

# JOHANNESBURG

## War Time Sketched by Miss Pringle.

### RUSH OF FUGITIVES When War Broke Out-Nearly 100,000 People Left the City.

A week after the declaration of war, the "oldest inhabitant" would hardly have recognized his busy, bustling Johannesburg! It was supposed to contain something like 100,000 natives and 60,000 whites, but during the eight days allowed by Government it was calculated that nearly 100,000 whites left, besides most of the natives, who desired to escape the privations and possible bad treatment to which those who remained might be subjected.

One week you were hurried and jostled in Commissioner Street, busy with all the business of a great mining centre, and the next you might have it all to yourself. The heavy clouds of war had been gathering for months, and some days before they broke, shops began to put up barbed wire, and the mines which run parallel with Commissioner Street, had begun to close down. By the time the eight days were over there was scarcely a mine at work or a shop that was not strongly barricaded.

Three mines were able to continue, because their shares were held by foreigners, not Britishers, and after a time others were opened by order of the Government, but nothing was said till December about 50 per cent. of the profits going to Pretoria. There were many "Britishers" who had strong reasons for wishing to remain. First and foremost, ready money among them was very scarce; secondly, they hardly knew where to go. Ten thousand applications were consequently sent in for "permits," but alas for the list when it came out. Only 1,400 were granted.

The rush for the trains began at five. Open trucks, cattle-trucks, horse-boxes, filled with men, women, children, and Kaffirs, all bustled together. The European sitting at home can hardly realize what travelling with a Kaffir means. One such train only travelled nine miles, to find the Natal line blocked in front. The unhappy refugees were brought back next day to start once more for the Cape. Others were soaked by a tropical shower before they left, and in such a condition had to make two days and three nights' journey.

The remaining 1,400 who at least escaped the horrors of the truck-travelling, settled down to a period of absolute dullness. Besides their "permits" to stay, they required residential "permits" to go out of town. The last was very difficult to obtain, and for the many who could not get one nine o'clock was the Cinderella hour obliging them to be indoors. Even the native servants, or "boys" as they are called, very liable to be commandeered if they dared to go out of doors without their "pass." Upon one occasion nearly the whole male congregation of a Kaffir church was commandeered by a special police drawn up round the church waiting for them to come out. The special police were not so reliable as the name implies. Composed of every nationality except British, the less said of them the better. Being armed with revolvers which were in the habit of going off accidentally, their opportunities for theft and connivance were numerous, so that, on the whole, their presence was more terrifying than protective. Whenever anything was wanted—from a burger to light, to a mackintosh for him to wear—they "commandeered" it—a new word now perfectly understood by the English to mean whatever is required without payment, though nominally, receipts were given, which were to be sent in after the

war. As an illustration of commandeering, two little children, were sent to get a turkey some little distance from their home at Christmas-time. The turkey proved heavy for such small people, so they hailed a ricksha—a very light two-wheeled conveyance drawn by a Kaffir—and the small brother rode home triumphantly, the Kaffir demanded his money, but the little six and seven-year-old only replied,—"Oh, no; we've commandeered you!"

A time of intense dullness succeeded for the 1,400. After the first month there was no longer the excitement of watching the commandoes going off to the war. Business was absolutely at a standstill. There was no reliable news. No English mails entered after October 11th, and those which left were all read and partially suppressed. The only excitement was reading the lists in the Standard and Diggers' News of those who were to be sent over the border. This included some who ventured to remain in hiding without "permits," trusting that the British would soon be at Pretoria, but who had been hunted out by the Secret Service agents. Next, it included those of the 1,400 who proved they had only remained to enrich themselves by theft and "looting." Lastly, it included those who were unguarded in speech. The window of the Standard and Diggers' office was a very pitfall. It was full of photographs of the Boers' feats of arms. Spies were standing about to listen if an Englishman jeered. If he did, he was promptly sent over the border.

By January there were practically no Dutchmen in Johannesburg; all had been commandeered, from old men to young boys of fourteen. Their wives and daughters fared well, especially at first, as they only had to take up their abode in one of the many empty houses well stocked with provisions by their owners, who had anticipated being able to remain through a period of scarcity.

