

## High Blood Pressure Kills Men & Women

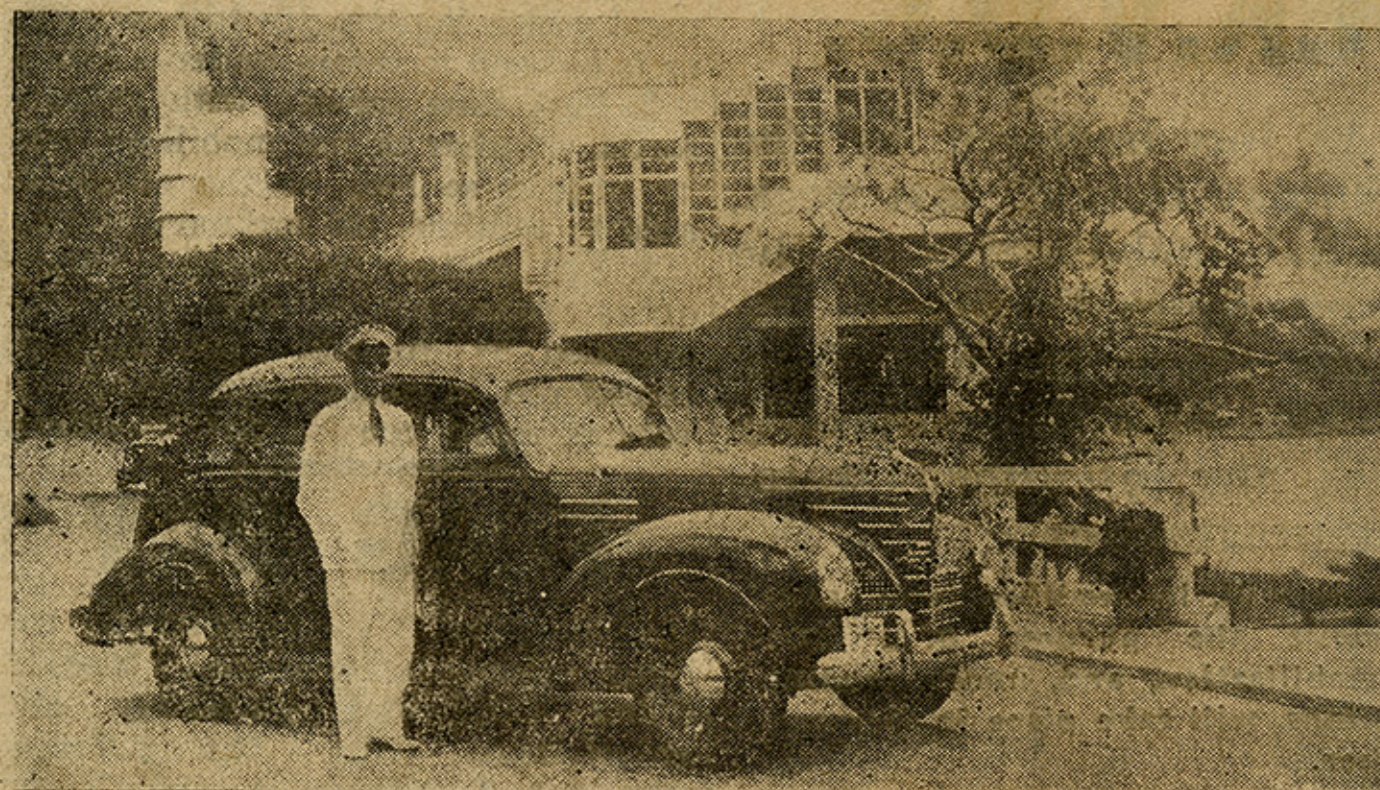
Twice as many women as men suffer from High Blood Pressure, which is a mysterious disease that starts about the time of Change of Life and is the real cause of much heart trouble and later on of paralytic strokes. Common symptoms of High Blood Pressure are: Nervousness, headaches at top and back of head and above eyes, pressure in head, dizziness, short breath, pains in heart, palpitation, poor sleep, loss of memory and energy, easily excited, fear and worry. If you suffer any of these symptoms, don't delay treatment a single day, because your life may be in danger. Hynox, a new medical discovery, reduces High Blood Pressure with the first dose, takes a heavy load off the heart, and makes you feel years younger in a few days. Get Hynox from your chemist today. It is guaranteed to make you feel fit and strong or money back.

