor home. Jagersfontein was full of people, had several shops open, and hoped to have the diamond mines working soon. The road-bed for a railroad to Springfontein had been laid before the war, and that work was to be resumed as soon as more pressing matters were

attended to. Jagersfontein has since become one of the leading towns of the colony.

The next morning we went on to Fauresmith, over a shocking road; evidently nothing had ever been done to improve the condition of any of the roads, and a skittish horse, or a dark night, would lead to certain destruction. Miss Daniel and Miss Gillingham came along to see what our place was to be like. We reached the town at noon and were delighted at its appearance. It was very pretty, lying in the valley between big kopjes, with large, well-built houses and plenty of shade trees. Most of the people there had been very wealthy before the war, but very few had yet come home; the streets were littered with rubbish, broken furniture, wrecked pianos, empty tins and dead animals everywhere. Many fine houses opening on the street had large gardens behind, but were badly broken also. In the Market Square all the shops had the shutters up, and the big hotel was almost in ruins.

Arrangements had been made for us to board with one of the three English families, because the school-house was out of order; but Miss Pugh-Jones advised us to stick to our original plan of keeping house, and to insist upon having the school-house repaired; accordingly we arranged to board for two weeks only.

After dinner we went to school. Some forty children and about a dozen grown-ups, including Mr. Bam, the Dutch minister, were there to receive

us, and greeted us very kindly indeed. They were nice-looking children, some of the girls as handsome as any I have ever seen, and all neatly dressed. Miss Arbuckle was to have only the higher classes, for she had never tried teaching little ones, and we divided as equally as possible. My class of nineteen soon increased to sixty, and by the middle of November reached eighty-five; the whole school numbering a hundred and fifty. In that class there were at least four distinct



The Prettiest Children in Town.

grades: first, the smallest ones, just beginning school, who could not speak a word of English; next the A B C class, who had made a beginning in camp; and, finally, Primers I. and II.

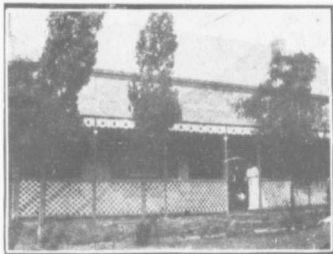
The school had suffered very little in the war, but there was absolutely nothing in the way of supplies except twenty cracked slates and two small, portable blackboards. It is still a mystery to me how the schools there had been run without blackboards, yet in the Orange Free State they had been excellent.

This one in Fauresmith had been equipped with an up-to-date workshop for the Sloyd manual training, while nature study and sewing, still novelties with us, had been on their curriculum.

But with these meagre supplies we had to teach for nearly four weeks. Luckily we had a box of slate-pencils from Springfontein, and the children brought us scraps of chalk which they had picked up in camp; I printed short reading lessons on slips of paper, we divided the broken slates, and managed somehow. At first I used to dismiss the smallest ones at the end of two hours, and take the bigger ones out-of-doors for Nature talks, until some of the mothers complained that they were wearing out their shoes too quickly. Of course it would have been impossible to have kept school open under such circumstances if the children had not been very good. In spite of our camp experience, we used to say day after day, "It's quite impossible that this can last; they're just watching to see what sort we are." But after a while it was borne in on us that the children were liking us and that they had no wish to give us trouble. Every morning there was a crowd waiting on the front door-step, and we were mobbed by the girls trying to "walk with," as they said, in order to put their arms around our waists.

Meanwhile Mr. Watts, acting school trustee, was making every possible effort to have the school-house put in order, although every inch of him expressed disapproval at our madness in wishing to

keep house. This school-house, typical of the better-class houses, contained eight rooms, kitchen, pantry and bath-room, all on the ground floor, with a verandah in front eighty feet long and twelve feet wide, shaded by honey-locust, poplar, and pepper trees. There was a small garden at the back, with a good hen run, three Kafir rooms, and two large cisterns supplying the bath. We had everything cleaned, but used only the wing containing the kitchen. I wish I could describe the interior

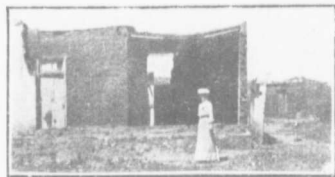


“Maple Cottage,” the Fauresmith School-house.

of that house, as it was typical of all the houses in town. It had been sacked in turn by troops of Yeomanry, Highlanders and Colonials; Driscoll's Scouts seemed to have been the chief offenders, to judge by the autographs on the walls. Every bit of furniture was more or less smashed, every mirror was in fragments, every mattress ripped up and the feathers and hair scattered. Every dish was broken, and all this mixed up with hats and clothes and kitchen dishes made an indescribable mixture fully six inches deep over all the floors. In one room was a good organ in fragments. Yet this house was not so bad as some others, in which doors,

floors and windows were also smashed. To complete the desolation we found a dead horse in our yard, and in the adjoining house a heap of dead sheep.

The town library had been sacked, and all the silverware in town looted, the search for which was



Ruined House opposite the School-house.

the cause of much of the destruction. Furniture, of course, was used for fire-wood, there being no wood on the veldt. Of sixty-two pianos, only two escaped, and some had had the key-boards ripped out and the hollow space used for feeding-troughs for the horses. Three pipe-organs were smashed. It seemed, indeed, as if the spirit of destruction had seized both sides equally, for Dutch and English agreed that what one side had spared, the other had destroyed. Around Fauresmith there had been a large number of families who had taken and kept the oath of neutrality under Lord Roberts. These had been severely scored by De Wet in his book, and had suffered chiefly at the hands of their own neighbors. One old lady showed me her dining-room suite, from which the leather had all been stripped to mend the uniforms of a Dutch commando. I asked an officer why they smashed all the mirrors, and he said, "If you had been on

trek for six months, without a chance to shave or have a hair-cut, you wouldn't ask that question."

Yet the uncomplaining way in which both sides set bravely to work to clean out their ruined homes made a deep impression on us. For the moment, it seemed as if joy at being home had swallowed up all other feelings. There were a few indeed who were disposed to whine incessantly, and accuse their neighbors of stealing their goods, and knowing that we visited everywhere, would bluntly ask us did we see such-and-such a piece of furniture in so-and-so's house. But to offset these there were others who made a joke of the debris, and pointed with laughter to the work of Driscoll's Scouts in shooting out the eyes of the enlarged crayon portraits of their relatives.

Fauresmith was the chief town of the District of Fauresmith, containing the magistrate's house, court-house and jail. It was also headquarters for the South African Constabulary for the District, under command of Captain Dawson. The men had been using the school as a barracks before our arrival, which they naturally resented.

This town contained many of the influential families of the old Free State, furnishing members for the Volksraad and generals for the war, so we did not expect a cordial reception. Indeed Mr. Gunn advised us to make the first advances ourselves, advice which we followed literally, with some laughable results. However, from our first hour in the town, we met with nothing but the greatest

kindness and hospitality, and everyone seemed glad to have school going again.

Besides the famine in school supplies, we had a very limited wardrobe. Not dreaming of separation from our boxes, we had simply packed in the easiest manner, and for one long month Miss Arbuckle and I shared and schemed to make things do. There was a trying ordeal to face at the end of the first week. Mrs.



Fauresmith Girls.

Dawson, the captain's wife, had arranged an informal concert—no charge—to bring people together. Miss Taylor, our hostess, assured us that everyone expected us to be there. Friday afternoon found us sewing frantically in anticipation, and Friday night finished our discomfiture when the usher gave us the very front seats. The programme was good, however, and we quite enjoyed the informal evening afterwards when refreshments were served and we met everybody. Mrs. Dawson introduced an S. A. C. officer, Captain Poussette, of Sarnia, in whom I discovered another fellow-student of old Varsity—one more instance of the smallness of the world. He was in command of a Canadian troop of S. A. C. stationed

thirty miles to the north of Fauresmith, and he told us that there was another troop of Canadians forty miles east of us, at Edenburg, under Captain Powell, of Ottawa. This news made us feel quite at home.

On October 1st our house was ready, and we decided to move in and make shift with some bits of the old broken furniture, which Mr. Elfers, the former headmaster, had commissioned Mr. Watts to sell. This Mr. Elfers was a Hollander, highly spoken of by both English and Dutch. It was thought inadvisable, however, to retain him in the government schools, and he was afterwards engaged by the Dutch church to take charge of an orphanage. The people of Fauresmith were quieted by promises of a headmaster from an English university, but it was seven months before anyone came. By shutting out all teachers suspected of pro-Boer feelings, the Educational Department paved the way for the Separate Schools which were opened later; for when the Dutch synods succeeded in stirring up their people to support such schools, they had all ready at hand a large body of able and thoroughly disaffected teachers. However, I anticipate, as I intend to deal with this grave question of Separate Schools in a later chapter.

Our house, which we christened "Maple Cottage," promised to be very comfortable. There was a grate in the sitting-room, and an almost uninjured range in the kitchen, presided over by a

neat and smiling Kafir girl, hired for us by dear old Mrs. Beddy, who from first to last "mothered" us in the kindest way. Her name should have been first in the list at the beginning of this book, only she died long since. Maria, our Kafir, could speak no English, and we could speak no Dutch, so we smiled sweetly and relieved our feelings in French. Our kitchen Dutch soon equalled Maria's English, and we found her very teachable. She was beautifully clean, but cooked things in the Dutch way, potatoes with sugar, and mutton with cloves. Miss Arbuckle and I at once arranged a division of labor. She was to keep the school registers and accounts, while I was to be housekeeper and keep the house accounts. The Government was now giving us a cash living allowance in place of rations. My first problem was to get fuel. I found that everywhere off the railroad people burned *messe* (dried manure) because coal was not to be had; so I made a bargain with one of the big boys to bring me a bagful every week. This substance burned as evenly as charcoal.

As soon as we settled in Maple Cottage we proceeded to carry out two plans we had formed. The first was to give a picnic to all the smaller children; and the second was to give a tea to the mothers and the members of the upper classes. The picnic was like any other picnic, of course, but the tea made a perfect sensation. We blundered innocently enough, but we should have found out the customs of the place. It seemed that

a formal tea was an unheard-of function, and many of them expected a sit-down supper. Then it never occurred to us that a tea could be given without having the blinds drawn, and our silliness only dawned upon us when a few of the younger people asked us timidly why we had candles lighted. However, they all seemed to enjoy themselves, and certainly the sitting-room and dining-room looked exceedingly cozy in the candle-light. The ceilings and floors were of hardwood, and Maria had polished the latter with a mixture of paraffine, candle-grease and turpentine until they shone. We had brought over several benches from school and covered them with our red blankets, and there were masses of roses everywhere. It was the rose season, and the children brought us the most magnificent roses from their gardens, the same as our most expensive hot-house varieties.

As soon as the town ladies heard we were in our house they hastened to call. They nearly all spoke perfect English, with a slight accent, noticeable chiefly in their "g's" and "ch's," which they made guttural. But their kindness did not stop at calls. They sent us presents of flowers, home-made bread, fresh butter and an occasional egg, which things were not to be bought at any price; and we had invitations everywhere. At that time also we heard the origin of the baboon stories. It seemed that after the evacuation in December, 1901, the baboons had come in from the neighboring kopjes and had ransacked the houses; the doors had apparently

banged shut on some of them, which were afterwards found dead in the houses.

If those Fauresmith houses could have spoken what a history they could have told of those vacant months; of the repeated attacks on the town from the block-houses on the surrounding kopjes, with the Dutch making their last stand in the big church



House Ruined in the War.

tower; of the burning of the shopmen's goods in the market square; of the women grinding corn in the coffee-mills to make coarse bread; of the long *trek* of the refugees to

the various camps, or the coast; of the endless succession of Highlanders, Dutch commandos, Yeomanry, more Dutch, Driscoll's Scouts, Remington's, Constabulary, all looting and all destroying. And other towns had a similar story.

Then we got acquainted with the Constabulary and heard their side of things, to add to the tales we had already heard at Norval's, Springfontein and Johannesburg; how one of their sergeants, a quiet little Australian, had been imprisoned in a Boer laager, stripped naked, and sent back on foot across the burning veldt to his own camp, miles away, which he had reached almost dead; and how

in one little village of Dopper Dutch, the women and children had mobbed the house of the only English residents, in the absence of the father, and told the wife and girls what the Dutch intended to do with them and the likes of them as soon as they had driven the English into the sea—and then fired on the house; and how—but these things are better forgotten.

We first met a number of these S. A. C. at Mrs. Beddy's. She told us afterwards that, as



A Commandeered Church, used as a Stable.

several of the town girls had refused flatly to meet the troopers, she was quite nervous about inviting us lest we should spoil her evening. But we found them to be exceedingly gentlemanly and well-behaved fellows, and we were much too democratic to see any reason why we should not associate with them. Some of them, to be sure, had considerable difficulty with their "h's," but many others were gentlemen's sons. When General Baden-Powell first organized the force, his idea had been to attract "gentlemen rankers," hence promotion was to be entirely from the ranks. A third-class trooper's pay nearly equalled that of a subaltern of the line, while a first-class trooper had more. The work was to be somewhat similar to that of the North-

West Mounted Police, but with less individual responsibility. Every week the men went out on patrols, of one, two, and three days in succession, taking rations with them. They had to find out if any arms or ammunition were secreted about the farms, keep a census of all farm inhabitants and stock, see that stock was properly branded, issue and oversee the passes of the Kafirs; and some of the men became welcome guests in distant farms because they were thoughtful enough to carry out parcels and mail.

After Mrs. Beddy's party, a few who were not there made the most laughable attempts to meet us. One man came down to borrow a rat-trap which he heard was stored with Mr. Elfer's stuff. Another wondered if we had a piece of elastic to spare; he could not get any in the shops. Another, passing the door, dropped a loaf of bread on the step. Without thinking, I exclaimed, "Yeast-bread!" He laughed, apologized, and said, "I'm the cook of the sergeants' mess, and they won't miss a loaf." He insisted on giving us one, saying they got it from Jagersfontein, which had much better shops than ours. He offered to tell "Old Dave" to bring us some when he drove over for the S. A. C. supplies twice a week, and in due time "Old Dave" appeared, driving a square thing he called a Scotch cart, drawn by four mules in a fearful tangle of old harness and rope. And a staunch friend "Old Dave" proved to be. Twice a week until he sailed for England, months later, he never failed to leave

us our order of bread or anything else we wanted from Jagersfontein. Then he inherited a little property, married his fiancée of ten years' standing, and settled on a Mexican ranch.

The sergeant-major told us his story, and stories of the others, too; for none of these men, English-like, could be induced to talk of themselves. The nickname "Old Dave" was self-evident, but malaria had weakened and aged him beyond his years, so he was not required to go on patrols, but did the light jobs around the barracks. We often saw him sitting on the ground in the sun, surrounded by old harness, which it was one of his duties to mend. This was a man with a dozen titles floating around in his family. He was also a gentleman in the best sense of the word, but lacked initiative. I never saw such a change in anyone as in him when he got his legacy. He came in to say good-bye in a fine suit of tussore "civvies," and positively swaggered down the street. Then there was "Sandy," who broke in and trained all the horses, and whose father was said to have speculated away a huge estate in Australia.

But the sergeant-major's best stories centred around a tall, handsome fellow, who had signed on at nineteen, long and lanky. He had grown up in a beautiful home, but suddenly finding himself poorer than he had expected to be, thought he saw his chance in the S. A. C. First night in quarters he knelt to say his prayers, being the sort of lordly youth whose surroundings did not particularly

interfere with his personal habits. Naturally he was greeted with a shower of boots, brushes, jacks, etc., which rendered devotions impossible. Then he got up—he stood six feet one in his socks—and offered to fight any or all individually who were spoiling for a scrap. After he had thrashed two or three, British fair play was satisfied, and he returned to his interrupted devotions. Nor did the prestige thus gained suffer on the battle-field. One day the officer commanding found it necessary to send a message to another division, across a stretch of open veldt exposed to the enemy's sharpshooters. He called for volunteers. The tall youth drewled his willingness, and cantered across as coolly as on parade-ground, with showers of bullets pinging the ground alongside. His turn apparently had not come, for even his horse escaped with only a slit ear.

