

# THE CANADIAN MILITIAMAN

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# THE CANADIAN MILITIAMAN

## TORONTO



is now launched upon the great ocean of public opinion. So much encouragement has been received from those to whom the project was mentioned, of all ranks and conditions of men, that the publishers have felt justified in going to large expense in producing a paper that will reflect credit upon themselves and upon the Militia of Canada, for whom the paper is intended.

In order to stimulate a literary taste among the readers of the CANADIAN MILITIAMAN, the publishers have decided to offer three prizes for the three best stories on some military incident in Canada. The stories must each be about four thousand words in length, written on one side of the paper only, and must be sent to the Editor of the CANADIAN MILITIAMAN on or before the first of September. The first prize will be \$50, the second \$30 and the third \$15. The stories will be the property of the publishers.

It is proposed to issue THE CANADIAN MILITIAMAN semi-annually. The next issue will be for Christmas, and will contain stories and illustrations appropriate to that festive season.

THE CANADIAN MILITIAMAN,  
TEMPLE BUILDING,  
TORONTO.

### The Canadian Militiaman: A Supplement to the Militia List of Canada.

PUBLISHED BY AUTHORITY  
OF  
The Honorable the Minister of Militia and Defence.

to them its advantages in peace and its absolute necessity should it ever unfortunately happen that we had disturbances at home, as in the case of the rebel rebellion (or trouble with our neighbors to the south as in the unfortunate Fenian raid. Its design is also to increase the spirit of camaraderie among all branches of the service and all individuals of a regiment. In the hurry of modern life a man often knows little about the well-being or the evil fortune of his next-door neighbor, and there are intelligent men in the Militia who are little acquainted with their comrades in their own regiment, not to mention the progress of regiments of which they know scarcely more than the names. THE CANADIAN MILITIAMAN will endeavor to bring all ranks into closer touch, to create an interest not alone in their own regiments but in other regiments, so that the individual can take a proper pride in all branches of the service with which he is connected.

THE CANADIAN MILITIAMAN is not a compilation of dry statistics, but contains interesting reading for all. There are serious articles for the thoughtful, military stories by the best authors to beguile a weary hour, and illustrations in the best style of modern art. It is a paper for the officers and the men alike, and the civilian, who takes pride in the Canadian volunteers, will dip into its pages with pleasure.

The publishers, confident that there was a demand for such a paper, as a supplement to the Militia List of Canada, have spared no expense in its production. All that experience and money can do to make the paper a success has been done, and it is with every feeling of confidence that it



INTRODUCTIONS in society, like introductions to books, have been greatly shortened since the pompous days when George the Third was king. Then men and women were made acquainted in an elaborate manner that would in the hurry of the close of the Nineteenth Century be considered theatrical, and the "apology" to books was of such a length as would weary a modern reader, if, indeed, he did not skip it altogether. Yet, when a new publication seeks public favor it is not amiss to make a brief reference to its scope and design.

THE CANADIAN MILITIAMAN is intended to create greater enthusiasm among the young men of the country in our great citizen army, to point out

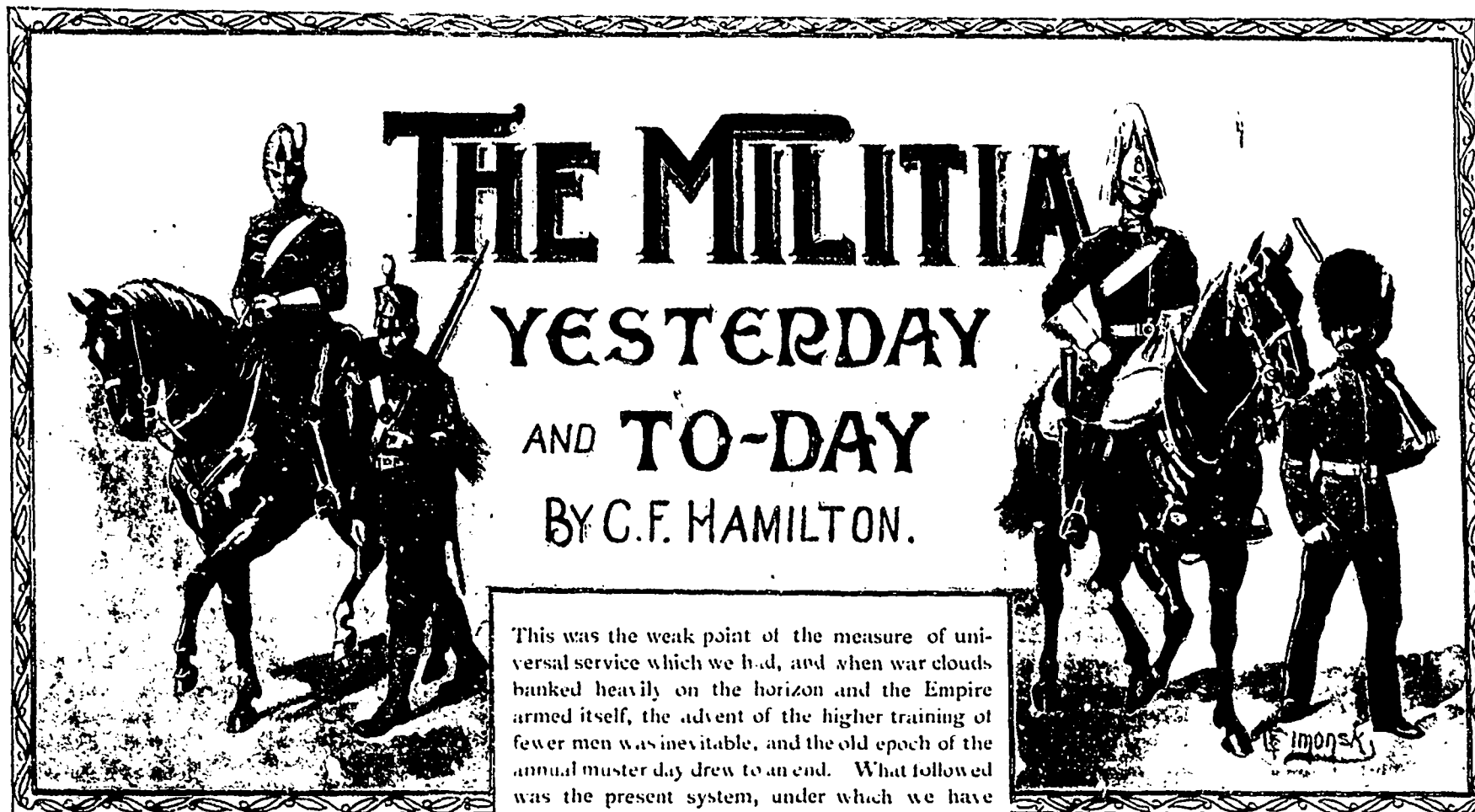


*Victoria*



Commanding Officers.

1. MAJOR ISAAC GARDNER, 90th "Huntingdon Borderers." 2. LIEUT.-COL. G. E. ALLEN JONES, 8th "Royal Rifles," Quebec. 3. LIEUT.-COL. HERBERT CHARLES GWYN, 77th "Wentworth."  
 4. MAJOR JOHN DAVIDSON, 16th Field Battery, Guelph. 5. LIEUT.-COL. A. M. SMITH, 7th "Fusiliers," London. 6. LIEUT.-COL. G. E. BOYER, 67th "Carleton Light Infantry."  
 7. HON. LIEUT.-COL. H. R. SMITH, 14th "Princess of Wales' Own Rifles," Kingston. 8. LIEUT.-COL. E. A. HODGSON, 11th Batt. "Argenteuil Rangers."  
 9. LIEUT.-COL. J. MASON, 10th "Royal Grenadiers," Toronto. 10. LIEUT.-COL. J. BRUCE, 10th "Royal Grenadiers," Toronto. 11. LIEUT.-COL. LOUIS TURCOTTE, 76th "Voligeurs," Chateauguay  
 12. LIEUT.-COL. A. M. COSBY, 48th "Highlanders," Toronto. 13. LIEUT.-COL. GEORGE C. CARLISLE, 19th, St. Catharines.  
 14. LIEUT.-COL. J. M. DELAMERE, and "Queen's Own," Toronto. 15. LIEUT.-COL. S. HUGHES, M.P., 45th "Victoria," Lindsay.



This was the weak point of the measure of universal service which we had, and when war clouds banked heavily on the horizon and the Empire armed itself, the advent of the higher training of fewer men was inevitable, and the old epoch of the annual muster day drew to an end. What followed was the present system, under which we have served our Queen for the past forty years. The change came about gradually. At first a few *corps d'elite*, the Volunteers, made their appearance, and by 1856 these independent troops of horse, batteries of artillery and companies of rifles mustered some 5,000 men. Then when the Trent affair loomed threateningly over our heads the independent troops and companies were grouped in regiments and battalions, and thus the regular troops who formed the backbone of the defence

of the country had local auxiliaries ready to aid them in every direction. The instinctive reliance upon the trained, or even upon the half-trained man, caused the country to turn its thoughts mainly to the Volunteer Militia corps as its contribution towards self-defence, and to forget the duties and the place of the sedentary Militia, whose importance was steadily diminishing. Finally came the day when the last regulars marched on board the



THREE periods stand out in the story of the Canadian Militia. Our epic period was in the grim days of 1812, when our forefathers laid the foundation of Canada's right to an independent existence upon the North American continent. Nehemiah's builders found not unworthy successors in the hard pioneers

who fought and farmed alternately, one day serving in the Flank Companies, the next day dismissed by their Governor to bring in the harvest. With the Treaty of Ghent came the forty years during which the world dreamed of universal peace. That was the second period of the Militia, a period of a system which failed. Over the whole of the British American provinces obtained what may roughly be described as a theoretical perfection in universal service, vitiated by practical weakness in the mastery of the military art. Elaborate and careful arrangements made it certain that every able-bodied man in the country should be held liable to serve and should be periodically kept in mind of his obligation. Military experts of a theoretical turn of mind, surveying this system from afar, have approved highly of the hard and fast legislative enactments binding all men to serve the King. At closer view it was only too evident that a whole population could not be trained to the profession of arms, elaborate and exacting to the last degree, in one muster day a year.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. & D. DOWNEY, LONDON, ENG.

