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BUDGET

VOL. II.—No. 15]

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[JANUARY 20, 1900

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1900

[PRICE TWOPENCE.
[Post Free, 2½d.]

THIS BOOK BELONGS TO
Fernanda Monte-Serrat



General Buller and Sir Walter Hely-Hutchinson, Governor of Natal, leaving the Assembly Hall (Volunteer Hospital), Pietermaritzburg, after visiting the wounded, November 26th, 1899
(Drawn from a photo by D. Barnett, Our Special Correspondent)

Black & White

HAS

FIFTEEN CORRESPONDENTS
IN THE FIELD.

They are working hard and sending home large budgets of interesting material. Our record of the War will, therefore, be unrivalled as a complete — the *only* complete — record of the struggle.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

The portraits in this Budget are by as follows:—Colonel Bader, Colonel Watson, Dr. Conan Doyle, Elliott and Fry; Captain Fitzclarence, Earl of Ava, Bassano; Major Harvey, Barnett; Major-General Chernside, Knight; Colonel Mackinnon, Russell and Sons.

WELL DONE, LADYSMITH!

THE chief event to be recorded this week is the heroic repulse of the determined Boer attack on Ladysmith. Saturday, January 6th, is a red-letter day in the annals of the war, and General White and the plucky garrison are to be congratulated on having saved what seemed almost a desperate situation in Natal.

The Boer attack seems to have been undertaken on the direct advice of President Kruger, who sent word to the Boer headquarters asking why Ladysmith had not been attacked. The reply was: "We should lose too many men." The crafty Oom Paul, however, had a suggestion to make in answer to this, which will probably do as much as a crushing defeat to damage the Boers and their cause. This was, that the Free Staters should be put in the forefront of the attack. If this be true, further friction, if not open disagreement, is likely to occur between the Free State and the Transvaal, which even before did not seem to be on the best of terms.

The attack was delivered before dawn, the enemy, under cover of the darkness, creeping up to Caesar's Camp and Wagon Hill. It was on the last position that the assault was most desperate. The defence was in the hands of Colonel Ian Hamilton, and he had with him the Manchester Regiment and a detachment of Imperial Light Horse. The gallant Colonel, says General White, "rendered valuable services," and every account of the battle seems to show that this praise is none too high, even in an official document.

At one place the Boers got a foothold in the British position and kept it during the day. At dusk, however, during the heavy rainstorm, which seems to follow every battle, they were turned out at the point of the bayonet by Colonel Park and the brave men of the Devons.

There were three separate attacks of the Boers, and when the last was repulsed (or, rather, next day, for the sun had gone down, thus cutting off communication and leaving us breathless with more than the excitement which ends an instalment of fiction "to be continued

in our next") General White was able to report that the enemy had had enough of it.

The Boer account of losses—more false than usual, seemingly—is four killed and fifteen wounded. If this approximates to the truth, the losses of the Orange Free State must be enormous, for our losses were heavy, and General White sends word that they were nothing like so severe as the enemy's.

If only General Buller can advance soon, and take advantage of the shaken confidence of the enemy, much anxiety will be relieved, and the change of our fortunes in South Africa will have begun in earnest. It is certainly Sir Redver's move, and the news that Indian bearers are proceeding in large numbers from Durban to the front probably means that we shall not have to wait long for it. If the enemy are once well beaten half the war is won, for success gives them wings which enable them to fight better than their numbers or resources would seem to allow. Defeat on the top of their present exhaustion—which must be considerable—would mean a great deal. Here's luck to General Buller!

Meanwhile, news less satisfactory, but not too discomposing, comes from Colesberg. General French still holds his own; but an attack by the Suffolks has been repulsed, with the loss of the Colonel and the capture of 140 men. The ground had been carefully surveyed, the attack seemed justified, and General French gave his consent. It began badly. Colonel Watson was killed while addressing his officers. However, the men dashed up the slopes, and might have won the position, when a mysterious command of "Company Retire" came from no one knows where—certainly not from the officers who remained to suffer death or capture. It was an unfortunate business, but one which we can trust General French—who has been reinforced from the Modder Camp, as we anticipated last week—to revenge.

Generals Methuen and Gatacre are where they were, and generally there is the hush of anticipation which precedes great events. One man has been knocked down by the bursting of a shell on the Modder River; but that is all.

Lord Roberts has arrived!

NOTES O' WAR

THE Staff College will not be opened this year after the usual vacation. Two-thirds of the "students" being in South Africa, it is thought best to give the remaining third a holiday.

WE are inclined to agree with the card-player who thus expressed his view of the war:—"The Boers," he said, "have been bluffing us all along. They have been playing poker, and we have been playing patience."

A GREAT deal is expected of the corps of gillies and stalkers from Highland Estates which Lord Lovat has organised. The Highlanders (150 in number) will be mounted on their sturdy little ponies, and will start immediately for South Africa.

THE ant-hills in South Africa cause serious annoyance not only to the soldier from home, but even to the experienced Colonial. In the dark they look exactly like men crouching down, and an unoffending ant-hill has frequently been ordered to "advance and give the countersign." However, they have their compensations, for they make excellent camp ovens for cooking Tommy's dinner.

THE great amusement at Ladysmith is to set up straw figures for the Boers to waste their ammunition on. Once a Lancer of straw was set on a rock to draw the enemies' fire. Its composure so exasperated the enemy that they even turned one of their big guns on to it. Another time a bogus battery was run up in the night and the Boers blazed away for hours at lay figures and imitation 15-pounders before they found out that they were mistaken.

IN the case of soldiers serving in the field the operation of the Wills Act of 1837 is suspended. In consequence of this it is open to a soldier to make his will on the battlefield by word of mouth, or he can write it on a piece of paper, in which case witnesses are not necessary. You will find many of these pathetic missives in Somerset House—dirty scraps of paper with a scrawl written in the agonies of death. One officer who died in India had merely written that he left all his property to his "dear sister," but not all the judges and lawyers in the land could upset the will, even if they cared to try.

TOMMY does not often grumble publicly, but he cannot altogether understand why the kilt regiments get all the credit of an action. We fear the naughty newspaper correspondents are to blame in some measure! Dargai is a particularly sore spot, and probably nine out of every ten people imagine that it was quite a Scottish event, whereas the Derbyshire and other English regiments took part in the charge. "But," as a Derbyshire man wrote, "you can call your regiment the Queen's Own Royal West Lincoln Regiment or some other name, and the kilts will put them in the dark." Magersfontein, however, was a decided kilt affair, it will be admitted?

ONLY those who have had dealings with a cavalry regiment can realise the depth of affection that exists between the trooper and his horse. There are hundreds of horses being killed in the current war, and sometimes it falls to the lot of the trooper to put his wounded horse out of misery. There are some men who can't do it. After the charge at Omdurman of the 21st Lancers, some of the horses had to be shot. One man stood with a revolver for several moments beside his horse, which sniffed and tried to rub its nose against his sleeve. It was only after a great effort, and with considerable emotion, that the trooper raised his hand and fired the fatal but kindly shot.

THE Postal authorities have done well to allow Tommy to send his letters home with an English penny stamp on them. Some stamped envelopes would be an excellent present for the troops.

WE have had a good deal to show us that the Boers are not nearly so behind the times as was once supposed. But the following sentence from a letter from Ladysmith is certainly an eye-opener:—"The Boers have stretched wires across the roads, which ring electric bells near the pickets when they are touched."

CIGARETTES appear to be much in demand at the front. A Tommy is said to have bartered a horse he had just captured for one cigarette. People must not get tired of sending out presents because the war drags on. It would be a good idea to send tobacco to fill the thousand pipes a generous French firm has sent to our soldiers.

A GOOD illustration of the different methods adopted by the German army officials to what our War Office follows is the case of Colonel Baden-Powell's book on scouting. This was on sale to our soldiers at the published price, but immediately it came out it was translated, published, and issued free of charge to every soldier in the German army.

A GOOD deal of discomfort, and even worse, seems to have been caused the Highlanders at Magersfontein by reason of the hot sun beating on their legs. A corporal in the Seaforth's writes:—"We have a good number of men sick, especially with burnt legs. The sun fairly cooked the back of our legs on Monday, and I am afraid some of the men will be lamed for life."

MRS. HANLON has been raised from the depths of despair to the height of rejoicing. She was recently notified by the War Office that her husband, James Hanlon, of the 2nd Battalion Royal Irish Rifles, had been killed at Stormberg on December 10th. Imagine her joy a few days later when she received a letter from her husband, dated December 12th, giving a list of killed and wounded in his regiment, and stating that he had escaped uninjured.

IT is admitted that Sir George White made a great tactical mistake in not destroying all the bridges in his retreat to Ladysmith. If this had been done the Boers would have never got any of their big guns into Natal, while their means of communication would have been much interrupted. As it is, they are running trains direct to Pretoria, while it is certain that they will themselves destroy the bridges in retreating. Of course, like other people, Sir George White thought the enemy would not be able to cross and hold the frontier.

THE stories of looting by British soldiers should not be credited till substantial evidence has been advanced. At Ladysmith the troops have been specially versed on the point, and every General, from Wellington downwards, has taken care to prevent crimes of that kind. The Duke was particularly severe, as an incident of the Peninsular War illustrates. The soldiers began to "annex" eatables from the Portuguese, and some went "pig-hunting" by moonlight, and accidentally killed several of their comrades. Wellington was very angry, and he made it death for any soldier to steal. Soon after he happened to meet a soldier with a sack of flour. "Hallo, my son," said the General, "where have you got that?" "From the mill yonder, my lord." "Did you pay for it?" "No, my lord." There was an instant's pause, and Wellington said, "Provost-Marshal, do your duty." The man was hanged on the spot, and there was no more pilfering while Wellington commanded.

OVER £90,000 have been collected by English provincial newspapers for the various war funds. The *Daily Telegraph* fund, for which the *Scotsman* is also working, has now reached the magnificent total of over 2,000,000 shillings—more than £100,000.

AN interesting list has been compiled of distinguished English athletes who either are going or have gone to the front. The list of cricketers is a large one, headed, of course, by Major Poore. Captain Hedley, A. J. Turner, the Essex cricketer, and R. O'H. Livesey are already in the field. They will be shortly followed by

THE Boer ruses sometimes have an element of humour, to which a generous foe need not be ashamed to respond. One day "Long Tom," the hero of so many messages from Ladysmith, was removed from his place by Commandant Trichardt and a tree trunk was substituted. This drew our fire for a long time—probably it was one of the occasions on which "Long Tom" was put out of action.

WHEN all our forces are in South Africa we shall have no fewer than 40,000 mounted men available! These will comprise about 10,000 regular cavalry, 10,000



King Kruger. Statue to be erected in Pretoria: modelled by a Roman sculptor

Lord Harris and C. B. Fry, who need no introduction to sportsmen; R. P. Lewis, the Oxford wicket-keeper; Mr. George Kemp, M.P., and Mr. Hornby, jun. Let us hope they will soon get their eyes in.

MR. POULTENEY BIGELOW says that President Kruger is responsible for the following story about himself: Many years ago he was racing with some Kaffir chiefs. Soon after the start Kruger pulled up at his father's house and had tea. After tea, being rebuked for not being prepared to shoot, he snatched up a gun, sallied forth, and killed two lions. Having skinned them and taken them home, he resumed the race. He came in first.

