

of the powder furnished by the Hamilton Powder Co. Cartridges are now being manufactured with this imported powder for the use of our rifle associations. It is thought that the quality of the powder contracted for this year by the Hamilton Powder Co. will give ample satisfaction.

#### OBITUARY.

Another esteemed and prominent citizen has gone to his long rest. Major George Grant was born of Scotch parents at St. Jean du Luz, in France, in the year 1814, and was consequently in the 73rd year of his age. He was educated at the Military Academy of the 74th Highlanders, in Scotland. In 1833 he left his native country with the 74th for service in the West Indies where he remained seven years, coming to Canada with the same regiment in 1841. He married in 1843 a French-Canadian lady in Montreal, Miss Matilda Barron, by whom he had eight children. When the 100th regiment was organized in 1858, the late deceased, ever ready at the call of duty, took service as quartermaster and proceeded with it to England, thence to Gibraltar. He subsequently retired from the regular service on half pay, and in 1868 accepted a position in the Militia Department of the Canadian Civil Service, having previously temporarily served in the Customs. For fifteen years he acted as quartermaster of the Governor General's Foot Guards. He retired from the Civil Service on superannuation allowance in September, 1884, and subsequently removed with his family to Scotland. Finding that the change of climate did not agree with his health, he returned again to the land of his adoption, only to find his last, long resting place where he has spent so many of the latter years of his useful life, which included thirty years in Her Majesty's regular service. The lamented gentleman has been in failing health of late years, having never fully recovered from the shock of the sudden and violent death of his son Albert. An expert swimmer as well as a keen sportsman, Major Grant in his younger days saved some seven or eight people from drowning, and was the proud recipient of a vote of thanks from the Royal Humane Society of England for chivalrously saving the life of Mr. J. H. Oakes, who fell through the ice at Kingston some thirty years ago, at the very imminent risk of his own. A true British soldier, an upright and honest Christian gentleman, a kind and generous father and friend, and a generally respected citizen, the late Major Grant will be long and sincerely regretted by all who had the advantage of his friendship or acquaintance.—*Ottawa Citizen.*

Mr. Josiah John Burrows, D.L.S., a member of the Surveyors' Scouts, died in Ottawa on Saturday night, of apoplexy, at the age of forty-one. The deceased was the eldest son of the late Henry Joel Burrows and grandson of the late Capt. John Burrows of the Royal Engineers, who over half a century ago had charge of the Rideau canal for the Imperial government. For years he was an enthusiastic volunteer in several of the militia corps of this city, serving in and from the ranks upwards, at the front during the threatened Fenian invasions. A first-class cadet from the infantry and artillery training schools of the time, he was from inclination, efficiency, pluck, discipline and endurance, a true British soldier. Owing to professional demands on his time he was not recently attached to any military corps, but last year when the North-west rebellion broke out he was amongst the first in organizing the Surveyors' Intelligence Corps for active service. He was under fire in an advanced position at Batoche alongside of his fellow-surveyor the lamented Kippen, from Perth, when the latter was shot; and with Mr. Denny, another companion-in-arms, he prepared the subsequently adopted plan of the battlefield, with the lines of defences and the rifle pits, etc., as afterwards published. He was a universal favorite, and his unexpected and sudden death has profoundly affected all who remembered his truthfulness, kindness and hearty appreciation of the enjoyments of life.

#### REVIEWS.

We have received a copy of the second edition of "The Piquet Commander's Notebook," compiled by Major E. W. Adderley, adjutant of the Central London rangers, which is published in neat pamphlet form at the small price of one penny. It is an admirable little compendium of all the thousand and one details that an officer on this important duty is expected to keep in mind, and which it would take him half a lifetime to cull from the several official authorities. It is not intended, however, to supplant these, for the short notes given presuppose a preliminary acquaintance with them, but merely to bring back the mind to them and keep them all under the eye at once, so that none may be overlooked. The principal headings of the notes are "Instructions," "Proceedings," "Maxims" and "Sentries." We commend the notebook to all combatant officers.