*Albert Edward*

FIELD-MARSHAL H.R.H. ALBERT EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES, K.G., K.T., K.P., G.C.M.G., Etc.,

Honorary Colonel "Prince of Wales' Regiment Fusiliers," Montreal.

last troop-ship, and the Canadian Militia were Canada's sole defenders by land. By a coincidence, that occurrence marked the beginning of fifteen years of profound peace, during which the training day became a myth, and the uniformed battalions who were recruited by volunteering pure and simple were looked upon as the military arm upon which Canada's first and last dependence lay. The North-West Rebellion invigorated the Militia force, but with the new-found popularity of what we may call the volunteering Militia the old idea of universal service receded farther and farther into the background. And now we are at the crest of the third period, with our Militia proud of a century of loyal service to Crown and Country, zealous to make such progress as twelve days' drill allows, but forgetful of the fact that the whole Militia is the people in arms, and that we of the Active Militia are but a fraction, but the first line, of the mass of the national army. There, in brief, is our history up to the present day.

It is good to recall the honorable part which our Militia played in what we may well style the War of Canadian Independence. American aggression resolved itself into an attack upon the right of our long, thin line, and so it came about that upon Upper Canada the brunt of the fighting fell. British command of the sea ensured the safety of the Maritime Provinces, which, sheltered on



their seaward flank by the British Navy, on their land frontier were protected by the wild nature of the country. The one strategical gateway into Lower Canada is the route by Lake Champlain and the Richelieu, and some fatality seemed to dog every effort which the Americans made to enter it; so that, as Mr. Benjamin Sulte has pointed out, the people of Lower Canada suffered no actual invasion and dwelt for the most part in peace and security. The most serious conflict in defence of Montreal, the battle of Chrystler's Farm, by an odd coincidence, took place up the St. Lawrence, still to the right of the city aimed at by the invaders. On the Niagara frontier the real force of the fighting fell, and, consistent still, the one decisive success which the Americans won was in the valley of the Thames, the extreme right of the British position. This characteristic is, of course, the natural consequence of the strategical situation, the British command of the sea obliging the invaders to choose inland avenues of attack. The effect was, of course, that Upper Canada had the heaviest fighting, and it follows that the Militia of this Province was more constantly employed than that of the others. It had, however, no monopoly of service. A Militia acting as such in close association with a body of regular troops has two functions to fulfil. In the field it can, by discharging a number of miscellaneous duties, save the strength of the regulars for the actual hour of combat, when the solidity of discipline and the precision of manoeuvre of the professional soldier are seen at their highest advantage. Special bodies of Militia may attain to an efficiency entitling them to a

place in the line of battle, but in general they will be what, in the old days of rigid drill, were known as "light troops." In the second place, a Militia may be the best recruiting field for the regular troops; the British Militia for many years has been a conspicuous example of this use. To both these demands the Canadian Militia responded. In safe New Brunswick two whole battalions of the regular army, the 103rd and 104th, were practically raised, while in Upper Canada several corps mustered many Canadians in their ranks. No British force moved without its complement of Canadian Militia, and certain corps, such as the Glengarry Light Infantry and the Incorporated Militia fought through the campaigns shoulder to shoulder with the regulars. The effort put forth by the people of Upper Canada was very great. In round numbers there were about 11,000 men fit to bear arms in the Province. Of these many were very recent immigrants from the United States, and saw no reason to take up arms against their former compatriots, so that one of the difficulties of the young Province was actual disaffection. Yet another difficulty was the need for growing the crops, for communication was so slow and difficult that the food difficulty was very pressing. Yet the Province managed to keep some 3,000 men under arms at one time or another, including two or three permanently embodied battalions of excellent troops. At critical moments the Militia were of great assistance; Sir Isaac Brock, for instance, held the Niagara for several months prior to the battle of Queenston Heights with a force largely composed of Militia, the proportion

of regulars being very small. It was in 1814 that the general order was published which prescribed the uniform to be worn by the Militia, and it directed the facings to be of blue. Now, blue is the color of Royal regiments, and upon that circumstance is founded the present use of the royal color by the service and the claim to the designation "Royal Canadian Militia." It was an honor well won by hard service, yes, and self-denying service.

The rough lesson of 1812 was long remembered in Canada and for many years the governing classes were deeply impressed with the need for the maintenance of the machinery of self-defence. From the very first the right of the Government to call upon all the people to defend their country was recognized. The plan of organization which was adopted was practically the same in the various provinces, local differences of course existing. In Upper Canada up to 1846 the Militia was composed of all the male inhabitants between the ages of 18 and 60, and they were enrolled by the Captains on June 4, the old King's Birthday. Colonels had the right to assemble their commands one day in each month for drill and inspection. A strictly territorial system of organization existed, each county having one or more battalions and each smaller district its company. In Lower Canada the age was from 16 to 60, and there were three muster days in the year, one in June, one in July and one in August. On these days the Militia were assembled "to review arms, to fire at marks, and for instruction in the exercise"—something much resembling the "wapinschaw" which Scott describes in "Old Mortality."

## THE PIONEER WIMBLEDON TEAM—July, 1871.



SERG. McMILLEN. LIEUT. McNACHTON. LIEUT. LITTLE. SERGT. HAMS. LIEUT. BURCH. PTE. JENNINGS.  
 CAPT. GIBSON. PTE. MURISON. PTE. JOE. MASOC. SERGT. DR. McDONALD. SERGT. WILKINSON. SERGT. OVERAND. SERGT. KINSAIDE.  
 SERGT. SAEBE. CAPT. WERNER. PTE. DR. ORONHYATEKHA. CAPT. W. BELL. ENSN. T. WASTIE.  
 LIEUT.-COL. SKINNER. CAPT. McCLENEGAN. CAPT. COTTON.

It is important to recollect that this system was originally devised when the country was in a primitive condition and the people in the pioneer stage. The men who drew up the scheme had in view a war carried on in the same manner as was that of 1812—the heavy fighting done by regular troops, the Militia serving as “light troops” and local auxiliaries. They did not dream of the Militia being the sole defence of the country. It must be recollected that fighting was not carried on in the manner which prevails now. The regulars worked by a very slow, rigid drill; in the early days of the century the “quick step” of 108 paces to the minute was only occasionally used, as against the 120 paces to the minute, which is the slowest cadence in which all practical work is now performed. By mid-century the pace had quickened, but the drill was still very complicated, “points” being largely used. The arms were smooth-bore muskets which were ineffective at distances much in excess of 100 yards. Forces trained thus required open ground to work in. The battle of Chrystler's Farm is a perfect example of these tactics. There Morrison's 800 men of the 49th and 80th, by their steady, rigid, volleying advance across a bare field drove before them the Americans, more numerous, but more loosely knit together. Two deductions follow. No Militia could possibly learn the complex drill nor acquire the iron steadiness required. These rigid lines could operate only in certain portions of a rough bushy country such as Canada was three-quarters of a century ago. The military men of that day solved the problem, not on the lines of flexible drill and loose attack formations which depend for their efficiency on the breechloader, but by having two kinds of fighting and two kinds of troops, “the line” and “light.” The light troops moved through the forests with no particular cohesion, took cover unhesitatingly and in general, when well handled, conducted themselves as in the extended order drill to-day. No attempt was made in the case of Militia to give them rigid drill. The use of the “rifle” accentuated the difference. The old muzzle-loading rifle was an accurate weapon, but the use of the greased patch and the force required in sending home the bullet made it far slower in loading than the musket, and the user had to take cover while reloading. Troops in the open could not afford to be silent so long under the enemy's fire and so the quicker loading hit-or-miss “Brown Bess” was the better arm for the line. Now, the Canadian backwoodsmen were riflemen or light troops ready made. They lived in or close beside the woods, they owned and were habituated to the use of firearms as a matter of course and needed only a rough form of organization to send them trooping through the woods to send back word to the stiff but steady battalions of regulars what the foe was doing and do a bit of skirmishing on their own account. Striking proof of this role of the Militia is shown by the fact that the old regulations quietly assume that the Militiamen would possess arms of their own. The ideal of the old system was therefore a free armed population of good shots, under leaders already known to them, who would assist the regulars in all their movements.

