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SUMMER READING

The Prince Edward Island Magazine for August is out and for sale at usual places. It's a first rate number and the contents, which are as follows are of a high order of merit:

- H. M. S. Crescent Frontispiece
- The Star Hill Survey Katherine Hughes
- The Broken Spectre J. M. Adversity, a Day Dream J. Edward Rendle
- Bedouque and its People—11' Henry H. Hooper, Detroit, Mich
- Newspaper Life and Newspaper Men—IV J. H. Fletcher
- Robert Jenkins
- Our West J. S. B

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South Africa and the East

A BELGIAN NURSE.

HER WORDS OF PRAISE FOR BRITISH SOLDIERS.

The London Times has the following:—The Brussels Reforme with an impartiality to which we have not for some time past been accustomed in the Belgian press, publishes some interesting extracts from the introduction to the volume which Mme. Bron, one of the Belgian nurses who went out to tend the Boer sick and wounded, is about to publish on her experiences in South Africa, both with the Boer forces and afterwards in the British camp when her ambulance fell into our hands at Jacobsdal. Mme. Bron says:—

"First of all I wish to state that, having gone out to help the Boers, I continued to serve them in spite of my growing disgust because they were the weak side as a nation, and the helpless side in regard to ambulance organization. But I wish also to declare at the outset that I protest with the utmost indignation and the utmost love of truth against the abominable falsehoods poured out against the English. Having been their prisoner for three weeks at Jacobsdal, and having served with them during that period, I imagine I am in a position to judge of them.

The Boer is not wicked and he is fairly hospitable. He is a brute, or rather a stupid, overgrown child. He is obstinate and boastful. As for his honesty and morality, we had better not dwell on those points. His pride is beyond conception, and his power of lying . . . As for his respect for women I could relate details and furnish evidence, but it would be too nauseous. . . It was amongst the British soldiers—I say it and repeat it, and no power on earth will induce me to deny the truth—it was amongst them that I found myself once more at home, surrounded by that gratitude, that affection, to which the humble folk of my own country had accustomed me. How good it was to feel oneself treated as a fellow creature after six weeks of cruel toil in a Boer hospital, full of typhoid patients, without even a single word of kindness."

Mme. Bron then proceeds to discuss the courage of the Boers, and on this point she intends in her book to quote the dying testimony of Colonel de Villebois Mareuil, "whose despairing words will show that gallant soldier to have gone forth to his death as cruelly disillusioned as the humble nursing woman who has returned to Europe." The Boers fought with the tenacity of farmers or peasants all over the world who had been told that the English were coming to take their farms away from them. Had they been satisfied that their lands would remain untouched, with a present of money thrown in, they would never have fought at all. A Boer general had himself told her that it would be a blessing for the country if the English took possession of it, though he, nevertheless, went out and fought bravely against them, and did not give away strong positions as so many others did from obstinacy, pride, or, to put it mildly, indifference. Mme. Bron concludes her introductory chapter by repeating that the attempts already made to terrorize her will not deter her from carrying out the task she has undertaken in the cause of truth, out of sheer disgust at the mendacious exaggerations which have held up the Boers as legendary heroes to the admiration of Europe, and the British soldiers to public opprobrium in the most outrageously calumnious light.

BURIED GUNS.

The Boers' employment of graves to conceal arms and ammunition for use

I was cured of a severe cold by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Oxford, N. S. **R. F. HEWSON.**

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at some future time is thus described by the Cape Town correspondent of the London Chronicle:

It is a far cry from the operations now terminating in the Free State to those with which Lord Roberts commenced his invasion of that territory; but some most extraordinary and interesting facts have just come to light which are worth summarizing. It will be remembered that after the surrender of Cronje and what remained of his force at Paardeberg there was some speculation as to what had become of large quantities of arms and ammunition which were known to be in his possessions. It was commonly said that they had been buried, the object of their interment being twofold, namely, to keep them from falling into the hands of the British, and also in order that they might be used on some future occasion by the Boers themselves, should luck again come in their way.

About that extraordinary burial there is now no doubt. But your Boer is "slim" and when this work was done every imaginable artifice was employed to deceive those who might make investigations. But there are others at present in this country who are also "slim," and in this case what might be called the woodcraft of the Australian bushmen has been of immense service. Some of these bushmen khaki-clad, spade in hand, and rifle slung handy to the grip, have been engaged for some time in unearthing the hidden spoils. It has not been nice work, but that is the fault of the Boers, who have shown but little respect for the dead. The stench is described as horrible—first carbolic, and then all the sickening horrors of dead oxen, dead sheep, horses done to death by hard work or shell, and it must be added, dead men. These bushmen were actually digging up the dead. Beneath the bodies of these dead Boers were buried, carefully wrapped in blankets, numbers of rifles.

