

including even privates, some thousands of whom have put in as many as thirty-three years' efficient work. It is computed that there are about 7,000 non-commissioned officers entitled to the honor, and should the decorations be extended to the privates there will be at least another 15,000 men to receive Her Majesty's gift.

The destructive effects of the Lee-Metford rifle bullets were demonstrated at the recent Bombay riots in a remarkable way. A rioter was hit upon the shin, and when he was examined at the hospital it was found that the bone was "shattered to the smallest fragments" from the knee to the ankle.

Two American naval cadets—Messrs. W. van N. Powelson and D. C. Nutting—have been selected by the Secretary of the United States Navy for an advanced course of instruction in naval architecture at Glasgow University. The course embraces three years' study, at the end of which the students will be commissioned Assistant Naval Constructors, with the rank of junior lieutenant.

William Gordon, the author of so many good hand-books on drill, is dead, and the announcement will be received with regret in our service, for his books were much read in Canada. The following letter appears in a recent number of the United Service Gazette: Sir,—By the death of our old comrade and friend, the late Quartermaster William Gordon, Gordon Highlanders, the Army loses a man who was held not only in general respect by those who knew him as a friend, but by almost every aspirant to promotion from the ranks to any grade; for who has not used one or other of his works to assist them on their way? I knew him well; and now I desire to do all I can to assist his widow, who is, I regret to say, left in needy circumstances, owing to a very great extent to the heavy expenses caused by the late Mr. Gordon's long illness (two years and seven months), one doctor's bill alone being over £60, and this is not the only one that will have to be met. On Mrs. Gordon's behalf I appeal to all generous-minded people in the Army and Volunteers. Many friends have already come forward with much-needed assistance and kind offers of help. Mr. Gordon's life was not insured in any club or society. Mrs. Gordon's address is:—Melrose Cottage, Kingston Road, Staines, Middlesex; and any subscriptions may be sent to Mr. Black, the Rifle Ranges, Staines, who will acknowledge the same.

I am, etc.

Admiral Sir A. H. Hoskins, K. C. B., who, in the ordinary course of events, would have been retired on September 1, when he reached the age of sixty-five, is to remain in office as First Sea Lord until November, when he will make way for Sir F. W. Richards, but the name of the new Second Sea Lord has not yet been disclosed.

Rear-Admiral E. H. Seymour, C. B., whose appointment as second in command of the Channel Squadron expired on September 6, is to fly his flag for another year, on the ground that while he was superintending the salvage of the Howe he was losing experience as a flag officer at sea.

The experiments tried during the recent German Army manoeuvres with five trained dogs—two Scotch and three German sheep-dogs—and the satisfactory reports concerning them, has once more attracted attention to the question of how far dogs may be usefully employed in modern warfare. The dogs referred to car-

ried despatches from out-posts to headquarters and back again very speedily, distinguishing themselves—and this is looked upon as an important point—especially by night. Their keen scent and instinct showed them to be particularly valuable as searchers for wounded men.

A new explosive, which is designated to replace the powder now in use by the German Artillery, has been tried, and it is said to have given the most satisfactory results. It is stated to be almost smokeless, to give little or no recoil, and very little detonation.

An English authority, in speaking of heavy guns, states that the 110-ton gun, 61-inch bore, will fire ninety-five ordinary rounds, after which the gun is unfit for further service. The 67-ton, 13 1/2-inch bore, will fire 127 rounds, and the 45-ton gun, 12 inches bore, will fire 150 rounds before becoming useless. The cost of the British 110-ton gun is \$82,500; that of the 67-ton gun is \$54,500; and that of the 45-ton gun \$31,500.

A Regimental Flirtation.

By Robt. L. Adamson and Julian Harris.

Punctuality was a virtue that Lieutenant Cameron Cardgrove had acquired with his military training. In the matter of keeping appointments he regarded it as of quite as much importance as precision in things military.

As he entered the room the sonorous-toned bronze clock on the mantel began to slowly mark the hour of eight. He noted somewhat impatiently that none of his friends had arrived and to assure himself that the solemn old timepiece had not gone astray, he glanced at his own trusty open-face watch. The slender hands indicated three seconds past eight o'clock. The slight trace of anxiety on his face quickly gave way to a thoughtful look.

