

Heroes to the Front.

This Loyalist city by the sea never had so many Loyalists on the street as it did last Wednesday.

Were there fifteen, twenty or twenty-five thousand?

Opinions differ, but all agree upon the one conclusion that never in the history of the city was such a crowd upon the streets. From the drill shed at the barracks to the railway station was one mass of humanity—an orderly mass before the Transvaal volunteers left the shed and started to march stationwards, but after that a surging mob of men women and children—a good natured one, it is true, but still an excitable, enthusiastic mob.

Few of those in the crowd could see what was going on ahead while the band played and the soldiers marched toward King square but they could use their throats and they did so to the utmost. The small boy was in his glory. No one ever suspected that there were so many small boys in the city until they saw them on the line of march Wednesday. They were ahead of the band-keeping perfect time, among the soldiers, crowding close to them, careless of the dignity of officers and caring nothing for those who brought up in the rear. And all the while they contributed to the hoarse roar of cheers that arose from the people as the troops reached corner after corner. When they approached King Square a display of Union Jacks set the people wild and from that time until the station was reached it was one continual cheer. Everybody was hurrying on their own account and the noise was indescribable. Still the band played on but only once in a while could the music be heard. When they neared the head of Dock street the surging mass of people in the rear bore many of those ahead off their feet and down the hill to the station. Every soldier had to look out for himself. There was no marching in order. All they did was follow the small Union Jack that was carried with difficulty at the head of the column. And the crowd was with them.

"You can't get into the station" was a familiar shout. And the intention was that no one but soldiers and their immediate friends should get in. But long before the volunteers got there every available place in the station was taken. All the points of vantage, the trucks and trucks etc., around the side were used to stand upon and as the great throng that slowly but surly forced its way into the immense building.

The side door that the soldiers marched to was guarded by about a dozen policemen with the chief at their head. Capt. Jenkins was there too and Sergeant Campbell and officers Anderson, Burchill, Killen and others to assist in keeping the crowd back. The impossibility of the task was soon seen. Those who came in contact first with the chief and his force had a rough time of it. It is not an easy thing to be used as a buffer between several thousand people behind you and a dozen stalwart policemen ahead. The bandmen with their instruments found that out and several poor women caught in the rush and powerless to get to one side or the other were dragged in a fainting condition inside by several of the more kindly disposed officers. They were not all so lenient, and while excitement might account for rough handling so far as men were concerned, nothing could justify it in the case of women.

So the entrance was carried. The soldiers may have many charges to make in Africa, but the four score boys who passed that entrance to the station will never get into a denser crowd.

Many citizens, aldermen and officials helped the police keep some sort of a passage clear for the boys as they came in and their officers stood at the steps of the cars and called out "No. 1" and "No. 2" directing the men where to go. Then there were mothers and sisters and fathers and brothers who could not refrain from a last glance at their loved ones and when they were known the crowd made way for them with eagerness and assisted them to take a last farewell.

Most of those who enlisted were young men, some of them younger than they should have been but all of them seemed to realize the gravity of the situation. Their faces wore a determined look as they marched along. They represented

the loyalty of New Brunswick and they were leaving home to find death or glory in a land thousands of miles away. Some of them were overcome by the grandness of their "send off" and their voices were husky as they said good bye; others did not trust themselves to speak at all but simply smiled back thanks into the eager faces and for the good wishes extended to them.

There was great danger that the crowd would get under the cars, the crush was something awful, and the fears of the railway men and the police were well grounded but when the first warning bell rang that denoted the departure of the train the crowd got clear, and cheered again and again. Men who had saved their lungs during the march could not refrain from giving the lads a final cheer, and the station rang as it never did before, and continued to ring until the slowly moving Express got clear of the building.

Then many a sad heart turned away. Many a crying woman and stern looking man wended their way homeward, while their son was speeding to fight the battles of his country.

The Scene at the Drill Hall.

