

who will write scurrilous anonymous letters, is not at all scrupulous as to the truth of what he says. The cowardly part of it is that a commanding officer cannot defend himself. It is like striking a man when he is down with his hands and feet tied. The militia act says, and we properly so, that no writing in the public press should be permitted, inasmuch as the regulations provide for every man in the service, no matter what his rank may be, receiving ample justice. Notably since the recent campaign in the Northwest has this pernicious custom been indulged in, and it is a great pity, for it has detracted from the justly deserved praise given on all sides to the good work done there by the militia force. Although the work we were called upon to do in the Northwest was not of a physically arduous nature, yet it was trying enough.

WE HAD GONE A LONG WAY FOR A FIGHT,

and wanted to have one, and it was from no fault of mine, as Colonel Van Straubensee can tell you, that we didn't succeed. We were, it is true, disappointed in not getting into any of the engagements, but still we were fortunate in having a very important position assigned to us. So, resigning ourselves to fate, we kept watch and ward on the archrebel Riel and his councillors in case there should be any attempt at rescue, as well as serving to keep in check by our presence any rising of the Indians on the reserves a little further north of us on the Qu'Appelle river. As we lay at night, in our blankets, feeling—as one of the men expressed it, every now and then for a “bit of the soft side of the prairie to lie on,” with nothing to disturb the silence of the night in that great lone land but the changing of our sentries and the loud shout of the Mounted police patrols close by, as they told off their numbers and finished up their rounds with the reassuring “all's well”—our thoughts would wander from where our hopes and aspirations were, at the front, to the dear ones we had left at

home. And, as I know now, but was unaware of then—many an anxious thought and many a weary care were concealed under a calm exterior—not for themselves but for those dependent upon them whom they had left behind. The

SPIRIT OF THE ANGLO-SAXON

is not dead amongst us. Slumbering it may be under the work and cares of every day life, but when occasion calls it will always be found in the future as in the past, that both the men and the women of our race are willing to sacrifice much when duty calls upon them so to do. That spirit has never been wanting in the Canadian militia from its earliest records, as I have endeavored to show until now. How is it to be in the future? that is a question for our younger men to answer; that they will be worthy of their forefathers I have little doubt. There is a sturdy spirit of endurance, manliness and pluck permeating the youth of this country, and while upon them falls the responsibility of maintaining a greater inheritance, I feel very confident that they will be worthy of the trust and be able to maintain, inviolate, this large and important possession of the vast empire of Great Britain.

At the close of the lecture a hearty vote of thanks was conveyed to the lecturer.

A number of views were then shown by Mr. Prowse's excellent hydrogen light, comprising pictures of Montcalm and his army, General Wolfe, the well known and honored figure of Colonel Dyde, whom we shall see in our midst no more, scenes from the battles of '37, the Artillery camp at Regina last year, and other views in connection with the recent campaign, also photographs of Cols. Wily, Straubensee, the adjutant and chaplain of the M. G. A., and General Middleton, concluding with an excellent colored picture of the Queen. The Artillery band played selections during the evening, and finished, as usual, with the national anthem.