Yeomanry, 8,000 mounted infantry, 6,000 local horse, and the remainder Australians, Canadians, &c. And the Boers confidently imagined that England could not raise more than 10,000 troops! There will be at least 100,000 there at the finish.

Who shouted "Retire" at Magersfontein? It would go hard with him if it were discovered. General Methuen thinks that if the Highland Brigade had pressed on, in spite of the fatal quarter-column formation, they would have captured the trenches, and the day would have been won. General Wauchope held another view, and almost his last words were, "Don't blame me, lads."

In official quarters the Yeomanry Cavalry, which is going out to the Cape, ranks after the Militia and before the Volunteers. A full squadron consists of 100 men, and there are generally three squadrons in a regiment. At present there are 38 regiments of Yeomanry in existence, the senior and oldest one being the Royal Wilts, of which the Right Hon. W. H. Long is Colonel, and the youngest one the Lancashire Hussars. In addition there is a corps, under Sir J. Gilmore, called the Light Horse Volunteers.

THE correspondent of the *Times* "cracks" up the display of the 2nd Yorkshire Light Infantry at the battles of Gras Pan and the Modder River. He says that, after the fight, the E company of the regiment had lost so many officers that it formed up under the command of the senior corporal! "Man by man," the correspondent writes, "they climbed in the fiery hail and returned it with a steady courage and carelessness of loss that cannot be overpraised." Good old 105th Foot!

OUR commanders appear to be very unwise in granting facilities so readily for the Boers to come near their trenches with the white flag. According to a correspondent, when the Boer ambulance went into Ladysmith some time ago, one of the disguised attendants was the crack gunner of the enemy, who, on their part, take very good care to blindfold Englishmen. Of course, when the gunner got back, he knew just where to plant his shots to do the most damage. In strategy the enemy can give our generals several points and a beating.

AN interesting item is the Army Order just issued, stating that the Queen has been graciously pleased to approve of the Princess Victoria's Royal Irish Fusiliers being permitted to adopt and inscribe on its colours the motto, "Faugh a Ballagh." Both the battalions of the Fusiliers are now in South Africa, 500 of the first battalion having been captured at Ladysmith by the Boers, while the other battalion is with Buller. At the battle of Dundee, Captain Connor, of the Irish Fusiliers, led the way up the hill with the cry of "Faugh a Ballagh," which means "Clear the way!"

THE pleasing success of General French on the southern Cape Border indicates pretty plainly the value of cavalry and mounted infantry. If an historical example of the same kind of tactics were wanted, the case of the noted Earl of Peterborough need only be recalled. In 1705 Peterborough landed at Barcelona, Spain, with 4,000 men, and for two years, in that entirely strange country, the daring commander roamed almost at will. He was here and there all over the country, even as far as Valencia, and his movements were so rapid that the enemy never could catch him in force. These are just the tactics to make the Boers wish that they had never been born.

THE nicknames of some of the regiments at the front will be interesting perhaps. The East Kent Regiment are the "Nut-crackers," because at Albuera they cracked the nuts of the French with clubbed rifles. The 2nd Shropshires are called the "Elegant Extracts," owing to special officers being once appointed to suppress their mutinous tendencies; while the 2nd Munster Fusiliers are known facetiously as the "Dirty Shirts," as at Delhi in 1857 they had not much time to wash their shirts, much less starch them! The 88th Foot or the 1st Connaught Rangers are, like the Inns of Court Volunteers, known as the "Devil's Own." It was General Picton, during the Peninsular War, who gave them the name. The Leicester Regiment boys are called the "Bengal Tigers," because they have had a distinguished record in India, and, as a badge, have a Bengal tiger. The Royal Welsh Fusiliers, a particularly fine fighting regiment, are called the "Royal Goats," as their pet is invariably a William goat!

THOUGH the Boers failed to secure any colours in their sudden attacks on isolated British regiments during the last war, they still proudly treasure some battered band instruments of the 94th Foot, which was ambuscaded at Bronkhurst Spruit in December, 1880. This is, perhaps, the only instance in recent times of a British regimental band being in action, and even then, of course, the 94th had no suspicion that war was about to break forth. In the old days bands went on active service, and had not a little to do with the carrying of difficult positions.

SOME people have suggested that the Boer prisoners of war should be brought to England. Many of the transports are certainly coming back empty, and the bringing of the Boers to this country would open the eyes of some of them and do considerable future good. Of course, there are many old military prisons in England which used to be pretty full during the last war with France. There is one at Glencorse, in Midlothian, which was erected in 1813 to accommodate 6,000 French prisoners and their guard. Near by is the cemetery, where no less than 309 of the Frenchmen lie buried—a very pathetic feature of war.

THE ignorance showed by the War Office of the requirements of the present campaign brings to mind an amusing anecdote concerning the last Zulu War. The captain of a man-o'-war somewhere off the coast of South Africa received a specially urgent order to take up a position as close to a certain fort as possible, but on no account to bombard it before receiving orders to do so. In due course the captain replied that he had taken his ship to the nearest place possible, but as the fort in question was 200 miles inland, he would, according to instructions, make no attempt to bombard it!

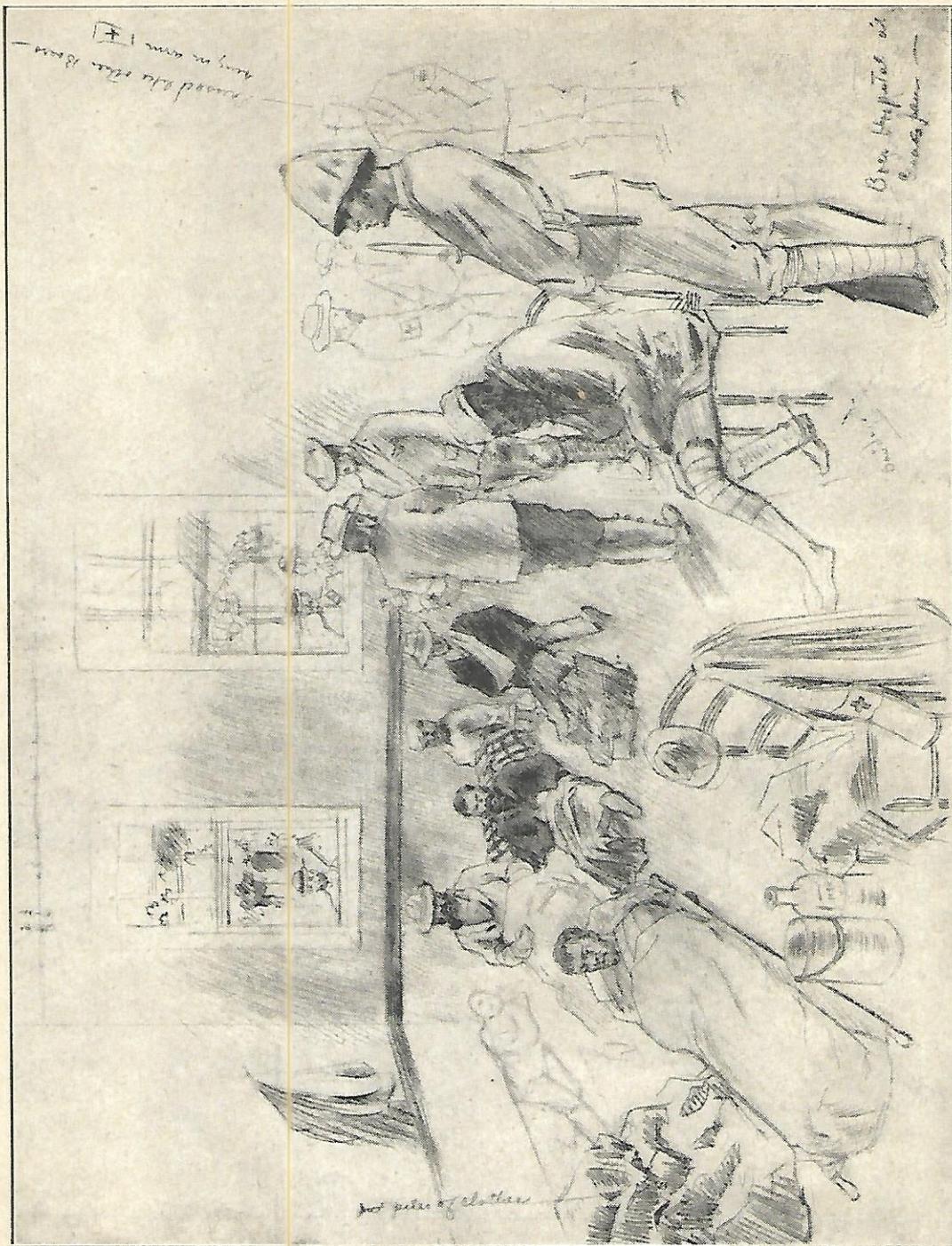
THE calling out of the Militia regiments is giving rise to many comical yarns. A certain general, when appointed commander-in-chief of the forces in Ireland, found the shooting of the Irish Militia regiments most deplorable, and he told Father Healy, the celebrated wit, that he intended to insist upon greater attention being paid to target practice. "For goodness' sake, don't do that, sir!" exclaimed Father Healy; "if you make the militiamen good shots there won't be a landlord left in the country!" It is pleasing to see that several of the Irish Militia regiments have volunteered for active service.

WHAT with the telephone on the battlefield, and cables direct to London, many of the old Army customs have become obsolete. In the good old times there used to be a practice of granting to the bearer of dispatches announcing a victory the sum of £500 and promotion in rank. The late Sir Leicester Smyth (then Major Smyth) brought home the official notification of the fall of Sebastopol, and he was probably the last to receive the customary reward and the brevet rank of lieutenant-colonel. Now, a Commander-in-Chief is able to himself communicate a victory within a couple of days.

