

BLACK & WHITE

BUDGET

VOL. III.—No. 32]

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[MAY 19, 1900

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LIEUT.-GENERAL REGINALD POLE-CAREW,
COMMANDING THE ELEVENTH DIVISION,

is one of the smartest soldiers in the British Army, and a Cornishman, his native place being Antony, where he was born on May Day one-and-fifty years ago. Like "Bobs Bahadur" he was sent to Iton, whence he went to Christ Church, Oxford. He joined the Coldstreamers in 1869 and served with them until last year. He has a plentiful stock of common-sense, and pays little heed to War Office red tape; and that is largely why he is so loved by his men. He resembles "B.-P." in that he never loses his temper, and he is absolutely without affectation. He was Private Secretary to Sir Hercules Robinson in New South Wales, and Lord Lytton's aide-de-camp during his Viceroyalty of India. He has been intimately associated with Lord Roberts—whom he accompanied on the famous Kandahar march—from the days of the Afghan War of '79 onwards. Mr. Mortimer Menpes, the famous artist, has admirably summed this brilliant soldier in a single sentence. "The manliest man I ever saw," is his description of "Polly, of the Guards"



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All communications regarding Back Numbers, Terms of Subscription, &c., to be addressed to "The Publisher, BLACK AND WHITE BUDGET, 63, Fleet Street, London, E.C."

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The Editor particularly requests that no Poems be sent for consideration.

NOTES O' WAR

SOME papers are already beginning to talk of the reward that Lord Roberts will receive at the end of the campaign. A viscounty is suggested, in addition to a Parliamentary grant of £100,000. Lord Wolseley is already a viscount, and it will be remembered that, for the Ashantee War in 1874, he was thanked by Parliament and given £25,000. In 1898 Sir Herbert Kitchener, as he then was, received a peerage and the sum of £25,000 for the crushing of the Khalifa. For his services in Afghanistan Lord Roberts was voted £12,000, or £1,000 a year during his life, and we believe he is drawing the annual stipend.

GREAT as are the above rewards, however, they will not bear comparison to those that Marlborough and Wellington received. So early as 1702, the former, for driving the French out of Holland, received a dukedom and £5,000 a year pension, and when he won the Battle of Blenheim, in 1704, Parliament gave him the Woodstock estate, Queen Anne built him Blenheim Palace at a cost of £250,000, and titular honours galore were heaped upon him; and when Ramilies was won, in 1706, a pension of £4,000 was voted to the general and his heirs for ever. By the last vote alone the Marlborough family has received £700,000!

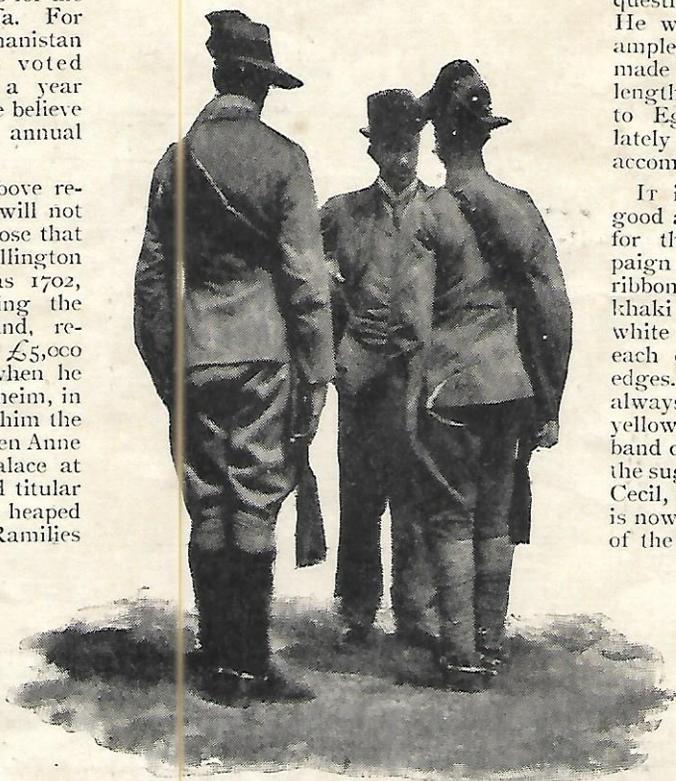
TILL the Peninsular War the great Duke of Wellington had to be content with a mere knighthood. At the conclusion of that marvellous campaign he was Baron Douro, Viscount Wellington, Earl of Wellington, Marquess of Wellington, Field-Marshal, Marquess of Douro, Duke of Wellington, and a Knight of the Garter, not to mention a Duke of Portugal and Spain! On July 1st, 1814, too, he thanked Parliament for a grant of £400,000. When Waterloo was won he was made a Prince, given the fine estate of Strathfieldsaye, in Hampshire, and a pension of £4,000 a year, payable also to two of his descendants. Thus, the present Duke is the last who will receive it.

GENERAL CRONJE, at St. Helena, does not propose to allow dull care to spoil his appetite and enjoyment. He takes frequent drives across the island, and much enjoys the scenery. Napoleon was also in very high spirits when first installed on the island prison, for he had a belief that he would be able to escape. As is shown by a diary kept by one of the English officers, the Emperor asked all sorts of geographical questions on the voyage out. He wanted to know, for example, if anyone had ever made their way through the length of Africa from the Cape to Egypt! It is only just lately that the feat has been accomplished.

It is stated, apparently on good authority, that the medal for the South African campaign will be a star, with a ribbon formed of a strip of khaki in the centre, one of white on either side, and one each of red and blue at the edges. A Soudan medal can always be recognised by its yellow ribbon, with a blue band down the centre. It was the suggestion of Lord Edward Cecil, the Premier's son, who is now in Mafeking, the yellow of the ribbon representing the desert, and the blue being the River Nile flowing through it. The 1896 Ashantee medal is a star, and the ribbon is a narrow yellow and black one, just the same as the ordinary South African ribbon one often comes across.

It is a curious fact that those who have seen war are the best advocates of peace. The late Emperor of Russia, as a youth, was in the Russo-

Turkish War, and during his reign he never had a campaign. The most striking case, however, is that of Napoleon! After Jena he dined with the German author Wieland, and gravely discussed with him the horrors of war and the folly of shedding blood, and mentioned various projects for the establishment of perpetual peace! This was before the retreat from Moscow and the Battle of Waterloo.



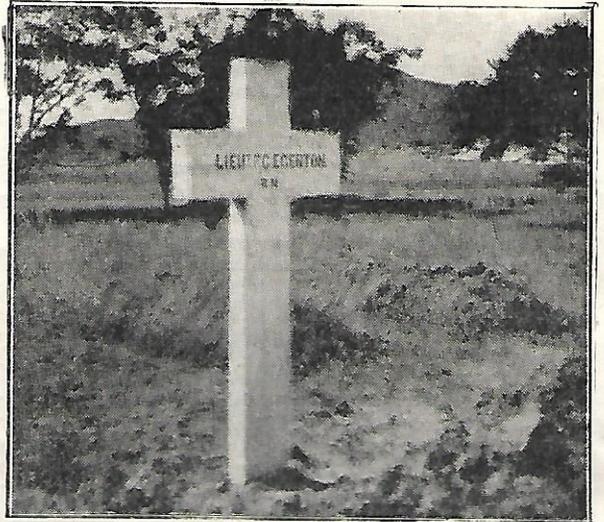
Capt. McNeill,
Commanding Scouts

Sir Alfred Milner

Trooper Paddy
Byrne, V.C.

His Excellency the Governor (Sir Alfred Milner) after inspecting Montmorency's Scouts in the Free State, expressed a wish to speak to Trooper Paddy Byrne, V.C., who served so bravely with the late Captain Montmorency, V.C., at Omdurman (where they both won their crosses), and was by his side when he fell at Molteno, bringing his body back to camp. (Photo by D. Barnett, Our Special Correspondent.)

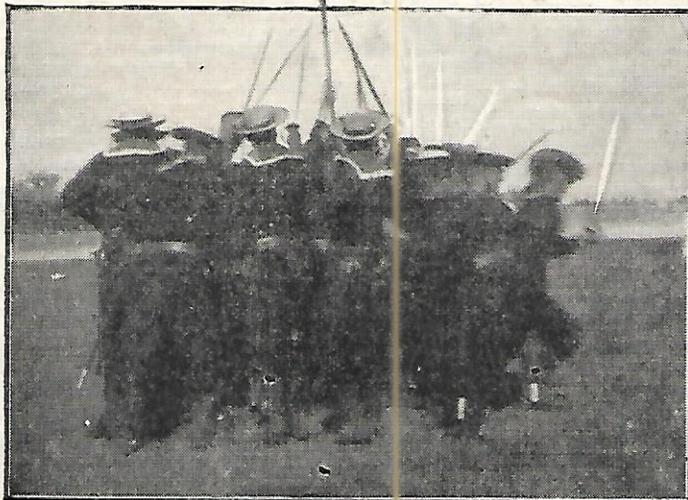
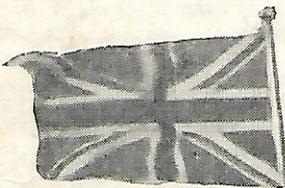
MIDSHIPMAN WYBROW HALLWRIGHT, of H.M.S. *Terrible*, writing to his father from Mauritius on April 2nd, says:—"You will now have heard of the relief of Ladysmith, in which I am glad to say I was. I will begin at the time I left Pieter and went to Chieveley, about February 3rd. Here we stayed about twelve days and left for Hlangwane two days after it was occupied. We got there about four o'clock in the afternoon and were immediately shelled by the enemy as we went along the road. The shells, however, passed over us. We took up a position on Hlangwane and fired a few shells at the Boers and then bivouacked for the night close to a Boer camp, where we found a lot of Mauser ammunition and some Martini-Henry ammunition also. The Boer camp smelt vile, and was strewn all over with bits of dead oxen. We moved about half a mile farther west at daybreak and took up a position facing the Boer position. We shelled them for the next two days and were sniped a good deal ourselves. We then left for Colenso, but stayed the night on this side the river owing to a block on the pontoon. We crossed all right in the morning and took up a position on a ridge between two kopjes with two 4.7-inch guns on our right and farther on our right two 5-inch guns, and a 5-inch gun on our left. Here we had a fairly hot time, as there were three or four guns firing at us at the same time—also a Pom-pom. However, we managed to put two guns out of action during the day. We left that evening and advanced along the railway about 2,000 yards. Here we had bullets whizzing over our heads all night. In the morning we found a howitzer battery (six guns) and a field artillery battery close to us—about twenty yards on our



Grave of the late Commander F. G. Egerton, R.N., at Ladysmith



Midshipman Hallwright, of H.M.S. "Terrible"



Rallying round the Flag: Men of H.M.S.S. "Doris" and "Monarch" trooping the colours at Capetown. (Photo by D. Barnett, Our Special Correspondent)

right. These brought the devil of a fire all round us, and the stretcher bearers had all they could do carrying away the wounded. The mail goes in about five minutes, so I will continue by next mail."

TROOPER J. E. HOSSACK, whose portrait we publish on page 220, is the resourceful young Manchester man with whom the War Correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* published an interview a few days ago detailing Cronje's surrender as he viewed it from a Boer trench, where he had been placed after being captured and made prisoner while scouting at Paardeberg, getting suddenly surrounded in a gully by fifty Boers in ambush, and upon attempting to escape having his horse shot under him.

Trooper Hossack, who volunteered in Kitchener's Horse some months ago, went to South Africa to superintend mining operations. He is the man who found the missing Captain Lennox's helmet and who was sent for by Lord Roberts, to whom he gave information as to Boer movements. He has just been sent, along with sixteen others, into the interior to buy horses for the Government.

BANDMASTER A. J. DUNN, of the 1st Battalion Royal Irish Fusiliers, whose portrait we publish on page 220, is a patriot of the right stamp. Hearing that his regiment was ordered for the front, he volunteered for service, and rejoined his battalion off leave on the eve of its departure from Egypt, and was present at the battle of Talana Hill. He marched with General Yule's column from Dundee to Ladysmith, and was taken prisoner with his regiment at Nickolson's Nek, at which engagement he was favourably mentioned. He escaped from the Boers, returned to Ladysmith, and was present during the siege.