While the mass of the Militia was trained on these principles, a few—a very few—volunteer corps existed. An instance of this is found in the history of the original troop of the Governor-General's Body Guard, which existed as a troop of volunteer cavalry during nearly all this period. It was first raised in 1822, and for fifteen years the men provided their own uniforms and drilled unarmed. During the troubles of 1837 they were called out and armed by the Government, and on the arms being called in the officers of the corps provided swords at their own expense, this odd semi-feudal arrangement being continued until 1855. Another instance of what may be called extra-governmental corps is afforded by the old Markham troop, now D Squadron of the Governor-General's Body Guard. It existed as a troop in 1812, and

was very great. It must not be forgotten that the troubles of 1837 caused a large force of Militia to be raised. According to McMullen, four battalions of “Incorporated Militia” were raised, organized and clothed like troops of the line, in addition to twelve battalions of “Provincial Militia,” who served for a limited period, besides “thirty-one corps of artillery, cavalry, colored companies and riflemen, while most of the Militia corps had a troop of cavalry attached to them.” McMullen adds that “with a population of 450,000 souls, Upper Canada could assemble 40,000 men in arms without seriously distressing the country.” This was a very considerable feat for the Militia organization of the day, although the fact must be remembered that the lack of transport facilities must have rendered this large force practically immobile. In 1838, when the danger had disappeared, the forces were disbanded, and the old state of affairs returned. One very difficult problem in connection with such a system is that of officers. Officers to be of service must be distinguished by acknowledged superiority in military efficiency, or must possess social claims to being what may be styled natural leaders. In 1812 there seems to have been no trouble on this score. The men who had fought through the Revolutionary struggle were prominent in the polity of the new province, the heavy land grants given to officers having enabled them to maintain their social preponderance. As the long years of peace went by the levelling process went on in the agricultural districts, while in the towns the personnel of the upper classes underwent the changes inevitable in a mercantile and industrial community. The natural leaders thus disappeared, and no effort was made during this period to impart any military training to the officers chosen to command the force. It is thus evident that by mid-century conditions had greatly changed. The wild country had become a settled district, as open as many European campaigning grounds, the backwoodsmen had become farmers with no particular acquaintance with wild life, the officers were possessed of no military instruction, and very frequently had no especial claims to social pre-eminence. The old system thus was out of order.

It was to Imperial initiative that the first change in this system was due. Drill was being simplified in the British army, although it still was complex enough. The rifled musket with its copper caps had made Brown Bess and backwoods rifle alike obsolete and had brought about a new condition of fire-fighting. The blind, fierce struggle of Inkerman was a good example of the new kind of warfare, when what Kinglake calls a “knotted string” of men—a modern “firing line”—beat down with the strong-shooting Enfield every attempt of the heavy Russian columns to bring their brute strength to bear. The tactical difference between line and light troops was thus overthrown. Another circumstance which probably had more immediate influence upon Canadian affairs was the gradual dying away in England of the civilian dislike to the military which for many years after Waterloo caused the War Office to keep the mass of the British army hidden away in the colonies in disproportionately large garrisons,



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY  
W. & D. DOWNEY, LON-  
DON, ENG.

*George*

H.R.H. GEORGE FREDERICK, DUKE OF YORK.

on the conclusion of the war was disbanded. In 1837 Captain Button, who had commanded the troop in 1812, being full of zeal for the Government, got together a troop which included a number of the very men who had ridden with him in the old days, clad them in the old uniforms, which were in his possession, and rode down to Toronto with some twenty horsemen—a ghost corps. They were attached to Major Denison's troop and rendered good service. Disbanded again, there was another period of suspended animation, and then in the reorganization of the early fifties the troop was re-raised by another Button, who had been a private in the troop of 1837, and after some wanderings it ended by being part of the present premier cavalry regiment of the active Militia. A number of similar small volunteer corps existed, and although they mustered a very few hundred men, their value in an emergency

A gradual drawing of the army to Britain was in progress, while the Crimean war drained the colonies of troops—in 1854 there were but 3,300 in Canada as against the 13,000 which were thought necessary in 1868. Possibly it was this trend of military policy; possibly it was the small regard which British officers must have held the disorderly levies of the training day; at all events, for some years a steady pressure was brought to bear upon the Canadian authorities to provide some more satisfactory form of local force. Probably the idea of a self dependent Canada had not occurred to them; for in the succession of measures of reorganization which followed, the idea that the Militia were to be auxiliary troops and no more appears as firmly implanted as ever. To try to enforce a little better training of those auxiliaries appears to be the height of the ambition of the partial change of 1846 and the epoch-making act of 1855.

The Act of 1846 was the thin edge of the wedge. Its most noticeable features are the introduction of the classification of the old universal service Militia and the authorization of volunteer companies. The classification introduced was not permanent, but it is interesting, mainly as an effort to unite universal liability to some measure of selection. While the annual enrolment of all was retained, the men of 40 and over were formed into a second class, which was to be drawn upon only in war-time. The first-class or younger men were to be drawn upon for a Militia force raised for "active" service, not more than 30,000 strong, the "period of service" to be two years. The limited force thus required was to be raised by the territorial machinery; the district colonels and captains were to be notified by the Adjutant-General of the size of their quotas and were then to procure the requisite number of men by volunteering or by ballot. The force thus raised could be reorganized into battalions and companies. But the Militia raised with all this formidable machinery was to drill for only one day in the year, on June 29. These men might be more willing or more able-bodied than the mass of the population, but they were just as undrilled. A rather large staff was provided in the persons of an Adjutant-General, Deputy Adjutants-General and Inspecting Field Officers. As for the volunteer companies, some existed, but the plain truth is that the military spirit was at a very low ebb, and the Canadian people, as a whole, were not inclined to waste effort, as they thought, upon so unprofitable a thing as amateur soldiering.

The Act of 1846 marks the transition period when the old system was recognized to be unsatisfactory and the country had not yet resolved to face the question of the raising of a better trained force. It must be remembered that the revenues of the country were little over five millions of dollars and that increase of efficiency in the Militia would have to be purchased by an increase of taxes; must be remembered, also, that the belief in the reign of peace was widespread and that zeal in military matters was ridiculed.

The pressure from the Imperial authorities, however, continued and their warnings were grimly underscored by the outbreak of the Crimean War, the fateful futile struggle which swung the century into the paths of militarism. The fighting fever thrilled over Canada. One evidence of it was the raising of the 100th Royal Canadians, the splendid thousand of young men who went forth

from Canada to fight the Empire's quarrels, the regiment which still fondly wears the maple leaf upon Dominion Day. This movement was entirely unconnected with the Militia; but it marked the rise of the military spirit; the young men of the country began to desire to receive military training and in 1855 the next step was taken.

The Act of 1855 worked a revolution in the Canadian forces. The principle of the need of training was accepted. The reorganization contemplated the raising of some 5,000 men to form *corps d'elite* among the Militia and the retention of the old universal service. The classification introduced in 1846 was improved upon. Two "divisions" of Militia were recognized, the "sedentary" and the "active" or "volunteer." This division has proved permanent. The sedentary Militia, or the old universal service force,

in the four or five years that followed. By the later fifties Montreal had nine companies of rifles, besides a troop of cavalry, a battery of field artillery and a battery of garrison artillery. Quebec had some volunteer rifles, Toronto had four companies and organizations were springing up all over the country. In 1856 there were just under 5,000 men in these companies, 3,500 in Class A and 1,500 in Class B. Next year there were 4,700 of Class A while Class B had already fallen to 564, the total force mustering not quite 5,300. In 1858 Class A was 4,400, Class B still shrinking and standing at 470. Indeed, it very soon disappeared altogether. The lack of any higher organization is very noticeable and forms a clue to the ideal which the military men who drew up the plan had before them. The force was obviously designed to be auxiliary to regular troops, and to be used as light troops. The grouping of the Montreal rifle companies into the

battalion which became the Prince of Wales' Rifles, now the Prince of Wales' Fusiliers, appears to have been forced upon the military authorities. A commanding officer, an adjutant, a paymaster, majors, musketry and drill instructors, had all been authorized by successive orders before the general order was issued constituting the battalion. The idea that the brunt of the defence of the country would fall upon some other force which the Militia would have to assist has long since passed away, but the defective organization supplied under this idea has survived in the neglect to provide for the departmental troops so necessary to a military organization. If the organization given was elementary, it was, however, thorough as far as it went, for a fair establishment, 55 N.C.O. and men, was prescribed and the best infantry weapons known were furnished.

None the less, the plant was more or less an exotic. The public expenditure upon the Militia was about \$145,000 a year and the isolated companies and troops were kept up by the zeal of the young men who composed the rank and file rather than by the solid approval of the mass of the population.

In 1861, when war clouds swept this indifference away, there were half a million able-bodied men in Canada East and West. The 5,000 volunteers who were ready were obviously too small a proportion, and the country sprang to arms.



HIS EXCELLENCY LORD MINTO  
Governor-General of Canada.

was still to be enrolled annually. Provision now appears for the issue of arms by the Government to the men, it being enacted that these arms might be kept in armories or distributed among the men. The active or volunteer force appears in a rather inchoate form, no organization higher than the company being recognized. These corps, companies of infantry, troops of horse, batteries of artillery, were not to exceed 5,000 men, but an additional number of such corps were authorized by a still further bit of subdivision. These corps were to be in what was styled Class B. The volunteers were to provide their uniform and clothing free, but were to receive pay for a specified number of days' drill in the year. The men in Class B were to drill without pay and were to receive their arms and accoutrements on loan from the Government. This subdivision, however, proved short lived and had no influence upon the development of the forces of the country. A further change was the division of Upper and Lower Canada into no less than 18 military districts.

Rifle companies were formed with fair rapidity

When the Trent affair was at its blackest a project of using 40,000 of the sedentary Militia was entertained, but instinctively the people turned to the better-drilled force as their natural recourse, and the Volunteer Militia in 1861 were close upon 12,000 strong. The trend of public feeling is very clearly shown by the circumstances attending the raising in Toronto of the corps now known as the Royal Grenadiers. The four rifle companies of 1856 had gone up with a bound to ten and had been grouped into the Queen's Own Rifles. All of the men in this battalion had purchased their own uniforms, and it was felt that a large recruiting field existed for a corps drawn from men who could do good service, but who could not afford this expense; and so, early in 1862, a new seven-company battalion was gazetted into the service. This sort of thing was going on everywhere. In 1862 eight of the present battalions were organized; in 1863 five more of the existing corps were brought into existence. Thus during these years there were from fifteen to twenty battalions of Volunteer Militia,

in addition to a very considerable number of independent companies, such as the Barrie, Whitby and Brampton companies, which in 1860 were for a short time associated with the Queen's Own Rifles.