The scene at the drill hall where the men were getting ready to march was one long to be remembered. Mayor Sears addressed them in a neat way, and there were short speeches by others. Then sovereigns were given the boys, many of them handed them to be given to some one at home, and the march was begun. The crowd was outside and only a few were admitted into the shed. There was no chance for group photographs that day, and, in fact, none any day. There was no governor present as some thought there should have been, but at Moncton the premier of the province addressed the entire contingent. So with good words and hearty cheers all along the line of railway from Rothesay to Campbellton, the sons of New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island started on their journey to almost the uttermost part of the British Empire—to do their part in fighting its battles. That they may all return is too much to hope but that their losses may be few will be the earnest hope and prayer of the people.

WAITING FOR THE PROCESSION.

An Old Soldier Tells Some of His Experiences Under Like Conditions.

There were those who while they waited for the appearance of the boys indulged in personal reminiscences that proved most interesting to the bystanders. One veteran of the American Revolutionary war had a number of eager listeners about him as he told his thrilling experiences.

"How did I feel when I was leaving home? Well you don't have much time for thought as a matter of fact. The ones left behind feel a precious sight worse. Tonight when the boys fall into line and the band begins to play I haven't the slightest doubt that every individual will feel that it is playing especially for him. Its a wonderful feeling I can tell you, and I always envy the soldier just starting for the seat of war, though I have been through many bloody battles, the Siege of Vicksburg and other stirring experiences. My home was in Baton Rouge and I shall never forget the day our company left New Orleans where we had been drilling. We were allowed to land at Baton Rouge to see our friends and of course every soldier had to have his photograph taken for his sweetheart and relatives. The boys leaving tonight may not see any bloodshed, South Africa is a long way off and there are thousands of seasoned troops already there, but we knew positively we were going to see fighting, and not only that but fight against our nearest and dearest friends and relatives. The day we marched through Baton Rouge was one to be long remembered. Ladies came right out into the streets threw their arms around us, and kissed us. With tears streaming down their faces they would cry "God bless you, and remember the homes for which you are fighting!" And we were fighting for homes, not for territory, and for a principle which however erroneous it may have been or however we came to regard it later was still very dear to us. Each one had a personal interest at stake.

"There is also, mingled with the excitement, a curious feeling as to how a cannon ball is going to sound on the battle field. The first one I saw or heard had a curious effect upon me. It was in Arkansas I had my first taste of war, at what is known in history as the Battle of O. K. Hills. The northern artillery surprised us while we were getting into position and opened fire. I was in the ranks and when the first cannon ball came it passed over our heads and buried itself in the ground about 20 feet away. I was so eager to see where it was going to strike that I turned quickly to watch it and nearly upset half a dozen men who were not so curious as I was. Oh, no we didn't have purses and presented money and farewell dinners, and perhaps those things are better dispensed with. We were fighting for our country, what we considered our country's honor and—Hurray, there they come!"—and the veteran of the civil war pushed his way through the throng to get a closer look at the Transvaal volunteers and joined with a right good will in the cheers that went up from the assembled thousands.

DR. SMITH OF CAPE TOWN, AFRICA Talks About the Transvaal and His Experiences as a Scout.

Dr. A. C. Smith of Boston arrived in the city Sunday on the Prince Edward. He knows lots of people in St. John and the chief reason for his trip was to shake hands with them once more before he went to the Transvaal. He belongs to Cape Town, was born there and his father and family are living there at present so his interest in what is going on in South Africa was as keen as his knowledge of the men and country was accurate. Dr. Smith is an entertaining talker and he was persuaded to speak of his life in Africa. He says there is a great misconception of the place and a false impression of the Boers themselves. They are not an uneducated people but are keen and intelligent, full of determination and ready to seize upon any enterprising opportunity. In spite of this they are greatly prejudiced against the British and there is some reason perhaps why they should be but "the fact is" he added, with a smile, "England has got to have that country and now is the time for her to take it."

