

ful for two reasons: it shows some methods of making our shooting more practical by putting a premium upon good judgment and coolness, and it details a simple system of keeping registers in matches where the score cannot be marked as each hit is made—when a target is left up for a number of successive shots. That it may provoke criticism seems very probable, and if so it will be fulfilling a good object, while if it induces some other rifle association's secretary to relate the results of similar experiments elsewhere it will still be accomplishing much for rifle shooting.

This week's general orders show a gain to the permanent corps of nine lieutenants. In the active force we find three promotions, three new officers appointed, and the services of four lost, including those of Surgeon Macdonald, Toronto F.B. of Artillery, being a net loss of one officer.

The reasons for the appointment of the lieutenants to the permanent force are obvious; in the case of the Mounted Infantry corps, they were needed to complete the establishment, in the older corps we can readily believe that they will greatly facilitate the work of the schools, and give the original officers some relief from the irksomeness of routine duties. The selections are such as will meet with general approval; three of the gentlemen being graduates of the Royal Military College, and the others well known militiamen. Lieut. Ogilvie went through the North-west affair with "A" Battery, and Lieut. Pelletier, although adjutant of the 9th Voltigeurs, was attached to "B" Battery when that corps went west, and was wounded at Cut Knife. He is a son of Hon. Senator Pelletier, C.M.G. Capt. McDougall is well known in Kingston as an enthusiastic volunteer, and has recently done a long term of duty in Fort Henry with the P.W.O. Lieut. Cartwright is a son of Sir Richard Cartwright. Capt. Bremner saw service as a lieutenant in the Halifax battalion. Lieut. Chinic is a son of the Quebec ex-Senator, and was attached to "B" Battery in the North-west. Lieut. Doucet is Lady Middleton's brother, who was so severely wounded while acting as A.D.C. to the General at Fish Creek. Capt. Drolet was also west with the 9th. Mr. Oswald—the last on the list—is a brother of the commander of the M.G.A.

The regulations concerning claims for compensation on account of illness contracted in service appear in a consolidated form, amending the Regulations and Orders, 1883.

NOTIONS OF A NOODLE.

Since the finish of the late North-west campaign I have frequently met and indulged in lengthy conversation with an officer who, it appears, was in some way connected with one of the permanent corps of Canada; and from the fact that he was with Sir Frederick Middleton during the whole period, including the chases after Big Bear, his ideas and opinions, though wild in the extreme, may be worth reading; and perhaps parading in print the absurdity of some of his outrageous utterings, may be more effective in altering his ideas than my poor arguments during the last few months have been.

First of all, he has continually, since I first met him home returning at the railway station, railed at and abused the uniform which we all wear so proudly, as being similar to that of Imperial troops, and, therefore, undoubtedly appropriate for any warlike undertaking that it may be necessary for us to embark in.

He generally commences at the top and works down a soldier, both in marching order and otherwise, till he arrives at the feet, where his remarks on our leather, or rather the contractors who work it up into footgear, are most out of place, especially when we know what a painstaking and obliging set of gentlemen most of those are, who contract for the outfits of our militia.

The forage cap (artillery), he blindly maintains, is the most useless article ever made for man, and was the only implement that the Indians would not pick up, as they scoured the camp grounds after the troops.

"Often," he says, "have I watched these scavengers dive into the remains left by the men, comprising bits of all the useless portions of uniform and accoutrements, with fragments of Armour's, beef and sundry other refuse. Three or four times have I seen these poor creatures clear a piece of ground clean of everything, and though every broken matchbox, empty beef tin, &c., was greedily bagged by these dusky gleaners, never yet have I noticed one who would touch the many discarded forage caps always lying about. Now and then a jaded pappoose, saturated with the other recreations of prairie juvenile life, would perhaps take one up, tie a piece of "shaganappi" to it, and saunter down to the first slough for a little innocent boating, but even he would turn away in disgust, when his would-be craft sank promptly to the bottom. Occasionally some gaudy young squaw would pull off the yellow braid, but take the cap itself—never."

My friend says: "It won't stay on without the chin-strap, and as the chin-strap won't stay on either, it becomes difficult, in time of war, for a gunner to keep his head cool, or hot, as the case may be. It won't keep off the sun, it won't keep off the rain, and it won't keep off the mosquitoes. That was proved when the mosquito net would helplessly lie on the men's faces, sighing for a brim; while the mosquitoes to a man deserted the scouts and other slouch hats for the artillery."

My arguments against the appearance of a scout's broad hat went for nothing. He evidently had been badly bitten, and so went on describing how some of his men, while toiling over the "gaps" in their winter uniforms, carried the forage caps, slung by the chin-strap on the back of their valises; the precious affair, of course, could not be put inside, lest it should be crushed; and consequently the pouches and accoutrements in the bottom of the sleigh, rubbing together, broke the straps, and in the dark, or hurry, the cap remained in the conveyance, or was thrown out for the painstaking officer to collect in a pile, in his hopeless endeavor to keep the pieces of his men together. My friend's want of taste prevents him from admiring the smart appearance of the forage cap. In his opinion it is only becoming to a few, and it requires an artist to properly select the sizes; too often he notices some too large, some too small, one over the ear, another the eye, and again he finds it like a pot cover fair on top of the pate of some sober old soldier, who evidently is making the best of a bad job. Once too small, or large, it ever remains so, for unlike any other head cover it never can be bettered, by pulling down or up. In the variable climate of Canada he contends it is a necessity to have a contrivance for the head of a soldier that will also vary a little and accommodate itself to the freaks of Jack Frost, or our boiling sun. As his men stood in the North-west, they were either toiling under a heavy fur cap, in a hot sun, or freezing in a paper forage cap. With the fur it is possible to remove it from the sweating brows and obtain temporary relief. But I must myself in a measure sympathize with his heartrending narrative of an army suddenly caught in a storm, arrayed in summer head-dress, entitled, "Frozen up as an icicle," or "The ear, the cap, and the blizzard."

This unbeliever, however, goes beyond all limits, when he openly denies the usefulness of the helmet for the North-west or any campaign. He quotes as an instance of their usefulness, only when at Cut Knife Hill, "B" Battery men, finding that in lying down the projection behind tilted the helmet over their eyes, removed them from the head, and employed them as pails, or baskets, for carrying their cartridges, the strong linked chin-strap acting as a most reliable handle; and when the crawling skirmisher was lucky enough to strike on a convenient "gopher" hole in which he could fit the glittering brass ball that surmounts the structure, he found himself provided with a far more convenient receptacle for his ammunition than the foolish pouch by his side; while last, but not least, he deprived the Indians, or Breeds, of (as they said) the best targets they had practised at since the buffalo departed. If I am allowed space, time and encouragement to further explain the outrageous views of this "crank" I shall be most happy to give them, but shall at present request another conversation with my misguided friend, before speaking of the rest of the "outfit."

MISTY.

REFLECTIONS ON TACTICS—Conclusion.

BY COLONEL W. W. KNOLLYS.

We do not advocate much firing on the part of the firing line till within 500 yards of the enemy's position. It causes an expenditure of ammunition which may be more usefully employed at comparatively close quarters. The defenders, as a rule, are fairly under cover, and present a small mark. It is not likely that many shots fired at between 800 and 500 yards by men whose range is altering every moment will do great harm, or even strike sufficiently near to put the defenders much off their aim. On the other hand, every time one of the assailants halts to fire he offers a fair mark to the defenders. For this