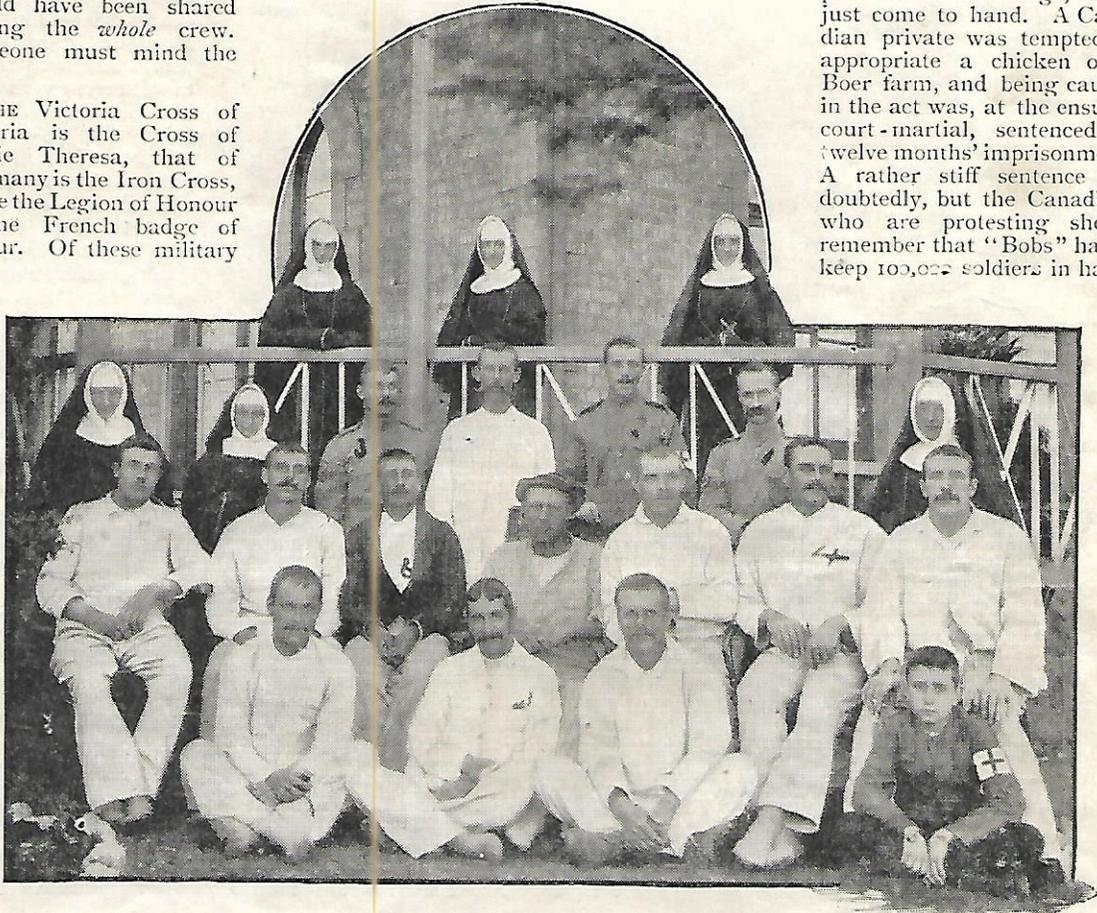
A VERY annoying mistake was made by the authorities when it was decided to entertain only those of the cruiser *Powerful* who were with the Naval Brigade in Ladysmith. Captain Lambton thought that the decision could not be final, and consequently omitted to notice and condemn it. As a protest, only a few of the *Powerful* men attended the Portsmouth banquet recently. From the first days of the British Navy, it has been the custom for all a ship's company to share honours alike; and it, for example, the men in Lady-

smith had made a valuable capture, the prize-money would have been shared among the *whole* crew. Someone must mind the ship.

THE Victoria Cross of Austria is the Cross of Marie Theresa, that of Germany is the Iron Cross, while the Legion of Honour is the French badge of valour. Of these military

At Christie's two boxes belonging to a couple of soldiers invalided home have been brought under the hammer and knocked down for sums of £5 5s. and £4 10s. respectively. Both the wounded soldiers are doubtless in rather poor circumstances, and naturally the money will come in very welcome, while, all the same, the Queen's kindness will never be forgotten.

WE have before spoken of the British strictures against looting, and several incidents, showing Lord Roberts's determination to prevent such things, have just come to hand. A Canadian private was tempted to appropriate a chicken on a Boer farm, and being caught in the act was, at the ensuing court-martial, sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment! A rather stiff sentence undoubtedly, but the Canadians who are protesting should remember that "Bobs" has to keep 100,000 soldiers in hand.



At the convent at Kimberley, where the sisters nursed our wounded soldiers. Nos. 1, 2 and 3 belong to the Royal Army Service Corps, No. 5 (with the cross) is the little star boy who helped the nurses to wait on the soldiers; the nurses made him wear the Red Cross badge; No. 4 is Serg. Ward, R.A., a good Catholic from Co. Kerry, and No. 6 is Serg. Boyle. The rest belong to various regiments, and were wounded at the relief of Kimberley

decorations the Austrian is the most difficult to win. It was only granted to an officer who could show that he had done more than his duty, and he himself had to ask for it. But if he asked, and failed to receive it, he was for ever debarred from demanding it again! That was the rule in Napoleon's time, if it is not now.

THE daily rations allowed to each man in South Africa are interesting—viz., meat, 1 lb.; biscuit, 1 lb.; tea, $\frac{1}{4}$ oz.; coffee, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.; jam, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb.; sugar, 3 oz.; salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.; pepper, 1-36 oz.; vegetable, 1 oz.; lime-juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.; rum, $\frac{1}{8}$ pint. The forage for each horse per day is: oats, 12 lb.; hay, 12 lb.; compressed forage, 20 lb. This reads very pretty and tempting on paper; but, unfortunately, after a twenty-mile march through the enemy's country the pepper—not to mention the other dainties—are generally conspicuous by their absence.

SOLDIERS do not, as a rule, care to part with their Queen's chocolate boxes, but sometimes it is a necessity.

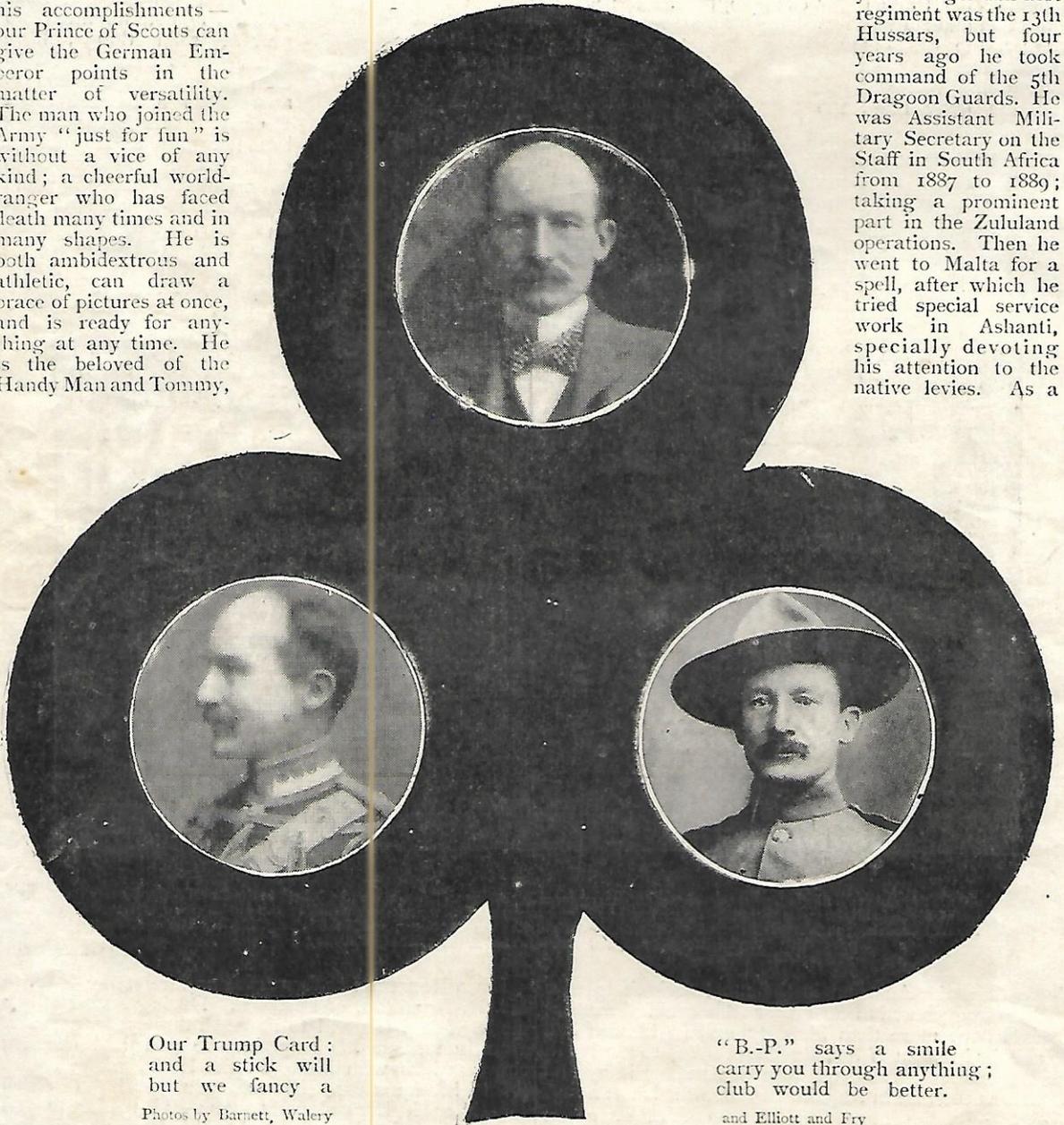
LORD ROBERTS has forwarded an interesting letter to Mr. H. Hamilton, of Portrush. During a visit of the distinguished General to Portrush three years ago Mr. Hamilton made his acquaintance and had frequent conversations with him. In the letter, which comes from headquarters, Bloemfontein, and is dated March 23rd, Lord Roberts says:—"I tender to you and to Mrs. Hamilton my hearty thanks for your kindness in sending me a root of shamrock and a horseshoe, and also for the very cordial good wishes expressed in your note, which I much appreciate. The shamrock is being carefully planted in the garden of Government House, Bloemfontein, where I am now living, until lately the residence of President Steyn. The horseshoe will be kept by me as a souvenir, together with one I picked up the day I entered the Orange Free State, and another which I found at Paardeberg the day before General Cronje and his force surrendered."

ROBERT STEPHENSON SMYTH BADEN-POWELL

"BATHING TOWELL," as they called him at Charterhouse, was born for the rôle of hero. Actor, painter, author, soldier, inventor, sportsman, yachtsman, hunter, and polo player—to name a mere handful of his accomplishments—our Prince of Scouts can give the German Emperor points in the matter of versatility. The man who joined the Army "just for fun" is without a vice of any kind; a cheerful world-ranger who has faced death many times and in many shapes. He is both ambidextrous and athletic, can draw a brace of pictures at once, and is ready for anything at any time. He is the beloved of the Handy Man and Tommy,

A host in himself he is always smiling, and to see him is "better than a pint of dry champagne."

