

WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Interesting Particulars of the Struggle Between Great Britain and the Boers.

KRUGER'S EASTER PARTY.

Oh! Uncle's giving a party and he's asked us all to come:
We'll be there!
We're marching up from Durban town behind the fife and drum:
We'll be there!
There's some from Dublin city, There's some from out the West;
The Devon lad 'veel vitty,' There's Canadians with the rest,
Oh! Uncle, don't you trouble, for mother paid the fare;
We'll be there, we'll be there!

So please you, Uncle Paul, Light the lantern in the hall,
We know we're welcome as the flowers of May;
Just keep the eggs hot For the lively little lot
Who are coming up to dinner Easter Day.
We've got some little sailor men, we thought you wouldn't mind:
They'll be there!
We're bringing them to see our Uncle Paul, so good and kind,
They'll be there!
They have come across the ocean, They would like some tea and buns;
Then they'll just give you a notion How they work their little guns.
No, Uncle dear, they're not at sea, they travel everywhere:
They'll be there, they'll be there!
So please you, Uncle Paul, Just arrange a little ball,
(They're having one or two upon the way.)
They're a lively little crew And they want to speak to you,
So they're coming up to dinner Easter Day,
Pretoria's a place we've often wanted to behold:
We'll be there!
You've got some fine large houses there, at present, we've been told:
We'll be there!
Perhaps I may just mention We are coming up in style,
And with the firm intention Of remaining for a while.
Still, Uncle, don't you worry, there is time enough to spare:
We'll be there, we'll be there!
So please you, Uncle Paul, See that there's enough for all:
There's one hundred thousand Tomraies on the way;
And somewhere in a bag They have got a little flag
To stick up in Pretoria Easter Day.

ONE ASPECT OF WAR.

For real ghastliness, for a glimpse into the gory realities of war and the horrors of the battlefield, the private letter of a young medical officer at Spion Kop, printed in the Daily Graphic, can scarcely be beaten.
"I selected a pass," he writes, "overhung by steep clay banks, on the top of which I got up a Red Cross flag. Cases now began to pour down from Spion Kop on stretchers. The Boers opened fire on us and three bullets went in to the fire, knocking the sticks about. The reason for this fire was not the Red Cross flag, but owing to some Tommies, who were strolling

over to it, either to take cover there or to see what we were doing. I promptly ordered them away. A few minutes after the Boers let fire five shells in quick succession in my direction, but they fell short and did no harm. This sort of thing went on round me for the rest of the day, but I always kept well in the shelter of the bank. From this time till ten o'clock next morning the wounded came through my dressing station, as the pass was the only exit from the hill. I saw every case and some of them were mutilated beyond description.
"Fully 330 wounded and dead, who had died on the way, passed through my hands. The cheerfulness of the wounded struck me as remarkable—men with shattered wounds smoking their pipes, and although starving, not a grumble did I hear. Many a poor chap shot in the morning in the front trenches, who could not be reached, lay in the blazing sun all day. One old colonial in Thorneycroft's with a grey beard, walked down leaning on his gun. He was a mass of wounds, one ear cut through by a bullet, his chin, neck and chest also shot through by others, and his back and legs torn by shell. He came and said he just dropped in to let me take his finger off, as it was so shattered he could not pull the trigger of his rifle, and got in the way of his next finger, which he could use, for he wanted to get back up the hill to pay the Dutchmen out. Of course, I would not let him go back. The bullet wounds are beautifully clean, just a little round hole, and as a rule do not do much damage, as they often go through the bone without shattering it, and they don't bleed much. The shell wounds are hideous.
"It was frightfully dark and I put two lanterns on a stick as a direction to my pass. Shortly after this both lanterns went out and I had a pretty bad time, as the pass often got blocked with wounded.

NUMBER OF GERMAN OFFICERS.

I heard one of them had been killed. They let our men search the dead for their identification cards, letters and money. It was very sad to see the things we found in their pockets—love letters, Christmas cards, little pocket books with accounts, half finished letters. Several of the Boers handed in little things they found. A cheque for £10, a purse full of money, etc. Some of the officers had trinkets around their necks. One poor chap had a locket with a spray of white heather and we had to cut his name off his shirt and pin it to the locket as a means of identification.

SPIES AT MODDER RIVER.