Mails being stopped, the whole of our knowledge of the outside world depended upon the Standard and Diggers' News; when they printed the English loss after Colenso at 5,000, the remainder of the 1,400 in Johannesburg grew very sceptical. Lists of Boer losses were scarce, but, though not printed openly, they could be obtained by going to the field cornet's office and making inquiries there. Sometimes they were very sensational all headings, such as "Very nearly a great victory after Waggon Hill and Caesar's Camp, called by the Boers the Storming of Platrand; and for some unknown reason a full list of casualties was published. The attack was a departure from their usual tactics, for the Boers are not used to close quarters, but word had gone down from Pretoria that "Ladysmith had to fall."

Gradually the 1,400 was still more reduced; so no further account can be given of the great mining centre, with its gardens now overgrown with weeds, its busy shops deserted and barricaded, and its crowded streets so neglected, and the tram-lines are hidden by the dust. There is neither man nor tram to sweep it away.

**SAFE, SURE, AND PAINLESS.**  
What a world of meaning this statement embodies. Just what you are looking for, is it not Putman's Painless Corn Extractor—the great sure pop corn—acts in this way. It makes no sore spots; safe, acts speedily and with certainty; sure and mildly, without inflaming the parts; painlessly. Do not be imposed upon by imitations or substitutes.

**Newfoundland Catch of Seals.**  
The Newfoundland sealing season has been the largest in twenty-five years, 375,000 seals have been captured.

**A RECORD IN BLOOD.**  
The record of Hood's Sarsaparilla is literally written in the blood of millions of people to whom it has given good health. It is all the time curing diseases of the stomach, nerves, kidneys and blood, and it is doing good every day to thousands who are taking it for poor appetite, tired feeling and general debility. It is the best medicine money can buy. Hood's Pills are non-irritating. Price 25 cents.

**RELIEF FOR STARVING**

Six Million People Fed and Clothed.

**HEARTRENDING SCENES As Narrated by a Special Correspondent Now in India.**  
KAPURWAI FAMINE RELIEF CAMP, AHMEDNAGAR, INDIA.  
On my way to India, I suppose I was travelling 10,000 miles to watch 10,000 people starve to death. After repeated visits to the great relief camps, however, I find I have come 10,000 miles to watch the Anglo-Saxon race in the act of saving the lives of millions of the "Aryan brown."

Besides these particulars 10,000,000 famine sufferers whose wants are immediate, there are 40,000,000 others, who, in bands of 10,000 or more, may at any moment cry out for food. But for the present I can write only of the 10,000,000 who are absolutely dependent upon government or private charity.

Of these, nearly 6,000 are fed and clothed and kept alive at the numerous government relief camps. As many as possible of the remaining 4,000,000 are being cared for by missionaries with money supplied by foreign contributions. There is no better thermometer of the famine than a government relief camp. These camps, like a thermometer, indicate the rise and fall in the intensity of the famine; they show the increase or decrease in the manner of sufferers, according to the manner of people at the relief works. Last week the number of people being cared for by the government increased by 61,000, so that the total of persons cared for by the government is, at this writing in exact figures, 5,611,000. These government relief camps are of three kinds: First, petty camps, in charge of a native, where not more than 1,000 people are fed; second, great camps, in charge of an English engineer, where from 10,000 to 15,000 people are given work; third, moving camps, in charge of a native—camps of a few hundred people who are employed in a roadmaking and who change their base of operations every few days, as the work progresses.

At a town called Kedgaon, 150 miles from Bombay, I had my first glimpse of life at a relief station. This was the petty station, called "Warwand" camp, where 800 people were employed in breaking stone and in carrying the broken stone to spots convenient for the repair of the highway. This Warwand camp is in the centre of the Deccan, a great desert plain in the centre of the Bombay presidency. Imagine a vast desert of brown parched earth, where never a green thing rests the eye, where you breathe hot air that well nigh suffocates you, where not an insect sound is heard, where only carrion birds hover in the still and dreadful air, where the sun looks like a disc of brass pasted on the sky, and you have the environment of the setting of this government camp.