A few days after the "mothers' tea" there was a public holiday, St. Weden's Day. This was one of the Dutch holidays retained by the British; another was Dingaan's Day in February. Miss Arbuckle and I were out for a walk when we heard a horse thundering behind us. We stepped aside, but the rider pulled up and dismounted.

"Excuse me!" said he. "But I'm a Canadian, and I was looking out of the mess window when you passed by, and I knew you were Canadians by the way you got up street as if you owned the town. The fellows said you were the new teachers, and I just *had* to come and speak to you. I hope you'll

pardon me, but I haven't seen any but Dutch girls and Kafirs for three mortal years."

We murmured some reply, but he dashed on—
"I guess you're the same Canadians Captain Poussette told me about. I'm in his troop."

All this in an accent one could cut with a knife. Yet we felt our pride in our country swelling as he stood there, six feet of well-developed young Canada, with fair hair and blue eyes gleaming out of his brown skin. The unconventionality scarcely occurred to us, we were becoming so accustomed to the friendly veldt fashion of greeting all strangers.

The friendship thus begun proved most useful to us, as our new friend constituted himself advisor-in-chief as to which men were worth knowing, and which were to be tabooed. Captain Poussette certainly had his hands full with twenty-one, some of whom adorned the district jail during the greater part of our stay in Fauresmith. And they weren't a circumstance to the Constabulary in Edenberg, under Captain Powell. The latter was transferred, and a new captain, whom they disliked, was put over them. They mutinied, and at kit inspection would fling their rifles out of their tents, and tell the Captain to come and look at them if he wanted to. They were disbanded at once and sent home. Yet everyone gave these men the greatest praise for their coolness and skill in battle, but it seemed as if they lacked self-control in time of peace, especially when they got whiskey. One night two men out on parole spied some whiskey in a Dutchman's

house. They immediately helped themselves, turned the Dutelman and his family out-of-doors, and proceeded to make a night of it. Before the end of the year we were shamed into the feeling that Canada had sent across the scum of the Eastern Provinces, though some of the men were of the very best, and one could fully sympathize with the feeling which led one of them to remark that the voyage on the S. A. C. transport was "a month in hell."

But I must turn to a more cheerful topic. In the second week of October our boxes came from Jagersfontein Road. The big school-boys made a bee of unpacking, and I never imagined that slates could look so attractive. We stored the school books on the sitting-room shelves for safety, and the various games around the hall. A neighbor called the latter the Fauresmith Gymnasium. Along one wall were arranged racks of hockey sticks, tennis rackets and Indian clubs, and on the other side were croquet, cricket and our own saddles. Miss Arbuckle had arranged that the senior classes should control the play-ground, on a sort of self-government principle. This worked admirably, and the boys turned to work manfully to put the tennis court in order. Only the larger ones were allowed to play cricket, hockey or tennis, the smaller ones having rounders and basket-ball, which I had brought myself from Canada. The little ones had simply the ordinary children's play, which was all they required.

School now began properly, and we felt that we could accomplish something. We had a very large supply of pictures, colored and plain, which we used to decorate the class-rooms, and which gave great pleasure to the children. Apparently there had always been an incredible lack of pretty books for children throughout the country, even our biggest scholars having never heard of our best-known children's books, such as "Alice in Wonderland." A roll of colored Sunday School pictures, sent out by Dr. Briggs, called forth a chorus of ecstatic "ohs!" from my class.

Other people in town were also getting supplies, so that the houses were gradually regaining a home-like appearance. Martial law was at an end, and a daily post cart connected all our chain of towns on the Kimberley Road, Luckoff, Koffeefontein, Fauresmith and Jagersfontein, with the railway. Until October the mail had reached us only once a week, by S. A. C. carrier. It was the custom as soon as the mail was sorted to ring the market bell, when all the inhabitants rushed to the post-office like boys to a dog-fight.

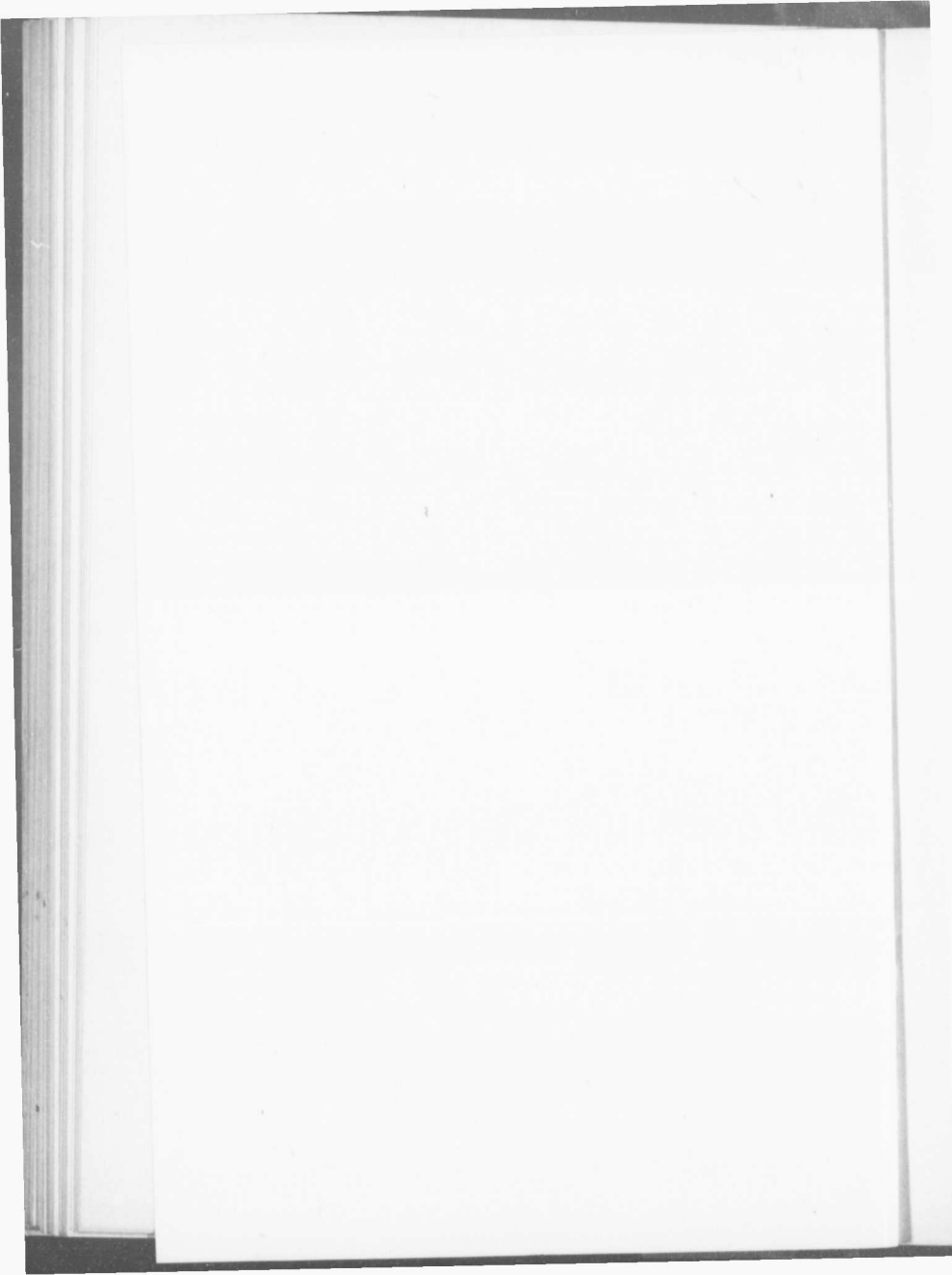
By the end of October the absentees were nearly all home from the Coast, and the school had grown beyond our strength. We were constantly agitating for a kindergarten teacher, and also a Dutch teacher, so that we might comply with the regulations, which called for about four hours instruction in high Dutch every week. But it was the middle of November before the kindergartner

came, and Christmas before we had a Dutch teacher. People were grumbling loudly by that time. Still they tried to make it plain to us that they did not hold us responsible, and, indeed, we were helped in school by Miss Bam, daughter of the Dutch minister, during an illness of Miss Arbuckle's. Miss Bam was kindness itself, and simply laughed at the mention of pay.

About this time the farmers were discouraged by a flight of locusts, the only one I saw during my stay in Africa. The heavy rain of September had caused the seed to spring up in a gratifying manner, and the trees promised much fruit. In a single night everything was lost. It was nearly time to dismiss school one day, when the windows were suddenly darkened by numbers of what looked to us like enormous flying grasshoppers. The children gasped, "Locusts!" They knew what it meant, and became so excited that we let them go. Everyone immediately started killing as many locusts as possible, which was curiously easy to do, for it seemed as if they became stupid when they alighted, and very few remained flying about singly. They settled on the ground in even rows, quite close together, in the same direction in which they had been flying, and ate up absolutely everything. The Constabulary tried to exterminate the next brood, by watching the hatching places, and, as soon as a brood began to crawl, the men inoculated some of the insects with poison. The remainder fed on their carcasses and also died. The reports on this



MISS ARBUCKLE'S AND THE WRITER'S CLASSES, CHRISTMAS, 1902.



method of extermination were very encouraging. That one flight, however, deprived us of all the first crop of fruit and green vegetables, a terrible loss in the hot weather just coming on. No more rain was due until after Christmas, hence it was useless to sow fresh seed.

In consequence of the failure of the harvest there was danger of famine amongst the very poor, and to guard against this the Government wisely decided to keep the Repatriation office, or Government Relief office, as it came to be called, open until after the next harvest. This office was to inquire into all cases of distress, to supply work when possible, or to give supplies outright.

When I use the word "harvest," I do not mean such a harvest as we have in America, but a supply of vegetables, fruits and rough hay for the stock. The grain of the country came from the section bordering on Basutoland, and most of the hay from the northern Transvaal.

It seemed to us that the children faced the hard conditions with surpassing bravery. Many a girl came to school with a bright smiling face although she had no dinner to look forward to but a slice of bread and molasses; many a boy had to do a good day's work before the school day began. I recall one family especially, of which I had two girls and a boy in my class. The family consisted of father, mother, and six children. The father's sole earnings were the few pounds he picked up by driving an occasional Repatriation wagon. Suddenly the

eldest girl and the boy left school. On inquiry I learned that the boy had enteric—typhoid fever—the mother was in bed with lumbago, and this girl was sole nurse and cook for the family. They were by far too poor to keep a Kafir girl. Yet, when the children returned to school, the girl was very little behind in her classes, having managed amidst her multifarious duties to find time to study; nor had her home duties been neglected.

On the King's birthday a shocking accident occurred, which had, however, the effect of showing how strong a link of friendliness was uniting all classes at that time. Our town was playing Jagersfontein in a cricket match, and the men came home in inky darkness over the bad road I have before mentioned. Sergeant-major Doris' horse ran into a remnant of barbed-wire entanglement, throwing his rider against a stone. He never regained consciousness. The sergeant-major had been a most strict disciplinarian, and many of the men professed to hate him; yet even these stood pale with emotion at his funeral. He was buried with full military honors, the most affecting of all funerals. Even some of our Dutch friends had red eyes. A few of the most exclusive townspeople, who had refused to meet the troopers, stripped their gardens of their finest flowers; while the whole town observed a week of mourning as for a personal friend. The service was conducted by Rev. Mr. Thorne, of Jagersfontein, an old gentleman who

had lost everything in the war, and had formerly lost all he had in the Transvaal war of 1883.

Mr. Thorne was a peace hero. The Fauresmith rector, Mr. Stevens, a man about whose name there clustered endless tales of life-long sacrifice, had died during the war, the rectory had been burned, and the people were too poor to support another rector. Mr. Thorne, whose little church was filled twice a day with men from the mines, might have been excused if he had paid no heed to us, yet at infinite discomfort and labor to himself—for he was an old man—he drove over to us on Sunday afternoons, in all sorts of weather, and held service until Easter-time. Anyone who has been obliged to cross the veldt at two o'clock of a summer afternoon, when all the South African world is in bed, can appreciate what that meant. At Easter the Mission Board helped us out with a rector of our own.

The Dutch church, of Presbyterian doctrines and order of service, held meeting in the mornings only. There was some sort of young people's prayer-meeting at night, but many of the young people came to the English service.

Towards the end of November the kindergarten teacher came—Miss Blair, a Scotch lassie, one of the sweetest and most unselfish girls it has been my good fortune to know. She found everybody talking concert. Mrs. Dawson was getting up one to raise funds for renovating the town hall, and we were drilling the children for closing exercises.

There was no piano in the school, which made it uphill work. However, we knew that things usually come to those who hustle while they wait. By the time we were ready for rehearsals in the town hall, the non-commissioned officers of the S. A. C. had kindly offered us their old mess piano, and Mrs. Dawson cheerfully lent us her good one for the concert.

Two days before Christmas the arrival of a second-hand piano changed Maple Cottage into a home, and from that date it was more than ever "The Young People's Club-house," as a neighbor christened it. It was indeed a sort of neutral ground where the different cliques might meet without injury to their pride, as several new elements were then agitating Fauresmith society. These were a few families and some young men and women, all friendly to the British, who had recently returned from Europe, or Cape Colony, and boarding-school. One young gentleman, whose sisters had been particularly cordial, had just graduated in law from London University. Another gentleman and his wife were from Edinburgh, whose university has always attracted a large number of South African Dutch. These were an exceptionally handsome couple who had had no little amusement at a Scotch tea given in their honor. An Edinburgh lady remarked to the gentleman, "I don't see any Boers here yet, do you? I was told there would be some." "No," said he, looking around—he could easily see the whole room—"I don't see any Boers



DUTCH CHURCH, FAURESMTIL.



anywhere." Just then his hostess rushed up and introduced him and his wife as her two South African Dutch friends.

Everything considered, the town was becoming too British in tone for a few ultra-Dutch, called in Cape Colony Afrikanders, and they formed a little clique of their own. A few old Anglo-Africans scoffed at the apparent friendliness of others, remarking, "Just wait till the compensation claims are



Maple Cottage Residents.
Miss Graham, Miss Blair, Miss Arbuckle.

paid, and then you'll find out how much their friendship is worth. They don't think it wise now to show their real feelings." Such gloomy prophecies made us feel unhappy, but I fear they contained a percentage of truth. No doubt other causes were at work, but the fact remains that in many communities, living in the utmost concord during the first year of peace, there has since been nothing but strife. In Colesburg, for instance, where we had spent such happy hours, the same people who had entertained us had joined opposing cliques, boycotting each other in society and business.

Just before Christmas the Government Com-

pensation Claims Board, whose work will be considered more fully in a later chapter, opened an office in Fauresmith. Our late assistant superintendent at Norval's, Mr. Robertson, was secretary, an instance of the way in which one was always meeting old friends in Africa. Although the country is so large, the population is small and constantly moving about, and one is soon impressed with the "knowability" of everyone, as Kipling says of India. All persons who had vouchers for stock used or claims for compensation were to present them to this office for investigation. Mr. Robertson thought that a month would be sufficient to finish the work, but it proved to be so complicated that a year saw it still incomplete. The delay had a bad effect on business, as people had already stretched their credit on the strength of their claims.

On Christmas eve all the neighborhood gathered at Mrs. Truby's (the wife of the postmaster), to "sing in" Christmas. We were told that this was an old Dutch custom, and a very pretty one we thought it. But with the mercury in the nineties every day it was hard to realize that it was Christmas time.

Contrary to expectations, I did not feel the South African heat so oppressive as the midsummer heat in Ontario. The air is so clear and dry, and the nights usually so cool, that I found it quite bearable. Sunstroke in ordinary times is rare.