"B.-P." is a son of the late Professor Baden-Powell, and is forty-three years of age. His first regiment was the 13th Hussars, but four years ago he took command of the 5th Dragoon Guards. He was Assistant Military Secretary on the Staff in South Africa from 1887 to 1889; taking a prominent part in the Zululand operations. Then he went to Malta for a spell, after which he tried special service work in Ashanti, specially devoting his attention to the native levies. As a



Our Trump Card:
and a stick will
but we fancy a

Photos by Barnett, Walery

"B.-P." says a smile
carry you through anything;
club would be better.

and Elliott and Fry

too—"they simply worship him." He prefers to scout when the world sleeps, and that is why the natives call him "a wolf who prowls by night." He believes in the African motto, "softly, softly catchee monkee;" also that Mr. Atkins has brains and can use them. He is a delightfully breezy beggar, is "B. P.," who holds that "a smile and a stick will carry you through anything." Like Napoleon, this latter-day Admirable Crichton can snatch his sleep in instalments of ten minutes whenever opportunity offers, "waking up as refreshed as if I had had a couple of hours' rest."

scout and Chief Staff Officer he won golden opinions from everybody. War correspondence next engaged his attention; then he did more good work as Colonel of Irregular Horse in South Africa. He is not a great club man in the ordinary acceptance of the term. As an author he has long been widely known to the great B. P., his books dealing with such varied subjects as scouting and the gentle art of pig-sticking, otherwise called hog-hunting, while he has told the history of more than one recent campaign in excellent fashion. Truly, there is but one "B.-P."



COLONEL ROBERT S. S. BADEN-POWELL IN MAFEKING
(From a photograph taken by Our Special Correspondent, Mr. J. Angus Hamilton.)

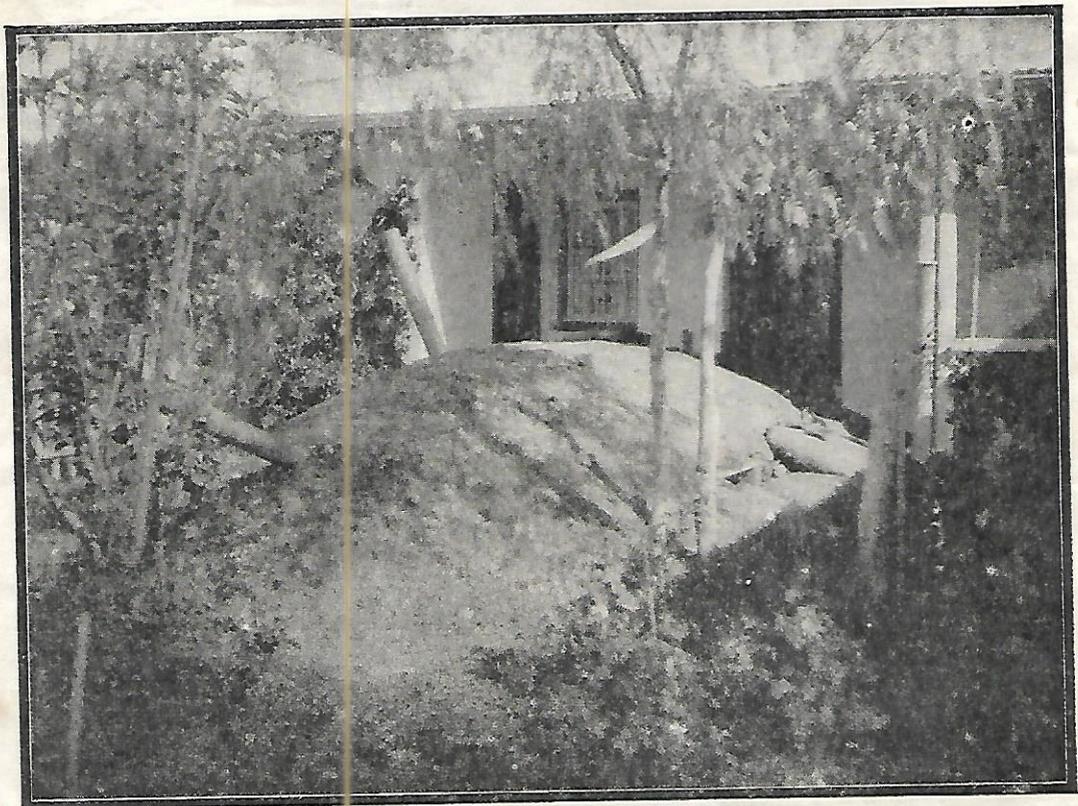
The diary of the main events of the siege of Mafeking, as far as the outside world is concerned, can be got in surprisingly small compass now that the worst of the stress and trouble has passed away, though for the beleaguered each day, if not each hour, has been fraught with peril and excitement such as the majority of mortals never experience in the whole course of a lifetime. The Boer Ultimatum was received by her Majesty's Government on October 10th, 1899, and on the following day the state of war began; but it was not until the 13th that fighting began near gallant little Mafeking, a heavy bombardment taking place on the 21st. On the 25th there was a night sortie from the town, and the Boers beat a retreat to a respectful distance. The month of November, and the early part of December, may be passed by, for the Boers were occupied in fighting elsewhere; but Boxing Day, the 26th, was celebrated by the defenders by attacking a Boer fort in force. Unhappily, the engagement was somewhat costly, and productive of little result. Throughout January "B.-P." was busy as a bee keeping the enemy at bay, and extending his advanced entrenchments; while the problem of foodstuffs and kindred matters occupied much of his attention, for he began to see that relief would be much longer delayed than at first

expected. Telegraphic communication was restored between the gallant garrison and Gaberones on February 3rd, and time dragged very wearily for the besieged during the remainder of the month and the whole of March. Towards the end of April, however, the Boers became very active, making, perhaps, the most determined attack during the whole siege, but were, happily, repulsed with comparatively small loss to the defenders.

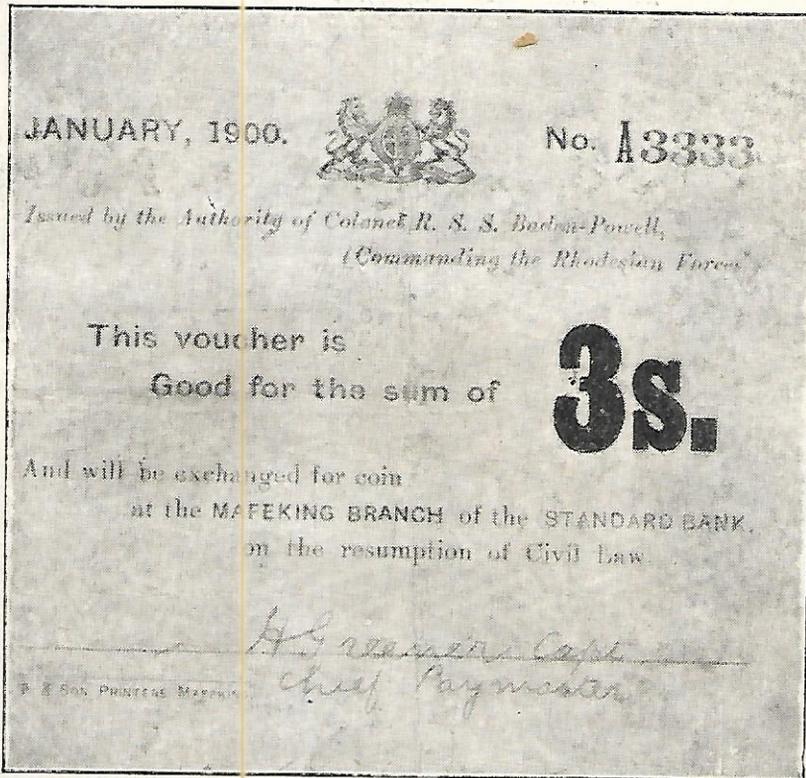
The hope of relief, so long delayed, began to revive at the beginning of this month, gradually becoming stronger. It seems very simple just to cast one's mind over these few bare facts; but when we put ourselves in the position of the besieged, and recall the stories they have told, and are telling us, we can in some measure faintly realise what it means and what it has cost them. In order to keep the Flag of Freedom flying at the Outpost of the Empire, not only the military and civil authorities, but every man, woman, and child in the place has had to serve in one capacity or another. The energies of all have been taxed to the utmost, and the loyalty too. Moreover, nothing can be more gratifying to us all than the reflection that from the outset there has been no thought of divided purpose. To the contrary, every soul has done his utmost, and that right cheerfully and willingly.



Three Mafeking Siege Stamps: The Threepenny Cape of Good Hope Postage Stamp on the left is marked "Mafeking 6d. Besieged," the halfpenny one in the centre "Mafeking 1d. Besieged," and the penny one on the right, "Mafeking 3d. Besieged"



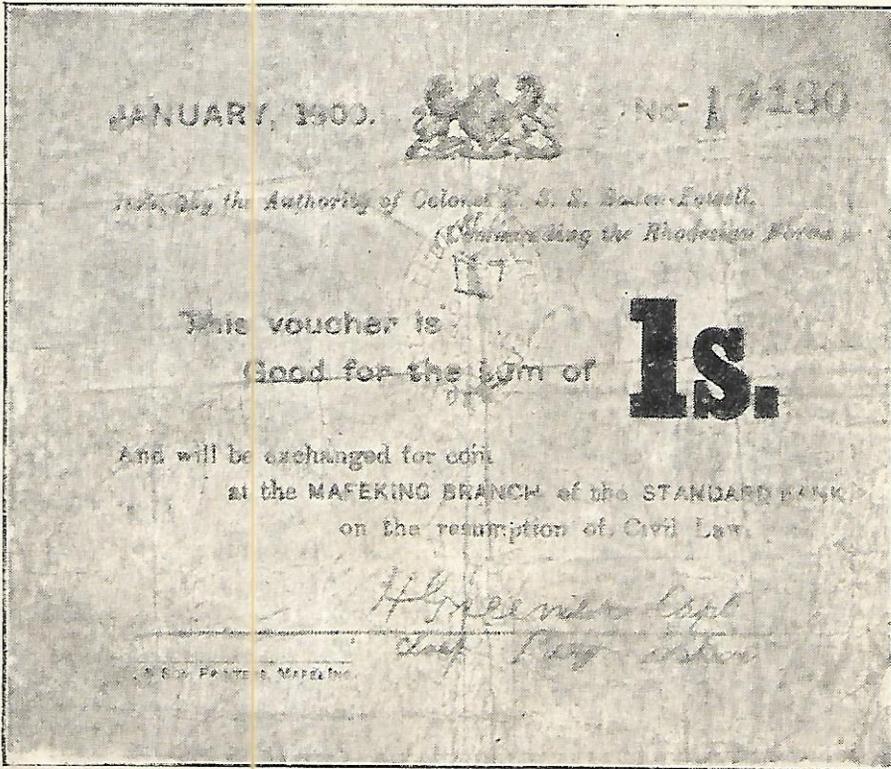
During the siege of Mafeking the inhabitants have to seek shelter from the Boer shells in "dug-outs" of which this is an excellent example. The subterranean quarters are practically bomb-proof, being covered with a thick layer of earth, and supported by poles, as seen in this illustration (Photo by J. Angus Hamilton, Our Special Correspondent in Mafeking.)



