SECOND CONTINGENT.

Another Letter from the Sun's Special Correspondent.

Beginning the Long March Back to the Railway at De Aar.

Death of Pte. Bradley of Ottawa, the First of the Column to Fill a Solitary Grave in this Far Distant District—Beginning to Realize the Pathos of War.

(From H. S. White, the Sun's Special War Correspondent with the Second Canadian Contingent.)

IN CAMP AT VAN WYKS VLEI DAM, April 4.—I must preface my remarks concerning our doings at this camp by assuring our Canadian friends that this Dam at which we are encamped has no reference to the ordinary epithet of profanity, but is merely the local term for a reservoir of water that is conserved by means of an embankment. There are these so-called "dams" everywhere throughout this arid region. If there is a spot where water can be by artificial means preserved it at once becomes a place of habitation, and gets a name, and possibly even a place on the map. A spot where there is water all the year round is an important place in this region of dust and sand and baked clay. The ordinary dam that you find at every homestead is at the best a muddy pond, and often a mere puddle. Van Wyks Vlei Dam is very different from these. It is a big, big dam—the biggest in the whole colony—it stretches for miles along the bottom of a winding valley, and may fairly be called a decent-sized lake. At present, after an unprecedented rainfall, it is full of water, principally, I must admit, but also to a large extent of sandy mud, as is the wont of all the dams of this country. Its depth, officially measured, is no greater than it has ever been—actually fifteen feet. Of all the "deep waters" of the Karoo none can begin to compare with it.

It is by the side of this little inland ocean—relatively speaking—that we are now encamped. It will be observed that we are not advancing. Indeed, as a matter of fact, we are retiring—returning to the railway—probably retracing our steps to Carnarvon and Victoria Road station. But there is no enemy pursuing us. On the contrary, we

HAVE COMPLETELY OUTDONE CAESAR.

—he came and saw and conquered; we only had to come half-way, and we conquered. It has been a bloodless victory. The mere report of an advance was sufficient to scatter the rebels. They heard of the hardy Canuck with his twelve guns, and his swarm of wild and woolly mounted riflemen; they heard of the fearless riders from New Zealand, from Western Australia and from Derbyshire, and possibly it appeared to them that the whole British Empire was up in arms against them, and so they gave up the game without playing a card. Whatever else may be said in their favor, it must be admitted that, as rebels, they are a decided failure. As long as there is no possible chance of getting hurt, they are excellent hands at appropriating other people's property, at issuing high-sounding proclamations annexing everything in sight to the Orange Free State, and so on; but when the time comes to make a stand with the probability of getting in the way of a Lee-Metford bullet or a Canadian shell, they suddenly remember that they have urgent business to attend to at home, and they all sneak back to their farms, bury their arms and look as innocent and as harmless as their own little, long-tailed lambs. No, as rebels, they are decidely a failure. I have seen better rebels on the stage in half the cities of Canada; and they fade into utter insignificance as compared with the gentlemen of their profession who operated in our own Northwest.

When I sent you my last letter we were on our way to Kenhardt. By "we" I mean the main part of the column, consisting of all the artillery excepting one section of "D" Battery, of "C" Squadron of the Mounted Rifles, of the Western Australians and the Derbyshire Imperial Yeomanry, with the heavy transport train that is necessary to maintain a mounted force on a long march, where next to nothing in the way of food for horses or men can be obtained en route. Ahead of us was the advance force, consisting of "D" Squadron of our Mounted Rifles, a section of "D" Battery, and a squadron of New Zealanders. Our column went as far north as the Hartebeeste River. Here the camped on Tuesday, March 27. The river was then in flood, and impassable to our heavy transport. The intention was that the column should remain in camp until the river fell sufficiently to allow the transport to cross it. In the meantime, Sir Charles Parsons, with his staff, pushed on and joined the advance force. From information that he received he deemed it safe for the small advance force to go forward without the support of the main column. After a rapid march they

ENTERED KENHARDT WITHOUT OPPOSITION.

