

in which he served until his death. In 1882, when Major-Gen. Strange retired from the post of Commandant of the garrison, Lieut. Short was promoted to the position of Captain of the battery, in succession to Lieut.-Col. Montizambert, who took the place of Gen. Strange. Shortly after he received field rank as Major. His battery was instrumental in suppressing the labour riots in Quebec in 1879, when he was so severely wounded on the head as to have come near death. He subsequently passed through the campaign in the North-West in 1885, receiving the most honourable mention in the report of Gen. Sir Frederick Middleton. The deceased was about 42 years old. He leaves a widow, daughter of the late Mr. John Carruthers, of Kingston, and a young child.

HE STOOD BY HIS OFFICER.

Major Short's companion in death, Sergt. Walleck, is from Guelph, and was stationed at Kingston with "B" Battery in 1885. During the North-West rebellion he was in charge of one of the Gatling guns at Fort Pitt. He was bombardier while stationed here. Since the rebellion he was raised to the staff-sergeantry.

KINGSTON IN MOURNING.

The news of Major Short's death created a profound sensation in Kingston, where he had for years been stationed with "B" Battery, and the *Whig* thus voiced the general sorrow:

"Kingston grieves to-day over no uncommon loss. The feelings of the people have been stirred deeply and sincerely. Those who witnessed the scene upon the arrival of the news from Cut Knife Creek and knew the pride felt by the citizens in Major Short's gallantry, with their pleasure at his safety, can alone realize the sadness following the tragedy at Quebec this morning. Major Short died a martyr to an irrepressible public spirit coupled with the dash and self-abnegation which characterize the best type of British officer. As a representative Canadian from one of its oldest families, he was also a credit to the Dominion. For five years only a resident here, he yet became one of the city's favourites. His gallant bearing, activity and geniality were irresistible. United later to one of Kingston's most loved daughters, he was held in still higher personal regard, and therefore there is intense sympathy with the living, lately so deeply bereaved of father and husband, as well as sorrow for the dead."

IN THE REBELLION.

Major Short's worth was fully appreciated at the time of the North-West rebellion, when with "B" Battery he took part in the march of Col. Otter's column to Battleford. He commanded the artillery in the attack on Poundmaker at Cut Knife, when he served the Gatling gun himself. Once, when some half-breeds made a desperate attempt to capture the gun, he rushed out at the head of three or four gunners to meet the charge, and in the escapade very narrowly escaped death, an Indian bullet cutting the braid of his forage cap. He killed, by a shot from his revolver, the Indian foremost in the charge, which was so gallantly met that the Indians turned before reaching the guns. When withdrawing from the hill to the open prairie Major Short worked the Gatling with his own hands while the line of riflemen formed in rear. On his way back to Battleford he did his best to cheer the wounded. Afterwards he was a regular visitor at the hospital, and many a dainty morsel prepared for the wounded came from Major Short's own quarters.

No one will miss him more than the hardy little French-Canadian gunners and drivers of his battery. He was very strict, and some might say severe, yet his men loved him, and would go through fire and water if he were with them. On his return from the North-West they took his horses out of his carriage and drew him through the streets of Kingston.

The deceased was regarded as one of the best military riders in Canada. He was a splendid judge of horses. His own horse, King Tom, is known all over Canada by officers who have been attached to "B" Battery. Tom knew his master's step when he entered the stable.

The *United Service Gazette* says:—"The French stipulate that their subsidized merchant vessels shall always carry their guns in their hold. This has been denied, but we have very good reason to know that it is a fact. How much would it cost our Government to pay the small freightage requisite to secure a similar advantage? Again, in the matter of crews we should imagine that for a small extra payment the companies would undertake to man their ships entirely with Naval Reserve men instead of partly with Lascars. Under existing circumstances there would be grave danger of a ship falling a prize to the enemy before she could make a port where she could mount suitable guns and obtain an efficient crew."