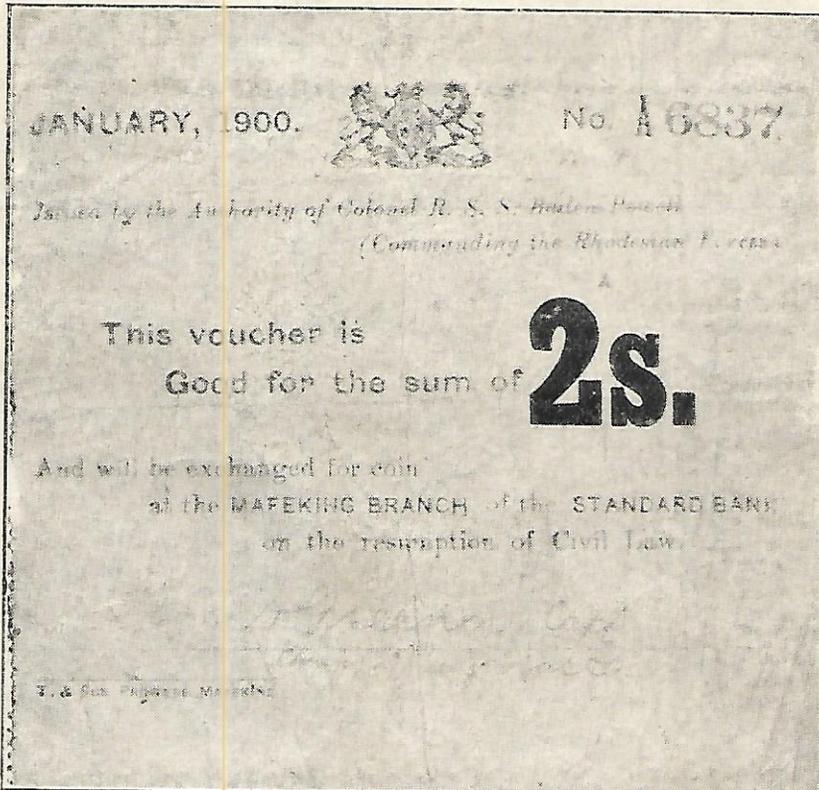
This is a facsimile of one of the three-shilling vouchers issued by Colonel Baden-Powell during the siege of Mafeking



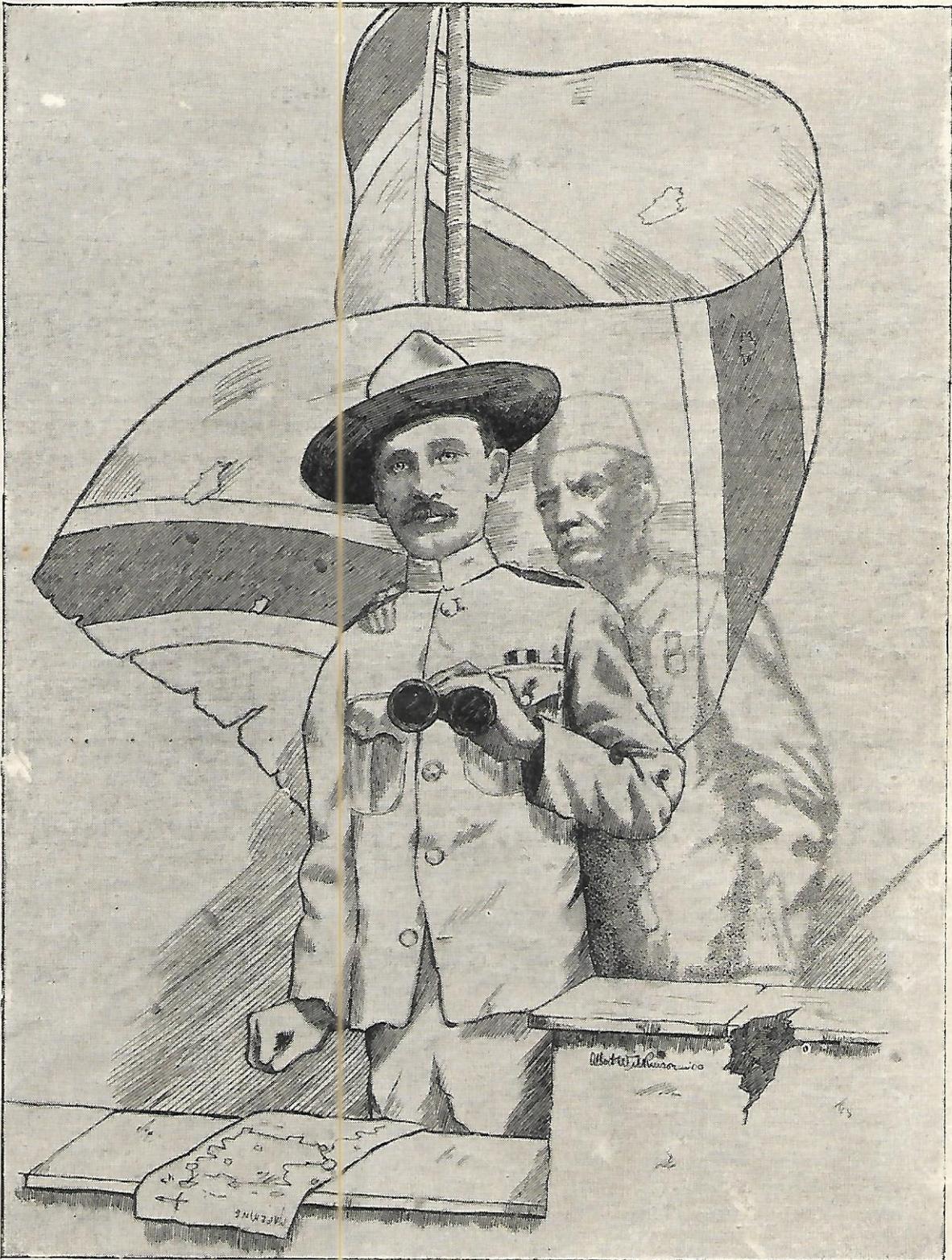
This is a facsimile (actual size) of one of the pound notes current in Mafeking during the siege. It was designed by Colonel Baden-Powell, and reproduced by a process of photography, as it is not possible to reproduce it in the ordinary way from want of materials. The original is a light blue colour



This is a facsimile of a voucher good for the sum of one shilling during the siege of Mafeking. The reproduction is the same size as the original



Here we have a voucher for two shillings, "which will be exchanged for coin at the Mafeking Branch of the Standard Bank on the resumption of Civil Law"



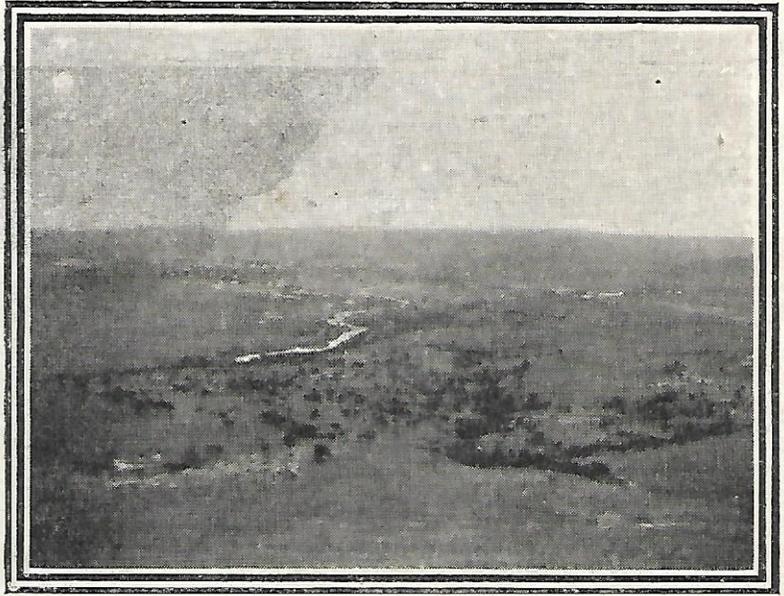
AT THE OUTPOSTS OF THE EMPIRE

SHADE OF GORDON: God send you a better fate than mine

Drawn by Albert Wilkinson

A CORRESPONDENT sends the *Cape Argus* the following fully authenticated instance of a gracious act on the part of Lord Methuen:— A little boy of six and a-half years in England, when he heard that Lord Methuen was short of cavalry, with childish simplicity wrote and offered to lend him his box of toy soldiers (Hussars and Lancers). The general, amidst all the anxiety and turmoil of the smoking battlefields of the Modder River, found time graciously to reply, thanking him for his offer, and advising him to keep his soldiers, as they might get killed or wounded if he sent them there. It is eminently characteristic of the man.

THIS war has dispelled many fond illusions, among others, that to the effect that one Englishman is worth three foreigners. A Hungarian, named Paul Fleischer,



View of the Boer Camp to the west of Potgieter's Drift (From a photograph by a Correspondent.)

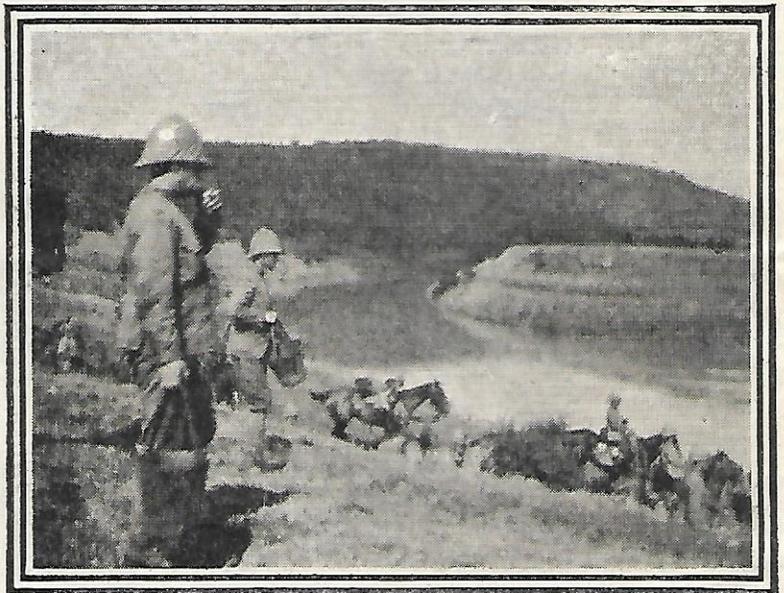


Scene of the Boer position at Spion Kop (From a photograph by a Correspondent.)

writes to the Buda Pesth papers describing how easily he travelled by Delagoa Bay to join the Boer army. He says the Boers are still perfectly confident of success. They consider that one Boer is equal to fifteen English soldiers. The Boers believe that Cronje was captured by 70,000 English soldiers, of whom 5,000 were killed before Paardeberg. He adds that it is the intention of the foreign volunteers to settle in the Transvaal after the Boers have beaten the British. Should the other event befall, however, he does not seem to have yet decided what he will do.

TROOPER H. J. CULLUM, of the Natal Mounted Police, relates, in a recent letter home, a thrilling adventure which befell him at Tugela Ferry in the early part of this year. "Yesterday we crossed the Tugela to try and

take a kopje that was strongly held by the enemy," he writes, "but their guns outranged ours; besides which they had a Vickers-Maxim—which is a terror to face. I had orders to tell a Maxim party to retire. To do this I was obliged to cross directly under the Boer fire. While galloping over a shell burst about twenty yards away, my horse went down like a log, giving me a nasty tumble. I pulled myself together, however, and examining the horse, found him gashed in two legs; but he managed to carry me in time to deliver my message."



This photograph shows the famous Tugela River, which caused us such trouble in our operations for the relief of Ladysmith, as it appears at Potgieter's Drift

THAT the war is an unfailing source of inspiration for poets and composers alike is amply shown by the number of patriotic songs which continue to be issued. Mr. John Truscott has admirably caught popular taste in "His Brother Bill," an excellent volunteer song with music by Mr. E. Allan; while "A Patriotic Song," of which the words and music are by Miss Minnie Russell Hart, is scarcely less stirring than the times. Madame Robini has composed a very pleasing march to which she gives the apt title "March of our Regiment." Mr. Clifford Arthur, the composer of the "Transvaal March," has written and composed a new song called "The British Volunteers," which should be very popular just now.

For Queen and Country is the title of a little illustrated book just issued gratis by the Committee of the Refugees and Training Ships *Arctura* and *Chichester*, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London. Over 12,000 poor boys of good character have benefited by

the Society, which has a great number of "old boys" in the army, thirty-seven regiments being specified, fourteen of which are at the front in South Africa.

Arctura "old boys" are to be found in nearly all the ships of the British Navy. *For Queen and Country*, which has been compiled by Mr. Henry G. Copeland, the Society's Finance and Deputation Secretary, urgently appeals for financial help towards carrying on this truly patriotic and useful work, which is unfortunately suffering a loss owing to the War Funds.

A DOCTOR attached to a Boer ambulance mentions an extraordinary incident which occurred on his side during an engagement. The Boers were working a pom-pom against us, when our sharpshooters opened a heavy rifle fire upon the enemy's gunners. One of our bullets went right down the barrel of the pom-pom and struck and exploded a shell inside. The explosion completely destroyed the breach mechanism of the gun.



