# Successful Candidates

## Pupils Who Have Earned Admission to the High School.

## Result of Examinations Held At Close of Last Term.

The result of the examinations for the admission of pupils to the High schools of the province was made known yesterday, and is given below:

The five schools of Victoria presented for examination 111 pupils. Of this number 78 were successful. The names of the schools with the pass list of each are as follows:

BOYS' SCHOOL.

(Principal, J. D. Gillis).

| | Maximum Marks 1,000. |
|---|---|
| David A. Herbert | 716 |
| John W. Gibson | 629 |
| Sidney J. Winsby | 622 |
| Frank A. Waller | 610 |
| Robert V. Russell | 602 |
| August W. Carne | 596 |
| Bertram L. Hewartson | 595 |
| J. H. Clifton Burgess | 592 |
| Jack M. Milligan | 583 |
| Gordon Holdcroft | 580 |
| John A. Creed | 570 |
| Alexander C. Wilson | 566 |
| Harold H. Brown | 558 |
| Herbert J. Matthews | 554 |
| Daryl H. Kent | 546 |
| Garnet S. Merryfield | 544 |
| Maurice T. Royds | 541 |
| Lawrence P. Macrae | 535 |
| Wilfred M. C. Reade | 528 |
| William G. Owen | 526 |
| Thomas Nute | 523 |
| Robert Brydon | 517 |
| Oliver Nason | 511 |
| Victor J. Creeden | 510 |

The number presented by this school was 27, while the number who succeeded in passing was 25. This is the best showing made by any school in the province.

SOUTH PARK.

(Principal, Miss A. D. Cameron).

| | Maximum Marks 1,000. |
|---|---|
| Mabel A. Cameron | 791 |
| Annie L. Jackson | 666 |
| Peter C. Gill | 665 |
| Eva M. Hume | 653 |
| Dorothy Leeming | 641 |
| Kenneth H. Smith | 631 |
| Millie I. Black | 628 |
| Alfred E. Spragge | 620 |
| Helen V. Fraser | 606 |
| Charles G. Banner | 602 |
| Harold E. Whyte | 594 |
| Ethel M. Henderson | 587 |
| Agnes A. Lorimer | 581 |
| Edna M. Rickaby | 580 |
| John Greig | 579 |
| Allen C. C. Loat | 577 |
| Muriel Nicholles | 536 |
| Harrison W. Rogers | 531 |
| James P. Temple | 529 |
| Alice J. Boyd | 523 |

The total number presented from this school numbered 26. The number who succeeded in passing was 20. South Park has won the Governor-General's bronze medal presented by His Excellency for general proficiency. Not only does the winner of the bronze medal stand first among the pupils of the Victoria schools, but she also succeeded in obtaining the highest marks among all the candidates who have been successful in the province.

NORTH WARD.

(Principal, Angus B. McNeil).

| | Maximum Marks 1,000. |
|---|---|
| Eva E. Taylor | 631 |
| Jack Y. McCarter | 628 |
| May C. Frank | 628 |
| Ormond F. Anderson | 600 |
| Delphia M. J. Smith | 600 |
| Kathleen A. Andrew | 592 |
| Charles Hansen | 573 |
| Irvine D. Walker | 571 |
| Lindsay J. Newbigging | 568 |
| Lillian K. Mansell | 564 |
| Mamie C. Hare | 562 |
| Herbert J. Ogden | 560 |
| Peter E. McCarter | 551 |
| Alzie O. Beatie | 547 |
| Robert J. Porter | 540 |
| Ethel M. Gawley | 535 |

North Ward presented 25 pupils for examination. Of this number 16 succeeded in passing.

GIRLS' CENTRAL.

(Principal, Miss M. Williams.)

| | Maximum Marks 1,000. |
|---|---|
| Josephine M. Wollaston | 680 |
| Violet I. Powell | 642 |
| Christina C. Johnson | 601 |
| Ethel V. Grant | 599 |
| Kate C. King | 575 |
| Lizzie A. Chambers | 565 |
| Lottie Dodd | 564 |
| Lena V. Breidfjord | 542 |
| Amelia Billingsley | 540 |
| Katherine Dalby | 532 |
| Lily A. Creech | 506 |

The Girls' Central presented 21 pupils for examination, of whom 11 were successful.

WEST SCHOOL.

(Principal, L. Tait).

| | Maximum Marks 1,000. |
|---|---|
| Lorne C. Monk | 597 |
| William H. Lawson | 575 |
| Yolande M. Ganner | 561 |
| Paul M. Smith | 557 |
| Edwin S. Tait | 549 |
| Mary E. Monteith | 520 |

Victoria West presented 12 pupils, and of this number six succeeded in passing.

VANCOUVER.

