

they had never seen the horrid tragedy of battle) over the acres protected by the British flag and the ships of war.

"The figure, recalling, as it does, the tragic fate of young Lawrence and 70 of his brave crew, is eminently historic."

Rev. Dr. Shermer is hoping to bring the matter to the attention also of the citizens of the United States, now residing in Halifax and Dartmouth, in the belief that it may serve to increase the growth of international friendship between the mother country and her afore-time colonies.

MY FIRST UNIFORM.

By Alg. B. Durham.

I can well remember the momentous occasion when I first became a Volunteer. With what fear and trembling I, alongside of several bosom chums, stood and listened awe-struck to the officers slowly reading the oath of allegiance. How carefully it was repeated, and with what fervour I kissed the rusty and time-worn Testament. Such a kiss a maiden would envy.

How I began immediately to almost worry the tailor to death in my burning anxiety to get the uniform home. When at last it was unfolded to the admiring gaze of my brothers and sisters, how happy I felt to be the proud possessor, and immediately retired to the privacy of my room to bedeck myself in Her Majesty's uniform.

Ah! It was a happy moment for me to see myself reflected in the looking-glass wearing real soldier's clothes. Yes, real soldier's clothes! I can see myself now, strutting up and down the room, trying to affect a strictly martial air, and thinking how lovely the buttons shone and with what beautiful symmetry the curves of the braiding were sewn. How fierce, too, I looked under the helmet, with its bright glittering ornaments and chain strap; and didn't I nearly brush all my hair off in the fruitless endeavour to raise a "quiff" for the better setting of the forage-cap. Nor shall I ever forget the frantic efforts I made to put the equipment on properly. Oh, that equipment! How I sweated, and swore and struggled to roll the overcoat as it should be rolled, but without avail, nor could I manage to ferret out the mysteries of the various straps and buckles, so puzzling to "Johnny Raw." I only succeeded in wrenching two buttons off my brand new tunic, and thought it was then time to desist and postpone further investigations until I could get the aid of some kind friend. "In the know."

I recollect my "manoeuvres" that evening were brought to an abrupt close by a totally unlooked-for incident. I had often watched my comrades going through their annual exercise, and fondly imagined I had obtained some idea as to how it was done. Of course, what must I do but try and perform with my own rifle and bayonet

(only issued that evening), with the glorious result that in a very short space of time the looking-glass before which I was watching the effect of my endeavours somehow or other got in the line of fire of the rifle, and was smashed to a thousand atoms. To make matters worse, in the excitement of the moment I managed to cut my finger rather badly with the bayonet. The fearful row brought the whole family rushing upstairs, and you can just imagine their faces on beholding the delightful spectacle I presented, standing fully rigged in a heap of broken glass, looking very frightened, and vainly trying to stop the flow of blood from my cut finger. But I was a youngster and a recruit then.—Volunteer Record.

SOLDIERS AND THE PRESS

The speech of the Duke of Cambridge to the Sandhurst cadets last Saturday, in which he once more alluded to his favorite topic of writing to the Press, is being very freely discussed. Quite dramatic is considered the passage in which the Duke declared "he had been told—but he declined to credit it—that certain letters had been so written by Sandhurst cadets;" but he is thought to have been a little too emphatic in adding that, if so, it was "a disgusting act." The question is being asked whether it is not somewhat anomalous that the writing for and to the Press so sternly interdicted, in the case of small military fry, is allowed to the Wolseleys and Brackenburys of creation.

It is of course freely admitted that to permit the promiscuous airing of grievances in the Press would be subversive of all discipline, and that any disposition evinced in this direction must be sternly repressed, or insubordination would be certain to become far too prevalent. Many consider, however, that the iron rule might be generally relaxed where the only desire is to temperately discuss any desired changes. Indeed, it is argued, it would be difficult to maintain that there is much harm in "writing to the papers" under such conditions when some of the highest officers in the Service have adopted this means of advocating what they consider desirable reforms. An amendment of the Queen's Regulations on the subject, followed by an equitable enforcement of them, would be welcomed.—United Service Gazette.

Sir Fred. Middleton's Suppression of Rebellion in the North-West Territories of Canada, 1885.

(Continued.)

The question for my consideration was whether I should allow the troops to have a certain ration of liquor, in which case of course the Government would allow of its being admitted for their use. It was pointed out to me that most of the men in the militia, though not by

any means drunkards, were in the habit of having a certain amount of stimulants daily, some few a good deal, and that, with the cold weather and hardships they would have to undergo the sudden withdrawal of stimulants might have a deleterious effect, &c. After due consideration, bearing in mind that Lord Wolseley allowed no liquor in the Red River Expedition of 1870, I resolved that I would allow none to be issued to the troops on the Expedition, or to be carried with them either by officers or men, except a certain amount as medical comforts. It was a bold step to take under the circumstances of the case, but I was fully borne out by the result.

At first a few men suffered from pains in their limbs from sleeping on wet or damp ground, and there were a few cases of frost-bites, and cold and coughs, also a few cases of snow-blindness, to meet which the Government had supplied goggles, but in a short time this was got over, and there was little or no sickness, severe as was the weather, and men who had believed that they would surely succumb to this deprivation of their accustomed stimulants found themselves at the end of the campaign in better health than they had been for years before. I do not mean to say that there was a perfect absence of drink in my camp, as in spite of all my care I fear that some was occasionally surreptitiously obtained, but the amount thus introduced was so small that I may say my orders were virtually carried out. As for myself, I can say that I honestly carried out my own orders, and that from the day I left Qu'Appelle to the day I arrived at Winnipeg on my return home, not a drop of any stimulant passed my lips, in which I believe I was imitated by the great majority of my officers. Hot tea was generally available for everyone at all times, and was found a much better preventative for colds and coughs than any amount of spirits could have been. I also attribute in part our freedom from ill effects consequent on exposure to rain and cold to the free use of tobacco, which was always plentiful, and was almost universally used.

I received here a message from Mr. Caron informing me that he had heard Battleford was to be attacked immediately by six hundred Indians, and asking me to make arrangements to meet this danger, which, though not believing in their necessity, I had already done by ordering Lt. Col. Herchmer, with fifty men and one mountain gun, to proceed at once from Regina to Battleford. I continued to receive such urgent appeals from Superintendent Morris at Battleford that I telegraphed to him that I would march on Battleford from Clarke's Crossing after disposing of Riel.

While here, with the assistance of Capt. Bedson and a man well acquainted with the prairies, I selected on the map certain spots for camping. The camp stations were named, some of them after officers with the force, and a few teams were generally sent on the day before to collect firewood, &c., under Mr. Sinclair, the foreman of teamsters, an excellent man, sometimes under Mr. Secretan him-