Talking with our outposts in the Free State; This photograph gives you an excellent idea of how we flash brief messages full of importance by heliograph in a time. (Photo by D. Barnett, Our Special Correspondent)



All sorts and conditions of men: A body of recruits for Brabant's Horse drilling at Cape Town. (Photo by D. Barnett, Our Special Correspondent.)

We are always willing to award the palm for Scriptural quotation to our friend the enemy. Certainly the following correspondence alleged to have been carried on by Heliogram between De Wet and Cronje just before the surrender of Paardeberg, beats all previous records. It is published in a letter from Johannesburg, and it must be confessed that it has a somewhat apocryphal flavour:—

“On February 25th, at ten in the morning, President Kruger telegraphed to De Wet: ‘Inform Cronje that great reinforcements are on the way, and that he will be freed. Psalm 22, v. 21’ (Save me from the lion’s mouth; for Thou hast heard me from the horns of the unicorns.) Hereupon the following exchange of messages took place between the two generals in the field:

“February 25th.—12.20 afternoon. De Wet to Cronje: President telegraphs to hold out. Considerable reinforcements are approaching. As soon as they have arrived, we shall attack early in the morning from the north. Psalm 64, v. 7.’ (But God shall shoot at them with an arrow; suddenly shall they be wounded.)

“February 25th.—4 15 afternoon. Cronje to De Wet: My provisions are becoming scarce; for the rest I do not doubt with God’s help I shall be able to drive off the enemy to the north. Psalm 20, v. 7.’ (Some trust in chariots and some in horses; but we will remember the name of the Lord our God.)

“February 26th.—7.20 in the morning. De Wet to Cronje: Reinforcements, it is to be hoped, come to-day. Hold out till to-morrow evening. Are sending provisions as soon as possible. Psalm 59, v. 15.’ (Let them wander up and down for meat, and grudge if they be not satisfied.)

“February 26th.—9.30 in the morning. Cronje to De Wet: The enemy has received tremendous reinforcements. I am hardpressed. Psalm 3, v. 1.’ (Lord, how are they increased that trouble me! Many are they that rise up against me.)

“February 26th.—De Wet to Cronje: The reinforcements are already visible in the distance, but I myself am attacked by superior hostile forces. Psalm 60, v. 1.’ (O God, Thou hast cast us off, Thou hast scattered us, Thou hast been displeased; O turn Thyself to us again.)

“February 26th.—4.10 afternoon. Cronje to De Wet: The bombardment is overwhelming. Heavy losses. The majority of the burghers want me to surrender. Psalm 60, v. 11.’ (Give us help from trouble, for vain is the help of man.)”

This last-quoted heliogram is said to have been read by the British, who thereupon heliographed to both Generals: “All further opposition on Cronje’s side is useless bloodshed. He is surrounded by 70,000 men with 120 guns, and not a single man of his troops will escape alive if he does not surrender at once. Psalm 63, v. 10.” (They shall fall by the sword: they shall be a portion for foxes.)

An officer, writing from Magersfontein camp, pays a high tribute to the volunteer forces of the front:—“We have some of the Yeomanry and the C.I.V.’s brigaded

with us,” he says. “They are fine fellows, well equipped, and at some pains to get rid of some of the luxuries they have brought with them. The Dukes are eating their hearts out, and are absolutely disgusted with the arrangements which keep them on the lines of communication, while raw recruits are sent up to the front. I hear that orders are at hand for a move. Perhaps there will be a chance of showing what we can do. O! let it be soon! Our men are in detachments of 50 to 110 all the way along the line from Cape Town to De Aar. If the Dutch in the Colony had risen we should have had as much fighting as we wanted, and probably most of us would either have been enjoying of Pretorian hospitality or ‘tinkling harps.’”

THE following story is told by a 9th Lancer writing from Glen of how he and four chums held twelve Boers at Bay for upwards of an hour, and eventually escaped: “I was on officer’s patrol. There were only five of us all told, and with four carbines we had a ‘rough house’ with twelve Boers for over an hour. First of all we got behind the beggars, and opened fire on them. Of course they scooted, and we made tracks for a small kopje, as our horses were played out. Sure enough Johnny Boer came looking for us. I never dreamt that they would chase us. My chums went off as hard as they could, and being the last to leave the kopje, I looked round to see what the excitement was, when, lo and behold, about fifty yards behind were ten Johnny Boers. No doubt they thought they had me, and for a moment I saw a dim vision of Pretoria. And then with a ‘Not if I know it,’ I showed those Johnnies the regulation fifteen miles an hour. They chased us for about three miles, trying to drive us into a kopje, but eventually gave up the chase, disgusted.”

TELLING of the fortitude of the wounded on the field of battle, a private of the 2nd Devons says: “I have seen men who never uttered a word, although they were suffering the most intense agony. You can hardly hear a murmur from the wounded; in fact, dying men have asked me for a cigarette, and many feel contented if they can get a pipe to smoke until the doctor comes. It is after their wounds are dressed that the groaning begins.” This remarkable fact has often been noticed during the present war.

SERGEANT PARKER, who has just been awarded the V.C., is the son of a Crimean veteran who died not long ago, and has had two brothers serving, like himself, in the R.H.A. He comes from Birmingham, where his mother still lives. The Midlands, by the way, are the chief recruiting-ground in the country.

A BOER telegram from Thaba N’chu says the Boers at Jammersberg Drift were so wet one night that they were unable to sleep, so they started a debate as to the good to be derived from the virtue of courage. This continued throughout the greater part of the night, the speakers being interrupted every now and then by a shell from the opposite camp.

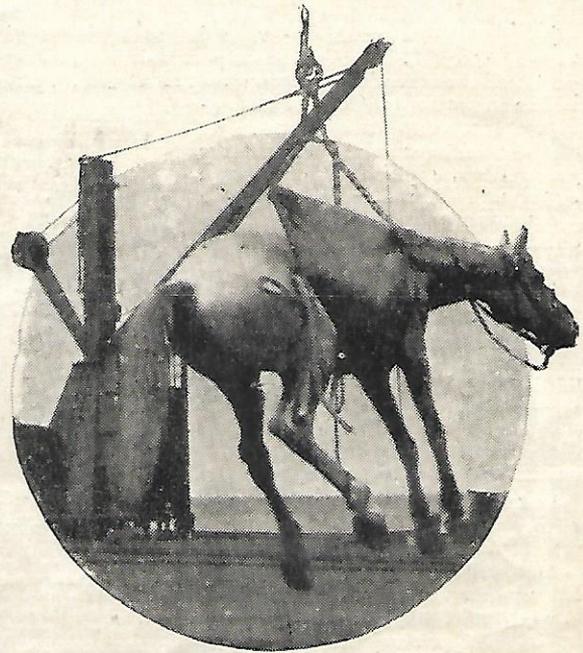


“Up above the world so high”: One of the changers for General French’s Cavalry being landed at Port Elizabeth. (Photo by D. Burnett, Our Special Correspondent)

Our recent front page, "The Last Cartridge," has inspired Mr. R. Ellis Gerrard, one of our Newcastle-on-Tyne readers, to write the following verses:—

"Feel in the dead men's pouches, search in each bandolier,
Examine the empty cases—Sergeant: inspect with pains!
It is not for us to question why we are beleaguered here:
Remember there's no surrender while a single round remains!"

They have felt in the dead men's pouches, and searched in each bandolier,
While the air is ripping around them with the work of the hostile gun;
They look in each other's faces that are blanched, but not with fear,
As the Sergeant speaks, saluting:—"I have searched—there's only one!"

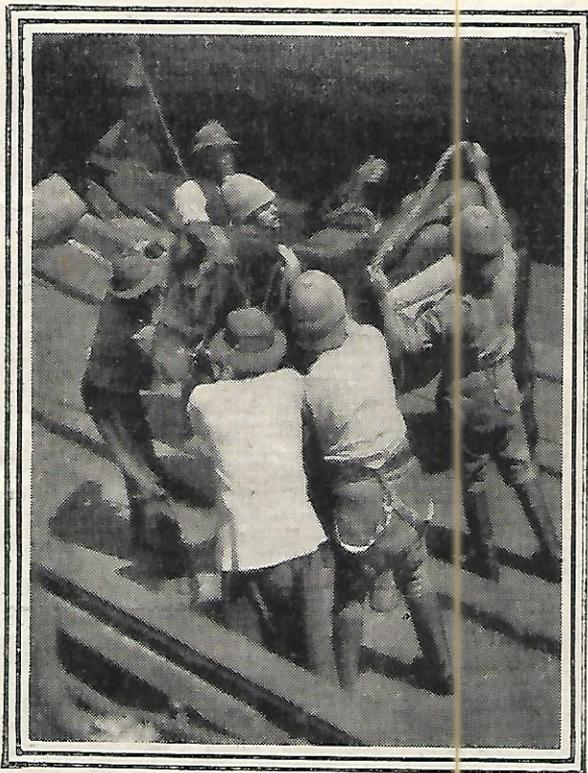


"O for one square foot of solid earth to place my itching hoofs upon!"

'Twas slaughter their marching forward: 'twas slaughter their marching back:
'Twas a hateful word—*surrender*—hateful to men so true;
And the flag of truce—the white one—to the eye of the heart is black.

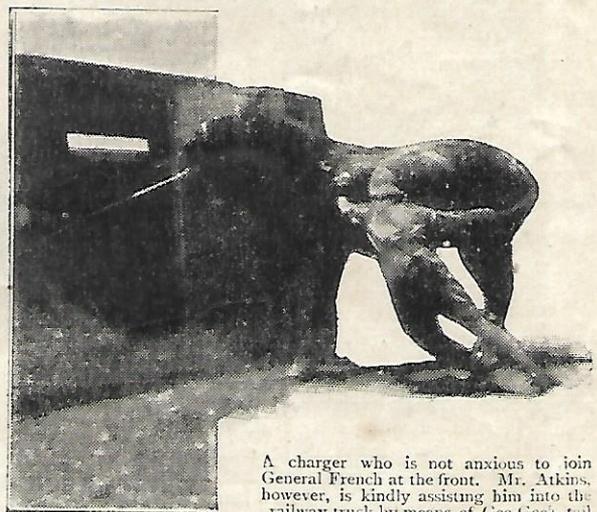
But the flag must tell the story that they hate to tell in breath;
To Death they would proudly raise their heads, but they hang them now to yield:
And they glance at their fallen comrades who are smiling a soldier's death,
And almost wish they were filed with them, not led from a stricken field.

There's a victory in winning battles; there's a victory in brave retreat;
There's a victory, be it sadder, in a forlorn hope maintained;
Call it a forced surrender, but call it not a defeat:
For never a man surrendered while a single round remained.



Paying unwelcome attentions to an unwilling charger of the gallant 16th Queen's Lancers.

"Give it to Private Atkins; for he always finds his man:
And, now, whatever may happen, at least we have done our part:
Atkins! sight your rifle, and shoot with the art ye can,
May it send our terrible message straight to an enemy's heart!
"Stop that clicking of triggers! You have neither blank nor ball;
Cease your wriggling of bayonets! What good in a vain pretence?
Yet, men; I can understand you: you would fight with nothing at all;
And you cannot withstand the movements that make for a brave defence."
Not dreading their fate, they reached it; but what were they now to do?



A charger who is not anxious to join General French at the front. Mr. Atkins, however, is kindly assisting him into the railway truck by means of Gee-Gee's tail

(Photos by D. Burnett, Our Special Correspondent.)

TRULY, there would seem to be no limit to the versatility of "P. P." Among the posters being exhibited at the Advertisers' Exhibition at the Crystal Palace is one designed by Colonel Baden-Powell for the Military Tournament at the Agricultural Hall some years back, entitled "Sons of the Empire." The figures are those of a mounted Colonial and, on either side, a Highlander and an Indian native. It was feared that this fresh example of the versatility of the defender of Mafeking had been lost, and it was only after considerable search that it was discovered.