Five of the seven public schools of Vancouver presented 116 pupils for examination. Of this number 83 succeeded in passing. The names of the schools with the pass list of each follows:

DAWSON SCHOOL

(Principal, A. C. Stewart.)

| | Maximum Marks 1,000. |
|---|---|
| Edna M. Porter | 681 |
| Ruby M. Alcock | 673 |
| Thomas S. Muir | 668 |
| Roland A. Burnet | 650 |
| Nora Birkett | 639 |
| Oliver M. Johnstone | 621 |
| Harold McL. Ferguson | 613 |
| William R. Stone | 612 |
| George E. Hancox | 605 |
| Bessie Scantlebury | 589 |
| George R. McQueen | 582 |
| Ella Greer | 581 |
| Morley R. Godfrey | 580 |
| Rhona M. Bain | 579 |
| Maggie M. Donaldson | 577 |
| Clare E. Braden | 570 |
| Maud Howard | 567 |
| Goldwin E. Charters | 562 |
| George Marsden | 562 |
| George L. Cassady | 560 |
| Clarence R. Charters | 556 |
| Flora H. Johnstone | 552 |
| Katie F. McDougall | 551 |
| Nora Philip | 551 |
| Wallace Parker | 548 |
| Elva E. Snider | 541 |
| Mary Dixon | 530 |
| John C. Robertson | 519 |
| Reginald Underhill | 516 |
| Etta Izen | 511 |

The Dawson school passes the largest number in the province. The number sent up for examination from this school was 34 and 30 succeeded in passing. The Governor-General's bronze medal presented by His Excellency for competition among the pupils of Vancouver has been won by a pupil of this school. The principal of this school has recently been appointed a provincial inspector.

CENTRAL SCHOOL.

(Principal, D. M. Robinson.)

| | Maximum Marks 1,000. |
|---|---|
| Nellie T. Raleigh | 613 |
| Herbert J. Henderson | 600 |
| Cleveland N. Pease | 585 |
| Frank M. Burns | 582 |
| Edwin Wagg | 582 |
| Ophelia T. Myers | 580 |
| Edith M. Burns | 579 |
| Mabel F. Mason | 579 |
| Hilda M. Fraser | 578 |
| Edith Vivian | 577 |
| James M. Whitehead | 573 |
| Stanley J. Cowderoy | 569 |
| Fred. M. Jones | 568 |
| Eugene Ross | 563 |
| May B. Town | 556 |
| Robert C. Murray | 538 |
| Bessie Law | 537 |
| Thomas W. Campbell | 533 |
| Flora M. Brown | 532 |
| Eliza I. Romany | 520 |
| Robert M. Matheson | 514 |
| Jessie H. MacLeod | 510 |
| James H. Scott | 509 |

The Central school presented 33 pupils for examination, of whom 23 were successful.

STRATHCONA SCHOOL.

(Principal, G. H. Tom).

| | Maximum Marks 1,000. |
|---|---|
| Pearl Morton | 649 |
| Margaret H. Brown | 620 |
| Alexandria V. Hesson | 608 |
| Effie J. Erwin | 607 |
| Charles E. Jeffs | 577 |
| Pearl C. Becker | 575 |
| Minnie E. Rose | 566 |
| Grace M. Becker | 564 |
| Elsie M. Green | 563 |
| Dorothy I. Jackson | 560 |
| Christina Hastings | 535 |
| Nettie G. Russell | 527 |
| Harriett Farlow | 526 |
| Helen McDonald | 522 |
| Ethel M. Blackburn | 513 |
| Florence L. Meek | 511 |

Strathcona school presented 22 candidates, of whom 16 were successful.

MOUNT PLEASANT SCHOOL.

(Principal, G. W. Jamieson).

| | Maximum Marks 1,000. |
|---|---|
| Arthur S. H. Marrion | 606 |
| William Urquhart | 591 |
| Irine B. Alexander | 558 |
| Mabel M. Pearson | 557 |
| Pearle J. Sherdahl | 557 |
| Marion E. Barker | 550 |
| Norma M. Lobb | 540 |
| Blanche M. Craig | 539 |
| Frederick H. Middlemiss | 538 |
| Margaret I. Anderson | 521 |
| Agnes Hewson | 516 |

Mount Pleasant school presented 22 candidates, of whom 11 were successful.

FAIRVIEW SCHOOL

(Principal, G. W. McRae).

| | Maximum Marks 1,000. |
|---|---|
| Ralph V. McAlpine | 553 |
| Frederick C. Macey | 531 |
| Frederick R. Mills | 509 |

Fairview school presented 5 candidates, of whom 3 were successful.

QUEEN'S SCHOOL (Private).

(Principal, H. W. Colebrook).

| | Maximum Marks 1,000 |
|---|---|
| Richard O. G. Bennett | 590 |
| Alphonse A. Pare | 507 |
| Fred L. Townley | 506 |

Queen's school presented 6 candidates, of whom 3 were successful.

NEW WESTMINSTER.

GIRLS' SCHOOL.

