

abreast with the Harston as a competitor, but the agent of the former says they 'have been knocked completely off the rails' by the Toronto man's invention."

THE *Broad Arrow*, noticing Sir Donald Smith's interviews with members of the British government to urge the adoption of the Canadian Pacific rail and steamship route for mail service to and from the East, is warm in advocacy of the full recognition of the material advantages afforded to the empire by this enterprise. The concluding passage is as follows: "From the strategic and geographic position of British Columbia, where the commerce of a hemisphere is now centring, the Imperial interests of Great Britain are of increasing importance. Now, since the Canadian Pacific railway has bridged the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, the agricultural and mineral wealth and cereal produce of British North America, no longer delayed by the tedious passage round Cape Horn, or taxed by the heavy dues of the United States, can be brought to our doors. In addition to these advantages, the splendid Canadian militia, well drilled and well officered, are, east and west, ready and willing to join hands with the Imperial troops of Her Majesty, can be transported in a few day's notice from shore to shore, in whatever quarter the war clouds may threaten. The mission of Sir Donald Smith to this country on behalf of the Dominion government will, we trust, not be fruitless. The new route is beyond all question of vital importance to *entente cordiale* between Canada and the mother country she loves so well."

Obituary.

Lieut. J. A. McCarthy, of the 66th Batt. Princess Louise Fusiliers, died at Rothsay, Scotland, on the 13th July, of consumption, where he had gone a short time ago for the benefit of his health. Mr. McCarthy occupied the position of accountant of the Halifax Banking Company, and served in the Halifax Provisional Batt. during the North-West rebellion. He was a great favorite and very popular officer, and his early death at the age of 27 is deeply regretted by a large circle of friends.

The Queen's Prize Winner.

[The United Service Gazette.]

LIEUT. ROBERT OLIVER WARREN, of the 1st Middlesex, or Victoria Rifles, was on Tuesday evening proclaimed the proud winner of the Queen's prize, of the value of £250, and the gold medal of the National rifle association at Wimbledon. An additional honor was in store for him. H. R. H. the Prince of Wales was on the ground while the final range was being shot over, and on Lieut. Warren being pronounced the winner, the Prince of Wales said, "Send him to me." Lieut. Warren advanced quietly, bearing his honors modestly, and the Prince on seeing him said, "Allow me to congratulate you; it must have been very hard work." With this kindly expression of feeling the Prince of Wales pinned the gold badge on the winner's breast, whereupon the victor was borne, shoulder high, to the camp of the Victorias by his comrades, where, the loving cup having been handed to him, his health was toasted and drunk with acclamation. In twenty-eight contests this coveted prize has fallen on four occasions to officers. In 1868 it was won by Lieut. Carslake, of the Somerset volunteers. In 1871 it fell to Ensign Humphry (now Lt.-Colonel), of the Cambridge University corps. In 1875 Captain Pearse of the Devon volunteers bore it to the west of England, and the Victorias now, in the person of Lieut. Warren, possess the proud distinction of having carried it off twice—Sergeant Pixley, of the 1st Middlesex, having won it in 1862.

The feat performed by Lieut. Warren is one of which any corps may well be proud, and the honor is sensibly reflected on the regiment to which he belongs. It is no slight distinction for a marksman to be sent up to Wimbledon to represent his battalion, and once there his anxieties may be said only to begin. "It must have been very hard work," as the Prince of Wales, who knows what shooting is, very justly observed. The competitor at Wimbledon meets men steady as rocks at the target, amateurs of weapons accomplished in all the arts and tricks (they are many) of shooting, men who have seen the red deer upon the hills—trained marksmen from Caledonia stern and wild, "land of brown heath and shaggy wood, land of the mountain and the flood." Lieut. Warren held his own and more against all comers, and won, in racing

parlance, with a lump of weight in hand. His meritorious performance is all the more to be commended when his connection with his corps is considered. He has been a member of the Victorias for over ten years, having entered as a private and risen through the various grades to his present rank. He has fired at Wimbledon every year since 1882, but never managed to get included among the chosen to contest in the third and final stage for the Queen's prize. In his battalion he has always been reckoned a good shot, having carried off both company and regimental prizes.

