

whose hope it is to win a place on this team to see these men sneaking off in this way.

But we will hope for better times and I trust that you will lend your space to this kick from a

RIFLE-SHOT,

Montreal, June 26, 1893.

The Ed. Can. Mil. Gazette,—

Dear Sir: I note, with horror, in the advance programme of the D.R.A. matches printed in the daily papers, that the old and unsatisfactory manner of serving out ammunition is again to be reverted to, viz., the purchasing on the ranges by the competitors, of the ammunition required for the matches. Why this should be I cannot surmise; is it because the official in charge of the ammunition cannot keep his accounts straight? Or is it because the council wish to have a breeze over the ammunition question every year?

If the first is the reason, better transfer the ammunition man to some post he can fill more able. Any old apple woman should be able to keep track of the number of rounds served out at a properly organized range. When the range boxes are returned to store the coupon should correspond with the number of rounds sent to the firing points. Why we competitors should be saddled with this unnecessary piece of nonsense is something quite incomprehensible to me.

Apart from the fact that this rule leaves open a considerable loophole for competitors to use other ammunition of a different issue it adds considerably to the element of danger by enforcing every one of the four hundred and odd competitors to carry with them from ten to thirty rounds.

At Bisley, that modern paragon of rifle meetings, a single round of ammunition cannot be purchased in camp, for obvious reasons.

I hope to see you take this matter up, Mr. Editor, and look for a vehement protest from my fellow competitors from all parts of Canada.

MARK IV.

The Queen's Sailors at New York

There is no denying the fact that the blue jackets of Admiral Hopkins, fleet captured the hearts of the New Yorkers. Even that rabid enemy of England and everything English the Sun, had this to say about the British visitors: "Behind the back of Vice Admiral Sir John O. Hopkins, K.C. B., it is quite proper to say something that could not be said gracefully to his face, for the reason that it would make that gallant sailor blush as red as one of his own lobster marines. Sir John captured New York, and held the people of this town captive as long as his ships swung to the North river tides. His courtesy, his tact, his unfailing disposition to please and be pleased, and above all, his unmistakable true-blue stuff and manliness, completed the conquest that was begun by the admiration compelled in impartial minds by the appearance of the splendid sea-going and sea-fighting

machine which Sir John commands. Good luck attend the "Blake," the "Australia," the "Magicienne," and the little "Tartar!" Good luck to their commander, and to those under him. The British admiral has done more than any other visiting Englishman in recent years to create and cement friendship between the two English-speaking nations."

The evening edition of the Sun, a couple of days previous related the following incident: Last Saturday afternoon a group of sailors from the Magicienne and Tartar stood on Riverside drive talking to an old man with a high hat and gold eyeglasses. The old man had stopped them and was asking them to explain several matters about their respective ships.

They conversed for about 10 minutes. Then the old man put his hand in his pocket and drew out some \$1 bills. He offered a bill to each man. The sailors drew back affronted. They refused to accept them.

Finally one of them, who acted as spokesman, said, touching his cap:

"Much obliged, sir, but we don't take money—we earn all we want. But," he added in a propitiatory tone, "if you 'ad a cigar, sir, we'd be willin' to smoke it."

But the old man did not smoke, unfortunately. He walked away looking very blank.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Saluting Question.

The question having been raised in Toronto whether a volunteer is compelled to salute an officer when he meets him in plain clothes on the street and a Toronto morning paper having twice asserted in its military column that volunteers were obliged by military regulations to do so, the Adjutant General the officer commanding was asked what the rules of the Canadian militia were on the subject. He replied in effect that there was no order on the point and that it was, therefore, optional with the volunteer as to whether he saluted an officer in civilian dress when he met him on the street. As officers were commissioned by the Crown, and not elected by members of the force, the volunteers were not supposed to know one man from another in civilian's dress. Of course if he happened to know an officer of his corps under such circumstances it would be quite a proper thing to salute, but it was not obligatory. It is obvious to those acquainted with our volunteer system that this construction of the rule by the Adjutant General is the only workable practice. There are many privates in the ranks quite equal in social rank with their captains, and while ever ready to recognize their inferior rank in uniform and while on military duty, would present any rule or regulation requiring them to salute fellow citizens they meet on the streets a dozen times every day. Militia headquarters, however, does not permit the members of a company to meet in civilian dress, take action relating to military affairs and then shelter themselves from responsibility by claiming that their civilian dress exempted them from the military consequences of their acts. This

was the case in appeal recently dealt with at headquarters, with the result that a whole company was read out of the service in British Columbia.—Trompette in Quebec Telegraph.

Those Bullet Proof Clothes.

Yes, let me like a soldier fall!

But, stay, that wish is vain.
Clothed in the Mannheim overall
I shall not fall again.

All vainly I with heaving breast
Shall seek a warrior's tomb,
For I have that upon my chest
Which mocks a hero's doom.

This wire-meshed plastron on my chest,
Doth mock a soldier's doom—
Doth mock a soldier's doom.

Yet, blame me not that this should be
When I to battle go:

Nor think that still with chivalry
My heart is not aglow.

Though o'er my clay no chargers prance,
Believe me, once for all,
That still, if I'd the slightest chance,
I'd like a soldier fall.

That still, with proud, disdainful glance,
I'd like a soldier fall—
I'd like a soldier fall.

Meanwhile, if by the hurtling ball
No one of us is dropped—

If no one like a soldier fall,
Promotion must be stopped.

Avaunt! then—take that coat away,
Which bullets can repel;

And, as our dirge, still sing the lay
That we like soldiers fell!

Still sing that good old crusted lay,
That we like soldiers fell—
That we like soldiers fell!

—London Truth.

Additions to the British Fleet.

The British admiralty has given positive orders that between now and April 1, 1894, the following new ships must be completed, and be ready for service: The first-class battle-ships Empress of India, Repulse, Ramilies, Resolution and Royal Oak, each of 14,150 tons displacement, 13,000 horse-power, 17 1-2 knots speed, and a battery of four 13 1-2-inch and 10 6 inch breech-loading rifles, 28 rapid firing guns, besides machine guns and torpedo launching tubes; the first-class Barfleur and Centurion, of 10,500 tons displacement, 18 1-4 knots speed and a heavy armament for each; the first-class protected cruisers Crescent, Endymion, St. George, Gibraltar, Grepton and Thesens, of 19 knots speed, and each carrying two 9-inch and ten 6-inch breech-loading rifles, and various rapid-firing and machine guns; the second-class protected cruisers Cambria, Arctura and Bonaventure, each of 19 1-2 knots speed, and an armament of two 6-inch rifles, eight rapid-firing guns and several Hotchkiss revolving cannon and machine guns. There will also be ten first-class torpedo gunboats, the Speedy, with 20 1-4 knots speed, and the Anelope, Dryad, Hazard, Hebe, Leda, Onyx, Reward, Jaseur, and Niger, each with a speed of 19 1-4 knots.

The light armored Italian cruiser Marco Polo, recently launched at Castellamare, is peculiar in this feature of construction,