

surge hither and thither to the point where the greatest interest is for the time centred. Pretty girls, with their matronly chaperons, sun themselves in the last warmth of the waning year, while the haze of Indian summer hangs over the lake, and the maples and sumachs on Cedar Island are turned to gold and red. In the foreground of this dreamy picture all is excitement. Races, jumping and steeplechases follow each other in rapid succession. Crowds throng the horse pond to see the steeplechasers splash, one after the other, into the muddy water; and when that is over they rush off to the obstacle race. Here, in some mysterious way, a dozen cadets work themselves through a wire entanglement, wriggle through suspended flour barrels, climb an almost impassable barricade, and overcome various other obstacles before they reach the goal. Many of them give up the struggle after the first spurt—generally recruits who are exercising their full privilege, and would not of their own motion have attempted anything so rash—while only three or four make a good finish.

The *pièce de résistance* is the "tug of war." A team of the right wing, some twelve or fifteen in number, pulls against a team of the left. The officers commanding the respective wings see that the men are well placed, the spectators crowd up to "the thin red line," the cadets shout and cheer the contestants with all the vigour of undergraduates on the banks of the Isis when the college eights are being rowed, and the teams tug and blow for dear life. It is soon over—best out of three trials wins.

Then the commandant's wife, unless some greater swell should happen to be present, distributes the prizes, and all adjourn to the College for tea and an impromptu dance.

At Christmas a ball is given by the staff and the cadets, when the corridors are hung with bunting and the walls are decorated with various devices wrought of swords and bayonets, snow-shoes and toboggans. The seductive music floats on the perfumed air through the many halls and withdrawing rooms, and the *mise en scène* is like fairyland. In the dancing room the floor is crowded, while outside, in quiet nooks and corners, flirtations grow apace, for love and war, as in the days of chivalry, go hand in hand.

The cadets are, as a rule, favourites in the city, at least with the mamas and their pretty daughters. The college rules the social world, and balls and parties are timed for Wednesday evening, the College half-holiday. After two o'clock on that day, and also on Saturday, there are no drills or lectures, and any one may go out on pass till eleven, or with extra leave till one. These are cadet days. The streets present a good sprinkling of red-coats and non-commissioned officers, with crimson sashes and sword-belts, short canes, and caps dexterously balanced on three hairs, sport along the pavement. The evenings are passed at parties or at the opera.

There is a larger College ball after Easter, with more guests, grander decorations, and a sumptuous supper. When that is over, the hard work of the term sets in, preparing for the June examination.

Every year commissions in the Imperial army are offered to the four highest graduates. These rank in the following order: engineers, artillery, cavalry, and infantry. The first two are eagerly sought for, the third generally goes a begging, for Canadians seldom have money necessary to keep up a position in that expensive branch of the service; and the fourth, though rarely declined, is not always accepted. The first two are, however, great prizes, and all the energies of the cleverest cadets are put forth to obtain them.

As June approaches, with its genial warmth, and the trees in the College grounds and neighbouring islands put on their wealth of foliage, and the waters of the lake and river spread out like a mirror, or are crisped by a gentle breeze, red-coats are seen cramming everywhere. By mossy banks, in silent glades, where the river trends through devious channels to the distant sea, the scarlet mingles with the green, and recumbent figures, with huge note books and frowsy heads, impart life but not animation to the scene.

Then comes the examination, towards the middle of June, and at last it is all over; the lists are posted, the prizes are known.

The closing day arrives, presided over by the Governor-General, the Minister of Militia, or, in their absence, some lesser light from the Capital.

Through the long summer day the cadets have been giving evidence of their proficiency in the field. The engineers have dug wells, constructed trenches, laid out camps, or have blown up imaginary fleets and fortresses; the artillery have gone into action, and have come out from the smoke of battle with powder-begrimed faces and everlasting fame; the infantry have marched and counter-marched, deployed into line and broken into column, skirmished, even up to the frowning battlements of Fort Frederick, and retired to finally astonish the spectators by their skill in the bayonet exercise, with flashing of steel and lithe movement of body.

And now comes, as Talleyrand said, "the beginning of the end." The cadets are marched into the large gymnasium, and formed on either side of the platform in lines extending halfway down the hall, which is filled with all the *élite* of an old military and soldier-loving city. The platform is occupied by the commandant and staff, with perhaps a few distinguished guests, and is bright with blue and scarlet uniforms, nodding plumes, and gold lace. The prizes, including a gold, a silver, and a bronze medal, are distributed, amid round on round of applause; the good boy is rewarded in gentle irony, or, in a sublime conception of duty, with a sword "of terrible aspect," and the first graduate is loaded with books. Then the commandant reads an address, long or short, dry or brilliant, according to his humour and inspiration. The cadets are marched out and dismissed, and the official day is over. But only the official day. The cadets then form, under their own orders, a hollow square, with the graduating class in the middle. "Old Lang Syne" is sung with much gusto to the usual accompaniment of a ping and shaking hands. Then a rush is made for the popular favourites, who are lifted and carried, with much cheering, into

the dormitory, whence they soon emerge for leave takings and last words with the warm, and sometimes tender, friends they have made among the citizens during their four years' course.

