A SOLDIER'S LETTER.

Pte. Williams of G. Co. First Canadian Contingent

Tells from a Soldier's Standpoint of the Battle of Paardeberg and Occupation of Bloemfontein.

The following letter is from Private John H. Williams of Company G, first Canadian contingent, and was written to his freind, Albert Roberts of this city. Private Williams belongs to St. Stephen, N. B., and was in the employ of Haley Bros. & Co. and J. & J. D. Howe of St. John before enlisting for service in South Africa.

BLOEMFONTEIN, O. F. S.,
March 20, 1900.

Dear Friend Al—I received your letter yesterday, and was very glad to hear from you. We left Belmont on the 12th of Feb, and marched 100 miles to Paardeburg. It was what we call a forced march. We had very little sleep and were on half rations. You can judge for yourself what half rations would be on active service. Full rations ain't half enough.

A lot of the boys fell out on the first day's march, and they were sent back to the line again. But we have this much satisfaction, that more imperial troops fell out than Canadians. We are attached to the 19th Brigade, seventh division. The last night's march was on Saturday, when we did twenty-three miles. We arrived on Sunday morning at five o'clock, got our breakfast, waded the Modder River (and thus got a good washing, a thing we very seldom get), and went out in the field in skirmishing order, the 1st Batt. of Gordons on our right and Shropshires on our left. On the opposite side of the river the Highland brigade made a similar attack.

The Boers were entrenched along the river bank. We advanced within seven hundred yards of the Boers and commenced firing. We had no idea there were so many Boers there. At the time they numbered about seven thousand, as we found out before the day was over.

All we could see of the Boers was their heads, so please note the odds we have to fight in this war. We were all exposed, laying on the open veldt, and to make things more comfortable we had a heavy thunder storm in the afternoon. We kept up a heavy fire all day, and towards night the Boer fire began to slacken. We could tell that they were dropping out very fast, and the cries of their wounded and dying went to prove it. At 4 o'clock we got within 150 yards of their trenches.

About that time the Cornwalls came up with us, and a charge was ordered. The colonel of the Cornwalls gave the command to charge. He said: "I will give the first man five pounds that sticks a Boer!" We all rose up, only too anxious to obey the command. We tried the charge twice, but our lines were broken up so that we had to drop, all of us that were left. We were comparatively safe there, for half the Boers by this time were too frightened to poke their noses high enough to get a bead on us. When we made the final charge the Boers were all firing by random. Of course anyway they fired they could not help from hitting us, the range was so close. We did not find this out till about a week later, when they told us.

We kept up a good fire till dark, and the Boers retreated up the river. That ended the first day's battle. A good many of the Boer sharpshooters were up in the trees. We could not imagine where so many bullets were coming from till we spied them. We did not do a thing to them chaps! Some of them fell underneath the trees in pieces. We did not leave enough of some of them to swear by. If we had succeeded in getting into their trenches we would have showed them no mercy, for they use dum-dums, explosive bullets and every other kind of bullets. They even use elephant guns, and you can imagine what kind of a wound they would make.

The colonel of the Cornwalls fell in the first charge. He must have been killed before he struck the ground, as he never moved afterwards. This battle took place on the 18th February.

That night and all next day we were burying our dead and taking care of our wounded. Our casualties that day were eleven hundred. The Boer losses we did not know. The artillery kept playing away on them for a week, off and on. And all that time we were playing the Boers at their own game. We were digging trenches by night and firing out of them by day, and a week after the first battle we succeeded in digging a trench three hundred yards from the Boer trenches.

On Tuesday morning, 26th, H and G Companies of the Canadians were ordered to dig another trench closer, so we started at two o'clock in the morning. We made the advance, but we miscalculated the distance and got within thirty yards of the Boers. When they opened fire on us we commenced to think that all hell was afloat, as the Boer trenches seemed to be alive with fire, but we did not retreat, the same as some of the regiments would have done. We stood our ground and succeeded before daylight in digging in the trap. It came nearly being another Magersfontein affair.

