

Plain Sam Hughes, Plus K.C.B.

(Concluded from page 7.)

car system of handling goods. He was next assistant to Sir Henry Settle on lines of communication. On one occasion Hughes solved for Settle the problem of supplies by heading a forage expedition. Canadians were celebrated in Africa for knowing how to get grubstake. Col. Hughes was no exception. If he hadn't got the impromptu rations for Sir Henry Settle that officer would have shifted his base and gone back to headquarters.

Those who care to find out just what Col. Hughes did in that war in some detail may have time to read the files of the London Times, which contain special articles on that subject written at that time by Mr. L. C. Amery, M.P., brother-in-law of Sir Hamar Greenwood. Also in the seven-volume history of the Boer War there are appreciations of Hughes as a constructive soldier in that campaign, written by people who are not supposed to know Hughes from Who's. The trouble always has been that because the colonel talked more than he needed to sometimes, his critics imagined he was doing less than he needed to at other times. The fact is that Sam Hughes always did a little more than he talked about. Another trouble is that people have got into the habit of regarding a

in action, and discovered the right quality of Englishmen.

Another told by the same admirer relates how Col. Hughes with less than a dozen men at his back blustered horseback into a Boer village and compelled 300 disloyal inhabitants to surrender by making them believe he had 2,000 men half an hour in the rear, issuing loud orders for the billeting of these men when they arrived, and taking guns and ammunition from the stores to arm the loyal inhabitants against the others. He was commander of a mounted brigade that led in the capture of Orpen's Heights (despatches), Faber's Pats (despatches); and he commanded a force in advance into Bechuanaland.

* * *

HERE is another story—this one told by James L. Hughes, who began to be a military worker a few years before his brother Sam, whom he did a good deal to educate in his early days.

Sir Henry Settle, Col. Hughes' old commander, returned to England and was made Governor of Portsmouth and commander of the army of the south of England. A few years ago James L. Hughes was in England and went to visit Sir Henry Settle out of respect to the regard they both had

career of adventure. Since he got hold of the war machine in this country he has not become a primpy Major-General, willing to forget his days of Stalky and Co. Now that he has become K.C.B. there is no danger of Sir Sam pooh-poohing the blood and thunder stages in his past history. If he lives to be a hundred he will talk about the Fenian Raid and the old lacrosse games and the Lindsay Warder and the Boer War as though they happened yesterday. That's the plain Hughes of it. Irrepressible, audacious, talkative, blustering, adventurous—and always doing something to get ahead somehow; England has at least one such a man in Winston Churchill. Canada certainly has one in Sir Sam Hughes; and with all his faults he will be a long while becoming a dead issue in this country. He may be Major-General the Hon. Sir Sam Hughes, K.C.B., Minister of Militia, and as many more as you like. He is still Sam Hughes.

The Neutral

(Concluded from page 6.)

"Put bullets in them!" snarled McFall.

"Not much, we won't," negated George Martin. "Do you think we're going to let you two fools murder each other. This thing has been nothing more or less than a joke from the start. We never had any idea—"

"Joke, is it?" broke in Tommy. "Joke to say Americans have no more spirit than rabbits? George, I thought you were an American."

"Yes—but I'm not a fool."

"And I'm not a rabbit. Here, I'll load the guns. I suspected some funny business all along." Tommy slit open a box of very real .32 cartridges and loaded his weapon.

"Afraid?" he sneered, looking McFall straight in the eye.

Mac looked around rather helplessly.

"Go ahead," he said, at last.

Tommy took Mac's revolver, threw out the dummy shells, put genuine ones in their place, and handed back the weapon.

"Now, then, who's going to count?"

No one volunteered.

"Then, McFall, you may count. I'll rely on your honour to do it properly," said Tommy, and walked to his position.

McFall looked as though he had half a mind to protest. He looked appealingly at the spectators, who stood there like dolts, seemingly dazed by the tragic turn of what had been a joke, wanting to stop the deadly affair, but saying and doing nothing. Then his rugged countenance settled into lines more grim than usual and he stepped briskly to his position.

"One," he said.

George Martin found his voice.

"For the love of God, boys, stop this nonsense!" he cried, but he did not step between and separate them.

"Two."

The word petrified the spectators.

