

The Transvaal War

SOUTH AFRICA.

White man and white man grapple in the hills
Where the gaunt hills beat upward to the sky!
And, where the veldt lay silent utterly,
A clamor of their sudden battle fills
The air with angry sound that stuns and thrills.
The lean, brown columns check, and sting, and slay,
The mist clears from the hot-lip guns away,
And bitter night creeps ghostwise from the hills.

And over all the South the trail of death.
O, white man, strive ye well that strife be brief!
For lo, a little word of idle breath
Draws from the utmost confines of old grief:
And those swart warrior millions, now at gaze,
Stir, as from sleep, remembering other days.

A. B. De Mille, in The Criterion

LIFE IN LADYSMITH.

PICTURESQUE ACCOUNT FROM THE PEN OF THE LATE G. W. STEEVENS.

A picturesque account of life in Ladysmith, written by the late G. W. Steevens, for the Daily Mail, is in part, as follows: That bombardments were a hollow terror I had always understood, but how hollow, not till I experienced the bombardment of Ladysmith.

"It must be said that the Boers make war like gentlemen at leisure; they restrict their hours of work with trade unionist punctuality. Sunday was always a holiday, so was the day after and particularly busy shooting. They seldom began before breakfast, knocked off regularly for meals; the luncheon interval was 11.30 to 12 for riflemen, and 12 to 12.30 for gunners—hardly ever fired after tea time, and never when it rained."

"I believe that an enterprising enemy of the Boer strength, could, if not have taken Ladysmith, at least have put us to great loss and discomfort. But the Boers have the great defect of all amateur soldiers, they love their ease, and do not mean to be killed. Now, without toil and hazard, they could not take Ladysmith. To do them justice, they did not at first try to do wanton damage in town. They fired almost exclusively on the batteries, the camps, the baloon and moving bodies of troops. In a day or two the troops were far too snugly protected behind schanzes and reverse slopes, and grown far too cunning to expose themselves to much loss."

The inhabitants were mostly underground, so that there was nothing ready to suffer except casual passengers, beasts and empty buildings. Few shells fell in the town, and of the few many were half charged with coal dust and many never burst at all.

The casualties in Ladysmith during a fortnight were one white civilian, two natives, a horse, two mules, a wagon and about half a dozen houses. And of the last only one was actually wrecked; one—of course the most desirable habitation in Ladysmith—had no less than three shells, and remained habitable and inhabited to the end.

"And now, what does it feel like to be bombaraded? At first, and especially the first thing in the morning, it is quite an uncomfortable sensation. If you have nothing else to do, and especially if you listen and calculate, you are done; you get shells on the brain,



THE CITY OF LONDON IMPERIAL VOLUNTEERS CROSSING WESTMINSTER BRIDGE ON THE WAY TO THE WINE ELMS, SATURDAY, JANUARY 13th. [From Boston Globe]

think and talk of nothing else, and finish by going into a hole in the ground and hiring better men than yourself to bring you down your meals. Whenever you put your head out of the hole you have a nose-breath escape. If a hundredth part of the providential deliverances told in Ladysmith were true, it was a miracle than anybody in the place was alive after the first quarter of an hour. A day of this and you are a nerveless semi-corpse, twitching at a fly buzz, a misery to yourself and a scorn to your neighbors.

If, on the other hand, you go about your ordinary business, confidence revives immediately. You see what a prodigious weight of metal can be thrown into a small place and yet leave plenty of room for everybody else. You realize that a shell which makes a noise may yet be hundreds of yards away. You learn to distinguish between a gun's report and an overturned water tank. You perceive that the most awful noise of all is the throat-ripping cough of your own guns firing over your head at an enemy four miles away. So you leave the matter to Allah, and by the middle of the morning do not even turn your heads to see where the bang comes from.

FOR QUEEN AND EMPIRE.

The following extract from a letter just received from an officer in Colonel Brabant's Horse will be of interest as indicating the spirit which animates the men who are now upholding England's honor in South Africa:—

"Camp Tylden, Dec. 30, 1899.—We are now nearly 1,000 strong, and fully one half of our number have gone to the front, but at present everything is quiet, and we are anxiously awaiting developments. No doubt, when Lord Roberts arrives, some important moves will be made, when we hope to have a part in the struggle for British supremacy. We had sports here on Christmas Day, and the good people of East London and district sent Christmas gifts to the men in the shape of cheese, tobacco, dried fruits, etc., and everyone looked well pleased. We are a mixed lot. Our officers consist of officers from the Life Guard, Husars, Bombay Lancers, retired officers, one from a Canadian regiment, and one from the Australian contingent. One who sits opposite me now, is a major who has left his wife, children and home to do what he considers his duty to his country. All are imbued with the same love of Empire and country, and the outcome of this war, I feel sure, will be the greater strengthening of the varied colonies and their peoples who are under the British flag. The full results of this great struggle will not perhaps be seen in our day, but future generations will no doubt reap the benefit as we have in our day the sacrifices made for us by those who fought our battles in days gone by."

