

The old man—her father and father of one of the men whose necks were in risk, had a remarkably evil eye. This he kept fiercely bent in her direction all the time she was in the stand. Her evidence became mixed. One day the lawyer for the defence drove to court in the Judge's carriage. The people in the streets swore, each after his own manner, at the sight. The friends of the accused believed in conveying their feelings and imparting their intentions in a language both significant and delicate, so, in the night season, they split open a dog and nailed it, spread-eagle fashion, to the Judge's front gate.

The girl denied all the charges to which she had so bitterly sworn, and the prisoners were acquitted. The wonder of it went through the town and the Judge drove home to dinner, and, I hope, had the dog's blood washed off his front gate—he could at least do that much. The anger in the hearts of the Twenty-Second went up to a white-heat. The men started out like a pack of dogs on the trail of a wolf. The light that burned behind the tears in the eyes of Bugler Jones was a fearful thing to see in one so young. There was a devil awake in him, and that devil had a painfully expressive way of making known the feelings of the little bugler. Others caught the fever and they went through the town on the double. Lieutenant Howard went after them. He hitched up his sword and struck his best pace. He knew that he was popular with the men, but he wondered as he ran. Rounding a corner he met the pack full in the face. He barred the path with spread arms.

"Halt, there! where the Devil are you going to?" he cried.

The leader swerved and tried to pass him in the gutter.

The subaltern's left hand shot out and fastened to the man's collar. The man saluted and retired behind his comrades, who stood glaring at the young officer with flushed faces. Howard stood silent for a moment, glaring back. Then he squared his shoulders.

"Would Brennon thank you for pulling the honour of *his* regiment through the mud, by acting like a lot of drunken Sepoys? Go back to your quarters, men, and don't forget that the regiment has officers."

The men turned and retraced their steps, in sulley disorder, no longer at the double and in full cry. Lieutenant Howard walked away by himself. "I suppose I would have had to do the same thing if Brennon had been my own brother," he mused, and he quietly damned the narrow minds that expect officers and gentlemen to always do their duty. He had it in him to run amuck himself—almost. What might have happened

if one of the supposed murderers had fallen into his hands at that moment, is hard to say.

The Colonel read his men a gentle lecture, and told them that they might send out their *at-home* cards for a steady fortnight. Then he clanked away to his own quarters and said some things that were not good to hear, and what might have happened to the man who used the deal-end, had the tender Colonel discovered him under his writing table, is beyond my philosophy. Said Howard, lolling in the officers' mess, "The Western Americans have a fine old custom," and he blushed at the thought.

The city fathers wished to meet the regiment, and mingle their tears with those of the dead man's friends. They very much lamented Private Brennon's strange and sudden decease. How uncertain a thing is life! How sure a thing is death! They hoped that the young soldier had always been regular with his prayers. They believed that his soul had already forgiven the *poor, repentant* and *unknown* (?) citizen who had, in a moment of weakness, raised his hand (and deal-end) in wrath. They wrote all this in a beautiful letter of sympathy, and the regiment was paraded to receive it. The Colonel received the city fathers, with his officers and men ranked behind him like figures of wood. But every mother's son of them could feel when A Company had closed up to fill an empty place. The Colonel read the letter with appreciation, and with infinite care tore the paper into strips and let it flutter to the ground. Sharp orders rang out and the grateful regiment marched back to barracks.

A monument was cut, the same which now stands there for the world to see. After a few nocturnal tumbles it consented to stay where it was placed.

Is the inscription thereon all that could be desired? The officers of the regiment left it to be judged by One higher than either Supreme Court or Court Martial, when they wrote beneath it—

"*Deus Omnia Videt.*"

Commanding Officers.

The likenesses of commanding officers illustrated in this paper are of those who responded to our request for photographs. The list is far from complete, but the series will be continued in the next issue of THE MILITIAMAN, and it is hoped that those who have not yet furnished their photographs will do so as early as convenient. THE MILITIAMAN is a historic record, not for the present only, but for the future, and a distinctive feature will be a complete gallery of the officers of the Militia of Canada.

The Plains of Abraham.

These are the Plains of Abraham,
Where a splendid soldier fell.
Have you never heard your people talk,
Have you never heard them tell
Of Wolfe or of Montcalm?
For these are the Plains of Abraham.

These are the Plains of Abraham,
Where nations locked and met.
The thunder of their armies
Booms round the old earth yet.
Wolfe was one—and one Montcalm.
These are the Plains of Abraham.

These are the Plains of Abraham,
I hear the people tell;
They're going to build a barber-shop
Where our gallant soldier fell.
A boarding-house where died Montcalm—
These are the Plains of Abraham.

These are the Plains of Abraham,
Cherish that sacred spot,
So when our children ask to see
The place where heroes fought,
Let never a store or tavern dam,
Their view of the Plains of Abraham.

Our Artist.