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Major A. N.  
Macfadyen—A Modern  
Field Force

TO command the last British force ever to employ bows and arrows in warfare was a distinction that fell to Major Macfadyen. It happened in the war of 1914-18, at the end of the East African campaign in Tanganyika. Remnants of General von Lettow-Vorbeck's army, driven to the extreme south by the South-African troops, retreated over the Portuguese border. The South African force then withdrew and the Germans began a series of guerilla operations, making raids over the border and carrying off supplies. Major Macfadyen, as District Political Officer, was ordered to gather together a native force and break up the remaining pockets of resistance. There were few trained natives on whom he could draw. Few of them had ever handled a rifle, and in any case, the prospects of getting ammunition were slight. So he collected a miscellaneous force including natives who used bows and arrows to hunt their food, and marched westwards with them, till he came to a German encampment commanded by Commandant Muller.

# PRIVATE FACES IN PUBLIC PLACES

THERE were no sentries on guard and Muller had the surprise of his life when a volley of arrows fell through the roof of his hut. The Commandant emerged with a white flag and offered to surrender, provided he were accorded the honours of war. He was not to be interned, and not to give up his sword. Otherwise he would fight "a l'outrance." A glance round the camp showed his capacity to do this. There were 12 Germans and 60 Askaris; no ammunition, little food and not much of anything else. And it seemed most unlikely that Muller had any sword to hand over. He was told he would have to surrender unconditionally, and he did so without further demur.

FOR three years he had been trekking across the country with no base and no source of supplies. He had been wounded, and that moment he was covered with veldt sores, caused by lack of vegetables. He insisted on ceremoniously handing over his rifle and bayonet. The Major returned the rifle after removing the bolt; but he kept the bayonet as a memento, as being the last weapon surrendered in the East African campaign. Later on he learnt that, a little earlier in the war, a D.P.O. in West Africa had conducted a similar operation with a force of native bowmen. Muller was so weak he could not walk and could hardly stand, and Major Macfadyen gave him his machila, a hammock slung on poles, in which he was carried to the internment camp. Everyone else had to march.

## Marksmanship

A LITTLE earlier, having marched east from Kondoia Irangi with a small body of the 6th South African Rifles, he chased a half-company of troops from their encampment and took over the bungalow, previously used by the commanding officer as both office and residence. The German com-

mander wrote to him to say that he expected to turn the British out pretty soon. Meanwhile he had no objection to their use of his well-appointed home, to his bed being slept in or to his valuable books being read. "But for God's sake," he said, "don't break my precious glass. I cherish it more than my life." And lovely glassware it was, beautifully cut and with long thin stems. But its owner never saw it again.

THE commander had a German sense of humour. When his natives were wounded and no longer able to work, they went to him for their pay. He told them they'd get it "at the office." This, of course, was part of the bungalow now occupied by Major Macfadyen, and he had to explain to them that they had been swindled and that he, a British officer, could not pay them for fighting for the Germans.

WHEN the Germans were hard pressed they retired to a precipitous volcanic mountain and set up their camp in a large crater. Major Macfadyen did not worry unduly. There was a fresh-water spring there, but sooner or later they would have to come down for food and supplies. And as there was only one narrow path through which he could have approached them, his force would have been enfiladed and annihilated in any attempt to attack. But the siege was likely to be a long and dreary job, so the Major asked for some artillery. Ten days later it arrived, an ancient mortar with the only three shells that would fit it. It looked a hopeless business with only three shells and no real idea of the location of his target. The Germans were invisible from the foot of the mountain, and there

quarters to pay their dues. The important aspect of the affair, of course, was not so much the money as the acceptance by the Masai of the British authority.

ed an opinion, since hardened and strengthened by his long experience, that the Germans are officially unreliable and untrustworthy neighbours.