Legislation changed almost yearly during this formative epoch. In 1856 a step of great importance was taken, the dispensing with the annual muster day. In 1859 the Volunteer Militia forces were ordered to drill for six consecutive days in each year, with pay at the rate of \$1 per day. More staff officers were appointed, in the persons of unpaid Assistant Adjutants-General. Then in 1862 volunteer corps were authorized, not to aggregate 10,000 men, brigade majors were

appointed for each military district, the days of drill for the active Militia were set at twelve in the year, not necessarily consecutive, the pay was placed at fifty cents per day—at which figure it has remained pretty constantly—paid instructors were authorized for the active and sedentary Militia, and drill associations were authorized. The authorizing of, the use of instructors—drawn, partly from the Imperial troops in the Province, partly from England—probably was the most important of these enactments. For years close relations existed between the regulars and the Militia, and the former saw to it that their "auxiliaries" drilled as they probably have never drilled since. Then, in 1864, a series of further enactments was passed. One tilled still further the barren field of classification. It recognized no fewer than four classes—1st class service men, 2nd class service men, reserve and non-reserve Militiamen. It also revived the old county regimental division. It authorized six days of annual drill at fifty cents per day for the service men, placed the term of service at three years, and created the appointments of Adjutant-General and Deputy Adjutants-General. As for the non-service Militia, an attempt at enrolment, without service or drill, was made. Muster-day was also attempted again, and battalion and company divisions were recognized in addition to the regimental divisions. Most of these regulations were so much lumber, and are recalled to show how the old idea of elaborate classification survived.

But what was important was that schools of military instruction were established, with allowances to pupils. These were freely used, the Government granting \$50 to any person, officer or civilian, who took the trouble to attend and pass. Six were opened in old Canada and two in the

Maritime Provinces. The work, supervised by regular officers, was rigid, and a good deal was learned in the fifty-six days' course. The result was that a military spirit was infused in the people and a general desire among young men to serve their country. In all over 6,000 certificates were granted before the Imperial troops withdrew. In the same year the Volunteer Militia force was allowed to increase to 35,000 men. Soon after, in 1865, the Volunteer Militia was ordered sixteen days' drill at the familiar fifty cents a day, and examinations for officers were appointed—an important advance. Then, in 1866, it was enacted that the service Militia—as distinct from the Volunteer Militia—might be called out under pay. And then, about 1867, the



HON. FREDERICK W. BORDEN, B.A., M.D.,  
*Minister of Militia and Defence.*

pay of volunteers on active service was assimilated with that of the regular troops.

All these changes were going on during the anxious time caused by the American Civil War and the Fenian menace which succeeded it. The Volunteer Militia were steadily drilling, their officers were being instructed, portions of them were frequently exercised in the field side by side with regular troops. In 1866 the latent danger became real as the Fenian organization took shape. By this time the force in Upper Canada numbered about 12,000, that in Lower Canada about 7,000, while the Maritime Provinces volunteers mustered something under 3,000 more. The regular troops were about 12,000 strong. In December, 1865,

the danger from the Fenians appeared so threatening that about 3,000 of the Volunteer Militia were called out for garrison duty at Windsor, Niagara and La Prairie. These troops were organized into what were styled "administrative battalions," and were kept under arms for periods of from two to six months, gaining of course much valuable experience. Then there was a Fenian scare on March 17, 1866, and a sudden call was issued on that day for 10,000 Volunteer Militia. The call was answered by 14,000 men, and the Adjutant-General was of opinion that 30,000 men could have been procured in 48 hours. After three weeks of garrison duty the force was cut down to the 10,000 originally intended; then a few days

later nearly all the troops were sent home. During April and May all the corps on frontier service were relieved of duty. But all this time the forming of corps and the enlisting of men was going on apace. Twenty-nine of the present battalions date from that year and in three months the numbers rose from 19,500 to 33,750. Then, when the authorities were to some extent off their guard, the Fenians made their famous dash which culminated in the Ridgeway affair. On May 31, 14,000 Volunteer Militia were called out, on June 2 the whole of the Volunteer force was called out, and on June 3 more than 20,000 men were under arms. The events on the Niagara frontier are well known. On the St. Lawrence River the Militia from Cornwall to Kingston concentrated at Prescott and deterred the Ogdensburg Fenians from trying an invasion. On the Champlain frontier a force of 1,100 Volunteer Militia was posted in advance, at Huntingdon, with other detachments near, while the reserve force, 5,000 strong, at Montreal was composed partly of regulars and partly of Militia. These rather large forces were kept up for several weeks. Then for four years the

land had peace, though the Fenian menace still hung over the frontier.

But Canada had learned her lesson, and in 1867 Confederation was accomplished. The Militia system underwent another change. It was now a Dominion instead of a provincial affair, and the Militia Act of 1868 gave the force the footing upon which it remains. The sharp distinction between the active and the sedentary Militia was now fully recognized. Some of the old elaborate classification remains, but it applies strictly to the method of applying a call for universal service, which would be issued only in case of very serious danger. The Act of 1868 recognized three subdivisions of the active Militia—the Volunteer, the





**Commanding Officers.**

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| 1. LIEUT.-COL. J. B. ARTHUR ROUSSEAU, 8th "Nicolet" Infantry, Nicolet, P.Q. | 2. LIEUT.-COL. JAMES P. TELFORD, 31st Grey.                        | 3. LIEUT.-COL. H. T. LAURENCE, 78th Batt. Highlanders.   |
| 4. MAJOR CHARLES O. FAIRBANK, 6th (London) Field Battery.                   | 5. LIEUT.-COL. ARTHUR EVANTUREL, 4th Batt. "Voltigeurs de Quebec." | 7. LIEUT.-COL. A. DENIS, 84th Batt., St. Hyacinthe, Que. |
| 6. LIEUT.-COL. T. AMYRAULD, 13th Shefford Field Battery C. A.               | 9. LIEUT.-COL. A. D. AUBRY, 85th Montreal.                         | 10. LIEUT.-COL. HENRY McLAREN, 13th Hamilton.            |
| 8. LIEUT.-COL. B. A. WESTON, 66th Princess Louise Fusiliers, Halifax.       | 11. LIEUT.-COL. E. B. IBBOTSON, 5th Royal Scots of Montreal.       | 12. LIEUT.-COL. JOS. DESLAURIERS, 64th Beauharnois, Que. |
| 13. LIEUT. COL. I. DUSSAULT, 81st "Portneuf," Montreal.                     | 14. LIEUT.-COL. HARRY L. COOMBS, 39th Norfolk Rifles.              | 15. LIEUT.-COL. W. H. COLE, 41st Brockville Rifles.      |

Regular and the Marine. The Marine Militia are as yet non-existent, and the "Regular" Militia became the "Active" Militia. There are now no volunteers in Canada, although there is nothing to prevent their being raised, and the only divisions practically recognized are the active and the reserve or sedentary—with the permanent force as a somewhat anomalous addition to the active force. During the three or four years which followed Confederation the work of organizing the Militia went on actively. There were sharp passages of arms over the nature of the Act and to many the measure ultimately passed gave little satisfaction. Indeed, there were corps of Volunteer Militia which declined to come under it and preferred disbandment. But, as a rule, the changed conditions were accepted and the work of applying the Dominion system to the Maritime Provinces caused many more corps to be called into existence. About 25 of the present battalions came into existence during this post-Confederation epoch. The bulk of the cavalry corps were regimentered during the later sixties and the seventies. Of the artillery, eleven field batteries and the Montreal or 2nd Regiment of Garrison Artillery were in existence prior to Confederation.

The comparatively generous scale upon which the newly confederated Dominion went to work to get the Militia in order is rather striking. The existing decade through which Canada had passed had brought about a change of spirit from the days when \$150,000 was esteemed a sufficient annual expenditure for Ontario and Quebec. Public sentiment had changed enormously, and perhaps the flaws which had prevented the Ridgeway campaign from being an easy triumph had done the country good by repressing over-confidence. As a matter of fact, Confederation was largely a politico-military movement, and it is generally believed that there was an understanding with the Imperial Government that the Dominion should spend at least a million a year upon the defences of the country. Moreover, it was well known that the British authorities were anxious to withdraw their troops from Canada. To the age of dissemination that of concentration had succeeded. The whole available force of the army was being drawn back to the British Isles. Aldershot had been established and the authorities were more or less consciously preparing for the revolutionary reorganization which gave the Empire the present short service army. So the Dominion had to undertake its own defence, and it was understood that the force was to be brought up to a strength approximating 40,000 men. By 1870 the Dominion had its new active Militia force well under way. A Fenian raid flurry with a couple of

farcical skirmishes, which brought about 6,000 Militia under arms, seems to have given the country confidence. So, too, did the Red River expedition of 1870, in which 700 of the 1,150 fighting men were Canadian Militia. Next year the last Imperial troops—the 1st battalion of Major-General Hutton's old corps, the 60th Rifles—quitted Quebec. Canada was henceforth to be defended by her Militia.

