

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

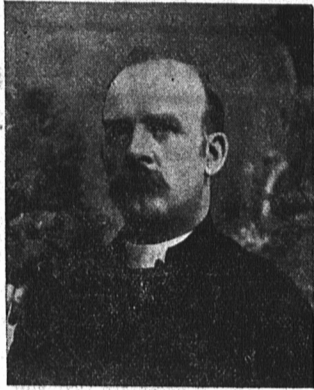
SPECIAL MILITARY EDITION

DAILY FOUNDED 1891
WEEKLY FOUNDED 1887

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, CANADA, FRIDAY, JUNE 30, 1905.

SINGLE COPY 2 CENTS
12 CENTS PER MONTH

THE FIRST SOUTH AFRICAN CONTINGENT



REV. T. F. FULLERTON
The popular pastor of St. James church, city and chaplain of First South African Contingent.

The following admirable description of the part taken by the Canadians in the surrender of Cronje and the Boers at Paardeberg is from the pen of the talented writer, Dr. A. Conan Doyle.

After describing the placing of the different brigades by Lord Roberts around the Modder River where the enemy was entrenched Dr. Doyle proceeds:-

In the meantime the cordon was being drawn ever tighter, and the fire became heavier and more deadly, while the con-

lowers. Buried deep within burrows in the river-bank the greater part of them lay safe from the shells, but the rattle of their musketry when the outposts moved showed that the trenches were as alert as ever. The thing could only have one end, however, and Lord Roberts, with admirable judgment and patience, refused to hurry it at the expense of the lives of his soldiers.

The two brigades at either end of the Boer lines had lost no chance of pushing in, and now they had come within striking distance. On the night of February 28th it was determined that Smith-Dorrien's men should try their luck. The front trenches of the British were at that time seven hundred yards from the Boer lines. They were held by the Gordons and by the Canadians, the latter being the nearer to the river. It is worth while entering into details as to the arrangement of the attack, as the success of the campaign was at least accelerated by it. The orders were that the Canadians were to advance, the Gordons to support, and the Shropshires to take such a position on the left as would outflank any counter attack upon the part of the Boers. The Canadians advanced in the darkness of the early morning before the rise of the moon. The front rank held their rifles in the left hand and each extended right hand grasped the sleeve of the man next it. The rear rank had their rifles slung and carried spades.

Nearest the river bank were two companies (G and H), who were followed by the seventh company of Royal Engineers carrying bags full of earth. The long line stole through a pitchy darkness, knowing that at any instant a blaze of fire such as flamed before the Highlanders at Magerfontein might crash out in front of them. A hundred, two, three, four, five hundred paces were taken. They knew that they must be close upon the trenches. If they could only creep silently enough they might spring upon the defenders unannounced. On and on they stole, step by step,

praying for silence. Would the gentle shuffle of feet be heard by the men who lay within stone-throw of them? Their hopes had begun to arise when—good God, what noise! was that? a resonant metallic rattle, thud of a falling man, an empty clatter! They walked into a line of meat cans slung upon a wire. By measurement it was only fifty yards from the

trench. At that instant a single rifle sounded and the Canadians hurried themselves down upon the ground. Their bodies had hardly touched it when from a line six hundred yards long there came one furious glare of rifle fire, with a hiss like water on a red-hot plate, of speeding bullets. In that terrible red light the men as they lay and scraped desperately for cover could see the heads of the

IN MEMORIAM




ALFRED RIGGS, ROLAND TAYLOR.
Killed at the Battle of Paardeberg Feb. 27th, 1900. Killed in the Battle of Paardeberg Feb. 18th 1900.



MAJOR WEEKS
Who was in command of G. Company, First South African Contingent.

Boers pop up and down, and the fringe of rifle barrels quiver and gleam. How the regiment, lying helpless under this fire, escaped destruction is extraordinary. To rush the trench in the face of such a continuous blast of lead seemed impossible, and it was equally impossible to remain where they were. In a short time the moon would be up, and they would be picked off to a man. The outer companies upon the plain were ordered to retire. Breaking up into loose order, they made their way back with surprisingly little loss; but a strange contretemps occurred, for, leaping suddenly into a trench held by the Gordons, they were mistaken by the men, who seem to have been asleep, for Boers. A subaltern and twelve men received bayonet thrusts—none of them fortunately of a very serious nature—before the mistake was discovered.

A better fate meanwhile had befallen the two companies who had been followed by the Engineers. It is difficult to understand why in the whole regiment the rear rank man might not have carried a sackful of earth instead of a spade. With these two flank companies the expedition was most successful. On the outbreak of the fire the sacks were cast down, the men crouched behind them, and time was given for further trenching. By the morning they were not only secure themselves, but they found themselves in such a position that they could enfilade the first lines of Boer trenches. No doubt Cronje had already realized that the extreme limit of his resistance had come, but it was to those two companies of Canadians that the credit is immediately due for that white flag which fluttered upon the morning of Majuba day over the lines of Paardeberg.

It was six o'clock in the morning when General Pretorius rode up to Lord Roberts's headquarters. Behind him upon a white horse was a dark-bearded man, with the quick, restless eyes of a hunter, middle sized, thickly built, with grizzled hair flowing from under a tall brown felt hat. He wore the black

broadsheet of the burgher with a green summer overcoat, and carried a small whip in his hands. His appearance was that of a respectable London vestryman rather than of a most redoubtable soldier with a particularly sinister career behind him.

The Generals shook hands and it was briefly intimated to Cronje that his surrender must be unconditional, to which, after a short silence, he agreed. His only stipulations were personal, that his wife,



LT. LORNE STEWART
A member of the First South African Contingent.

ditions of life in that fearful place were such that the stench alone might have compelled surrender. Amid the crash of tropical thunderstorms, the glare of lightning, and the furious thrashing of rain there was no relaxation of British vigilance. A balloon floating overhead directed the fire, which from day to day became more furious, culminating upon the 27th with the arrival of four five-inch howitzers. But still there came no sign from the fierce Boer and his gallant fol-



FRED B. McRAE
A member of the First South African Contingent.

his grandson, his secretary, his adjutant and his servant might accompany him. The same evening he was despatched to Cape Town, receiving those honorable attentions which were due to his valor rather than to his character. His men a pallid, rugged crew, emerged from their holes and burrows, and delivered up their rifles. It is pleasant to add that, with much in their memories to exasperate them, the British privates treated their enemies with as large-hearted a courtesy as Lord Roberts had shown to their leader.



MEMORIAL TABLET



THE SOLDIERS MONUMENT



MEMORIAL TABLET