When old Cronje and his men gave up we did not do a thing to his laager. We took him and 4,500 Boers prisoners, but a lot more were killed in the fight.

I will not attempt to describe the look of the Boer trenches. They were full of dead and wounded. After the battle we had two days' rest, when we heard of another Boer laager up river farther.

I will not attempt to describe that engagement. We drove them out and they retired towards Bloemfontein. That is sixty-five miles from Paardeberg. We did it in three days, and fought all the way. We lost four hundred men before we got in here. But the Boers can't brag any. We killed about four of their men to one of ours and captured their capital.

The Boers here would not believe that we had captured Cronje, they put so much faith in him. They say that the Canadians are braver than the Englishmen.

This is a fine city. It has about thirty thousand inhabitants now. We are encamped on a green veldt about half a mile from it, and are having a rest. You will hear about us being in another fight before this letter reaches you. And God help the Boers when we run foul of them again. The Boers have fine positions and are very good fighting men. Most any man is brave when in a trench out of sight.

I suppose you wonder how I like fighting. I don't mind it at all while I am in it. It is after a battle that a man feels it, when he comes to look at his dead chums, but a person soon gets used to that.

About our fellows deserting? No, sir. There is no truth in it. That is not what we New Brunswickers came out here for.

It is getting dark, so I will come to a close for this time. Write soon to your old friend, JACK.

P. S.—Remember me to all the boys, and when you get down on your prayer handles don't forget me!

CRONJE AND STAFF.

Captain Webster of the Transport Milwaukee Talks About His Passengers.

The Steamer Came Direct to Halifax After Landing the Boers at St. Helena—The General Took Matters Quietly.

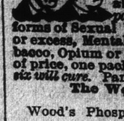
HALIFAX, N. S., May 8.—The Elder-Dempster liner Milwaukee, which took a part of the second Canadian contingent to South Africa, and was then ordered to convey Gen Cronje, Colonel Schiel and more than 700 Boer prisoners to St. Helena, arrived today from that island after a voyage of twenty days. Captain Webster, who is in command of the Milwaukee, in speaking to your correspondent about the prisoners of war, said: "It was March 31st that we embarked prisoners at Cape Town, safely guarded by sixty of the largest soldiers that could be picked for that purpose. We then steamed around the coast to Simonstown. Here we took on board Mr. and Mrs. Cronje and the general's staff. Cronje walked up the gangway as nonchalantly as if going on board to fill some social engagement. He and his followers were given the best accommodation the ship afforded, and it would not appear, by looking at him, that he regretted being taken to his place of isolation. Then we steamed to Jamestown harbor, St. Helena, where we landed our now friendly foes. The embarkation was marked with every exactness to detail, and as the Boer leader marched down the gang-way to the boat, his elastic gait, which before marked the old general, was again exemplified.

Cronje and his wife and servants were the first to leave the transport. The governor of St. Helena issued a proclamation expressing the hope that the inhabitants would treat the prisoners with that courtesy and consideration which should be extended to all men who fought bravely for what they considered the cause of their country.

The governor urged the people to assist in suppressing unseemly demonstrations. None except officials were allowed on the wharf during the landing of the prisoners. The main body of Boers, including Col. Schiel and a Dutch minister, were marched to a place called Dead Wood, near the summit of the mountain. It took the prisoners seven hours to traverse the winding road to their exile home. They were quartered under canvas in an enclosure of barbed wire upward of three acres in extent. General and Mrs. Cronje were kept apart from the other prisoners and located in Kent Cottage. Cronje and his staff numbered eight persons. The prisoners were guarded by a detachment of the 4th North Staffordshire regiment, under the command of Lt. Col. Leefe. On the arrival of the transport at St. Helena, all the common necessaries of life advanced in price, but the government had provided a supply to make them largely independent of the inhabitants."

