

AT PRETORIA.
Officers and Take Lord
Prisoner.

usual method of punishment is flogging. Every night shots are heard round the town. The firing is done by the sentries, who frequently discover Boer emissaries trying to enter or leave the town. The supplies here for the army are abundant, with the exception of forage. Few of the local farmers bring anything to market. It is expected that trains will be available shortly, and the merchants will then replenish their stores. The military authorities are selling rations of flour to civilians at three pence per pound. The indigent residents are still being fed by the authorities. Lord Milton has charge of the food supplies for civilians.

Following is the range of quotations:-

Cattle.	
Shippers, per cwt.	\$ 4 25 5 00
Butcher, choice do.	4 00 4 50
Butcher, med. to good.	3 25 3 50
Butcher, inferior.	2 50 3 15
Stockers, per cwt.	3 00 3 50
Sheep and Lambs.	
Sheep, per cwt.	3 25 3 75
Spring lambs, each.	2 00 4 00
Hogs, per cwt.	2 50 3 00
Milkers and Calves.	
Cows, each.	25 00 45 00
Calves, each.	2 00 10 00
Hogs.	
Choice hogs, per cwt.	6 00 6 25
Light hogs, per cwt.	5 00 5 25
Heavy hogs, per cwt.	5 12 1-2 5 37 1-2
Sows.	3 25 3 50
Stags.	2 00 2 50

THE GARRISON SMALL.

Col. Hoare Has a Small Force at Elands River.

A despatch from London, Thursday, says that although some sanguine correspondents lately declared that it was impossible for Gen. De Wet to break through General Kitchener's lines, that wily Boer general is again hitting. He had already begun to cross the Vaal river on Monday. The British in his rear. Nothing has yet been added to General Kitchener's despatch that Generals Methuen and Buller may be able to cut off his flight. The success at Elands River was a great one, and Rustenburg is sufficiently indicated that it can be held for some time. Nothing is known of the strength of the Boer garrison, but it was probably small.

LORD ROBERTS' REPORT.

Barboursmith Captured and Severely Fighting at Elands River.

A despatch from London, says that Lord Roberts reports to the War Office as follows:- "Barboursmith surrendered on August 1. The neighbouring country seems to be quiet. "The Boers attacked the garrison at Elands River on the morning of August 1. Information was sent to Robertson, who was on his way to Elands River. Ian Hamilton, who captured Rustenburg yesterday, reported heavy firing in the direction of Elands River. To-day the firing seems more distant, which looks as if the Elands River garrison had been relieved and was retiring towards Rustenburg. "Lord Roberts, in another report, dated at Pretoria, says: "Kitchener is with the force south of the Vaal river. He was joined yesterday by a strong detachment of Barbour's force and the Canadian Regiment."

DE WET CROSSES THE VAAL

He is Still Hemmed in by the British, However.

A despatch from Pretoria says: "Yesterday's trains running between Pretoria and Middelburg were sniped by Boers near Bronkhorst spruit. Five men were wounded. A force of mounted infantry drove the Boers off and burned the farms for ten miles around. "Gen. De Wet has crossed the Vaal river, but he is still hemmed in. The Boers hold a position five miles east of Wondolfontein. This is an advantageous position on the Delagoa bay line, but is held by Gen. French. Every communication station is strongly guarded by the British.

DE WET AGAIN ESCAPES.

A despatch from London, says: "General De Wet, the Boer commander, who according to the correspondents was certain to be captured by the British, who had thrown an unbreakable cordon around him, has succeeded in crossing the Vaal river, and according to one report, a large part of his force have made good their escape and are in Buffels' hock. "Probably his defence of the hills against General Methuen covered the retreat of this part of his command."

UNREQUITED LOVE.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON.

CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

"Your protégé has improved," he said. "She is not half so ugly as she was seven years ago." "You don't call her my protégé, do you?" "You know she is a legacy from poor Albert, an incubus which his Quixotism has imposed upon me." "But I take it she is useful to you, or you would have sent her about her business before now. She fetches and carries for these two lazy old maids of yours—Barber and Celestine—I suppose?" "She reads very well; that is the only way in which she is useful to me. And now, Victorian, let us talk of yours and of the future. I am going to stay here all the winter—all the House re-opens." "Would you like me to stay?" "Of course I would, dearest. What have I to live for but your society? Life is a blank when you are away from me."

"That is hard, mother dear, when I have been so much away. You make me feel that I have been an unfortunatist." "No, no. You are not to be the slave of a top exacting love. Mothers are even more tiresome than wives. All our greatest statesmen have been men who spent their lives at home. Our people are jealous of Continental influences and dislike Continental habits."