A SAD AFFAIR AT QUEBEC.

Tragic Death of Major Short and Sergt. Walleck of "B" Battery

While helping to Check a Conflagration at St. Sauveur—Details of the Horrible Accident—The Coroner's Verdict—Imposing Funeral Demonstrations at Quebec and Kingston.

Quebec on Thursday last met with a disastrous loss in the destruction by fire of the greater part of the populous suburb of St. Sauveur, whereby six or seven thousand families were rendered homeless. But the misfortune of Quebec has throughout Canada been almost forgotten in the overshadowing loss to the Dominion in the tragic death of the ideal Canadian soldier, Major C. J. Short, of "B" Battery, Regt. Canadian Artillery. The despatches from Quebec give the particulars of his death, which "crowning catastrophe," as it is described, occurred at the corner of St. Gertrude and St. Sauveur streets. A detachment of men from the Battery, under command of Lieut.-Col. Montizambert, had been summoned from the Citadel, and by their coolness and steady discipline rendered material help to the firemen and the panic-stricken people. As the strong easterly wind impelled the fire further away from the only available water, the exertions of the firemen were directed more towards the salvation of the already burning houses, while the artillerymen went to the front to stop the progress of the fire by demolishing the houses in its course. Ropes and tackling were effectively used. Gunpowder was also called into requisition. Small kegs were exploded in the lower parts of the houses by fuzes, the officers freely exposing themselves to whatever danger this implied.

Major Short, the second in command, stepped into a little wooden house on St. Gertrude street, followed by Sergt. Walleck, to perfect arrangements for its destruction. This was at 6.45 a.m., and the importance of the work the soldiers were doing had fully impressed itself on the onlookers, of whom there were many near by. Hardly had the Major and Sergeant entered the doorway when the gunpowder exploded, presumably by a spark blown in through the open windows. The house was hurled intact several feet into the air, but when it fell a chaotic mass the horrified bystanders began to realize the fact that the universal favourite, the intrepid soldier, the gallant Major Short, and Sergt. Walleck, the riding master of the battery, lay probably dead or dying under the burning debris.

The artillerymen, with a dash, began a hasty life and death dislodgment of the boards and beams, and hauled from the ruin the still breathing but fearfully injured and disfigured body of what was three minutes before the stalwart, handsome young sergeant, whose bearing challenged general admiration. From one arm the ghastly white broken bone protruded, half of one foot had been blown away, both legs were badly broken, face and trunk were wounded, and it seemed almost a miracle to some near by when the pinched, nerveless lips framed a request for water. Further efforts to reach the spot where the Major lay were perforce suspended, and the battery men, unable in most instances to maintain their soldierly bearing from excess of feeling, were compelled to stand by with idle hands while the flames cracked and hissed over the remains of their officer and companion in arms. Together they had braved danger with unbroken front in riots and street troubles, when blood had freely flown, without a murmur; they had suffered the hardships and borne the brunt of the North-West campaign against the rebels under Riel; and now it was with tear-stained faces and tottering, bent frames that they stood around that blazing pyre, some in speechless horror, some with lamentations upon their lips, at being so near their hero and yet so helpless.

It was not until three hours had passed that even their impatience could approach the fatal pile, and then, when half-burnt beams and rubbish had been thrown aside, a crushed trunk with no legs adhering, with a fringe of the light hair at the back of the head, about all that remained to identify the body, was what they found and conveyed to their Citadel home. The Sergeant was tenderly carried to the Marine Hospital, where he revived sufficiently to state that the barrel of powder, open to receive the fuze, was ignited by a spark, and that a note of warning sprang to the lips of his superior just before the explosion hushed his lips forever.

THE CORONER'S INQUEST.

On Friday an inquest was held at which the following testimony was elicited:—

"Alfred Lyndon, sergeant-major of "B" Battery, was examined. He left the citadel on orders from the adjutant, Capt. Rutherford, be-