

are being taught a mongrel drill—a drill they will soon have to discard to make up the L. M. rifle. Is it the usual government red-tape? It is possible some corps going into camp this fall may have the new rifle. How many of their officers or non-coms. can instruct in it?

#### THE V. R. I. CLUB.

A MEETING of this club was held at St. John's Depot last week, when the suggestion made by THE GAZETTE, that the membership be extended to include the officers of the active militia, was brought up and thoroughly discussed, but the majority present decided to go half way only and ask commanding officers to become honorary members of the club. Such a move to be successful will require to be carried on with the greatest tact. There is no use denying the fact that a strong feeling exists among the officers of the active militia against the exclusiveness of this organization. The club is not the cause of this feeling. The young officers—and some older ones, too—have been very injudicious in their treatment of the attached officers. We admit that some of the latter do eat with their knives, and have abnormal appetites, and use highly scented hair oil, and do other little things that are not considered just proper. These men, however, are very often the leaders of society or of political thought in the country village from which they hail. They are generally very sensitive, and when some permanent officers refer to them indirectly as "Country Johnnies," or refuse to recognise them when walking in town, they naturally feel hurt. When they return home they are apt to express their opinion of the officers quite freely, especially to their representatives in Parliament. If these members do not know better they bring it to the attention of the Minister, and incidentally discuss the schools with other members at Ottawa. Instead, therefore, of having the enthusiastic support they deserve from Parliament and from the officers generally, the permanent force has now to fight for its existence. The announcement that the strength was being reduced was received by many members with pleasure. A request—and one which has THE GAZETTE'S hearty support—to consider some pension scheme for the officers was so unpopular that the Minister would not consider it. This is not the feeling that should exist towards this body. It hampers the good work it should do. The air of exclusive-

ness, of superiority, that some officers bear towards those of the active militia with whom they come in contact—unimportant as it may seem—is the cause of the unpopularity of the permanent force to-day.

#### OFFICERS ARE NOT FLUNKIES.

A SERVANT salutes his master with his fore-finger extended, the remaining fingers closed and kept in place by the thumb. An officer should return a salute or salute a superior with all the fingers in the same position—either partially or wholly extended. In most of the schools of instruction in Canada, officers are taught to half close the fingers, thumb underneath.

A staff officer during one the Queen's Birthday manœuvres was continually saluting and invariably used his extended fore-finger only. It did not look well and was much commented upon.

#### LORD WOLSELEY AND THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE AT LOGGERHEADS.

In the cable reports of the Queen's Birthday celebration on the parade grounds of the Horse Guards, London, it is stated that a squabble arose between Lord Wolseley and the Duke of Cambridge about the function of trooping the colors. The Duke of Cambridge, as an ex-commander-in-chief and a prince of the blood royal, claimed precedence over his successor, but met with a positive, obstinate refusal. A deadlock was only averted by the Prince of Wales stepping in and asserting his right as heir apparent to outrank both.

#### SHOEBURYNESSE TEAM.

THE arrangements for the visit of the Shoeburyness team are now about completed. The most of the places have been filled, but it will be a few days before the names of the team can be published. Each member has to pass a rigid medical examination, and until this is done the correct list cannot be given. One of the clauses in the rules is that "each member must be 5 ft. 8½ in., and not less than 36 inches round the chest. He must weigh not less than 160 pounds, and not more than 200, and must be between the age of 22 and 35. Men of very great height or ungainly appearance should not be selected, but only the most intelligent members of the corps that come up to the above standard. They should also be able to stand some hard work without fatigue. Each member of the team, if not already examined by a surgeon of the permanent corps, must undergo a rigid ex-

amination at Quebec before being finally accepted." It will be seen from the above extract of the conditions, that, if followed out, the team should be composed of the pick of the Dominion.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee last week Capt. Myles, Toronto Field Battery, was appointed adjutant of the team.

#### "ET DONA FERENTES."

["The English press, not only in Great Britain, but throughout the British dependencies, manifests a more conciliatory spirit."—American Daily Paper.]

In extended observation of the ways and works of man  
(From the four-mile radius roughly to the plains of Hindustan),

I have drunk with mixed assemblies, seen the casual ruction rise,  
And the men of half creation damning half creation's eyes.

I have watched them in their tantrums, all that pentecostal crew,  
French, Italian, Arab, Spaniard, Russ and Yank and Dutch and Jew,  
Celt and savage, buff and ochre, cream and yellow, mauve and white,  
But it never really mattered till the English grew polite.

Till the men with glossy "toppers," till the men in long frock-coats,  
Till the men who do not duel, till the men who fight with votes,  
Till the breed that take their pleasure as St. Lawrence took his grid,  
Began to "beg your pardon" and the wily croupier hid.

Then the bandsmen with their fiddles, and the girls that bring the beer,  
Knew the psychologic moment, left the lit Casino clear;  
But the un instructed alien, from the Teuton to the Gaul,  
Was entrapped, once more, my country, by that suave deceptive drawl!

As it was in ancient Suez or 'neath milder, wilder skies,  
I "observe with apprehension" how the casual ructions rise,  
And with keener apprehension if I read my Times aright,  
Hear the old Casino order: Watch your man, but be polite.

"Keep your temper: never answer" (That was w. y they spat and swore).

"Don't hit first, but move together (there's no hurry) to the door,  
Back to back and facing outward, while the linguist tells 'em how.

Nous sommes allongé a notre batteau: nous ne voulons pas le row."

So the hard, pent rage eat inward till some idiot went too far.

"Let 'em have it" and they had it, and the same was bloody war.

Fist, umbrella, cane, decanter, lamp and beer-mug, chair and boot,  
Till behind the fleeing legions rose the long hoarse yell for loot.

Then the oil-cloth with its numbers, as a banner fluttered free,

Then the grand piano cantered, on three castors, down the quay.

White and breathing through their nostrils, silent, systematic, swift,

They removed, effaced, abolished, all that man could fling or lift.

Oh my country, bless the training that from cot to castle runs.

The pitfall of the stranger, but the bulwark of thy sons  
Measured speech and ordered action, sluggish soul and unperturbed,

Till we wake our Island Devil, ten times worse for being curbed!

Build on the flanks of Etna where the fleecy smokepuffs float,

Go bathe in tropic waters, where the lean fin tags the boat,  
Cock the gun that is not loaded, cook the frozen dynamite;  
But oh beware my country, when my country grows polite!

—RUDYARD KIPPLING, in St. James' Budget.