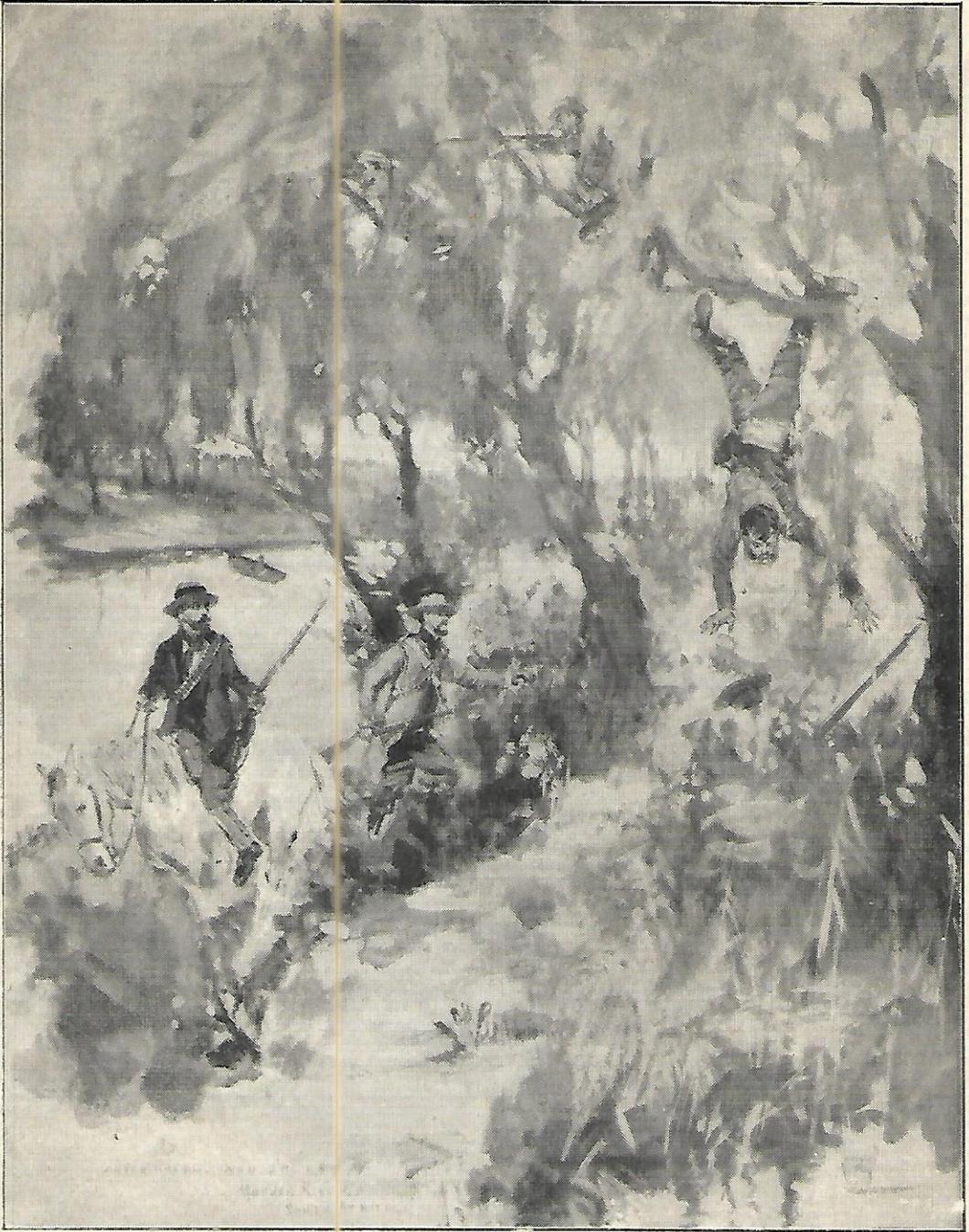
WHEN the present war is over there is going to be another—against the War Office! The obstinate, mule-like, don't-trouble-us attitude of that crusted institution in the past to all suggestions made to it, has resulted in the disasters of the present war. The condition of the army has improved with the times, but the organisation is about the same as it was in the time of Canute. It is like fitting up a modern liner with the marine engines of fifty years ago! Two years ago several gentlemen gave their candid opinions of the War Office. Colonel Brookfield, M.P., called it "the old worn-out pasture in Pall Mall," and "a cobwebby old tenement where Red Tape daily strangles Common Sense." The insult was regarded with equanimity by the War Office, which still places pathetic reliance on muzzle-loaders and bluff.



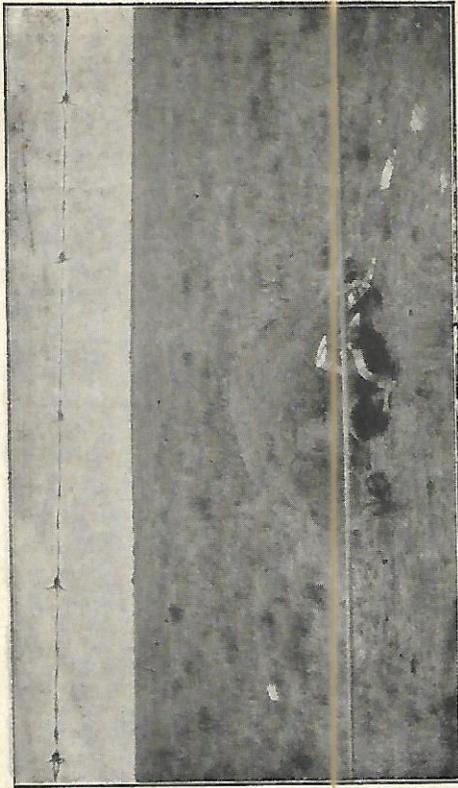
Grenadier Guards storming a kopje at Belmont. (Facsimile of sketch by Lester Ralph, Our Special Correspondent with Lord Methuen)



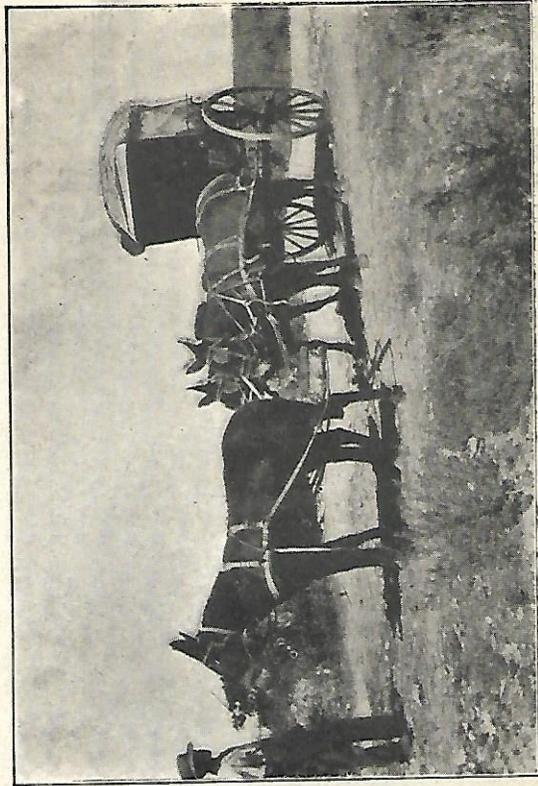
After the battle of Graspan. The Boer hospital. (Drawn by Lester Ralph, Our Special Correspondent with Lord Methuen)



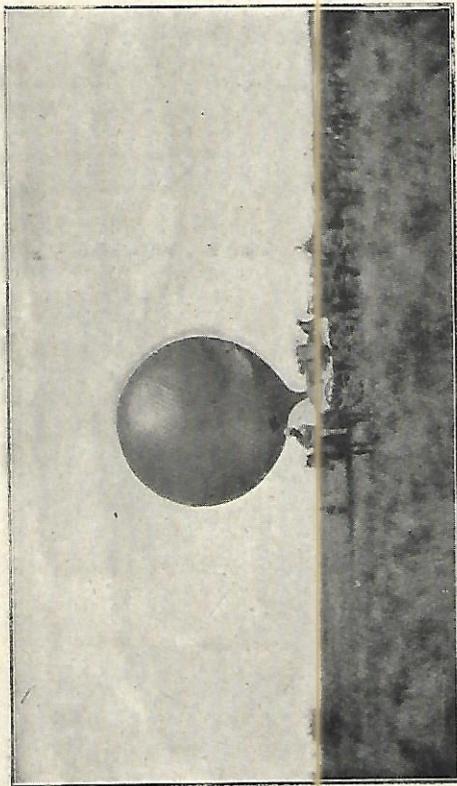
The British fire finds the Boer sharpshooters in the trees along the Modder. (Drawn by Lester Ralph, Our Special Correspondent with Lord Methuen)



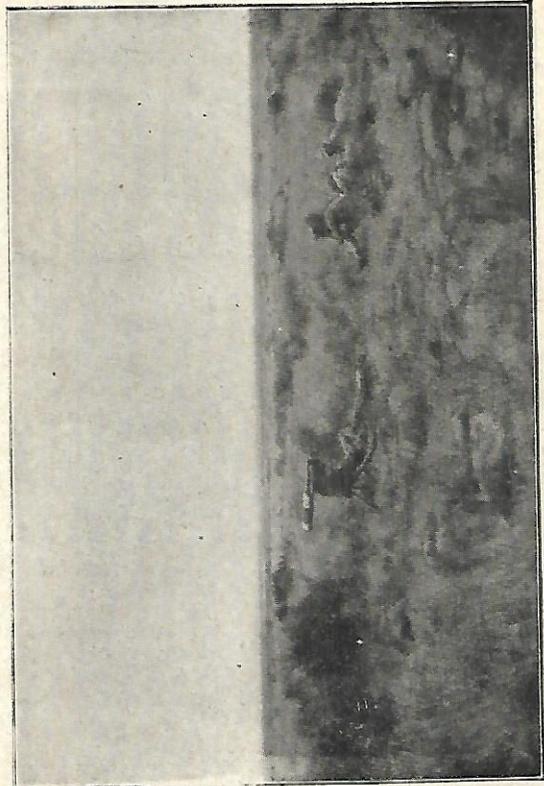
Wire fence 500 yards from the Boer trenches at Magersfontein :
A wounded man's kit in the foreground



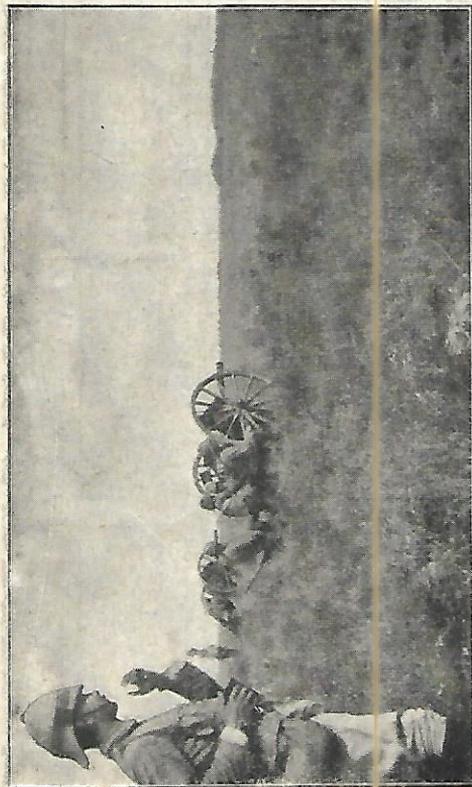
"The Times cart"
TO THE RELIEF OF KIMBERLEY : THE BATTLE OF MAGERSFONTEIN



