

matters remain to be reviewed; one is the habit many officers have of wearing watch chains and trinkets outside of uniform, contrary to regulations; another is to carry the handkerchief stuffed half in and half out of the breast of the tunic or jacket, which not only looks unsoldierlike, but spoils the look of the garment; the handkerchief carried in the sleeve is always easily got at, and is not noticed; again, why will officers persist in wearing civilian overcoats with uniform, or allow themselves to be seen in public dressed partly in uniform? It looks bad enough for an officer to wear a private's greatcoat, but infinitely worse for him to be seen with a civilian covering; if the weather is cold an extra shirt will make up the difference, and if wet—well, a regulation waterproof costs comparatively little, and every officer should have one.

Some remarks in these reflections may hit certain officers hard, but if they have any pride in themselves as officers they will take all in good part and endeavor to improve their own appearance and keep up the standing of the regiment and service to which they belong, and if these remarks should be means of making even the slightest improvement in the dress of a few officers of the Canadian Militia, the writer will feel that he has done some good in elevating the standard of the force in which he takes the deepest interest.

In conclusion, a word of advice to new officers, or those wishing to obtain an outfit, may not be out of season; firstly, do not buy second-hand uniform, you will be sorry only once, and that will be always, and you can very seldom obtain a good fit; secondly, buy everything of the very best, which will cost a little more, but last much longer, and keep in better order; thirdly, do not employ a tailor unless he is a *bona fide* military tailor, with the dress regulations thoroughly up, understanding the regulation cut, which very few tailors on this side of the water do, though there may be some. Most of them cut a tunic like an ordinary coat, with no style or fit, while a good tailor will guarantee satisfaction if the proper measure be sent; and, lastly, procure everything that is necessary for an officer to have, and do not be above asking other and older members of your corps how to wear the different articles and accoutrements, so that you will never turn out dressed in a manner to bring the slightest discredit on the "noblest service" to which you have the honor to belong; remembering that a slovenly officer not only calls down ridicule on his own head, but also on his regiment and the militia in general.

GRENADA.

#### NOTIONS OF A NOODLE.—IX.

"DEAR MISTY,—Let us go on with the officers. We have the patrol jacket as a supposed easy-going garment for moments of relaxation, but unfortunately it is little better than the tunic; there is nothing easy about it, not even the great rows of olivets, or buttons and braiding, which, however, pile up the pounds and ounces on the marching subaltern. The only serviceable jacket we had in the way of uniform was the serge, which really is not a recognized dress, but rather a regimental affair, and those fortunate enough to possess them soon found their value. As a proof of the universal unfitness of the regulation jackets most of the officers of Gen. Middleton's column availed themselves of the wise latitude allowed in the way of dress, and consequently purchased ordinary pea-jackets, or other appropriate garments for the work. In the other columns I believe a stricter course was pursued, which certainly must have diminished the comfort of all ranks. I am quite convinced that if we could have done our fighting in the oat-bag caps, brown holland jumpers, and grey woollen jackets, that were later issued, the rebels would have suffered more, and many a man now in his grave, or a cripple for life, would be alive or well to-day, relating the story of Riel's rebellion. Another affliction which the idiotic desire of imitation forces us to bear is the conspicuous color of our uniforms.

"I cannot close this letter without enumerating the different articles of uniform required by an officer in the militia before he is properly fitted out. Tunic, patrol jacket, mess uniform, serge jacket, full dress belts, undress belts, helmet, gold lace forage cap, field service forage cap. This long list of things, which includes all that a regular officer needs, means money. The outlay necessary to procure all this is considered a heavy one, even for them, who, as professional soldiers, are bound to furnish themselves with everything that regulation lays down. How absurd it appears, then, that the amateur work of our militia, especially in a country where money is not too plentiful, should call our upon officers to so largely draw upon their bank account, as the above long list compels him to do. To my mind it smacks of a most shoddy style of imitation. Amateurs in other callings curtail their expenses within the bounds of the requirements necessary to their restricted practice. We, however, maintain that no corps is complete unless equipped in uniform like the Imperial troops, and when some of the country corps turn out officers,

