

it did come from the opposite window—an' if that's possible, worse nor before—he made a demonstrathion to the rear, and small blame to him, and rowled undher the table along with the collecthor.

"Oh then, Ginerol, Ginerol," cries Costello, takin' him round the neck, 'but it's sorrow that's on me to think your time is come. It's forty years now, man and boy, that we've been fast friends; but its goin' yez are, for the divil a wan iver yet heard the Banshee screech like that but was dead and buried widin' three days, ochone, ochone!' 'Begorrah,' cries the Ginerol, resinting the decait the other was puttin' on him; 'is it shure it's not yerself, Mither Costello, that's booked be the dead coach? Be all the blind beggars of Cloncarty's but I'll take my 'varsal oath that that was *not* the screech of the Daly Banshee at all, at all; but of an Ulster spirit. Sure I recognised the Scotch dhronne in her pipes at wance, and the sorra a fear of a mishtake at all."

"Don't, Ginerol—don't be imperrilin' yer immortal sowl wid that delusion," cries the other, eagerly. 'It's as a friend I'm spakin', and be all the saints in the calinther that yowl niver came from the North. Oh, 'Thady, me frind, me frind! Is it goin' to lave me yez air in yer prime too. Ochone! Ochone! And with that he began to bawl out his *paters* and *aves* agin, so that the young blaguards outside, peepin' in through the winder blinds had to run away a bit to have their laugh out—the jocose divils. When they came back again wid a stock of gravity, begorrah, the ould boys were still in the stringth ov their argument undher the table, taken cowl'd comfort out ov the thoughts—the wan that it was the Daly Banshee, the other that it was the Costello spirit. So, just to prevint blows between them, Macnamara, the rogue, gives them another screech, that drew them like badgers from their den.'

"Oh, thin, Holy Mother of Moses, will yez tell me where's there runnin' wather,' roars out Costello, scramblin' from undher the table wid the Ginerol afther him.

"Wather wather,' says he, half mad with the fright that was on him.

"Run to me bath-room, ye sow,' cries the Ginerol; 'there's the big tub there, an', be the Powers, if it is not in it we are in a brace of shakes, it's a hould of us she'll have us, shure as there's frogs in France.'

"Faix, boys, the Collecthor sazed on the idea as if it was starvin' he was for want, and away the two of thim ran to the bath-room, and in wid them into the big tub, sittin' down in the wather, wan at aich ind, like a couple of Robinson Crusoes in a canoe, or Captain Cook and Columbus discoverin' the wurrild. The cadets—the blaguards—stole round to the bath-room window, laughin' fit to split, and there they heard the ould boys confessin' their sins and takin' absolution from aich other as well as they could with the cowl'd, for the wather was up to their chins, do you see, and the-month December."—*United Service Gazette*.

### Correspondence.

The Editor desires it distinctly understood that he does not hold himself responsible for the opinions expressed by correspondents.

#### COLLECTING REGIMENTAL ITEMS.

To the Editor of the Canadian Militia Gazette.

SIR,—What has recently been said in your columns under the head of Queries and Replies reminds one that very little has been done towards preserving the history of each individual militia corps. As time goes on much which is, or will be, of interest is forgotten, and cannot readily be traced. Let any officer who has lately joined the force, endeavor to learn the history of his corps, and he will soon find how little information he can obtain. Two or three incidents of more than ordinary note will be gathered, and the rest will most probably be a blank. As an instance of this, the fact may be cited, that not long since an officer who was giving up the command of the corps with which he had been connected many years, was asked the name of the officer whom he succeeded. He could not recollect, and diligent enquiry has so far failed to elicit the information.

A simple remedy is suggested, which if followed would at least preserve much which would be of future value. Let every officer, and particularly every commanding officer, provide himself with a scrap book, say of foolscap size, to be devoted exclusively to clippings from newspapers relating to military matters which affect his own corps. The press of the day usually record such matters as appointments and promotions, notices of inspections and marches out, regimental sports, and messes, competitions, prizes and band notes, etc. Every paragraph, complimentary or otherwise, in which the corps is mentioned should be cut out and preserved. The number of items collected in this way in the course of a year, especially in the case of city corps will be surprising. When a commanding officer retires his scrap book should be handed down to his successor, who should continue on the collecting, and in this way, each corps will have a history of its own affairs, which in time will be of great value, and which will tend to individualize corps, and to make each one value the more their connection therewith.

A. C. O.

#### PERMANENT CORPS GRIEVANCES.

To the Editor of the Canadian Militia Gazette

DEAR SIR,—Not long ago I noticed in your columns a letter from a person signing himself "Cloudy," in which he exposed some of the grievances of the permanent force of Canada.

Lately an event has happened which bears out his statement and shows up with renewed light the unfairness under which this portion of the militia exist. Let me draw your attention to the instances following:

Lt.-Col. McGill joined the R. M. C. as major in 1883; he becomes a lieut.-col. in 1886 after three years' service in the college.

Major Short joined the permanent force in 1871. After fifteen years service, including North-West rebellion and mentioned in despatches, still a major.

Major Wilson joined permanent force 1872. Egyptian medal; still a major.

Capt. Van Straubensee graduated at R. M. C. December, 1880, joined R. E. Appointed instructor R. M. C. October, 1886, and made captain local army rank (this makes him senior to all captains in Canadian militia).

Capt. Peters joined permanent force 1873. Red river third expedition command of detachments A & B batteries; commanded A battery, regiment Canadian artillery during North-West rebellion, 1885; mentioned in despatches; still a captain.