Of course Dr. Smith did not deny the fact that there are grievances in the Transvaal but it was plain that he attached less importance to them than to the necessity of England getting the Transvaal in order to hasten the development of South Africa. He had just received a letter from Cape Town where his father is an army contractor and the conclusion he arrived at was that the future of South Africa would "surpass the dreams of the most optimistic" when this war was ended.

Dr. Smith said his father went to Cape Town as a missionary from England and continued in that capacity for years, becoming a contractor later because during one of the native wars he had supplied the English army with borage. His son was seventeen years of age when the war with the Boers broke out and his thorough knowledge of the country led the English army to employ him as one of their scouts.

While on that duty he was wounded in the head and the scar where the bullet creased his skull shows plainly to this day.

When there were signs of this war he applied to the British War office for a similar position and though the five dollars a day pay there is in it will not compensate him for leaving his practice he would like to be at the front again. More than that he has never got his discharge from the army.

Dr. Smith must come from fighting stock because his younger brother when he came to America just as the Spanish war broke out, went to Cuba and through that campaign. Since then he has advanced to the rank of a captain in the Philippines and. PROGRESS regrets to add, that the news of his death greeted Dr. Smith when he returned to Boston Tuesday. At the same time his offer to the British government was accepted and he expects to start for the Transvaal almost immediately.

He Went as a Bugler.

A young man well known in musical circles who can blow the bugle volunteered to go to the Transvaal. He was a few days short of 22 years but a fine specimen of a man. Still he was refused. He pleaded so hard that the officers consulted over the

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Clarke and McKelvey.

At Thursday's meeting of the common council one of the letters read was from John McKelvey and it is sufficiently terse and straight forward to explain itself. The letter read:

"I beg to draw your attention to the circumstance which took place yesterday at the Union Station, in which W. W. Clark, chief of police, was a prominent figure, and which circumstance is as follows: I went down to the station to see the troops depart for the Transvaal, and while there standing quietly in the station house I was rudely assaulted and grossly insulted by the chief of police without the slightest provocation on my part. While I am quite willing to overlook under ordinary circumstances any slight acts of indiscretion committed by a police official in the discharge of his duty, yet I feel that the publicity of this matter and the uncalled for and insulting way in which I was treated makes it imperative on me in justice to myself to demand an investigation of the conduct of Chief Clark in this particular. Will you please have the matter referred to the proper board and I will appear at any time and state to the members of the board the particulars of the matter."

Mr. McKelvey's complaint was not a surprise to many of the people who saw the affair at the station. The circumstances surrounding it and the connection that his name has had with that of the office of chief makes the complaint a much more serious affair than it would be otherwise.

It will be remembered that when the legislation was in session and police affairs in this city were considered by many to be in a very bad state indeed, there was much talk of a change in the office of chief of police, and when the matter was brought to the attention of the members of the city and the government some consideration was given it. Among the names mentioned for the vacancy, if one was made, was that of Mr. John McKelvey. He had a host of friends and supporters, some of whom did not hesitate to take a prominent part in advocating his claims. But nothing was done. The government compromised by giving the safety board more power and the chief less. The opposition of Hon. Messrs. Dunn, George Robertson and D. J. Purdy to the change was understood to be the chief reasons why it was not made.

It must be said for Mr. Kelvey that he did not push his claims personally to any extent. He was not seeking to oust the chief but in the event of a vacancy wanted his claims considered.

Yet, he says, that even after the matter was settled and Chief Clark retained in his position it was a usual thing for him to greet him (McKelvey) as "chief" when he met him on the street. Those who know McKelvey will agree as to his good nature but this new name, it appears, did not seem to him to be entirely devoid of sarcasm and one day he spoke to Chief Clark about it, remarking that he did not think it showed the right spirit to address him in that way. He claimed the right of citizenship to apply for any office that he thought he could fill and for which a man was apparently required but he did not think that gave the chief of police the right to address him in that manner.