not quite as nice as should be, we rush off and declare them inefficient, or ridicule their attempts at wearing such unnatural clothing as the uniform is to them, who have acquired the habit of working in workmanlike garments. I can heartily sympathize with many an officer, suddenly shoved into a tunic or patrol jacket, made by some local tailor. He certainly looks queer, but whose fault is it? It is the fault of our system that dictates the wearing of a garment that cannot easily be made in this country. We all know that to get them constructed as they should be many send to England. Does this suit Canada? or the Canadian country gentlemen farmers? far away the best men we have for fighting, which I hold to be an important consideration. We, who rejoice in our city life, may come very close to our Imperial brothers in nice clothes, but once in the field the boot is on the other leg, and we look the scarecrows. Then again we hear complaints about mixed styles of dress, no two corps are alike; it is hopeless to determine what is correct. How can it be otherwise, where in each corps there are many dresses; one has a tunic, another possesses a patrol, another will scrape through a camp with an old serge, while, perhaps, some moneyed man, vain, anxious to do right, or wishing to outstrip his brother officers, gets a mess jacket, or full dress belts, and yet we wonder at the diversity of dress. Again, clothes are still in existence purchased by time-honored officers away back in the dark ages; and as ever since then we have been steadily following the almost yearly changes in the outfit of the British Army, and as officers have not the means for altering, nor the knowledge of what such alterations are, they leave them alone, and so there we are again. It is all very well to find fault with the country officers, but reflect for one moment on the price of and the difficulty of obtaining a piece of gold lace or regulation braid. How different would be the comfort and what a vast change for the better, as far as utility is concerned, if we had a good serviceable uniform that would not branch off into a dozen different jackets and sets of useless belts and other fittings. Something that could be made in this country, at a reasonable rate, and clearly defined by our local regulations, which should stand alone as the authority for dress and equipment of the militia. As matters now stand we waver between two sets of regulations and which to adhere to is difficult to say. At present I venture to state the man does not exist who can explain which is right and which is wrong on almost any question of uniform. Our system of uniform is disgraceful in many cases, no doubt, but as long as we go on the servile imitation of Imperial regiments because we are foolish enough to call ourselves by the same regimental names, so long will we continue to be a laughing stock to the professional soldier, as he observes us aping what as militia we never can attain. If the plan of shaping a course for ourselves, in a dress within our means and applicable to our duties, were adopted, we would have uniformity, which in itself would be a gigantic stride for the good of the force. And if we went as far as remodelling with a view of making us workmanlike in other ways, we would find ourselves much more useful in the field and a firmer prop to the British Empire than we are at present. To the young man who joins the militia for the object only of arraying himself in all the trappings which I find so useless, this will not appear a palatable lecture, but those who serve their country for a higher reason may, I hope, find something reasonable in what you, my dear Misty, consider the result of a disordered intellect. The object of every corps with any profession to efficiency, is, to mimic dress and titles of some regiment of the line or other branch of the Imperial service. It is all very pretty and foolish, but when the call for work comes some day, what idiots we suddenly discover ourselves to be, decked out as 'Highlanders,' or 'Guards,' or Lord knows what other notion, in our vain endeavor to look like something we never can be, instead of sensibly getting into an outfit within our means, controlled by our own regulations and requirements, and above all, suited for the variable nature of our climate, which it does not require a Solomon to discover, is hardly in keeping with the 'bear skin' of the Guards, or the 'bare skin' of the would-be Highlander."

#### PERSONALS.

Lieut.-Col. J. Russell Armstrong, commanding the New Brunswick Brigade of Garrison Artillery, has been gazetted aide-de-camp to His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick.

Lieut. Skinner, of the Royal Sussex Regiment, a graduate of the R.M.C., and son of the commander of the 13th Battalion, has been ordered from England to the Soudan with his corps.

The 49th regiment, which served in Canada during the war of 1812, has been ordered to Halifax. The "Green Tigers" of Queenston heights and Beaver Dam should get a welcome from the people of Ontario, whose houses they guarded.—*Montreal Witness*.

All right, but it may be interesting to know how many in the regiment now were in it in 1812.—*London Advertiser*.