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

THE HOLY YEAR.

What is the Holy Year?
The year wherein good men find space for ampler good to do:
The year wherein the true, by deeds, not words, grows doubly true:
The year that brings a helping hand to grasp the hand of Need,—
The year that sweeps with holy fire the feeding ground of Greed!

What is the Holy Year?
The year that blights a mighty crime as petty crime is blighted:
The year that does not smile and nod till public wrong be righted:
The year that holds one scale of law for low or lofty station—
That says to one "thou shalt not steal"—and says it to a nation!

What is the Holy Year?
The year wherein the flames of war are buried in busy forges,
Wherein the mighty men of work march up the Future's gorges,
When each shall have the wage he earns, as brother unto brother,
And he who rules and he who digs shall honor one another!

What is the Holy Year?
The year wherein God's word moves on thro' earth's drear, desert places:
The year wherein men see His grace beam forth in human faces:
The year wherein Love—blessed Love—opes wide its "holy portal,"
And all that mortal is in man grows fair in the immortal!

John Jerome Rooney, in The Criterion

MORE BADEN-POWELL.

The newest story about the hero of Mafeking is this:—

During the Matabele war of 1896, when Baden-Powell was chief of staff to Sir Frederick Carrington, orders were issued for him to be put under arrest. The head and front of "B. P.'s" offending was that he had caught, tried and shot on his own responsibility a dangerous native chief. The Exeter Hall party at home took up the case, and made representations to the then Governor of South Africa, Sir Hercules Robinson, which resulted in orders being sent to Carrington to place "B. P." under arrest.

"Whether Baden-Powell was ever actually under arrest," says the narrator in M. A. P., "I am not certain; but I have a shrewd idea that when the message bearing the memo from General Carrington arrived at Baden-Powell's camp—he was operating by himself at the time—he found that the gay Colonel had departed, leaving no address. Possibly he had received an unofficial tip. Anyway, the matter blew over, and Exeter Hall failed in its attempt to stop B. P.'s career."

EVERY WOMAN IN ENGLAND.

As the conviction grows in Great Britain that the war will be long, the efforts for providing for the sick and wounded and the families of the household troops are redoubling. There is scarcely a woman in England, who in addition to making articles of clothing for those in the field and in the hospitals, is not working for and contributing to some special fund. Mrs Arthur Paget's entertainment brought in over £5,000 for the families of the household troops, in which her husband is a colonel of the Scots Guards. The Mansion House fund exceeds £690,000, the Daily Telegraph's fund amounts to £119,000, and the Daily Mail's totals £77,000. These amounts only cover the larger London funds and do not include numerous provincial funds or large amounts being raised to equip volunteers.

The equipment for the Yeomanry hospital has just left England for the Cape. The ladies at the head of this charity have now decided to raise funds to keep the hospital going for six months and have issued an appeal to the British residents of the United States.

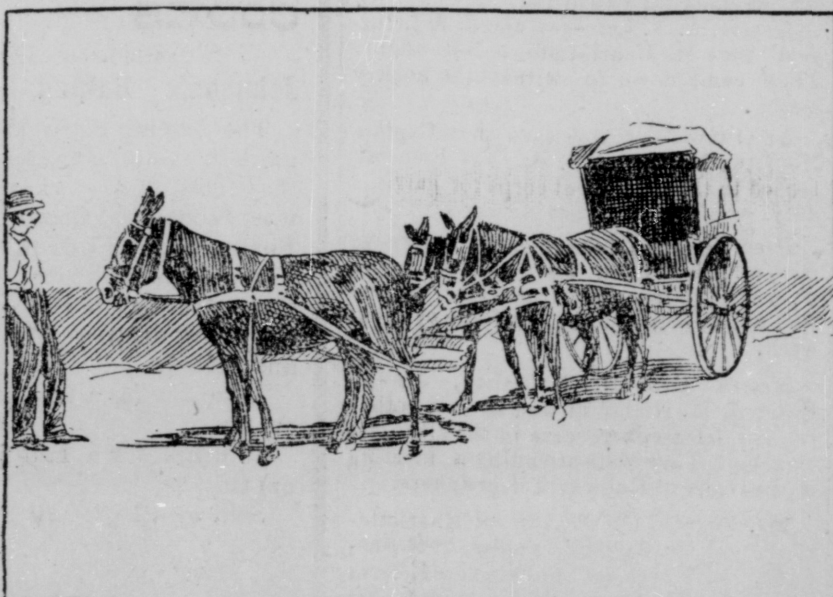
TWENTY DEAD IN A COUPLE OF YARDS.