That marks the advent of the present system. A country of enormous extent, touching on two oceans and with a land frontier of great length, undertook to provide troops for internal purposes and for defence against invasion; and the forces with which it proposed to do the work consisted of some 40,000 Militia, drilled at the utmost 16

years, etc., all are necessary and cannot be improvised. It must be borne in mind that the calling out of the Militia, which has been effected with such speed and ease, was in no sense a mobilization. It left the corps at their local headquarters, waiting for transport, food and ammunition. Under the old system whereby the Militia were to be auxiliary troops, the regulars would naturally supply all these services. It must be recollected, too, that for ages the British army itself had shown an apparently ineradicable aversion to proper recognition of the importance of these services and had trusted to the moment to bring forth the system. It was punished for this in the Crimea, and in the past score or so of years the splendid Army Service Corps has grown up. But the Militia had never

been impressed with the need for administrative services in the course of its connection with the regulars, and when it set up house-keeping on its own account no person seems to have remarked the omission. Really, it was very much like an attempt to keep house without a kitchen, as the waste and mismanagement connected with the 1885 campaign proved.

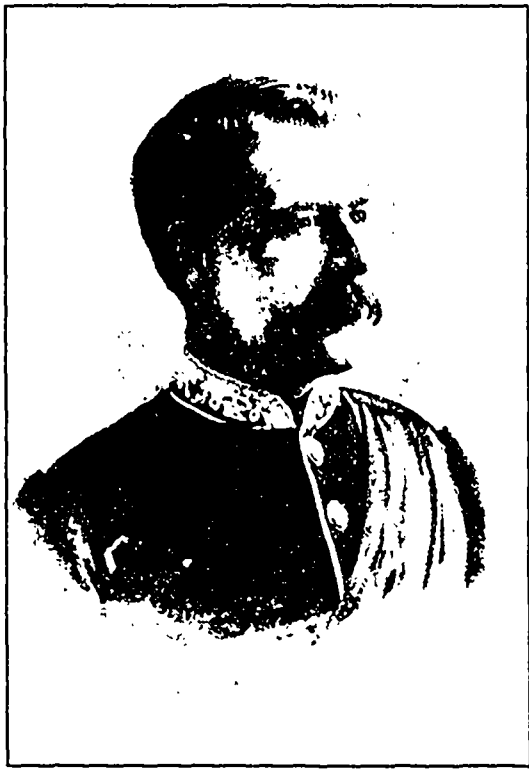
Before the Imperial troops left the country the need for some permanently embodied troops presented itself, if it was only to act as caretakers for military property, and so in October, 1871, two batteries of artillery were raised for permanent service under the Militia Act. These troops looked after the barracks and forts at Quebec and Kingston and were used as a school for officers and non-coms. of the Militia artillery. For a dozen years no other permanently embodied troops existed, and between the annual camps which were now the sole reliance for instruction of all but a few city corps, not a Canadian cavalryman or infantryman was in uniform from one ocean to the other. These were not years of efficiency for the Militia. The impetus given by the feeling of self-dependence died out in the early seventies, although a good deal of organization of corps went on, especially in



MAJOR-GENERAL E. T. H. HUTTON, C.B., A.D.C.  
*Commanding the Canadian Militia.*

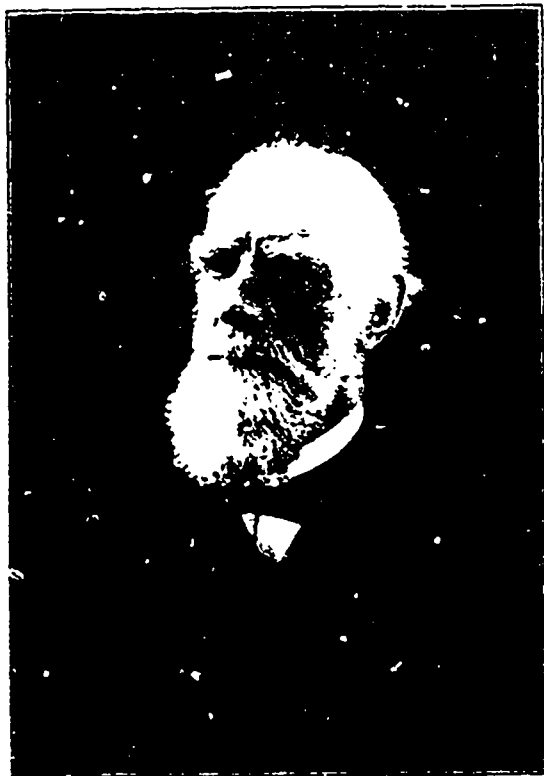
days in a year, cavalry, artillery and infantry, with a very few engineers. It is at this point that the one great ill effect of the early "auxiliary troops" theory commences to be noticeable. Every military man knows that men in uniform, on foot or mounted, with swords by their sides or rifles on their shoulders, do not make an army. Col. Foster has lately been reminding us that an infantry brigade, with rather under 4,000 bayonets, needs over 500 men, 370 horses and 90 carriages to enable it to move, and that a division of 10,000 men needs 1,800 horses and 300 carriages for administrative purposes. Supply columns, medical troops, field hospitals, ammunition columns, engin-

Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. But the great trouble was the lack of instruction. Military schools were established for the cavalry and infantry, but these were not as efficient as the schools of the sixties; and the powerful example of discipline and precision afforded by the Imperial troops was withdrawn. Often Volunteer Boards, a still less satisfactory examining body, were substituted for these schools. One extremely valuable step was taken in 1876, when the splendid Royal Military College was established, but it has never exercised the direct influence upon the mass of the Militia which it was hoped it would. Strange tales, some possibly true, float around of the lack of discipline



SIR GEORGE A. KIRKPATRICK, R.C.M.G.  
Honorary Lt.-Col. 47th "Frontenac."

at some camps of instruction. In general, a number of city battalions, largely by means of a species of club spirit which, while excellent in itself, is not necessarily military, managed to keep upon a good footing, but, on the whole, the force was not in a healthy state, the falling off in the quality of recruits being a very bad sign. In 1883 an effort was made to strike at the lack of instruction which was the great evil by the establishment of the permanent schools for cavalry and infantry. These were first one and then two troops of cavalry, and three, and subsequently four, companies of infantry. The original cavalry school was at Quebec; in 1893 it came to Toronto. The second was established in Winnipeg in 1885. The infantry schools were placed at Toronto, St. John and Fredericton. In 1887 a fourth was established at London. The cavalry schools have become the Royal Canadian Dragoons, the infantry schools the Royal Canadian Regiment of Infantry. A regular system of military instruction for officers and non-commissioned officers has grown up, consisting of short courses and long courses, the Royal Military College being utilized for a portion of the long course. The schools are practically depot squadrons and companies, their function being to teach the active Militia. The definition of the status of the members of this portion of the Militia has always proved a difficult question.



THE RT. HON. LORD STRATHCONA AND MOUNT ROYAL.  
Honorary Lt.-Col. "Victoria Rifles of Canada."

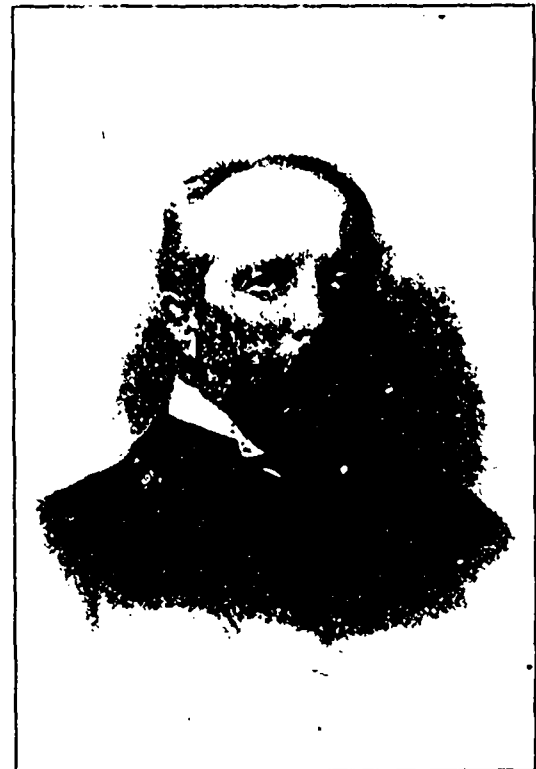
Two years after the taking of this important step the North-West Rebellion broke out, and Canada had to send an expedition to the prairies of the great west. The Militia alone were used for this purpose, and about 5,000 men in all were sent to the scene of action; it is illustrative to note that the forces which participated in the Batoche and Battleford expeditions mustered some 1,400 men, and that about 3,000 men were in the country who saw no actual fighting, although usefully employed. The spirit of the force proved splendid, and zeal, courage and persistency marked their work. Grave transport difficulties were disclosed; the smallness of the force and the abundant resources which the country had at its disposal prevented this from being severely felt, but the improvised supply trains and methods of administration made the expedition unduly expensive.