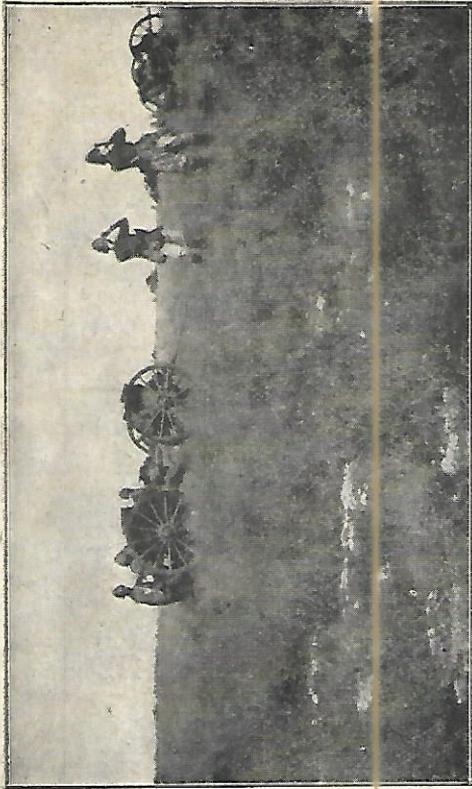
The War Balloon at Magersfontein



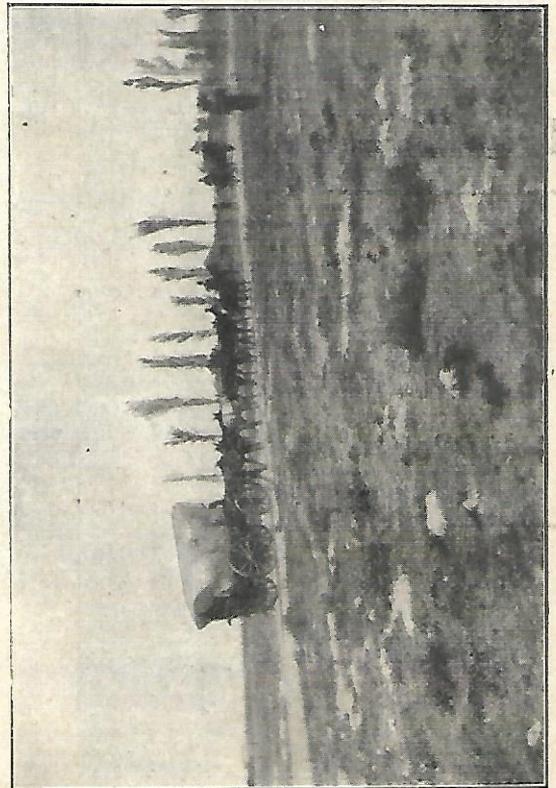
Maxim gun in action at Magersfontein
TO THE RELIEF OF KIMBERLEY : THE BATTLE OF MAGERSFONTEIN



15-pounder R.F.A. in action



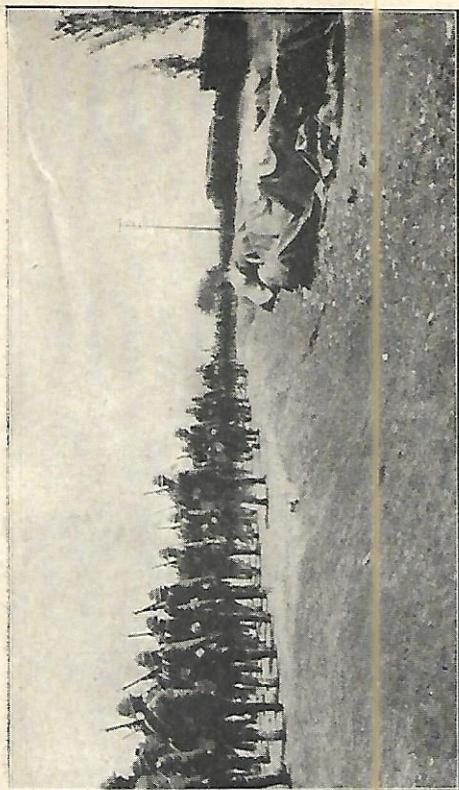
15th and 18th R.F.A. in action at Magersfontein



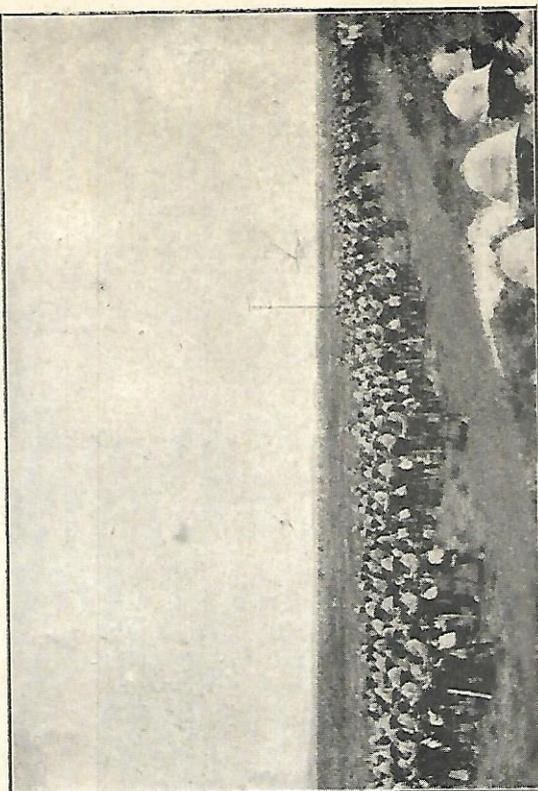
After the battle : Ambulance waggon bringing the wounded to Modder SHOTS AND SNAPSHOTS AT MAGERSFONTEIN



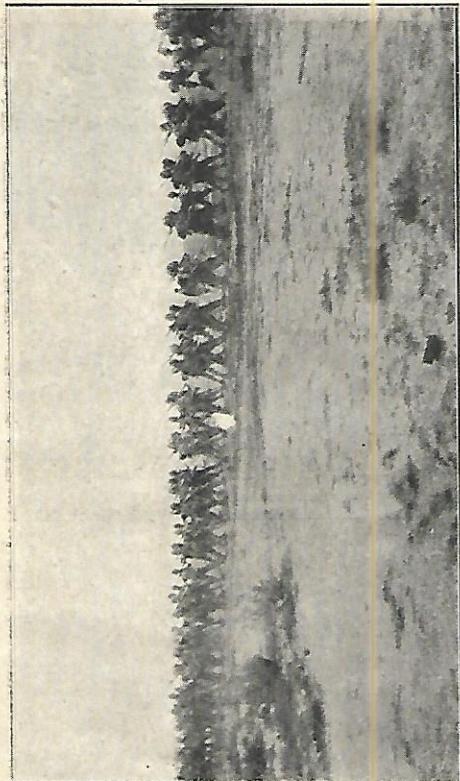
Ammunition mule shot through the head



Scots Guards on the march, Orange River



The Gordons on the march at Kloekfontein, near the Modder



Coldstream Guards on the march

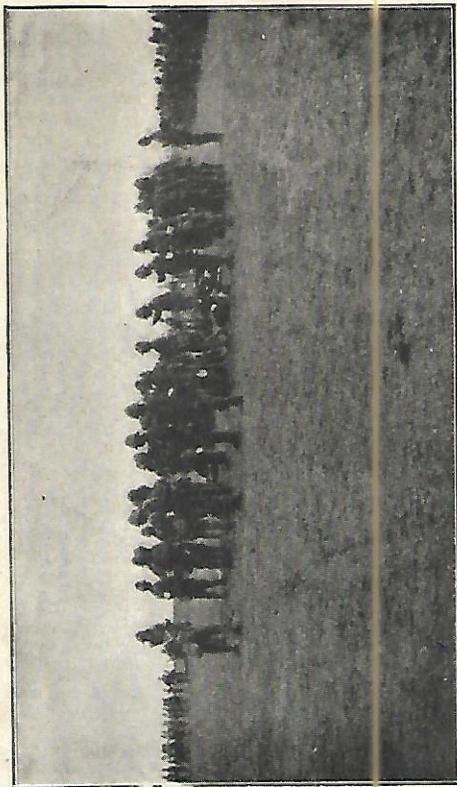


Grenadiers loot a pig at Magetsfontein

ON THE ROAD TO KIMBERLEY



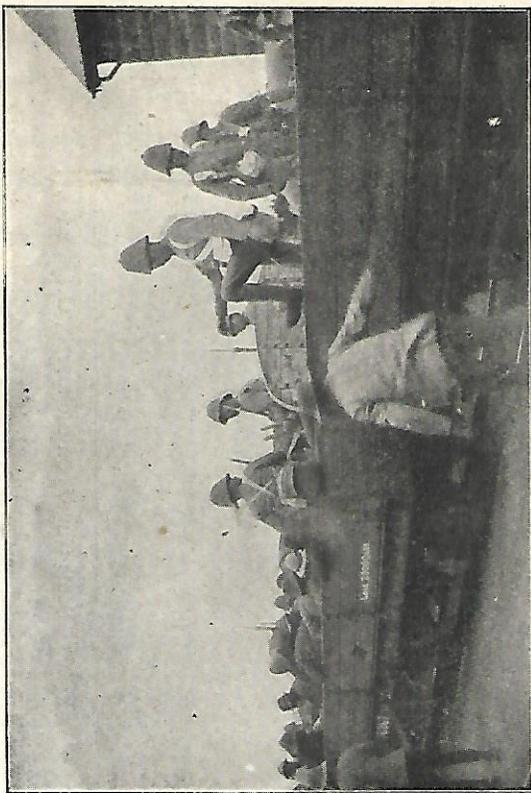
Grenadier Guards on the march



Grenadier Guards detraining at Magersfontein



After the battle : A smoke and a drink



Boer Prisoners : Field-Cornet Helmbolt in foreground

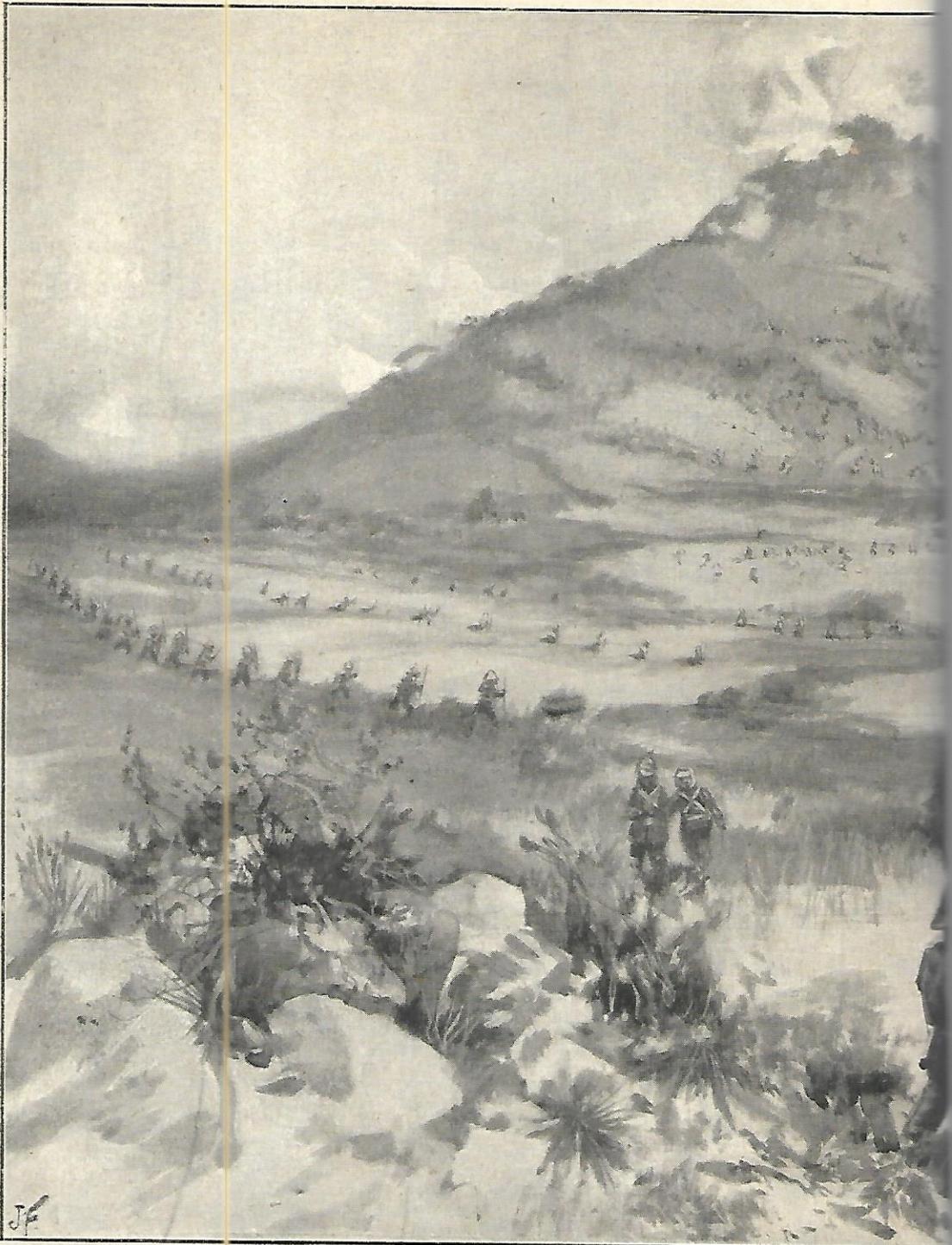
GOING TO MEET RHODES



The Clapham Junction of South Africa. Railway Hospital at De Aar, on the left the Native Hospital. (x) Railway medical officer



