

MOUNTAINEERING IN THE ST. JOHNS ALPS.

A TALE OF ADVENTURE

By Lieut. "X".

(With acknowledgements to Mark Twain.)

(There are many people living in St. Johns today, who, through a quite justifiable timidity, or through a regrettable lack of initiative, have never climbed Mount Johnston,—that majestic monolith, which towers above the plain some few miles to the East of our historic city.

Some weeks ago, there arrived in this old Garrison town, one who combined with his qualifications of "officer and gentleman", an indomitable spirit. It appears, moreover, that he had enjoyed an extensive experience in mountaineering in the Swiss Alps and in our own Canadian Rockies.

His eye, trained through years in the hard school of experience to note quickly the essential features of the landscape, instinctively took in the National, Poutré, Windsor and Chagnon. After that, he happened to notice Mount Johnston. And then there was nothing to it at all, at all. With indomitable courage, verging indeed almost on recklessness, he forthwith decided to scale the top-most pinnacle.

In the expedition, as subsequent-

ly organized, there was included a Special Correspondent of "Knots and Lashings". The copyrighted tale describing the ascent, will thus appear exclusively in the **Great Family Compendium**. Throughout the narrative, there breathes a spirit of hardihood and adventure, which should appeal strongly to the Engineers, whose ostensible "raison d'être" is to grapple with the untamed forces of nature,—and with mulligan. Well, here she goes.)

For many, many days, an indefinite, an intangible 'something', had cast its spell over the spirits of certain members of the justly celebrated Engineer Training Depot at St. Johns, P.Q. There were times when, contemplating the peculiar strategic movement of Classes 36-39 (incl.) both on and off Parade, one instinctively 'sensed' that military affairs and anticipation of their coming 'jour de gloire', did not fully occupy their waking thoughts. Thus, on one occasion at an O.C. inspection, young Mr. Blinkman had allowed his rifle to slip unobserved from a heedless hand, only to be regained by the owner, on a discreet observation murmured sympathetically by Capt. Powell. On another occasion, that stern disciplinarian, Mr. Mallett, had slipped a head-stall, reversed, over his horse's head, bringing the brow band where the jowl piece should have been,—an error which caused the

(Continued on page 14)



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A German professor has discovered that Napoleon was a German.
—News Ditpatch.

—"Record", Philadelphia.

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