

## Half Hours Off Duty.

### A STORY OF THE WAR OF 1812.

By James Hannay.—From The Empire.

(Continued from Page 224.)

"It is strange, father," said Samuel Wright, "that when you gave the toast to the memory of Simcoe last year, the name of Brock was immediately mentioned, and now it is coupled with that of Simcoe again, in death."

"Brock," replied the Squire, "was a very great man, and he did for Canada in the course of a few weeks more than it seemed possible for a single man to accomplish; his death was a dreadful loss; we can never replace him."

"Still," broke in Sutherland, "it may all be for the best, for Brock has become a heroic memory in Canada, a soldier who never knew defeat, and his name will be handed down to all time as the saviour of this Province, which indeed he was."

"But what of next year?" said Mary timidly; "can we resist the enemy in another campaign?"

"Hardly," replied Sutherland, "and that leads me to suggest that it would be best for your mother and you to retire to your brother's house at Stoney Creek, where you will hardly see an American soldier next year."

"Mary can do as she pleases," Mrs. Wright said with a resolute air, "but as for me, I will stay by my husband's side."

"And I," said Mary, "will stay with my father and mother."

Squire Wright had a proud look as he glanced at the faces of his wife and daughter. "Then," said he, "we will stand or fall together. My wife thinks that the proper place for a woman is to be with her husband, and perhaps she is right. The enemy may occupy Newark, but they will hardly molest women, or men who are unable to bear arms."

"If Fort George is attacked from the Lake," resumed Sutherland, "the inhabitants of Newark will be in great danger, even if the enemy were disposed to act up to the most exact rules of civilized warfare, which I doubt. Ladies, you had best think over the matter again and perhaps you may change your minds."

Sutherland's supposition, however, proved to be quite wrong. Mrs. Wright did not change her mind and both mother and daughter continued to reside in the homestead at Newark, despite the menacing attitude of the enemy on the other side of the Niagara River.

#### Chapter III.

On the 27th May, 1813, the Americans made their grand attack on Fort George and Newark, and the attack was made as Sutherland had anticipated, from the lake. Fort George and the small works about it was defended by about one thousand regulars and three hundred militia, who were assailed by four-fold numbers of the enemy and compelled to retire. The Lincoln militia fought that day shoulder to shoulder with the 8th British regiment, which bore on its banners the names of the glorious victories won in Marlborough's time, yet the Canadians did no discredit to their brave brothers in arms. Of the one hundred and fifty militia engaged in the left wing under Colonel Myers eighty-five were killed or wounded, yet General Vincent, whose incapacity was largely responsible for the disaster at Fort George, did not consider the dreadful losses sustained by the militia of sufficient importance to be mentioned in his despatch. It was in the left wing that Sutherland fought that day, but, although comrades fell by his side every moment no bullet touched him, and he came out of the battle with no other injury than the mental one which was caused by the defeat which the army had suffered.

Sutherland's feelings were not of an enviable nature as he wearily trudged with the retreating army towards Beaver Dam at the close of that eventful day. It was not merely that a great disaster had been sustained and that Fort George had fallen. Newark was in the possession of the enemy; Squire Wright was a prisoner, and he himself was debarred from seeing his beloved Mary or ministering to the wants of his friends. It was perhaps better for him and for the others who took part in the retreat, that the actual dangers of the situation called rather for action than reflections on the past. Three days after the Fort George affair the army was safely encamped on Burlington Heights.

The so-called battle of Stoney Creek, which followed the retreat to Burlington Heights, has been often described, and it is well known that the initiative in the affair was due to Lieut.-Colonel Harvey, who was afterwards Governor both of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. It was surely a bold proposal to attack a victorious enemy in his own camp, and that with a very inferior force. But it is not so well known that the success of the affair was largely due to the courage of a Canadian militia-

man. The evening before the battle Sutherland was summoned by an orderly to accompany him to headquarters, and to his great astonishment found himself in a tent in the presence of General Vincent, Lieut.-Col. Harvey and Lieut.-Col. Clarke. As he entered he heard the latter say in an undertone, "This is the man."

(To be continued.)

### Christmas With the Mounted Infantry.

The Strange Impressions left upon a Newspaper Man.

(From the Winnipeg Siftings.)

THE boys made up their minds to celebrate Christmas in grand style, so they chipped in and had a dinner surpassing anything of the kind ever thought of at Fort Osborne; and didn't the infants enjoy it—well I should audibly cachinate. They fairly revelled in turkey and plum pudding and other fixin's too numerous to mention. Nor was the apostle's advice unheeded; the rosy was passed and repassed during the repast till at last most of the roisterers were passed under the table.

When the dissipated notes of the bugle warned them that it was time for guard mounting there was a general scramble, among those who were for guard, for rifles and accoutrements.

The guard fell in on the barrack square—it had a round appearance somehow that afternoon—the inspecting officer appeared and the guard stood at "shun."

"She—sh—sholler—hep! 'Specshun port—hep," ordered the officer.

"I'll take whizky," said the right-hand man. "I never drinkshsport."

"Open ze breech block," said the officer, sternly.

"Zamine hep! Azalright. To your gar—quick march!"

Then the lonely sentry took his post—the gate-post—and leaned heavily against it to hide his emotion. The sounds of revelry from the banqueting hall were ever and anon wafted to his ears. After a while a comrade stood beside him in the twilight cold and gray, and said, "I've brought you something, lad, to pass the time away."

The weary sentry staggered as he put forth his right hand and said, "What is it—whiskey—this is bully—this is grand. Bear a hand, old man, and hold me, hold this blooming old carbine. You're a dandy from away back. Leave me now and go and dine."

Then the sentry felt better; his spirits revived, and he humped up and down his beat singing softly and laboriously. Presently the "Rounds" approached. "Oo comes there?" "Wownds." "Wha wownds?" "Vistin' wownds." "Vance, vistin' wownds, allswell." "Giv y'rorders."

"All ri', sir. 'Ta' care all Government property; allow no one t' pass th'out counnersine; 'n case o' fire alarm thagard."

"Ver good, senry. Goo-nite." "Goodni', sir."

Thus are the strict rules of the service somewhat relaxed on festive occasions; and why not? Does not the immortal bard make Iago sing—

"And let me the canakin, clink, clink:

And let me the canakin clink—

A soldier's a man,

O, man's life's but a span,

Why, then, let a soldier drink."

An officer of the U. S. Army, travelling abroad, writes: "I have been watching the Italian troops start for Africa. They are well prepared for field service. Their uniforms and equipments are well adapted for service in a hot country."

"What kind of foliage do you consider the most pleasing?" asked the Professor of Botany at West Point of a student. "Leaves of absence," was the reply of the homesick cadet.



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