It is with justifiable pride that we direct attention to the artistic beauty of the illustrations, initial letters and headings in this issue of THE MILITIAMAN. While they are absolutely correct in all details, there is a freedom in the drawings which is not often met where attention has been given to technical minutiae. Mr. S. C. Simonski has overcome what to many would be an insurmountable difficulty, and has combined in his work correctness of detail and graceful freedom of execution. This young Toronto artist has taken his place in the front ranks of the profession in Canada, and his work shows continued improvement in drawing, color and technique, and an illustrious future seems to be certain.

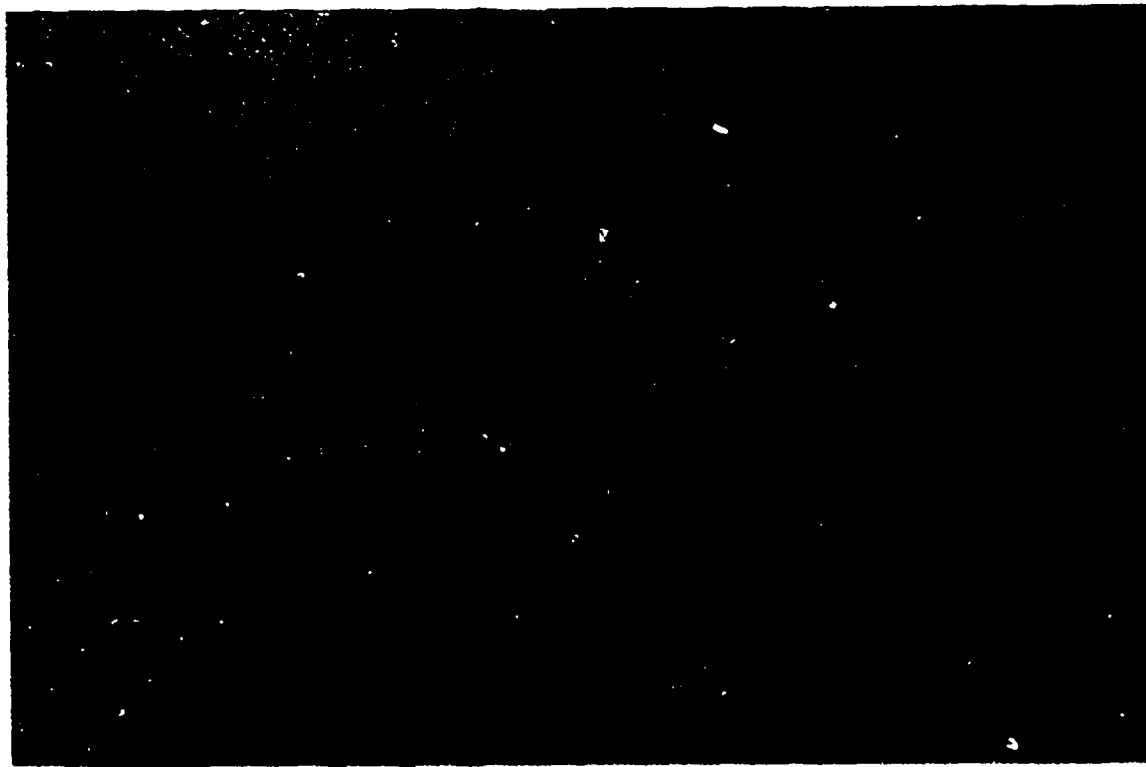
Brought to Attention.

A direct similitude exists between the old-time "right wheel" and the altered movement taken by light rays meeting Luxfer Prisms after coming over the tops of buildings across the street. The rays wheel in a body as they emerge from the prisms, and forthwith march in full strength of brightness straight to the rear end of the apartment, whether store or office. Discipline absolute marks the entire scheme. There is no insubordination when the old General Sol himself is hidden, because his lieutenants—the clouds—take his orders and are themselves bright, while Luxfer Prisms receive their silvery hue from the clouds in turn. Thus it comes about that gloomy interiors when furnished with Luxfer windows take on an evenly distributed and pleasantly toned illumination throughout. Plate glass served its purpose well as long as nothing better was known.

There is only one *raison d'être* for this product of Canadian brains and push, and that is, simply, economy. There is enough saved in artificial light bills within two years to defray the total cost of prism installation—a fact which the Company will cheerfully prove to the most sceptical by bona fide statements to that effect from hundreds of Luxfer users.

The merit of Luxfer Prisms may best be appreciated by the proportions to which the business of the Luxfer Prism Co., Limited, Toronto, has grown. Ordinary glass is to this new lighting ware what the Snider rifle was to the Lee-Metford.

On one occasion Napoleon was giving some impracticable orders, which were represented to him to be impossible, he exclaimed, "Comment? ce mot n'est pas Français."



The soldier's body lay sprawled across the foot-path.