

General Colley was defeated at Majuba Hill. He is buried at Charlestown, a few miles away. In commemoration of this victory the Boer farmers, on their periodical nacht maals, "Sacrament Sundays," used to bring a stone and throw it in a pile. When sufficient stones had been accumulated the monument was built and still stands, as far as I know.

In the short space I have at my command I will have to confine myself to a few instances which may be of service to the younger fellows. One chap I would like to mention is our old scout "Siwash" Bill Stewart. Whether he is alive or not I don't know. The old beggar deserves to live for ever. Outside of Major Burrard and Sir Audrey Wools-Sampson, I consider old Bill the best natural scout who ever lived. One of his exploits is this: During the heavy guerilla fighting in 1901 Stewart was attached as a scout to Sir Harry Rawlinson's column. Rawlinson was trying to prevent De Wet from crossing Vaal river and co-operating with General Delarey. There are only two known fords or drifts, as they call them there, along this part of the river, Coal Mine Drift and Lindique Drift. Those were well guarded, but the old fox had some way of getting over. It was known to Sir Harry that De Wet was trying to move his whole command from the Free State if he could. He asked for scout volunteers to carry a message to General Kekewich at Wolmarandstaad. He selected twelve men, and sent them in pairs at four-hour intervals. The ride was about 180 miles from Bothasville, in the Orange Free State, to Wolmarandstaad, in the Transvaal. Bill arrived alone.

The Kekewich I have just mentioned is the Kekewich who committed suicide some time ago. He was a disappointed General, though a more gallant officer never lived. I galloped for him for over three months. During the siege of Kimberley he and Cecil Rhodes differed a good deal, I understand, and it affected his whole career afterwards. I forgot to mention that Stewart got the D.C.M. for his ride.

I remember Major Jones in a little lecture he gave us one day telling us how essential silence in the ranks is. It does not matter now, but when a man thinks that through his own thoughtlessness he may cause the sacrifice of his mates then he will realize what it means. Major Jones is right, and when he dropped into that ant bear hole I can imagine his feelings. You often hear the remark made that the South African war was nothing to this one. Now that is quite true in one sense. That is, the number of men engaged is much greater. You fellows will find, however, that your work will be much easier than we used to find it. You will be practically stationary, and your work and observations will be confined to a very small area. We were mobile, and covered large distances on occasion, and had to suffer a good deal from lack of provisions and water at times. By mobile I mean move, and now I am going to tell a story on Sergt. Norwood, of No. 1 Platoon.

When I first knew him he was in the 18th Royal Irish, Staff Captain in charge of transport. The horse sickness and tsetse flies having killed off the horses, Jack was compelled to haul his guns with oxen. Ask Jack about cow guns and he will put you on the peg.

I was writing about water a while ago. We had been on a block house line between Klerksdorp and Lichtenburg, when suddenly we got orders to get ready for a night march. As usual, we took two days' rations and filled our water bottles. Mine was full of rum and coffee. Those drives which occurred towards the end of the war had for their objective the driving the enemy towards some particular corner. Lord Methuen had been badly cut up a few days previous to this, badly wounded and taken prisoner, if I remember correctly. We were after this particular bunch of Boers. They were commanded by General Delarey, but his fighting executive was General Kemp. A hard customer. He was one of the rebels General Botha has had to contend with a few months ago.

We were commanded by Colonel Grenfell, and the second night out made camp at a place called Rooivaal. It was a dry camp. We had no water, so we munched our biscuits and bully the best way we could. I was a corporal, and that night was sent on outpost duty or sort of an advanced picket. On our immediate right front was a big mealie patch "corn field." I had no sleep, but with three of my men I went over that mealie patch four times and never saw hide nor hair of a Dutchman, and yet in the morning before we could get our advanced guard and screen on the move we were attacked, just about daybreak. The Scottish Horse was in advance that day, commanded by Col. Leader, a Canadian officer who graduated from Kingston. They suffered very heavily. Time to stop. Will continue next week, if possible.

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