LORD KENSINGTON, who was wounded during General Ian Hamilton's victorious advance lately, is the popular son of a most popular father—the late Lord Kensington was one of the most successful Parliamentary Whips on record. Captain Lord Kensington is one of the brightest and cheeriest of men, and from his Eton days has always

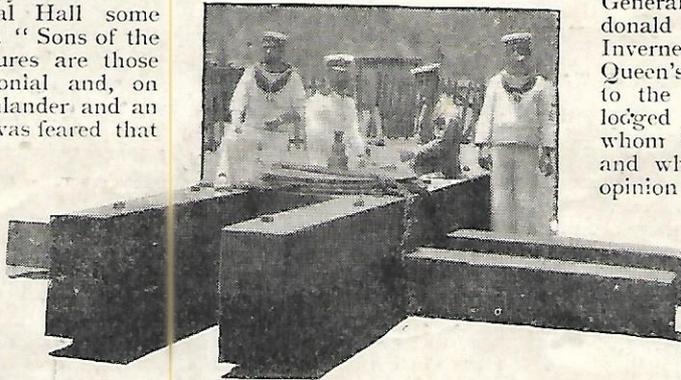
active service. Lord Kensington, who is unmarried, has three younger brothers, of whom one, Mr. Hugh Edwardes, is a lieutenant in the 15th Hussars.

It is generally known that Major-General Hector Archibald Macdonald left a draper's counter in Inverness in order to take the Queen's shilling, probably owing to the fact that at the time he lodged with a Royal Engineer, whom he made teach him drill, and who conceived a very high opinion even in those early days of his military qualities. It seems that a few years ago the present commander of the incomparable Highland Brigade, in the course of a letter to his old employer, offered him the following advice:—"Never let your employé's lodge with soldiers; for, as sure as you do, you may look out to losing some of them." "Fighting Mac's" early days were spent in Ross-shire and Inverness, and Mulbuie, the name of his birthplace, is a Gaelic word, meaning the Black Mars.

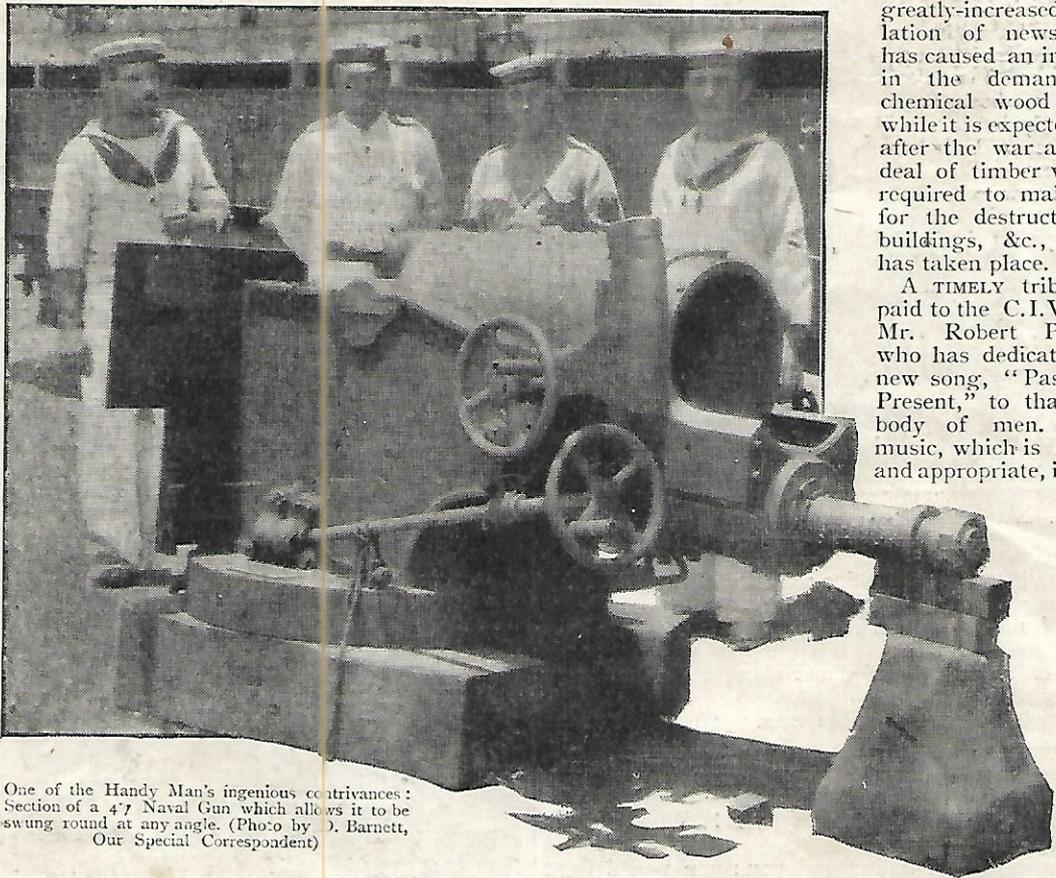
The present war has decidedly benefited the Swedish

wood trade. The greatly-increased circulation of newspapers has caused an increase in the demand for chemical wood pulp, while it is expected that after the war a great deal of timber will be required to make up for the destruction of buildings, &c., which has taken place.

A TIMELY tribute is paid to the C.I.V.'s by Mr. Robert Parkes, who has dedicated his new song, "Past and Present," to that fine body of men. The music, which is catchy and appropriate, is from



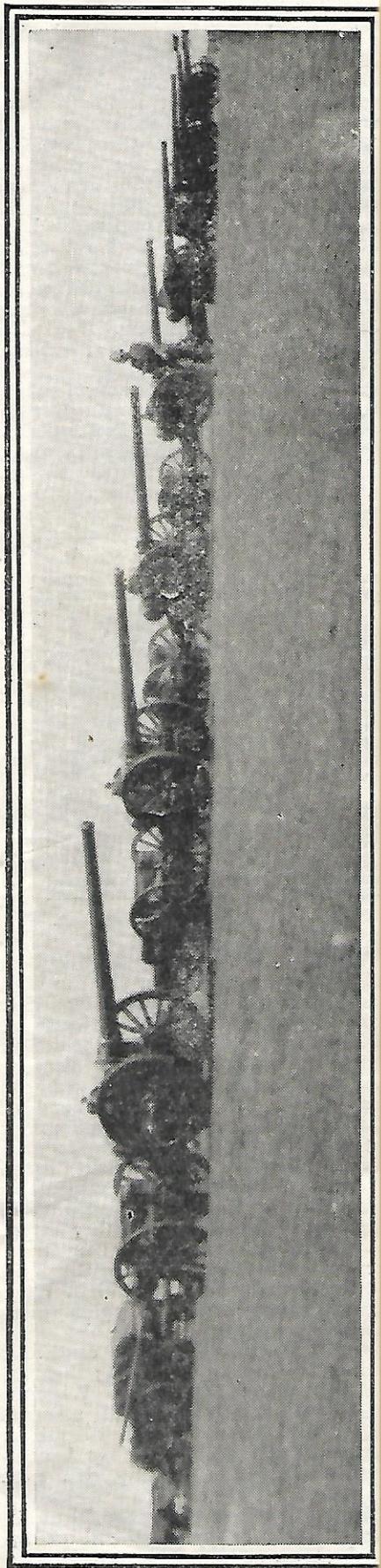
"While at Durban," writes Mr. D. Barnett, Our Special Correspondent, "I had an opportunity of seeing Captain Scott's (H.M.S. "Terrible") invention of a platform-mounting for the big guns over which there has been so much discussion as to how it has been worked in the defence of Ladysmith. This photograph—which was specially taken for your paper by your correspondent through the kindness of Captain Scott—shows the correct mounting for the guns in use at Ladysmith, two of which happened to reach there in time; but this one came too late, Ladysmith having been cut off"



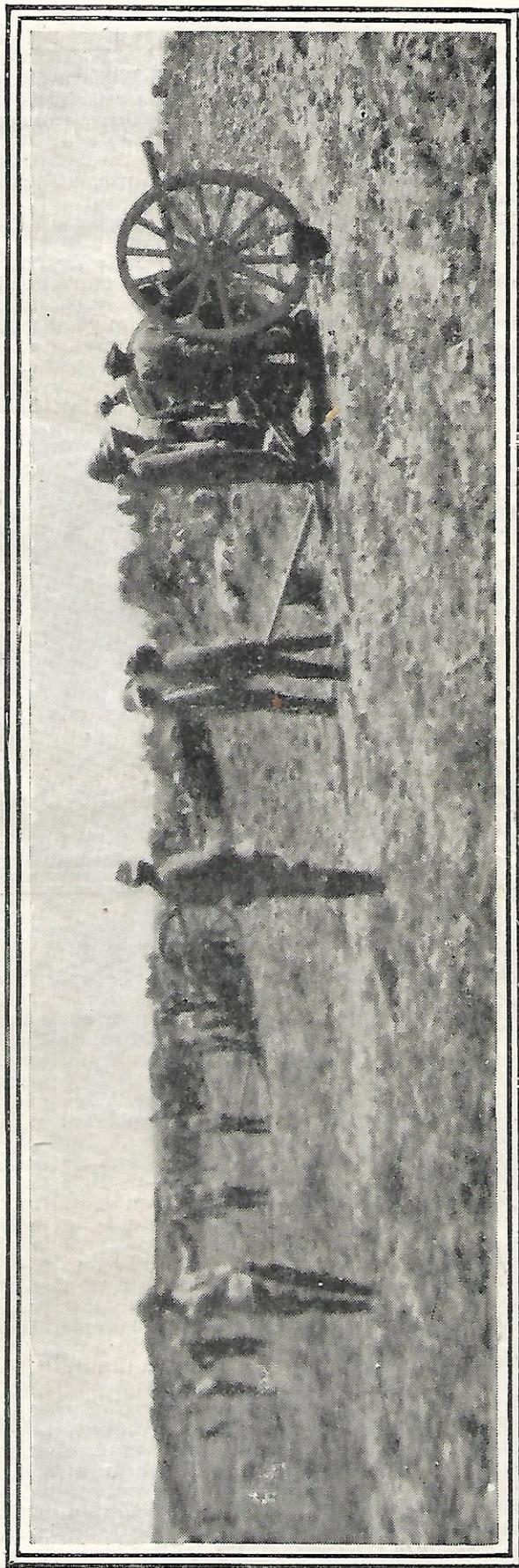
One of the Handy Man's ingenious contrivances: Section of a 4.7 Naval Gun which allows it to be swung round at any angle. (Photo by D. Barnett, Our Special Correspondent)

taken the keenest interest in military matters. He joined the 2nd Life Guards just eight years ago, succeeding his father two years later. When the war broke out he joined the 10th Hussars in order to see

the pen of Mr. Maurice Isaacs. The gallant Canadian contingent are paid a compliment by Mr. C. A. Parker, who dedicates his song, "Britons, Remember," to them. The words are set to music by Mr. G. Bowles.



"Cyrano-ses" : These eight blushing beauties are 4.7 guns as they recently appeared on parade on Green Point Common at Cape Town. They are singing choruses at the front now in perfect harmony



The 77th Battery covering the advance into the Free State of the Third Division. (Photos by D. Barnett, Our Special Correspondent.)

WITH BULLER IN FAR-OFF NATAL

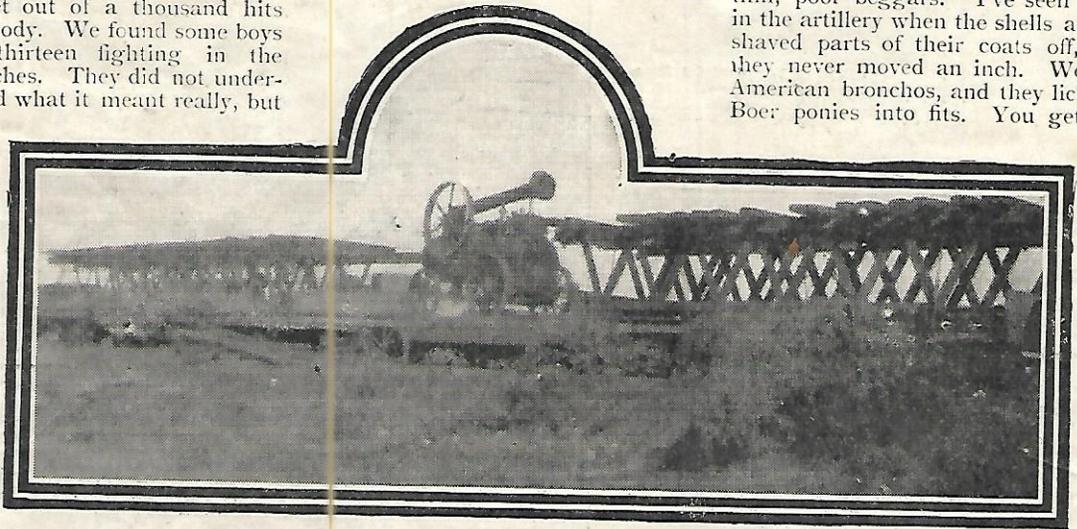
In the course of a chat with Private C. E. Williams, of the gallant King's Royal Rifles, who was wounded at Acton Homes, and who has just arrived home on sick leave, a representative of *Black and White Budget* learned some very interesting facts about the war. Private Williams is a particularly intelligent man, and one quickly gathered from his conversation that he kept his eyes open, and took note of many instructive details which seem to have escaped other observers.