Pte. Budge, of Neath, writing on 11 January, to his mother from Modder River where he is engaged with the Grenadier Guards, says: "We caught a spy last week. We thought he was loyal to us, but we watched him one night, and saw a light in his house, and what is more we saw him use a

telephone, which we afterwards found communicated with the Boers about three miles away. We took him prisoner, and on searching his house, we found the wires in the wall. We traced these wires around a pigsty and afterwards under a river. The wire broke as we were following it across the river, and we could not trace any further. Our camp has been full of spies lately, but I think we have caught the chief of them at last. The same man was caught before signalling with a lamp, but he then said he was looking for his cattle, and we gave him the benefit of the doubt, and let him go. Now he has come to the end of his career.

Finally I could send no more men across the drift, and had to stack them with the dead in rows on the grass. I collected all the wounded officers on stretchers around me and gave them brandy and a hypodermic of morphia.
"The morning light began to dawn about 4.30 and lit up the ghastly faces of the patients around me. My men now got a fire ready and got some beef tea and coffee, and after giving the wounded some, I sent them in ambulances across the drift. Commandants Botha and Burgess, who were the Boer generals, came now on the scene. The former who was the chief general, was a smallish, thick man, with yellowish beard and hair, and had a magnificent rifle beautifully carved with his name and a text from the Bible. He had a couple of mounted Kaffirs carrying his ammunition and water bottle, and an interpreter. He seemed, however, to understand English, though he refused to speak it, but now and then said "Certainly, certainly." There were quite a

THREE NEWSPAPER MEN

WERE THE FIRST INTO BLOOMFONTEIN

AND ARRANGED FOR ITS SURRENDER

Lord Roberts entered the Free State capital practically unopposed. He lay at Venters Vlei, 14 miles away the previous night with Gen Kelly-Kenny's and Gen. Colville's divisions, the Guards Brigade and the mounted infantry.
Gen. French having cut the railway and telegraphs, experienced a slight skirmish with some Boers holding a kopje southeast of the town. Early in the morning the cavalry brigade moved forward and occupied slowly several kopjes which commanded the Boers.
A few well placed shells from the Horse Artillery drove off the enemy. Gen. French then sent out scouts to feel their way toward the town, perceiving which, the correspondents of the Sydney Herald and the London Daily-News with one other, galloped forward and entered the town, which wore an everyday aspect.
The people were out shopping or for morning walks and at first the three newspaper men were regarded as townsfolk. When later, it became known that they were forerunners of the British army, they were greeted

cordially and conducted to a club where they met Mr. Fraser, of the executive council, the mayor and other officials. These they persuaded to take carriages and go to meet Lord Roberts.

As the party drove out of the city, the British cavalry were closing around like a high net. The deputation soon arrived opposite the kopje where Lord Roberts was stationed and this correspondent rode forward and had the honor of announcing to the commander-in-chief that Bloemfontein would surrender.

A little later the deputation began to approach and Lord Roberts went forward to meet them. The scene was picturesque in the extreme. A few yards away the guns of a battery pointed their grim mouths toward the late position of the Boers, while the tin roofs of Bloemfontein shone in the distance.

After salutes had been exchanged a member of the deputation stepped forward and declared that the town, being without defences, wished to surrender, hoping that Lord Roberts would protect life and property.