Indeed, the place was found to be practically deserted, and a rebel was as hard to find as a butterfly would be in Canada in winter. Consequently there was no further necessity for the advance of the main column, and Sir Charles Parsons sent back orders to Colonel Drury, who was in command, to slowly withdraw the column over the same route by which we had advanced.

The column was in camp at the Hartebeeste River for three days. But, though I speak of being "in camp," it was in reality only a bivouac. Throughout this march tents have been conspicuous by their absence, the halts have been too short, mostly, and only at Carnarvon, and now at the Dam, have tents been in use throughout the whole march. Thus at Hartebeeste River we all spread our blankets on the sandy surface of the Karoo, and thanked the stars in the sky overhead that they were not obscured by rain clouds, as they have been on other similar occasions.

THE MOST NOTEWORTHY INCIDENT

of our stay at Hartebeeste River was an entertainment known in military circles as a "camp fire." We had our "first performance" the second night of our bivouack at the river. As its name implies, the prominent feature of this military social function is a fire. To make the entertainment thoroughly successful this should be as large as possible, illuminating with its soaring blaze the whole wide circle around which the soldiers gather, and within which the performers one after the other take up their stand in full view of everybody. To keep up a fire of this nature on the Karoo means a lot of hard work. The biggest thing in the shape of timber is a low bush that grows seldom higher than a man's knee. It takes a lot of such fuel to make a big blaze, and it kept several of our boys hustling to produce even a fairly respectable fire.

Around this fire on the lonely, desolate Karoo—150 miles from a railway, and I don't know how many thousands of miles away from the homes of everybody present—there gathered our boys from the prairie and the older provinces, the bushman from Western Australia and their kinsmen from New Zealand, and the cross country riders from the hills and dales of merry old Derbyshire. With such diverse talent to draw from it was no wonder that here was much to amuse and interest everybody, much that everybody heard for the first time. Our boys sang the familiar "Alouette—gentle Alouette," and the New Zealanders, the Western Australians and the men from Derbyshire were fairly carried away with delight. They had never heard anything like it before, and strange as it may appear to you at home, they could not get enough of it, but had to have it over and over again. Then came Australia's turn. One of the boys from the southern continent gave a wild, dashing bushman's song, with a chorus to it like a cross between a Maori war-whoop and a Red Indian's yell, and it was the turn of our boys to be surprised and delighted. So the entertainment went—with gems of popular ones from every corner of the Empire. French Canadian songs and recitations; college choruses from McGill, Queen's and Toronto; the songs of the bush and the chase from Australia and New Zealand; and the good old hunting songs from the country sides of merrie olde England—one after the other in quick succession until "last post" rang out through the clear, calm air, and, after singing "God Save the Queen," in a way that would have been a wholesome lesson to any of our rebel friends if they could have been present, the crowd reluctantly separated, and every man groped his way "home" to the particular spot on the Karoo, where his blankets lay spread, into which he promptly crawled, cheered and inspirited by the simple entertainment.

On the 29th came the message from Sir Charles Parsons informing Col. Drury that Kenhardt had been occupied by the advance column without opposition, that it had been decided to allow the column that was advancing from Prieska to settle accounts with the rebels at Uppington; and that, therefore, there was no necessity for a further advance of the main column. Col. Drury immediately issued orders that

THE COLUMN SHOULD RETURN

to Van Wyks Vlei, and the rest of the day we went into camp here at the Dam.

This has been the pleasantest place we have camped as yet. We have the lake to swim in—the only opportunity of the kind that we have had—we have good water for drinking and cooking purposes, we can gather enough twigs from the little bushes to make a bit of a fire; we have almost everything that makes a camping place agreeable—excepting shade. Alas! here, as everywhere else on the great, bleak Karoo, shade from the glaring sun is painfully absent. There is absolutely no shade, but what we can make for ourselves—every man, of a truth, is his own shade-maker. On the lee side of a wagon or a cart, a little patch of shadow no bigger, at the most, than a Jubilee postage stamp is, on a hot, cloudless day, to us, at least, worth more than all the rest of the sandy Karoo within sight. Your correspondent, and his confrere of the Toronto Globe, crowd together like two kernels in the same nutshell, within the narrow limits of the little patch of shade that is thrown by their Cape cart. They hug it as a man hugs his blanket when he sleeps on the snow in winter. When it is big enough to cover them both they count themselves two very happy correspondents. The man who would unnecessarily spread himself out and occupy more than his due share of a shadow, would be deemed the meanest man in camp. Oh! that each of us could carry a few square yards of shade around, as a man carries his blanket!