"At Colenso," he remarked, "we could get no cover, for the Boers had burned all the grass, which turned black, and enabled them more easily to descry our khaki uniforms. There is no doubt about it, they are very brave fellows indeed. What surprised me was the splendid physique of those who opposed us in Natal. Why, most of them were two and three inches over six feet, and built like Hercules; but they are not good shots. I reckon only one bullet out of a thousand hits anybody. We found some boys of thirteen fighting in the trenches. They did not understand what it meant really, but

bury their dead, but to fortify positions. When a man is killed they put a rope to his leg and tie him to a horse's tail, then gallop away with the corpse, so that we should not know how many of them have been killed. Those killed with lyddite turn a sort of mustard colour, and I've seen the bodies without a scratch. It's the shock to the system.

"One of the reasons why the Boer transport is better than ours, is that they can all use a whip and drive oxen. I've seen them coming along at a fine pace, while ours can only crawl. The bullocks don't understand our men, you see. The noise when a train six miles long begins to move is amazing. The whips crack like pistol-shots, and then the yells and whistles of the drivers—such a hullabaloo!

"The cab horses at the front soon became of no use; but the bus horses are splendid, though they get very thin, poor beggars. I've seen them in the artillery when the shells almost shaved parts of their coats off, and they never moved an inch. We had American bronchos, and they lick the Boer ponies into fits. You get one



The destruction of Norval's Pont Bridge by the Boers: Some of the supports to be used in the work of reconstruction by the Railway Pioneer Regiment. (Photo by D. Barnett, Our Special Correspondent.)

were filled with confidence and the thought of glory. Many of the men we captured said they were glad to be out of it; but there were others who told us to our faces that with all our fine army they would sooner fight with the Boers, and still believed they would win. One of them was an Irishman!

"I myself saw several women in the trenches. When we asked them why they were fighting, they would say: 'O, I'm a good shot, and my husband made me.' The place reeks with Zulu women spies. The Boers are splendidly provided with food and clothes—no bully beef and biscuits for them! We could see them signal to one another by smoke. I have seen a gun being driven about the field in an ambulance wagon, until we could stick it no longer; and so the Naval Brigade settled it with a shell! The Naval guns can upset a bullock wagon at seven miles. When they do that sort of thing the muzzles are pointed almost towards the sky, and you can hear the shell whiz all the way until the last half mile or so, when there is a silence, which is afterwards broken by the explosion.

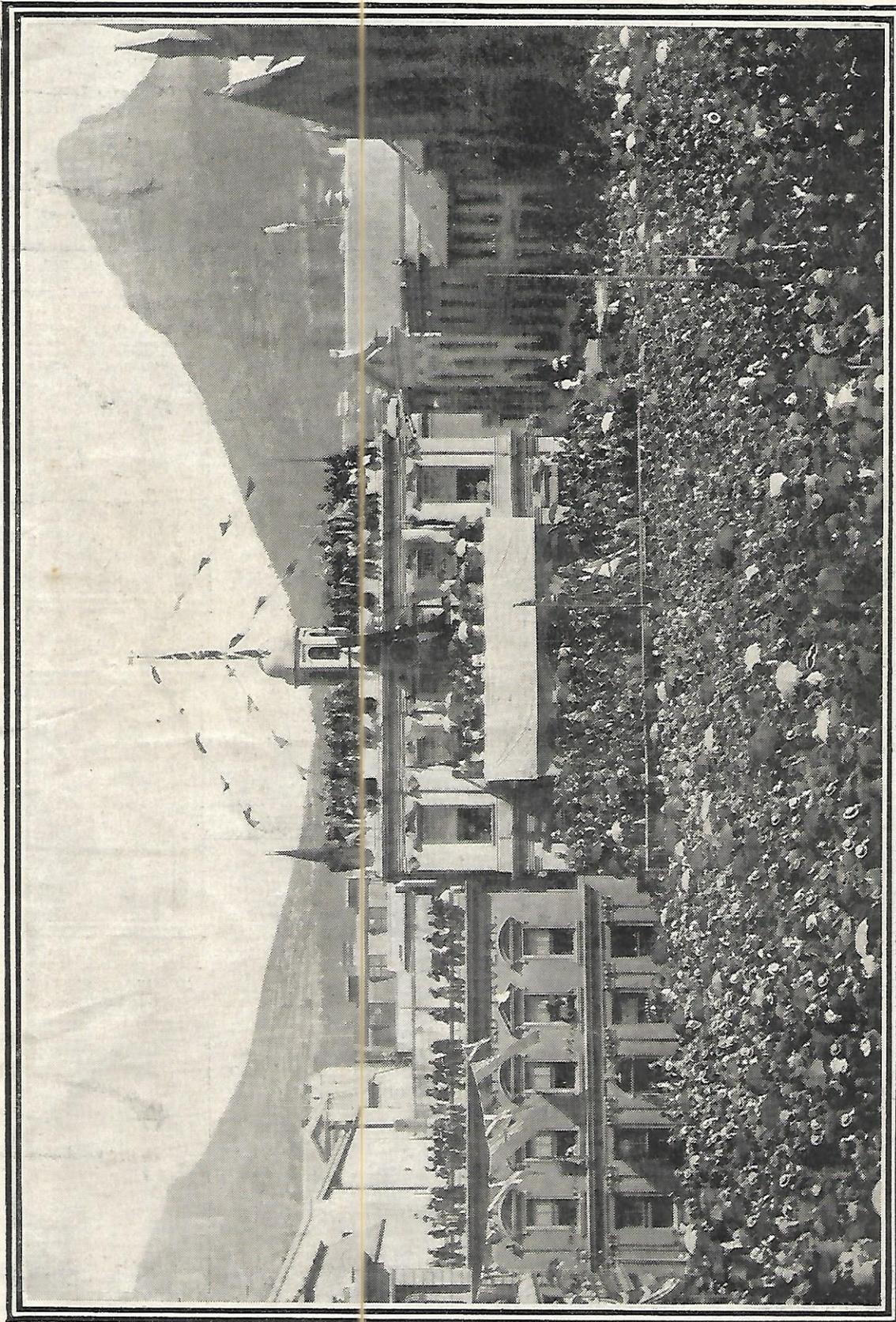
"When they heard that you were criticising Buller at home the men were wild. 'Let them come out here, and have a try,' they said. When we were doing those operations about the Tugela, General Buller went sixteen days without so much as washing his face, and endured the worst hardships with all of us. Buller's a gentleman, and no mistake!

"The Boers used the armistice after Colenso not to

given you, and have to make the best you can of it. It's because they're not half broken in and you can't guide them, that many of our men get captured. They're just like a lot of sheep. Being used to drilling together, they fret themselves when they're alone, as when you're out scouting; and if you come to a party of Boers, instead of being able to turn them round and gallop back, they go straight forward, and spurs won't help you! That's why we always send out two together now; and we don't signal by raising helmets as we used to. The horses only neigh when they come under fire, but you can feel them tremble under you. We tie them to our legs or arms at night, and they let you know in a minute if anybody is coming by neighing or tugging. The poor beasts feel the cold terribly. You see them with their backs all doubled up with it. When you get on their backs in the morning they gallop away like the wind to get warm.

"I have seen all sorts of fellows," he continued, "French, Italians, Indians and the rest; but the Englishman is the maddest of the lot. When he gets fairly wild he absolutely loses all sense of fear—forgets himself and the thought of danger completely—doing the most reckless things imaginable. Until you've seen him fighting, you can't believe it.

"I shouldn't care to live in the Transvaal," he said, in conclusion, "but Cape Colony and Natal are the finest countries ever I was in."



When Capetown voted for Empire : Scene in the Green Market Square, outside the Town House at Capetown, on Tuesday, April 3rd, when the great Annexation Meeting was held. After passing the resolution the huge crowd sang the National Anthem. (Photo by Cape Times, Limited.)



Bandmaster A. Dunn, 1st Batt. Royal Irish Rifles, taken prisoner at Nickolson's Nek and afterwards escaped. (See p. 197)



Trooper Horace J. Cullum, Natal Mounted Police, gained Distinguished Service Medal



Lieut. George C. Cullum, D.E.O.V.R., held the world's record for flying quarter-mile, 1893



Trooper Ernest A. Cullum, S.A.L.H., killed in skirmish at De Berg's Pass, March 13th

THREE BROTHERS AT THE FRONT



Sergt. H. J. Collier, Diamond Fields Horse, killed in action of Reit River, Kimberley, November 26th



Private C. F. Nesham, C.I.V., M.I. (late H.A.C.), wounded, Jacobsdal, February 13th. He was the first C.I.V. to be hurt, receiving a flesh wound in the arm. He is now in the Imperial Yeomanry Hospital



Driver George Bagley, 76th Battery R.F.A., wounded, Modder River, November 28th



Corpl. Ernest Wilson, 23d East Kent (Buff), killed at Driestontein, March 10th



Private James Hudson, 1st Durham Light Infantry, killed Potgieter's Drift, Feb. 5th.



Trooper P. P. Williams, of Roberts's Horse, reported missing after Sanna's Post



Trooper G. A. Turnbull, died of wounds received at Sanna's Post, March 31st



Lance-Corporal W. Jago, severely wounded, Ladysmith, January 6th



Trooper J. E. Hossack, Kitchener's Horse. (See page 195)

SOLDIERS OF THE QUEEN



Colonel Dalgety
Colonel Dalgety, Adjutant
The hero of the gallant defence of Wepener, Colonel Dalgety, and officers of the Cape Mounted Rifles. (Photo by a British Officer.)

ANNIVERSARIES OF THE WEEK

OUR page of anniversaries this week contains the portraits of three royal personages, a peer, a great artist and a famous novelist. Victor Alexander Bruce, ninth Earl of Elgin and Kincardine, was born at Marklands, near Montreal, on the 16th of May fifty-one years ago, and in the course of his career has travelled in nearly every part of the realm on which the sun never sets. He succeeded his father in the title at the early age of fourteen, and was educated at Eton and Balliol College, Oxford. In 1876 he married Constance, second daughter of the ninth Earl of Southesk, and is to-day the owner of some 2,900 acres of land in Fifeshire and elsewhere. He was one of the most popular Viceroys her Majesty's Government ever sent out to India. He held that important office from 1894 to last



Prince Leopold Albert Louis of Battenberg, born May 21st, 1889

year, when he was succeeded in it by Lord Curzon of Kedleston.

The young King of Spain, Alphonse XIII., is generally regarded with a sort of pity by the British public. As a matter of fact, though undoubtedly a very delicate child, he is not unhappy in the life he leads. Like most of the Bourbons, he is not lacking in pride and a fair estimation of his own importance, but it is pleasant to be able to record that as he grows up he becomes less and less a spoiled child—a somewhat rare thing. Though he is only fourteen years of age he can count his high-sounding titles by the dozen. His mother, who acts as Queen-Regent and is an Austrian by birth, has devoted herself to superintending his education—a fact for which, we hope, the Spanish people will one day have cause to be grateful.