Speaking of Col. Schiel, one of the Milwaukee's officers said that during the wait on ship board, Schiel was detected on the hurricane deck signalling or making signs to a Dutch man-of-war lying in the harbor. He was escorted from the deck by two of the guards and kept below. It was thought he was signalling to the Dutch ship for assistance to help him escape and special guards were mounted.

Krugerism in South Africa is a Calvinistic Wesleyanism with Dutch trimmings.—Bangor News.


Before. After.

Wood's Phosphodine,

The Great English Remedy.

Sold and recommended by all druggists in Canada. Only reliable medicine discovered. *Six packages guaranteed* to cure all forms of Sexual Weakness, all effects of abuse or excess, Mental Worry, Excessive use of Tobacco, Opium or Stimulants. Mailed on receipt of price, one package $1, six, $5. *One will please, six will cure.* Pamphlets free to any address. The Wood Company, Windsor, Ont.

Wood's Phosphodine is sold in St. John by all wholesale and retail druggists.

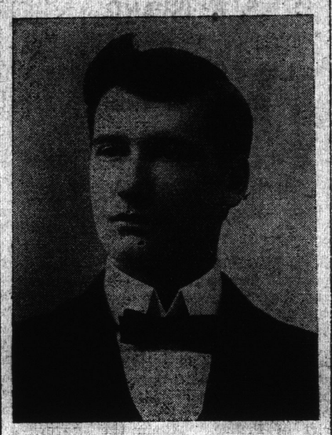
AT BLOEMFONTEIN.

A Lively Letter from Edward Craig.

A St. John Member of the First Canadian Contingent.

The following letter has been received from Edward Craig, of the first Canadian contingent, by his brother in this city:

BLOEMFONTEIN, March 25.—Dear Will—It seems as if my letters were bewitched, as I have written many, and through some mishap have not got them posted. Two or three of them were quite histories in a way. In this one I will not go into detail about the little engagements we have been in, as the news would now be old, and better writers, of larger calibre, have no doubt described the incidents with more accuracy and in some instances with more color. I am satisfied to say that although I have done my duty nearly every man has done the same, and as far as personal bravery is concerned, I think no man has any claim over his comrades. I believe every man in the night advance realized the extreme danger of his position. For my part, after leaving the trench, I could not help repeating to myself, "Into the jaws of death, who's the victor?"



EDWARD CRAIG.

The men have shown that the Canadians are no cowards. What better proof of the unity of the empire than to see that sad but inspiring sight of men lying dead on the field of battle? Men of one blood, of different countries, have come to Africa to show to the world that they could die side by side for the one flag. Monday morning, Feb. 19th, showed Gordons, Cornwalls, Lincolnshires, Shropshires and Canadians on the veldt side by side. Who can say they died in vain? They have made glorious history, and we who have lived through it are pleased to have fought along with men of a great people. I have not mentioned names of comrades as you asked, for I have tried to avoid mentioning names, to avoid the starting of rumors. I would not be a bit surprised if it were rumored that I was dead myself, where as yet I have not been on the sick book once. I have been in all the events and have no marks to show I was there, except a bullet hole through my haversack, which I am sure is not a close shave when compared with many of the boys.

March 7th we were in reserve at Four Driffts (that is the name, I think). Bruce MacFarlane seemingly by accident shot himself through the foot. As I was sitting or lying next to him at the time, I composed this. Pete, as he was familiarly called, was by some considered very much of a bully. I am pleased to say, although he might have been one, he was long ago brought to time. Here is my composition:

THE HERO.

Our gallant Pete went out to meet,
To make retreat and surely beat,
(The Boers four miles away).

Their trenches deep and kopjes steep
From which to peep when not asleep
At British arms that day.

Now gallant Pete just took a seat,
His tired feet by nature sweet
Were resting on the clay.

He thought he'd melt, so warm he felt,
And leaves his belt there on the veldt,
While as oil he passed away.

His rifle dear was lying near,
It did seem queer as he reached to the rear
That a wounded hero he lay.

Through a Roman two (the size of his shoe)
The bullet flew. Alas! 'Tis true
Far away toward Table Bay.