DRIVER BRADLEY'S DEATH.

It was while we were in this camp that our first fatality occurred. You heard of the sad occurrence by cable, and I will now tell you exactly how it happened. It was in the height of the heat of a hot day, on Sunday, April 1st, that the men of "D" Battery, as usual, rode their horses down to the lake to water them. At the particular spot where they were thus engaged there was, unknown to them, a hole of considerable depth—some say as much as fifteen feet. The water was so thick with suspected sand that it was impossible to see an inch below the surface, and Driver R. Bradley, supposing that the bottom was fairly level, allowed his horse to wander into the water until suddenly, he fell right into this deep hole. Unfortunately Bradley could not swim, and when he floated off his horse's back he almost immediately sank to the bottom, dragged down, possibly, by his heavy boots. No sooner had he disappeared in this manner than some of his brave comrades, without waiting to divest themselves of a stitch of clothing, dived into the water after him. They found, however, that with their clothes on, it was impossible to swim to the bottom. Several all-important seconds were lost in this way, but meanwhile, a member of the Western Australian contingent had stripped, and he now dived and reached the muddy bottom.

There, of course, he could see nothing in the opaque water, and he had to make two or three separate attempts before finally, just as he was on the point of giving up the attempt, he felt poor Bradley's belt. This he seized at once, and, then in another second, to the delight of the anxious onlookers, both—the rescuer and the rescued—appeared on the surface. It was only a very short distance from the shore, and both men were soon safely landed. Then it was seen that Bradley was in a very serious condition. He was black in the face, and perfectly unconscious—apparently lifeless. Doctors were soon on the spot, and by means of artificial respiration, after working at him for a long while, he was finally brought back to life, though not, for still a considerable time, to consciousness. A tent was pitched and he was placed on a stretcher within it. Everything possible was done for him, but it very soon became evident that his lungs had been seriously injured—probably by the sand. Pneumonia developed very rapidly and though Surgeon Major Worthington, with others assisting, sat up with him the whole night, it was impossible to save his life. He was conscious for several hours, but gradually he sank, and early next morning he passed away.

This was our first death, and everybody in camp did their utmost to show respect for the fallen comrade. The whole column was paraded at the funeral, at which the Rev. W. J. Cox, chaplain of the column, officiated; and a very impressive ceremony it was. The solitary little grave is on the side of a long, low hill, just outside the camp lines. It is neatly fenced. A cairn of boulders covers the spot beneath which his body lies, and a tombstone, as neatly engraved by some of his comrades as could have been done by a professional tombstone maker, has been erected, and will for many a year remind the passer-by of the Canadian hero who came so far to uphold the integrity of the Empire.

We were sorry to learn that poor Bradley leaves behind him a wife and two children, who are now understood to be at their home near Ottawa. They have the sympathy of every man in the column.

DYSENTERY DOES DAMAGE.

I am sorry to have to report another death, which occurred in the hospital here early this morning. The victim this time is a New Zealander, Trooper Hempton. He had been ill for some time with dysentery, and gradually grew weaker and weaker, until he succumbed. He was an exceptionally fine young fellow, standing over six feet in his socks, and splendidly built. He was very well connected, a gentleman of education and refinement, as are so many of his comrades from the southern islands. Dysentery has been rather prevalent among the men, but it seems strange that one of the strongest, youngest and most athletic members of the whole force should be the only one to succumb to the disease.