Christmas morning we were feeling rather

depressed, when we heard Joanna coming down the passage. Maria, our first Kafir, had left us some time before, because of illness, and Joanna, or "Janiky," as she called herself, was a continual source of amusement. She was an older woman, an excellent cook, but always talking to herself and apparently enjoying some joke at our expense. These Kafir girls were like mischievous children. One day Maria was caught in the act of imitating to the life the walk of a certain young lady who was rather conceited, and after that we were constantly getting her to imitate all our friends, and ourselves included. So when we heard Joanna chattering in an excited way we prepared for surprises. In she came, her arms full of bundles. "Hi, missy, missy looi (lazy), ho, missy upstand, hi, hi, hi!" and she waited expectantly. The largest parcel was an immense box of sweets for the three of us. While we were exploring the parcels with our spirits up a hundred per cent., there came a great clamor at the door; the verandah was full of children to wish us merry Christmas.

The day passed off delightfully. A clergyman passing through to Kimberley held morning service, which was followed by an informal reception at Mrs. Philip Voortman's. A thunder-shower in the afternoon cooled the air, thus enabling us to do full justice to the fine dinner waiting for us. Several neighbors had sent in samples of plum-pudding, and our own was an absolute success. The sergeants' mess had sent us a present of some chickens

which the late sergeant-major had destined for our Christmas. We had invited a few other exiles to share the feast, and Joanna had filled the kitchen with a hilarious gathering of her cronies to devour the remains. Mrs. Beddy, knowing that our oven was defective, insisted upon roasting the chickens for us, and I fear that there wasn't much left for Joanna. After eating nothing but lean hill mutton for three months, until Miss Arbuckle declared that she was ashamed to look a sheep in the face, chickens tasted indescribably good. In the evening Mrs. Meintjes and her daughters and some other neighbors dropped in for a "sing-song." Miss Lulu Meintjes, who was to teach Dutch in school, was a charming singer, and an exceedingly handsome girl.

The day following Christmas—Boxing Day, the English call it—was another public holiday. An immense picnic was held at *Groen Kloof* (green valley) farm. Those of us who had saddles rode, and the others went in a big *trek* wagon with a tent, drawn by a dozen oxen. Several engagements were the result of that picnic, but the first wedding was our own Margaret Blair, who married Mr. Chas. Schickerling some months later, and is now living on a beautiful farm near Fauresmith.

This farm of *Groen Kloof* was occupied by an especially bitter anti-British family. One of the daughters, a little fair woman with golden curls, was quite a noted character. She was well educated, and had been a Boer ambulance nurse. During the war she had been a spy, was caught and sent down to Cape Colony; whence she worked her way

to the front again without a pass, was caught again and put in Springfontein Camp. There she made such a disturbance that she had to be put in the "irreconcilable" lines. She was an excellent seamstress, and we made her acquaintance over some work. One day, as we sat sipping coffee at the farm, she began railing at the English, calling them "white devils." We said:

"Why do you talk like that? We are British, remember."

"Oh!" she answered, "you may be British, but you are not English. You are Canadian, and we like Canadians—you come from a big free country and you are not stiff."

We finished our coffee with rather mixed feelings.

The Dutch farmers, in fact, assured us that they took the liveliest interest in Canadian farming interests, and I heard much from them of the progress of the Dutch deputation to America to study farm methods. Everyone approved highly of the policy of the Bloemfontein Government in seeking to improve the farming conditions of the Orange River Colony. Generally also the Canadian soldier boys were well spoken of by the people. They never failed to tell us what looters they were, but I rather think they admired that quality; at any rate they "got on well with them," to use their own expression.

Not only on the farms, but everywhere, coffee is an institution of South Africa; everyone drinks it before rising, again at eleven o'clock, and at four o'clock instead of tea. Usually it was good, but

sometimes it was unspeakable, and to refuse it was to give great offence. There was another farm near Fauresmith which we often visited and where the coffee-pot was always on the stove. When the liquid became weak more coffee was put in, and when the pot refused to hold more water, I suppose the grounds were emptied out. The lady of the house was a jolly old soul who could speak no word of English, and who was so fat that I always held my breath when she reached the door. One day I was out there with some of the village girls, one of whom had been accepting various attentions from a young Englishman. "Why do you smile on that pauper?" cried the old lady. "See my son, he would marry you gladly; and look at the beautiful farm, and the stock! What foolishness!" The girl's cheeks would have toasted bread.

The Christmas holidays lasted five weeks, and shortly after school began again Miss Blair had a peremptory telegram ordering her immediately to the Railway School at Bloemfontein. She was greatly upset, but there was no one to give an explanation, as Mr. Gunn was no longer our inspector, and we did not know who was in his place. Then a letter came advising us that Miss Phillimore would take the kindergarten. It was delightful to have Miss Phillimore again, but we knew that she intended sailing for England in a few weeks, so this arrangement would be merely temporary, and in March the kindergarten would be upset once more. It had grown to such an immense size that it was very difficult for a stranger to take

hold of the work; so after much writing to the Department, Mrs. Van der Post, a lady in the town, was hired as assistant to Miss Phillimore. Meanwhile Miss Blair used all her powers of persuasion in the head office, and when Miss Phillimore left for England she was sent back to Fauresmith. This was one example among dozens of the foolish waste of money by the Department in shifting teachers, often contrary to the expressed wish of the people of the towns, to say nothing of the frequent upsetting of classes. Whenever a teacher moved a private cart had to be hired to take her to the railroad, as the post carts carried only hand baggage. And the Department, of course, had all expenses to pay. The only explanation we could ever get for it was found in the shortage of teachers; whichever schools clamored loudest for help got it at the expense of others.

All our classes were very full in March, the beginning of autumn. The farm children had come to town to take advantage of the free schools, because there was little to do on the farms. An almost unbroken drought, from September, had killed the seed of the second crop, and we heard pitiful tales of the sheep dying by the thousands for want of water. It was said that all the stock given out by the Repatriation Board died that year. In town we were fortunate in having an excellent supply of water from springs in the hills. It was almost impossible to get fruit, for it had simply shrivelled up and dropped off the trees. A few farms like Botany Grove (Mr. Schickerling's) had magnificent

fruit, because their gardens were irrigated, a fine object lesson of what could be done with irrigation from extensive dams.

We had no little amusement out of these big farm boys. Several had served on commando and had forgotten almost all their former schooling, but were quite content to start over again with the little ones. Indeed, such was their desire to make up for what they had lost that they had to be chased out for recess. One day a little man knocked at my door, and ushered in a big, overgrown boy. He said:

"Miss Graham, I bring you my boy Gert. He goot boy, but no school—tree, four year. He fight goot, and work by the farm. Now, you beat him, beat him hard, make him learn." Poor Gert, eighteen years old, and only fit for the Third Reader! But he did his very best.

In March, also, the town was thrown into a flutter of excitement over the approaching wedding of Miss Winnie Rorich, whose father had made a fortune from diamond mines found on his farm. She was one of the most popular girls in town, and was to marry a Mr. de Villiers, who, as the name signifies, was descended from one of the old French Huguenot families which had first settled the Cape. There was quite a sprinkling of these French names amongst the children, such as Olivier, Joubert, Roux, Bignaut, De la Rey, etc. Half the town was invited to Miss Winnie's wedding reception, after which she and Mr. de Villiers drove away to the Road in a carriage all decked with white ribbon, and followed by an escort of a dozen

other carriages. The spirit of a wedding is the same the world over, and the guests left behind spent the rest of the day picking rice out of their hair.

It was from Joanna, the cook, that we learned some new wrinkles in the conduct of a wedding. Having secured permission one day to go to one the following morning, she electrified us at breakfast by appearing in a bright yellow gown, with every individual strand of her wool frizzed out on end, and surmounted by an artificial wreath. Asked the meaning of this frivolity it transpired that she was to be bridesmaid. "Bridesmaid!" we shrieked. She had a pickininny eight years old. Further questioning elicited the astounding statement that the bride had



Our Cook Joanna.

been married by Kafir rites some twenty years before, that her own grown-up daughter was to be the first bridesmaid, and that in the intervening twenty years she and her *mann* had saved the requisite fifty pounds for a grand Christian wedding, with

a sumptuous breakfast and a week's revelry afterwards; and that this programme was rather a popular one amongst the Kafirs.

Easter brought several changes to our little world of Fauresmith. Rev. Mr. Downton, our rector, came and began his work on that day, and we felt very important at the thought of having our own clergyman at last. Also the long-talked-of headmaster arrived from Scotland. This led to the removal of Miss Arbuckle to Bethlehem, and she left amid the universal regret of townspeople and children. I don't know which of us felt it more, she at going, or I at staying behind. However, she was not to be thrown amongst total strangers as Miss Wilson and Miss Webb, from Norval's Pont, were still at Bethlehem, and Miss De Wolfe, a Canadian from Halifax, had recently been moved there from Kroonstad.

We observed the spirit of Easter Day by decorating the graves of all soldiers, British or Dutch. This work was carried on all over Africa by the League of Loyal Women, an organization similar in aims to the Daughters of the Empire in Canada.

Easter also marked the end of the warm weather, and the beginning of what proved to be a very severe winter. In May and June there were several degrees of frost nightly, and one day in June there was a flurry of snow. That sounds meaningless to Canadians, but if you will reflect that most of the people were too poor to buy fuel, or even warm clothing, you will understand that there

was much suffering. It brought a lump to my throat to see my children morning after morning in cotton frocks or jackets, with brave smiling faces, and their little fingers so swollen with chilblains that they could scarcely hold their pencils. The continued drought and the delay in the payment of compensation claims had strained credit to the utmost, and only the wealthiest were free from worry.

So the time slipped by until the July holidays with no special developments of any sort. The compensation claims were gradually being paid, and the Relief Board was selling off its stock and supplies preparatory to closing its office. The social life of the town, aptly likened to that of a summer resort by Miss Phillimore, had exchanged the milder summer sports for polo, field hockey and paper-chases on horseback. Being so near Jagersfontein we had quite a large circle of young people, and every day of the winter holidays had something special.

Meantime I had received my orders to march on, and was looking forward with regret to the time when I should leave Fauresmith, when a horrible accident rang down the curtain on my life there. From the time of the headmaster's arrival Miss Blair and I had been boarding; and on the day before I left Fauresmith a young man who sat opposite me at table was killed at polo, and the last thing I did in the town was to play the funeral march in the service.

CHAPTER IX.

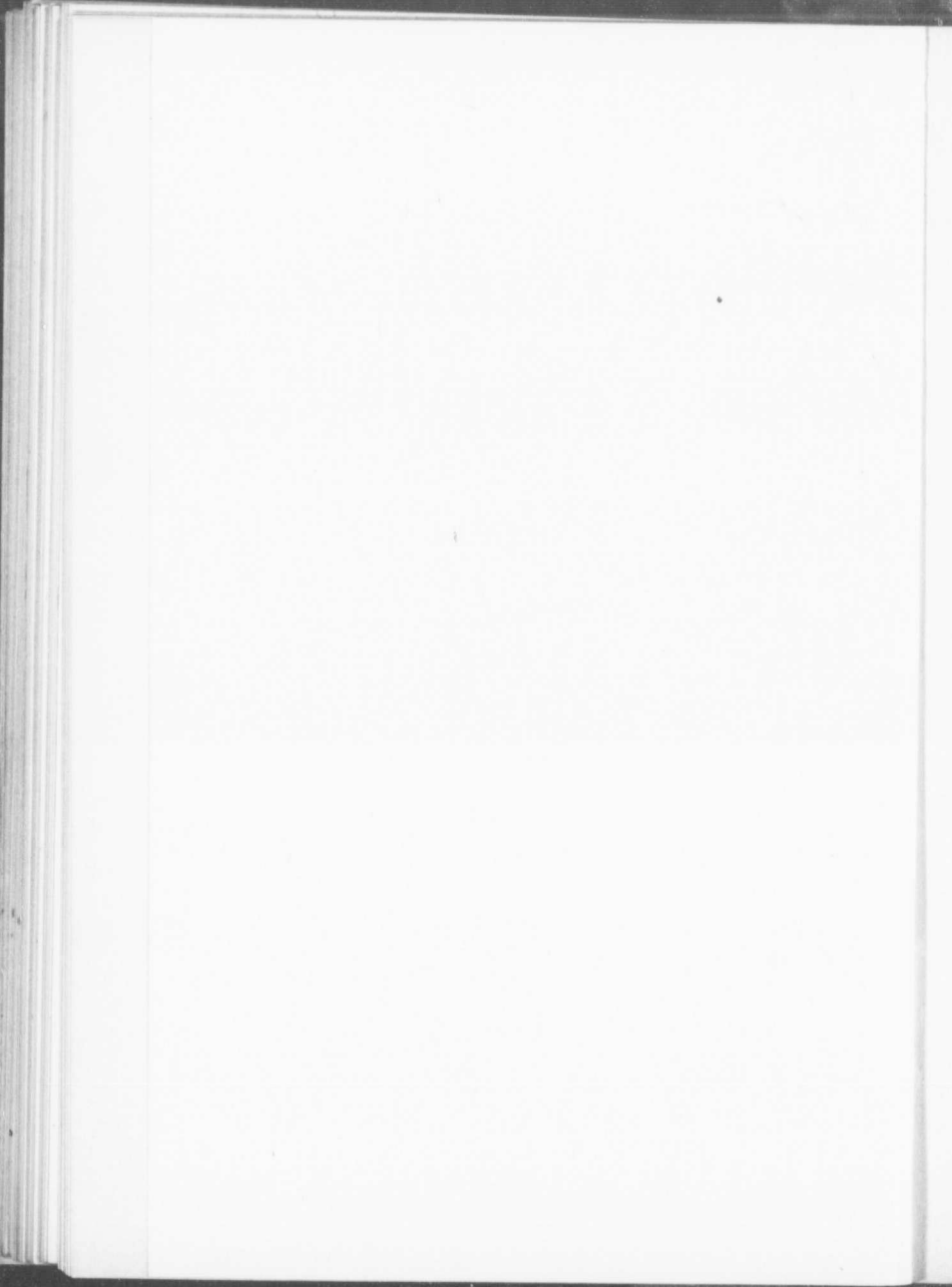
KROONSTAD.

My next station was at Kroonstad, the seat of the Orange Free State Government after the occupation of Bloemfontein by Lord Roberts, and next in size and importance to Bloemfontein. It is very prettily situated on the banks of the Valsch River.

Two incidents of my journey there stand out as peculiarly characteristic of life on the veldt. The first occurred at the noon "out-span" on the way to the railroad. The halting place was a ruined and deserted farm, where already another cart had stopped, of which the occupant was preparing his picnic lunch on a rug spread on the sand. He was a commercial traveller, evidently, to judge by the enormous boxes roped in careful balance before and behind his Cape cart. When my boy had led off the horses to water and I was laying out my own lunch, I could see my fellow traveller taking furtive glances in my direction. As I had no fresh fruit he had a chance to break the ice by offering some of his, and in a few minutes we had arranged to re-spread our lunch together while our boys looked on at a respectful distance, awaiting their share. A pretty pair we were, too! He was a red-headed



VALSCH RIVER "DRIFT" OR FORD AT KROONSTAD.



Scotchman, with his face burnt to the same fiery hue; while I was tanned almost as brown as a Kafir from the out-of-door life I had been leading with hockey, tennis, or paper-chases on horseback every afternoon. With my white Panama, bound with a dull red puggaree, I might have posed as a western cowboy-girl just off the plains.

The second incident was on board the train—the first I had seen for eleven months. In the same compartment was a pretty English girl, just out, with the typical English complexion of cream and roses. She was wearing a dainty travelling costume of grey serge, with a little white Alpine hat, which altogether presented such a contrast to my dust-stained garments as must have made a Zulu laugh.