Private John Stroud, of the 12th Bearer Company, A. M. S., in a letter to his father at Maidstone, says: "We fought a great battle (Colenso) on Friday, an attack on the Boer position which was not successful. There were over 1,000 casualties among our own men. We had four bearer companies here, and they were under fire most of the time, and the bullets and shells were dropping amongst us too close to be comfortable. Fortunately the Boer shells are badly made and seldom burst; if they did a good many would not be alive now. Many of the shells dropped within three or four feet of us, doing no damage but covering us with dust. . . . In many places on the field a dog could scarcely cross, bullets and shell dropping like a shower of rain. One battery of guns had to be left, all officers shot, and horses dead and injured, and only a few of the men got away safe. It was terrible while it lasted. The Bearer Company were kept on the go until late at night, and many awful sights were to be seen. In one place over 20 killed were found within a couple of yards round, and the place was thick with wounded."

Among military men the opinion is gaining strength that warfare, as it has been developed by the Boers, must make the use of artillery a leading factor in this and all future campaigns. The great lesson taught by the present war is that the army having superiority in artillery has an advantage that cannot be offset by superiority in other respects. This fact is now fully recognized by the British army authorities, who are sending to the front siege-trains of lyddite Howitzers and long range guns of heavy calibre, as well as quick-firing guns, fitted to cope with those possessed by the Boers. Strange to say, in view of Great Britain's supremacy as the country of iron and the country of it, it was the superiority of the Boer guns in range and power, more than their much-vaunted marksmanship, and the magazine rifle which has given them their chief advantage so far. A different story will be told when the terrible pulverizing long range lyddite shells begins its work among them. As usual in every war in which Great Britain has been engaged, the heads of her military system have to learn wisdom from reverse. The present war is no exception to this rule.

A correspondent with General Gatacre's force, writes on Dec. 21:—"To give an idea of how deceptive is this veldt on a misty day, I need only mention that a flock of sheep, which the thunderstorm had caused to close up in a block was actually mistaken for a Boer laager.—This misconception was not dispelled until after the scouts, advancing with the utmost caution, had approached within four hundred yards. At double that distance all of us were prepared to certify that we could see waggons, oxen and mounted men."

How the London Times' Correspondent Travels.



This is the cart used by the London Times' correspondent with Lord Methuen's column when on the march. It is drawn by three hardy mules, and besides carrying the correspondent is loaded under and around the seat with his supplies. [From Boston Globe]

SERGEANT, CALL THE ROLL!

For those who strew our battlefields
No passing bell shall toll;
Report the living and the dead,
Sergeant, call the roll!
Show us the price of victory
Just tell me what it's cost;
Say what the Motherland has gained
And also what she's lost.

Give tidings of our soldier sons,
To the patient hearts that yearn,
That are waiting for a message
From the lads who'll ne'er return;
The sergeant's voice grows husky
As he reads the muster roll,
And the clouds of sorrow deepen
For each past and passing soul.

The old champion falter
The warrior bows his head:
In that record of the slain
His son is with the dead;
Though his heart is well-nigh breaking,
Tears in his eyes are seen,
He ends his task of sorrow
Like a soldier of the Queen.

Our lads who fell for England
Amidst the battle strife,
Have joined the great headquarters
staff
Beyond the war of life;
They gave their lives for England's
cause,
Fighting against her foes,
And their names shall be remembered
Till the dream of earth shall close.

When the tidings reach the Mother-
land,
Full many a tear-stained face
Will mark the blow that's fallen
On the flower of England's race;
The boys who left their native land
Light-hearted, true, and brave,
Have passed the last sad outposts
On the frontier of the grave.

Those who've left the world's encamp-
ment,
And fallen by the way,
Will remain as sweet in mem'ry
As a morn in dewy May.
Will this year's advent bring to us
It solace for the past,
And give us strength to bear
Against the sorrows of the last?

In the hush-tide of the gloaming,
Will there come, amidst the gloom,
The shadows of our loved ones
From that far-off Southern tomb?
Will pictures glow in the embers
With faces fond and true,
Of those who died whilst fighting
For the old red, white, and blue?

What shall we tell the little ones,
When they in sadness yearn
For the kind and loving faces
That will never more return?
To the "young heart, hot and restless,"
Will the mother, in her woes,
Unfold the tragic story
Of a battlefield's repose?

Old Death, the final reaper,
With sickle sure and keen,
Has plucked the pride of manhood,
And the flower that grew between
The dead lips seem to whisper,
Like fields of golden grain,
And, smiling, lift the darkness
From the shadowland of pain.

Dawn lights the dim horizon
As the sergeant calls the roll
God stands upon the threshold
While unseen hands take toll.
We shall meet in yonder homeland
Those who've gone on duty's call
When we at last assemble
At the great parade of all.

They have answered God's field order
Given Death the last salute,
The guns are now unlimbered,
And the cannon's roar is mute,
The curfew note has sounded
Its sad and mournful knell,
The sentry's word ring clear and loud,
"Good night! All's well!"
Smedley Norton, in Black and White

We Are Glad

That people are taking advantage of the discounts we are giving on White Castile Soap and other soaps, Hair Brushes, Tooth Brushes, etc.

We shall continue this for rest of month.

Colgates Tooth Powder—a fine article, small size selling at 5c per box.

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Central Drugstore.

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