The column, under command of Colonel Drury, left the camp early this morning, and began the long march back to the railway. The route will be by way of Carnarvon and Bristown to De Aar, where the whole column is ordered to report on the 14th inst. The weather remains unsettled, rain still falling at intervals, and the roads are consequently very heavy, but we have no doubt that we will be able to reach DeAar in time. It will be hard on the men and still harder on the horses, but it will be done.

A sad feature in connection with a long and arduous march such as our column has been making is the constant and steady growth of the sick-list. At every halting place a few men are overcome by the heat and exertion, or are overtaken by dysentery, caused probably by bad water or by sleeping out in the rain. Hospitals had to be established at Victoria Road, at Carnarvon and here at Van Wyks Vlei, and at each of them there were left behind several patients. Now that the column is finally withdrawing from the district, these sick men will be taken along in ambulance wagons. All the sick left here in this way this morning. There were no dangerous cases, and it is probable that by the time we reach De Aar most of the men will be able to return to duty.

The Rev. W. J. Cox, our chaplain, has stayed behind the column to conduct the service at the funeral of Trooper Hempton. He will be buried by the side of Bradley, in the hill-side of an Wyks Vlei Dam.

Already we are beginning to realize the pathos of war!

H. S. WHITE.

CORNS.



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The summer comes and brings with it aching corns. Putnam's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor never fails to remove corns promptly, painlessly and with absolute certainty. It is the oldest and best tested corn cure in the market, purely vegetable in composition, makes no sore spots, doesn't lay a man up for a week, and, above all, guaranteed to cure every time or money refunded.

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BLOEMFONTEIN.

Bugler McMullan, of Kings County, Heard From.

He Tells of the Terrible March from Belmont, Almost Without Water,

And How the Canadians Fought Their Way Right up to Cronje's Trenches.

BLOEMFONTEIN, S. A., March 30.—Your letter and papers to hand. I was beginning to think that the postal clerks had stopped my letter, as they have stopped some that were addressed to papers home. I have only written you twice, for the simple reason that much the same thing was going on every day in Belmont, but I am going to try and send you a better account of our marching and fighting.

All was excitement in our camp at Belmont when the order came that we were to join Lord Roberts's column and march through the Orange Free State. On Feb. 12 we started for Gras Pan by train. We camped for the night, were issued two days' rations (1 doz. biscuits) and filling our water bottles, we were on the march at daylight, over a country as barren as the hills, and sandy and rough for walking. The Gordons, Shropshire Light Infantry, Carnwalls and Canadians, with twenty days' rations, all transports and everything required. I tell you it was a grand sight to see the camp at Gras Pan. It was dark when we arrived, all right, but in the morning we could see the tents for miles and miles each way. Thousands of soldiers were in camp and all ready to go different ways, but all on the same errand. Of course we hardly knew what the game was when we started, but we heard that it was to cut off the Boer supplies at Magersfontein, and I think Lord Roberts did it in good style. Our first day's march was 20 miles, and you can bet we were tired boys when we reached the first camping place. Want of water was the worst. Our lips were parched and our tongues hanging out, but when we arrived around the turn of the hill, saw water, and were dismissed, every one, niggers, soldiers, officers, mules, horses—every one made a rush for it. Some plunged in, clothes and all, and drank till filled. I have seen men offer 4s on the march for just one mouthful of water, and it could not be bought.

Our regiment had only one water cart, but the boys could get no water at it at all.

To make a long story short, we were on the trip for over one month, and the marching was the same and we wanted water every day just the same. The sun was something terrible, burning the head and almost your hair off. Our advance party had an engagement getting into Jacobsdal, but the plain was clear when we arrived. We camped for a day waiting for orders from Gen. French, and from there we started for Bloemfontein. We wore our boots out marching, and some of the boys had to march the last three days without a boot at all, only cloth rolled round the feet. On Saturday morning, Feb. 17, we heard that the advance guard had caught up to Gen. Cronje, so at 4 o'clock we were on the march. We marched all the night, arriving about 3 o'clock in the morning, a distance of 25 miles, a tired looking lot, hungry and thirsty. But when we came near enough to hear the big guns going, also the rifles, that put new life in the boys, and for the day at least they forgot that they were hungry or thirsty. We arrived at the camp. Very few troopers were there, as they were all out at Cronje.