(Principal, Miss E. Rogers.)

| | Maximum Marks 1,000. |
|---|---|
| Beatrice Jagger | 591 |
| Kate E. Laidlaw | 587 |
| Eunice E. Pride | 584 |
| Emma M. Smither | 577 |
| Mary L. Hood | 568 |
| Florence W. Banten | 564 |
| Mary Robertson | 555 |
| Frances M. Anderson | 550 |
| Edith L. Johnston | 545 |
| Mabel C. Bell | 537 |
| Minnie D. Johnson | 534 |
| Blanche L. Haggman | 504 |
| Constance H. Robson | 501 |

The Girls' school presented 18 candidates, of whom 13 were successful.

BOYS' SCHOOL.

(Principal, W. C. Coatham.)

| | Maximum Marks 1,000. |
|---|---|
| Clarence B. Crowe | 625 |
| Roland C. Crowe | 595 |
| Robert Robson | 595 |
| David S. Milligan | 574 |
| Arnest I. Armstrong | 573 |
| Robert E. Bell | 572 |
| Walter F. Granger | 555 |
| John S. Smither | 552 |
| Frank Major | 544 |
| John S. Bryson | 527 |
| Thomas R. Pearson | 522 |
| Irving Wintemute | 522 |

The Boys' Central presented 15 candidates of whom 12 were successful. The Governor-General's Bronze Medal was won by a pupil of this school.

NANAIMO.

CENTRAL SCHOOL.

(Principal, John Shaw.)

| | Maximum Marks 1,000. |
|---|---|
| Lily T. Keith | 659 |
| William A. Robinson | 584 |
| Mary J. Bradley | 582 |
| Gertrude M. Frederickson | 564 |
| John F. Rutherford | 538 |
| Thomasine Rogers | 523 |
| Amelia M. Morrison | 505 |
| Lillian Wall | 503 |

The Boys' Central presented 25 candidates, of whom 8 were successful.

ROSSLAND.

CENTRAL SCHOOL.

(Principal, J. D. MacLean.)

| | Maximum Marks 1,000. |
|---|---|
| Olive Hobbs | 594 |
| Selma Demuth | 583 |
| Rose E. Dennie | 583 |
| Annie Ferris | 580 |
| Blanche Bissell | 567 |
| Katie Dyer | 532 |
| Mary Twaddle | 529 |
| Charles Berger | 527 |
| Evangeline Hering | 522 |
| Ethel Boultbee | 515 |
| Bessie Buchanan | 502 |

The Central School presented 21 candidates, of whom 11 were successful.

NELSON.

CENTRAL SCHOOL.

(Principal, J. H. Soady).

| | Maximum Marks 1,000. |
|---|---|
| Bessie S. White | 636 |
| Ivy Johnstone | 630 |
| Annie Fawcett | 606 |
| Ross Fleming | 595 |
| Laura East | 581 |
| James B. Ferguson | 564 |
| Douglas Pettit | 520 |

The Central school presented 8 candidates, of whom 7 were successful.

WELLINGTON.

CENTRAL SCHOOL.

(Principal, Geo. A. Maudson).

| | Maximum Marks 1,000. |
|---|---|
| James Haggart | 614 |
| Ethel Stevenson | 594 |
| Reginald Milne | 576 |
| Victor Celle | 575 |
| Mary Haggart | 569 |

The Central school presented 8 pupils, of whom 5 were successful.

RURAL SCHOOLS.

| | Marks Maximum 1,000. |
|---|---|
| Lily Ross, Strawberry Vale | 632 |
| Leonard Bentley, Agassiz | 592 |
| Evelyn McDougall, Trail | 587 |
| Lizzie Maxwell, Prairie | 586 |
| Samuel R. Savage, Westham Isle | 581 |
| Jeannie McBroome, Northfield | 569 |
| Robert W. Pybys, Trenant | 569 |
| Russell Gilchrist, Tolmie | 567 |
| P. K. McTavish, Port Hammond | 562 |
| Annie Maxwell, Prairie | 560 |
| Alfred Williams, Craigflower | 546 |
| Thomas E. Wilson, Prairie | 543 |
| James C. Miller, Cedar Hill | 539 |
| Margaret T. McArthur Sea Isle | 527 |
| Helen Truswell, Trail | 525 |
| John Stewart, Craigflower | 522 |

From the rural schools 61 candidates wrote at the examination, of whom 16 only were successful.

ST. LOUIS COLLEGE (Victoria).

| | Maximum Marks 1,000. |
|---|---|
| Joseph A. Sweeney | 514 |

The following list will prove of interest as showing the comparative standing of the several schools of the province judged by the results of the recent examinations. The figures opposite each school indicate the percentage of successful pupils:

| | |
|---|---|
| Boys' Central, Victoria | 92.5 |
| Dawson school, Vancouver | 88.2 |
| Central school, Nelson | 87.5 |
| Boys' Central, Westminster | 80 |
| South Park, Victoria | 76.9 |
| Strathcona, Vancouver | 72.7 |
| Girls' Central, Westminster | 72.2 |
| Central school, Vancouver | 69.6 |
| North Ward, Victoria | 64 |
| Central school, Wellington | 62.0 |
| Fairview school, Vancouver | 60 |
| Girl's school, Victoria | 52.3 |
| Central school, Rossland | 52.3 |
| Mount Pleasant, Vancouver | 50 |
| West school, Victoria | 50 |
| Central school, Nanaimo | 32 |

The total number of candidates throughout the province was 393, and of this number 237 were successful.

