

"Captain Foster, sir," one of the officers ventured.

"Captain Foster! Captain Foster!" shouted the Colonel, now infuriated. The cry was taken up by the others, and "Captain Foster!" yelled by everyone, made the night hideous.

Over in No. 1 tent you could hear Captain Foster start from his slumbers, and swear at being so rudely awakened. Then he pushed his head through the tent door, and blinking and yawning, asked:

"Yes, Sir; what's the matter?"

"The matter?" roared the Colonel, "Is a man's righteous sleep to be broken in this infernal manner, and you, officer of the day, stand there like a blithering mummy and ask 'What's the matter?' To your duties, sir! This is a disgrace to the 74th!"

As if divining the state of affairs, Capt. Jones' awful war-whoop again fell upon the night, coupled with "Picquet of the 74th!"

Capt. Foster started out in the direction of the sound in his bare feet, his night-gown hanging out over his trousers.

"You had better dress yourself properly, and put on your sword, Captain Foster!" said the Colonel in his sternest tones. The Captain, half-dazed and greatly humbled, turned back. He soon appeared in regulation attire.

Up into the 35th's lines he ran, tripping over the cook's utensils, and barely escaping a ducking in the refuse trench. Now he passed behind the tents, but you could hear his sword knocking on the ground as he ran along. Faint, and fainter grew the noise, till quiet reigned. Sounds of scuffling were expected, but none came. In ten minutes Capt. Foster was back among the group of officers around the Staff tent. He had found no cause of disturbance.

"Some drunken men," someone remarked.

"Well, I guess we will not be disturbed again to-night. Good-night, gentlemen," and the Colonel went to bed. All was quiet again. Captain Jones stole from the 35th lines, and sought his couch. Lieut. Dickson went down among the 36th's tents.

Sergt. Toms always did make a fist of a job, even in his hospital duties. If it hadn't been for Dr. Carson, Private Murphy with the cramps would have been struggling with a liniment used internally, while Private Tasker would have been rubbing a sprained ankle with stomach bitters. And that night Toms had his instructions mixed.

Barely had Dickson raised a cry for "Officers of the 74th!" and had drawn every officer in camp out of his tent, than "Whizz! Plunk! Bang!" the potatoes came down the lines like hailstones in an Arizona blizzard. Toms must have had half a company throwing. Major Muldoon got one in the abdomen that turned him sick. The Colonel was hit in the eye with a hard one, while several not so hard spattered over his garments. A rush was made up the lines, but not a soldier could be seen when the limit was reached. There was a mystery about the potatoes that baffled everyone.

A council of war was held and Captains Foster, Jones, and Harris were detailed to keep a close watch till dawn. The Colonel bathed his eye and went to bed. Camp was quiet the rest of the night.

Dickson was in at breakfast next morning but refused to speak to Jones, and cursed Toms under his breath. He had slept in the woods during the night and was irritable. Toms and he met after breakfast and there was much talking. Half an hour afterwards anyone passing Dickson's tent might have seen two empty whiskey glasses and Toms and Dickson wreathed in smiles.

There was church parade to brigade headquarters that Sunday, and it cut the Colonel to the quick to have to paint his eye. But he was dignified with all. At dinner, he nearly pierced the

waiter with a glance, when the latter, holding a vegetable dish before him, said, "Potatoes, sir?"

Hobbs was reprimanded for having been out of camp over night without leave. The odium of it stuck to him throughout camp.

As for Captain Foster it was painful to see the treatment he received. In the light of the midnight row, labor as he might, the poor Captain could get naught but severe words from the Colonel. Fault was daily found with the men of No. 1, while their Captain was singled out for special criticism.

So by a peculiar chain of circumstances, with the best intentions, Captains Foster and Hobbs saw the camp end, and themselves back in Glen Allen, with the door to the Colonel's home still barred.

They are still chums.

W. H. G.

The Quebec and Lake St. John Railway.

It would prove a difficult task to set a limit to the national importance of the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway. In the development of national wealth it has done and is still doing a large and important work. Its practical utility in certain cases of national emergency, though far from problematical, has yet to be demonstrated. Its exceeding value from other important standpoints requires no demonstration. It has opened up to colonization countless thousands of acres of rich virgin pasture and arable lands. It has afforded a cheap and easy outlet for the produce of the vast grain, butter and cheese producing areas of the fertile valley of Lake St. John. It has made available for manufacturing purposes and for the production of electricity, a number of the most remarkable water powers of the continent. It has multiplied many times over the value of rich forests of timber and of pulp and firewood, for whose products it has opened a way to the markets of the world. It has led directly to the annual expenditure of immense sums of money in Canada, by the American and other sportsmen who fish the lakes and rivers and hunt the forest territories which it has made accessible.