Kroonstad was a new type of town, much busier than Bloemfontein. My new headmaster, Mr. Noakes, who met me at the station, informed me that they were having a boom, and that people were paying from seven to nine pounds a month for cottages of five rooms, while others were still obliged to live in tents. As time passed on I failed to discover any sufficient reason for the boom, as did likewise many of the business people. There were all sorts of rumors in the air of new gold finds, valuable coal deposits and precious stones. They did indeed find coal of an uncertain quality at Vereeniging, some distance from Kroonstad, and some indications of gold, but the precious stones,

on investigation, proved to be bits of colored glass scattered about by sharpers.

Prices, moreover, were still exorbitant during that second year after the war, owing to the droughts. Eggs sold at two shillings a dozen, fresh eggs at four shillings, and strictly fresh eggs



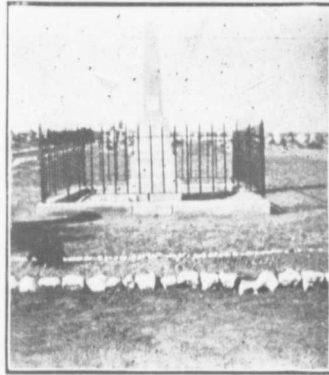
Deviation used in Valsch River during the War, when Kroonstad Bridge was destroyed.

at nine shillings on the market; butter was from two to three shillings a pound, and milk fourpence a pint; bread was sixpence a pound, but meat was only ninepence, as it was brought in quantities from Australia.

Clothing became quite reasonable in price, but Kafir labor was the only cheap article on the market. It amused Canadians vastly to hear South African ladies grumble because a good Kafir cook wanted a pound a month, while a fair one could be had for ten shillings, all Miss Arbuckle and I had ever paid. Of course the girls expected old clothes, and carried away all the leavings from the kitchen to their "location" homes every night.

Kroonstad was the centre of a circle of military

camps—the second battalion of “the Queen’s,” the Fifth “Mounted Infantry,” two regiments of Hussars and some Gunners, who contributed largely to the gayety of local society with gymkhanas, polo, races, band concerts, balls, etc. Yet the social life lacked entirely the spontaneity and unity characteristic of the previous year at Fauresmith. People were beginning to feel the shortage of money keenly; banks were calling in their loans, causing numbers of people to become bankrupt; all classes were blaming the Government, as people usually do, for their woes, and Dutch and English were not only drawing apart, but were dividing into numerous cliques. Individually, however, I found the people of Kroonstad more hospitable, if possible, than the people of Fauresmith had been. The inhabitants were about half and half British and Dutch, with many nice families of both races. Amongst the Dutch there were a number of retired farmers, old people who



Soldiers' Monument, Kroonstad.

had sold their land to the Government at the close of the war, and were living on their money.

In the government schools the majority of the children were British, as the Dutch had a large Church school. The government schools were three in number, two free and one a fee-paying, or High School, in which I was an assistant. I pass



Anglo-African School Children.

over this topic here, as it is dealt with in the chapter on education. In fact, the chief problems which were agitating society that year are all discussed under their various heads.

A few months before leaving

Kroonstad, several of us made a determined and rather successful attempt to bring the various factions together by means of field hockey, the most popular pastime of the last three winters. The club had a membership of nearly a hundred, drawn from all the cliques of town; the ladies' club, of which I was captain, included a school-girl eleven, and had about equal numbers of Dutch and English. We arranged a regular schedule of games, the gentlemen playing alone three days in

the week, the ladies two days, the remaining day being devoted to a mixed game. On ladies' and mixed days tea was served on the grounds by members of the club in turn; and as there were always a number of spectators, the hockey field became a sort of informal social club.

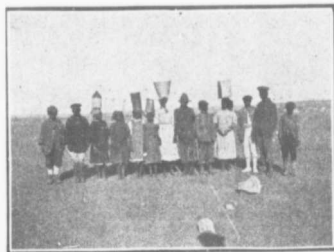
On the day before I left Kroonstad hockey interest reached its climax. The gentlemen had challenged the ladies to a match, the former to be handicapped by wearing skirts. All the town was on hand. During most of the first half everyone was too helpless with laughter to do much with the ball. A well-known colonel, centre forward for the gentlemen, was arrayed in a white skirt with a train which he had managed to fasten straight in front, with the obvious result that when he attempted to follow the ball he tripped and went rolling down the field. An elderly doctor, playing half, worked so hard that his skirt was in ribbons and himself so exhausted that he went straight to bed at the end of the game. It didn't take the younger gentlemen long to learn how to sprint in spite of the skirts, and it would have gone hard with our team had it not been for our right back, Miss Bouwer, who was simply unapproachable. Making allowance for the umpire's partiality, I think the score stood fairly one all.

CHAPTER X.

THE KAFIRS AND THE LABOR QUESTION

IN this and the following chapters I shall try to give an account of the chief topics of interest in the new colonies, some of which still present unsolved problems.

The Kafirs are an important element in South African life, outnumbering the whites five to one. The term Kafir is applied to all the blacks indiscriminately, although it belongs properly to the most numerous race, which is



Town Kafir Children.

gradually absorbing the others. None of them are so coal-black as some of our American negroes, who are usually superior in physique.

The Cape boys are almost yellow, and are said to be half-breeds. The Kafirs and kindred tribes are a clear brown, and the Hottentots somewhat darker and altogether most inferior-looking. The blacks

of the Orange River Colony come mostly from Basutoland, lying to the east, strictly reserved from white settlement, and protected by the British. There are various mission stations there, and it is reported that Basutoland is most fertile, and rich in minerals. None of the natives who come out for service will give one any information about the country, but become suspicious at once when questioned. Nor can one blame them. They have the same feeling of ownership of all South Africa that the Red Indians had of America, and in fact have often been heard saying, since the war, that when all the British soldiers would leave the country it would be their turn to get back their land. And so old settlers who have lived through the horrors of former native wars, feel very uneasy at the gradual withdrawal of the troops. The Dutch, moreover, have reason to fear the Kafirs, for in the old days they oppressed them. Many a Dutchman has told me unblushingly that the Kafirs had no souls and were only fit to be slaves. Indeed, during the year after the war scarcely a Dutch family could keep a Kafir servant, for the Kafirs had received much larger pay than they were accustomed to from the military, and as their wants are very simple, had saved enough to keep themselves for a year in idleness; hence they would work only when they chose. The quality of the work also depended largely on their personal liking for their employers. Several times I tried to get my girls to do odd jobs for a neighbor, but they would look annoyed and say, "Missy—

scelum (bad)." After much coaxing, however, they would go, but would do the most slipshod work. If a mistress got the reputation of being fussy, inefficient, or hard to please, no capable Kafir would work for her. They had, in fact, a most complete system of boycott in such matters.

One of the unexplained things amongst the Kafirs is their system of communication. Many a time we got news from distant parts of the country before the same items came by paper or post. Another quaint thing was their desire for long holidays. The most industrious of them would suddenly express a longing to go back to Basutoland, and "sit" so long as savings would last. They would hunt up a good substitute on these occasions, and at the end of the appointed time would reappear, and go on with their work quite cheerfully. Cheerfulness indeed is their prevailing characteristic, but they can sometimes squeeze out genuine tears in the most amusing way. We discovered that whenever anyone was moving away, the Kafir girl would become demonstratively affectionate. She would weep copiously and express an ardent wish to go with "missy." When she thought her victim's feelings were sufficiently worked upon, she would smile through her tears, like a rainbow through the clouds, and ask insinuatingly, "Missy want dat?" pointing to some coveted article. It was so funny that she usually got what she wanted.

One of our most amusing evenings in Fauresmith was spent at the closing exercises of the Kafir mis-

sion school. Our party rashly accepted front seats, being filled with a vain-glorious ambition to pay grave attention to everything on the programme. The opening number was an anthem, rendered by a dozen dusky beauties in gorgeous raiment of red and yellow, and an equal number of the more sombre sex in ill-fitting blacks, ranging from ordinary serge to some one's cast off evening coat. The chorus was trained by the sol-fa system, and sang without accompaniment, reflecting great credit on their teacher, a native with a really fine face. We gave the well-merited applause with great vigor. After that a succession of recitations, given with varying degrees of agony, to say nothing of the toilettes, was rapidly undermining our gravity, when the appearance of Sam, the butcher's boy, proved to be the last straw. Sam was a long, loose-jointed Kafir, with protruding head and splay feet. He shuffled on to the platform, pulled down his waistcoat, smoothed his coat-tails, adjusted his collar, and after several convulsive breaths emitted a stentorian "Come!" Apparently the key did not suit him, for after repeating his former programme to the minutest detail, he again shouted, "Come!" in a different key. By this time our party scarcely dared breathe, lest someone should explode with laughter. After a third and final effort, Sam succeeded in finishing his invitation. "Come into the stilly night," he sang, and finished it manfully, whereupon we encored him, and after that there was no holding ourselves at all.

The treatment of the natives by the Government up-country is not the same as in Cape Colony. There they live freely amongst the whites, having practically the same privileges, politically and otherwise. But in Natal and on the veldt they are too numerous, and for the most part too ignorant, to be allowed such freedom. Since the war the Natal regulations have been followed very largely throughout the Orange River Colony and the Transvaal, and are not widely



Typical Location Hut.

different from the regulations of the late Republics. In the first place, the Kafirs are not allowed to live intermingled with the whites, but must keep to themselves in "locations," or settlements, at one side of a town or farm. Secondly, no Kafir is allowed to wander about the towns or country without having in his possession a "pass," signed by his employer, renewed monthly, to certify that he is in regular employment. At nine o'clock, throughout the country, a curfew bell rings, after which any Kafir found outside the location, without a special pass, is liable to fine or imprisonment. The necessary arrangements are easily made when it is desirable to have the Kafirs stay at one's home overnight; but they prefer to go to the locations, being above all things

gregarious in their habits. It was found that the house-servants, washer-women in particular, evaded the law by sharing up washes and lending their passes. To prevent this the Constabulary now visit the locations to search out all who have no passes and send them back to Basutoland, a step rendered necessary by the frequency of petty thieving to support idlers in the location.

The Kafir girls make excellent laundresses, but their methods are sudden death to delicate fabrics.

All the washing is done in the river beds, on the flat rocks, the dirt being worked out by constant pounding with small stones. The clothes are then spread on the thorn bushes, always found along the banks of streams, and what the stones spare the thorns finish.



Kafirs Washing Clothes.

Some people say that the Kafirs are dishonest. Personally I never had the slightest cause for holding such an opinion. In the mines, however, they have to be very strictly watched, and, even so, thousands of pounds' worth of diamonds are stolen

every year, and are sold by the illicit diamond buyers.

Native labor is, of necessity, one of the main features in the conduct of the mines. A visit to Jagersfontein diamond mine, during my year in Fauresmith, afforded an opportunity of comparing the treatment of the Kafirs there with what we had seen in the Johannesburg gold mines. This mine was afterwards held up as a model by the *Bloemfontein Post*, and cited as one which had no difficulty in getting all the native labor it required.

Mr. and Mrs. Debell, the manager and his wife, entertained a party of us at dinner, and took us for a most interesting walk about the mine. We went first to the great pit where the diamonds were found. It was then excavated to a depth of over a hundred feet. As we looked down the Kafirs were preparing for the noon blast, and were scurrying under shelter like rabbits into their burrows. They wore oddly-braided straw Kafir hats, and little else; and when the blast was over heaped the broken clay in buckets, which were drawn to the surface by pulleys, there to be dumped into small trams drawn by donkeys along narrow rails to the pulsator. There it was spread out to be softened by the sun and air, after which it was sifted for stones.

When the men quit work for dinner they vanished into a hole in the side of the pit. Mr. Debell explained that that was the mouth of the tunnel leading to the native compound, and that the natives down below were not allowed to have any

communication with those working on the surface. He then took us to the compound to see them fed. It was a large area enclosed by a high whitewashed wall of mud brick, and surrounded by a continuous ring of mud brick rooms, also white. The natives were coming up from the tunnel past an overseer who checked them off. We followed them to the kitchen, a long room having a row of six iron kettles built in over fire-holes. Each kettle was as big as a barrel, and all were full of mealie meal mush (Indian corn, or cornmeal mush). Each Kafir had a pail, and as he filed past received a shovelful of mush, which is the Kafir's staple diet. None of them seemed to have any difficulty in making away with about three pints of mush in one meal. Besides mealies, each one was allowed as rations a certain quantity of bread, meat and vegetables. There was also a store where these and other articles, of guaranteed quality, were sold at strictly cost price. The rooms were kept beautifully clean, and there was a hospital ward with free attendance. There was also in the compound a search room, where departing Kafirs were carefully examined for stolen stones; a favorite device was to swallow them, for which scheme the search room programme provided a strong emetic.

The Kafirs signed for a definite period, usually three months. During that time they were not allowed out of the compound on any pretext whatever. That they appreciated their fair treatment, and that they understood perfectly the reason of

this detention, was proved by their readiness to sign on again at the expiration of their terms. We heard from various sources that other diamond mines did not treat their Kafirs so well; but, however that might have been, the agitation for Chinese labor was confined almost entirely to the gold mines of Johannesburg.

As a matter of fact, what is known as the labor problem never assumed large proportions in any instance outside of the mines. It is true that farmers had difficulty in getting help, and projected railroads were hindered by the scarcity of native labor; but everyone recognized the fact that such scarcity was merely temporary, due to the fact that the Kafirs were for the moment independent, owing to the relatively large amounts they had earned during the war. Therefore, when Johannesburg made such an outcry about their native labor having fallen to seventy thousand, as opposed to ninety thousand before the war, it scarcely caused a ripple of interest in the southern colonies. Agitators came down from the Rand, for and against Chinese labor, and could scarcely draw a meagre hearing. Everyone laughed at the amount of political capital made out of the question in the British House, for even the strongest opponents of the Chinese did not for a moment imagine that there could be any possibility of enslaving them; and even their strongest advocates did not promise that the relief in the financial situation would be anything more than a temporary one. Everyone knew that the big syndicates were

trying to consolidate the Rand mines, and it was to their interest to make things appear in the worst possible light.

In Johannesburg itself, however, the excitement was intense. Men who attended some of the public meetings there told me that the disorder in them beggared description. One night an anti-Chinese meeting was advertised for a large hall; the pros filled the building, wrecked all the furniture, and yelled without cessation for four hours. Similar scenes took place on the other side.

The Dutch people, who look upon the mines as the ruination of their land, the first cause of all their troubles, being the chief attraction for the "Uitlanders," took comparatively little interest in the discussion from any standpoint.

The Chinese, however, won the day. The arrival in South Africa of large contingents of these deprived numbers of Kafirs of their work in the mines, but as the Government promptly made use of the latter to push on the construction of public works, chiefly railroads, the first result of the importation of Chinese has been beneficial.

CHAPTER XI.

REPATRIATION AND COMPENSATION.

REPATRIATION and compensation were terms on every man's tongue during the whole period of my stay in the country, terms rather vague to the people of the outside world. Various references have been made in previous chapters to the work of the Repatriation Board, Relief Board, and Compensation Board. These boards were quite distinct in the nature and scope of their work, but, as they frequently had offices in the same rooms and were managed by the same men, it is small wonder that there was much misunderstanding of their character even in Africa itself. Stated briefly, the Repatriation Board sought to reinstate the farmers on their deserted homesteads; the Relief Board, to relieve distress caused by the long droughts and delays in payment of compensation money; while the Compensation Board tried to untangle the very complicated question of the amount owed to the former burghers for stock used or destroyed, as shown by scrip tallies, vouchers, or military receipts.