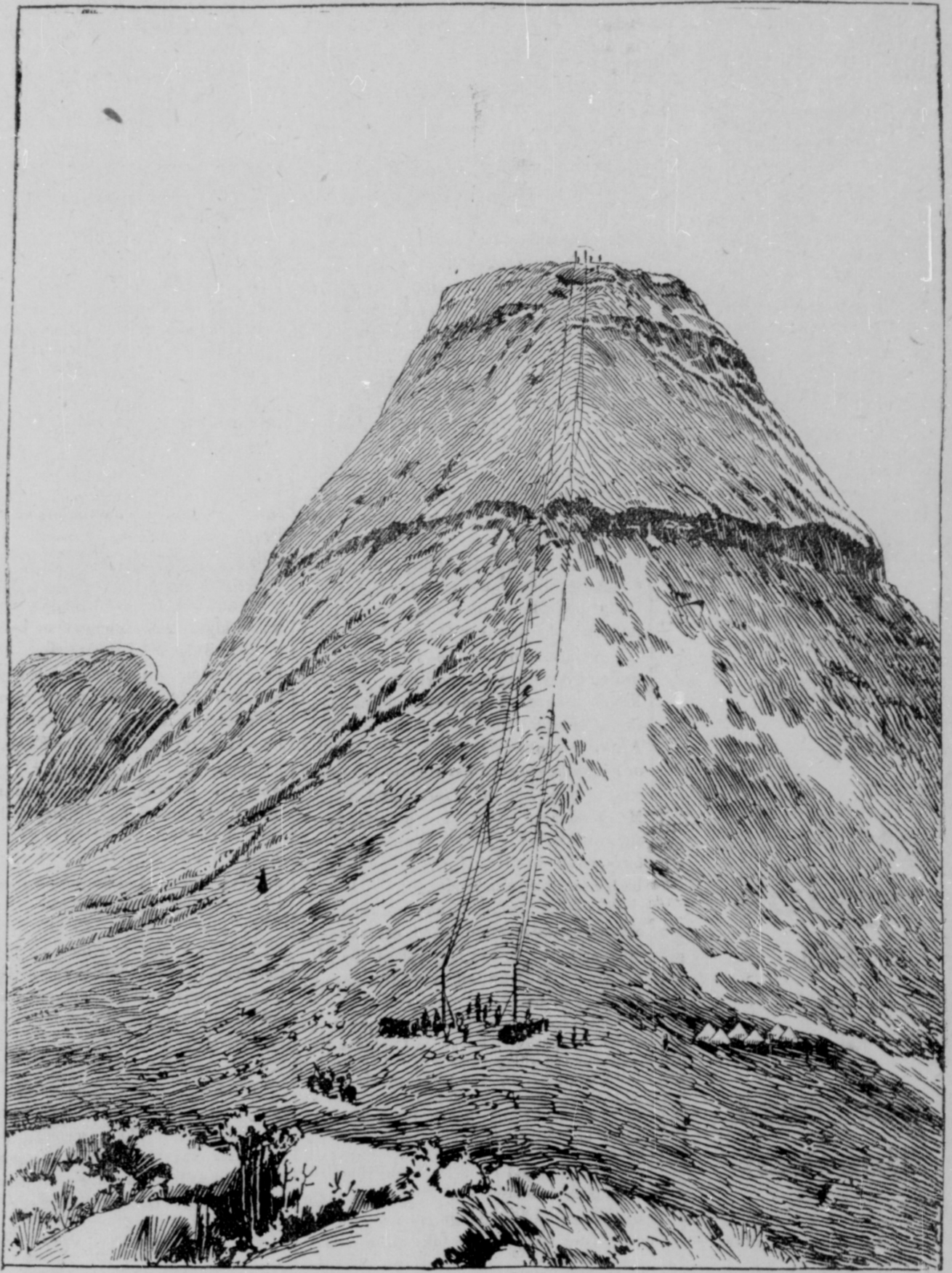
He replied provided there was no opposition, he would undertake to guarantee the security of both.

The interview was very cordial, without a sign of solemnity. It struck this correspondent that the deputation seemed relieved by the presence of the British troops. Lord Roberts notified the deputation his intention of entering the town in state and they withdrew to inform the townspeople.

Lord Roberts then made his military dispositions, ordering the First Brigade to follow him and to take possession of the town. With his staff and the military attaches he descended the kopje and arrived on the plain, where he waited until the cavalry approached. Then he entered the city, followed by his personal staff, the general staff, the military attaches and troops.

Dear Sir,—I was for seven years a sufferer from Brouchial Trouble, and would be so hoarse at times that I could scarcely speak above a whisper. I got no relief from anything until I tried your MINARD'S HONEY BALSAM. Two bottles gave relief and six bottles made a complete cure. I would heartily recommend it to anyone suffering from throat or lung trouble.

J. F. VANBUSKIRK, Fredericton.



COLES KOP—WITH CABLE LINE TO THE SUMMIT.—Boston Globe.



BRITISH OUTPOSTS IN LADYSMITH DURING THE SIEGE.

On the hill in the center is a convent, to the right of which stands General White's headquarters. In the valley in the foreground are the Fifth dragoon guards, sheltered from shell fire. The Imperial light horse camp is on the lowlands at the extreme right. A shell from the Boers "Long Tom," on Pepworth hill, as shown bursting near the convent.—[Boston Globe.]

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