"My dear mother, I am not such a caterer for popularity as to fashion my manners for my life to please the mob; but I shall be glad to spend more of my days with you now—now that I am growing middle-aged." "That is a good hearing," said Lady Lashmar, with a smile which altered the whole character of her face—the mother's smiling smile. "And you will marry, I hope, very soon. No sonor like a good wife."

"I am not in a hurry to be anchored," answered Lashmar, laughing; "but I have a receptive mind and am ready to fall in love at short notice now that politics are off my mind. What have you here by way of beauty, mother mine?"

"The Bishop of Southborough is to be here in a week or so, with his two daughters, pretty, fresh young girls, and both musical. I should not object to either as a daughter-in-law. Then there is old Lord Banbury's daughter, the Diana of Northamptonshire, a frank, open-hearted girl and a superb horsewoman. She comes with Mrs. Mulceiber, an old friend of mine."

"I am glad you haven't got Banbury himself. He is a dreadful driver. Lady Sophia is a good sort of a girl, but she has made herself a great deal too public, and is written about in the sporting papers as if she were a jockey. I think one of them called her 'Our Soph'. Our Soph's performances with the Pynchley have been creating the usual sensation, or something of that kind. I don't think you would like 'Our Soph' for a daughter-in-law."

"Oh! Lord Banbury was a friend of your grandfather?" "Was he? Then he must have been one of the few friends my grandfather was allowed to choose for himself. Lady Pittland would never have tolerated him on her list. Well, mother, who else is coming?"

"There is Mr. Nestorius. The rest are all your own invitations." "Oh! my invitations are rather ad expansion, given on the spur of the moment. There is Mr. Ponsoppy, the famous Q. C. and Conservative member; Ponsoppy who saved Mrs. Brownrigg, don't you know, in the starving case that made such a sensation seven or eight years ago. I wonder how he and Nestorius will get on under the same roof."

"They have been under the same roof before, said her ladyship. "Yes; but that was a bigger roof and they were not upon company manners." "Mr. Nestorius is always charming. When else have you asked?" "Captain Vavasour, the society novelist and his wife; such a delightful little woman; airy, fascinating, eccentric, audacious—just like one of her husband's novels. I think she must sit to him for all his heroines."

"Perhaps she writes his books." "Not she! Aurelia is one of those delicate creatures who never do anything for themselves; not so much as to fill a card of invitation or run up to the nursery to look at a sick baby. I once heard a woman ask her what her gown cost. 'Haven't the least idea,' she answered sweetly. 'I never ask what things are going to cost; I should be afraid to order them.' "Then your Vavasours are in debt, I conclude."

"Enormously." "I feel sure that I shall loath this person." "I doubt it. But please don't show your aversion in any case. Don't freeze that poor little thing with the pride of the Fitz Rollos. That would be to break a butterfly upon a wheel." "I don't suppose she would care. A woman of that kind is always case-

hardened. Did I tell you that Lady Carmilow will be here for a week or two? She wanted to run in and out as she used when she was a girl, but I have insisted upon her sending over her trunks. She will help to amuse Mr. Nestorius.

"No doubt. Mr. Nestorius is impressionable, and a widower. Lady Carmilow would make him a capital wife."

"My dear Lashmar, he is old enough to be her father."

"Greatness is of no age. Nestorius at fifty is more attractive than the common herd of young men, and for a woman of Lady Carmilow's ambitious temper he would be especially attractive. She has secured her coronet. She has made herself a marchioness and no one can unmake her. The next step would be to secure an ex-Prime Minister for her husband and slave."

"That is all nonsense. Clarice is full of romance."

"Her marriage with a notorious scoundrel would imply as much."

"It was a noble feeling which prompted that unhappy union. She wanted to reclaim him."

"She wanted to be Lady Carmilow. Don't look so unhappy, mother. I like your favorite well enough. I once almost thought myself in love with her, but that was when I was young and foolish."

"You need not be afraid of her fascination now," said Lady Lashmar, plucked at his manifest indifference. "Clarice is much too well off as a widow to wish to change her condition."

"Precisely. She is one of those sensible women who can estimate the value of anything. Take my word for it, mother; she would marry again—to better herself."

Lady Lashmar did not argue the point. She was bent upon masking her batteries if possible.

CHAPTER XII.

