

ing till one or two in the morning he got his book finished just before the last day, and got a bookbinder to bind the manuscript in two large volumes, working all night to complete them.

He was presented to the Grand Duke Nicholas, brother of the Czar, and as he "was not experienced in courts, and had not associated with kings or emperors or grand dukes, was as innocent," he says, "as one of Mark Twain's pilgrims." After conversing on Canada, his corps, and the like, for fifteen minutes, the Colonel remarked that he knew his Imperial Highness was very busy, that the antechamber was filled with people, and he felt he must not take up his time. He had committed a frightful breach of etiquette. He should have talked till night if the Grand Duke wished, but his Highness merely laughed and said: "You need not worry, Colonel, about those old fellows. It will do them good to kick their heels about awhile; they are a lazy lot—let them wait," and he went on talking about Canada, and about our horses and dogs, and our customs, etc.

When he had talked as long as he wanted to, he said: "I am afraid, Colonel, you are thinking again of those lazy old fellows out there. Well, I am glad to see you, Colonel. You must come and see me again, and if there is anything you want, come straight to me, I shall always be glad to see you."

Colonel Denison was very ill for a while at St. Petersburg, the heavy strain of the work being too much for him, but he found absolute rest from late Saturday night till Monday morning kept him going.

It was very gratifying to Colonel Denison to find that the Grand Duke was so pleased with his previous book on cavalry that he had it translated into Russian, and presented a copy to every cavalry officer in the empire. The Colonel's success in winning the first prize of

5,000 roubles was all the more gratifying because the other prizes were not awarded, the books not being considered of sufficient merit. He generously contributed a thousand roubles of his prize to the Patriotic Fund for the Russian Wounded. His expenses were about \$1,500 more than the amount he received for the prize, but the honour conferred upon himself and upon his country was something which could not be estimated in money. He humorously describes the difficulties of being unable to speak the Russian language. "It was," he says, "like being deaf and dumb."

His hard work was followed by a complete breakdown; he had to go to the south of Europe to recruit. He refers to a curious coincidence which took place some years later. He was travelling in Germany with his wife and daughters, when two young officers came into the railway carriage. During conversation they found he was from Canada, and asked, "Have you read Denison's 'History of Cavalry'?" He confessed that he had, and then added, "To tell you the truth, I wrote it." We can almost parallel this with an experience of our own. We were travelling in Bulgaria, when a Greek gentleman, whose acquaintance we made, produced a London paper with a pirated and unauthorized copy of our own story of "Barbara Heck."

In 1884, Colonel Denison's brother Fred, then a member of the Toronto City Council, was offered by Colonel Wolseley command of the Canadian Voyageurs in Egypt. At much personal sacrifice he went, and was afterwards joined by his younger brother Egerton. A compact with the brothers was that if either was killed, his body was to be brought to Canada and buried with his people. The younger brother died on his way home; the