

A Church Parade. *We 'ave 'card 'o the Widow at Windsor,
It's safest to let 'er alone;
For 'er sentries we stand by the sea an' the
land,*

Wherever the bugles are blown.—Kipling.

Officers, non-commissioned officers and men of the Montreal militia, to the number of two thousand, assembled for divine service on Sunday afternoon last. After their devotional exercises, cavalry, rifles, infantry and artillery were marched past Major-General Hutton, the Gen. Officer Commanding the Canadian Militia, who, attended by Lieut.-Col. Gordon, D.O.C., Montreal District, and his staff, inspected the men of his new command as they passed the saluting point at the junction of Metcalfe and Sherbrooke Streets. The general is reported to have expressed satisfaction with the parade.

The streets presented a bright and animated appearance soon after two o'clock, and, as the time approached for the arrival of the troops, the line of march was thronged by expectant thousands tempted by the bright autumn weather and the always pleasing spectacle of soldiers marching to the music of their bands.

As regiment after regiment by company after company ascended Beaver Hall Hill on their way to the several churches, the music of the bands varied from a drum beat to a coon song, from a Sousa march to "Come, all ye faithful"—which heralded the arrival of the Sabbath mindful Royal Scots. It was a gallant sight, and must have pleased the sisters, cousins and aunts of our brave defenders, who smiled upon the bold soldier boys, even when they were wending their way to church, and womanfully waited to the close of a November day, braving pneumonia and lesser complaints, for the sake of that thrill of pleasure which always seems to animate the fair at the sound of the drums and fifes of a passing regiment. The steady tramp of troops; the splash of colour as file after file swings past the saluting point, each man anxious for the credit of his corps and looking every inch a soldier; the waving plumes and bright uniforms of the general and his staff; the stirring strains of Sousa's latest march dying away in the distance; the splendid marching of the serviceable looking Rifles; the waving feather bonnets of the bare-legged Scots; the swinging gait of the cavalry and artillery; the always attractive regiment of red-coats; the jaunty military air of the French Canadian cadets; the "light springing footsteps" of the Highland laddies; these are some of the memories of last Sunday's exceedingly creditable Church Parade of the militia district commanded by Lieut.-Col. Gordon.

A pleasing feature of the parade was the large number of retired officers present. Many a veteran experienced in soldierly duties, whose liking for a military life has survived his uniform, whose ardour remains fresh long after his once smart-fitting tunic has faded, followed the regiment he once commanded. And if his step was somewhat faltering when

mounting the hill, it only served to remind us of the story of the fond mother of a recruit in a Highland regiment who, when watching a "march past" at the review, said to surrounding spectators with maternal admiration beaming in her eyes: "*Look at our Jock, he's the only laddie in step.*"

Dead or Alive.

To be in uncertainty respecting anything may at times be even pleasurable; but when that uncertainty of condition known as doubt exists regarding the life of an Emperor, there is good reason why suspicion, fear, apprehension and dread should keep his subjects in a state of suspense and the rest of the world in a condition of perplexity and apprehension far from pleasant to contemplate. An English paper of recent date in discussing the question "Is the Emperor of China alive?" says:—

"To be sure, 'the doctor of the French Embassy' says he is, and that he penetrated to the Imperial singlet with his stethoscope and (somewhat inconsequently) diagnosed kidney disease. A good deal obviously depends on the reputation of this medico, for the Dowager-Empress is an exceedingly enterprising old lady. Is he the doctor attached to the French Embassy or only a doctor of French diplomatists? The two things are hardly the same. Disbelief as to the survival of the Emperor certainly lingers among very well informed people in London. If we were at liberty to mention the names of the two authorities who assured us the other day that his Majesty was dead, our readers would feel with us that the latest bulletins from Peking need independent confirmation."

The world at large has since been assured that some representative of the United States has had an interview with the Emperor, who sat "a step below" the Dowager-Empress. However, since the issuance of his edicts in favour of Western civilization, the ruler of three hundred millions of people, if alive, has certainly become accustomed to occupying a very back if not a low seat. That the doctor to the French Embassy has declared the Imperial kidneys to be less healthy than those of a Lagauchetiere st. laundryman would seem to indicate that, prior to "arranging" for his removal from the Flowery Land, the amiable opponents of the Emperor's Western civilization policy desire to announce the disease which will be selected as the cause of his death, when officially proclaimed to the courts of Europe. The story of the sudden disappearance of the Chinese Emperor from his throne is at least an indication that the growth of Western civilization has been checked by a woman. Whatever lack of sympathy may be displayed in the fate of this living or dead Emperor, it is certain that his dreams of a postal service and the rendering of monthly accounts of receipts and expenditures by public officials have been dissipated by the Dowager-Empress, who has

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