Its possibilities as a military road are very great. Especially would it prove of the utmost value to the fortress of Quebec, in the eventuality of the approaches thereto, from either east or west, falling into hostile hands. The placing of obstacles in the narrow channels of the river immediately below the port of Quebec and the Isle of Orleans, might interfere with the advance of the British navy to the aid of the provincial capital, but it would not prevent the landing of troops, supplies, and munitions of war at Chicoutimi and their shipment thence by the line of the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway to Quebec; for the guns of the Citadel so effectually command the approaches of the railway to the city that they could scarcely be held an hour in hostile hands.

The road would naturally be employed, too, as a means of centralizing the available fighting forces of the country through which it passes, which are capable of large reinforcements from amongst the sturdy yeomanry of Lake St. John, Chicoutimi, the St. Maurice, Portneuf, Charlevoix and the county of Quebec.

The slight force that might be employed in the protection of the line would also control the source of the water supply of the city of Quebec at Lorette, and in the event of any possible accident occurring to this aqueduct, a supply of the finest water in the world could be brought daily to the city by rail.

The fortress could never suffer from a lack of fuel so long as the Lake St. John Railway was in operation, even though all its supply of coal were cut off. Nor need its inhabitants ever feel the pangs of hunger. From "the granary of the

north," covering the entire valley of Lake St. John and extending thence to Chicoutimi, the railway would furnish not only breadstuffs, but fresh vegetables, poultry, animal food and dairy produce.

All that has so far been written refers only to the present possibilities of the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway, as now operated along its main line from Quebec to Chicoutimi. By the year 1900, its value as a military road will be very materially increased. By means of one of its branches, the Lower Laurentian, now incorporated with the Great Northern Railway, it will place Quebec in direct communication with Parry Sound and its enormous grain depots. This connection is made at Rivière à Pierre, 58 miles north of Quebec, and the entire line of the Great Northern Railway passes so far inland as to be quite clear of any annoyance at the hands of a hostile force.

Should the western approaches to Quebec by the St. Lawrence be blockaded, the fortress will thus maintain a safe connection with Western Canada, hence supplies of all kinds may be derived. Munitions of war and military forces alike would thus reach Quebec by the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway, either from Ontario or the Pacific Coast. Thanks to this railway, it should be impossible for any foe in the future to cut off the fortress of Quebec from the outside world and its base of supplies. The way by which the railway enters the city, commanded as it is by the fortress that crowns Cape Diamond, should always be an open door to citizens of Quebec, so that whatever hostilities prevailed on either side of them they could never be effectually besieged. The withdrawal from the city to Lake St. John, Chicoutimi and the Saguenay on the one hand, and to the Ottawa River and westward, if necessary, on the other, would be quite uninterrupted, and whatever munitions of war stored at Quebec might be required elsewhere, could with equal facility be shipped out of the city by means of the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway.

This railway would, in fact, prove a thousand times more precious to Canada and to the fortress city of Quebec in the event of military operations, than all the old stone walls and other fortifications of the old capital put together, though these latter were the design of the great Duke of Wellington, and were reconstructed at a cost of upwards of twenty-five millions of dollars. But they are simply powerless for good against the methods of modern military warfare, while the railway would mean to Quebec an open door to the outside world in the event of an attempted siege, a source of supplies for man and beast and a route whence military reinforcements could be at all times obtained, no matter what foes assailed.

E. T. D. Chambers.

Soldiers! Attention!!

TONKA MIXTURE is a military smoking tobacco. It is adapted for camp, mess room or campaign, as it smokes cool and sweet, whether damp or dry. A soldier will die in the last ditch rather than surrender his Tonka to the enemy. Non-commissioned officers and privates, who use Tonka, stand first in line of promotion, and a regiment of Tonka smokers is invincible. We are drilling recruits throughout Canada so that, in future, none but "seasoned" men should be admitted into the army.

The first duty of a soldier is to smoke Tonka, then comes obedience. Drill sergeants will please bear this in mind.

McALPIN TOBACCO CO.

BRAVERY.—In the sea-fight off Minorca in 1756, a gunner had his right arm shot off just as he was going to fire a gun. The brave fellow took up the match saying quite unconcernedly, "So then you thought that I had but one arm."