So far as the name was concerned that ended the matter but, still later, another matter arose. Clark told McKelvey one day that he understood he was talking about him, in regard to his treatment of a citizen who was arrested one evening. McKelvey admitted criticizing his action in refusing to accept bail when it was offered by good citizens but said he had not mis-stated the facts so far as they had been related to him or as he understood them.

The facts were briefly these. The citizen who was arrested claimed that he was not doing anything to warrant the officer's act. Be that as it may the officer arrested him placed him in one of the watch houses and then, it is said, refused to send word to the friends of the citizen in order that he might give bail and escape spending the night in the station and appearing next morning. This is done almost daily and the same privilege might have been extended in this case. But the chief did not love the

citizen in question. He had been an active supporter of Mr. McKelvey for the office of chief of police and the policemen had duly reported the fact of his activity to the head of the force. They knew too that he was not likely to get any favor and though some of them at last were on personally friendly terms with him they did not make any effort to tell his friends about his trouble. But when they'd hear and sent to the place where the chief was staying he sent back word that he could do nothing.

This seemed to be further evidence that the feeling aroused by the support of Mr. McKelvey last winter had not died out and when he was ejected from the station house in the way he was, he thought it time to make the above complaint.

Along with thousands. Mr. McKelvey was standing in the station looking at the scene, shaking hands with his acquaintances among the volunteers and entirely a peaceable and disinterested on-looker. He swayed back and forth with the crowd and at one time when the rush through the doors was greater than usual, the police were driven back and the chief of police trod upon McKelvey's foot. This was an accident, no doubt, but Mr. McKelvey's toe is rather a tender portion of his anatomy and his involuntary exclamation "Lock out chief" drew that official's attention to him. "Get out of here" he shouted, and he seized McKelvey to throw him out of the door. That is not an easy matter in a crowd or that kind and the expostulations of McKelvey were not listened to. He told the chief that his action was uncalled for, as he was simply there as a peaceful on-looker, but the chief's order "out with him, men" called two or three officers to his side, and with a rush they bore Mr. McKelvey to the door and ejected him.

Those who saw the action thought it entirely uncalled for and could not in fact understand it, but, of course they were not acquainted with all the circumstances. The Safety board will hold an investigation under oath and then no doubt all of the facts will come out.

He Had a Narrow Squeak.

Bruce McFarlane one of the Fredericton boys who went to the Transvaal had a special interest for St. John people inasmuch as he has played base ball and football so much here. He passed the examination in Fredericton much against the wishes of his mother and sister. He was so anxious to go that he said he was 23 whereas he has three years and some days to live before he can say that. But when he got here he found that a strong effort was being made to stop him from going. In the recruiting room his natural love of mischief got the better of him while waiting for his comrades who were not through, and he tossed a small lamp table to a friend of his with the remark, "play ball." The table wasn't caught and was somewhat injured. Bruce got a sharp reprimand but nothing more was heard about it until the day they were to march, he and two others were called out of the ranks and discharged. No reason was given and the three lads felt pretty badly. But in some way they were taken back again although they'd made the contingent from New Brunswick over strength. But that was all of McFarlane's "unseemly conduct," as one paper had it.

Mr. Willis and his Hotel

While the departure of Mr. E. LeRoi Willis from this city will be much regretted everyone will wish him success in Sydney with his new hotel there. It is understood that he will still retain his connection with the Dufferin and that Mr. J. J. McCafferty will have charge. Mr. McCafferty is popular with the public, and a good man for such a position. He has been with Mr. Willis since he started and knows the trade and its requirements thoroughly. Mr. Willis will leave for Sydney Monday.

Was Told to Know the Reason.

There was an animated talk on one of the streets Wednesday evening when a young physician inquired of Chief Clark by what right he was interfering with a policeman when he was escorting two ladies through the crush. The explanation he got at first was not satisfactory but so far as can be learned he received the apology he was after before he left the chief.