Now he'll live on cake and sirloin steak;
While his comrades bake for country's sake
Bold Pete goes out to play.

I want you to put this piece of poetry in the paper. Tell Aunt Mary that Fred Kirkpatrick took sick with enteric fever at Belmont, but is convalescing now. Arthur Haydon, of M., R. & A.'s, is with us still, in good health. She will be pleased to know Arthur did noble work at the Sunday fight, attending to the wounded when the battle was the hottest. I am grieved to see so many untrue letters written by the boys and published by fools. I might say it is rather bad to have people write such nonsense, but the people who put such stuff in the papers are more to blame than the writers.

Bloemfontein is quite a city, very nice houses and nice people, apparently. Prices are very high. A loaf of poor bread brings 2s. 6d. The military authorities have shut down on prices a little. Shall send you a paper containing list of same. Enclosed find clippings Mr. Jones just handed to me. Would say our men lay dead about forty yards from Boer trenches on Feb. 27th. About 40,000 troops are stationed here at present. After speaking for a time to the regiment Tuesday morning, Roberts met and halted rather a motley crew of us as we were returning from the trenches, where we had been sent for our blankets, etc.

"Who are you?"

"Canadians," said a lad.

"Canadians, you have done splendid work."

I consider that a great remark to earn. Have a terrible appetite and am perfectly well.

EDWARD CRAIG.

Capt. E. A. Smith has received a card from G. Polkinghorn, dated April 7th at Bloemfontein, saying they had that day received the Christmas presents sent by the St. John ladies. He added that as they had just returned from a march of twenty-one miles, in which they encountered a thunder storm and mud ankle deep in places, gifts were especially welcome.

CAPE TOWN TO BLOEMFONTEIN

Lt. Ralph Markham Tells About Life in Camp,

And of Some Things to be Seen at Stellenbosch, a Rebel Town—Tramping in Full Marching Order.

GREEN POINT CAMP, Cape Town, March 29.—We went under canvas at this place on Monday last. We are about two miles from Cape Town. On Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday we did nothing but groom horses and fit saddlery. We have 10 men in a tent and eat in our tents. There is fruit of all kinds in abundance. Grapes are threepence per pound and are beauties.

Tuesday night Bev. Armstrong and I went to Mr. Solomon's to tea, and had a fine bath. Last night we went to the theatre. Tonight Bev. Armstrong, Parks and myself go to Mr. Solomon's again. Tomorrow night we are going to Wallace Broad's (who looked us up) for dinner. Tomorrow we are going to have a ride for the first time.

Ramsay of the 1st troop of our squadron has died. He was at one time an officer in the imperial troops. Dr. Price, who came out as ship's doctor, is going to St. Helena with Boer prisoners, and he will probably be there till the war closes. There are 2,000 Boer prisoners quartered in a race track about 200 yards from our tent. Three have been shot dead while attempting to escape and several are dying of fever. I looked through the bars at the Boers. They are a rough lot. Some appear to be only about 15 years, while others are old and gray. There are drafts of them arriving every day. All are to be sent to St. Helena in the Milwaukee.

Major Williams, who is in command of our squadron, fractured his shoulder bone while boarding a tug. Capt. Greenwood is in command, with Lt. Borden second in command. Mr. Burch, who came out with us as a supernumerary officer, is commanding the N. B. troop for the present. Major Williams will probably be out in a week.

We have heard nothing about leaving; in fact, not a soldier knows anything about the movements of troops. Col. Lessard has now taken command of the C. M. R., and Major Forrestier commands A Squadron. I am finishing this letter in Mr. Solomon's house.

There are two refugees from Johannesburg here, and they have been telling us most interesting stories. The Boers deserve more than they are going to get.

SEA POINT CAMP, March 31.—We are still in camp here. There are all kinds of stories afloat as to when we are going to leave. Today a detachment of the C. M. R. escorted 400 Boer prisoners to the Milwaukee, to go to St. Helena. I had charge of a fatigue party and was not in it. Dr. Price of Moncton has gone with them as their doctor. The prisoners have been at a cycle track near out camp.