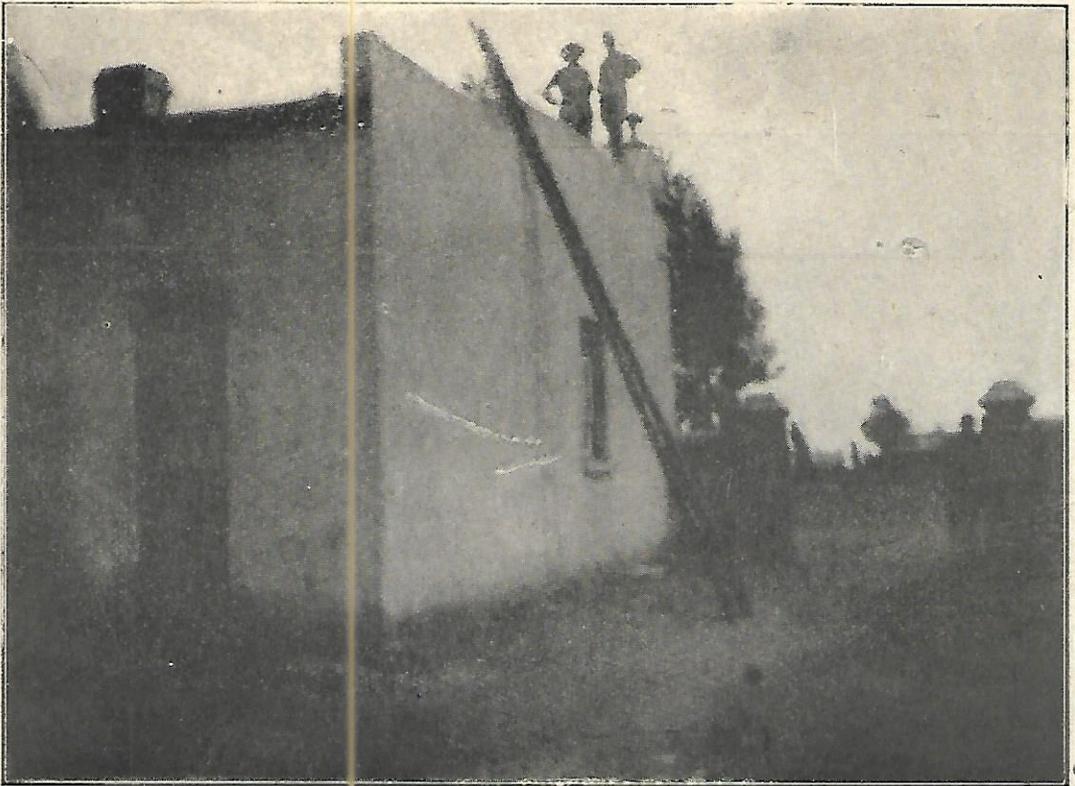
The Waterworks on the Modder River, which Kimberley people often visit in holiday time



THE VICTO



Y OF GRASPAN



Colonel Baden-Powell and Lord Edward Cecil on the look-out



Awaiting orders. The 7-pounder ready for action. (Photos at Mafeking by Our Special Correspondent on the Western Border)



Funeral at Estcourt

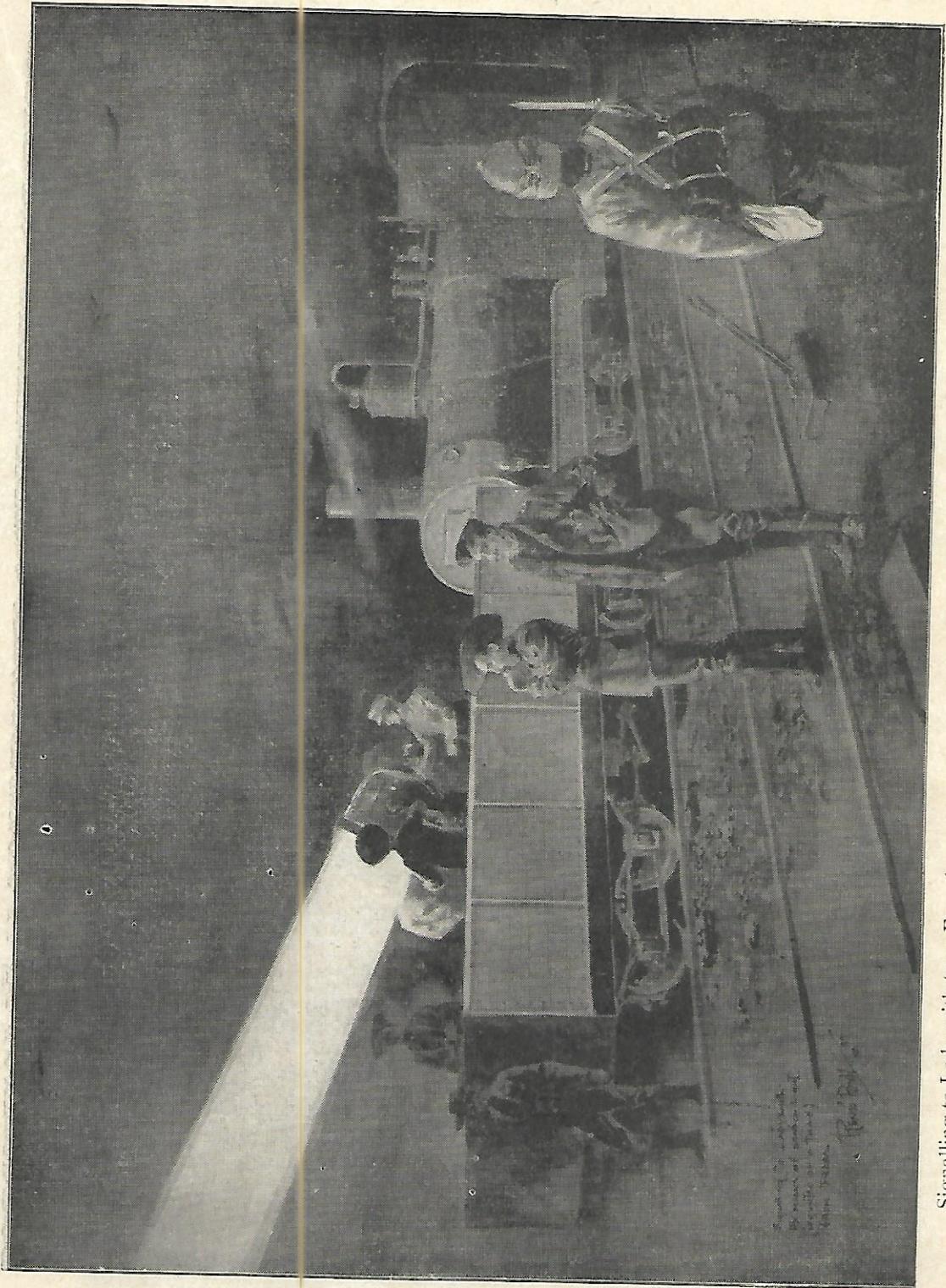


General Hildyard

The last of their comrade. (Drawn from sketches by René Bull, Our Special Correspondent on the Eastern Border)



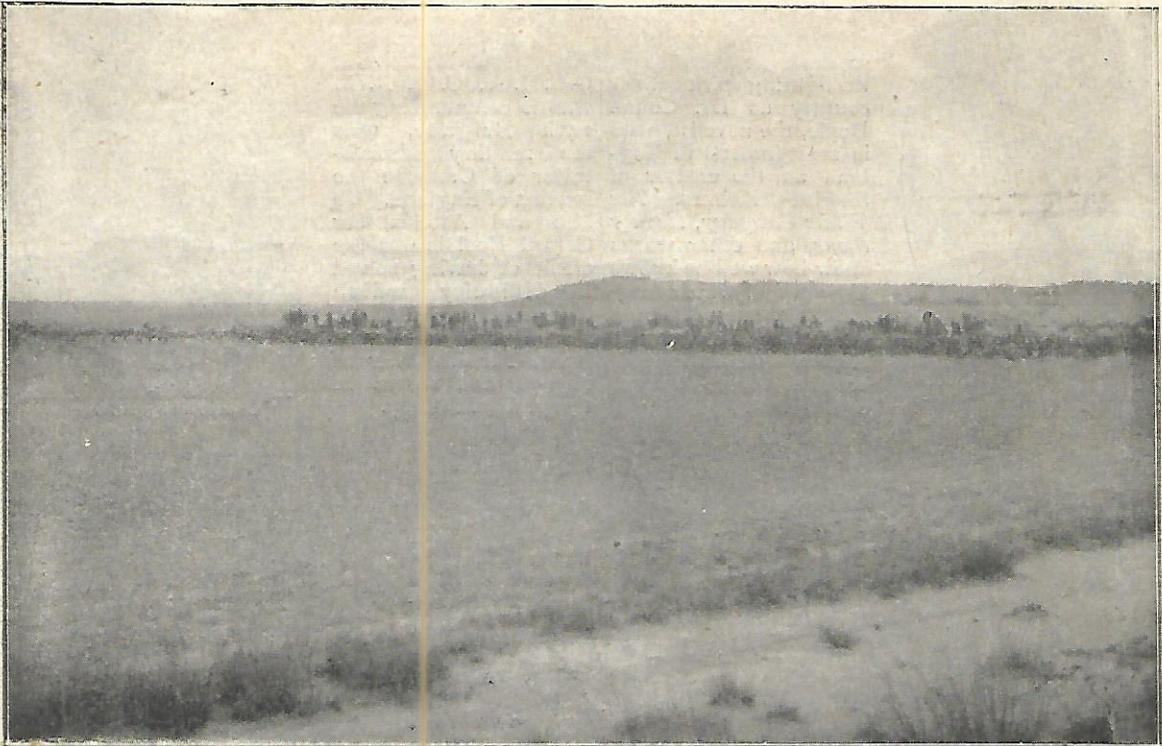
“The men with the long knives were among us.”—Boer dispatch



Signalling to Ladysmith from Frere by means of the searchlight mounted on a train. (Drawn by René Bull, Our Special Correspondent on the Eastern Border)



After the battle. Irish Brigade resting after Colenso. (Photo by Our Special Correspondent on the Eastern Border)



The battle of Colenso. Panoramic view from left to right; in the foreground a transport waggon; in the background the hills occupied by the Boers; Fort Wylie, which was silenced by the naval guns and completely destroyed, to the right of the bottom photo. (Photo by D. Barnett, Our Special Correspondent on the Eastern Border)

FACES AND FACTS



Dr. Conan Doyle, who has volunteered for South Africa

FEW men have shown so much appreciation of the fighting spirit of their country as Dr. Conan Doyle, the novelist, who is most famous in England as the creator of Sherlock Holmes. *The White Company*, *Rodney Stone*, and other works show how well he knows the stuff of which England's greatness has been made, and his *Songs of Action*, published in 1898, breathe a true martial enthusiasm.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR HERBERT C. CHERMSIDE, G.C.M.G., C.B., R.E., who is commanding the 14th Brigade, was the military administrator of Crete in the interest of England. To him and Admiral Sir Gerard Noel is due the credit of having solved a difficulty which threatened the peace of Europe. He was in the Russo-Turkish War of 1876-78 and served in Egypt from 1882-87.