# ANN CARMICHAEL CAMPBELL.

"My life has been one of hard work and many a sore trial, but, thank God, I never wanted. He has been very good to me and I thank Him every hour for His mercies," and with a sigh of content Ann Carmichael Campbell leaned back in her arm chair and smiled at her visitor.

The venerable old lady is a resident of the Home for Aged and Infirm Old Women, one of Victoria's most deserving charities, and the occasion was the visit of a Colonist reporter, who had called to see her to verify the truth of a remarkable story of surgical skill, of which she had been the subject.

Ann Carmichael Campbell was born at Branford, in the North of Engand, of Scotch parents on September 19, 1805. When three years old her father died, and her widowed mother removed, with her children, to her former home, Edinburgh. At a tender age, when children in this more favored century are at school, the little girl was sent out to earn her bread as a farm servant and for many years her life was one of

unremitting toil. She married in 1841 and enjoyed a few years of happy life when her husband died, leaving her with two children, a son and daughter. The latter emigrated to Australia as a domestic servant, and her mother has never heard from her since. Her fate is a sealed book, and the look of sad resignation which haunts the old mother's face tells the story of the years of vain longing for news from across seas more eloquently than words.

In 1870 the widow and her son came to Canada, and settled at Hamilton, Ont., where they remained a couple of years, moving thence to Port Arthur. They remained at the lake port for 8 years, during which they were induced to invest all their savings in a Port Moody lot. They had read of the glorious future awaiting the terminus of the C. P. R., and like hundreds of others saw their hopes ruthlessly swept away when the road was deflected to Granville, or what now is Vancouver.

The climate of the north shore of Lake Superior was rather trying and mother and son removed in the early 80's to Victoria, where they have resided ever since. They lived for 17 years at the corner of Douglas and Princess avenue, and it was there Mrs. Campbell spent the happiest years of her life. Finally her son fell into ill-health, and could no longer earn a support for his mother and himself. Reluctantly he was forced to consent to her entering the Old Women's Home, while he, himself, had to go to the hospital to be treated for heart disease.

For several years Mrs. Campbell had been suffering from strangulated femoral herina and after her admission to the home her case became acute. A city physician heard of it and proposed an operation—an extremely delicate and hazardous undertaking considering the age of the subject. Mrs. Campbell, however, with the heroism of her forefathers, gave a willing consent, and in November of last year the operation was successfully performed at the Jubilee hospital. Much to the surprise of all interested, the patient recovered rapidly and today is enjoying better health than many a woman of much more powerful physique and half her age.

She expresses the unbounded gratitude to the doctor to whom, under God, she considers she owes her life. Mrs. Campbell is possessed of all her faculties. She reads every day, her hearing is acute, and her general health excellent. She speaks very highly and thankfully of the ladies through whose noble efforts the home is maintained. The attendants are kind and considerate with their charges, doing all in their power to render their lives as full of content as the means at their disposal will permit.

## SECOND ANNUAL.

The Yorkshire society held its second annual picnic yesterday at Goldstream. Manager Courtenay, of the E. & N. railway, with his usual courtesy, ran a special train at 2 o'clock, and quite a number of young people took advantage of the trip and spent a very enjoyable afternoon in games of all kinds. The following members kindly contributed to the prize list: Col. Wolfenden, H. J. Martin, Mr. Henderson of the Victoria Book and Stationery company, Hibben & Co., Jno Piercy & Co., Geo. T. Fox, Col. Prior, Geo. Munro, B. Williams & Co., Barnsley & Co., and others. Mrs. Piercy kindly sent a beautiful sleeping doll, which was won by Miss Fullerton in the girls race.

Col. Prior, President of the Society, acted as judge, and W. H. Winsby as starter, while Mr. Geo. T. Fox, did yeoman service in selecting prizes.

A very enjoyable afternoon was spent and members and their friends all contributed to make the outing a success.

## NOTICE TO MINERS.

The secretary of the British Columbia Board of Trade has made arrangements with the C. P. N. company to post up notices to miners, on all the steamers of the company, apprising them of the fact that they can dispose of their gold at mint value to any of the banks in Victoria. These notices have also been sent to every point in the north to be posted up in the most conspicuous places for the guidance of miners. Similar notices have been sent out by the Vancouver Board of Trade.

# MILITARY MEMORIES

## NO. I.

## ADJOURNED SINE DIE

(Written for the Colonist by T. L. Grahame.)

Perched far up on a narrow ledge where the mountain road just wide enough for the guns to pass in single file, came to an abrupt termination at the brink of a chasm marking the track of a last winter's avalanche, which had swept a whole section of the highway into the valley beneath, the camp of the British detachment, under orders to hold at all costs until relieved, was pitched.