Parks, Armstrong and I had dinner with Mr. Broad last night.

April 2.—Today we were inspected by some general of the British army. He simply went through the ranks, and made no speeches.

It is very hot here and we are all getting badly burned. Mr. Solomon sent Armstrong and myself down a large parcel of canned goods.

Reveille sounds at 5.30, and we are kept at it all day long. This afternoon we dubbed our saddlery.

STELINBOSCH, April 7.—We left Cape Town on Wednesday afternoon in full marching order. We marched about 12 miles and bivouacked on a large open piece of ground. The country through which we passed was mostly agricultural. Thursday morning we got up at 5 and left at 6 o'clock, and after travelling about 14 miles stopped for one hour and had dinner. We reached Stelinbosch about 4 p. m. and went into camp at the Remount depot, four miles beyond. Stelinbosch is a beautiful little town, lots of trees and fine wide streets. It has a population of 4,000, three thousand of whom are rebels, which accounted for the rather cold reception we received. There is a college in the town and all the students were commandeered. There are hundreds of donkeys, ponies and horses here. They are kept in large corrals. There are a number of men from the Indian army here, who take care of the horses. It is very interesting to try and talk with them.

Yesterday we had an easy day, as the horses were being shod. Today we had a swimming parade in a large pond near the grounds. The dust here is awful, as so many troops have camped here that the grass is worn away.

I received six Sums today, and you have no idea how we appreciated them.

We are to go by train from here to Bloemfontein, where I imagine we will be for some time. I have not had a letter from St. John yet, except a notice from the Oratorio Society, with a short note from Mr. Porter. I will try and write again from Bloemfontein.

SUNDAY MORNING—We leave today by train for Bloemfontein.

RALPH.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

TEMPERANCE COLUMN.

BY THE WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION OF ST. JOHN.

[Trust the people—the wise and the ignorant, the good and the bad—with the greatest questions, and in the end you will educate the race.]

THE ART OF PEACEMAKING.

What an art is the art of smooth living! Would that our era, founding schools of astronomy and biology, would also found a school to teach the science of peaceable living.

For when every other art has been secured and every other science mastered, there still remains the art of so carrying the faculties through life as to make men and not mar them; as to bless men and not blight them.

"Anger does a man more hurt than that which made him angry."—Charles Spurgeon.

REPORT OF THE LITTLE GIRLS' HOME.

There is comparatively little to report in connection with the work of the Little Girls' Home from one quarterly convention to another, a very full account of the management of the home having been given at the provincial convention held in St. John last October.

There are now nine little ones in the home besides the matron's two daughters. The story of the last child who was admitted to the home is a peculiarly sad one. Bereft of her parents at an early age, Lizzie Parsons fell into the hands of some people who treated her most cruelly, compelling this little child of nine years of age to do the most menial work, and never permitting her to go to school. One cold winter morning before daylight dawned she was sent to the kitchen to light the fire in the cooking stove; she set fire to her clothing and was so severely burned that she had to be taken to the Victoria hospital for treatment for six weeks before the kind deaconess of Fredericton brought her to St. John, and having procured the necessary papers, placed her in the Little Girls' Home, where she receives kind and loving care, to which she has been a stranger all her life, though the scars she bears can never be obliterated.

The matron continues to perform the duties expected of her in a highly satisfactory manner, the children showing marked improvement under her care.

There has been quite a falling off in the home treasury since the beginning of the new year, but one remarkable answer to prayer must be recorded—a liberal contribution from St. Luke's Sunday school coming to us at the very time it was needed, and supplying the exact amount required at the moment to meet a pressing obligation, demands our hearty thanks.