Major-General Sir H. Chermiside, Commanding 14th Brigade



From the *South African Review*

Rat Bites? (N.B.—He'll get there all the same)



Colonel Mackinnon, Com. City of London Imperial Volunteers

FIVE HUNDRED men of the City of London Imperial Volunteers had a splendid send-off from their fellow-citizens on January 13th. They are commanded by Colonel Mackinnon, who is rewarded by this chance of active service for the interest he has always shown in the Volunteers. We may be sure that soldiers under so popular a commander will do good service, and we wish good luck and plenty of distinction to Colonel Mackinnon and his Volunteers.

MUCH sympathy was felt for the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava when the news arrived that his eldest son, the Earl of Ava, was seriously wounded at Ladysmith on January 6th. Lord Ava has two brothers also in South Africa, Lord Basil Blackwood, a war correspondent, and his youngest brother, Lord Frederick Blackwood, a Second-Lieutenant in the 9th Lancers. The Earl of Ava is thirty-seven years old. Lord Ava died on January 11th.



Earl of Ava, Staff—Died of Wounds, Ladysmith, January 11th.



Captain P. H. Price-Dent, 1st Devons
—Died of wounds, Ladysmith



Lieut.-Col. Percy Ricardo, Commanding
Queensland Mounted Infantry
under Colonel Pilcher



Captain R. J. Vernon, K.R.R. —
Killed, Mafeking sortie, Dec. 26th

CAPTAIN PHILLIP H. PRICE-DENT, who had received his promotion but a few days, died, on December 31st, of wounds received at Ladysmith on December 27th. He, with many other officers of the 1st Devons, received his wounds from a shell which burst during dinner, scattering death and destruction. He was thirty years of age, and had served in the Chitral Expedition of 1895, receiving a medal with clasp.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL PERCY RICARDO is one of the most distinguished of the Colonial officers. He commands the Queensland Mounted Infantry, which did such splendid work under Colonel Pilcher at Sunnyside. His handling of his men has been praised on all hands, and his gallant conduct has been such as to make us more grateful than ever, if that be possible, for the splendid services which Canada is rendering the Empire.

THE Mafeking sortie of December 26th was responsible for the loss of a valuable officer in Captain Ronald James Vernon, of the King's Royal Rifle Corps. He was in his thirty-second year, and entered the old 60th in 1889 from the Militia. He was in the expedition to Manipur in 1891, and from 1894 to 1898 was A.D.C. to the General Officer Commanding at the Cape of Good Hope. At the time of his death he was on special service.

MAJOR CHARLES BATESON HARVEY, of the 10th Hussars, was killed in the engagement near Colesberg on January 4th. He was forty-one years of age, and entered the 10th Hussars in 1881. He served in Egypt

in 1884, and was present at the battles of Teb and Tamai. He was Adjutant of Yeomanry Cavalry from 1894 to 1898, and was a great authority on handling such forces in the field. He obtained his majority in 1897.

ANOTHER sufferer in the Mafeking sortie was Captain Charles FitzClarence, of the 3rd Royal Fusiliers, who was born in 1865. He became Captain in 1898, and was stationed at Malta before going to South Africa. He has been especially distinguished for his gallantry in various sorties from Mafeking, and has made many sketches of the neighbourhood and Boer positions, which have been of considerable service to Colonel Baden-Powell.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ARTHUR JOHN WATSON was killed early in the unfortunate charge of the 1st Suffolks at Rensburg, on January 6th. He entered the army in 1873, as a sub-lieutenant in the 12th Foot, and has since had a distinguished career: first serving with Sir Charles Warren during the Bechuanaland Expedition and being Brigade-Major in Bechuanaland in 1885, when he was honourably mentioned in dispatches. In 1881 he was on Staff service with the Egyptian Army, and in 1888 served as Brigade-Major in the Hazara Expedition, obtaining further mention and the medal with clasp. From 1889 he was Garrison-Instructor in Bengal and took part in the Chitral operations in 1895, again receiving a medal with clasp. He was forty-six years of age, in the middle of a career of great value to his country.



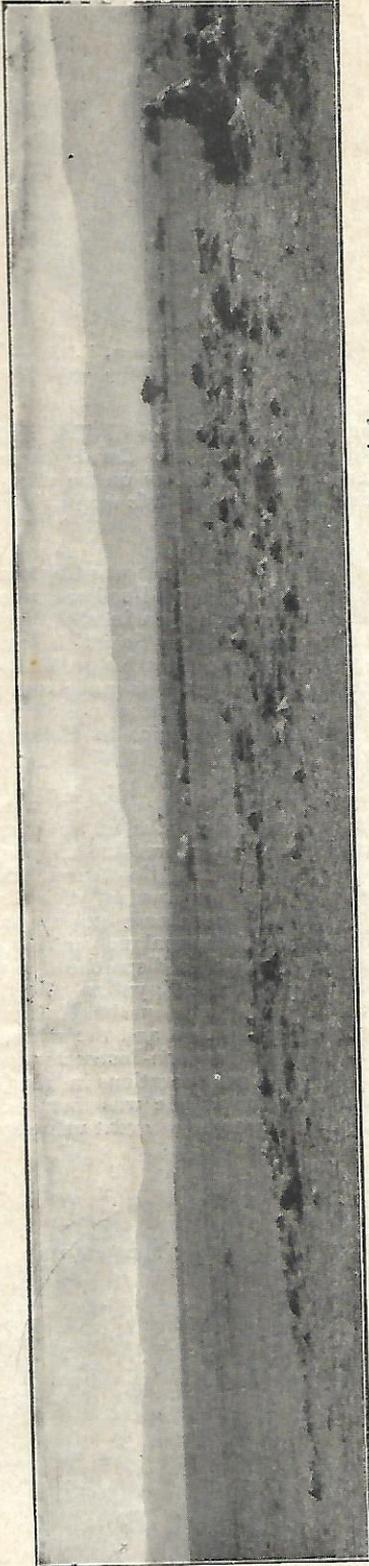
Major C. B. Harvey, 10th Hussars—
Killed, Colesberg, Jan. 4th