Lady Carmilow's beauty came almost as a surprise on Lashmar's side when she sauntered into the library at tea-time. Her golden-auburn hair was piled in a coronet above the low, classic brow. The turn of the neck was statuesque in its perfection, the carriage of the small head was full of unaffected dignity. The lovely wrist and hand looked all the lovelier under a severely cut sleeve with a narrow cuff of old Meahlin lace.

"How strange that we should meet for the first time in this room," said Clarice, when she and Lashmar had shaken hands and she had emancipated herself in the most comfortable of all the comfortable chairs which were grouped about the hearth and tea-table. "Do you remember that afternoon when you showed me the wonderful books, and when we found that poor little savage sitting on a ladder?"

"Indeed, I have not forgotten. My mother tells me she has become a bidable young person, and very useful to her as a reader."

"I should not like such a person about me," she said; "but dear Lady Lashmar seems quite taken with her of late."

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FROM ERIN'S GREEN ISLE.

INTERESTING NEWS BY MAIL FROM THE LAND OF THE SHAMROCK.

Susy People of the Emerald Isle—Concerns That Will Interest Irish-Gen. admirers. The Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, in spite of his almost boyish appearance is nearing 60.

The young ladies of Dublin are affecting red, white and blue striped bands to their hats.

The Duke of Connaught will, it is reported, take command of the army in India in September.

There are now 15 grandsons of the Duchess of Abercorn serving with the British forces in South Africa.

The commander of the new regiment of Irish Guards will be Lieutenant-Colonel Foster G. Ross of Bladenburg.

Dublin has lost a man of great judgment and enterprise in Mr. Thomas Pim, chairman of the house of Pim Brothers.

Mr. William Carson, a well known Irish solicitor and magistrate, dropped dead while on his way to business in Belfast.

The Dowager Duchess of Abercorn, who is in her 89th year, is busy knitting Tam O'Shanter for the soldiers at the front.

An Irish newspaper speaks about unity as being "that superstructure which is the true foundation of all national greatness."

The packages sent from Dublin "Cas-tia to Windsor" show that the Queen's purchase in Ireland were largely presents for her wounded soldiers.

It has been decided that the 3rd Battalion, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, will be placed in encampment at Fermil, Ballyshannon, during the camping season.

Lord Dunraven, who is hon. colonel of the 7th Battalion Royal Munster Fusiliers, serves in South Africa as a supernumerary captain of the Imperial Yeomanry.

The Gaelic League has captured the Dublin Corporation, which has passed a resolution to the effect that it is desirable to preserve and cultivate the Irish language in Ireland.

It is interesting to note that not so long ago, in County Donegal, the market price for knitting a pair of socks used to be one penny and women worked cheerfully for that sum.

A MANDARIN'S BUTTONS.

How He Gets Them and What They Signify in China.

The hostilities in China cause us to hear so much about mandarins, and we in England are so apt to look upon them as Chinese officials of great importance and wealth, that it will be news to many to know that practically every Chinese Government servant is a mandarin, and that there are thousands of them scattered about the Celestial Empire whose official salaries do not exceed £1 per month.

These are of the lowest, or ninth, class of mandarins, and have just passed their first examination, and are usually petty officials. In one of the numerous Custom Houses. When promotion follows in due course our budding Viceroy, provided his pecuniations have not exceeded the bounds of moderation, becomes, successively a mandarin of the eighth and seventh classes.

These two steps, however, mean very little advance in rank, and before the sixth division can be entered another examination has to be passed. A little knowledge and a great deal of bribery having been successful in getting him through this, our mandarin is now a person of some importance a sort of

DISTRICT MAGISTRATE probably, and his button is of pure white quartz. In this capacity he can supplement his income gloriously by substantial presents from both plaintiffs and defendants alike, and in a few years has probably extorted enough from unhappy litigants to join the ranks of the fifth class and wear a transparent crystal button on his cap. Yet another grade, by the same means, he may advance in due course and upon attaining to the dignity of a fourth-class mandarin a turquoise button is substituted for the crystal one.

Here it is that many Chinese stop their upward career, for before another step in advance may be made another examination has to be passed, and this is a terribly expensive process. Should the resources of our mandarin, however, prove equal to the occasion, he proudly enters the third class, and his button, though still blue, is transparent, like the amethyst.

By diplomacy and cringing, and more bribery and cunning, the second class is at last open to him, and with a carved red coral button upon his cap he proudly governs one of China's great cities.

