

CANADIAN SENTIMENT.

Who says we are a people without sentiment? This is the poetical way the Headlight puts it on July 1st:—"The Flag.—To-day from this office floats the Canadian Flag. As we cast our eyes over the town we notice the movement in general, in fact from rock-bound Nova Scotia to sun-kissed British Columbia floats the Dominion flag, portraying in the light of a Canadian the time-honored red, white and blue of old England. 'Tis kissed and fondled by the soft zephyr of a Canadian summer, and loved and revered by millions of Canadian patriots. 'Tis the flag of "our own Canadian home." The home of plenty, contentment and peace. May the flag be honored and guarded by Canadian generations yet unborn. The flag that makes us brothers and sisters from Halifax to Vancouver. 'Tis the heart and hand of Canadian union. Three cheers for the Canadian flag." Shake, Brother Headlight! —Picton Standard, July 11, '93.

THE BIG REVIEW.

(To be sung to a life-and-drum quickstep.)
When I went up, a raw recruit,
To Bodmin town from Scourier,
Our Colonel wore a scarlet suit
Like a warrior all ablaze;
Our Colonel held a big review,
Wi' knapsack pouch, and bagginet;
And the Colonel's darter drove thereto
In a wagginet drawn by bays.
The horses pranced, the trumpets blawed,
The guns went off impartial;
But, of all the regiment Private Coad
In a martial way did best.
"Stand forth, stand forth, thou hero
bold!
To you the rest be secon'-rate;
'Tis you shall wear this clasp o' gold
For to decorate your broad chest.
"O, where, O where's my best recruit
That ere I paid a shillin' for?"
But all the regiment stuck there mute,
Unwillin' for to explain;
Till forth I steps and gives a cough.
An' answers him so dutiful—
"Look, Colonel, dear, he's gallopin' off
Wi' your beautiful darter Jane!"
"Of all the plans that ere I've known,"
Says he, "I do call that a plan
[To bring my hairs in sorrow down
With a rat-a-plan to the grave.
Form up, form up, each galliant blade!
Form up my sons o' Waterloo!
Us wou't interrupt our Big Parade
For a motal who can't behave!"
—"Q" in the London Speaker.

Origin Of the Military Salute.

In an article on the military salute Le Franc Tireur Belge says that this mode of making obeisance had a very prosaic origin. If the military salute were made to conform to the civil salute the head-dress would soon become damaged by frequent use. So it seems that this almost universal regulation was first adopted in order to remove from the soldier the temptation to uncover himself and to save a too great wear and tear of his top gear. Our contemporary fixes "the salute," which varies in some points of detail in

different countries, as having its origin in the reign of Henry IV. of France. The officers of the French army—the inheritors of the traditions of the military nobility of olden times, still raise the kepi and the tricorne when saluting ladies.

THE MARKSMAN'S SEVEN AGES.

Our mimic world's a Range,
And all the mannikins are merely Marksmen;
They have their trials and their distances;
And each man in his turn has many grades.
His acts being seven stages. First, with Morris tube,
He blinks, and learns to lay his rifle straight;
Then, 'neath the Sergeant's eye, with rifle oiled
And sights unblacked, flinching the recoil.
He fires third-class. And then the "marksman"
Growing in nerve, and with a budding faith
In his own prowess. Then as a "shod,"
Full of wise "tips," and wonderfully equipped,
Eager to score, anxious, yet cool in action,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even at the Darnley Meeting. At Bisley next.
Mature in power, good reputation earned.
A trusted marksman in his country's team.
Full well he plays his part. The sixth stage brings.
The full fruition of the marksman's hopes.
As day by day, his nerve and steady aim
Draw surely to the front; and brother shots around
Hail him "Queen's Prizeman." Last stage of all.
When laurel-crowned, his knowledge, hard-ly earned,
He uses to the service of the coming men,
Whose race is yet to run.

—Third Lanark Chronicle.

MOTHER ENG' AND.

Mother England; though sea-sundered,
Let us live old days again.
When our sires left your bosom—
Purple health and may-hedged plain.
Let us breathe the fresh spring's crispness—
Pluck the snow-crowned peeping flowers—
Mellow newness 'mid the ages.
Writ in stones of old church-towers.
Oh! to feel the salt wind stinging.
Gusts from moors of Frank and Jane.
Sweeping through some cliff-town's alleys,
Whitening the green wave's mane.
Mother England! we, thy offspring,
'Neath the Austral starry cross,
Love each white chalk headland circled
By its silver foaming fosse.
Bleak your days before the swallow
Titters in half-wakened wolds.
But your pulses beat us greeting
'Neath one nation's ensign-folds.
Still the names of the Vikings
Haunt us with their roving will,
And beneath hot stars and sunsets,
Southern heart's are England's still.

—Australia, in Pall Mall Gazette.

Our Youngsters.

"What will you do when you are grown up, Toto?"
"I shall be a soldier."
"But you will run the risk of being killed."
"By whom?"
"By the enemy."
Toto, after a moment's reflection—"Then I'll be the enemy."—La Tribuna.

Heard at the Sea Girt Camp.

Surgeon (to bearer who has just brought in a patient)—Give that man some whiskey, quick. He is on the verge of collapse.
Prohibitionist patient (hysterically)—Oh, sir, I'd rather die than take whiskey!
Surgeon (unconcernedly)—Die quick, then! We want to use your cot.

Corporal (to private)—What are you saluting that Essex Trooper for? He's only a private like yourself.

Private—Don't care a d— what he is here. He's a millionaire in Newark, where I live.—Seventh Regt. N. G. N. A. Gazette.

At the autumn manoeuvres of the German army, the sharpshooters rode behind the cavalry in steel-clad, bullet-proof vehicles, armed with the new small calibre rifles, charged with smokeless powder.

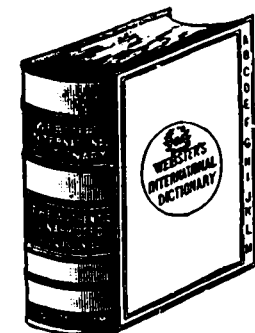
Their Good Point—At a ball.—The Countess of X—(to a captain of Hussars)—"Undoubtedly soldiers make the best husbands."

"How is that, senora?"

"Because they are accustomed to subordination."—El Noticiero.

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