Capt. Charles FitzClarence, 3rd R.F.—
Wounded, Mafeking sortie, Dec. 26th



Colonel A. J. Watson, 1st Suffolks—
Killed, Colesberg



The battle of Colenso : Boer shells bursting right in the midst of our infantry

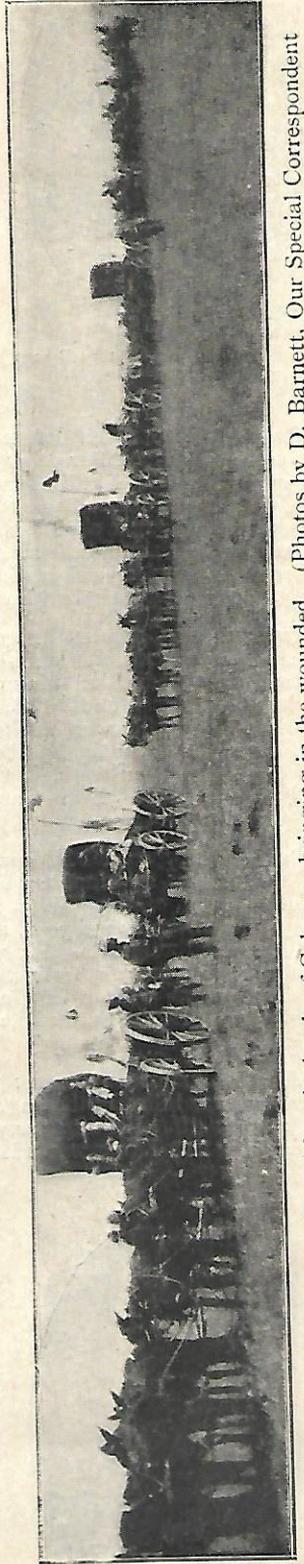
Boer guns

Boer positions at Fort Wylie

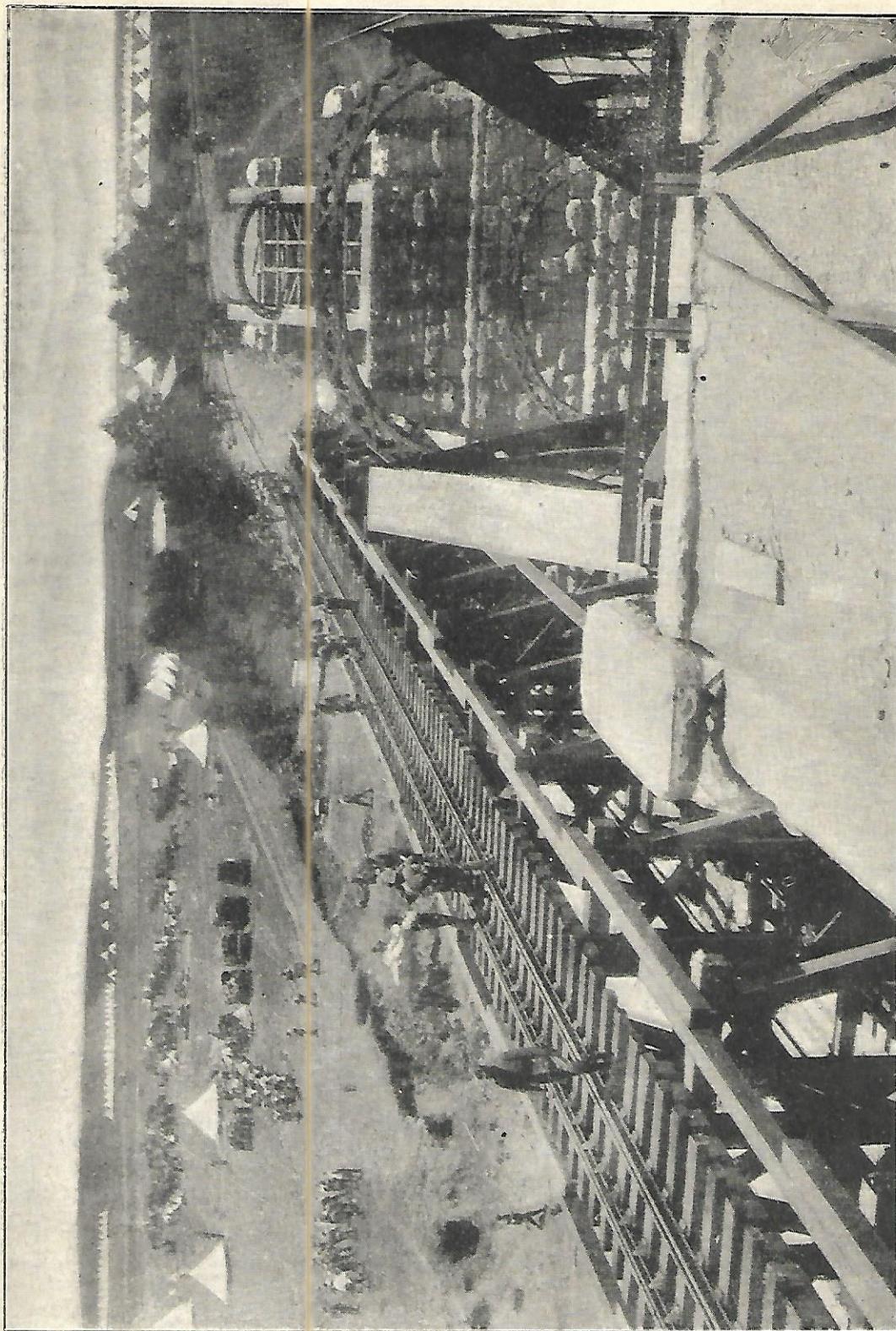


Naval guns Boer guns

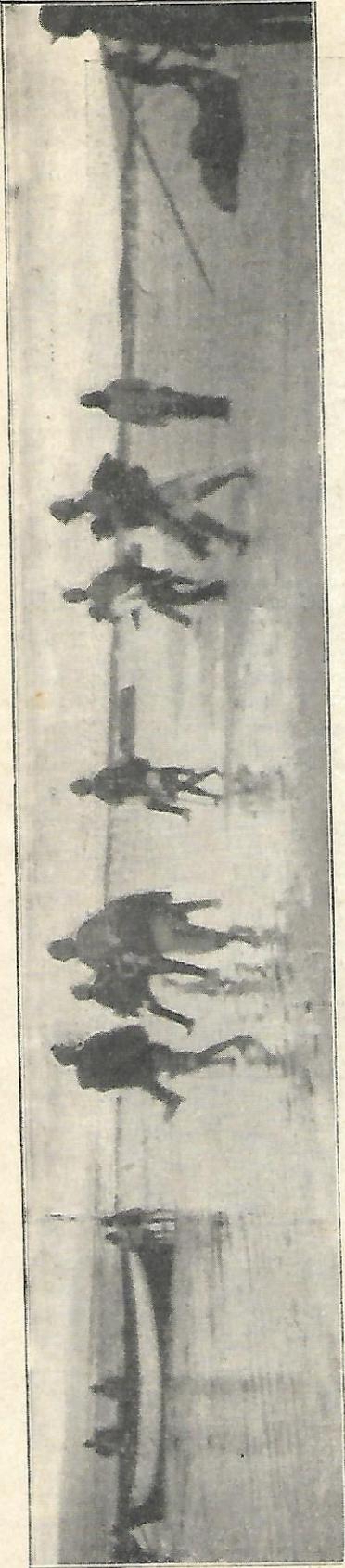
The battle of Colenso : Watching the battle



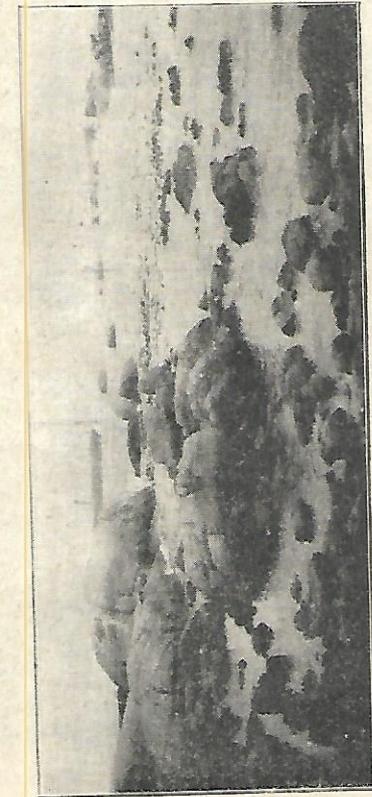
The relief column for Ladysmith : After the battle of Colenso--bringing in the wounded. (Photos by D. Barnett, Our Special Correspondent on the Eastern Border)



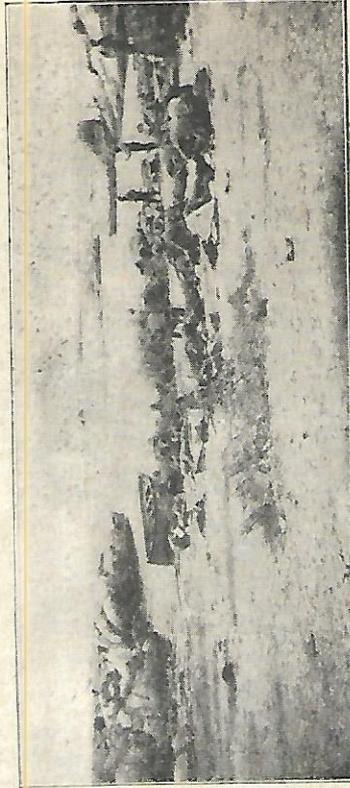
A triumph of engineering. The new railway bridge at Frere. (Photo by René Bull, Our Special Correspondent on the Eastern Border)



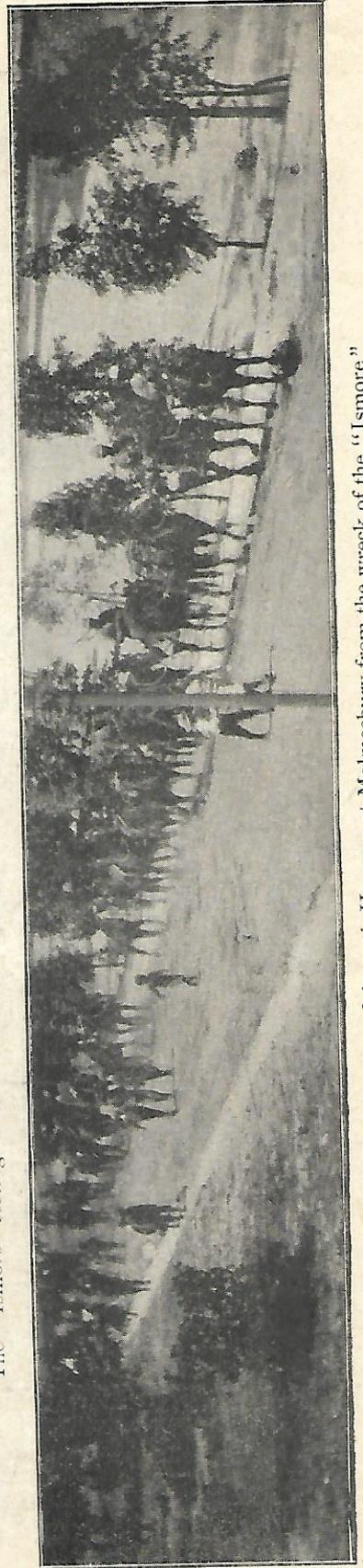
Leaving the wreck in style



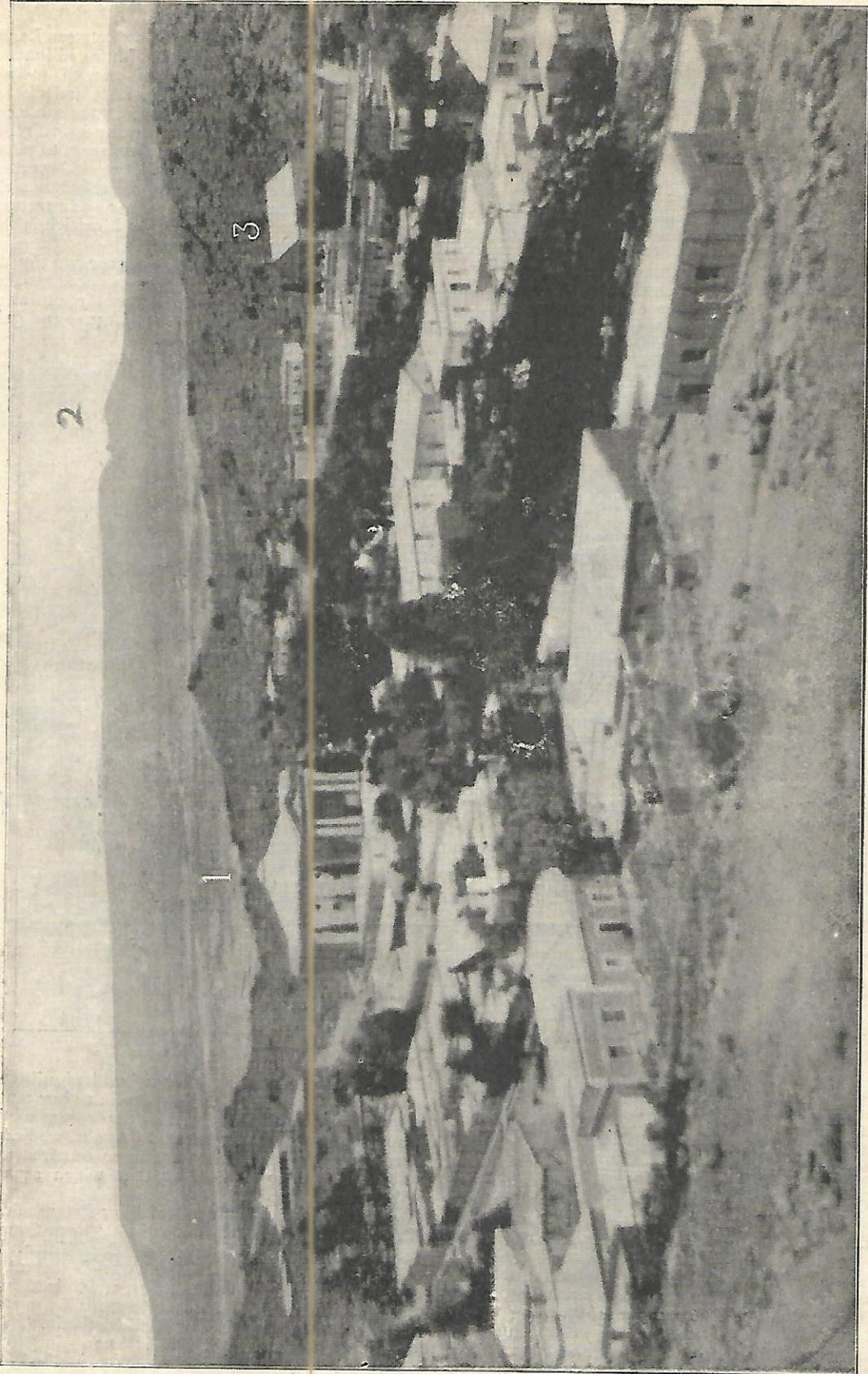
The "Ismore" resting on the rocks



Camping out



Arrival of the men of the 10th Hussars at Malmesbury from the wreck of the "Ismore"
THE WRECK OF THE "ISMORE"