Naturally, the Repatriation Board was the first to organize, which it did immediately on the signing of

peace. It will be remembered that at that time the whole of the farming community was absent from the farms, of which the stock had been used or destroyed, and the buildings in many cases burned. A sight which frequently met the eye was the large sheep kraal—walled enclosure—heaped full of slaughtered animals. People say continually, "Why all this destruction?" The answer is that just as long as the Boer commandos were able to obtain supplies on the veldt, just so long did guerilla fighting continue. The Boer commandos also destroyed what they could not use, to prevent supplies falling into the hands of the British. When peace was signed, the British nation undertook the stupendous task of re-instating the farmers, setting them going, where necessary, in matters of seed, implements, stock and building material; a month's food being included in the supplies issued. If a man had sufficient ready money to pay for the supplies they were furnished to him at cost price, but if he could not pay he took what he wanted and had the amount credited to his compensation claims account, to be reckoned with after the farms were resettled.

Repatriation depots were opened in all the district towns—a district corresponding to our county—and were under the supervision of the resident magistrates. Each depot had its own stock of supplies and employed regularly a number of clerks, both English and Dutch. It had several large *trek* wagons constantly on the road,

driven by Dutchmen. As soon as these wagons had finished the work of carrying the farmers and their goods to their respective homes—about Christmas, 1902—the oxen, numbering fourteen to a wagon, were loaned out to the farmers for ploughing.

But these efforts of the most humane of governments were rendered almost futile by the long drought, lasting from June, 1902, till January, 1904. During that time the Government, with unheard-of generosity, converted the "Repatriation Depots" into Relief Depots, no longer under the supervision of the magistrates, but controlled by special clerks, trained in the Repatriation service, and known as District Administrators of Relief. These men were assisted by clerks, usually belonging to the district in which they worked. As the Relief Depots occupied the same premises, employed the same clerks, and used the same stores as the Repatriation, people naturally continued to speak of them as "The Repatriation." In fact, the Repatriation became almost as much an institution as the magistrate or the post office. There was this essential difference, however, between their work and that of the Relief Board, that while the supplies issued by the former were often charged to the purchaser's account, nearly everything given out by the latter was absolutely free, and had nothing to do, later, in the settling of compensation claims. The Relief Board was, in fact, simply a temporary government charity.

Connected with each Relief Depot was an administrator, one or more clerks, English or Dutch,

conductors, drivers, and native boys to do the rough work. There were large stores on hand of tinned meats, and all kinds of staple foodstuffs, also wagons, oxen and ploughs. Under its direction an occasional sale was held of imported cattle to enable the farmers to refill, at the lowest possible figure, the gaps in their stock, caused by drought or disease. Subsidiary depots were also established at the smaller villages, in charge of the special justices of the peace. In most cases wagons were sent at intervals from the depots to such substations with rations for issue as required.

Thus, so far as the actual investigation of reported distress and the issue of relief was concerned, the arrangements of the Government were very complete. Another branch of the work, however, was the seeking out of distressed persons. The South African Constabulary were instructed to do as much as possible in that direction while out on patrols, but after all it was a matter which might reasonably be trusted to look after itself. People do not usually sit down and wait for starvation to come to them.

Besides the terrible drought, which wasted three seedings and killed cattle and sheep by the thousand, the chief cause of the widespread distress was the delay in payment of compensation money; a delay which was deplorable, but was almost unavoidable under the circumstances, so complicated had the claims accounts become. Some men had mixed their receipts for purchases by the military with

Government vouchers for stock removed or destroyed, and expected to be paid the full amount; others had forfeited their vouchers by breaking their oaths of neutrality; others again, misunderstanding the nature of compensation, had used up most of their claim in buying stock from the Repatriation, and then expected to be paid the original amount in cash.

What is compensation? There is, to begin with, one class which is sanctioned, if not required, by international law. That is the payment by invaders of a reasonable price for all goods taken from the invaded country as supplies. But such a scheme as was projected by the British Government marked a new epoch in the history of warfare. In the terms of surrender £3,000,000 were promised to assist those persons who surrendered under Lord Roberts' proclamation, or to compensate British subjects, foreign subjects, and natives. The granting of this sum was purely an act of grace on the part of the authorities for the partial relief of sufferers—partial, for it was an obvious impossibility for the most generous of nations to do away entirely with the effects of a three years' war. An equitable allotment of this large sum proved to be utterly beyond the power of the Compensation Boards, and therefore, towards the close of 1903, a Central Judicial Commission was appointed at Pretoria to receive and classify the reports of the local officials. This commission was the visible result of Mr. Chamberlain's visit to the country, during which he

assured the people that the Government intended to keep the promises made to them. The complaints one heard, however, showed that many people over-estimated the nature and extent of those promises, and considerably under-estimated the number of claims that had to be dealt with under them.

When the Claims Boards began their work, about January, 1903, they were met at the outset by undreamed of difficulties. The first class of claims examined were those under the class acknowledged by international law. It will be remembered that, at the beginning of the war, payment for goods commandeered was made in cash, but, as the money so paid often found its way into the Boer treasury, this method was discontinued and receipts were given. These receipts, through ignorance of international law, caused many heart-burnings. The liability of the invaders in respect to payment for commandeered goods is limited to a fair, average market price—not the price that such articles would fetch in the stores in war time, or even in time of drought. Of course that means that in selling to the military the farmers and storekeepers made smaller profits than if they had been able to sell in the ordinary way. But as, in selling at all, they escaped the destruction which overtook so many others in the course of the war, they were, in fact, to be congratulated on having got out of the mess so cheaply. No one could expect that a war would not interfere seriously with his business. Many of the commandeering officers, however, had in their

inexperience ignorantly entered up entirely false values on the receipts handed out, having written down practically whatever the farmers asked. These receipts, therefore, had to be redeemed on a new estimate of the value of the goods in time of peace, and often with no relation to the amount which appeared on the notes themselves. Hence many claimants complained that they had not been paid the full value of their notes, although they had really received a fair average price for the goods.

Other claimants, again, mixed up the vouchers given for stock removed from their farms, lest the Boers should get it, with receipts for commandeered goods, and expected to have these vouchers paid in full by the military, a total misconception. Purchase notes, or receipts, were paid in full, being a government debt, but vouchers for stock removed or destroyed only entitled the claimant to a *share* in the compensation money named in the terms of surrender.

At the time the commission met in Pretoria over two and a half million pounds sterling had been paid out on account of these military, or commandeering, claims. But the other class, under the terms of surrender, proved to be even more difficult to deal with. In reinstating the people in their homes a very large sum had been expended in the work of repatriation; and it was not until the second year after the war that the claims of this class were investigated in a thorough manner, a most unfortunate delay. Even if it had not been

possible to hasten the payments, an official assurance as to the approximate time when they might have been expected, and some idea of their probable proportion, would have been most useful. The latter would have been a beneficial disillusionment to some claimants—notably the “wilde Boer,” or poor farmer, who was expecting impossibilities. Others, who ought to have known better, incurred debts on the supposed strength of their claims, which later reduced them to the verge of bankruptcy.

There was one class especially which suffered keenly by the delay, and whose condition might as reasonably have been described as “distressed” as that of those poorer people who received aid from the Relief Depots. There were many families of the middle class, accustomed to comforts and a measure of refinement, who were reduced to a state, only bordering on poverty, it is true, but probably felt by them more keenly than actual poverty by those accustomed to it. One man, for instance, on a fairly large farm, said, eighteen months after peace had been signed: “If I had £200 now—and my compensation claims are many times that—I would have a prospect of success. If I do not get my compensation within two months, I must give up and go insolvent. It will be hard to hold out as long as that and quite impossible to keep on longer.” His situation was that of hundreds throughout the country.

Even the general payment of a small proportion of the claims would have been a great help in that

hard season of 1903-4. It would have enabled the farmers to buy a little more stock, would have circulated a little ready money, and thus would have given business in the towns a distinct lift. A leading Englishman in Kroonstad was wont to say that if he could have laid his hands on fifty pounds cash he would have guaranteed to clear half the town of debt by putting this money in circulation. As it was, everyone owed everyone else, and no one could start the cash ball rolling. In face of such a situation the reports in outside papers that South Africa was enjoying a boom had a decidedly sarcastic ring.

The commission, however, set to work in a systematic way, and it was gratifying to see that British subjects were looked after first, which quieted the fears of those who had an uneasy feeling that they might be served in the same way as were the loyalists of 1882. Next came the protected burghers, to whom in a few districts a fair percentage was paid, pending the full payment of their claims. These districts were gradually increased in number until the whole country was covered. In the last class came the "wilde Boer." Altogether, between repatriation and claims, it was estimated that the Government had paid out some six millions of pounds by Easter, 1904.

One disheartening result of the payment of the claims was that many of the educated townspeople threw off the appearance of friendliness which they had worn during the first year, or year and a

half, following the war, and revealed themselves as rank Afrikanders. In northern Cape Colony, indeed, this tendency was most marked. In the little town of Colesburg, for instance, where I had paid two delightful visits during my first year, there was instituted a most unpleasant social and commercial boycott of the Dutch against the English.

One can only hope, therefore, that the passing years will soften this feeling and lead to a prosperous, united South Africa.

CHAPTER XII.

PAUPERS AND GOVERNMENT RELIEF WORKS.

INCREDIBLE as it may seem, there was not such a thing as a beggar throughout the length and breadth of the new African colonies during the year and a half following the war. After that an occasional unfortunate drifted down from Johannesburg. Yet there were thousands of landless people who, in the ordinary course of events, would have been utterly stranded after the war. These were the very poor, very dirty and very ignorant folk, who had passed the most comfortable days of their lives in the refugee camps. Under the Dutch régime they had been known as "by-woners"—squatters—and seemed but little higher than the Kafirs in the scale of civilization.

The wealthy farmers, with great sheep runs miles in extent, required a large number of shepherds, and they had found that the most paying method was to allow families of these poor Dutch to squat on their land, in return for which privilege they gratefully herded the flocks with the aid of Kafirs. Each poor man was allowed to use a little plot of ground for the cultivation of such vegetables

as his family required; any surplus going to the nearest market, and bringing in almost the only cash such a family ever possessed. Plenty of fresh air was the only luxury these people had. They lived in little mud-brick huts with mud floors and walls, calico ceilings and tin roofs; usually these had but two rooms, a living room and a sleeping room. It was commonly said that they never took off their clothing until it wore out; certainly numbers of their children were found, in camp, sewn up in their clothes. Small wonder the mortality was great amongst them when any epidemic disease broke out!

Obviously this class had nothing to lose by war or any other catastrophe, but, on the other hand, they had nothing to return to after the signing of peace. Their erstwhile wealthy patrons were in straitened circumstances, awaiting their own turn to be replaced on their land by the Repatriation Department, and fully able, with the aid of their own children, to care for their very limited flocks.

Here was a large problem facing the authorities—What was to be done with the “by-woners?” As a temporary measure some of the refugee camps were kept open for almost a year after the close of the war. In Chapter VII., a passing reference was made to Springfontein as a gathering place for the remnants of various neighboring camps. It was one of a small number which were made such centres, and the ordinary life of the refugee camps was maintained in them, with free schools,

church and hospital. As the men were well-paid for work on the new railroad being built to Jagersfontein, it is not surprising that under such fair treatment there should have sprung up in the minds of these people a strong feeling of loyalty to Great Britain.

One could only hope that such a sentiment would have a beneficial effect on another class who inhabited these belated camps for a vastly different reason. They consisted of considerable numbers of women and children left in the various camps because their husbands and fathers were still away in the prison camps refusing stubbornly to take the oath of allegiance, and known as "Irreconcilables." These women and children, therefore, had to be provided for unless taken in hand by relatives, and many of them remained under the care of the Government for more than a year following the war, and others for still longer periods. It is interesting and hopeful to note that each party of irreconcilables, on returning to South Africa, experienced the liveliest surprise at the friendly way in which Briton and Boer had settled down side by side; and in the majority of cases expressed strongly the wish that they had taken the oath of allegiance sooner.

As soon as the repatriation work was well under way, the Government proceeded to carry out certain plans for the better treatment of these poor folk. To keep them on indefinitely in the refugee camps, feeding and clothing them at the public expense, meant simply to pauperize them for ever. There-

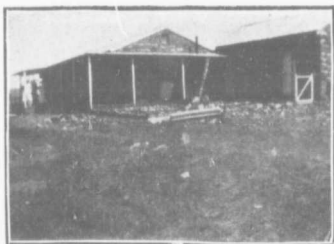
fore, it was proposed to establish several centres known as "Relief Works," where necessary public works would provide ample and suitable employment for all. Food and clothes would no longer be doled out, but fair wages would be paid for all work done; the Dutch clergyman, the hospital and the school, however, would still be provided free.

One of these industrial camps was on the government farm of Strydfontein, six miles from Kroonstad, and as one of the hospital nurses, Sister Blew, was an old friend from Norval's Pont Camp, I made frequent visits there.

During the time I was stationed in Kroonstad there were about twelve hundred people living at Strydfontein, in a village of corrugated iron huts, built on a long slope, the huts rather close together, each with a yard in front and behind. The road from town led past the military camps over a stretch of rolling veldt, magnificent grazing land, and as soon as we passed the height of land hiding the last camp, we never failed to find on the road stray couples from the Works, making love in the most nonchalant way. Of course the people in Strydfontein were under no supervision, as they had been in the refugee camps, but were free to come and go, work or starve, as they pleased. The Government merely provided the work, but no one was forced to do it.

Whenever we went out to Strydfontein in the afternoon, the view was very prepossessing. As we cantered down the long slope facing the village,

its tin houses shone like silver in the sunlight; and the green trees on the next farm, a favorite picnic ground, made a delightful break in the uniform brownness of the veldt. But a closer view of the Works was not so pleasing. The women, freed from the enforced cleanliness of the refugee camp days, had relapsed into slatternliness; their yards



Hospital at Strydfontein Relief Works.

were untidy and their huts filthy. Most of them had a few chickens, a pig and a sheep, and it seemed a matter of indifference whether the animals were in the pasture, the yard, or in the house. The men did not seem so dirty, while the children had to conform to a certain school standard of cleanliness. All were dark-skinned, in some cases showing obvious traces of a dash of Kafir blood. Such children were dull and phlegmatic.

Still following the main road, we passed in turn the school, a decent building used on Sundays for church, the teachers' E. P. tents, inhabited by four Australians, the tennis court, and the hospital. The latter was a mud-brick building with a large airy ward, kitchen, dining-room, and lean-to bedrooms for the two nurses, Sisters Williamson and Blew. Contagious diseases were isolated in E. P. tents.

There was no resident doctor, the district doctor from Kroonstad having charge of the Works as part of his duties. There was very little illness, however, most of the cases being the dressing of wounds received in accidents at the Works. Beyond the hospital, the road suddenly turned down a steep hill and brought one into view of a wide flat valley with the immense dam and irrigation works, furnishing employment to the village above.

Strydfontein was one of the farms bought by the Government after the war and retained for experimental purposes. It contained an immense level valley, through which trickled a tiny stream, fed, in the rainy season, by numbers of tributaries whose beds were dry at other times. The largest of these water-beds led through a narrow valley into the lower and larger one. Nature thus apparently afforded an excellent opportunity for experiments with irrigation systems, for nothing appeared simpler than to build a dam across the end of the small valley, thus transforming it into a huge natural reservoir.

Accordingly, engineers and skilled masons took up their abode at the mouth of the valley, and the people who had been brought in from the refugee camps round about were given work on the huge dam. In Kroonstad the progress of the work was followed with such interest that afternoon outings usually included a trip to "the dam." Indeed, it became most disconcerting to strangers in town to hear everyone talking glibly of "the dam engi-

neers," "the dam hospital," and so on. The works included also the construction of a great sluice-way, leading from above the dam to the irrigation ditches below, in which the water could be turned on or off at will.

About Christmas, 1903, the dam and the sluice were finished. The former, an immense pile of masonry and cement, was calculated to resist the force of a thirty-foot flood; the latter had bored its difficult way through almost solid rock. Altogether the works at that time, in material and labor, had cost, it was said, £70,000.

