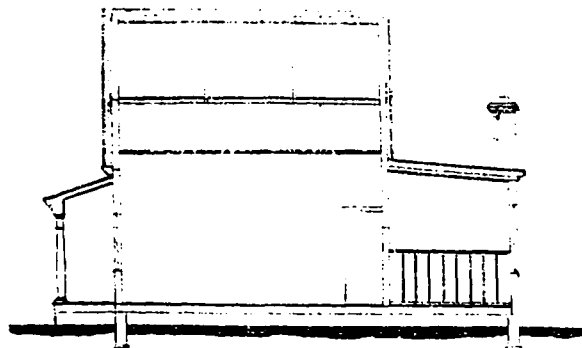


extra men from Canada who being are in England at the time take advantage of the Canadian camp to compete in the N. R. A. matches.



FRONT ELEVATION.



LONGITUDINAL SECTION.

A Hero of Maiwand Decorated with the Victoria Cross.

Condemned to 18 Months Hard Labour.

On Tuesday last the Old Bailey—that too fruitful field for the study of human nature—furnished to the psychological observer one of those cases which perplex the moralist and make justice herself wonder and hesitate. If anything be fairly certain, we should have thought it pretty well exemplified that a really brave man must also be a kindly and reasonably honest man, too proud for mean deeds, too fearless to lie; too essentially manly to be ever cruel to the weak or unkind to women. If there was anybody about whom, knowing only his early history, people could have spoken and thought well it would have been with reference to the artillery soldier, Edward James Collis, who was sent to prison for eighteen month with hard labour on Tuesday, for a series of offences in the last degree base, deceitful, cruel, and cowardly. About fifteen years ago, when Collis was a young soldier in the Artillery, serving in India, a great military misfortune befell our arms. Every one recollects the disastrous battle of Maiwand, although British memories have often a patriotic forgetfulness of such reverses. Maiwand, however, was the worst defeat which had befallen her Majesty's arms since the days of Jellahabad and Cabul. Eyoob Khan, the young Barukzsar chief of Afghanistan, had taken the field against us with a large force, moving up towards Candahar from Herat. General Burrows, an incapable leader, and one very badly informed by his intelligence department, came out of Candahar to meet him, with about two thousand six hundred men, of whom only eight hundred were white, against some fifteen thousand of the Heratees. Burrows was out-mancœuvred, out-flanked, and overwhelmed, and the spectacle was seen, disgraceful to our flag and dangerous for the empire, of such a regiment as the 66th broken and scattered by a half-barbarous foe, while the field-guns were cut off and two of them taken out of hand. Of the English troops three hundred fell upon that sad field, with seven hundred of the native rank-and file killed or missing; and many a gallant officer died in the effort to rally their flying men, wildly re-

treating for the far-off shelter of Candahar. Especially heroic were the efforts, largely successful, to carry away the guns; but Collis on that tragic occasion surpassed everybody by his magnificently brave behaviour. His gun had been disabled by the killing of most of the horses and the wounding of the gunners, many of whom were placed upon the limbers and carriages, while the survivors made frantic efforts to cut loose the dead cattle and drive away with the piece and the bleeding men clinging to it for escape. At that moment a column of Heratees made towards the gun to cut it off and slay the gunners, firing their rifles as they approached. Imminent death threatened the band of artillerymen and the certain loss of the gun, when the young soldier performed a deed of courage as high as that of Horatius keeping the bridge. Running forward into the open space still left between the fieldpiece and the horde of Afghan horse and foot, yelling, firing, and rushing down, Collis halted in front of them, and poured bullet after bullet into the throng, dropping a horseman or footman with every touch of his trigger. Partly in wonder, partly in fear, partly, it may be, from that feeling of intuitive respect which Easterns have towards a madman—*dewām*—the column actually stopped—stopped to do battle with a single Englishman! and a hundred matchlocks and jezails opened fire upon the fearless gunner. Not a bullet touched him—the firing was too wild and excited—but that brief pause gave time to get the piece clear, and to carry it safely out of the engagement with all the wounded men upon it. There was nothing finer done in the way of unselfish manhood and soldierly devotion that evil day of Maiwand, and when Lord Roberts—then Sir Frederick—had taken over the charge from the weak hands of Burrows and Primrose, and had soundly thrashed Eyoob—as we did in September of that same year, 1880, Maiwand having been fought in July—her Majesty was pleased to bestow the glorious reward of the Victoria Cross upon Edward Collis, whom all the world honoured, and would have held a man to love and admire and praise, of that truest courage which sacrifices all, and is ready for assured death, without hope or help, for the sake of duty.

And that is the man, Edward Collis, only fifteen years older, who stood a

prisoner on Tuesday last in the dock of the Old Bailey charged—and presently convicted—of a series of offences against the law which were characterised from beginning to end by lying, cheating, low meanness, and cruelty. For mere amorous peccadilloes it would be idle to blame too severely a young or grown-up soldier. The martial spirit has been marked by susceptibility to feminine charms ever since the times of Mars and Venus; and most of the great fighters of the world's story, from the Iliad down to Nelson and Garibaldi, had weakness in this way. But, to be pardoned, such escapades must be without any element of baseness. This man, in his youth so true a hero—came home from India to pursue a vile course of systematic seduction—deceiving one young woman after another with false promises and pretences—until he had a whole train of ruined girls to mark his rascally career. He came into the dock dirty, disreputable, unbrushed, uncombed, with a ragged artillery jacket upon his still athletic and handsome form, for the man was comely and well-built—the sort of good-looking, good-for-nothing fellow easily to fascinate and impose upon the band of credulous young women whom he deliberately ruined. So gross was the character of his evil-doing that the Judge declared penal servitude for seven or ten years would be the proper penalty of his misdeeds. But he would not send a Victoria Cross man to such a fate, and, mercifully realising those early days of gallantry when he served his country's flag with such honour, the Court diminished its award, and sent this sorely-transformed hero, whose heart and soul seem more in rags than his artillery-jacket, to hard labour in prison for eighteen months.—*Daily Telegraph*, Nov. 26th, 1895.

A sensation was created in Montreal by the announcement that Sir William Van Horne intended to retire from the presidency of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. In an interview Sir William said:—"The statement that I am to resign is unauthorized. I may say, however, that I hope to drop out of active service before long. There are several things which I would like yet to do, or be instrumental in doing, if I do not have to wait too long for the opportunity," which, upon the whole, is as non-committal as Mr. Gladstone could be in his balmyest days.