Thus Capt. Peters sees the boy who joined as a cadet while he held his present rank now his senior. There are other officers in the same condition. This is extremely gratifying and encouraging to the officers of the regiment Canadian artillery, and I suppose there are people who will still maintain they have nothing to complain of.

But after a glance at the dates I think we can see a reason for cadets of the R. M. C. refusing anything in the Canadian regular force, when they can obtain anything regular in any other force in the universe.

December 23, 1886.

VOUCHER.

### Regimental Notes.

We wish to publish information respecting all the doings of all corps. Will the officers interested, particularly at a distance, assist us by having news relating to their corps promptly forwarded?

#### CHRISTMAS WITH "B" COMPANY, I.S.C. ST. JOHNS.

**St. Johns.**—In commemoration of the great festival of Christmas the library of B company, in which the men partook of dinner was tastefully decorated. Wreaths of evergreens were fantastically pendent from the ceiling, streamers of blue and red were arranged on one side of the apartment, while, in striking through pleasing contrast, streamers of orange and pink were placed on the opposite. Conspicuous and brilliant were the stars and shields formed of bayonets, of cleaning rods and chains, and of helmet chains and spikes on silver ground. Mottoes with appropriate inscriptions glittered in the lamp lights. In addition, what with the bunting, almost transparent and light as gossamer, the chains of variegated paper, oscillating with every stir of the air, the festoons of artificial flowers, the flags of many nations, the refulgent glare of the lamps, and the mellow lights emitted by the Chinese lanterns, the scarlet tunics of the soldiers constituted a scene that the beholder would scarcely believe a reality, but would rather fancy it one of which he had read in the "Arabian Nights Entertainments." Nor could he fail to observe the sparkle of medals, the gift of their Sovereign, on many manly breasts, some of which were won beneath the hot suns of Africa, while others were gained by participation in the victory of Batoche. Here, however, the Soudan hero forgets the burning sands of Egypt, and the gallant soldier who was besmeared with mud in the trenches at Batoche now looks clean and happy enjoying the gladsome festival of peace and good will.

At one o'clock, the commandant, Col. D'Orsonnens, with the other officers of the company arrived, accompanied by Madame Coursol, the Hon. Mr. Marchand, M. P. P., Rev. J. F. Renaud, E. R. Smith, Esq., *St. Johns News*, Mr. Decelle, Mr. Heward, Manager Merchants Bank, St. Johns, Mr. Wurtele and other distinguished citizens.

The popular and genial commandant asked if there were "any complaints" and then told the men how sorry Mme. D'Orsonnens was not to be able to visit them on this occasion. He inculcated the necessity of obedience to discipline, and, alluding to the defaulters, said he thought none the less of his "intimate friends," though he was sometimes obliged to award them severe punishment, but this was the fault of the "Queen's Regulations," and having addressed some words of encouragement, he proposed the toast of "Her Majesty the Queen," which was honored in the usual way. The men were sorry for the absence of the Countess D'Orsonnens, who is highly esteemed by them. The Hon. Mr. Marchand then addressed the company, and referring to the period of the Fenian invasion was glad to meet again his old comrade in arms, Col. D'Orsonnens, he complimented the men on their martial appearance, spoke of the good feeling which had always existed between himself and the company, and expressed his belief that B company would compare favorably with any of the permanent Canadian forces. Sergeant-Major Phillips proposed the health of the commandant, Col. D'Orsonnens, this toast was promptly answered by the company rising to their feet, drinking his health and then giving three cheers in his honor. Rev. Mr. Renaud spoke of the happiness of meeting his comrades again, assuring them he wished to be classed as one of the "boys," congratulated them on their fine military appearance, on their general good behavior, expressed his hope that they would often meet on similar occasions, but having observed the men's tunic's slightly too big and also that the tables were groaning under the weight of plum puddings and other good things, he would not further detain them, but would allow them to do justice to the ample repast before them. Sergt.-Major Phillips proposed, in happy terms the toast of the "Citizens of St. Johns." In response, Mr. Smith, the talented editor of the *St. Johns News*, said this was the third time he had had the pleasure of addressing the soldiers on a similar occasion; on the first occasion he addressed words of encouragement, on the second words of approbation, and on the present occasion he had also to address them in approving terms. Complimenting the men on their appearance, their deportment and conduct in the streets, and expressing the hope that the best of good feeling would exist in the future as in the past between the military and citizens of St. Johns, he concluded amid the plaudits which a speech, so gracefully worded, could not fail to evoke.

The dinner consisted of turkey, goose, roast pork, plum pudding, confectionery in infinite variety, fruits of this and of almost all other lands—in short there was nothing wanting. Each man got a sufficient supply of beer or cider as his fancy preferred. Corpl. Walsh, with a sufficient staff of waiters, attended with much satisfaction to the wants of every one.

Delighted themselves, and having given delight to the men, the colonel, officers and guests proceeded to the sergeants' mess, when Sergt.-Instructor Rivest proposed the health of the commandant. The colonel delivered a short but neat speech, in which he expressed a hope that his present non-commissioned officers would serve many years under his command, said "the non-commissioned officers were the link which attached the men to him, and that by their zeal and attention to duties discipline could best be maintained. Sergt.-Instructor Duplessis proposed the toast of "Our Guests." In reply Hon. Mr. Marchand, amongst other complimentary allusions, expressed his belief that in intelligence and other military qualities the non-commissioned officers of B company were second to none in Canada.

Thus was spent a happy time between the soldiers of St. Johns and its citizens. Long may this good feeling continue.

Private Bachand, who is quite an artist, decorated the room under the supervision of the sergt.-major, ably assisted by Sergt.-Instructors Rivest and Duplessis.