

WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

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

THE DYING CANADIAN.

Upon an arid plain
Beneath the burning sun,
A soldier's life is ebbing fast away;
Forgotten is all pain,
War sounds to him are dumb
His thoughts are far away in Canada.

Above him and around,
The spiteful bullets fly,
The earth and air by bursting shells
Are rent;
Thick strewn upon the ground,
The dead and dying lie,
Fierce Boer, brave Briton both to-
gether blent.

It fears him not, that death
Will soon his spirit free,
He sees again his home and loved
ones dear;
Feebly, with failing breath,
That soon, alas! must flee,
He calls to those around his heart
most near.

"Oh mother! dearest friend
That e'er on earth I had,
Thy son must die, but grieve thou not
for me;
Thou didst thy son but lend,
In soldier's garments clad,
To fight that other Britons might be
free."

"Thy face, my father, too,
I see amid the mist.
That ever o'er my vision makes its
way;
That face so kind and true,
How often have I kissed
In happy, laughing childhood's golden
day."

"My brothers, are you there?
There sisters, every one?
Thy brother bids you all a last adieu;
With God where all is fair,
And life forever won
We all shall muster for the last
review."

He ceased. That noble face
On which such joy had shone,
Grew white, and set in death's endur-
ing grasp;
His soul had ta'en its place,
Beside the Great White Throne,
Borne hence in holy angels' loving
clasp.

G. M.

LORD CLYDE AND LADY ROBERTS.

In an article on Lord Roberts by Mr. Alexander MacKintosh in the Woman at Home for March, an incident between Mrs. Roberts, as she then was,

and Lord Clyde is recalled. Early in his married life Roberts was disappointed by not being sent on the China expedition, but Lord Clyde, at dinner at the Cannings' claimed the gratitude of his spouse for not sending him. "I suppose," he said by way of explanation to the puzzled lady, "you would rather not be left in a foreign country alone a few months after your marriage." This was too much for Mrs. Roberts. "You have done your best," she retorted, "to make my husband regret his marriage." Lord Clyde was amazed. "Well I'll be hanged if I can understand you women!" he exclaimed. The lady was soon appeased, however, and she and the fine old soldier became great friends.

LORD ROBERTS' PROMISE.

Lord Roberts' success in handling the civil problems at Bloemfontein and the manifest equanimity with which the residents of the capital of the Orange Free State accept the British occupation, momentarily eclipse in interest the military situation. It is believed here the Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in South Africa will soon push on to Pretoria; but Great Britain is quite content to listen for a few days to the acclamations of the people of Bloemfontein, and permit the troops to enjoy a few days rest before expecting further success. Lord Roberts made a quaint speech to the guards at Bloemfontein, when in his first congratulatory words he expressed pride in their splendid march of thirty-eight miles in twenty-eight hours, and gave ample assurance of his ultimate design. "Through a small mistake," said Lord Roberts, "I have not been able to march into Bloemfontein at the head of the brigade, as I intended. I promise you however, that I will lead you into Pretoria.

THE FIGHTING BOERS.

Mr. Harold Bolce, an American, writing from the view of an Uitlander of the Transvaal, has an article in 'Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly,' which while showing much admiration for the fine qualities of the Boers has no sympathy whatever with their ideas or methods of government or their aspirations. Speaking of their struggles during the last twenty years for existence against the natives, Mr. Bolce says:—

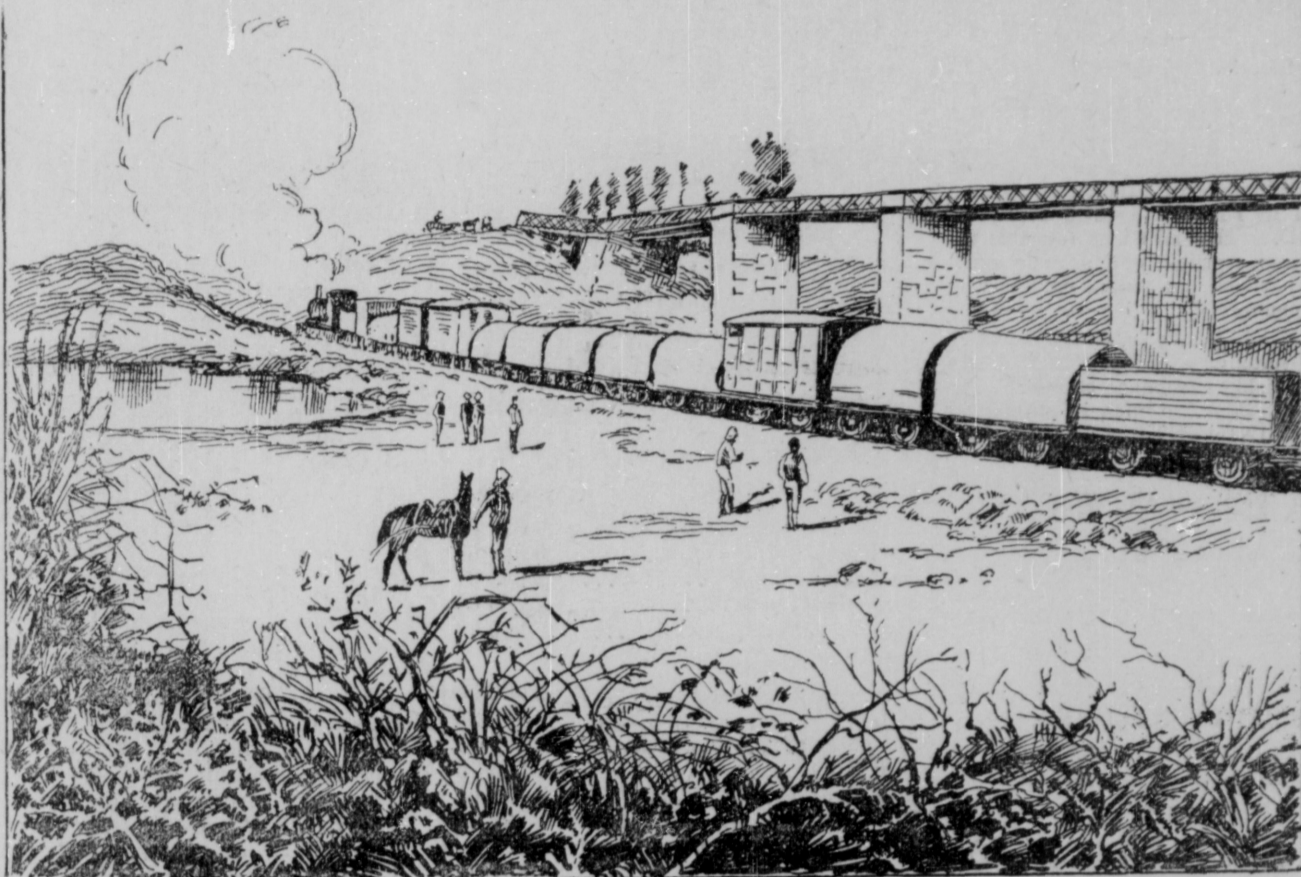
In 1877 they were defeated with overwhelming slaughter by Secocoeni

