

there was anything troubling him and if I could be of any service to him, and he, well, to make a long story short, this is what he said:—

"God Almechty, mon, I'm thinkin' I must be lossin' ma weets altogether. Ye ken! mon, I was readin' in yon "Scottish Canadian" about the braw Forty-Eighth Highlanders gangin' ta hold a lot 'o games we bawg-pipe playin' and dancin' an' a that. So sea I ta ma guid wife, Janet "hoot! woman, I'll tak the treep int'l the city un hai a guid day's spoort wi ma auld cronies. So doon I came, d'ye ken, an' I was just idlin when I came across yon group o' brawny Hielanment. The secht o' them fairly carried ma bawek to bonnie Scotlan', an' I thoct ta masel whares there anither land under the sun but Scotlan' that cud produce three sich gran speecimens o' perfect manhood? wi they're braw chests an' theyre sturdy legs, ma very heart warmed ta the three o' them. I went oop an said til the big gen "an hoos it wi ye the Jay?", He smiled and answered "Oh! sure and Oim hearty thanky e koindly, Scotty." Weel, the mon's accent was puzzlin' ta me an' I asked if he'd bin lang oot. "Long out, is it? ye spalpeen!" he said. "Sure, an Oive been on the polis force five years come (chewsda' an Oi only quit two months back. It's nearly six years since I left the County Armagh, d'ye call that bein' long out, ye divil?"

Ma certes, mon, I was dumfounded, so I tuened ta anither won an asket him what peart o' Scotlan' he hailed fra. "Wot part of Scotland? he said, "Why, blawst me bloomin' heyes, hi was born midway between Putney hand Mortlake, close by the bloomin' soap works, hand s'help me Bob Hi wishes I'd stayed there. Why hat 'ome in Hengland they calls me 'andsome 'Arry, but hout 'ere they calls me a bloomin' chump and ha blawsted British bloke. Wot part of Scotland? well, blaust me bloomin' peepers, hi likes that, hi does."

God almiechty, mon, I was stawggered, and was just recoverin' fra ma surprise when a gran lookin' Hielan' mon wi his bawg pipe under his arm, stepped up an' asked me if I had the time o' lay. I tellt him whot o'clock it was, and then remark-ed that it was a sicht for sore een ta get a glimpse of yon bawg-pipes; I asket him if he learned ta play in Glasca. "No, py dam," he answered. "I don't pelieve me. I was blay der drombone in der Heintzmanns Band undt der band godt himself broke up so I got me a chob mit der forty-achd do blay der pag-bip s. and its a dam bully goot chob too dont it? Ach Himmel! I don't heart of Glasca, you call him! It don't vas some place near Berlin vere I come from anyhow."

Ye ken, mon, ma head was fairly splectin'. I was at ma weets ends, mon, So I went oop ta a policeman an said til him "God almiechty, mon, is there na Scotch here the day, d'ye ken," and whot d'ye spose he saie til me? He jest winket his een an' jerket his thoomb over his shoulder an said, "So-ho, me hould buck, its "Scotch" yer afther, is it? Well, I'm not a drinkin' man mesel, but I can sympathise with a thirsty gosson, anyhow. If its "Scotch" you want ye'll boit about two dozen bottles of it over in the judge's tent byant,

but for hiven's sake, Scotty, don't giv me away for puttin' ye on to it, an' whisper, if ye do find it don't make a beast of yourself."

Mc certes, mon, I'm that rottled I wunna be masel fer a week or more."

MAXWELL DREW.

Toronto, Sept. 1, '93.

### Sir Evelyn Wood on the Volunteer Week Aldershot.

Sir Evelyn Wood has forwarded to the General Officers Commanding the District from which Volunteer Corps went to Aldershot last month his observations on the work and experience of the week. The total of Volunteers was 743 officers and 16,669 of other ranks, and the General notes a progressive advance in the equipment of the Force. Speaking of the health of the troops, Sir Evelyn Wood says:—"Notwithstanding the abnormal heat, and that many of the men were totally unaccustomed to such exercises as fall daily to the soldier, the health of the Volunteer was decidedly good. Eighteen men were detained in hospital for a short time on August 9, and one admitted who, to my great regret, died. He had been permitted to extend his service on account of his excellent character and efficiency as a shot. In future no one of his age (nearly sixty) shall be allowed to undertake during very hot weather the duties of a soldier in the ranks on conditions approximating those of field service." The General states that he has been unable to ascertain that there were any cases of insubordination on August 9, as has been alleged on August 10 "there was one serious case, when all but four men of a company absented themselves from a brigade parade. This will be dealt with in the district to which the brigade belongs. The prevailing faults in the work of the week are stated to be "all incidental to partly-trained troops, and it cannot be expected that Volunteers can march or drill on equal terms with soldiers of the Line. On several occasions companies were moved by command of Staff-sergeants, the captain and other officers obeying the command. Sergeants should be forbidden to give any orders except when in command of sections." In regard to the field-day of August 9, the General says:—"Many of the published statements were exaggerated and I have been unable to verify statements that a battalion broke up on its return march; yet some of the men, from a variety of circumstances, suffered considerably. On the other hand, some men of the brigade which was most severely tried were seen taking part in athletic sports in the evening." In enumerating the causes of the Volunteers' suffering on that day, Sir Evelyn Wood mentions that some men were found to have left Aldershot with their water-bottes empty, while others exhausted their supply before the tactical work began. Many

men, too, had not breakfast, although the earliest parade was 5.45, and in one case it was alleged that men accustomed to breakfast at eight could not eat at five. The remark on this is:—"Healthy men, who do not drink too much alcohol over night, can always eat ten hours after a meal. Volunteers who cannot eat, when necessary, at five are unfit for even home service."

In many cases no food was carried in haversacks; in others the men were badly booted, and in others they were marched too fast on the return journey. In concluding Sir Evelyn Wood says:—"Battalions and brigades vary greatly as to capacity of officers, discipline, smartness, and general efficiency, some few approaching that of the Line, while others are very weak in many of the qualities which constitute the soldier. There is, however, a continuous improvement, and much more could be done if the civil occupations of the men permitted the brigades to visit Aldershot in succession, instead of all coming in one week." Throughout the week there was but one trivial complaint as to quantity of rations, and the quality of the bread and meat gave satisfaction.

### SOLDIER STORIES.

A raw Scotch lad joined the Volunteers, and on the first parade his sister came, together with his mother, to see the regiment. When it was marching past, Jock was out of step. "Look, mither," said his sister, "they're a out o' step but oor Jock."

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There is an old story concerning the famous Russian soldier, Marshall Suvaroff, which will bear repeating. He was fond of confusing the men under his command by asking them unexpected and absurd questions.

One bitter January night, he rode up to the sentry and demanded "How many stars are there in the sky?"

The soldier answered coolly: "Wait a little and I'll tell you, sir," and he deliberately commenced counting: "One, two, three," etc.

When he reached one hundred, Suvaroff, who was half-frozen, thought it high time to ride off, not however, without inquiring the name of the ready reckoner.

Next day the latter found himself promoted.

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I can vouch for the authenticity of the following little anecdote. The scene was a recent English Brigda camp. A certain officer was trotting his ten-year-old daughter round the camp. Suddenly the Brigadier's aide-de-camp loomed into view, with all the gay trappings and finery incidental to his full-dress uniform.

"Papa!" queried little Miss Innocent, "whoever is that?"

"Oh, that's the aide-de-camp," snorted the "papa."

"The acorn! What a funny name!"