We had got about half through our coffee when we received orders to go in reserve of the big guns. We marched about a mile and had just got there when we received orders to ford the Modder and go in the firing line.

The sight of the boys fording the Modder is one that never will be forgotten; ropes were stretched across; the water was from five to six feet deep, running about four to six miles an hour, and 20 yards wide. Once the rope broke and the boys were washed away like chaff. Horses were taken off their feet as fast as they would go in. Some men were drowned at the same place fording that night, and many horses were lost. The Canadian ammunition mules turned right over with the load on their back. As soon as the confusion was over they advanced in steady order and had had the bullets to face. As soon as all the boys got at it, things began to get warm around all hands; bullets flying like rain, barged away the whole day. Every minute you could hear the cry, "stretcher bearer," on the right or left, and the groans were hard to stand, but the boys stood it well.

Pat McCreary, one of our old Hussar men, did some fine work that day, working like a slave carrying off the wounded, and then to think about dark poor Pat was shot three times and died in the hospital the next day.

Taylor, from the Island, was shot right through the heart. Towards dark, or about 4 o'clock, the colonel of the Cornwalls ordered a charge. G Co. of the Cornwalls was right in the middle of G Co. of the Canadians, and when they got the order, Canadians and all charged the Boer trenches. I believe they were waiting for that charge, for as soon as the bayonets began to glisten, the firing stopped a little, and when we rose to charge, the bullets were flying like rain. Many a good man went down in that charge, but they made a big hole in the space between the Boers and our firing line. The colonel of the Cornwalls was shot almost as soon as he started to charge. Soon the darkness came and the firing stopped, but still the Boers kept sniping away. You could hear the groans of the dying and wounded around you. The boys carried as many as they could back to the rear, but some were unfortunate enough to lay out in the field all night. We slept right on the battle field that night, only having a little cocoa we had in tins. You will know the number killed and wounded better than I do, but 28 killed and 97 wounded was what we heard.

On Monday we rested, but the big guns were shelling the enemy all the time. On Tuesday night and early we were at it again, G Co. right into the firing line all day. The boys banged away the whole day. We don't know how many were wounded that day, as at night we were broken up and the different companies sent on outpost duties. We were at it one week. The hill we were on (G. Co boy named it Starvation hill, and well it was named), it was very high and nothing but rocks. We got a starving on that hill, only two biscuits a day and some water. Every morning we could hear the firing, but we did not know what they were doing until we were ordered off the hill to take our turn in the trenches.

All week the boys had been taking turns working up the river banks at dark, building a big trench at night, and in the morning, as soon as the Boers showed themselves, they sent the volleys into them. In this way they had worked up to within 500 yards of the Boers' trenches.

Then came the Canadians turn. We started about 5 o'clock, arriving in the trenches about dark. We stopped under the trees at the river and had coffee and meat. That was the last time some of the boys every talked together. We soon were in the trench and were told to get as much sleep as possible. We advanced at 1 o'clock to build our trench, but as quiet as mice, we advanced about 350 yards and started to build our trench. We had it about half done when we got the order to advance 100 yards further. We had just got about 80 of 100 when the heavens seemed to open up with fire and lead. The volley that they gave us was something terrible, and the groans of the wounded were hard to stand. We all dropped like pancakes on the ground. My two chums were shot, one on each side of me. One, Alfred Riggs, R. E. I.; the other, Frank Sprague of Carleton, badly wounded. Riggs was shot through the head and heart. The reason why we were not all shot, the colonel said, was that we were right under the cover of the Boer trenches and only the first volley took good effect. Our boys had some narrow shaves. Ben Pascoe, from St. John, had the bridge of his nose tipped off. I had the felt of my water bottle ripped right off with a bullet. Another struck a little pile of earth I had thrown up with the butt of my bugle in front of my head. It threw the earth all over me. I am sure the bugle saved my life that time, for if I had not done that with the bugle I would have got it right in the head. Some of the boys were shot through the coat and pants, but a miss is as good as a mile! He was a lucky man that came through all right. Corp. Withers, from St. John, was badly shot, but J. B. Scott, from Moncton, was the worst. He was shot in a dozen places and his cartridge belt exploded and almost blew him to pieces, poor fellow.