"The Great White Tsar," Nicholas II., whose mere name carries such dread significance with it to his millions of subjects, is, as a matter of fact, a very mild and unpretentious man, somewhat below the middle stature. He has the interests of his people at heart, and does his best for



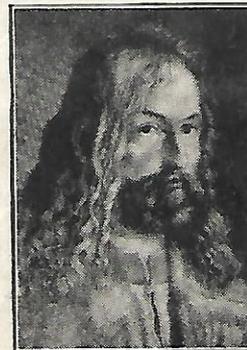
Lord Elgin (Viceroy of India 1894-99), born May 16th, 1844



Alphonse XIII, King of Spain, born at Madrid, May 17th, 1886



Nicholas II, Czar of Russia, born at St. Petersburg, May 18th, 1868



Albert Durer, the famous artist, born at Nuremberg, May 20th, 1471

their welfare as far as he can; but, unhappily, the Constitution of his vast kingdom is such that he has not much scope in the matter. He is said to have dreams of universal peace. Let us hope he will live to see them fulfilled, at least in part.

Albert Durer, whose name is familiar to lovers of art, was the son of a Hungarian blacksmith, and was born at Nuremberg in 1471. At the age of thirteen he was apprenticed to Michael Wohlgemath, the chief illustrator of the *Nuremberg Chronicle*; but it was not until 1498, after he had seen Colmar, Basle and Venice that his first great series of designs on wood, the illustrations to the *Apocalypse*, appeared. The "Triumphal Arch," which he drew for Maximilian I., is the largest known woodcut, measuring 11½ by 10 feet, being on ninety-two



Dr. Conan Doyle, novelist and patriot, born in Edinburgh, May 22nd, 1859

blocks. He died in his native city on April 6th, 1928.

The popular creator of the fascinating Sherlock Holmes is a splendid specimen of a Scotsman. He was born in Dunedin—"the town that Sir Walter Scott discovered"—on May 22nd, 1859, receiving his education at Stonyhurst and Edinburgh University. He practised as a doctor at Southsea from 1882 to 1890, in which year the "The White Company" was published. Thousands of readers have since had cause to be grateful to him for having forsaken medicine to follow the mazy paths of fiction. None who have heard him can forget the genial and manly tones of his voice, while we all admire the patriotic spirit which has caused him to go to the front as a surgeon with the Imperial Yeomanry. He is passionately fond of travelling, having visited the Arctic regions, the West Coast of Africa and most parts of Europe. He is a splendid shot, a keen golfer, an all-round cricketer, an enthusiastic cyclist and a modest fellow withal. (Photos by Downey, Hughes & Mullins, Elliot and Fry, &c.

LETTERS ON THE WAR

The following is a translation of the interesting letter from a Boer which we reproduce on this page:—

"Bloemfontein, 28th February, 1900.

"To Mrs. T. G. Hermitage.

"Dear wife, all is well with us with the blessing of the Lord. I wish you all the same. A portrait will arrive for me in a letter from Johannesburg. You must send the man the money. He will send you his address in the letter. Send it on to me. Dear wife, our army was here late at Bloemfontein. The horses want rest; but I think we will leave for the Modder River on the 2nd March. Give my greetings to all and do not pay any attention to my scrawl, as I am writing this on my horse's head. I must now give up the pen."

(Note in pencil at foot) —

"I killed this fellow. He only had a Kruger bob on him. He is writing to his pal. I got his bob."

Translator's Note.—The original Dutch is very illiterate and the letter breaks off suddenly with a scrawl. Mr. Atkins, it will be observed, is evidently not a student of Dutch.

THE British soldier who thus brought to an abrupt conclusion the foregoing letter writes the following letter from Bloemfontein on March 20th:—

"We have seen a small account in one English paper of our fight at Paardeberg. As usual, it gives all the credit to the Highlanders, but I can tell you that they were four hours late and did not do anything except draw the fire of about 8,000 guns on to our Brigade—ours (1st Yorkshire), Essex and Welsh Regiments. Whatever the papers say, Lord Roberts had a parade yesterday and told us who did the work. He told us and the Essex Regiment that in all his wars he never saw such work done for

dash and gallantry, and he was sure the nation at large would be thankful for it, and he praised us for our little fight on Kitchener's hill. He said if we had not stopped Cronje's reinforcements that day he (Cronje) might have got away with his 4,000 men. In fact, we broke the neck of the Orange Free State. If it had not been for us Lady-smith would not have been relieved. We are all very thin. Yesterday we got full rations. We



Facsimile of the Kruger shilling found on the body of the dead Boer who wrote the letter reproduced below

Bloemfontein
den 28 Feb 1900

aan mev T G Hermitage
leeffe vrouw met ons
gaat het heel goed
door de zegen des Heren —
ik wens u allen de zelf-
te deeren daar zal der
mij en pabret van Sute
Johannesburg in een
brief dan moet jister
de man de gele stuur
hij zal zijn adres der-
gae stuur naar mij leef-
vrouw ons leg no
her op Bloemfontein
koud. de goede moet dus

maar ik denk ons
Zul op de 2 maart
ver trek naar
maddarivar geg graede
aan allen en met
nie naar mij mij de
gekrap kzi de b is
m op mij Jaard ee
hoath gischrijf ne
Zul ik maar missz
met de Per maanen
wipen

I killed this fellow he only
has a Kruger Bob on him.
he is writing to his
pal I got his Bob

Facsimile of unfinished letter written in the Taal by a Boer who was shot by one of our soldiers, who secured it and added a brief commentary of his own. A translation and other particulars are given on this and the following pages

were nearly all sick—we got too much. We have got no parcels yet, but I believe they are on the way here. The rail is running now. We had a bad night last night. It rained all night—no sleep, and the ground is soaking wet; but we are happy. I hope it is nearly over. The Boers here have got a pass to give up all their arms and go back to their homes, and they are coming in fast. I don't know when we are going on from here. As long as I come home safe I don't mind what we do. It takes a lot out of some of our gentlemen soldiers. On the 18th of February I got hit in the neck, but I would not go sick. Thank God it has healed up now, and I am well; except my shirt, which is crummy—in fact, we all are. We kill as many as we can every day, but still they come. You say I know what war is. I do. Three fights I have been in, and good ones they were. I hope you got my Kruger shilling all right. Keep it, for when I come home I will get you a brooch made of it. I will get some more if I can. I won't forget all my little kiddies when I come home.

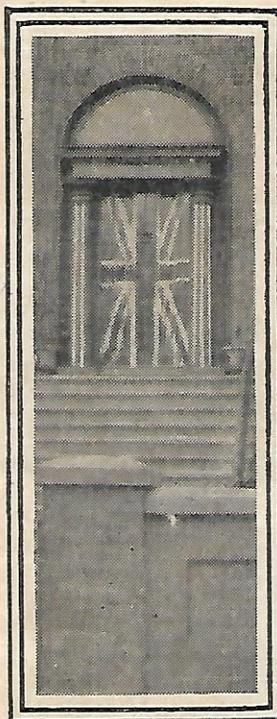
"Don't ever let any papers man get hold of any of my letters. Some of ours have been writing, and a lot of lies have got into the papers, which I think is rot. When I want anything I will write."

"TRAPPED LIKE RATS"

PRIVATE J. BATESON, of Guiseley, attached to the mounted infantry section of the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, writing to his relatives from Bloemfontein on April 4th, gives a graphic account of his adventures at Koorn Spruit, when the Boers captured a British convoy. He says:

"It is a marvel I am here. I was dismounted two days ago, having to leave my horse on the veld sick and lame, and I had to go along with the convoy. The next morning we had to resume our marching at 4.30 a.m. I was along with the fourth wagon. About an hour after starting we suddenly came to a halt. I did not think anything about that, as it is nothing uncommon, but judge of my surprise two minutes later when a hand was placed on my shoulder. On turning round I was facing two Boer rifles, while a third demanded my arms and ammunition. We were trapped like rats, and the convoy too. All I could do was to wait events, as I did not then, nor do now, intend going to Pretoria as a prisoner of war. All was quiet for a few minutes, and a Colonial mounted regiment got into action and sent shots ringing through the convoy at the Boers. I then saw my chance, and ran towards the troops regardless of the firing on both sides. When I had got about thirty yards I saw a horse riderless, fastened to a team of mules. I made for that, got it loose, and mounted it. I was just going to ride for my life when I saw a rifle and a bandolier lying on the ground. After calling to a soldier to hand these up to me, a bullet passed very close to my horse's right ear. I saw a Boer taking aim at my horse, trying to dismount me. Seizing the rifle and bandolier handed to me, I threw the latter over my arm and loaded the rifle, determined to sell my life as dear as possible. It was by this time a terrible confusion—mules and oxen and

horses stampeding and running, Boers and British firing. I discharged my rifle at a Boer who was clubbing a native driver with his rifle. I don't think he will require a rifle now. By good luck, I got my horse clear of the transport, and found myself hemmed in by a troop of the Household Cavalry, among whom were Prince Adolphus of Teck and four or five others. It was now a race for life. Prince Teck had no arms, having had, like the rest of us, to give them up. At last we got out of range of fire, and in a place where we could collect ourselves together and see what was best to do. We formed a firing line, and poured volley after volley into the Boers, to check their advance and retake our convoy. We then got orders to mount and ride round to the right flank. While doing so I came across my own company, and joined them, and found there were nineteen missing. But they have all turned up except seven, who are either dead or taken prisoners. It was very lucky for me to get away in the way I did, and I hope never to be in such a plight again. Altogether, in the three companies that compose our regiment there are fifty-three missing. I have been in some hot corners, but that is the hottest I was ever in. The battles I have taken part in are Belmont, Gras Pan, Modder River, Magersfontein, the relief of Kimberley, Drousfeld, the surrender of Cronje at Paardeberg, the capture of Bloemfontein, and yesterday's fight."



A reminiscence of the Queen's visit to Dublin. This photo shows the novel way in which Mr. William Redmond, M.P.'s residence at 8, Leeson Park, Dublin, was decorated in honour of the occasion.

CORRESPONDENCE

A. E. S.—We have published a portrait of the late Mr. Labram, who made "Long Cecil" during the siege of Kimberley, in a group beside the gun in one of our previous issues. Thanks for letter and enclosure.

F. H. (Peckham).—Vol. I. of *Black and White Budget* consists of Nos. 1 to 12; Vol. II. of Nos. 13 to 25; and Vol. III. commences with No. 26. If you show this answer to any bookbinder he ought at once to take your numbers for binding Vols. I. and II.

A. W. H. (Scarborough).—We read your letter with interest. We shall be publishing a portrait of Lord Roberts in our issue of

Saturday, May 26th. Your other suggestion will receive due consideration.

C. W. (Birmingham).—Thanks for your note and suggestion; but we fear that the interest in the matter is scarcely sufficient to justify our undertaking such an article in our pages.

NOTE TO OUR READERS.—We have received so many letters asking for a portrait of Field-Marshal Lord Roberts that we are glad to be able to inform our readers that the Commander-in-Chief in South Africa will form the subject of our double-page illustration next week. We hope that our correspondents will be pleased with this souvenir of the hero of Kandahar and a hundred hard-fought fights, and that the portrait will be welcome to many thousands who have not hitherto possessed a counterfeited presentment of the popular Field-Marshal's kindly features.

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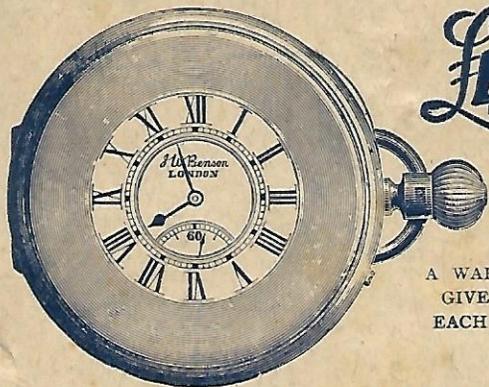
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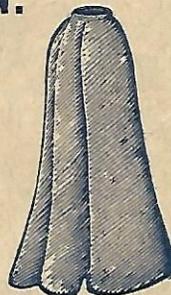
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