

and this year it was evident that it had, if anything, increased in popularity.

On Thursday Col. Holmes, D.A.G., inspected the troop armory. Lieut. P. B. Hamilton Ramsay takes command of "A" Troop, in place of Capt. E. A. C. Hosmer, absent on leave. Capt. Hosmer left for England Sunday night on a five months' trip.

"MAXIME LABELLE."

A Canadian Voyageur's account of the Nile Expedition. By William H. Drummond, M.D., in Massey's Magazine.

Victoriaw : she have beeg war, E-gyp's de nam' de place—
An' neeger peep dat's leev'im dere, got very black de face,
An' so she's write Joseph Mercier, he's stop on Trois Rivières—
"Please come right off, an' bring wit' you t'ree honder voyageurs.

"I got de plaintee sojer, me, beeg feller six foot tall—
Dat's H'Englishman, an' Scotch also, don't wear no pant at all ;
Of, course, de H'Irishman's de bes', raise all de row he can,
But nobodee can pull batteau lak good Canadian man.

"I geev you steady job for sure, an' we'n you get 'im t'roo
I bring you back on Canadaw, don't cos' de man un sou,
Dat's firse-class steamboat all de way, Kebeck an' Leeverpool,
An' if you don't be satisfy, you mus' be beeg, beeg fool."

We meet upon Hotel Dufresne, an' talk 'im till daylight,
An' Joe he's treat so many tam, we very near get tight,
Den affer w'ile, we mak' our min' dat's not bad chance, an' so
Joseph Mercier he's telegraph, "Correc', Madam, we go."

So Joe arrange de whole biznesse, wit' Queen Victoriaw ;
Two dollar day—work all de tam—dat's purty good l'argent !
An' w'en we start on Trois Rivières, for pass on boar' de ship,
Our fren' dey all say, "Bon voyage," an' den, Hooraw ! E-gyp !

Dat beeg steamboat was plunge so moche, I'm 'fraid she never
stop—

De Capitaine's no use at all, can't kip her on de top—
An' so we all come very sick, jus' lak' one leetle pup,
An' ev'ry tam' de ship's go down, de h'inside she's go up.

I'm sorry spoke lak' dis, ma fren', if you don't t'ink it's so,
Please h'ax Joseph Mercier heseff, or Aleck De Coteau,
Dat stay on bed mos' all de tam', so sick dey nearly die,
But lak' some great, beeg Yankce man, was never tole de lie.

De gang she's travel, travel, t'roo many strange contree,
An' ev'ry place is got new nam', I don't remember, me,
We see some fonny t'ing, for sure, more fonny I can tell,
But w'en we reach de Neel Riviere, dat's feel more naturel.

So many fine, beeg sojer man, I never see before,
All dress 'im on grand uniform, is wait upon de shore,
Some black, some green, an' red also, cos' honder dollar sure,
An' holler out, "She's all right now, here come de voyageurs !"

We see Boss Generale also, he's ride on beeg chameau,
Dat's w'at you call Ca-melle, I t'ink, I laugh de way she go !
Jomp up, jomp down, jomp ev'ry place, but still de Generale
Seem satisfy for stay on top dat fonny an-i-mal.

He's holler out on Joe Mercier, "Comment ca va Joseph,
You lak' for come right off w'it me, tak' leetle ride youseff ?"
Joseph, he mak' de grand salut, an' tak' it off he's hat,
"Merci Mon Generale," he say, "I got no use for dat."

Den affer we was drink somet'ing, an' sing "Le Brigadier,"
De sojer feller's get prepare for mak' de embarquer,
An' everybody's shout 'im out, w'en we tak' hole de boat,
"Hooraw pour Queen Victoriaw !" an' also "pour nous austres."

Bigosh ; I do hard work meseff, upon de H'Ottawa
De Gatineau and' St. Maurice, also de Mattawa,
But I don't never work at all, I 'sure you dat's a fack
Until we strike Neel Riviere, an' sapre Catarack !

"Dis way, dat way, can't kip her straight," "look out, Bateese,
look out !"

"Now let her go"—"arrete un peu," dat's way de pilot shout,
"Don't wash de neeger girl on shore," an' "prenez garde behin"
"Wat's matter w'it dat rudder man ? I t'ink he's goin' blin' !"

Some tam of course, de boat's all right an' carry us along
An' den again, we mak' portage, w'en current she's too strong
On piace lak' dat, we run good chance, for sunstruck on de neck,
An' plaintee tam we wish ourseff, was back on ole Kebeck.

De seconde Catarack we pass, more beeger dan de Soo,
She's nearly t'orty mile for sure, it would astonish you,
Dat's place t'ree H'Irishman get drown, wan day we have beeg
storm,
I s'pose de Queen is feel lak cry, los' dat nice uniform !

De night she's very, very cole, an' hot upon de day,
An' all de tam, you feel jus' lak you're goin' melt away ;
But never min' an' don't get scare, you mak' it up all right,
An' twenty' poun' you los' dat day, she's comin' back sam' night.

We got small bugle boy also, he's mebbe stan' four foot,
An' firse t'ing ev'ry morning, sure, he mak' it toot ! toot ! toot !
She's nice enough upon de day, for hear de bugle call,
But w'en she play before daylight, I don't lak dat at all.

We mus' get up immediatement, dar lettles feller blow,
An' so we start 'im off again, for pull de beeg batteau,
De sojer man he's nice, nice boy, an' help us all he can,
An' geev 'im chance, he's mos' as good lak some Canadian man.

Wall all de tam, she go lak dat, was busy every day,
Don't get moche chance for foolish-ness, don't get no chance for
play,

Dere's plaintee danger all aroun' an' w'en we're coming back
We got look out for run 'im safe, dem sapre Catarack.

But w'ere's de war ? I can't mak' out, don't see no fight at all !
She's not'ing but une Grande Piquique, dat's las'in all de fall !
Mebbe de neeger King he's scare, an' skip anoder place,
An' pour la Reine Victoriaw ! I never see de face.

But dat's not ma biz-ness, ma fren', I'm ready pull batteau
So long she pay two dollar day, wit' pork an' bean also ;
An' if she geev me steady job, for mak some more l'argent,
I say, "Hooraw ! for all de tam', on Queen Victoriaw !"

ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE.

A notice was issued some time ago of a supplementary examination to be held on the 17th inst for admission to the Royal Military College, Kingston, but notwithstanding the great cost to the country the inducement held out for those seeking a military career is not sufficient to attract candidates. Not one candidate had applied for admission on the 5th, which was the last day for receiving applications. The treatment that graduates have received from the Government in the past is sufficient to warrant this state of affairs. It is understood that at present there is a scarcity of cadets.



A snap shot at the last Church Parade.