## Germans Are Bad Neighbours

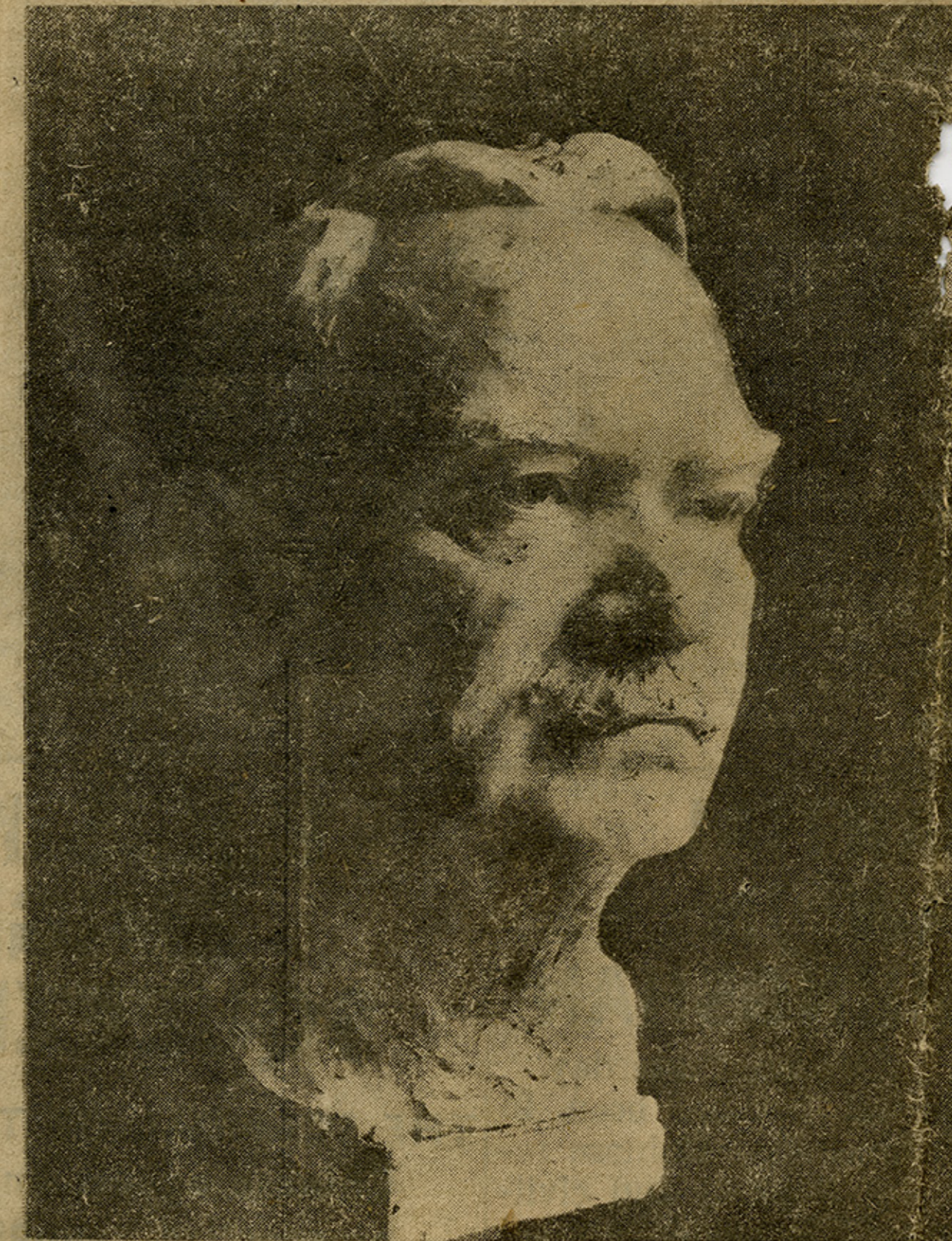
THESE are a few random experiences garnered from a distinguished colonial career. Although the stories are chiefly of a military

## Kitchener

WHEN the Boer War broke out, his services were diverted to military purposes. He met Lord Kitchener, who remembered him at once as the war correspondent of the Sudanese war, and who asked him to form up a Namaqualand Field Force to patrol the border. His main job was to patrol 350 miles of the Orange River to short-circuit the German attempt to foment rebellion in the still peaceful Boers of Namaqualand by supplying them with arms and ammunition. Here he had several brushes with the German-inspired Boers, and on one occasion captured 38 wagon-loads of ammunition and hundreds of rifles.

## The Salesian Brethren Of Pella

AMONG his mementoes of this period is a beautiful edition of Thomas A'Kempis, presented to him by the Salesian Brethren of Pella. They had built this lovely little city in what was known as the Bushmanland Belt, a long stretch of arid desert. Round the imposing church which they had constructed without expert help or advice, they had built a prosperous township and an efficient irrigation system, and they had taught trades to the natives. It was altogether a pleasant spot, but one which aroused the ire of the Boers, who resented the education of the natives. For months they had threatened to break up Pella's water supply. Now, news came to Major Macfadyen's headquarters that an attack on the town was projected. His first plan was to send a force to defend Pella. On re-consideration he conceived a bolder and more decisive move. The sand of which the Belt was composed was so soft that a man, attempting to walk on it, immediately sank in it above his ankles. But he gathered a small mounted force, carrying its own food and water, and made a forced march across the Belt to the Boer encampment. Arriving half-an-hour before dawn, he caught them asleep—attack was so unlikely that no sentries had been posted—and captured their piled rifles. The



A clay head of Major A. N. Macfadyen, the work of the distinguished Chinese sculptor, Mr. G. T. Chan. The bust was commissioned to commemorate the 70th birthday this month of Major Macfadyen.

another shot. Half-an-hour later the German commander advanced down the hill with a white flag. "I had intended to hold out" he said, "I've got plenty of supplies. But the accuracy of your shooting convinced me I hadn't a chance. It was lucky I was out bathing when the shell fell into my tent."

character, most of his 32 years in the African Service were devoted to the building up of the legal and administrative processes there. War correspondent in Kitchener's Sudan campaign and then editor of the "Literary World," high-brow London monthly, in 1897 he threw up his journalistic work to go to South Africa. An introduction to Sir Gordon Sprigg, the colony's

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