In front of them twined and twisted like a big green snake the Helmund river on its way to Lake Hamun; behind them soared into the unspecked cobalt sky the great spur of the Hindu Kush, which juts out into Hazaraland like a gigantic flying buttress. Right and left the stony mountains of Hazara and Ghilzai, fringed with glittering pinnacles of whitened ice, resembling the massed bayonets of an army at the "prepare for cavalry." Outside the little camp not a sign of life broke the savage scenery.

The spot commanded the valley completely. From that small platform the British could prevent any attempt of the retreating Afghans to fall back that way upon Kabul, after General Roberts should meet and smash them somewhere down Kandahar way, as he was expected to do by every man of the flying column on guard at the Helmund Gorge. Luckily the existence of an ancient road running from Ghazni to Herat, built probably in the time of Shah Jehan for military purposes, and still in good preservation, enabled the flying column detached for this special and dangerous service, to fetch along with them one of the new converted fifteen-pounder field guns, as well as the little mountain guns, a couple of which with the long-range gun made up the modest park of artillery with the force.

Colonel Howard, of the Staff, was in charge of the detachment, which consisted of a couple of gun detachments of the 66th Field Battery, R.A., a strong body of the 14th Hussars, some companies of the 60th Rifles; two companies of the Royal Engineers, and a half battalion of the Nepal Regiment, (the Gurkas), fresh up from cantonments at Peshawar and Rawal Pindi, and a company of the Guides corps.

Amongst the men profanity, always one of the ordinary accomplishments had been reduced to a science, or elevated into a fine art, owing to the bitter disappointment at being ordered to patience duty, whilst their comrades were off under little Bobs in the hurrah on Kandahar, and then sweeping like a whirlwind on the trail of the Afghans, and soon to meet and gloriously vanquish thetreacherous foe. But it is the British soldier's inalienable privilege to ventilate his opinions in terse, if somewhat sulphury language, whilst doing his duty in "the scorn of circumstance." Even the stubby little Gurkas had their growl, in choice Nepalese, not to be with the main body sharing in the undying splendour of the greatest march in British history, under the leader whom every soldier in India would have followed with the utmost cheerfulness even unto the gates of Gehenna itself. But, as Colonel Howard remarked on riding out with the Guides upon the little plateau, as the column debouched from the winding path: "Je suis, j'y reste." And so they sat down doggedly after the way of British men to pass the days as best might be, while waiting for the hoped-for rush of the retreating foe along the Helmund valley.

The fifteen-pounder and two howitzers were placed en batterie so as to cover the approaches up the valley; the gun nearest the southern extremity of the plateau, and the howitzers at the proper distance alongside. Slight protective works were thrown up for the guns, and also trenches dug for the riflemen.

As the sun set in flaming magnificence over the mighty sierra of the Hindu Kush, and the long vale filled with purple haze with crimson streakings along the barren rocks, the last preparations for the night were made in the British camp. The tired garrison soon slumbered beneath the clear and starry sky; nothing to break the silence except the occasional yell of the mountain jackal mingling with the moaning monotone of the Helmund far down among its boulders. Yet the sentinels there were as high strung as blooded horses, though weary with the toil of the long march in the blazing sun of Afghanistan, for well they knew the craft and stealth of the enemy, and his cleverness in planting the long Ghilzai knife between the shoulder blades of the sentry who nodded at his post, and getting away unscathed. Thus passed the first bivouac of the small guard in the pass.

Deadly dull were the days as they crawled by, as if weighted with all the lead in the Himalayas; nothing to do but to clean arms and accoutrements, drill, and the same old games played over until one grew sick of their very names. It was penal servitude, with the heat thrown in. The whole camp, officers as well as men, panted for any kind of excitement that would break the monotony.

Late one afternoon Driver Newton, of the 66th drew the attention of Sergeant Burns of the battery to a singular appearance upon the summit of a queerly-shaped tepe or knoll which sprang like a huge sugar loaf out from the western side of the valley, about three thousand yards away. This elevation was one of the few green spots visible in the long vista of arid rocks and blasted corries into which the merciless sun poured all day. To men who had just come from quarters in the lovely Loghman valley, over in Kashmir, the Helmund valley was like a glimpse of the Inferno. The famed Vale of Kashmir is a perpetual smile of all that earth can show of beauty and delight, up to the profound azure of the Indian sky. The Helmund Vale is a gash, hewn as with the brand of Odin in the face of Hazaraland; an old wound, a grisly scar, bequeathed in a bygone titanic conflict of worlds.

Sergeant Burns fetched out his glasses and took a long and earnest survey of the tepe. It was strewn with splintered rocks; a fringe of stunted pines encircled the hill some distance from the top, giving it somewhat the appearance of a bald head with a cincture of black hair. Gullies and rocky ravines seamed the sides. The tepe was the principal landmark in the valley in that direction, and the Afghans were using it for an observation station. It was thickly crowded with men clad in white, and from the gesticulations and waving of what appeared to be flags, it was evident that they were rather pleased with their reconnaissance. A glance through the field glass sufficed to show the sergeant that the fellows on the summit were indulging in all sorts of insulting motions toward the British camp.