The Yesterday of the force has merged into its To-day. The period of the present began when the Militia came back in triumph from the North-west, some fourteen years ago. Signs are not wanting that the day of To-morrow will be upon us swiftly, for the sense of the country seems to be turning to the conclusion that the "National Army" of which we have heard of late is the thing for Canada. Our To-day has not been un-



MARQUIS OF LORNE.  
Honorary Lt.-Col. 15th "Argyle Light Infantry."

fruitful, for during it there has subsisted the real sympathy between the force and the country which must be the base from which the next step forward is to be taken. The heart of the people went out to their citizen soldiery in the spring of 1885, as it would not have, could not have, to professional fighters. Affectionate pride was taken in cheerful endurance under hardships and courage in the hour of conflict; more than that, a real interest was henceforth taken in the Militia battalions themselves. The great danger of a force founded upon the willing service of a free people is detachment from the life of that people. When this is the case, an axe is laid to its roots. This separation was very complete in England in the middle of this century; see, for example, the noteworthy ignorance of the life of the soldier which Dickens displays in "Bleak House." Richard Carstone, the youthful victim of the Court of Chancery, is for a period in the army, and yet not a glimpse is given of the life he leads. To the great middle class of England, of which Dickens is so eminent an exponent, the life led by their soldiers was an absolute blank. That was the age in which the army was kept of set purpose by the War Office authorities in distant colonies lest the sight of it should irritate a civilian people into further reductions. Compare with



LT.-COL. HON. R. R. DOBELL, P.C.  
Honorary Lt.-Col. 5th "Royal Rifles."

that frame of mind England's interest in and knowledge of the Tommy Atkins of to-day. This same remoteness of the life and interests of the force from the life and interests of the people was the bane of our Militia in the early days before the Fenian Raid times. It is difficult to escape the conclusion that it was somewhat the same in the fifteen years of tranquillity that followed the last border flicker of the discredited Fenians. To very many the regiments must have appeared a species of mysterious and none too beneficial clubs to which the young men in scarlet and blue and rifle green repaired to amuse themselves in exercises rather fantastic, decidedly undemocratic and certainly valueless. At the very root of all indifference, doubtless, lay the idea that the shock of war could never come to this quarter of the world. To minds colored by it, the marchings, the drillings and the rifle practice must have seemed an idle anachronism. The North-west Rebellion did more than awaken personal interest in the fortunes of five or six thousand young men; it awakened some doubts as to whether a special dispensation of Providence exists whereby this corner of the world is to be spared that which has been the lot of mankind from the beginning, and which of late has menaced the world with especial gloom. The Venezuelan affair in some measure drove the lesson home, and for some years there



LT.-COL. R. WILSON-SMITH.  
Honorary Lt.-Col. 2nd "Montreal" Regiment.

has been a steady and cumulative growth of interest in the force, and in the force as such, as distinguished from the individuals who compose it. The remarkable increase of interest taken in it by the daily press is evidence of this. The Canadian Militia is to-day more in the public eye, and probably is more really liked and understood than was ever the case before.

The great characteristic of the Canadian Militia of to-day from a technical aspect is its lack of higher organization; it is an assemblage of military units, organized in pursuance of no definite plan, and lacking, not only in the cohesion of these units, but in some of the units themselves which are necessary to higher organization. Battalions (not regiments) of infantry and rifles, regiments and squadrons of cavalry, batteries of field artillery, regiments and companies of garrison artillery exist here and there, apparently as the spirit moved their founders to raise them. The three principal ports on Lake Ontario keep up batteries of field artillery alone, while a lake town of decidedly secondary strategical importance maintains a garrison artillery company. Two diminutive companies of engineers exist, in places quite remote from the strategical centres of the Dominion. The other auxiliary corps are, of course, absolutely lacking. Chance and personal predilection appear in no small measure to have governed the geographical distribution of the arms. The writer some time ago was in a port upon one of the great lakes which is of considerable and increasing importance. Local circumstances made connection with the county battalion a matter of difficulty and an enthusiastic Militia officer was considering the advisability of raising a corps suited to the conditions of the place. His choice was an independent company of infantry, although from every strategical aspect garrison artillery would appear the more suitable arm for the locality. This gentleman was a zealous and apparently sound officer; but he appeared to be influenced by personal predilection for the infantry arm, for which, by the way, he possessed a complete outfit. In the event of mobilization an immense amount of changing around would have to take place, often causing acute local jealousies, and many new corps would have to be raised in a wholly unnecessary hurry.

That is the main technical characteristic of the force. The aspect it presents when examined in detail is closely connected with this strategical feature. Individualism run wild is what chiefly strikes the observer. It is a good thing for a corps to have certain peculiarities of its own, peculiarities which may pass into traditions and so aid in the cultivation of that *esprit de corps* which is one of the strongest aids to soldierly excellence. But the service has its own *esprit de corps* as well as the individual regiment; it must present its own tenaciously-held traditions, as precious to the soldier as his loved regimental peculiarities. But the oddest variations exist in the regiments of our Militia. Speaking generally, a corps is what its commanding officer makes it. One or two rare instances exist of corps in which there is implanted some indefinable spirit of soldierliness which causes the rank and file to turn out, the non-commissioned officers to be zealous and careful, the company officers to do their duty, whether the commanding officer is efficient or inefficient. Such a regiment will be the worse off for having a bad commanding officer, but will not be plunged into utter ruin. This is the spirit which should animate the entire force; it is, as a matter of fact, confined to some particular corps. There are many corps whose history exhibits a series of remarkable alternations of efficiency and languishing, these fluctuations of fortune depending upon the men who were the commanding officers. Everywhere are instances of the way in which personal management replaces higher organization in the affairs of the force. Regimental institutes

have been tried by some of the very best regiments and by some of the least successful; and instances of success and of failure have co-existed only a score or so of miles apart. The club spirit, which in itself is not military but rather the reverse, has been used wisely in some corps and has inflicted grave injury upon the true efficiency of others. Sergeants' messes have proved useful and have proved harmful. Almost everything has depended upon the personal character, aptitudes, efficiency, tact, even the whims, of the men of the immediate primary organizations. This characteristic appears in the lowest form of military organization, for a battalion, for which is prescribed a uniform and unvarying strength of eight companies, may parade with any number of companies, varying from four to ten. Seven companies may appear in good condition and the eighth be the worst in the district. This characteristic appears in the Military Districts, which are our highest practical organization, and these districts vary in accordance with the energy, disciplinary power and efficiency of the District Officers Commanding. In a strategical survey of the country the same characteristics again appear. Some counties turn out good and well-filled battalions, some inferior battalions whose attenuated ranks are made up by the eleventh-hour enlistment of the floating population of the countryside. Some towns keep up a flourishing battalion, others, equally populous, have none. Everywhere it is upon individual effort and initiative that results depend. In one neighborhood a good captain sees to it that the proper quota is supplied. In a second neighborhood an inefficient captain, by various means, keeps up a show of a company while failing to pass through its ranks the young men who should serve their country. In yet a third neighborhood some one of a multitude of causes has brought about the non-existence of any company at all, and the people have no conception of the duty they owe to their land.

Undoubtedly, however, one tradition our service has: of persistence. Such a catalogue of evils and defects seems overwhelming, and yet our Militia has lived on through good report and through ill report. It owes few thanks to organization—no force fewer: and yet it has existed. Some inherent soldierly instinct must exist in our race, for the Militia has gone on living, displaying a tenacity of life not unlike that of certain other creatures of low organization. Strictly speaking, it is not to patriotism that we must ascribe its continuance, for no militiaman desires to accuse his fellow-subjects who have not joined the force of lack of patriotism; he knows that at the first hint of danger they would rush to arms—even as he also knows that they would prove most awkward and inefficient in the use of those arms. It is hardly what is known in Europe as a military spirit, for that in its strict sense is alien from this continent. Perhaps the aphorism that our race is warlike but not military gives a clue to the queer, elusive, often self-contained, not infrequently grumbling, yet essentially loyal spirit which has made officers and men stick to the last, and year after year make some sort of showing, year by year go on with the pathetic yet not inglorious operation of "doing the best they could."

"Doing the best we can": that is a word with which the subject may well be left. It is the keynote to the individual's part in an organism which has lived in our Canadian polity from the first. No portion of our national life shows less organization. No portion shows less intelligence of adaptation. Its one saving grace has been that it has been rooted in the life of people. The early system of universal service, with all its elaboration of classification, had in its working a certain massive simplicity; one other good quality it had, that it trusted the people and was drawn from the people, colonel as well as drummer-boy. That

simplicity, that trust in the people has been its strength. From town, from village, or from country cross-roads at certain seasons a band of men has gone forth to drill. To the people of the district was committed the duty of supplying every man of the regiment. The bands of militiamen have not failed to present themselves; the people have not been unworthy of their trust. In after days, when intelligent organization shall have made of the now inchoate armed forces of our Empire a mighty and keenly tempered weapon, let not our descendants think lightly of the work of our Canadian Militia during the century in which it has "done the best it could."

### The Frontier Way.

As I went up the frontier way,  
I heard the wondering people say,  
"Our land is wide and richer far  
Than all the golden Indies are.  
Our fathers' lives are past and spanned,  
Our fathers' glorious swords are sheathed,  
Shall we then fling away the land  
The God of Hosts to us bequeathed?"  
From sea to sea, in sun and snow,  
The answer thundered southward, "No!"

As I stood on the frontier way,  
I heard the indignant people say,  
"Who fought and bled to save our rights  
At Chateauguay and Queenston Heights?  
Who is it fills each silent grave  
That marks the hill or dots the plain?  
The valiant dead, the heroes brave,  
Who if they lived would cry again  
'You're welcome as the flowers in May  
To Queenston Heights and Chateauguay.'"

As I went up the frontier way  
I heard the patriot people say,  
"No alien flag shall ever wave  
Above the hero's honored grave.  
No alien heel shall e'er defile  
Each green and grassy diadem;  
No cunning tongue shall wean or wile  
The shelter of our swords from them.  
Their name shall never pass away  
From Queenston Heights and Chateauguay."

As I stood on the frontier way  
I heard a dauntless people say,  
"God loves a patriot people—He  
Espises those who won't be free.  
Shall traitors our proud ensign drag,  
Shall we submit in fear and frown?  
If they will have the grand old flag  
They'd better come and tear it down!  
They're welcome as the flowers in May  
To Queenston Heights and Chateauguay."  
—Khan.

Judge Peters, being asked to define a captain of a company, said, "It was one man commanded by a hundred others."

We have heard of men celebrating their country's battles, who in war were celebrated for keeping out of them.—Prentice.

