



BOERS ON PICKET DUTY.

QUEER BOER FOOD.

AN INSTINCT FOR GOOD EATING—OLD DUTCH AND NEW AFRICA DISHES.

The instinct of good feeding is inherent in the Boer character. In a great many cases it is impossible for him to indulge in predilection because of his poverty, his isolation from markets, and the scarcity of provisions.

But if he has the opportunity he feeds well and often certainly far better than a man in a like position in England. This must not be taken, however, as typical of the average country Boer, but rather of the domestic arrangements of the better class, educated Pretoria officials and the like.

They are very fond of sweetmeats in every shape and form, and are exceedingly clever at home-made preserves. Tangerines or naartjes are a very common fruit, and a preserve called "naartjyt comfyt" is quite excellent. The fruit is preserved whole, with sugar and syrup, and has an exquisite aroma peculiarly its own. There is an excellent kind of cake called "moss bontjes," made of grapes or raisins and "moss," which is the juice of the grape in its first stages of fermentation. During the wine-making season in parts of the Cape Colony this is commonly used instead of yeast by the country folks for buns and such like.

An old Dutch sweetmeat is called "koesisters," and is made of flour, sugar, spices, eggs, butter and yeast. They are dipped in syrup and dried. Their particular excellence lies in the fact that if they are properly made they will keep for months. "Honing koek" is just honey cake, and is very sweet and rich; it is flavoured with brandy, and is not unlike the French pain d'epices. "Mebos" is a very common and universally appreciated preparation of dried and salted apricots. They are dried in the hot sun, then flattened out and the stone extracted, crystallized sugar and salt are sprinkled over them, and they are then stored for winter use. Many people declare that "mebos" is an efficacious remedy for seasickness. "Rys kluitjes" are simply rice dumplings, which are usually eaten with curry or with boiled beef and they form an excellent accompaniment to sweet potatoes, which are a luxury in themselves.

A very excellent form of chicken pie is called "ouderwetse pastei." It is an elaborate sort of dish, with spices onions, wine, lemon, eggs and ham. It is, however, exceedingly toothsome, and might with advantage be added to an English bill of fare. A typical Boer dish is called "sasaties," or "kabobs," and is probably derived from a Malay origin. This consists of a leg of mutton cut up into little squares, fried, curried and then grilled on skewers. It may perhaps somewhat suggest the homely cat's meat, but it is very good indeed, and there is a great deal of local color about this most appetizing dish.

"Swartzuir" is made of ribs of mutton with spices and tamarinds. Some old recipes recommend the use of the blood of a duck instead of tamarinds. A favorite sweet is "tamelentjes,"

which is principally sugar flavored with almonds and tangerine peel. "Zoete keokies" are tea biscuits, rather sweet and rich. A peculiar ingredient in their composition according to our ideas, is sheep with tail fat.

In South Africa there is a peculiar breed of sheep with broad, fat tails, which make excellent soup, and which are also used for other delicacies; as in the above mentioned "cookies." Blatjang is a hot condiment made with chilies, and is an extremely agreeable adjunct to cold meat. "Bobotee" is a species of Indian curry, and "brood kluitjes" are bread dumplings, which are served with soup or stewed chicken.

"Bontjes bredee" is a dry bean stew. A "bredee" is a sort of stew in which anything may be put with advantage—quinces for instance, or tomatoes. In some parts of South Africa it is called "brady," but "bredee" is the correct Dutch spelling. Gesmoorde hoender sounds rather appalling, but is nothing more than chicken fried with onions, spice, and chilies. Wentel jeeftjes are a sort of pancake, but crisper and flavoursome. "Wafels" are wafers such as one gets in Switzerland and some parts of France.

The most typical Boer food of all is purposely left until the last. This is "biltong," the provender of the Boer on the veldt, and the most sustaining form of dried meat ever invented. The beef or venison must be cut from out the hind leg of the animal, from the thigh bone down to the knee joint. It is salted, saltpetered, pressed and dried in the sun and the wind. It will keep any length of time and for eating it is shredded with a pocket knife—London Mail.

BULLER MOVED TO TEARS.

An interesting allusion to General Buller after the Tugela retreat is contained in a letter received at Newcastle from a private in the Royal

Welsh Fusiliers, serving with the Natal Field Force. In the letter he says:—You know I told you in my last letter that a big fight was coming off. Well so it did, and the Boers came off best. They played the very devil with us, and in our retirement there were more killed than there were in the regular engagement. . . . When it was all over the Boers took the boots and clothing of the dead, and cut the rings off the fingers of some of the officers and men. It was a horrible sight. . . . When the engagement was over General Buller went round, and to show how he felt it big tears rolled down his face to see such a lot killed and wounded.

