

understand the rules that they can be correctly applied amidst any excitement, requires long familiarity with them, and we have no doubt that on this occasion the umpires had but short notice that they were desired to act. If, however, these field days are to be of regular occurrence, pains should be taken to secure well in advance a staff of umpires who have time and inclination to thoroughly master their work. Might it not be possible for the umpire-in-chief or the D. A. G. of a district where a field day is going to be held to give some lectures to his assistants beforehand. If a formal lecture is thought undesirable, the information might be imparted in a friendly chat over a pipe. There are many senior officers, who are some of our best, who would gladly attend a lecture on the subject, knowing as they do the constant changes and alterations that have taken place since they got their first commissions. The better they are the more readily will they acknowledge the possibility of being a little rusty, and take any opportunity to rub up a little. One thing is certain, that if a great part of the advantage of a field day is not to be lost, it is absolutely necessary for the umpires to know and do their duties.

### Bravo! Stairs.

(Rev. K. L. Jones, R.M.C., Kingston.)

As soon as news reached the Royal Military College that the Stanley expedition had arrived at Zanzibar, the staff adjutant, Lieut.-Col. McGill, despatched the following telegram to Lieut. Stairs, R.E., a graduate of the college and Stanley's right hand man:

"Stairs, Zanzibar: Bravo! Cadets." Two days afterwards came the reply: "Cadets, Kingston: Thanks, comrades."

Up the gleaming river stretches of the Congo's widening tide,  
Where the rivelled grass and sedges teem with monsters Argus-eyed;  
Through the fever-laden forests, where the craven heart despairs.  
Onward pressing, never faltering—Bravo! Stairs.

Thoughts of cool Ontario's waters, rippling on Fort Frederick's \* strand,  
Or the white-maned ocean horses, scouring Nova Scotia's sand.  
Come, like dreams, to weary toiler, as 'neath Afric's sun he fares,  
But the strong will never waver—Bravo! Stairs.

Marshalling his dark battalions, all impatient of control,  
With a firmness and a patience earnest of a noble soul;  
First in danger, never laggard, Alma Mater's crest he wears,  
Thrilling with "Truth, Valour, Duty" †—Bravo! Stairs.

Bearing Britain's torch of freedom to the darkness of the grave,  
Striking chains and riving shackles from the scarred limbs of the slave;  
Loosing captives where they languish, braving lions in their lairs,  
While the world looks on in wonder—Bravo! Stairs.

Weave the maple with the laurel, though its veins are tinged with red,  
Place the chaplet, in its freshness, proudly on our hero's head;  
Canada grown grander, nobler, from the glory that he bears,  
Shou's from all her lakes and forests, Bravo! Stairs.

\*Fort Frederick guards the peninsula on which stands the Royal Military College.  
†The motto of the college crest.

THE MONTREAL WITNESS is offering great inducements to its subscribers this year, in the way of books and pictures, comprising 198 different offers, including Macaulay's and Hume's Histories of England, Dickens, Sir Walter Scott's Works, George Eliot, Cooper, Thackeray and Washington Irving's, handsomely bound in sets; also Pansy and other leading books. The pictures are "The Horse Fair," "The Angelus," "Christ before Pilate," "A Scottish Raid," all celebrated pictures of the day. The *Witness* enters on its forty-fifth year, and continues to be a favourite family newspaper and champion of temperance and moral reform. Its County Historical Story Competition, which every school boy has heard about, and which has created so much interest in the Dominion, is being continued this year, prizes of greater value being offered. The premiums are extended to the subscribers of the *Daily Witness* and the *Northern Messenger*, so that all will have an opportunity to secure them. The prices of the different publications are:—*Daily Witness*, \$3.00; *Weekly Witness*, \$1.00; *Northern Messenger*, 30 cts.