An English officer, in a sally from Ostend, had one of his arms shot off with a cannon ball, which taking up with him, he carried to the surgeon, and said, "Behold the arm which but at dinner did help its fellow."

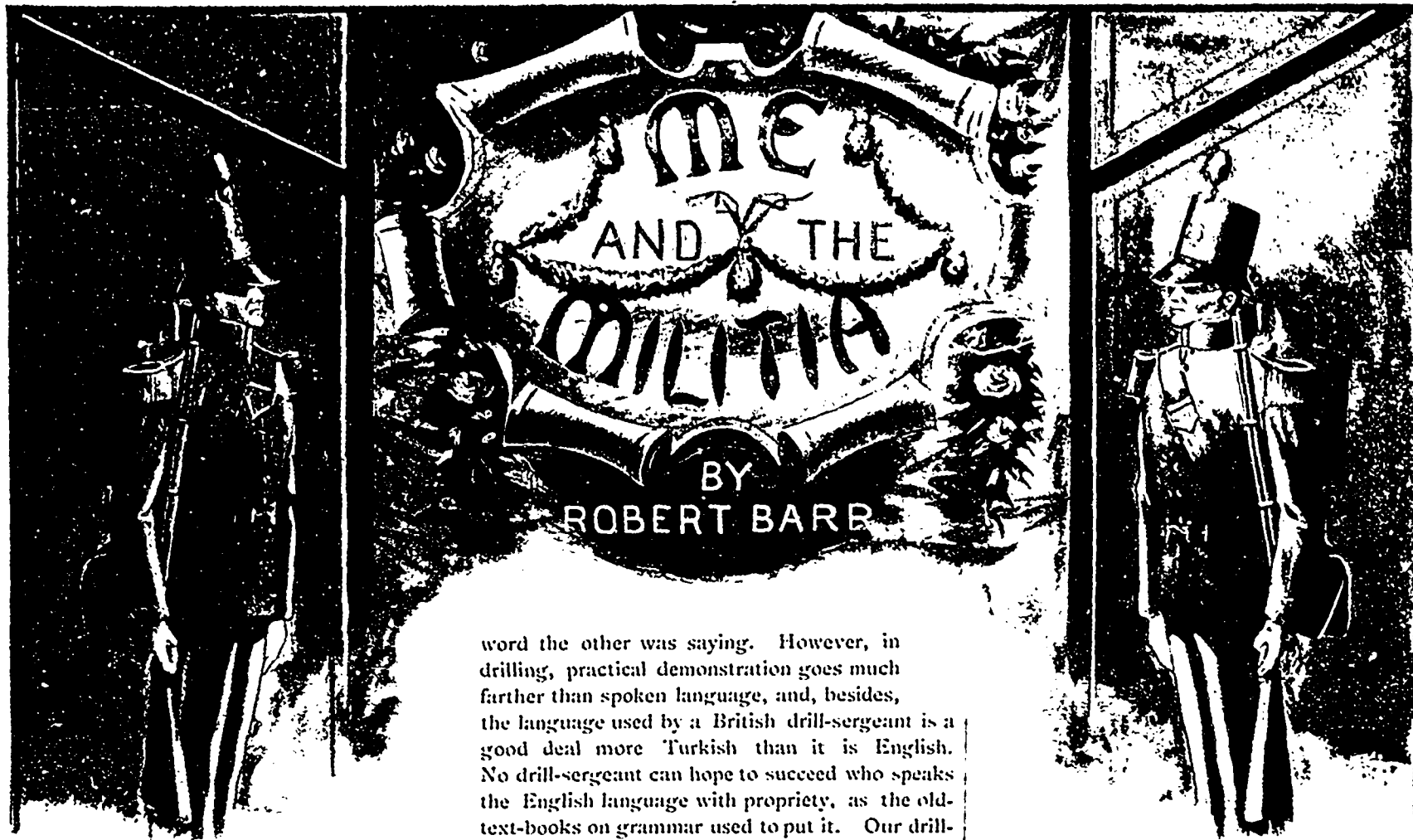
HIS LAST JOKE.—A friend of Charles Mathews, in his last illness, intended to give the patient some medicine, but a few moments after it was discovered that the supposed medicine was nothing but ink which had been taken from the phial by mistake, and his friend exclaimed: "Good Heavens, Mathews, I have given you ink." "Never, never mind, my boy—never mind," said Mathews, faintly, "I'll swallow a bit of blotting paper." This was the last joke Mathews made.





Commanding Officers.

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| 1. LIEUT.-COL. GEO. HUNTER, 42th Frontenac, Kingston.            | 2. LIEUT.-COL. H. N. RUTTAN, 95th Rifles, Winnipeg.                     |
| 3. HON. LIEUT.-COL. WM. M. HUMPHREY, 66th Halifax, N.S.          | 4. LIEUT.-COL. H. A. L. WHITE, 28th "Perth Infantry," Stratford.        |
| 5. LIEUT.-COL. J. STACEY, 20th Elgin Infantry, St. Thomas, Ont.  | 6. LIEUT.-COL. HON. PH. LANDRY, 65th Montmagny and L'Islet Montmagny.   |
| 7. LIEUT.-COL. JOHN L. BETHUNE, 9th Argyll Highlanders, Baddeck. | 8. LIEUT.-COL. HON. EDWARD G. PRIOR, 5th B.C. C.A.                      |
| 9. LIEUT.-COL. F. M. COLE, 2nd "Montreal" C.A., Montreal.        | 10. LIEUT.-COL. ALFRED E. D. LABELLE, 6th Mount Royal Rifles, Montreal. |
| 11. LIEUT.-COL. L. DENNIS HUDON, 8th "Temiscouata and Rimouski." | 12. LIEUT.-COL. G. ACHESON, 29th Waterloo.                              |
| 13. LIEUT.-COL. F. H. DIBBLEE, 10th Woodstock F.B.               | 14. HON. LIEUT.-COL. JAS. MUNRO, 22nd Oxford Rifles.                    |



word the other was saying. However, in drilling, practical demonstration goes much farther than spoken language, and, besides, the language used by a British drill-sergeant is a good deal more Turkish than it is English. No drill-sergeant can hope to succeed who speaks the English language with propriety, as the old-text-books on grammar used to put it. Our drill-sergeant used to imagine that "Shoe-la-humph!" meant "Shoulder arms!" and no one in our company ever had the courage to correct him.

Last Queen's Birthday, revisiting St. Thomas after an absence of many years, I had the pleasure of standing on the sidewalk and seeing my successors march past, and a well set-up, well-drilled body of young men they were. Little they imagined that a veteran was viewing them with critical eyes; one who had been there himself. Indeed, I have read that my distinguished fellow-soldier the Duke of Wellington in his older days frequently watched the evolutions of troops, himself unrecognized, as was I at St. Thomas.

I was a stranger to all the boys of the company when I joined it, and being a modest and retiring sort of person, as I am still, I knew very few of them when I forsook bloodshed, and at this date not a single name of those military heroes comes back to me, except those of two of

the officers. Captain Day had charge of the company, and Neil Caswell was lieutenant, who became captain when Day retired. It gives me deep regret to put on record the fact that the troops we all unanimously desired to fight were those of the British Regular Army, and this entirely without any feeling of disloyalty towards the old country. A section of the British Regulars was at that time stationed at London, which was then situated some eighteen miles to the north of St. Thomas, and I suppose, unless great changes have taken place, the mileage between the two cities remains the same to-day. Added to our other troubles was the misfortune that periodically British officers came down from London to inspect us and put us through our drill. Now, the British officer, when you meet him on what he imagines is social equality, is a very nice fellow indeed, usually genial and capable, a man who knows



ANY years ago the Militia of Canada joined itself with me; the object of this union being the greater security of the Dominion. The combination was a gratifying success and reflected credit on the far-seeing statesmanship of the promoters. I have no wish in this historical publication to lay claim to a greater share in the defence of Canada than is justly due me, but it is a significant fact which

cannot be controverted, that since the Militia and myself joined forces, no invader has dared to set hostile foot upon the free soil of the Dominion. Of course the moment the news of our junction reached Europe the Chancellories of the old world at once got on their ears, as the classic phrase has it, and claimed that our combination was a menace to them. They have since quieted down and accepted the inevitable. But, speaking for myself, I hereby put it on record, that no thought of interfering with them ever entered my mind. I cannot answer for the Militia, of course, but my recollection of the boys who composed it is, that they were far from being a bloodthirsty lot. Our motto was "Defence," and not "Defiance," and if for awhile we did terrorize the earth the fault cannot, with justice, be attributed to us.

It was in the charming and picturesque town of St. Thomas, Ontario, that I joined the local body of Volunteers, and so thoroughly was I drilled that to this day when I see an innocent horseman approach on the road I feel an inclination to drop on my right knee, place my walking-stick at an angle of forty-five and prepare to receive cavalry. A year ago, in Syria, I put a Turkish company through the evolutions of Canadian drill, and surprised myself, and the company, too, at the readiness with which all the cabalistic words of command came back to me. The Turks proved quick to learn, which was rather odd when you remember that neither of us understood a



"I put a Turkish company through the evolutions of Canadian drill."



"You cannot pass until Captain Day gives permission."

how to do things, and he does them well, but he cannot help despising a Volunteer, just as an expert in any trade despises an amateur, and added to this, we were Colonials in his estimation, and, of course, did not amount to anything, not belonging to a little island twenty-one miles off the coast of France, where he came from. The chances are that the British officer of to-day takes a broader view of things than he did at that time. He probably knows more than his predecessor did, but my experience of the British officer then was that he was a conceited, swaggering bully, and the only mistake the St. Thomas Militia made during my connection with it was that we allowed so many Regular officers to return alive to London. We might so easily have dropped them from the tall railway bridge, or waylaid them on Talbot Street. Still our mercy toward them merely arose from the inexperience of youth and should not be held against us.