HORSES WANTED.

The London Standard's correspondent at Modder River, wires as follows: "The magnificent successes of the plan of campaign of Lord Roberts must be ascribed in great part, after full credit has been given for careful and brilliant strategy, to the extreme mobility of the newly-organized forces employed; but this mobility has to be paid for. It involves a great expenditure in horses. Those of the Boers, for instance, are nearly finished. If we are to retain our advantage, there must be an unstinted drawing upon every possible source of supply throughout the Empire. Otherwise we shall soon be without enough horses of the suitable kind to furnish the necessary remounts.

"The infantry under Lord Roberts have done some marvellous marching, mostly at night. Their pluck and endurance have gone very far toward ensuring the safety and success of the cavalry operations.

FOUR OF THE BEST.

Dr. Frederick Treves, who recently left the London hospital to join the medical men at the front, writes an interesting letter from Frere to the Lon-

don Hospital Gazette. Describing the medical work done after the battle of Colenso. Dr. Treves pays a notable tribute to the four nurses in the camp. He says:—

I should have said that two Netley sisters—one an old "London" nurse—joined us before we left Frere, and better nurses and more devoted women I never met. They worked night and day, and their work was of the very best. Poor Tommy may not think much of the "Orseppille" at Cheiveley, but I know he will never forget the four women who stood by him after Tugela, and tried to make him comfortable. They never rested. They gave him all they had, their water bottles, their handkerchiefs, and even their mattresses to tie on. Their very presence among the dead and dying was something, and they thought of means of giving relief that would not have occurred to us men. I suppose they are the only women who have been really "at the front" in this war. Two are old "London" nurses, and all four are four of the best, and the whole nursing profession in England has every reason to be proud of them.

THE MOUNTED SOLDIER.

In the success of Lord Roberts' move against the Boer forces under Cronje is seen the very great value of mounted troops. Roberts might have had 80,000 infantry, instead of 40,000, yet could not have hurried Cronje. The movement of infantry alone would have been so slow that Cronje's mounted army, leaving a thin line to hold the entrenchments at Magersfontein, could have moved off to right or left to entrench new positions in ample time ahead of the flanking infantry; while the difficulty of feeding large separated bodies of infantry and maintaining their communications in rear, would have prevented the flanking operations being on such a wide and big scale as to endanger the smaller force

of Cronje even though he eventually had to retire.

But with his 7,000 mounted men, followed more slowly by infantry, to secure the line of advance, General French was able to turn Cronje's position and bring him out in headlong haste. Some of the reports claim, indeed, that but for one day's delay due to a difficult river crossing, Cronje's force would have been cut off from the Free State—which would have meant the capture later of much, if not all, of it.

THE PRIVATE OF THE BUFFS.

[Private Moyses, with other prisoners, having fallen into the hands of the Chinese, was ordered to perform *kotou*; and refusing, was knocked upon the head.

Last night among his fellow roughs, He jested, quaffed, and swore; A drunken private of the Buffs, Who never looked before. To-day, beneath the foeman's frown, He stands in Elgin's place, Ambassador from Britain's crown, And type of all her race.

Poor, reckless, rude, low-born, untaught, Bewildered, and alone, A heart with English instinct fraught He yet can call his own. Ay, tear his body limb from limb, Bring cord or axe or flame, He only knows that not through him Shall England come to shame.

Far Kentish hop-fields round him seemed, Like drams, to come and go; Bright leagues of cherry-blossom gleamed, One sheet of living snow; The smoke above his father's door In gray soft eddyings hung— Must he then watch it rise no more, Doomed by himself so young?

Yes, honor calls!—with strength like steel He put the vision by; Let dusky Indians whine and kneel, An English lad must die. And thus, with eyes that would not shrink, With knee to man unbent, Unflinching on its dreadful brink, To his red grave he went.

Vain mightiest fleets of iron framed, Vain those all-shattering guns, Unless proud England keep untamed The strong heart of her sons; So let his name through Europe ring,— A man of mean estate, Who died as firm as Sparta's king Because his soul was great. SIR FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE.

An Interesting Case.

Mr. W. G. Fyall, proprietor Bodega Hotel, 36 Wellington Street East, Toronto, says:— "While living in Chicago I was in a terrible state with itching and bleeding piles. I tried several of the best physicians and was burnt and tortured in various ways by their treatment to no avail, besides spending a mint of money to no purpose. Since coming to Toronto I learned of Sir Chase's Ointment, I used but one box and have not been troubled with piles in any shape or form since."



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