No. 2 section has suffered the worst in the regiment. We had 10 in our tent at Belmont, and seven were shot out of the 10, three killed, four wounded.

We lay as quiet as possible till the Gordon Highlanders began pouring volleys into the Boer trenches from the big trench in the rear, the one we had left. Then our boys got to work, and we soon had our other trench done and sand bags up, with places made for rifles. We then began banging away from about 70 yards from the Boers' nearest trench. Gen. Cronje did not know what was up when he saw the trenches so handy in the morning, full of Canadians. Soon the white flags began to fly all round the place; our boys stepped out of the trenches and began taking the Boers' arms from them. I went out, but went to look at my chums, as we had kind of called the roll in the trench and had a good idea of who was wounded and killed. There lay our chaps from our company, only 30 yards from the Boers' large trench. It was a hard sight to see the boys you were whispering to a few minutes before cold in death. I was in the fatigue party that buried them, six in all, in front of the company, and not a man but what had tears in his eyes.

The company moved up in the Boers' laager, and a sad state it was in. Shrapnel lay all round, in the trenches and out; dead horses lay by the hundreds, also cattle, sheep and goats. The smell was terrible. The Boers had thrown, they say, thousands of cattle, sheep, goats and horses in the river, and they were floating by our camp for a whole week. You could almost run across the river on them. So fast were they coming down, they jammed, and the smell was terrible. All the water was boiled. Taking it all through, the Canadians have had and seen some experiences that they will not forget in a hurry. Gen. Cronje sent word to Lord Roberts that he had surrendered, but Lord Roberts told him to report at his camp in an hour.

All the Boer wagons were in a hard state from the big guns. Cattle were lying dead in the harness, also mules and horses. Only the iron of many wagons remained. The Boer trenches were very narrow at the top and large at the bottom; in fact, the whole river bank was almost hollow with trenches. One of our boys, Jack McDiarmid, from St. John, was captured on Tuesday by the Boers. He was sick and went the wrong way, and the Boers till the morning of the surrender. The fun of it was that all our boys thought he was in hospital all the time. Thousands and thousands of rounds of ammunition were found, and rifles of all descriptions, but the food was scarce in the Boer trenches. Some of our boys got a fine revolver out of the trenches. All our officers are carrying the small Mauser carbine. Lord Roberts addressed the Canadians that morning and congratulated them on the good work they had done.

We were soon on the march for Bloemfontein, and four hard days it was, suffering from thirst, hungry and tired out. Many of the men fell out, and we have not heard of them yet. They may be dead for all we know. Our advance guard came into action two or three times on the last four days' march. After we had finished Paardeberg the Boers were reported on a kopje four miles from our camp, so in the middle of the night the brigade was on the move, ready for more marching and fighting. We advanced to a large kopje in extended order, and our boys had the pleasure of watching a grand duel between our guns and the Boer artillery on the kopje. It lasted about four hours. Our artillery drove them off the kopje and they ran like rabbits, leaving the guns. We captured both of the guns. They say the guards got a charge in on them as they retreated. Our boys kept them going right to Bloemfontein, and here we are and have been for two weeks.

I intended to write you a long letter, but the order has just come in tonight that we are for the march at 3 o'clock in the morning, so that brings my letter to a close in quick time.

A great many of the boys are sick. We just got the word that Gen. Joubert was dead.

P. S.—I forgot to say that the first day's march from Gras Pan, G Co. was the only company that did not have a man fall out on the line of march. The boys all say that we did not have a man fall out until after the third engagement at Paardeberg. From the fourth day's march we were out down to half and sometimes quarter rations for all the rest of the boys, which lasted one month and three days.