#### NOTIONS OF A NOODLE.—XIV.

MY DEAR MISTY,—To continue with the militia report, can you tell me why on page xxiii I find that sword bayonets are recommended for the infantry, and those with saw backs for the mounted men? What a mounted man is going to do with such a weapon I will not ask. But I must protest mildly against the 2½ lbs. of steel, when the light three-cornered prodger can fill the bill quite as effectually. If we must bear this cross of ours let it be as light as possible for the sake of the suffering soldier. Now, if we had an affair that could be utilized as a jack-knife, and at the same time fit on the muzzle of the rifle, just to please those who believe in such things, a useful addition to the kit might be the consequence. With the saw-sword-bayonet, there is nothing to stick, and little to saw, while the blade is far too dull to cut,—perhaps some correspondent will explain its use. We load a man with weapons, teaching him thoroughly the use of none, consequently, as happened the other day, an uneducated soldier in our eyes, opposed to all our modern accomplishments, held us in check with a broken down shot-gun, simply because he knew how to use it. Had the rebels been armed as we were, when would we have taken Batoche? Speaking of the use of cold steel in action, this includes officers and their swords, which they know how to use about as well as they do how to use drum sticks. In most cases they would use the weapon with as much assurance as a man with a cue in his hand for the first time would manipulate the billiard balls. Referring to these same swords, always blunt, and we don't carry grindstones, an eminent cavalry officer of the American service, who served with the greatest distinction throughout the civil war, says: "I am convinced that in nine cases out of ten, an officer of dismounted cavalry, fighting on foot, would do better to borrow a carbine from one of the horseholders than carry a sabre with him. The best officers on a skirmish line, I remember, always borrowed a carbine to use, and the men followed them. Sword-armed officers are too apt to get behind the line, and shout to the men to 'go on,' instead of being well up with them." I quote this partly because it agrees exactly with the ideas stated in some of my former notions. It will not suit those officers who advocate nothing but the blade, which they possibly handle as skilfully as they do the rifle. The plea of looking after the men is foolish, a skirmish line looks after itself, or should do so, if it were not for the cursed habit we have of drilling men to depend on an officer for every movement they make, which destroys that individual confidence now so necessary to ensure success. Cobden says the fault of our military system is that it robs us of the man and gives us a machine.

It is with pleasure, Misty dear, that I come to page xxiv, where the major-general takes up rifle shooting, and declares it is imperfect, a fact that we all agree in, and which gives me an opportunity again to spread myself. In order to strengthen the wise remarks of the general, and convince outsiders that we are not all there with the rifle, I will give you the result of the annual practice with Sniders last year, made by one of the regular corps, lately engaged in the North-west. They fired 20 rounds only; this was considered enough, and I don't wonder, after the wonderful score made. The ranges were the easiest distances now in vogue, viz., 200, 400 and 500 yards, 5 rounds at 200 and 500, and 10 at 400 yards. The score is that of the gunners or privates, and is a fair specimen of the standard of rifle shooting in all regular corps, which do not waste their time at such tomfoolery, when the more important duties of marching order parades and kit inspections require strict attention. Should any one feel inclined to inspect these scores I am willing to produce the sheets where the rows of "duck eggs" will most forcibly demonstrate the effect of the shooting irons on the targets. Eighty-eight men fired 20 rounds each, making 1,760 shots, at targets the biggest of which were six feet square, somewhat larger than two John L. Sullivans. Out of this number there were scored 1,024 misses. This looks well, and the general can safely say that rifle practice is not satisfactory. The above score gives an average of 27 points per man, out of a possible 100. Thirty-eight men made less than 20 points. The highest score made was 64 points. When we consider that the above creditable display was made calmly off their stomachs on a charming day in the autumn at, as I say, a target larger than two of the gigantic pugilists, painted white, and spotted with two-foot bulls'-eyes, we can ponder on the result of a battle with the untrained nomad of the western prairie, deprived of the customs of the British service as a means of instruction on the subject of war. After a calmer perusal of these scores, we smile now and then at the uproar in the House of Commons, made over the Canadian cartridges; it never strikes anybody that the Canadian man is to blame, or that Riel's followers laid us out with Hudson Bay Zulus,\* loaded with chewed-up tea-lead.

\*A five dollar gun sold by the Hudson's Bay Company.