Another thing plainly evident was that the Afghans were there in some force, for the knoll was jammed thickly with them, and more of them were climbing up the gullies to join those on the top. Sergeant Burns, one of the best artillerymen with the Afghan field force, was thoroughly acquainted with the different clans of the country, and as he gazed he muttered: "Aha! You're all there: Ghilzais, Tajiks, Duranis, Hazarahs, Aimaks, Uzbegs, Kizilbashes, Kafirs and Sunnis, by jove! the blooming fighting strength of the blessed country."

It was in fact a motley horde of stragglers from all those powerful tribes, a remnant of the host which followed Ayoub. The matter was reported to Colonel Howard at once, and soon all the officers were studying the novel appearance. As night fell the Afghans disappeared from the knoll.

A consultation of the staff took place that evening in the Colonel's tent, when many conjectures were put forward to account for the sudden appearance of the enemy at that point. Next afternoon almost at the same hour the hill was once more thickly crowded with Afghans, and the same exulting gesticulations were gone through.

"That seems to be a regular meeting of those beggars," exclaimed Captain Osborne, of the 60th.

"And I could adjourn it, Sir, if you would let me," responded Sergeant Burns sing Colonel Howard. Instead of the contrary to all military etiquette, addressing Colonel Howard. Instead of the haughty: "Silence! Shut up! How dare you address me sir!" the commanding officer wheeled round on the sergeant and asked:

"What do you mean, Burns?"

"Why, sir, if you'll let me put a shrapnel over them from the gun, there, sir, I think I can surprise them a bit."

Colonel Howard was an old 60th man and had not a very keen liking for the artillery, hence it was not surprising that he frowned down on the proposal. "Old Action Front!" as the men nicknamed Burns, turned away crestfallen and went over to the gun. No sooner had the officers withdrawn than he got astride the trail and ran his eye along the gleaming surface of the gun. Then he laid her as if for a shot, slewed her round a bit, elevated the muzzle a trifle, depressed it the fraction of an inch:

"Gad! I could do it fair, I'll bet a month's pay," he muttered.

The men off duty watched him with languid interest from the shadow of the tents, and joked lazily about "Mrs. Sergeant Burns," as they called the fifteen-pounder, the sergeant being a confirmed bachelor. The sergeant sauntered off with a sigh, leaving the beautiful weapon with its long slender nose poked into the air retrousse fashion.

Burns was a typical British artilleryman. Of the middle height, his very air and appearance denoted sinewy, muscular energy and strength. From his ponderous shoulders and chest, deepened and broadened by countless turns of repository drill, sprang a neck like a pillar of the Parthenon, the cable-like muscles rolling under the bronze of the skin at every motion. The huge brown hands, with which he had a habit of stroking his short bristly moustache, shaped like a Durham bull's horns, turned downward gave plenty of evidence of the powerful arms which the tunic sleeves hid.

His face was one of those for which great painters of war scenes search diligently and rejoice exceedingly when they find. Such a face as Caton Woodville, Detaille, Meissonier or de Neuville would have delighted to transfer to canvas The all-pervading expression was one of almost forbidding sternness. Indian, Chinese, Afghans and South African suns had burned it to a deep mahogany tint, besides which the frontier-service khaki seemed almost white. The hard, light-gray eyes, peering out narrowly over the high cheek bones as if accustomed to keep watch and ward where danger stalks by night, and the arrow flieth by day, had seen many a grim sight on well-stricken fields in many lands, and the gleam that illuminated them in battle was never very far away at any time. The jaw ran like the sweep of a cavalry sabre to meet the square and massive chin with a deep dent in the middle under the firm lips. Had Burns lived in the eighties B.C., instead of the eighties of the 19th century, and had chanced to catch the eye of Julius Caesar, his nose would have won him at least a centurionship in the petted Tenth Legion. Regimental jokes about Burns's nose were plentiful At any rate the man looked the soldier that he was.

Few messes in the service that had not heard of the story of Burns and the rich civilian, a tale which exactly typified the man. The gentleman was visiting barracks and was conversing with the sergeant about the soldier's life, when he innocently dropped the remark that it was unfortunate that the soldier could not make much money or otherwise look after his material interests while in the service. Burns straightened up as stiff as a poker, turned his eyes upon the unlucky citizen and roared at the poor man as if he were a raw gun squad bungling their business:

"Money, sir! curse the money, sir- The infernal skulker that joins for money ought to be shot and sent to blazes!"

The one passion of the man's life was gunnery. He loved his fifteen-pounders as most men love their children, or their wives. Let him catch one speck staining those glistening inner tubes, one grain of dust or mud on the polished surfaces and the man responsible was sure to catch it without running after it.

