

(Continued from page 269.)

Kings,	—Private Oliver Howard Arnold, 74th Battalion.
do	—Private William Henry Wallace, 74th Battalion.
Yok.	—Sergeant Saunders G. Brown, 71st Battalion.
do	—Private Murdoch Gillies, 71st Battalion.
do	—Private Jared Oscar Smith, 71st Battalion.
do	—Private Charles William Moores, 71st Battalion.
do	—Private Martin White, 71st Battalion.
do	—Charles Westly Currie, 71st Battalion.

PROVINCE OF NOVA SCOTIA.

FIRST CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Regimental Divisions	Names.
Halifax City.	—Captain George Ansley Sandford, 1st Halifax Brigade Garrison Artillery.
do	—Captain William A. Purcell, No. 5 Battery, 2nd Halifax Brigade Garrison Artillery.
do	—1st Lieutenant William Lithgow, No. 2 Battery, 2nd Halifax Brigade Garrison Artillery.
do	—1st Lieutenant Edward Stairs, No. 5 Battery, 2nd Halifax Brigade Garrison Artillery.

SECOND CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Regimental Divisions.	Names.
Halifax City.	—Ensign James E. Dimock, 63rd Battalion Rifles.
do	—Private A. Caithness, 63rd Battalion Rifles.
do	—John Stratton, 63rd Battalion Rifles.
do	—B. S. Major J. Hartlen, 1st Halifax Brigade Garrison Artillery.
do	—Sergeant Patrick Phelen, 66th Battalion of Infantry.
do	—Sergeant Daniel B. Ready, 63rd Battalion of Rifles.
do	—Corporal S. Williams, 66th Battalion of Infantry.
do	—Private William Gibson, 63rd Battalion of Rifles.

do	—Private Michael Bowser, 66th Battalion of Infantry.
do	—Private H. Hainsworth, 66th Battalion of Infantry.
do	—Private George Hilton, 66th Battalion of Infantry.
do	—Private J. A. Fegan, 66th Battalion of Infantry.
do	—Private J. McGae, 66th Battalion of Infantry.
do	—Private J. McGillivray, 66th Battalion of Infantry.

BOARDS OF EXAMINERS.

PROVINCE OF ONTARIO.

FIRST CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Regimental Divisions.	Names.
Lieutenant Peters B. Barnard, 13th Battalion.	
Ensign J. McGillivray,	34th do
do James Aikins,	77th do
Sergt. Major Joseph Delamere,	2nd Battalion.

SECOND CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Regimental Divisions.	Names.
Lieutenant M. Brennan,	19th Battalion.
Ensign R. H. Bowes,	2nd do
do Thomas Langton,	do do
do James Adam,	13th do
do E. C. Kerr,	do do
do John Stoneman,	do do
do Thomas J. Decatur,	36th do
do John G. Smith,	34th do
do Joseph Clark,	44th do
do William Wells,	77th do
Sergt. Major T. K. McKeand,	13th Battalion.

By Command,

WALKER POWELL, Colonel,
Adjutant General of Militia,
Canada.

REVIEWS.

The *Edinburgh Review* for April (reprinted by The Leonard Scott Publishing Co., 41 Barclay Street, N.Y.), is now ready. Contents as follows;—New Series of Wellington's Despatches; The Geology of India; Maclouel's Memoirs—State of France; Modern Architecture and its Assailants; Reminiscences of William Macready; Arctic Exploration; Supernatural Religion; Kinglake's Battle of Inkerman; Papal Rome and Catholic Reform.

REMITTANCES Received on Subscription to THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW up to Saturday the 5th inst. :—

Gananoque, Ont.—Capt. Wm. McKenzie, to June, 1876, \$8.00
 Ottawa, Ont.—Hon. Jas. Skead, to Jan., 1876, 4.00
 Victoria, Ont.—Mr. C. F. Young, to Dec., 1875, 4.00
 Winnipeg, Man.—Capt. J. C. Schultz, M.P., to Jan., 1876, 6.50

The Fluding of the Sails of Nelson's Flag Ship.

(From the Telegraph, May 3.)

While rummaging lately an out-of-the-way loft in the Dockyard at Chatham, there have been found certain old waifs, concerning which a few words ought, we think, to be said. In appearance the relics seemed nothing better than three or four bundles of navy canvas, and a marine-store dealer, turning them over, would have offered very little indeed for the lot. There was a maintop sail, a foretop-gallant sail, and a foretop sail, which had all evidently belonged to a large vessel; but the canvas was withered and mildewed, the bolt-ropes had perished, the cringles and thimbles were rusted, and besides all this the cloths of the rusty suit were tattered and torn in the most extraordinary manner, so that it would have puzzled a master sail maker to cut out from the biggest the lugsail for a man-of-war's pinnace. This useless canvas was on the point of being condemned to the "clearing-out" auction, along with other rubbish, when somebody thought of overhauling it for further information. Upon the bonnet of one of the sails was then found marked "MILLER, Contractor, Portsmouth, 1805," and fastened to the stops of another was a label bearing an inscription which in a moment changed the value of that yellow old duck into something that, if the Lords of the Admiralty know their business, all the marine store dealers living have not cash enough to buy. For, written on the label was "H. M. S. Victory, 1805," and it was at once perceived that these same topsails were none other than the fore and main upper canvas of the noble ship in which Nelson led the weather division of the British fleet on the ever-glorious day of Trafalgar. Those rents and tatters, too, in the venerable stuff, were not the ravages of time or holes gnawed by dockyard rats, but the thick and honourable wounds which our brave old fighting ship took aloft when French and Spanish shot tore screaming over her tops, what time Nelson was bearing down upon Villeneuve and Gravina, amid the thickening fire and smoke of that tremendous noon on the 21st of October, 1805. In the foretop sail there were over eighty holes, great and small; in the maintop sail there were more than four dozen shot and bullet marks. In a word, this was part of the very suit that the famous old line-of-battle ship bent on going into action; and, when the battle was over, those very sails, as full of holes as a potato strainer, carried the Victory, with the dead Admiral's body on board, into Gibraltar, as Stanfield has painted it, and as immortal history records. Once safe at the Rock, the gallant vessel, no doubt, sent down her damaged gear, and these among them, after which, setting new gear, she sailed home, as we all know, bringing the corpse of the great victor into Portsmouth. The Victory was subsequently paid off at Chatham, but how the relics came thus sadly to pass out of notice and knowledge is a reflection on the authorities; but there at all events, they have reposed for seventy long years, and probably those who unrolled the old stuff and shook out its bunts last week were the first to clap eyes upon the cannon-rents since the hour when, with the blood upon her decks not yet dry, and the splinters of battle still white and fresh upon her, the Victory's foretopmen rolled up her shot-torn pinions and laid them by.