The graduating class have a valedictory dinner in the evening, and next day the cars and steamboats bear the cadets to their homes scattered over the Dominion from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

For two months the College is deserted. The bare flagstaff is silhouetted against the sky, and the summer sun beats down upon the parade.

England has been lately so free from foreign wars of any importance that there has been little chance for graduates of the College to gain distinction. One, Lieutenant Hewett, served in the Soudan Campaign, and wears a medal won on the banks of Father Nile. Another, Lieutenant Stairs of the Royal Engineers, is, while I write, with Stanley on the Congo, leading the advanced guard, building entrenched camps, and, to judge from the telegrams, doing most excellent service.

It is too early yet to estimate the value of such an institution to our country. That we shall never know until some great crisis calls into play the energies of her rapidly multiplying graduates. In support of the opinion, however, that the Military College is necessary to the Dominion, I cannot do better than quote Lord Lansdowne, who, on his last visit to take leave of the officers and cadets, delivered this calm and unbiassed judgment:—

"There is no Canadian institution of which Canada should be prouder or which will do better service to the country and to the empire. It forms an interesting and distinctive feature in the military system of the Dominion. That system, as I understand it, is based upon the recognition of the fact that Canada cannot afford in her own interests, or in those of the empire, to disregard those precautions which every civilized community takes in order to ensure its own safety from internal commotion or external attack. Upon the other hand it is a system entirely opposed to the establishment of a numerous standing army or to the withdrawal of a large body of citizens from the peaceful pursuits which are essential to the progress and development of the country.

"That being so, it is clear that in a case of a national emergency the Dominion would have to trust largely to the spontaneous efforts of its own people, to the expansion of its existing organization, and the rapid development of the resources already at our command. But, gentlemen, it is needless for me to point out to you that there is one thing which it is impossible to produce in the spur of the moment, and that is a body of trained officers competent to take charge of new levies or to supervise operations necessary for the defence of the national territory, and therefore it appears to me that we cannot over-rate the value of an institution which year by year is turning out men who have received within its walls a soldier's education in the best sense of the word, and who, whatever their primary destination, will, I do not doubt, be found available whenever their services are required by the country."

K. L. JONES.

IMPERIAL FEDERATION AND ITS COST.

An opponent of Imperial Federation assures me that he has merely to point out that the scheme would involve a few dollars extra taxation per family, to turn the average voter decisively against it. This seems tantamount to saying that, from long dependence, parasitism is so ingrained in the character of most Canadians that Canada will hang on to her leading strings until they break. In this case, she will also shrink from her two alternative destinies as long as she can, for it would likewise cost money to start national establishments of her own, or to subscribe to those of the United States. She will choose only one compulsion from outside, and then she will choose whichever of the three courses that are open to her may appear the cheapest.

Of course Imperial Federation will cost something. It is essentially a project to buy certain things which we now lack, for a fair price. Taxation without representation is no more one-sided an arrangement than representation without taxation. We cannot get joint proprietary rights and joint control over the imperial establishments without paying for these privileges. If any silly Canadians favour the scheme because they fancy it will bring them part ownership in the army and navy and consular service by gift or grace, and without any contribution on their part, they had better "step down and out" of the movement. To secure a co-ordinate status instead of a subordinate one, a full instead of a partial citizenship, we must assume equal burdens and reciprocal obligations with the other federating partners.

A starving, a miserly, or an unreflecting man might prefer that his country should accept gratuitous protection for ever, and shirk for ever the responsibility devolving on adult nations, as on adult individuals, of providing for their own security and defence, rather than contribute a single dollar. But to any high-minded Canadian who is not starving, two or three dollars a year should be a small price to pay to enhance his own self-respect and the reputation of his country, and to secure for himself, a part ownership in every imperial service and in every imperial official.

"But this is only a sentiment." Not so, it is a principle. Is it a sentiment only that would make any well-to-do person shrink from adopting the excellent policy, in a mercenary point of view, of accepting a lodging in a home for orphans or decayed gentlemen, and spending on his pleasures, the money so economised? Is it only a sentiment that would prevent your suing *in forma pauperis*, (even if you could do so), while you had sufficient means to fee a counsel? No, you are acting on principle: you recognize that to accept services or favours without reciprocating them