Then, in the midst of this desert place, picture for yourself an hundred heap swarming with human beings, who with chisel and hammer, are breaking the rocks into stones. The sun cruel and relentlessly beats down its scorching rays upon uncovered heads, and the hot air tries to absorb the ripe moisture yet in their poor shrivelled, shrunken bodies. The skin of these people looks like tanned leather. Their bones present an outline as a skeleton. Never a song is heard—only the click, click of the hammers. Never a smile is seen—only a grin of what may be called a glad despair, when the sun settles low on the horizon, when the hours of stone-breaking are nearly over, when the 2 cents for the day's work is almost earned.

Two-thirds of these sad, silent beings crouching on the rocks are women. Here are nursing mothers with babe at breast; here are women about to become mothers here are little girls, only 8 years old, bearing a red mark on their forehead, giving notice that the year married: here are girls only 14 years of age, with shaven heads indicating that they have even so soon reached widowhood. All these, with the men breaking stones at 2 cents a day, in order to keep life in their bodies.

The government famine code says that pregnant women and nursing mother shall be supported without having to work, but, with every desire on the part of government to carry out the letter of the code, native officials frequently overlook certain clauses.

The second camp I visited was the big camp at Ahmednagar, where 15,000 people are employed building a great reservoir for the storage of water for the city.


A tonga, or pony jaunting cart, carried us from Ahmednagar across the parched country to this great camp, called Kapurwai. Again two-thirds of the workers were women; the scenes of the little camp visited the day before were here repeated on a colossal scale. Here were 5000 women carrying pans of mud and mortar on their heads, women reduced to mere burden bearers. I saw neither shovels nor picks; each woman simply gathered up the dirt in her hands, packed it into a sort of a dish pan with which she was provided, carried the load on her head to the great embankment, then returned, in line with hundreds of her sisters, for another load. Thus, with the hands of women, a great hole is being dug and a great wall being built, these two things, the hole and the wall, form-

## Torpid Liver Headache

And Biliousness Made Life Miserable for Three Years—Health Restored by Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.  
Having a direct action on the liver, Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are invariably successful in curing liver complaint, torpid liver, and the headaches and stomach troubles resulting therefrom.  
Mrs. Faulkner, 8 Gildersleeve place, Toronto, says:—"After doctoring without success for biliousness, liver complaint, and sick headache for over three years, I am glad to testify to my appreciation of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. At first they seemed a little strong, but being both searching and thorough in their action, amply repay any inconvenience by their results. I am feeling better in every way, and my headaches have entirely disappeared. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are certainly the best I have ever used, and I freely recommend them."  
The liver is responsible for very many ills of the human body. It is always made healthy, active, and vigorous by using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates and Co., Toronto.

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- Crash Caps 25c, Crash Hats 50c, Crash ties 10c.

These are hot Weather comforts.

# Prowse Brothers,

What Trade We Have We'll Hold and What We Haven't Me're After.

ing a reservoir in the heart of the dread full desert of India.

Meanwhile, at more than 100 stations missionaries shelter many thousands, widows and orphans, the aged and helpless little children and famine sufferers generally are given work, are fed and clothed and taught to look up instead of down—all by the wise expenditure of moneys supplied chiefly by the American people. Dr. Louis Klopsch of the Christian Herald, who is himself in India at this moment, journeying from camp to camp in pony cart or ox cart, or by any means of transportation the country affords, is, if one may judge by the cordial greetings, public demonstrations and the recognition of the press everywhere in his honor, and in compliment to his philanthropic work here, easily the most popular and most welcome American in India to-day next to that gracious lady, the vicereine.

I went with Dr. Klopsch to one of the great relief camps, and accompanied him on his tour of inspection. The main object of his visit here is to see and learn for himself how gigantic relief measures may be organized and most quickly applied to the needs of the greatest number of sufferers.

During the famine of 1897 he sent here more than \$400,000 and a shipload of corn for the relief of the starving. This time he will raise fully \$1,000,000.

He is waiting the arrival of the relief ship Quito, chartered by the American government and loaded with corn by the Christian Herald, which is now on her way here.