Having relieved his mind on the score of promptness he tossed his heavy army overcoat on the table and crossed to the fire. He stood spreading out his hands to catch the ruddy warmth and began to utilize his spare moments arranging his story in his mind.

Major Howell Nesbitt's blithe voice broke in upon his reverie.

"Just in time," the major came in saying. "You here, Cardgrove, and those stairs."

alone? Where are the other fellows? How are you? Pretty good climb—

Without waiting for Cardgrove to reply the major ran on.

"You look as if you have a good story for us, Cardgrove," he continued, taking his seat. "I hope you are feeling well, although you are to be our Sinbad tonight. That story of a Harding's had a bad ending, didn't it? Try to get through yours without killing anybody."

Cardgrove smiled grimly and his half-uttered reply was cut short by the unceremonious and unannounced arrival of Blake Hornady, Carter Handy, Sammy Smythe, Stuart Harding and Roger Cleary, who came trooping up from the street in a jolly party.

"Why here he is ahead of us," exclaimed Sammy. "My, ain't he serious looking, though?" and added to Harding: "I hope he won't give us anything about melted helmets, Indian cocktails officer's wives who flirt with the secretaries and modest clerks of the home embassy. I want some fight."

"Been reading Kipling, eh?" returned Harding. "His stories are good, but Cardgrove will give us one with a

different flavor." To the lieutenant he said: "I hope you'll enjoy your story better than I did mine."

"Of course," Cardgrove began, dismissing the observations of his friends without reply, "mine is an army story. Harding told a newspaper story, naturally, and naturally I will draw mine from soldier life. It occurred while I was stationed out west, some years ago. I am not going to tell where," he added quickly, as he glanced at the irrepressible Sammy, who was just on the verge of asking for more details, "for it would be doing an injustice to a most estimable lady—to two most estimable ladies, and I am not going to use real names either.

"The greater part of what I am going to tell transpired beneath my very eyes. The other portions were told to me at various times until I had enough broken threads to put together and make a coherent story. I was a second lieutenant and my Fidus Achates, Richard Dean Meriwether, was a first lieutenant.

"It is not the fulsome eulogy of a friend when I say he was a brave, gallant, happy-hearted man. His personability always conveyed an idea of strength and youth. His promotion from second lieutenant he had won by an act of bravery in a skirmish with the Blackfeet. Whenever he told us about it he would end by saying: 'But they are such cowards, you know.'

"First Lieutenant Meriwether was the pride of his company; Lieutenant Meriwether was the beau of the post and first favorite with everybody from the sutler's boy to the colonel, and Dean Meriwether, handsome and wholesome, was hail-fellow well met with every officer at the post. He had the faculty of winning and keeping the friendship of every one he was thrown with; a happy faculty, by the way, which few men possess along with the other fine qualities that Deane had.

"It was always a wonder to me how he kept the friendship of that despicable little martinet, Marlow, and mine too. But he did it. He went in society a great deal. As the beau of the post it was impossible for him to miss a card party, a ride on horseback with the ladies or a hop, without some comment and more inquiries.

"A man of his qualities is always made a great deal of by women. They flatter him with a thousand little attentions that the ordinary man, like myself for instance, never receives. If there was a female flirt at the post she instructively selected Deane as a mark; but he was not a flirt. Far from it. Perhaps he did say little things to women that he did not altogether mean—all men do. Perhaps he paid them those small attentions that a gallant man always pays to a woman who flatters him—those meaningless attentions that are very significant in a woman's eyes when they come from a handsome man.

"Marriageable young women at an army post just as at any other civilized place, always keep out a weather eye for their ideal man. Ideals differ, of course, but they have many points in common. Deane belonged to that class of men who combine more of the elements of a woman's ideal in their personality than other men. Not one of the marriageables—or unmarriedables, either—at our post would have deemed herself unfortunate to resign a waltz with some other fellow to take a turn with Lieutenant Meriwether. He was not only a ball-room favorite, but in the sense that a woman regards a man when she has matrimony in view, he stood ahead of us all.

"Something in his nature brought all of this feminine feeling to the surface. What I mean to say is that a woman