That night at the officers' mess Capt. Osborne, who was one of the best sportsmen in Northern India, brought up the suggestion of the sergeant, and instantly all the officers began discussing the subject with the utmost eagerness. Lieut. Holcombe of the R.A., wagered twenty-five pounds that Burns could plant a shell exactly where it would do the trick of clearing the hill. In a moment his wager was taken up by Captain Gordon of the Hussars. Then the argument grew hot and the mess was fairly divided against itself; one party wagering heavily that Burns could not place a shot that would do any serious execution, the other side, led by Holcombe as vehemently declaring that if the Commanding officer would grant his permission they would see that tepe cleared in a moment.

Col. Howard would not grant any such permission. It would simply precipitate an attack by perhaps overpowering numbers; the life of every man in the column was doubly valuable in view of the grave task in hand should the Afghans retreat that way. True, those men might be simply reconnoitring for a determined attack upon the post, but he was scarcely in a position to invite such a conflict. Then Major O'Connor of the Gurka Regiment cunningly aroused the Colonel's sporting instincts, and before the hour to turn in had come the Commander had promised to allow just one shot at four o'clock the following afternoon.

Lieutenant Holcombe hurried out and hunted up Burns. The veteran forgot discipline so far as to commit the unpardonable sin of seizing his superior's officer's hand and exclaiming as he rung it: "God bless you, sir, we'll show them what the old R. A. can do. I'll make it sir, all right."

"Well, you know, Burns, I've gone and staked seventy pounds on you, mind, and there's an awful pot of money up besides, so do your best."

Reveille, had scarcely gone before every man in the camp knew of the commanding officer's decision to allow Burns to fire one round of shrapnel at the tepe in the afternoon. The betting spirit took hold of everybody. The artillerymen wagered with the rifles, and the Engineers with the cavalry; the Gurkas with everybody, even the sutlers and syces caught the fever, until nothing else was talked of, and all waited with the utmost impatience for the hour. Burns, assisted by Lieutenant Holcombe, laid the gun quite early in the day, and found the range with mathematical exactitude. The distance was three thousand four hundred and eighty-seven yards, according to the range-finders. Then the fuse was prepared with as much care as if the lives of the entire detachment depended upon its action. The gun was cleaned off with the solicitude that an expert lady's maid lavishes upon her mistress's coiffure. Burns allowed no saunterers near the gun.

Half past three and intense excitement thrilled the whole camp. All eyes were turned upon the distant hill-top; it was jammed with white-clad figures, with streams of others ascending the steep sides. The day was simply perfect for such a crucial test of an artilleryman's prowess. The sun was slightly veiled in a faint haze which softened the light to a soft gray, and made all objects stand out truly and in their proper proportions, and there was not a breath stirring.

The commanding officer and his staff took post behind the gun, where Burns, Corporal Brown and Gunner Newman, formed the crew, with Lieutenant Holcombe timing and directing. Every field glass that could be found was brought out and sighted to the correct focus. When Sergeant Burns took the shell in his hands and placed it in the breech, closing it with a snap, the excitement was indescribable.

Amidst a dead silence the veteran took the lanyard in his hands, glanced for the last time along the sights, found everything just so; then stepped back, with the lanyard taut, and his eyes fixed upon the young Lieutenant, who stood watch in hand.

"Fire!"

A sheet of flame gushed from the muzzle of the gun, leaving a fleecy cloud of smoke, whilst the echoes of the mountains shrieked again and again as they had never done since they were formed. Every eye that was behind a field glass followed the flight of the shell as it described a beautiful parabola in air, and a mighty cheer went up as the British saw a dense mass of snowy smoke burst over and just in front of the summit of the tepe.

"Well, that meeting's adjourned sine die," shouted one of the officers.

Then, as a thick, clinging smoke lifted the full havoc wrought by the shell could be plainly seen through the glasses. The projectile had burst just in front of and over the dense array of Afghans, and spreading out to its full dimensions had simply annihilated the struggling mass of men. Not fewer than sixty corpses were counted on the summit of the knoll and many men ran down the tepe with the blood streaming from their wounds and staining their white clothes. The exact number slain by the shell can never be known, but throughout the campaign which followed the Afghans always betrayed the greatest dread of the artillery. Sergeant Burns received not only the compliments of his officers, but a handsome share of the winnings of his backers.

## SOCKEYES NOT YET.

The Big Run Has Not Yet Started.

Vancouver, B. C., July 22.—(Special.)—The anticipated big run of salmon is not in sight and some anxiety has been expressed. Word has been received every day from Anacortes where the sockeyes are first checked in their course towards the Fraser and as yet the sockeyes have not been sighted.

## SIGNOR CRISPI.

Italian Statesman Believed to Be at Point of Death.

Naples, July 22.—Signor Francisco Crispi is now in a state of exhaustion. The members of his family and some of his best friends and political followers have been summoned here, as it is feared that he will die.

First of Season.—The first offender of the season against the thistle by-law appeared in the city police court yesterday and paid a fine of $5. D. McNaughton did not appear to answer to the charge of vagrancy and a warrant was issued for his arrest.