Yesterday, at Ahmednagar, a gathering of a great multitude of weavers, who had been benefited, and whose very lives in some cases had been saved by the money contributed by the American people, swarmed around Dr. Klopsch with gifts of sweet-smelling flowers made up into bouquets and garlands. The interpreter told me that the weavers metaphorically were prostrating themselves in the dust at the feet of the "sahib," and begged him to accept the flowers as an expression of their appreciation of his work. Dr. Klopsch touched the flowers in token of acceptance, and then told the interpreter to announce that he could not consent to the decoration, and that if they would kindly excuse him he would personally add 100 rupees to the municipal fund for the relief of the poor and needy.

To return to the great relief camp, where I am writing this, the people work all day, from sunrise to sunset, in the scorching, dehydrating heat, save during the two hottest hours at mid-day. At night they return to their tents of matting, little abodes supplied by the government, and laid out like a military camp. Each tent is numbered, and four persons are allotted to each tent. The men are at one end of the great encampment, the women at the other. Where whole families are employed, every attempt is made to keep these families together, a whole field being set aside for tents big enough to accommodate families of four or more.

Order, content, patience, obedience reign at this camp, as at all the government relief works. And all this order and content is accomplished without any showing of military power. Indeed I have not seen a single soldier at any relief camp. In the cities, one occasionally sees a small file of men in khaki, with guns ashoulder, marching from barracks to post of duty, in a sort of apologetic way. But at the relief camps not a single sign of military power is to be seen.

At this very camp, where 15,000 people are given work, are fed twice daily, are housed and clothed, are paid once a week, the power of Great Britain is represented in the person of a single Britisher, the engineer's little army of assistants is a native.

All religions are represented in each camp—Hindus, Mohammedans, Jains, Parsees and Christians. In this work, in the grouping of the people for purposes of the necessary organization of labor, caste is largely lost sight of, and frequently high and low must dig mud and carry mud together.

So much for the dramatic and picturesque side of the famine. The tragic side is a sight that brings tears. If one could describe the awfulness of the tragic scene, the pitiful sight of thousands of lives now being a way because of lack of food before coming to this haven, if one could unfold before the eyes of the American nation the panorama of the famine-stricken portion of India, with its millions of starving, naked people, the purses of a whole nation would be opened wide to give money to wipe such misery off the

surface of the earth.—Boston Herald.

Contributions to the Indian famine relief fund will be received by the GUARDIAN and forwarded to proper authorities.

## EMPIRE TEA AND FANCY SALE

The Ladies belonging to the Societies connected with Netre Dame Convent, intend holding a Grand Empire Tea and Fancy Sale in the E. I. S. Hall, Kent Street, on

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 27

Strawberries and Ice Cream, Home-made Candy. The best the season affords will be offered. Nothing will be spared to make the Festival most enjoyable. Entrance 10c.

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Pleasant View Hotel, - - Hampton, P. E. Island

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It is within a stone's throw of a splendid beach, where the bathing is unsurpassed.

The Hotel is comfortably furnished and a good table is provided. Pleasant View Hotel is distant from Charlottetown about 19 miles by Bon-haw Road. The drive is one of the prettiest to be had. From Crapaud the distance is four miles. Coach meets the boat at the latter place to convey passengers to the Hotel. Intending visitors may make arrangements by writing to the proprietor or by enquiring at The Examiner Office.

Terms moderate.

Hotel will be opened for season on July 1st.

**MATTHEW SMITH, Proprietor.**

June 18 d. f.

## Nervous Debility.

A Sufferer From Weak Blood and Exhausted Nerves Tells of His Cure by Using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Mr. A. T. P. Lalame, railway agent at Clarenceville, Que., writes:—"For twelve years I have been run down with nervous debility. I suffered much, and consulted doctors, and used medicines in vain. Some months ago I heard of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, used two boxes, and my health improved so rapidly that I ordered twelve more.

"I can say, frankly, that this treatment has no equal in the medical world. While using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food I could feel my system being built up until now I am strong and healthy. I cannot recommend it too highly for weak, nervous people."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is a tonic and restorative of inestimable worth. It makes the blood rich, the nerves strong, increases the weight, and vigor of the all weaknesses and diseases of the nerves and blood. In pill form, 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates and Co., Toronto.

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A very nice stock.

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