Tommy stood tense as an athlete awaiting the starting signal. His pink and white countenance did not appear girlish now, and his lips were pressed together in a thin line of determination. McFall did not seem nearly so businesslike. The dreaded "three" was a long time coming.

Then, without speaking, McFall whirled around—and walked to the tensely waiting group.

"No, by heaven, I'll no shoot at Tommy!" he broke out. "Call me coward if you like. I joined the army this morning and I don't care. Maybe I am a coward—I'll find out for sure when I get into the trenches—but I think I'd be a worse coward to let this thing go on, because—" Mac stepped to Tommy and grasped his hand—"when I enlisted this morning to fight for Britain and Freedom, I saw, boys—though he didn't see me—I saw Tommy Day enlisting also."

The grove rang with cheers for the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack as Tommy and Mac shook hands.

Next!—A Pittsburg man has invented an unsinkable battleship. We will be ready to believe him when somebody invents a Russian army that can't retreat.

THE OLDEST GARDENER IN CANADA.



Mr. Joseph Mantell, said to be 105 years old, won the cup donated for the oldest gardener at the recent back-yard garden competitions in Toronto.

typical Hughes story as apocryphal. Here is one, told in the words of a Hughes admirer, who wrote it down concerning the time when Col. Hughes was Chief of Intelligence Staff to Sir Chas. Warren in Griqualand:

"He had under him in South Africa twenty young Oxford and Cambridge men of the best English families who formed a bicycle brigade for scouting purposes. Late one night Col. Hughes accidentally learned some important news which he wished Gen. Kitchener to know before morning. A range of low mountains lay between him and Kitchener. The top of the range was held by the Boers. Col. Hughes went to the tent of the Bicycle Brigade and asked the officers in command to rouse the others. When they were awake he explained the case to them, told them the danger of crossing in the moonlight as the enemy held the heights, and told the officer to ask for a volunteer to undertake the hazardous mission. The quality of real Englishmen was shown when every man stepped forward to perform the duty. The officer said: 'You see my difficulty, Colonel. I shall have to go myself.' He went, over an unknown path, saw Kitchener, and returned before morning."

The point of this story is that Col. Hughes got the news, got the brigade

for Colonel Sam. When he arrived the first thing that caught his eye as he entered the long drawing room of Government House was a half-life-size portrait of Col. Sam alone on the table.

"Really Lady Settle," said Dr. James L., with his customary politeness, "it is very kind of you to place my brother's picture in so prominent a position because I have the honour of visiting you."

"Indeed," said Lady Settle, "I have done no such thing. Sir Henry himself placed it there long ago; it is always there, and he says it will be there as long as he lives."

Sir Henry was grateful to Col. Hughes for his personal services to him in South Africa.

When Lord Milner was in Canada a few years ago the only man to whom he paid a visit on a special train was Col. Sam Hughes.

* * *

A GOOD-SIZED book might be filled with little Hughes' anecdotes that would be poor material for history, but as a human document would throw a lot of light on the Hughes family—not least upon Sir Sam. Since he became Minister of Militia he has not settled down to a life of stodgy decorum to have these stories discarded as belonging to a



Prized equally in hospital and home, because no other Coffee is at once so rich, so strong, so delicate, and so unfailingly good.

In ½, 1 and 2 pound cans. Whole—ground—pulverized—also Fine Ground for Percolators.

CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL.

160

WESTBOURNE School for Girls

278 Bloor Street West

TORONTO, CANADA

A residential and day school—small enough to ensure for the pupils a real home, careful personal training and thoughtful supervision. Pupils prepared for the University. Class instruction in Folk and Aesthetic Dancing as well as Physical Work. Outdoor Sports. Affiliated with the Toronto Conservatory of Music.

F. McGillivray Knowles, R.C.A., Art Director.

School reopens September 14th.

For Calendar address the Principal, Miss M. Curlette, B.A.

ROYAL VICTORIA COLLEGE

MONTREAL

THE RESIDENTIAL COLLEGE FOR WOMEN STUDENTS OF MCGILL UNIVERSITY

Students (both resident and day) prepared for degrees in Arts, Pure Science and Music. Scholarships are awarded annually. For Prospectus and information apply to the Warden.

Alma (Ladies) College

A Christian college-home, healthful situation.

For prospectus and terms, write the Principal R. I. Warner, M.A., D.D., St. Thomas, Ont.