# Along the Waterfront

## The Steamer Islander Sails This Morning for Skagway—Queen City Sails.

## Capt Henderson Tells of the Cromartyshire-La Burgoyne Collision.

Yesterday was not as busy on the waterfront as the preceding days of the week. The only scenes of activity were at Turner, Beeton's wharf, where the Islander was preparing for her trip to Skagway, and the Queen City, which sailed last night, loading for her trip to Cape Scott. The ship Largo has not yet begun to discharge cargo, and will not begin to put her naval stores, of which she has 750 tons, ashore until tomorrow. The Islander leaves for Skagway this morning and carrying a large amount of general freight, mostly merchandies, to the Lynn canal port for shipment to interior points, whither it is being sent by local grocers and others. Among those who will take passage on the Islander are Mrs. Heathorn, who goes to join her husband, formerly C. P. N. outside agent here; L. K. Shanhorn, W. Barnes, Miss Rant, J. L. Lewis, Miss Innis, Miss Keefer, E. Adams and wife and Mrs. King.

The Queen City carried a good sized cargo of general supplies, including material for mining improvements on Alberni canal and at Wreck Bay, and among her passengers for West Coast points were C. B. Christensen of the Danish colony at Cape Scott, who is bound home after writing at the teacher's examinations at Vancouver; James Clark, L. Dasonville, R. B. Wood, C. B. Gardiner, C. B. Wood, T. R. Wilson, J. Coates, Mr. Penwill and Harold Sands and wife, who are bound to Clo-oose on a holiday trip. On her down trip the Queen City is expected to bring several gold bricks from the Wreck Bay mines.

## THE QUEEN ARRIVES.

Pacific Coast Liner Returns from North With Many Excursionists.

Steamer Queen of the Pacific Coast S. S. Co., arrived from Alaskan ports last night with about 200 passengers, three-fourths of whom were excursionists. There were a few arrivals from Dawson, including Mr. Freeman of this city, who has been connected with the Savoy at Dawson, and Alf. Morris, traveler for J. Piercy & Co. There was a large amount of gold awaiting shipment south when the Queen left Skagway. She brought down 100 tons of very rich silver ore, assaying $168 to the ton, from Coronation Bay at the entrance to Chatham Sound. A call was made at Rodman bay to lad a large number of ties for the railway being built from the beach there to the camp. The Queen left at 2 a. m. for the Sound.

Included in the tourist list were several parties of well known people, among whom are Prince Albert De Boglie and Prince Jacques De Boglie. They are wealthy men and are interested in mining in several parts of the world.

## ECHO OF A DISASTER.

Capt. Henderson of Ship Largo Law Was Master of the Cromartyshire Which Sank La Burgoyne.

Capt. Henderson, master of the British ship Largo Law, the "lime-juicer," which arrived from London on Friday with cargo for this port, was master of the British ship Cromartyshire, when three years ago on the fourth of this month the French liner La Burgoyne ran into that vessel, and the terrible accident occurred whereby 540 people lost their lives, included amongst whom was Mrs. Pichon, mother of C. Pichon, gunsmith of this city, who was bound to Paris to see the Exposition. Capt. Henderson was ashore from the time of the accident until he recently took command of the Largo Law, he being a witness in all the litigation which took place—the case dragging from court to court until finally the Privy Council awarded the owners of the Cromartyshire £8,000 damages against the French company owning La Burgoyne. The story has been told of the sudden crash on that foggy night three years ago off the banks of Newfoundland, the quick sinking of La Burgoyne, and of how her sailors fought with the passengers for places on the raft and in the boats, of how the Cromartyshire picked up raft after raft, until 165 people of the six hundred odd on board had been saved, and of the saved, over two-thirds were sailors of the steamer, and but one woman was numbered among the saved, a sad commentary on the cruel and disgraceful fight made by the sailors against the passengers for the chances of safety in the boats and on the rafts. Capt. Henderson brought his vessel into Halifax with 25 feet of her bow cut off.

## WATKIS-GOWEN.

Pretty Wedding Solemnized by Bishop Orth at R. C. Cathedral.

There was a pretty wedding at the R. C. Cathedral yesterday afternoon, when in the vestry Rt. Rev. Bishop Orth solemnized the marriage of Frank Theophilis Watkis, well known in the musical world as Patti's accompanist, to Miss Hilda May Gowen, one of Victoria's fair daughters. The bride, looking charming in her gown of white silk grenadine over white taffeta, with real Duchess lace collar, and the customary long veil and orange blossoms, was supported by her younger sister, Miss Flora Helen Gowen, and two pretty little misses, Miss Marjorie Carne and Miss Margaret Rosamond Sheldon, the former little maid-of-honor dressed prettily in white silk and carrying a large bouquet of pale pink sweet peas, and the latter in pale pink silk and lace, with bouquet of sweet peas. Miss Flora Helen Gowen, the bridesmaid, was also prettily gowned. She wore pale blue organdie, with a large white picture hat with pink roses. The bride carried a handsome bouquet of long stalk lilies, with pendants of white satin ribbon, and she