Of the many regiments of volunteers raised during the great movement of 1803, or before that date, none remained after the peace of Europe had been secured at Waterloo save those of the Yeomanry Cavalry. One corps of infantry, the Duke of Cumberland's sharpshooters, desiring to keep together and to continue their practice with the rifle, struggled hard to be exempted from the general disarmament. After a protracted conflict with the authorities they were told that they might continue to exist, but without official favor or sanction. In 1835 the members applied to the Duchess of Kent for permission to adopt for their body the name of the heiress to the crown. They received a gracious and favorable answer, and they took for their new title that of the Royal Victoria Rifles, and, although simply a coincidence, it is perfectly in accordance with the harmony of events and fitness of things for an officer of the corps named after Her Majesty to have won the Queen's Prize in the Jubilee year of her reign.

France's Wonderful New Rifle.

THE Lebel rifle, the new arm with which the French infantry will be supplied before next spring, is, according to all accounts, a wonder, and several models of the gun which have been received here have excited great interest. The new rifle is known by the name of its inventor, Lebel, and is smaller and lighter than the rifles now in use; the French soldiers call it "the little gun." The most authentic descriptions given to the gun agree in attributing to it a carrying power beyond that of any rifle heretofore in use. The models received in New York are not known to be accurate copies of the Lebel gun, and experiments with them are impossible, owing to the fact that the powder used is a secret compound of which the French government has the monopoly.

According to all accounts the Lebel gun will carry its bullet more than a mile and a half, and with a more certain aim than has been possible with ordinary rifles. The bore of the gun is very small, and the ball, which is of steel and sharply pointed at one end, is said to revolve at a speed of 1,000 revolutions a second. In the tests made by the French government this bullet has penetrated a brick wall eight inches thick at a distance of 500 yards; it will go through any kind of armour that can be worn by soldiers, and at a distance of more than a mile will pass through a man as easily as at ten paces. The gun has no recoil under fire, and the powder gives out no smoke whatever. It has been said that the powder used must be a type of smokeless hunting powder already in the market; but this is denied by the inventor, who says that he uses an entirely new compound. The Lebel gun is, of course, a repeater, and the cartridges are so small that each soldier carries 220 rounds of ammunition, as against 116 rounds, formerly considered the maximum.

The French government is now making these guns at the rate of 500 a day at St. Etienne, and is preparing to turn out double that number. Four factories, those at Chatellerault, Tulle, and S. Etienne, will soon be at work upon them.—*N. Y. Evening Post*.

Brigade Camp Anecdotes.

The major-general commanding the militia in his annual report for 1886 relates how a guard turned out and gravely saluted him with their left hands, also how a man gave him a quiet nod by way of salute as he passed.

Well, I think I can take the shine out of both these performances. At a brigade camp a sentry was posted over the staff tents, and after being instructed to "present arms" to all armed parties, &c., the writer had just turned to go away, when the relief, returning to the guard tent, happened to pass. What was my astonishment to see the sentry bring his rifle to his shoulder and take deadly aim (I suppose) at the relief. I did not know whether to feel amused or disgusted at this sight; but the brigade-major, who was standing not far off, and had witnessed the whole performance, regarded the matter in the light of a good joke, so I concluded to do the same.

On another occasion during the same camp, after carefully instructing a sentry how to distinguish field officers, on approaching his post about an hour afterwards, I was somewhat surprised to see him stand to his front and receive me with a "present." I was more surprised by his answer to my question as to why he had presented arms to me. "Why, sir, ain't you higher than a field officer." I still remain in ignorance as to what rank that sentry attributed to me; more especially as I was not entitled to a salute of any kind.

It was not an unusual sight to see a sentry seated on the ground taking his breakfast, or dinner, while the man that brought it did "sentry go" generally in his shirt sleeves; of course this was only during the first two or three days of the camp.

MICKEY FREE'S FATHER.

30th July, 1887.