Then the rains came—no gentle summer showers—but the tremendous downpour which caused the deplorable loss of life and property in the Bloemfontein floods. The dam filled so rapidly that engineers and people alike were eager to test the possibilities of the new system of waterways. But an unforeseen contingency arose. In South Africa, twenty-four hours after it stops raining, the surface of the land is usually hard and dry again, owing to the rapid evaporation in that dry atmosphere. But, contrary to expectations, the land at the foot of the dam, outside, became filled with bubbling springs; and—there was no possibility of doubt—the water inside was rapidly lowering its level. Alas for the engineers! Investigation showed that the soil was full of pits of quicksand, impossible to detect during the drought. These caused the water to soak far below the dam, as into a sponge; it then oozed up again on the outside. Pumping engines were

hastily set to work and the most vigorous attempts made to clean out the holes, in the hope that there might be a chance of strengthening the dam underground, to a sufficient depth to stop the leakage. Vain hope—the pits appeared to be bottomless—and when I left Kroonstad, en route for Canada, it was thought that the whole scheme would have to be abandoned.

Since coming home the news has reached me that the settlement has been broken up and the people scattered; some found employment in the old way with farmers; others drifted into the towns; others were given government work elsewhere, and a few remained to work on Strydfontein.

Other and smaller works undertaken elsewhere were more successful; but all had the same aims, to carry out valuable experiments testing the resources of the country, or to improve the means of transportation, and at the same time to benefit the thousands of unfortunate landless men.

The more one learns of the attitude of the British Government towards the Dutch people of South Africa since the war, the stronger does one's patriotism become. Never in the history of the world did one nation show such clemency to another; never did a government make such stupendous efforts to obliterate the traces of war; never have those in authority made such wise and generous plans to mitigate the sufferings of the poor. What matter if an occasional undertaking has failed in the execution, or if an occasional

official has failed to realize the responsibility of his position; the more thoughtful people throughout the country acknowledge to-day the unparalleled generosity of the British nation. Many an old Dutch resident has said to me with a smile that had the Afrikaner cause been successful the English would have been treated very differently.

"We meant to take all their land and property, and then drive them into the sea," said one old lady over her coffee-cup. "Yes," added her husband, "and these lazy beggars of Kafirs wouldn't be lording it over us as they are with their missions and silly notions. They're only fit to be slaves."

Undoubtedly the triumph of the Afrikaner cause would have been a long step backward in the history of South African civilization. Without taking into account the immediate cause of the war, its justice or injustice, everyone acknowledged that the conflict had to come sooner or later; and every student of history knows that nations, like individuals, are subject to the universal law of nature—there must be progress, or the offender is pushed to the wall. Olive Shreiner aptly says that the average Boer, in his mental and moral outlook, is a child of the seventeenth century. The future glory, therefore, of the South African Dutch depends on the rapidity with which they get in line with the march of modern progress.

CHAPTER XIII.

EDUCATION AND CHURCH SCHOOLS.

THROUGH the influence of the humane treatment received at the hands of the British Government there promised to spring up, generally, amongst the Dutch a feeling of kindly friendship towards the British.

Both Dutch and British agree that if the predikants of the Dutch Reformed Church could have been muzzled for about two years after the war untold mischief would have been prevented. But these men—so-called Christian teachers—left no stone unturned to stir up the animosity of their charges, to work upon the credulity of the ignorant classes, to foster resentment at local irregularities of administration or delays in payment of compensation money; matters which might reasonably have been expected to right themselves in course of time, and which did right themselves in the majority of cases. In this respect the Cape Colonials were ring-leaders, and incited their kinsmen of the Orange River Colony and the Transvaal to rancorous expressions of discontent, which, if left to themselves, they would probably never have thought of.

Up-country, one had not far to seek for the

reason of the predikants' ill-temper. With all due allowance for a certain percentage of misguided patriotism, the quarrel resolved itself into a mere matter of money. Under the Republics the Dutch Reformed Church was all-powerful, the central and most imposing buildings of almost all the small *dorps* being the church and parsonage. Each minister received a substantial grant from the Government, a free house, and an extremely good local salary besides; in addition to which were the perquisites of his office, practically all the food and fodder required for his house and stable, and his wedding fees. He did not leave the latter to the generosity of his patrons, but had a sliding scale of prices for the different days in the week, ranging from one to five pounds. But after the war the predikant found his bank account shrinking alarmingly. The gradual stoppage of the government grant was the first blow; the big salary had reached the vanishing point, owing to the poverty of the people; and, finally, marriages were few and far between.

Yet, foolishly perhaps, no one paid any attention to the grumbings of the predikants in their various gatherings until the end of 1903, when the appearance of Church schools in various localities, and the publication of some of the doings of the Transvaal Synod, opened people's eyes. This latter body, as a matter of fact, overreached itself, and drew forth loud protests from some of the more progressive Dutch. The occasion of the outburst was the visit paid to South Africa by delegates of the Scottish

Church who proffered the hand of friendship to the Dutch, at one time members of the same communion. The following is an extract from the answer made by the Dutch Synod of the Transvaal:

“When our churches and parsonages were mercilessly burnt down and our church registers incontinently destroyed; when they armed the Kafirs against us, who time after time murdered women and children; when they made a portion of our people disloyal to us by the promise of pay and plunder; when they locked up our women and children in murder-camps and sent out the lie to the world that they went there for protection of their own free will; when they did not give these helpless ones sufficient daily bread, after having made all that belonged to them a prey to the flames; when they mutilated our cattle in the most barbarous manner; when our beautiful land was converted into a wilderness; when our ministers, simply because they were true to their country and people, were thrown into foul prisons, banished from the country, and loaded with every disgrace and scorn; when men did things to us of which the world knows not yet; when we were given over wholly powerless into the hands of our enemies—then, yes, then was the time to help and encourage us and to act with us, who were at one with you in the highest matter, not for one hour longer to suffer us to be trodden upon, despised, ruined, murdered; but just then you preserved a deadly silence.”

Such a document spoke for itself and showed

clearly the spirit of the irreconcilables. Naturally, such men were continually trying to find weak points in the new administration. Such a point they thought they discovered in the Education Department, yet they had to agitate unceasingly for over a year before they succeeded in collecting enough money to start a few separate schools, and rumor said that much of it came from Holland. At the time of Mr. Chamberlain's tour through South Africa, in January, 1903, though opportunity was afforded for any farmer or other resident to bring forward anything that he thought a grievance—an opportunity of which they availed themselves to the full—not a single complaint was made with regard to the schools. Press representatives who sought to get the views of the country people on the schools found the farmers voluble enough on the weather, the crops, compensation prospects, and every other matter of interest in the country, but they had simply nothing to say about education. The dispute, apparently, lay between the predikants and the Government, the farmers' share being simply the signing of petitions to oblige the predikant.

Shortly after Mr. Chamberlain's visit, there was a great outcry made in Cape Colony that the British Government was trying to suppress the teaching of Dutch in the schools, and was seeking, in other ways, to stifle all Dutch sympathies in the children. I was still in Fauresmith at that time, and one of the most influential ladies there, whose male relatives were all leaders in the Dutch cause, said to me:

"Miss Graham, I have been much puzzled by the reports in the Cape Synod about our schools. They say that you are not giving Dutch lessons, as the people were led to suppose. Now, will you please tell me exactly what you are giving in our school."

I explained to her that each class had about three hours of high Dutch teaching in the week, and might also have the daily Bible lesson in Dutch, if their minister cared to give it to them; that I understood the English clergymen in various places were taking advantage of this opportunity of Bible training, but that the Dutch were not.

"Well," she said, "what you tell me is exactly what my son says, and I cannot understand at all why anyone should grumble. When I was a girl at school we hadn't any more Dutch than that."

"But," I continued, "didn't you have any of your ordinary subjects taught in Dutch—arithmetic, for example?"

"No," she answered, "never, unless the teacher happened to be too ignorant to make full explanations in English. We always looked down upon those who could not speak English fluently, and therefore it was used habitually in school. No, I cannot understand at all this attack on the schools."

But the attack was kept up, and the agitation spread, until to-day there are numbers of separate schools throughout the country, an unceasing and increasing menace to its future unity and prosperity. Always the shibboleth has been, "More time for the Dutch language."

Was the Education Department blameless? Why could it not hold its own, as other departments did in the face of attack? Of all possible misfortunes, surely the worst is that the children of this generation should grow up alienated from one another, and hostile, as children of rival schools invariably are.

So far as organization went, the Department had many admirable points, some far in advance of corresponding ones here in Canada. During the first year and a half after the war, the Orange River Colony and the Transvaal had a common head, Mr. Sargent, Superintendent of Education; but the Bloemfontein and Johannesburg offices and accounts were kept entirely separate, under assistant superintendents. Later, each colony had its own superintendent, but otherwise the system remained the same, with everything centralized in the two offices. The Bloemfontein superintendent had under him a number of inspectors, usually four—this for a population no larger than that of the city of Toronto. Under them were the teachers, graded and paid according to their certificates, experience and skill, and not according to the size of school in which they happened to be placed, a method of settling the salary question, which I cannot praise too highly. At the head of the schools there was the Normal School in Bloemfontein, where candidates were trained free, with a Domestic Science course if they wished; there was also a Girls' High School, and a Boys' High School doing efficient work. One heard

rumors occasionally of a Technical School being founded, patterned after the one in Johannesburg. In the country, where the old buildings were inadequate, temporary tin houses, or E. P. tents, were put up to accommodate the classes. Pending the establishment of self-government in the colonies, when each town would hire its own teachers independently of the central office, local school committees, with advisory powers, were appointed in each town. The school programme gave to the teaching of high Dutch practically the same time which had been allotted to it before the war.

All this was most excellent, and ought to have been successful had there been anyone in authority with any sort of executive ability. But from the first the Education Department struggled along under men of mediocre talent, and sometimes more than mediocre stupidity. It was hampered also by the personnel of some of the teachers sent out from England. Evidently those who were responsible there for the selection of teachers for South Africa were ignorant of the class of children who would be in attendance at the government schools. South African, like Canadian, schools draw all classes of children, and bear little resemblance to the rough-and-tumble English Board Schools. So undesirable were some of the teachers sent out that the Department found it necessary to dismiss them.

The first, and probably one of the gravest mistakes made by the Department, was the refusal to

re-engage any Dutch teacher suspected of pro-Boer tendencies. Looking back, it seems as if there could have been no doubt which was better, to keep such men in the government employ, thus muzzling them, so to speak, or to turn them adrift, poor, well-educated, with a definite grievance against the new order of things. Most of these men found employment in Cape Colony, where their grievances lost nothing in the telling, and did much to cause the increased bad feeling there. Still more unfortunately, the vacancies thus caused were frequently filled by objectionable people. In one town, for instance, there had been an excellent headmaster, a Hollander, respected by English and Dutch alike. After the war he had to take a small school in Cape Colony, until the Dutch Church engaged him as principal of an orphanage. In his place, after long delays, the Department sent a Scotchman, so broad in his accent that the children were constantly asking their teachers to please tell them what he was talking about; and so ferocious in his appearance that the townspeople nicknamed him "Mephistopheles." The children in sheer fright would answer him "yes" or "no" at random, whereupon he used to cane them for telling lies. The School Committee complained of him several times to Bloemfontein, but only lately succeeded in having him removed. He left the town without saying farewell to a single inhabitant; surely a strange end to more than two years' work.

In another large town of the Orange River

Colony, the Dutch headmaster was replaced by an Englishman, inefficient in his work, and so ignorant in other respects that the townspeople called him "The Beast." One met frequently with similar cases.

Another exceedingly unfortunate result of the weeding out process was that the Department was left without enough teachers capable of teaching high Dutch to meet the requirements of the school programme. In Fauresmith we agitated, in a vigorous Canadian way, for months before we were sent a Dutch teacher. In Jagersfontein they did not have one all that same year. In Kroonstad there was still none when I was sent there—Kroonstad, the second town in the colony! The headmaster there, one of the best-educated and ablest in the country, an Oxford man, had studied Dutch himself, and was doing his utmost, unaided, to comply with the regulations. A short time after my arrival there the Dutch Church opened a separate school, whereupon the Department sought to clear itself by a piece of rank injustice. It sent a commission to investigate certain trumped-up charges against the headmaster, who was made the scape-goat and sent away to a little country school.

Mr. Sargent, who generalled this manœuvre, next turned his attention to the Bloemfontein office, ousted the Assistant Director there, and then sailed for England, leaving the Orange River Colony with no head whatever, while the Transvaal was almost paralyzed under a tremendous legacy of debt. Mr.

Gunn, who happened to be chief inspector in the Orange River Colony, did the office work as Acting-Director for some months, after which he was regularly appointed Director. In justice to Mr. Gunn it must be said that things have run much more smoothly under his management than ever before, in spite of the fact that he had to begin his duties with a great deficit in the treasury.

Of the wastefulness of the Department in keeping teachers constantly on the move, I have already written in the chapter on Fauresmith. This policy was not only harmful to the schools, continually upsetting them, but it was also peculiarly irritating to the school committees, whose recommendations were often unheeded. Some of the girls were sent on dreadful journeys. One Canadian started on a sixty-mile drive with a Kafir boy, the horses played out, and they were nearly three days making it; two English girls were sent a similar journey, were caught in a thunderstorm, and had to take shelter over night in a ruined block-house; another Canadian drove eighty miles over a shocking road in the rain, glad of any shelter that offered; and still another girl drove a like distance to a school where she was not expected, and where there was nothing for her to do. She went at once to Bloemfontein to investigate, where she learned that the Assistant Director knew nothing of the situation. He was profuse in his apologies, giving her then a better position than before. Similar instances might fill a chapter.

It is said that, "South Africa is a land of rivers without water, birds without song, and flowers without perfume." It might be added, "and inspectors who do not inspect." During the twenty-five months of my stay in the country various inspectors came to see the schools, visited the townspeople, took their departure, and made scarcely any attempt to inspect the work, as we understand inspection in Canada. One wonders why some of them, young and inexperienced, were ever given such exceedingly responsible work.

At present everyone, English and Dutch alike, recognizes that the Education Department has failed for some reason or other. If, in days to come, it succeeds in cutting down expenses, doing with fewer officials and making them work; if it buys proper school furniture, so that the kindergartens are not forced to sit upon the floor; if it houses its pay schools in buildings at least as good as the Church schools; if it allows the school committees to be something more than an empty name, then, and not till then, can it hope to draw back to the government schools the children who, above all others, should be found there.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE FARMING QUESTION.

TOWNSPEOPLE the world over, and especially the wealthier classes, have a certain family resemblance. South Africans are no exception, but being, above all else, a pastoral people, it is on the farms that one finds the real South African life. Any Canadian who has not galloped over our great prairie lands will find it hard to understand the "monarch of all I survey" sort of feeling one experiences on the veldt, or the fascination it exercises. Imagine a great pasture field, five hundred miles long, fringed round with rugged, boulder-strewn kopjes, apparently the remains of a circle of extinct volcanoes; picture the only vegetation of these kopjes a few stunted sage bushes and thorn trees, and in the spring the most fragile and fleeting of wild-flowers, the veldt bare of trees except on the banks of the occasional watercourses, bare of grass except in the rainy season, brown, cracked by the sun's rays, repulsive to the newcomer. "What a desolation!" he cries; "it would drive anyone mad to live here." The old resident smiles and says, "Wait a year." One year in that clear crisp air, with ten months of dazzling blue sky and sparkling sunshine, with long

free rides over the winding tracks or across the unbroken veldt, without seeing a house or sign of humanity for hours, is enough to conquer the most prejudiced outsider. Sometimes a man thinks he has escaped the spell, and goes merrily home, only to find that he cannot find room to breathe, and that his whole being cries out for the sunshine. Even Canadians do not escape. There were scores who turned home enthusiastically at the end of the war, but found they could not overcome the longing for "Our Lady of the Sunshine," and sailed again to South Africa as soon as possible.

