



A GREAT BRITISH COMMANDER OF CAVALRY.

While taking off our hats to Gen. French and Gen. Smith-Dorrien, let us not forget Major-General Allenby, commander of the British Cavalry, the hero of many wars. Gen. Allenby is the figure in the centre of the above group.

Major Hamilton Gault is a Military Fan

Promotor of the Princess Pat Regiment is an Enthusiastic Student of War

THE young Montreal millionaire who is paying for the Princess Patricia Regiment and is with them just now as near the front as possible, is no new-comer in the military game. He is not the easy-chair, fat-cigar, limousined young capitalist who for the sake of passing glory wrote a check for a few hundred thousand to pay for a regiment, and let them go to the front to earn the money in the name of Canada.

Hamilton Gault is a far different sort of man. He has been a military fan for quite a number of his thirty-two years. Ten years ago he was studying war at Kingston, where one of his military colleagues gave this interesting personal sketch of the young militiaman, then only twenty-two years of age:

"I met him on several different occasions," said this colleague, "one being the divisional camp at Kingston in 1904, when he was galloper (aide de camp) to Colonel Gordon, who was the camp commander. Lord Dundonald was in charge of the Canadian militia at that time. He was a gallant soldier, to give the devil his due, but like all the Cochrane of his race, very hasty and hot-tempered and most over-bearing to his subordinate officers. We had a

big field day towards the end of the camp, and being on the staff, I was very near to the General.

"As he had no staff of his own with him, he naturally used Colonel Gordon's gallopers, with the result that Gault had to get it when the General put his wrong foot out of bed first in the morning.

"During the course of the manoeuvres, Dundonald told Gault to instruct the Cavalry Brigadier to bring the men past at the trot. Gault duly carried the message, and the cavalry duly carried it out. But as soon as the General saw them coming at the trot he turned and yelled at Gault, 'What do you mean, sir? Did I not tell you the gallop?'

"'No, Sir,' said Gault, 'you told me the trot.'

"'Silence, Sir,' said the General, 'I will not have you contradict me!'

"On this the Colonel, who did not like to have his pet galloper reprimanded for nothing, said to the General, 'I am perfectly certain that you said the trot, Sir.'

"This so put Dundonald out that he fairly sputtered with wrath. He still insisted that he said gallop and was exceedingly rude about it. The militia of Canada nearly lost one of their most enthusiastic officers that day. Gault had brought his two best horses from Montreal at his own expense, and had gone to a good deal of trouble to help make the camp a success. He did not at all like the way in which the English commander thought it necessary to impress his importance on the Canadians. But even then, the Service meant more to him than his personal pride and he remained, where another and smaller man would have resigned his commission."

Sport is the other active, man-making diversion of the young military promoter; and of all sports that which is most akin to war, the great game of polo. Hamilton Gault was for two years President of the Montreal Polo Club. In the saddle, playing the game he was a dashing, adventurous cavalier. Again, he was as fond of hunting as of polo; and he has hunted big game in parts of the world that have helped to make Roosevelt famous as a hunter.

Hamilton Gault was born in Montreal, where his father, with Scotch brains, established a great business, of which the young man has since become the President. But he was not pitchforked into the presidency. He began from the ground floor and worked himself up. He sold drygoods as a clerk and undertook to learn the whole office end of the business, as well as the practical handling of the goods, before he asked for or got any promotion as the son of his father.

In business, as in hobbies and in sport, young Hamilton Gault has put the loud pedal on self-dependence. Merely because he was his father's son and heir was no reason why he should begin precisely where his father left off. In going back to the root of business he developed in himself the qualities which have made it possible to come out in this crisis of the Empire with a gift of a regiment and of himself.

Von Tirpitz Threatens

But the German High Admiral Does Nothing Else

FOR a man from whom so much has been expected both by Germany and the world at large, Admiral Von Tirpitz is a great disappointment. This heavy-bearded Admiral, who has been photographed so often with the Kaiser, and who was on a friendly visit to the United States, even so far inland as Chicago, a few years ago, should be the most heavy-hearted man in the world. For nearly a hundred and ten days the world has been waiting for Von Tirpitz to steam out of the Kiel Canal and the coverts of Heligoland to smash the British fleet. He has not come. The Kaiser may have decided that the hour of Tirpitz has not come.

Not long ago, when the fall of Antwerp was announced, the world was told by Von Tirpitz, then at headquarters with the Kaiser, that he would transfer himself aboard his flagship almost immediately and proceed to make the Belgian coast a base of naval operations against England. Well, the Admiral may be on board his flagship all right enough. But since the fall of Antwerp the Kaiser has not carried out his arrangement with the Admiral. Von Tirpitz knew very well that he could not carry out his threat of invading England, even if he could hack his way through or under the British fleet, without the Kaiser getting him naval bases along the English Channel.

So for weeks now the Kaiser and his general staff in the west have been manoeuvring and slaughtering and hacking and shoving up with their siege guns to get hold of the coast cities. They have not succeeded. Von Tirpitz aboard his flagship has been waiting day by day for the message to steam ahead and smash his way out. The orders have never been sent. There is a very good reason; and they will never be sent. Winston Churchill has said that the German navy must be dug out of its coverts like rats from their holes. It begins to look as if that is the only way they will ever get out.

As to Grand Admiral Von Tirpitz, he has never commanded a battle fleet; it is nearly twenty years since he relinquished the control of the small squadron Germany maintained in the Far East in the 'nineties. He was a sailor, but after so many years of office work as Naval Secretary is he still? He will be 66 years of age on March 19 next, and nerve, endurance, and adaptability for a great sea affair do not come with grey hairs and bent shoulders.

Bismarck's Third Volume

Does it Contain His Opinion of the Kaiser?

BISMARCK'S third volume of his *Recollections* is said to be in the vaults of the Bank of England for safe keeping. The German editors have never seen it. The German Emperor has never read it. The volume presumably belongs to the Bismarck heirs, who may direct what shall be done with it whenever the time comes.

What that volume so honourably safeguarded by the Bank of England contains, probably no one living quite knows. But from the contents of the first two volumes it may be shrewdly surmised that it contains a good deal about the present German Emperor. In his second volume Bismarck made very cautious and guarded references to the present Emperor, who dismissed him when he found the old man too powerful among German counsellors. Writing in 1890, it is quite likely that Bismarck would have seen enough of William II.'s peculiarities to have his own sagacious opinions about the young man. In his first two volumes he gave a vivid picture of the old Emperor and did not hesitate to give his opinions about all the war lords in Germany as well as about the German people. In all probability, the third volume contains the whole explanation of the present war. Bismarck was too wise a student of national affairs not to foresee what must happen to Germany under the man who had so summarily deposed him from his dangerous height at the head of German affairs. Did he foresee that the time to give the contents of this volume to the world might be before the present Emperor's death, and after he had been removed from his "place in the sun"?



Riding behind Col. Farquhar, commanding the Princess Pats, is Major Hamilton Gault, who organized the regiment.