

**THE LATE MAJOR SHORT.**

In "Love and Peril," a Canadian story of life in the far North West by the Marquis of Lorne, recently published in the Montreal *Star*, the distinguished bravery of Major Short of B. Battery, Quebec, who took an active part in the suppression of the North West insurrection, and who was killed a few months ago in his endeavour to prevent the spread of the St. Sauveur, Quebec, fire, is recognized as follows: "We had with us men of the Mounted Police—a gallant corps—well accustomed to Indian manners, whether hostile or friendly. We had the brave Short, the *beau ideal* of an artillery officer, who would have been an ornament and credit to any service, and was the pride and darling of our own. ....At day break we were near the Indian camp. Our guns opened with shrapnel as soon as the enemy was felt. Their fire was brisk, and our men suffered a good deal, this zeal causing them to expose themselves too freely. I was near Short, who with Rutherford, was directing the fire of the guns, Short, as our leader, (Col. Otter) afterwards said, seemed to have a charmed life, as he coolly stood in the front lines working the guns. The action was very sharp, and it was difficult to see the enemy's sharp shooters, hidden as they were in the brushwood. While I was watching a severe contest on my left, I heard some one shout "Look out there—look at those fellows," and I saw a party of many Indians in the bush close to us. They came quickly, making a rush for the Gatling. In an instant, Short, with his revolver and sword drawn, had called us to him; and following him we rushed at the enemy. I remember only seeing Short's light forage cap lifted on his head by a shot that passed through it, and then I saw him hand to hand with the Indians, shooting one and rushing for another, who fired at him but missed. The Indian fell, a war whoop on his lips. We fired and fired, and the enemy ran. I stopped for a moment at the body of the Indian who had fired last at Short. ....We limbered up the guns with great difficulty, and retired slowly, the gun trails having been broken and difficult to move. Short, ever at the post of danger, was the last to go, ever giving a return fire to the sharp ping of the enemy's bullets. They did not pursue us and we reached Battleford in good order, carrying all our dead but one." It is generally admitted that the Canadian forces were saved from defeat in this action, by the personal

bravery and courageous example of Major Short, whose men would follow him anywhere.

The Detroit *Free Press* souvenir number for 1890, is published as a supplement to the weekly edition of Dec. 19th. It is beautifully illustrated in colors, conspicuous amongst which are a reproduction of Millet's famous painting "The Angelus" "A Roman Maiden," "The Snow Queen," "Out in the Cold," "Out in the Rain," and a reproduction of Powell's celebrated painting "Perry's Victory," which led to the evacuation of Detroit by the British in 1813. The subscription price to the *Weekly Free Press* is \$1 a year, or we will supply it with **THE LAND WE LIVE IN** for \$1.50 a year.

"Idaho Hash," published in this issue gives a plain, unvarnished statement of matters and things as they exist in Idaho and will be found interesting to those who are not residents of the locality. The writer is an occasional contributor to this journal, and his articles are dated from different localities as he says he has "no desire to be identified with any one place long enough to be shot." His style of *booming* Idaho doesn't suit some of the "old timers."

We have been favored with a copy of the calendar for 1890, issued by *Sprat's Patent (America) Limited*, 239 East 56 Street, New York. It contains a series of colored plates, one for each month in the year, illustrating "old sports and pastimes," and is got up in a very attractive and artistic style. Send for their pamphlets on Canine Diseases which is mailed free,

We supply *gummed stickers* in quantities of 3000 with your name, occupation and address therein, for \$1.25. They are a good thing to stick on all letters, papers and parcels which you send out, and a good advertising medium.

"THE LAND WE LIVE IN," of Sherbrooke, Quebec, now dons a new and beautiful heading. It is a paper we very much admire, and trust it will never fail to reach our table regularly. —Energetic Agent, Peterborough, Ont.

**Gum Stickers.**

With your name, business and address, gummed like a postage stamp, all ready to attach to letters, papers and parcels; 3000 for \$1.25, sent post paid on receipt of cash. Printed in six assorted colors in quantities of not less than 3000. D. THOMAS & CO.

The *Office Men's Record* is published at the Major block, Chicago, for \$1 a year. Every number contains articles on accounts Book-keeping, Penmanship, Interest, Short-hand, or other subjects, a knowledge of which is absolutely essential to every office or business man. We do not know of any periodical containing the same amount of useful information for accountants, book-keepers and office men generally.

Send to Geo. T. Angell, President of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of cruelty to animals, 19 Milk St. Boston, for sample copies of "Our Dumb Animals" and see how those who cannot speak for themselves, are spoken for.

**DE PAPINEU GUN.**

*Bonjour Monsieur, you wan' to know  
'Bout dat fusil, w'at good she's for?  
W'y! Jean Baptiste Bruneau, mon père,  
Fight wit' dat gun on Pap'neau war  
Long tam since den, you say? c'est v'rai,  
An' me t-o young for 'member well,  
But how de patriotes fight an' die,  
Me h'offan hear ma fader tell.  
De H'Engleesh don' h'act square dat tam,  
De habitant don' got no show,  
An' Wolfred Nelson come along  
Wit' Louis Joseph Papineau.  
An' sw ear de peoples get dere right  
Wolfred he 'rite Victoriaw,  
But she no good, so den de war  
Commence among de habitants.  
Pap'neau an' Nelson 'frald not'ing,  
Dey fight an' bleed pour la patrie,  
We hope le bon Dieu 'ave heem bole  
Salut Wolfred! Salut Louis!  
Mon père, She'll been to Grande Brulé  
So smart a man you nevare see,  
She'll h'always on de grande hooraw  
Planty, w'at you call dat? esprit.  
An' w'en dey form one compagnie  
H'all dress wit' tuque and ceinture sash  
Ma fader tak' hees gun wit' heem,  
An' marche away to Saint Eustache.  
W're planty patriotes was camp,  
Wit' brave Chemer le Capitaine,  
W'en long come H'Engleesh Generale,  
An' more two tousan sojer man.  
De patriotes, dey go on church,  
An' feex her up dere possible—  
Dey fight dere bes' but soon fin' h'out  
"Canon de bois" no good for kill.  
An' den l'eglise she'll come on fire  
An' burn almos' down to de groun'  
So w'at you tink h'our man can do  
Wit' h'all that H'Engleesh h'army roun'  
'Poleon! hees sojer nevare fight  
More brave dan den poor habitants—  
Chemer, she'll try for broke de rank,  
Chemer come dead immediatement.  
Ma fader shoot so long she'll can,  
An' den she'll load dat gun some more—  
Jump on de river queeck lak flash,  
An' try for pass à l'autre bord.  
Sure nuff, de water's cole an' damp,  
(Mos' h'always lak dat in de fall.)  
Ma fader tak' hees gun wit' heem,  
De powder don' get wet at all.  
Den she'll get home 'bout nex' morning,  
An' keep perdu for many day  
Till h'everything's e'll come tranquille,  
An' sojer man h'all gone h'away.  
An' h'after dat we'll get h'our right,  
De Canayens don' fight no more,  
Mon père hees nevare shoot dat gun  
But feex her h'up h'above de door.  
So w'en you h'ax question, ma fren'  
'Bout dat h'ole gun, w'at good she's for,  
Me h'answer "Jean Baptiste Bruneau  
Fight wit' dat gun on Pap'neau war."  
W. H. DRUMMOND.*

Montreal, 1889.

TO THE DEAF.—A person cured of deafness and noises in the head of 23 years standing by a simple remedy, will send a description of it free to any person who applies to Nicholson, 30 St. John Street, Montreal.