a powerful Kaffir chief; then England, to avert a wholesale anarchy of race war in South Africa, notified and proclaimed the Transvaal British territory. The Boers owe their political existence to the nation against which they are now engaged in war. At any moment during the last decade but one the black hordes of Swaziland, Zululand, Basutoland, Bechuanaland and Matabeleland who have foresworn the assegai for the magazine rifle, could have overrun the Transvaal and exterminated the Dutch usurpers, who dispossessed them of their domain. England has held the restraining hand, for the black races both respect and fear their imperial conqueror and protector. The natives entertain an implacable hatred of the Boers, for by whom they have been robbed, bartered, and enslaved; but toward the British, who have organized the tribes, and given them forms of self-government, the Kaffirs, on the whole, are friendly.

The treatment of the blacks by the Boers is a tragic story of injustice and cruelty says the writer, and he goes on to recount portions of the story. The author shows that the Boers are not farmers, but hunters. They are cattle raisers, but the black slaves do the herding, while they themselves 'load' and hunt or 'trek' about in ox wagons for months at a time.

There is no hint of industry in the emblems of the Transvaal. The national coat of arms bears an eagle, a lion, a hunter, with a bandolier about his shoulders, and a rifle in his hand. The so-called republic has a constitution, which the oligarchy which rules sets aside whenever it proves inconvenient to its design or policy. The ordinary country Boer does not take the trouble to vote, is ignorant of politics, and knows little, and cares less, about legislation as long as he is not restrained or taxed by it. Even the courts are set aside by the oligarchy in the administration of law and justice. The Boer thinks the Transvaal the most powerful country among all nations.

"Once England," they say, "ruled the kingdoms of the earth, but the Boers defeated the English at Majuba Hill, and are now the champions of the world." Mr. Bolce describes the character of the Transvaal, which renders it a sort of national Gibraltar. Pretoria, 4,471 feet above the sea, is surrounded by a circle of hills, through which there is but one narrow pass. The issues of the war are thus stated: "Shall Africa become a new country for the spread of modern civilization, or shall a few thousand half savage plain-men be permitted to arrest the



A TRAIN CROSSING THE TEMPORARY BRIDGE AT MODDER RIVER.—[Boston Globe.]

march of humanity? That is the question Great Britain is attempting to answer with her guns. It is not seizing Naboth's vineyard. The dream of the ambitious Boer is a South African confederation, dominated by the Dutch oligarchy of the Transvaal."

LETTERS IN MELONS.

It has just transpired, that another plot has been discovered to free the Boer prisoners at Simonstown. The remarkable quantities of watermelons received by the prisoners aroused comment an investigation discovered that compromising letters were contained in the melons, the writers planning the escape of the captives.

According to the official figures, the loss of the Ladysmith garrison in repelling the desperate Boer attack at Caesar's camp and Wagon Hill on Jan. 6, was 156 officers and men killed, 357 wounded and 2 missing, a total of 515. The great proportion of killed as compared with most fights, shows how at close range bullets do deadly work.

One of the most dramatic scenes in the relief of Ladysmith was the meeting of Mr. W. Puxley Pearse a war

correspondent of the London Daily Mail, and also a lieutenant in the South African Light Horse, with his father, Mr. H. H. Pearse, the Daily News correspondent in the besieged town. It is strange, but true, that until the son entered Ladysmith with Lord Dundonald's column, the father did not even know that he was in South Africa.

Dear [Sire,—I was for seven years a sufferer from Bronchial 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 **MILNER'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.

ALMOST A MIRACLE.

Strange Case of Kidney Disease Reported at Smith's Falls.

SMITH'S FALLS, March 19.—One of the most remarkable cures ever performed by **Dodd's Kidney Pills** was that of Mrs. George Barnes, of this town. Mrs. Barnes was afflicted with Female Weakness and Urinal Trouble resulting from kidney disease. The disease had also a serious effect on her senses of sight and hearing, for at times Mrs. Barnes would be exceedingly deaf and short-sighted.

Mrs. Barnes gives an account of her case for publication: "I have consulted a doctor," she writes, "who gave me medicine that seemed to make me worse at times. I was told of **Dodd's Kidney Pills**, and I got one box. I have used part of the box and am completely cured, and strange to say both my hearing and eyesight are now unaffected."

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SCENE IN FRONT OF WAR OFFICE, LONDON.—[Boston Globe.]