Olive Shreiner in "The Story of an African Farm," and Rider Haggard in "Jess," have pictured the old-fashioned farm life of Cape Colony and the Transvaal, a type which is gradually disappearing. In those earlier days a man's farm was as big as a county; and the farmhouse, with its outbuildings, "by-woners' " cottages, Kafir huts and cattle kraals looked at a little distance not unlike a small village. The man was practically supreme in his possessions, hiring a governess or tutor for his own and his overseer's children, dispensing justice to his Kafirs, keeping what firearms he chose, and shooting the game, then so abundant, whenever he pleased. Farming, as we understand the word, was unknown. There was a field of mealies—Indian corn—for the Kafirs, another of vegetables for the whites, and a fine fruit orchard; but these things were mere nothings. The real business of the farm was sheep. There were sheep in thousands, long-legged, fat-

tailed sheep, well adapted to scrambling over the boulders, or racing over the plains; and provided by Nature with a supply of food against a time of drought, stored in their immense tails. It was a patriarchal mode of existence which harmonized beautifully with the primitive forms of religious belief held by the people, beliefs which permeated their whole life, but were crude at times to the verge of superstition.

With the large families common amongst the Boers, and the influx of new settlers, the huge farms became subdivided, and even before the late war men were beginning to realize that the old haphazard methods would no longer lead to fortune. In the early days one good year brought such enormous profits that a man could easily afford to make nothing, or even to lose, during a year or two of drought. But, as early as the nineties, experiments were being made with irrigation and other new systems. It was also generally recognized that certain localities were best adapted for special branches of farm industry; Cape Colony stood for ostrich farms and sheep, Natal for fruit, the Orange Free State for sheep, with grain on the Basuto border, the Transvaal for sheep, with hay in the north, and Rhodesia and Buluwayo for the heavier cattle.

In the Orange Free State—now the Orange River Colony—and the Transvaal many of the farms changed hands after the war, a change which marked a new era in South African farming.

The Government bought up large tracts of land from old people who were delighted at the chance to sell and retire to town-life. This land was resold, or allotted to new settlers, or retained for experimental purposes. Poor settlers are not encouraged, as in Canada, for all unskilled labor is done by the Kafirs, and a white settler must have capital in order to succeed. The Government, therefore, requires a settler to have at least £500 capital before he is given a grant of land, varying in size according to its value; he may be given this capital as a loan, payable in twenty years without interest. The evident necessity for large capital has induced young men all over the country to engage in co-operative farming. I visited several of these co-operative farms during my stay in the country, and found the owners, in every case, enthusiastic over their prospects, in spite of the drought. One amusing feature of these farms was the invariable presence of a tennis court, regarded as a necessity for exercise. Imagine a Canadian farmer needing a tennis court for exercise! Here, again, the ubiquitous Kafir is the explanation—the white man is the head, and the Kafir the hands and feet of the South African farm.

On the farms granted to settlers holding twenty-year loans the Government retains a certain right of supervision, sending out inspectors at regular intervals to keep the farmers posted in the best of the new methods as shown by the experiments on the government farms.

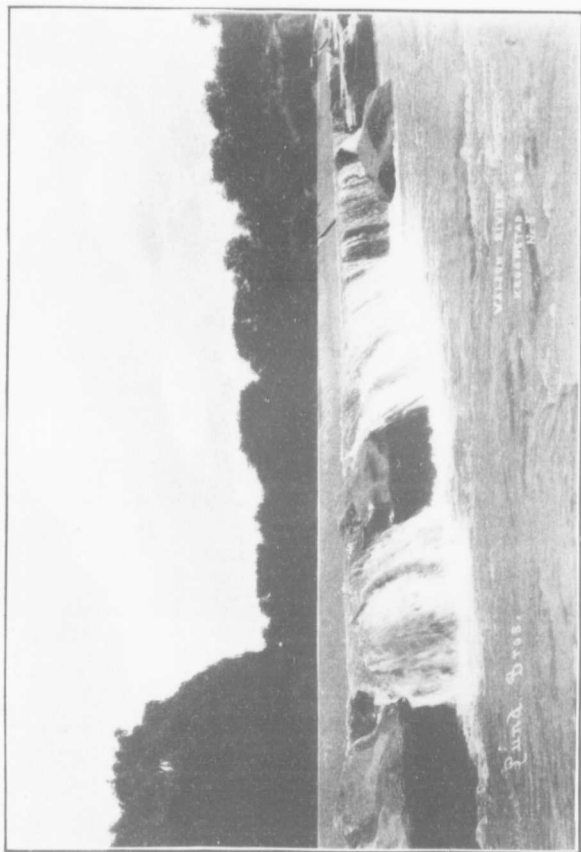
These government farms, one of which, Strydfontein, has already been described in Chapter XII., were scattered throughout the Orange River Colony and the Transvaal. The Government of the Orange River Colony in particular, under Lieutenant-Governor Gould-Adams, showed the greatest enterprise in developing plans to help the farming community; delegations of Dutchmen were sent to America to visit various farming centres and study their methods, and an expert agriculturist was brought over from Canada to direct the agricultural department of the experimental farms. As it had always been recognized that the soil of the Orange River Colony was amazingly fertile, it was thought that an efficient system of irrigation should make an enormous production possible. Irrigation on a small scale had always been necessary for the fruit orchards and vegetable gardens of the old-fashioned farms; but only in isolated cases had it been tried on a large scale. The small irrigation systems had depended for their water on small dams, mere cisterns of rain water, liable to become dry in a season of drought. What was needed was a system of large dams capable of withstanding the severest drought. One farm with such a system was *Babienskrans* (Baboon Valley) on the Orange River south of Fauresmith. It had been a co-operative farm for years before the war, its owners making large profits, with a thoroughly up-to-date irrigation system from the river. Inland farms, however, by damming up dry watercourses, have

almost equal chances, for in the rainy seasons the waterfall is enormous, amounting to several inches in a very short time. At present this water is almost all lost, partly because the surface of the earth is so hard that the first twenty-four hours' rain simply washes over it, and partly because the numberless rivulets and streams flow so swiftly to the coast that the country is soon drained dry again.

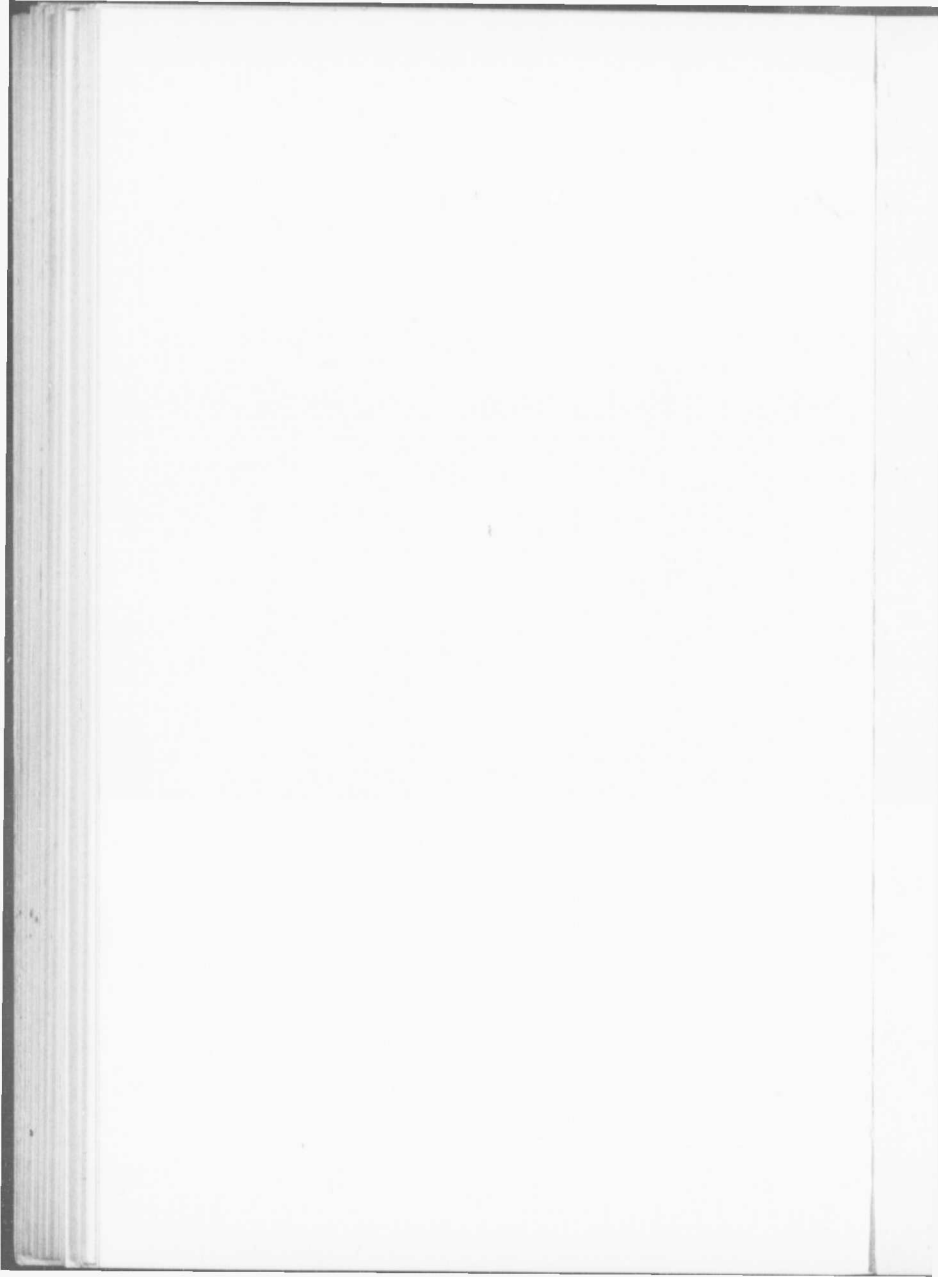
The Kroonstad dam on the Valsch River affords an excellent example of the possibilities of a very small stream. Six miles above the town the Valsch is a mere creek, easily crossed on foot; at Kroonstad, thanks to the enormous dam of solid masonry, there is a stretch of three miles of as charming a river as one could wish to see. In places it is a hundred feet wide and thirty deep, shaded along the banks by tall blue-gums or graceful weeping willows. As it is used as a reservoir of drinking water, no bathing is allowed, but there is excellent fishing and boating, even sailing being possible. That stretch of river makes Kroonstad the most delightful spot from the Cape to Johannesburg, and the latter town uses it as a week-end resort. During the long drought the river lowered perceptibly, but, although water was drawn away by the car-load to Bloemfontein, and other points of famine, the greatest drop was only seven feet.

Besides the elusive water supply, the South African farmer has a dozen other difficulties to contend against. The breeder of cattle dreads the mange, the tsetse fly, or the more terrible horse sick-

ness; so fatal is the last that in Rhodesia, where it is most prevalent, a thoroughbred, if green, will fetch only £15, while the sorriest old plug, safely recovered from the sickness, will be valued at £70. The sheep-raiser wages constant warfare against the tick and the burr, while the man with new ideas is helpless before the hen sickness, or the wire grass which ruins his hay. In the vicinity of the kopjes huge baboons come down and raid the orchards and the vegetable gardens. Near Fauresmith we used to see them in scores whenever we went out to the farms, but we never heard that they attacked anything except dogs. But the foe that is common to all and feared most is the locust. A flight of locusts means destruction of fruit, vegetables, hay, grass, everything that is green, both food for man and fodder for beast. It is encouraging to note that the organized efforts of the Government to fight this plague are proving successful. The Bacteriological Institute at Grahamstown supplies a poison fungus which is distributed to the Constabulary with instructions to use wherever needful, and it is also given to any farmers who wish it. The usual method of using the fungus is to kill some locusts and stir them into a mixture of warm water, sugar and fungus. After leaving them to soak for some time, the mixture is scattered amongst the live swarms in the early morning, when they eat it greedily and all die. This method applies both to the hopping locusts, or grasshoppers, and the flying locusts. The latter, however, need to be killed



DAM ON THE VALSCH RIVER.



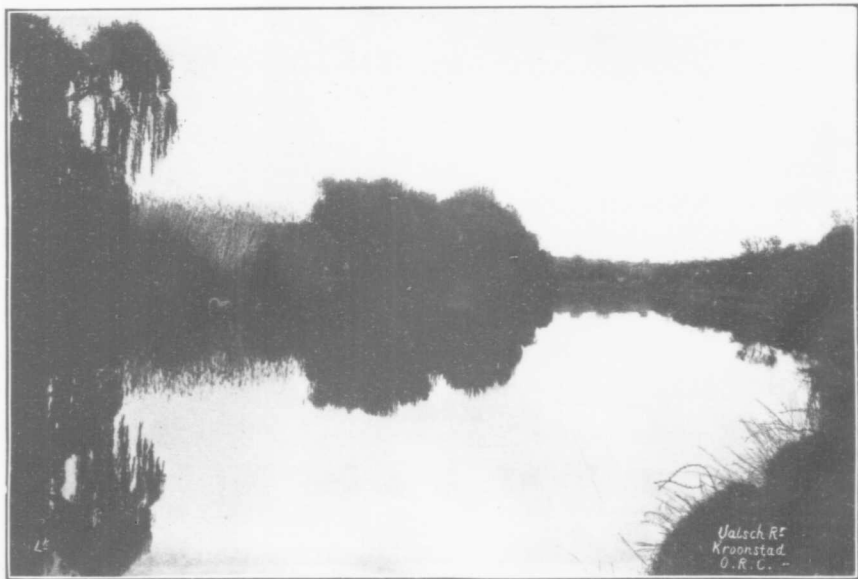
while still in the crawling stage, else the remedy comes too late to prevent damage. It is usually unnecessary to soak the fungus, if the swarm is discovered while too young to fly.

In spite of all these difficulties, however, no one can visit the farms of the Orange River Colony without feeling that they are full of hidden wealth. It promises well for the future of the country that the men at present on the land are so full of confidence in its resources, and so determined to overcome the present obstacles. One carries away the impression that the South African farmer is of the race of giants, a boy to-day, but realizing what his future is to be.

CHAPTER XV.