Emperor William of Germany seems to have the knack of touching the popular heart. Recently, in sight of a cheering crowd, he helped the aged Von Moltke put on his military coat, buttoned it up for the old man, and turned up his collar. The next day the humble miners at Recklinghausen were indulging in frantic hohs at the receipt of a kindly message conveying the Kaiser's congratulations on the gallant rescue of a party of entombed workmen.

### The Canadian Military Rifle League.

The proposed league matches are attracting attention in the Northwest Mounted Police, and should the regulations be so framed as to permit their entry, it is altogether probable that there will be some teams from that body. An officer of the Queen's Own, Toronto, has recently received from Staff-Sergt. Gordon, of the Police, who formerly was a member of the Queen's Own, a letter in which he states that the Police are quite anxious to enter in the matches if possible. By the way, Sergt. Gordon's Toronto friends will be interested in learning that he was the winner of the Governor General's Silver Medal at the Provincial Association meeting held at Regina last fall.

#### PROPOSED INTERNATIONAL CONTEST.

The following interesting letter speaks for itself:—

NEW YORK, 11th January, 1890.

MR. WM. R. PRINGLE,  
*Secretary Canadian Military Rifle League.*

DEAR SIR,—I have been informed that it is proposed to hold a series of inter-city telegraphic rifle matches next summer in Canada. Could arrangements be made to have these between teams from cities of both the United States and Canada, and thereby increase the interest in military rifle shooting?

Yours, very truly,  
JNO. S. SHEPPERD,  
*Secretary N. R. A. of America.*

### The Rifle.

#### THE SOUTH AFRICAN ASSOCIATION.

The prizes won at the South African Wimbledon, the great annual rifle meeting of Cape Colony, which took place a week or two previously, were presented at Cape Town, on the 19th of October, Sir Gordon Sprigg, the Premier, being the presentor. Speaking of the progress of the colonial rifle association, Sir Gordon said that in its first year (1880) the programme consisted of six matches, and £250 was distributed in prizes. This year, a silver shield, several cups and gold and silver medals, and £573 were shot for. In respect to the loss which the association had sustained by the death of Major Inglesby, the speaker said he was a man who threw the whole of his energy and enterprise into the volunteer movement. He passed away in the midst of an active life, and left behind a vacant place which will not be easily filled. In connection with the late Major Inglesby's captaincy of the Cape team which was sent to England in 1887, Sir Gordon Sprigg said that following on the precedent set in that year, he understood that it was contemplated to send another team to England to represent the Colony in 1890. In view of this intention he urged upon his hearers, and through them the great body of volunteers in that country, to work out the idea to a practical conclusion. Speaking in his official capacity, the Premier said that if the matter is properly taken up, and the volunteers themselves are in earnest about it, and prepared to contribute a fair proportion of the expenses, the Government will not be slow in advising Parliament to supplement any deficiency that may arise in providing the whole expenditure that may be necessary.

#### A NOVEL SKIRMISHING TARGET.

Says the *Volunteer Record*:—"The very latest thing in skirmishing targets that we hear of—except, of course, the switch-back bounding tiger referred to in another par—is the figure of a man which can be made to advance, retire, stand, kneel, and lay down at the will of a wire puller placed out of danger. If the dummy soldier can be thus made obedient to his manipulator, he represents about as neat a thing in mechanical triumphs, as has been heard of lately. It will be thought, however, that the ingenious inventor might, while he was about it, have gone a little further and placed a rifle in his interesting creation's hands, and contrived to make it, or him, load and fire at his attackers in return. A new charm, not to say a fillip of excitement, would be added to the now prosaic skirmishing practice if the figure could be made to return the fire of his enemy with effect. Moreover, the principle might be carried still farther, whole companies, battalions, and why not armies, of these soulless contrivances might be rigged up and sent into the field. The wars of the future could be fought with them entirely, instead of with the flesh and blood beings who have hitherto been utilized for these purposes. The production and maintenance of the former would be far less costly than the latter, to say nothing of the battles being less destructive, as the combatants could be used over and over again. Who says now, that the millenium is not within measurable distance."