

that they had discovered the system best adapted to suit the Canadian climate; that the tried medium gauge of five feet six inches was a ruinous delusion and that three feet six inches would cost something less than one-fourth of the sum needlessly expended on the larger gauge.

It was boldly announced that the Inter-colonial Railway was in this respect a huge mistake, and that the people's money should be saved by building the *Canadian Pacific* as a narrow gauge railway.

Charlatans with the consummate impudence of their class and the stupid ignorance which is generally associated therewith succeeded in persuading the people that this *one horse* Railway system was the best and most proper for Canada, they also succeeded in swindling the public by inducing them to invest in a project the value of which may be gathered from the following, extracted from the *Bruce Herald* of 22nd March:—"The Narrow Gauge train has not made its appearance at Mount Forest since last Saturday. Its appearance at the stations has been very uncertain during the winter, every time a few inches of snow falls, the little engines stick on the way until dug out by the navvies and passengers. The experiences of this winter has sealed the doom of narrow-gauges as Canadian railroads, and we think even their most sanguine advocates must admit their inability to overcome the obstacles of winter travel in our northern climate."

A break of full six consecutive days is rather more than usually falls to the lot of the medium gauge, and it has not to be dug out every time a few inches of snow falls.

If the deluded people would put the Charlatans to work shovelling the snow they would be doing society a service.

There is very little fear that the five feet six inches gauge will be laid aside after the *expose* of the above.

On Monday the 15th inst., the thanksgiving service for the recovery of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales was held in the various churches of Ottawa.

A general holiday was kept by all the people all places of business being closed.

At half-past ten, a.m., the Head-quarter Staff, consisting of the Adjutant General, (Colonel Robertson Ross) Deputy Adjutant General, Lieut. Colonel Powell, Assistant Adjutant General, Lieut. Colonel Stewart, Lieut. Colonels Wiley, Macpherson, Brunel, Chamberlin, Major Ross, commanding Brigade Ottawa Garrison Artillery, Major White commanding Civil Service Rifles, Captain Porry, Captain Madden, Monaghan Militia; Captain Eagleson, O.G.A.; Lieutenants Weatherley and Walsh, Surgeon VanCortland and other officers assembled at the Episcopal Chapel on Sussex-street, a guard of honor of 100 men of the Ottawa Garrison Artillery under command of Captain Graham, was drawn up in front of the chapel.

At eleven o'clock His Excellency Lord Lisgar, Lady Lisgar, Miss Daltan, Miss Allan, attended by Colonel McNeil, V.C., Military Secretary; and Lieut. Ponsonby, A.D.C.; arrived and were saluted by the troops, the splendid band of the Garrison Artillery playing "God Save the Queen," received by the Staff and proceeded into the Chapel; His Lordship the Bishop of Ontario, preached a stirring sermon his text being taken from 1st Tim. 2nd chap. 1st and 2nd verses: the subject the dangerous illness of His Royal Highness, the anxiety felt by all orders in the Empire, his restoration through the prayers of the people, the innate loyalty of the British people and the folly of fashionable philosophy in attempting to set aside the absolute Providence of the Almighty. The service was conducted by the Rev. Mr. Pollard.

The chapel was filled; it can seat about 800 persons, but fully 1,000 were present; His Worship the Mayor of Ottawa appeared in his robes of office.

In another page will be found the thanksgiving hymn, at the close of the service three verses of the National Anthem was sung with great effect, and as his Excellency's carriage drove away three cheers were given by the spectators.

There can be no question as to the loyalty of the British people to monarchical institutions, and in an especial manner to the present dynasty of Sovereigns, and this feeling is in no sense confined to the British Isles, but is intensified in the colonies, by a depth of love and reverence, unknown to those who are not exiles, and who have not proved their value.

A fearful accident occurred to the Second Cutter of the *Ariadne* frigate on the 8th of March last in lat. 40°15' N., long. 12°10' West, about 130 miles off the coast of Portugal between Oporto and Lisbon, by which two gallant and promising officers Sub Lieuts. Jukes and Talbot, and nine seamen lost their lives in the attempt to save that of a seaman who had fallen from the main top cross trees while engaged in setting top-sails.

This deplorable transaction has deprived his country of the services of a gallant Canadian seaman; Sub-Lieutenant Wm. Adam Jukes, son of Dr. Jukes of St. Catharines, surgeon of the 19th Battalion whose name is familiar to the readers of the *VOLUNTEER REVIEW*, and whose letter published in our correspondence of this issue will awaken their sympathies in a far greater degree than any studied notice of ours could do.

Lieutenant Jukes volunteered for the service which cost himself and brave comrades their lives, and Canadians may well be proud of her sons who deem no sacrifice too great in the discharge of their duty.

While fully sympathizing with our esteemed friend on his bereavement, we can appre-

ciate his estimation of the gallant seaman who has passed away in discharge of his duty, and while "feeling proud of him while living, feel prouder of him numbered amongst the gallant dead."

A volunteer on a desperate service for five hours, he animated his crew to struggle with a heavy sea, and when the cutter was capsize he exerted himself manfully until the last in saving and encouraging his men.

The testimony of the survivors is clear, enthusiastic and unanimous in praise of his noble conduct, and if anything could console his gallant father and family for his loss it would be the conviction that he had died in obedience to that principle that pervades the life of every true Briton—the discharge of his duty."

While truly and sincerely sorry for the melancholy fate of this bold and brave seaman, we feel that such examples reflect honor on his country and furnish an example worthy the emulation of our young men; well may we say in this case—

Son of the Ocean Isle  
Where sleep your mighty dead?  
Show me what high and stately pile  
Is reared o'er Glory's bed!  
Go stranger track the deep,  
Free froe the white sail spread,  
Wave may not foam nor wild wind sweep,  
Where rest not England's dead,  
The Warlike of the Isles,  
The men of field and wave  
Are not the rocks their funeral pites,  
The seas and shore their grave?"

Yes, Lieutenant Jukes and his brave comrades rest from their labors, they have done their duty, and died as brave seamen should—

There's a spot on the lone, lone sea,  
Unmarked, but yet 'tis holy,  
Where the gallant and the free  
In their ocean bed lie lowly.

And tho' no stone may tell  
Their names, their worth, their story,  
They rest in hearts that loved them well,  
They grace Britannia's glory.

We have to acknowledge the receipt of the first Number of a very well got up weekly journal, *The Washago Pioneer* from the village of that name in the county of Ontario.

It has assumed as its motto: "Measures not men," and we hope it will have all the success the enterprise of its proprietor deserves.

Journals of this description are valuable aids in forming the social and moral life of future generations, and conducted with a due sense of duty towards the Sovereign and people cannot fail to be the agents of incalculable good. We hail the advent of *The Washago Pioneer* and wish it God Speed in what cannot fail to be a noble cause.

The following extract from *Broad Arrow* of 30th March will be of interest to many half pay officers in the Canadian Army, and settled throughout the country—