"What does it mean? What are the rifles doing there? Is that box another coffin?" asked a visitor to the famous battlefield.

"See here," said the bushman, as he took off his hat to wipe the perspiration from his forehead, "this is the way the Boers treated their dead."

He picked up a rifle marked "H. Pienaar."

"This I found near one body—poor devil. Under that body you see now I am going to pull out these guns and a lot of ammunition. Here, Jacob! December! lend a hand." And the two Kiffirs came up to assist the soldier grave-digger.

First came six rifles, then two boxes, on opening which Mauser ammunition was found. Both boxes were full and uninjured. They had come via Port Elizabeth, in the first place, consigned to Bloemfontein. The painting on the boxes was plain, and the three months' burial had done the cartridges no harm.

At another spot some twenty Boers had been dug up, with the result that thousands of rounds of ammunition were discovered—put by for future use, it is to be presumed; other's why not have tossed them into the river hard by? Some hundreds of graves and trenches were made to disgorge their contents; and frequent yawn appeared to be a dead man's last name turned out to be but a clever ruse to conceal pom-pom shells or artillery ammunition of heavier caliber. In one place was a headstone which marked the hiding place for some dozen rifles, a tin box with clothing in it, and perhaps some 200 rounds of Martini-Henry cartridges. Then, from an

other grave with a wooden cross at its head, there came, first, an oilskin coat, next (three feet from the surface) a long blanket stretched out upon a lot of crossed sticks. Suspended from the sticks, and carefully wrapped up in oil and thick blankets, were three new English Lee-Netfords, a saddle under them, and a bundle of photographs bearing the names of colonial photographers. The total depth of this grave was nine feet—good, hard solid digging.

The cunning displayed by the Boers in thus hiding arms and ammunition is marvelous, and but for the ingenuity of the bushmen doubtless shells, guns and ammunition would have remained intact until the premeditated day for their removal.

The skill of the Australians, remarks this visitor to Paardeberg, is a lesson to our own police. To the ordinary passer by the ground is even, and differs not from the veldt generally, but the astute noncom. stops between two filled-up trenches. He makes a mark with his spade and sends for Kaffirs. The trenches are emptied, but though thirty-six square feet are dug out twice over no find repays the energy and industry of the perspiring party.

"Turn this up, boys," says the corporal, turning an inquisitive eye to a blade or two of grass, which, after handling gently, he plucks and throws aside. "This bit of ground has been taken up, and flattened down afterwards, and the trenches have been filled in as a blind."

From under this innocent looking ground were recovered a case of pom-pom shells and an unexploded lyddite shell, a damaged saddle and in a tin case containing papers and an old kit.

JOHN BULL'S JOKE.

It is very doubtful if Great Britain had any motive beyond a desire to give protection where it was believed protection was needed when she sent troops to Shanghai. Immediately a dark cloud of suspicion swept athwart Europe. What was England doing? Russia sent troops into Manchuria, and is practically carrying on a little war of her own there. This seemed to be regarded as all right and proper. But when Britain ventured to send troops to Shanghai, where she has many residents and predominating interests—which it were better to guard before they were attached than relieve after they were invested and partially destroyed—the action at once caused a foreign shock of jealous anxiety. Such a vigorous protest was made by the Chinese viceroys and such mutterings of disapproval sent from foreign consuls to their governments that the British seemed to be palsied. Admiral Seymour communicated by cable with his Government and then announced that Great Britain had decided to withdraw. The Admiral actually sailed away. Then the foreign residents and consuls saw visions of massacre rising before them; they began hurriedly to think that the dark-skinned Ghurkas and other troops of Perfidious Albion would be nice to have there, after all. This feeling developed to a very shriek of dismay, and the consuls united in a request to their Governments to induce the British to come back and land. The

British Foreign Office was then informed by France, Germany and Austria that they would be pleased to have British troops land at Shanghai. Admiral Seymour was sent after, went back and the troops were landed. It is now believed that the whole thing was more or less of a quiet joke the British Foreign Office was playing. It is said that troops were sent to be landed at Shanghai, and were going to be landed there to protect British interests, no matter what any other Power thought. The ruse, if ruse it was, of pretending to be ready to abandon the place to its fate, succeeded admirably. The British authorities are having a quiet chuckle and the European residents of Shanghai are feeling better.



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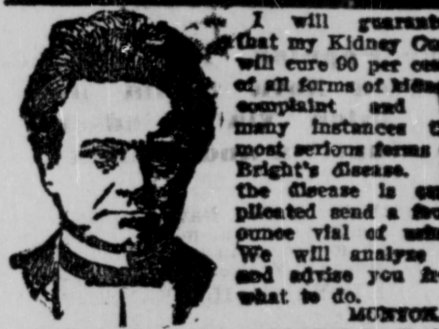
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