He can now go no higher, save by obtaining the good will of the Emperor or of the Empress. The mandarin of the first class is the direct gift of the reigning monarch, and carries with it still

A RED CORAL BUTTON.

but quite plain and smooth instead of being carved, as in the second class. There is a title, "Kung," which is very rarely bestowed, and which is practically equal to a dukedom. Instead of descending from father to son, however, it goes back to his ancestors, all of whom are ennobled in bloc.

The examinations referred to in this article are usually held in large halls, as it is called, at Canton contains 5,000 cells. Each cell measures 4 feet by 3, and is high enough to stand upon. The furniture consists of two boards, one to sit on and the other for writing at.

The cells are arranged around a number of open courts, so that the soldiers who guard the place can look in and see that no student communicates with another. The character on the cells indicate each student's position. Confinement in so cramped a space, where it is impossible to lie down is said to cause the death of many students, some of whom are quite old men.

NEVER HAD TRIED.

Do you mean to insinuate that I can't tell the truth? By no means. It is impossible to say what a man can do until he tries.

TEST THE KIDNEYS.

And if they are diseased use the World's Greatest Kidney Cure. DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS. It's a simple matter to test the kidneys. You need not consult a doctor. By asking yourself three questions, you can determine whether or not your kidneys are deranged. First—"Have you backache or weak, lame back?" Second—"Do you have difficulty in urinating or too frequent desire to urinate?" Third—"Are there deposits like brickdust in the urine after it has stood for twenty-four hours?" In its early stages kidney disease is readily cured by a few boxes of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, a preparation which has made Dr. Chase famous throughout the world for his wonderful cure of diseases of the kidneys. If you have kidney disease you can take Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills with perfect confidence that what has proved an absolute cure in so many thousands of cases will not fail you. So long as the cells of the kidneys are not completely wasted away, as in the last stages of Bright's Disease, Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills will give them new vigor and strength and absolutely cure kidney disease. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or EDMANSON, BATES & Co., Toronto, Ont.

THE PRINCE OF WALES DRESS.

Whether Than Setting the Fashion in His Chief Thought.

The influence of the Prince of Wales on the dress of men who devote much thought to what they wear is very much more than some persons have supposed. It is not probable that English sailors would declare a garment the style merely because the Prince of Wales had worn it. His taste is more likely to be regulated by conventional fashions. What he wears is usually the result of his conclusion that such a garment would be more comfortable for a stout, middle-aged man than any other kind. The new single-breasted frock coat is said to be the result of His Royal Highness's unwillingness to have any more thick, heavy cloth than absolutely necessary on his stomach in the warm weather. His disinclination to pose as an extremist in styles was shown by a remark made to a tailor who dressed the Duke of York. This tailor was fitting the Duke one day and the son urged the father to give his tailor a chance. The tailor also murmured his claims successively.

"No," was the answer of the Prince. "You're all right for the young man, but you're too smart for an old man like me."

Some of the peculiarities of the Prince's dressing have been copied, although they were solely the result of his physical proportions. Most striking of these is the fashion of leaving open the last button of the waistcoat. Now London tailors arrange this button so that it cannot be closed. The same originally from the Prince's difficulty in buttoning a waistcoat over the royal stomach. It has been more generally adopted than any other innovation in dress attributed to his exalted source during recent years. Despite a few valiant pioneers the fashion of wearing a silk hat with a sack coat, could never be made popular here.

Turned up trousers in all weathers have been an accepted vogue of fashion for the past three years and the habit is said to have originated in the greater comfort that comes from wearing long trousers turned up, rather than those of the exact length, which would necessarily have to be held up by suspenders. The Austrian work in the Tyrol and in all parts of the country by gentlemen there, gained no vogue because the Prince of Wales when at Marienbad was photographed wearing one of them and an attempt was made through that fact to boom them. Men who knew their use recognized their inappropriateness to this country, while there were not attracted by the combination of a green hat and a pheasant's wing. On the other hand, the soft gray hats, described variously as a Honnburg Fedora of Alpine, owe their continued popularity to the fact that the Prince of Wales promptly adopted the new style. That was another case in which his personal comfort was again the motive that led him to take a new style.

The single-breasted frock coat will in all probability have to be added to the list of those fashions which could not be made popular, even through the Prince's patronage. There may be need of such a garment in London, where the hot weather extends well into the summer months and full dress is required in a temperature that makes the prospect of wearing a frock coat seem torture. The additional lightness, gained by dispensing with one layer of cloth is not to be despised by a fat man who has to wear a frock coat on a hot afternoon.

VACATION MAY BE CUT SHORT.

Your wife has gone away for the summer. I understand! Well, my thinks she has, but if she could see my bank balance once possibly she would know better.