With the return of spring some necessary improvements must be made in the interior of the home in the way of repairs, cleaning and furnishing, if the requisite money is forthcoming. We appeal not only to the members of our union to assist us in this "work of the Lord," in which we have the high honors and privilege of being co-workers with Him, but also to the Christian community. If it were realized from what a lot we are endeavoring to rescue these little neglected, homeless ones, surely many mothers looking at their own dear ones growing up to womanhood in their sheltered, happy homes, would with humble, grateful hearts seek to aid and encourage those upon whom the burden of this work falls, a "burden" which is indeed "light" as we remember in whose name it is taken up and carried with the hope that in eternity some of these little ones shall shine as precious jewels in His crown.

See the shadows lengthen round us,
Soon the day-dawn will begin;
Can you leave them lost and lonely?
Christ is coming—call them in.

Respectfully submitted.

AVIS DAVIDSON,
Convener of Com. L. G. H.

The society of "the Gideons," which has adopted a lamp and a pitcher as a device, throws light upon the survival of the fittest in business competition. Not long ago commercial travellers had so bad a name that a noted detective often assumed their garb and manners as a disguise. As a drummer he could go into any den of vice unchallenged. Wholesale dealers began to observe, however, that their largest orders came through sober, moral and Christian gentlemen, and a culling process began which has changed the whole personnel of the class. Last summer three commercial travelers, meeting in a western hotel, proposed to organize a Christian band among their fellows. Within six months three hundred members were enrolled, and so warm has been the reception of the idea that a thousand members are expected to join in celebrating the first anniversary next July. "Gideon's Band" promises to be a powerful agent for sobriety and rightness in the business world.

THE WORLD'S CONVENTION.

My Dear Comrades—Massachusetts is sending to Edinburgh two prominent journalists, Mrs. McBride and Mrs. Keith; and one of the brightest journalists in Ohio, representing several state daily papers, will be with us, Miss Hopley of Columbus.

The American national officers are all coming, with the exception of Mrs. Barker; also five state presidents, viz.: New York, New Jersey, Ohio, Pennsylvania, North Dakota; seven national superintendents; and I notice many representative names in the long list of delegates, so the American W. C. T. U. will maintain the splendid reputation established at our World's convention in London in 1895.

We are asking several of our English counties to organize trips to Edinburgh for white ribboners who have not been appointed delegates. Mrs. Tom Mitchell will do this for Yorkshire.

The Syria W. C. T. U. is doing aggressive work. In a letter received today from Mrs. Jessup of Beirut, she says they have printed several Arabic temperance tracts, and have established a free reading room, which is attracting numbers of young men; lectures are to be given in the small room. Miss Kanawaty has left Palestine and is now in Egypt.

Miss Watts has reported a most successful Willard memorial service, held at Rio Janeiro. She and Miss Umberger will leave Brazil for Edinburgh in a few weeks.

The list of delegates, apart from the U. S. A. (which should send 150), stands at present as follows:

British W. C. T. U.—Full number entitled to, forty-six.

Canada—New Brunswick, Mrs. Bullock; Prince Edward Island, Mrs. Poole; Quebec, Miss Meckeljohn, who will bring her niece as a visitor, and Miss Dougall of Montreal; Manitoba, Miss Helen Hislop, B. A.; British Columbia, Miss Murcutt. The great dominion will be represented by Mrs. Rutherford, the president, and Mrs. Sanderson, our World's treasurer. Chile, Miss Nettie Wilbur; Brazil, Miss Watts and Miss Umberger; Uruguay, Mrs. Coates; Japan, Miss Parmelee; Burma, Miss Carr; Madagascar, Mrs Peill; Denmark, Mrs Osten; Iceland, Miss Johannsdottir; Norway, Miss Johannesson and Mrs. Espenak; Germany, Miss Hoffman; France, probably Madame Legrain; Australia, Mrs. Nicholls, Australasian president; Queensland, Mrs. Murray and Mrs. T. A. Johnson; Victoria, Mrs. and Miss Barber, Mrs. Harrison Lee, and others; Tasmania, Mrs. Braham and Miss Walduck; N. S. Wales, Mrs. Wynn; Africa, Cape Colony, Mrs. Mackay, colonial president, and Mrs. Hervic; Natal, Miss Fernie, daughter of the colonial president, and another; India, Mrs. Macdonald; Finland, Froken Tregg Helanius; New Zealand, Miss Powell.