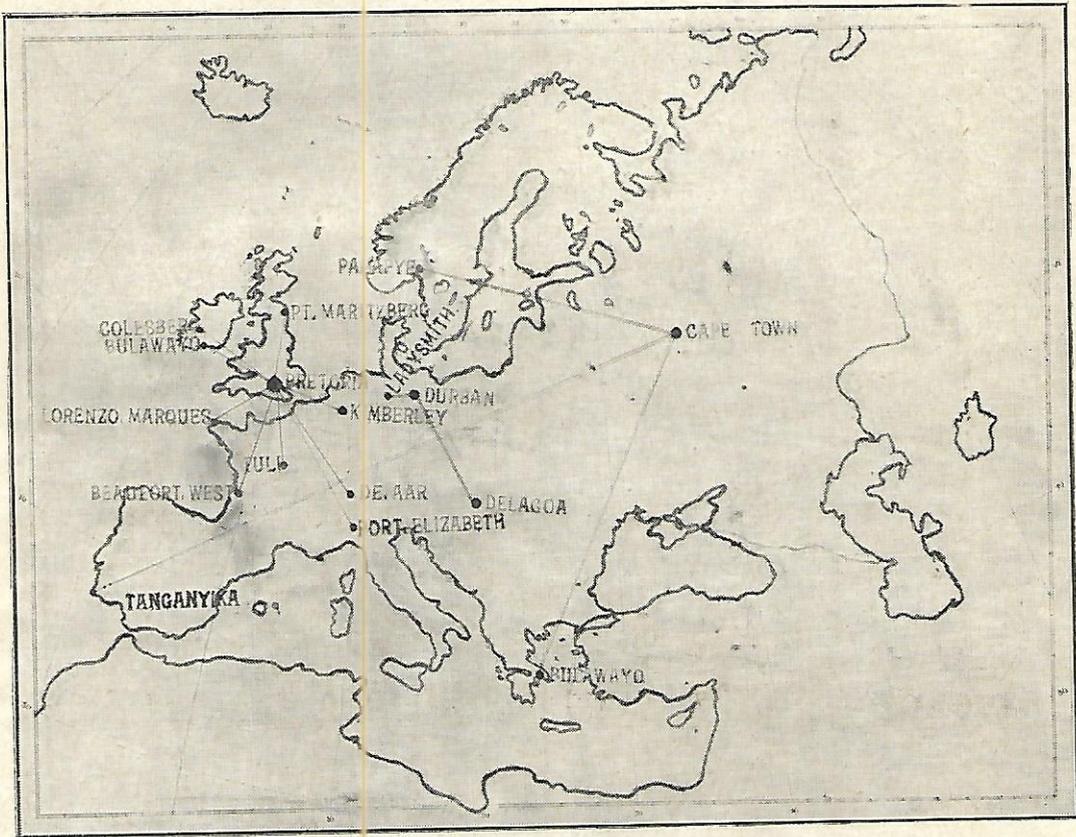
Where General French is baffling the Boers. View of Colesberg showing: 1. Dutch Reform Church. 2. Coed Kopje. 3. Mission Church (Population 1830)

SOME WAR DISTANCES

In spite of all that has been written on the subject, the average mind still experiences some little difficulty in estimating distance in South Africa. This is due, no doubt, to our early education, which taught us, as children, to regard maps filling the same space as drawn to the same scale. With a view of obviating the difficulty, the accompanying chart has been drawn up. A moment's glance will explain the idea. Pretoria occupies the place where London should stand, and some place in Cape Colony or Natal—distant a certain number of miles from Pretoria—takes the place of a Continental town an equivalent distance away from London. For instance, we see that Pietermaritzburg stands in the place of Berwick. To properly understand the map, it must be clearly borne in mind (1) that the distances are only approximate; (2) that

performed by the tramp steamer plying between London and Brest. Though that dreary sand-infested junction, De Aar, can claim little other comparison with far-famed Basle, it is interesting to note that an equal distance separates each place from its centre. In the same way, we find that Port Elizabeth is as far away from Pretoria as Milan is from London. Some of us seem to picture Colesberg almost as a suburb of Pretoria—what St. Albans or Watford is to London. Such persons may be interested to know that it is quite as far from the capital of the Transvaal Republic as Limerick is from that of the British Empire.

Our seaports in South Africa, too, are worthy of a note. Troops disembarking at Durban are sometimes astonished at not finding themselves directly at the front, but the traveller landing at that port and going



Distances at a glance

they are taken in a straight line, or as the crow flies; and (3) that the places apart from their centre (to which they are joined with ruled lines), except where otherwise stated, bear no relation to each other's position. Thus we note that Kimberley usurps the place of Cologne, or, in other words, the mileage which an invading army marching upon Pretoria in a straight line from Kimberley would have to cover before its destination was reached is precisely the same as that which a homing pigeon thrown up in Cologne would have to fly before it arrived back to its loft at Putney or at Wimbledon. Or, again, Lorenzo Marques is the nearest seaport to our cost—but a case of contraband rifles or smuggled ammunition directed to Pretoria, and labelled (as likely as not) "Agricultural Implements," after having arrived at Lorenzo Marques, and escaped the eye (more or less aquiline) of the Portuguese Customs authorities there, would still have some 270 miles to go before reaching Oom Paul's hands—a journey equal to that

to Ladysmith, finds he has over a hundred miles to go before he gets there; or, taking Berlin as our centre—as we have done—he is still as far away from the Boer lines as Brunswick is from Berlin. Again, we find that from Durban to Delagoa is some three hundred miles, or about the same distance as that which separates Berlin from Vienna.

To illustrate some of the astonishing distances which it is possible to travel without quitting terra-firma, we have taken Moscow as representing Cape Town. With this as centre, we find that Cape Town is distant from Palapye some eleven hundred miles, which is about the number of miles you would have to cover if you started from Moscow in a straight line for Christiania. Though not strictly a war distance, it is interesting to note that from Cape Town to the northern extremity of Lake Tanganyika is rather more than half the mileage which separates London from the Cape; or, in Europe, from Moscow to the most westerly point of the Continent, Cape St. Vincent.



Volunteers for the Front. 1st V.B. Suffolk Regiment who have volunteered for South Africa with their Colonel

“ COUSIN BILLY ”

TOMMY 'as a sturdy cousin
 Servin' with 'im at the Cape
 'Ain't a reg'lar, but 'e doesn't
 Want much lickin' into shape.
 Quite a stranger to the Barracks—
 Can't explain each pipe-clay rule,
 But e's got the pluck 'istoric
 Of 'is uncle, Johnny Bull.
 Atkins is a linesman—"Billy"
 Leaves 's little roadside store
 Slips across a nimble pony—
 They're a pair it's 'ard to "loor"—
 Scouts the donga, clears each kopje,

Slippery as a Thames-bred eel,
 Quits—and more, for any Dutchman—
 Paves the way for Tommy's steel.
 From the ware'ouse down at Durban,
 Lonely farm, and sugar-mill,
 Come our cousins, addin' items
 To old Kruger's unpaid bill.
 John's "dead nuts" upon 'is nephews—
 Billy's never 'eard of "flinch";
 Though 'e ain't been classed at Sand'urst,
 When the old shoe begins to pinch,
 'E's as steady as the Gin'ral,
 'E's a soldier—every inch! R. C. R.

SONG OF THE SAXON

THIS is the song of the Saxon,
 Of the race that rules the earth;
 This is the song of countless kings,
 This is the song the conqueror sings,
 The song of Saxon worth.

Forth from the little island,
 In the days of long ago,
 To North and South, to East and West,
 The Saxon sailed in dauntless quest,
 Nor paused for any foe.

Out from their little island,
 Over the waste of seas,
 The Saxon ships went sailing far,
 Some to peace and some to war,
 And all to victories.

Forth from the little island
 The strength of the world flowed wide,
 And builded nations everywhere,
 Nations rich, and nations fair,
 Nations that shall abide.

The Saxon measured the span
 Of leagues that gird the world;
 And reared his towers strong and high
 For watch and ward 'neath every sky
 Where Saxon flag unfurled.

A chain of races brave
 Binds close a hundred lands;
 A chain whose links of tempered steel
 Were forged by Saxon strong and leal,
 Forged true by honest hands.

The Saxon ships sail far,
 White wings on every sea.
 And whether in war or whether in peace,
 Their coming tells that wrongs must cease,
 They bear the flag of the free.

The Saxon thinks and toils,
 Toiling and thinking aye,
 Whilst other peoples envy and rage
 The Saxon works, and his work is sage,
 And makes of their night his day.

The Saxon's empire stands
 Stately and steadfast, sure.
 For the Saxon honours himself and God,
 Nor spares from evil his weighty rod,
 But the good he makes endure.

Then hail to the Saxon, hail!
 And honour the work he's done;
 Bless Saxon heart and Saxon brain,
 Whose every deed is the whole world's gain.
 Saxon and manhood are one!

*This is the song of the Saxon,
 Of the race that rules the earth;
 This is the song of countless kings,
 This is the song the conqueror sings,
 The song of Saxon worth.*

MARVIN DANA.

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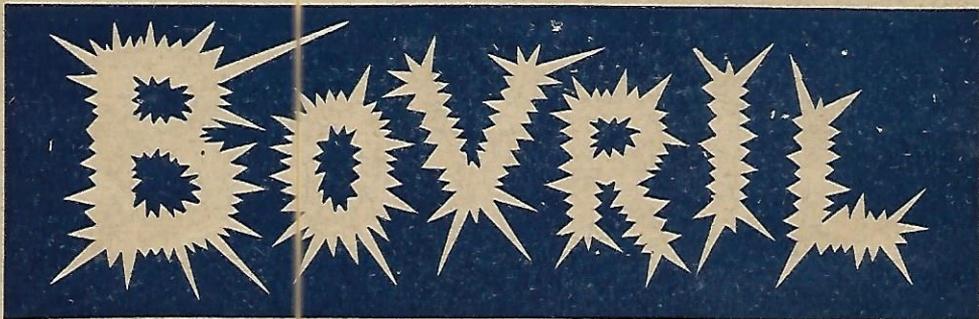
PRICE SIXPENCE.

INFLUENZA

The Enemy at Home.

Influenza is with us again, in earnest. The contagion is wide-spread, and the mortality returns, as well as newspaper reports from all sides, tell us too plainly that now Influenza is working greater mischief than it has ever caused in former visitations. Cases of pneumonia, pleurisy, bronchitis, and other serious diseases, supervening on Influenza attacks, are becoming more and more plentiful, as the peculiar infectious nature of the Epidemic asserts itself in town and village throughout the land.

A cup of hot Bovril, taken now and again, frequently secures entire immunity from the disease, or, where an attack is imminent, enables the system to resist the scourge with the minimum amount of harm to the body.



repels the Enemy.