We have just received an official report that G Co. will march out in the morning only 55 strong. The regiment has suffered terribly from the wet weather, not having out tents since leaving Belmont. My chums, Alfred Riggs, P. E. I., and Frank Sprague of Carleton, St. John, also Fred Coombs being shot, he being Thos. Aitken's chum, and Tom and I being gooseberries, we decided to bunk together. We own a house. It consists of two sticks and two old militia blankets, to keep the sun out in the day time. I came pretty near not having Tom for a chum either, as at the battle of Paardeberg, in the night attack, he had a Martini-Henry bullet right through his haversack, blowing it all to pieces.

Yours sincerely,

BUGLER WM. McMULLAN.



If ever superstition could find excuse, it would be when the expectant mother, calendar in hand, ponders the fortunate days and hopes that the baby's birthday may fall on a lucky time. It is natural to wish the best of fortune for those we love. Why not *will* fortune as well as *wish* it for the child?

The greatest fortune any mother can bestow on her child is a healthy body and a happy mind, and with this great fortune every mother may endow the child if she will. The child's stock of health is what the mother supplies. The weak and worried woman has a very slender stock of health to bestow on the baby.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes mothers healthy and happy. It does away with the misery of morning sickness. It strengthens the nerves, gives the body a feeling of buoyancy, makes the mind cheerful, gives vigor and elasticity to the organs peculiarly feminine, and baby's advent to the world is free from danger and painless.

"My first two babies were stillborn, and I suffered every thing but death," writes Mrs. Euphemie Falconer, of Trent, Muskegon Co., Mich. "I was reduced to 100 pounds. When I was three months along with my third child I was taken with hemorrhage or flooding and came near having a miscarriage from female weakness. For two months I was under the care of our doctor, but was getting weaker all the time until I sent and got three bottles of 'Favorite Prescription.' I improved fast and continued to take your medicine until baby was born, and he is healthy and all right. My health has been good ever since. I now weigh 165 pounds."

There is no alcohol, whisky or other intoxicant in "Favorite Prescription," neither does it contain any opium or other narcotic.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets do not react on the system They are a perfect medicine.

AMERICANISM NOT DISCUSSED.

ROME, May 20.—It is asserted at the Vatican that Archbishop Corrigan's visit will not have political results and that the question "Americanism" will remain in statue quo.

The Pope is devoting himself entirely to the ceremonies and receptions of the Holy Year, and the movement is not considered favorable for raising such a vexed subject as "Americanism."

The archbishop's audience of the Pope was very brief. He confined himself to describing the progress of his diocese and presented the Pope with an album containing views of edifices constructed during the last decade.

The topic of "Americanism" was not under consideration at the audience.

CANADIAN VILLIAGE DESTROYED.

MONTREAL, May 22.— The village of Pointe Claire, a well known summer resort on the St. Lawrence, above Montreal, was nearly wiped out by fire today. About thirty buildings were destroyed, including the principal summer hotel, several stores and private houses. Two hundred people are camping out in the fields. The loss is placed at $150,000, with insurance only $20,000. The fire originated in an unoccupied store, and is believed to have been incendiary.

WHAT WE OWE CROMWELL.

If England rules the seas more than ever Neptune did, it is because a man "has been found of remarkable depth of spirit," who had, in the 17th century the idea of drawing up the Navigation Act. It dominates the policy of the civilised world today. Europe is forced to rest in the month of April, 1900, silent, with arms folded, before the movements in the Transvaal, because Oliver Cromwell dipped his pen in the ink on October 9, 1651.—La Petite Gironde, Bordeaux.

A HOLY WAR.

LONDON, May 21.—The Algiers correspondent of the Daily Mail says:

"There is little doubt that a holy war has been proclaimed in the extreme south of Algeria and Morocco. Probably this is due to the movements of French troops."

Latest News in SEMI-WEEKLY SUN