Other names will probably be sent in, but this list shows the world-wide interest being taken in our convention. Mrs. Barney is now with us in the old country doing a great work.

AGNES E. SLACK.
Ripley, Derbyshire, Eng.

HON. DR. BORDEN HONORED.

Tendered a Banquet by the Canadian Club of Boston, Last Evening.

BOSTON, May 8.—The Canadian Club of Boston tendered a reception tonight at the Copley Square Hotel to Hon. F. W. Borden, M. P., minister of militia and defence, in the Canadian cabinet. The banquet was attended by nearly 100 prominent members of the Canadian fraternity in the city, and among the guests were Mayor Thomas N. Hart, Prof. F. C. De Sumichrast of Harvard University, Wm. H. Lincoln, president of the Boston chamber of commerce; Hon. J. E. Blunt, British consul general; Herbert Windeler, president of the Victoria Club, and Henry Squire, president of the British Charitable Society. At the conclusion of an address by Hon. Mr. Borden, the minister was elected an honorary member of the Canadian Club.

The president of the club, Dr. Robert H. Upham, presided during the speeches. Dr. Borden, the speaker of the evening, began his address by referring to his descent from the Pilgrim Fathers, and to the fact that he is a graduate of Harvard. Taking up the South African war, Dr. Borden stated that Great Britain was grossly misrepresented when it is charged that she is making war for the sole purpose of aggrandizement and adding territory. Great Britain, he said, had a mission to see that the oppressed in every country received the full measure of freedom which belongs to them. Great Britain did not declare this war. She had asked the South African republics to give every citizen the right to say by what laws he should be governed. "Her very unpreparedness," as Sir Wilfrid Laurier had said in the house of commons, "was her glory." The Boers had been preparing for it for years, and when they thought the opportune time had arrived, they struck the blow.

Hon. Mr. Borden then spoke of the clamor of Canadians to be enlisted in the regiments sent from this country to South Africa, incidentally referring to the fact that his only son was at the present time fighting at the front. The minister's reference to the gallantry of the Canadian troops at Paardeberg aroused intense enthusiasm among his hearers. One result of the war, he said, was the unification and consolidation of the British Empire. Canada gloried that she was somewhere near the centre of it. Discussing the relations between the United States and England, the speaker asked: "Why should there not be an absolute understanding between the two countries, as I hope and believe there is today?" He believed they would stand by each other hereafter. Great Britain was strong enough to do right, and if she is actuated by base motives, she had had the opportunity during the civil war, and again in the Spanish war.

The latter part of Dr. Borden's address was devoted to trade matters. Canada, he said, had been forced to adopt a protective policy, perhaps by the attitude of the United States, but he hoped the day would come when the rulers in each country would permit trade to flow as freely between the two countries as do the waters of the Atlantic at the boundary line. Canadian trade had largely increased in spite of the attitude of this country, and one result of the American protective policy was to gradually displace American products in the British markets by those from Canada.

Prof. De Sumichrast of Harvard and Col. A. M. Ferris of Boston were the concluding speakers.

THE MOST LEARNED LAWYER.

(London Times, April 16.)

Charles Elton, Q. C., who was counted the most learned lawyer of his time on the subject of English land tenure, died yesterday at his Somersetshire home, White Staunton, where he was lord of the manor.

The deceased gentleman enjoyed a large practice. His publication upon the branch of law which he had made his own may be classed as final authorities, and include "Origins of English History," a work on copyholds, and one on common and waste lands.

Mr. Elton was born in 1839, and his legal career extended over thirty-five years. He sat as a conservative for West Somerset 1884-5, and again from 1886 to 1892.

LONDON'S CONTRIBUTION.

LONDON, May 9.—The fund for the relief of the victims of the Ottawa fire has reached £42,000.