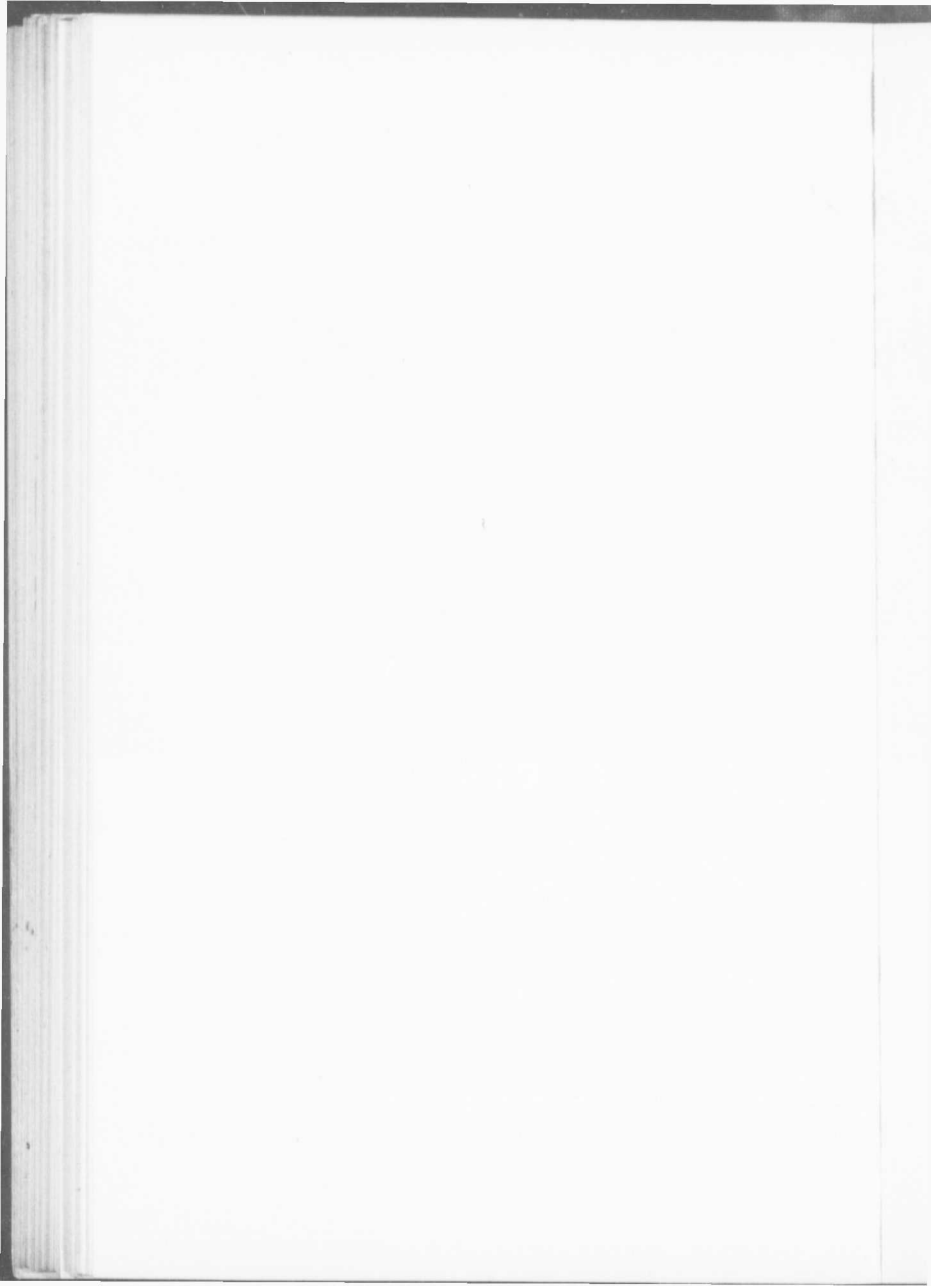
HOMEWARDS.

NATIONS, like persons, must have freedom in order to grow and to develop their individuality. Most South Africans, both Briton and Boer, maintain that their country cannot prosper until she has full self-government, as in Canada and in the Australian confederacy. But whether the people are yet capable of governing themselves is the debated point. Some assert that no representative government can yet be strong enough to cope with the difficulties presented by such a mixture of antagonistic races and such widely divergent trade interests; that the better educated and more liberal Dutch will remain passive, or be influenced by their bigoted kinsmen, whose opinions find vent in the Transvaal in thrashing their children for daring to use English words at home, and in the Orange River Colony in singing an obscene Dutch parody to the tune of "God Save the King." Others claim that with the establishment of the promised self-government in the Transvaal and Orange River Colony, British and Dutch will unite in the endeavor to solve their own local problems, and the long-delayed commercial prosperity will begin. Still a



Valsch Rf
Kroonstad
O.R.C. -

VALSCH RIVER ABOVE THE DAM.



third class predict that nothing will weld the two races together save the outbreak of the oft-threatened rising of the natives of Basutoland, thus creating a common peril.

As Miss De Wolfe and I lolled against the rail of R. M. S. *Gascon*, in Cape Town harbor, July 7th, 1904, these and a thousand other uncertainties passed through our minds. Watching Table Mountain and the Twelve Apostles looming dimly through the rain and mist, a counterpart of the scene of two years before, we naturally began to contrast our first and last impressions of South Africa. In 1902 there had been curiosity mingled with hope; in 1904 there was hope mingled with anxiety, vague and formless, it is true, as the tablecloth of mist hanging over the mountains, but none the less depressing. It seemed as if those veiled mountains were typical of the hidden future of the vast, silent country to which they belonged.

Yet, at Easter, when we had completed our arrangements to go home to Canada together, a season of very heavy rains had raised everyone's spirits enormously; the partial payment of compensation claims had also tended to arouse a more hopeful spirit, making it easier for us to think of saying farewell to our South African friends. South Africans, like all plainsmen, are prodigal with their money when they have any, and Kroonstad showed the easier state of her finances by liberal donations to local charities, the hospital, and the young men's club-room of the Anglican Church. Out-of-door

sports were entered into with a zest noticeably lacking during the preceding months, and the regular Wednesday half-holiday no longer failed to bring out an enthusiastic crowd to cricket, football, hockey, polo, or whatever happened to be the special attraction of the day.

This ready adaptability of the South African temperament was admirably shown in a most unique picnic which I attended on the Queen's Birthday. Luncheon had been spread at the foot of a long rocky bluff, at one side of the valley extending through Strydfontein, the government farm. Just as we had sampled the cold chicken we heard a loud "zip!" in the air above us, followed by the bursting of a shell at a distance of a mile or so down the valley. Startled investigation revealed the fact that the Bloemfontein artillery, who had come up to Strydfontein for practice, had chosen that particular time for firing off fifteen pounders from the rocks above us. We were really quite safe, and everyone settled down again with a fresh stock of jokes, but I found it most nerve-shattering to eat pie to an accompaniment of bursting shells, and no one, surely, could blame me for spilling coffee in my neighbor's lap.

Whether it was the exhilaration of the air, the influence of the irrepressible Kafirs, or that South Africa is a land of young people, the fact is that, whenever there was a chance to be hopeful, everyone had the knack of shaking off trouble with the facility of children. Some wiseacres shook their

heads saying, "Such levity is the ruin of the country"; while others said, "Such buoyancy will be our salvation." Certainly to the average business-man, with his hours from eight a.m. to five p.m., and his Wednesday half holiday, life was vastly more worth the living than in America, where his type must slave daily from breakfast till bed-time.

Miss De Wolfe was to meet me in Cape Town, and on the journey there, broken by stop-overs with old friends, I found the same spirit of renewed hopefulness. Fortunately for their peace of mind, none could foresee the approach of another long drought. The farms, not yet disfigured by the annual winter grass-burning, had quite regained a homelike appearance. Houses and fences were neatly repaired and scarcely a trace of the war remained. Not a yard of barbed-wire entanglement was to be seen, nor a blockhouse, except the two large stone ones kept to guard the bridge at Norval's Pont. The big camps had vanished, leaving immaculate neatness behind them; and no landmarks remained save the occasional graves.

These solitary graves, marked with white wooden crosses, seemed inexpressibly lonely out there on the great bare veldt, especially when one remembered that those which happened to be in Kroonstad, or Bloemfontein, had been honored by handsome monuments.

South of the Hex Mountains, Cape Colony was enjoying her winter rains; but the Cape Town mud of painful memory had disappeared, and I spent

two pleasant days there with up-country Dutch friends. On the third day the *Gascon*, of the Union-Castle line, arrived from East London with Miss De Wolfe on board. It was good to see a jolly little Canadian girl once more, and to compare experiences in South Africa.

It was odd how we six girls who had been billeted together at the Johannesburg Convention in 1902 were continually crossing one another's track, although we seldom saw or heard anything of the other Canadians. When Miss Arbuckle went to Bethlehem she found Miss De Wolfe there; I followed the latter to Kroonstad; Miss Dutcher followed me to Fauresmith; and Miss Bremner, having married Major Castelli, of the Constabulary, came to live in Kroonstad during my year there. The sixth girl of the party, Miss Lee, died of enteric during our first year in Africa, the one death amongst the forty girls. A modest stone, erected by the other Canadians, marks her grave at Parys.

As we steamed out of Table Bay the mood of the weather appeared to be in sympathy with the noisily tearful crowd on the docks behind us. The all-pervading moisture encouraged us in the hope that the quantities of ammunition stored in our hold might be sufficiently depressed to ensure our safety.

Two amusing encounters that evening made us feel quite at home on the *Gascon*. On being assigned to my cabin, the purser said to me:

"Pardon me, Miss Graham, but are you a Canadian teacher?"

On answering in the affirmative, he continued—

"My fiancée, Miss M——, another Canadian, was on the train with you last week, and told me that you might possibly be sailing this trip."

Of course I remembered the young lady, and congratulated him accordingly, and before the end of the trip we decided that she too was to be congratulated. At dinner that same evening the officer at our table turned to me with—

"Miss Graham, Miss De Wolfe tells me that you have just come from Kroonstad. Do you know Miss C——?"

"Oh, yes!" I replied, "she's an English girl not out very long."

"Yes," said he, "she's my fiancée, and isn't she a ripping fine girl?"

We assured him she was, and wondered how many more congratulations we would have to give.

After dinner I found some old acquaintances in the "First," who soon put us on bowing terms with their deck. We were Second Class again, the Education Department having booked our passage to Southampton, and having given us in addition orders on Cook's, in London, for £8 each. We afterwards supplemented these orders ourselves, sailing to Canada first cabin.

The next day dawned bright and clear, typical of most of the days of that trip, and justifying the statement that the voyage from Southampton to the

Cape is the ideal one for invalids. Certainly we could easily believe it, with such delightful weather and such excellent service as we had on the *Gascon*. Life on a Cape liner is very pleasant, the long, wide, shady decks affording ample space for promenades, or games of various sorts. There is room even for ship-cricket, a long deck being easily converted into a cricket pitch, to the audible disgust of portly deck-cabin passengers who wish to doze all afternoon. For those of quieter tastes there is pleasure in watching the appearance, or disappearance, of the "Great Bear" and the "Southern Cross"; there is the excitement of watching a school of flying fish pursued by crowds of leaping porpoises, themselves in turn chased by swift sharks; and in the tropics there is the nightly wonder of the queer phosphorescent sea. There is always a third class, of goodly numbers, who apparently live to eat, while at sea; and woe betide them if a squall should come up. They begin before breakfast with hot coffee; they break the monotony until lunch time with hot bovril at eleven; they exist until dinner with the help of afternoon tea; and they gain strength to wander through the land of dreams by a hearty supper of sandwiches, or bread and cheese.

Our fellow-passengers were an interesting medley. In the "Second" was a large party of Rhodesians, with a plentiful supply of money and democratic ideas, going "Home" to advertise their

country; in the "First" was a disbanded theatrical troupe, somewhat out-at-elbows, but trying to live up to "First" standards. With them were some moody Constabulary officers, on six-months' furlough, which would probably be extended into dismissal, as their force was being reduced by half. Their very natural dejection was shared by a group of ex-magistrates who talked feelingly about their grievances.

Some of the officers of the *Gascon*, in common with other ships of the Union-Castle line, were "Naval Reserve" men, and everything on board was managed with naval precision and immaculateness. Sundays, the crew was up for inspection, toeing the line on the main deck, then marching to service, read by the Captain; in the tropics, fresh ducks every day was the custom.

During the second week of the trip, there was a pleasant variation in the daily routine owing to the athletic sports open to competitors from all the decks. The programme occupied three days, and during the events the passengers of all classes were allowed on the top decks. There were races, serious and comic, jumping, tugs-of-war, etc., but the most popular event was the pillow-fight, in which we had the astounding spectacle of a military Captain, astride a greasy pole, facing a grimy opponent from the Third Class, who sent him flying with a well-aimed "biff."

Our mid-trip stop was at Las Palmas, a town on

Gran Canaria, the largest of the Canary Islands. In many respects the visit there was a repetition of the day at Teneriffe—the same clamorous boatmen, the same Spanish wares, the same blue sea, the same pink and white buildings and volcanic peaks, and, on shore, the same filthy swarms of picturesque, assorted beggardom. But Las Palmas is a much more pretentious town, lying two miles from the quay, and containing a really fine cathedral, besides other points of interest to the tourist. Our shore party, seven in number, decided to hurry through the town and drive to the top of the central peak to the big hotel there, for lunch. We engaged a guide and two quaint, low-hung, basket carriages, each drawn by four ponies. The mountain road led up a gradual, winding incline, twelve miles in length, showing a more novel bit of scenery at every turn. To our right there were valleys terraced with rows upon rows of banana plantations; beyond them, on the slopes, were vineyards and date palms; to our left, between us and the rocky hill-side, rushed a little stream, confined in a stone ditch, along the side of which were squatted scores of Spanish washerwomen with gay bandanas on their heads. We decided unanimously that we would prefer to hire the lady who monopolized the clear water at the head of the line. Presently we halted in the street of a wee village perched on the hillside, with queer old houses, all tightly barred behind wooden shutters to keep out the sun; there we were so set

upon by fruit girls, flower girls and beggars that we were thankful when the horses were sufficiently rested to start again. Above the village our road led through a charming avenue of shade-trees, with quantities of red geraniums growing wild by the wayside; and finally, after a hot, steep, dusty, winding climb, between slopes of bare volcanic deposits, we reached the summit and our hotel. It stood in the midst of a large garden, one blaze of tropical bloom, and from its balconies the panorama was magnificent. The great rugged, scored sides of the old volcanoes sloped far below us and revealed occasional fertile valleys, mere specks of green in the distance; miles below was the town, a blur of pink and green; and beyond the town, and all about, was the sea, one immense expanse of glittering blue silver, melting into the softer blue of the sky.

A few miles farther inland, the aborigines still live in caves hollowed out of the mountain sides, one row above another. Unfortunately, if one wishes to visit these people and see them working at their pottery and basket-weaving, a donkey ride is a painful necessity. These little donkeys are themselves a feature of the island. We met them in long strings, laden pack fashion with vegetables, fruit, wine bottles, beer kegs, and bundles of every sort; but one common sight, which never failed to make us wrathful, was to see a man riding his beast, while his wife trudged alongside with a great bundle on her head.

After leaving Las Palmas our fine weather continued, and we reached Southampton Water at sunset, July 31st, just in time to witness an exciting speed trial of motor boats.

August 1st found us in old London again, where we did nothing for one whole day but wander up and down the streets in the rain, exclaiming over the fascinations of the shop windows.

The three weeks following were spent visiting in England and Scotland, and everywhere we were agreeably surprised at the increased interest shown in Canadian affairs. We supposed that after the excitement of the war had passed away the people of Great Britain would have paid less attention to Canada, but it was quite otherwise. The United Kingdom is aptly called the "Mother Country," for her attitude towards the colonies is distinctly maternal—the fondly proud manner of the elderly matron who expects her grown-up children to uphold the dignity of the family name.

August 20th we sailed from Glasgow on the *Sicilian* of the Allan Line. There were only twenty of us in the First, including a number of Scotch people, and, as we sailed down the Clyde, with its background of hills standing out majestically in the afternoon sun, they said to us:

"You can't possibly have anything finer than that in Canada."

We admitted that it was superb, but secretly hoped the weather would be kind to us in the St.

Lawrence, a wish that was granted. Those two days in the Gulf and up the river were so ideal that the dourest Scotchman on board grew enthusiastic, while we Canadians became unbearable with conceit.

Monday afternoon, August 29th, we rounded Point Levi, and there lay Quebec, stately and beautiful in the bright sunshine. Without bias, that quaint old city, climbing above her walls to the fortress on Cape Diamond, surrounded on three sides by the St. Charles and the broader St. Lawrence, with the fir-clad Laurentians for background, presented the finest picture I had seen in all the long trip.

Altogether that last voyage was the most enjoyable. We had the most interesting companions and the most genial of captains; the usual concert for the benefit of the sailors' widows and orphans was the most successful financially; and the sea showed us her biggest wonders, whales spouting, icebergs, and schools of white porpoises. It was with genuine regret that I said good-bye to Captain Fairfull and the *Sicilian* company at Quebec.

On shore there was a slightly revived interest in South African affairs, since the proposed statue to the South African heroes was almost an accomplished fact. When I reached my own native town, Owen Sound, I found a similar feeling, owing to the proposal to erect a memorial tablet there to my

three fellow-townsmen, Privates Ingram, Evans and Day of the Strathcona's and the Second Canadian Mounted Rifles.

Thus to-day, in these and many another town throughout the Dominion, there are to be found these silent but potent links binding us to our sister colony across the sea.

