

From the Great Lakes to the Wide West

turned South African hero, who a day or two before had received a medal from the hand of the King's son. As I was dying of thirst after that long, hot sidewalk, he took me to his room and gave me a drink of the best water I ever experienced, and it was there I saw his medal hanging up—he wouldn't have told me he was a decorated hero; the big, manly fellow was far too modest. Under Sergeant-Major Knight's auspices I saw the stables, where he put his own horse through his paces. At a word the sagacious animal left his stall and came out on to the grass in the big square. At another word he stood, and at a sign he obediently lay down on his side as though he were dead, when his master sat on him. There he would have lain had the sergeant fired a gun over him, for this is what these horses are trained to do. And, when bidden, he got up and went to his stall again. From the stables we went to the very fine riding-school, a spacious place, nearly as big as the Toronto Armouries, the floor covered deep with hay. Here the recruits are taught to ride and the horses are trained to stand fire. The building is of wood, and has a finely-designed roof, in which the material is most scientifically applied. Attached to the riding-school is the gymnasium, with the usual outfit of apparatus.