



ST. BERNARD COMMANDERY, NO. 35, KNIGHTS TEMPLAR DRILL CORPS, CHICAGO, WITH THEIR LADIES AND HAMILTON FRIENDS, AT HAMILTON 27th AND 28th JULY, 1891.

(W. Farmer, Hamilton, photo.)



The Warrior was the first iron-plated man-of-war in the British Navy, and was launched on 29th December, 1860.

The winner of the Prince of Wales prize at Bisley this year was a Canadian—Capt. McMicking, of Welland Battalion, Niagara Falls. This prize has only been won three times before by Canadians: once by Lieut.-Col. Gibson, of Hamilton; once by Lieut. William Mitchell, of the 32nd Battalion, relative of Colour-Sergt. C. N. Mitchell, of the 90th, Winnipeg, and once by Andy Gillis, then of the 90th Battalion. Capt. McMicking's score (97 out of a possible 105) is the same score as that made by Gillis, and is a good performance with any rifle under any circumstances. The prize is a gold medal and £100 in cash.

At Boswell Road Dairy, Trinity, Edinburgh, there has recently died a grey charger which rode through the "Valley of Death" along with the immortal "Six Hundred." It also went through the Indian Mutiny. At the charge of Balaclava it received a bullet in the neck which it carried to the grave. To show that so many years of peace and plenty did not banish from the animal's remembrance the rules of military discipline, it may be stated that at the trumpet's

blast the horse would cock its ears and come to attention as if it stood in the ranks of war, and it repeatedly withstood the thunder of the Granton Battery of sixty-eight and thirty-two pounders with as great composure as a Turk at prayer.

The officers' mess house of the famous First Battalion of the Royal Irish Regiment at Colchester Camp has been destroyed by fire. The regimental colours, much costly plate, several valuable historical pictures and war relics, gathered by the regiment in its career, ranging from Blenheim to the Soudan, were burned. It is suggested that an Irish national subscription be made to defray the expense of refurnishing the quarters and replacing the plate. The building was a wooden structure and the folly of keeping such valuable pictures and relics in a perishable structure is now severely commented upon.

When the 27th Inniskillings were quartered in the Maiden City of Londonderry, I enlisted a recruit in the Diamond, and after treating him decent in Tom Colhoun's I put the usual questions to him, gave him a shilling, and took him to Ebrington Barracks, where he was finally attested. In the course of a month he was claimed as an apprentice, and brought up before the Mayor of the city. Attorney N— defended, and said the prisoner had not been properly enlisted. At the same time he asked me to put the questions to him (Attorney N—) that I had asked the prisoner. In fact, for His Worship's information, to go through the whole form of enlistment. I put the usual questions; the attorney answered "Yes" to all, and then I pulled out a shilling and placed it in his hand. "Were those the same questions you put to the prisoner?" said he to me. "Yes they were," said I. His Worship then decided that the man had been properly enlisted and passed the sentence. When he had

done so the attorney said to me, "Well, here's yer shilling back for ye." "I can't take it," says I. "Why not?" says he. "Why?" says I, "why, sure I can't take it back till ye go before the magistrate and pay the smart money, which every recruit must pay if he wants to be released from service." "You be hanged!" says he, and he put the money in his pocket. I called to His Worship on the bench for a witness that I had enlisted the attorney, and oh, there was a roar in court. Well, the decision of the court being in my favour, I asked if I might take my new recruit, and they all roared again, the attorney getting as red as a turkey-cock, and nearly mad. At last he made the best of it, and paid the smart money. "Don't list in the line next time," says I. "What then?" said he, snappishly. "Oh, your honour," says I, "stick to the Rifles—that's more in your way." Well, when I told the major I thought he would die, and when he ceased laughing he told me to keep the smart money for myself.—*Sprig of Shillelagh.*

Smart Retort by a Scotsman.

On the Islay mail packet steamer in Scotland the other day a most amusing aspect was given to a Yankee utterance by the smart retort of a Scotchman. The American damned with faint praise the beauties of the Highland lochs and rivers, and, with a big display of spread eagles, sang a paean in favour of the American Rhine, the Hudson, which he somewhat irreverently styled "God's own river." "That may be a' true," cannily responded the child of the mist, "bit I'm thinkin' the Almighty didna tak' as much trouble wi' the Hudson as He did wi' the Kyles o' Bute or West Loch Tarbert!"