One detestable little rat that came down from London was a Major whom I shall not name; but we called him in the company "Old Shoe-la-humph." He was an undersized individual who put on more side than the six tallest men you will find in Canada to-day. He wore high glazed boots, into which his little trousers were tucked, and the sides of the boots he constantly slapped with a small rattan cane he carried, marching up and down before us, erect as a ramrod, with as much importance in his bearing as if he owned Canada and was in negotiation for the rest of the British Empire. Our officers were quite palpably in terror of him, and as for us, we frankly and cor-

dially hated him. As my ill-luck would have it, Major Shor-la-humph descended upon us the second time that I had drilled with the company, when my military knowledge had so far advanced that I knew it was the butt of the gun that I placed to my shoulder, and not the other end. Captain Day arranged his troops in two lines, and he placed me, very kindly, in the rear rank, in the palpitating hope that my ignorance would be at least partially covered by the men in the front column, who had been longer at the trade. All went well until we came to the bayonet drill, which called upon me and the others to take the sharp-pointed triangular prog that hung from our belts at our hips, and snap it on the muzzle of the gun. You whipped out your bayonet as a Westerner draws his revolver, placed its socket on the nozzle of the gun, shoved it home, gave it a half-turn, when something clicked and there it was, or else something clicked first and you gave it a half-turn afterwards, I really forget at the moment of going to press just how it was, but anyhow, it was a puzzle that was beyond me. I fumbled and rattled away at it, and when the command came to Shoulder Arms my bayonet was up at the top of my gun, wobbling about like a loose-jointed lightning-rod in a storm. I breathed a silent hope that it would remain in position, but this was not to be. The first order was to jab an imaginary man on an imaginary horse, and that passed off all right, because the gun was held upwards at an angle of forty-five. The next order I got through by exercising great care. It was to slaughter an imaginary infantry person in front

of us. The third movement brought disaster; here we had to meet an imaginary company coming up a slope, and so had to turn our guns over and thrust them forward and downward. The three-cornered blade described a beautiful arc in the air, and to my own horror and the consternation of the company, it cleared the front rank, stuck point first in the floor, and there stood trembling, which, indeed, I was doing myself. The little Major, his face red with anger, strode up to the quivering bayonet like a roaring British lion.

"That man stand forward!" he cried.

I stood forward, the front rank opening to let me through.

"What the devil do you mean by *that*, sir?" he shouted, shaking his rattan at the incriminating bayonet.

Now in spite of the fact that I was more familiar with the adjusting of a ploughshare than the fixing of a bayonet I was nevertheless a free man, and was unaccustomed to being addressed as if I were a particularly objectionable kind of dog, so I had the cheek to reply:

"Well, Major, I suppose I jabbed the enemy so hard that the bayonet stuck in his body."

This the Major regarded as insolence, as doubtless it was, and he ordered me at once to the guardhouse where I was left that night to meditate on the inadvisability of trying to be funny with one of Her Majesty's officers.

By the time the Major came round again I knew how to fasten on my bayonet, but he had his eye on me and ordered me out from the rear rank into the front. My own officers looked very uneasy at this transition, as well they might. Strutting up and down the rank he snapped out at me:

"Hold up your chin, sir."

I endeavoured to do so, but with indifferent success. One distinction between us and the Regulars was, that we could not keep our backs so straight, nor could we hold our chins so high in the air, so I suppose that to a real military man we looked somewhat slouchy, but anyhow, the Major said nothing further, but the next time he passed me he raised his rattan and struck me a smart blow under the chin. I have no doubt that this Major was a brave man and possibly before that time, and since, has passed through many dangers with credit to himself, but I can assure him that he never came so close to his death as when he struck me under the chin with his rattan cane. His good luck and mine carried him quickly past me. He was a nervous, energetic, little beggar, never long in the one spot, while I was rather slow and deliberate in my movements, but if he had not got so speedily out of striking distance I should certainly have introduced my bayonet into his stomach, and he would have had no complaint to make that it wasn't fastened securely enough. However by the time he returned my chin was high enough in the air to satisfy anybody, and the wave of anger and resentment had passed over me.

My final bout with the Major occurred in the Hutchinson House, a hotel standing on Talbot Street, then the centre of the place, but now far down town because of the extraordinary growth of St. Thomas towards the east. The Hutchinson House was a square building and most of us looked on it then as probably the largest hotel in the world, which, the chances are, it was not. I don't know why the company drilled that night in the large ball-room on the top floor, which occupied the whole length and breadth of the building, but at anyrate such was the case. During the first part of the drill we acquitted ourselves to our own credit and doubtless to the satisfaction of Her Majesty the Queen, when we were allowed to stand easy. There was an intermission of a quarter of an hour or so, when Captain Day called upon me to mount guard at the door with fixed bayonet and loaded gun. When I took my place he said, half apologetically:

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"The Major and the officers are going downstairs for a few moments, but you are to allow nobody to pass. I have chosen you because you are a stranger in the company and it will be less difficult to withstand their persuasions than it would be for anyone else."

"But supposing they force themselves past me?" I asked, not at all liking the duty thrust upon me.

"What is your bayonet for?" enquired the Major sharply, impatient at the delay.

I had some notion of answering that it was usually for sticking in the floor, but, having no desire to spend the remainder of the night in a guardhouse, I kept silence. The officers went downstairs, and, as soon as they were gone, a number of the boys got round me, their spokesman persuasively urging me to allow them to pass.

"It is absurd," he said with some truth, "that the officers should go down to guzzle at the Hutchinson House bar while the company is compelled to remain thirsty upstairs in the ballroom, an aristocratic state of things not to be permitted in a democratic country."

"I can't help it," I answered. "You cannot pass until Captain Day gives permission."

"Oh, that's nonsense. He only put you here to please the Major. The Major is not our officer, and Day won't say anything. Anyhow, we'll all be back before they return."

"I'm sorry, but I can't allow it," I persisted.

This brought forth many pertinent remarks pertaining to my personal appearance and character, then finally one said:

"Let's rush him. He can't stop us."

There seemed to be an inclination to follow this advice, and I cried out seriously:

"You can, of course, rush past me, that is all but two, and those two will be dead, one with the bayonet, the other with a bullet."

They drew apart into a group and consulted in whispers. I was relieved to hear one say:

"I really believe the cuss means it," for I *did* mean it, and was not feeling at all happy that such was the case. Finally, the chief spokesman detached himself from the group and approached me, while I, fearing some trick, kept my level bayonet pointed towards him.

"It's all right," he said soothingly, "we're not going to attempt any shenanagen, but look here. Let me go downstairs alone. I'm going to bring up a pail of beer. I'll keep clear of the officers and nobody will know anything about it. I shan't get the beer here at all, but up the street."

"I can't do it," I said stubbornly.

"There's no use in being a hog," he suggested with rising anger.

"Perhaps not, but it's root hog or die with me, while I'm in the hog business."

What the outcome would have been I do not know, but some one shouted: "It's all right; leave him alone!"

The company massed themselves at the other end of the room. I saw there was some excitement, but could not make out what was going on. I was left alone by the guarded door, like the boy standing on the burning deck, overcome with a feeling of remorse at the necessary meanness I had been compelled to exhibit towards my comrades, and yet not seeing any way out of it; angry also, that they could not be made to understand that I was simply endeavouring to perform my duty. The crowd at the end of the hall seemed to be diminishing, the cause of which depletion I could not guess, but I was soon to be enlightened. Up the stair, two steps at a time, in a towering rage, sprang the Major, followed by the officers.

"How dared you allow the men to pass?" he shrieked at me.

"No one passed down these stairs," I said.

"That is not true; half the company are down at the bar."

Before I could reply, the Captain spoke up:

"I see how it is; they have gone down in the dumb waiter," which was indeed the case. The dumb waiter, which consisted of a sort of hand elevator with two shelves, for bringing refreshments up to the ballroom, had been discovered by the boys, and they had carefully lowered two at a time, who had doubled themselves up on the shelves. Thus, already half the company had descended, and two stalwart fellows were at that moment gently lowering a couple more. The Major acted like a flash before any one could stop him, scattered the group at the other end of the room, and either cut the ropes or thrust the men aside; anyhow, there was an appalling crash and a wild yell. The officers stood by the door for a moment, too astonished at this rough reprisal to speak. After the yell, a dead silence pervaded the large room, then a hollow voice came up a flue saying:

"If you fellows think there is anything funny in doing a thing like that, you're mistaken, and I'll lick the man who did it. I believe you've killed Sam Peters on the lower shelf."

As a matter of fact, Sam was not much hurt, although he was knocked speechless for the time being, and the elevator was wrecked. The officers of the company went quickly downstairs to learn the fate of the fallen soldiers, and there were low growls from the boys as the tyrannical Major strode away from the dumb waiter to follow, but no one raised a hand against him, although it was easy to see that if any had made a hostile motion there would have ensued a general scuffle, out of which the Major would have emerged somewhat shopworn. He was evidently a man of violent temper, quickly roused and quickly over, for his face was pale as he approached me, and I imagine

he was already regretting his rashness. As he went to go downstairs I presented the bayonet point to his breast.

"You cannot pass," I said.

"What!" he cried, all his colour coming back. "None of your insolence, sir. I have you punished for presenting your gun at your officer."

"You are no officer of mine. I am under Captain Day's orders, and he said, 'Let no one pass.'"

"You can't be such a fool as you look," replied the angry man. "You know very well that does not apply to me."

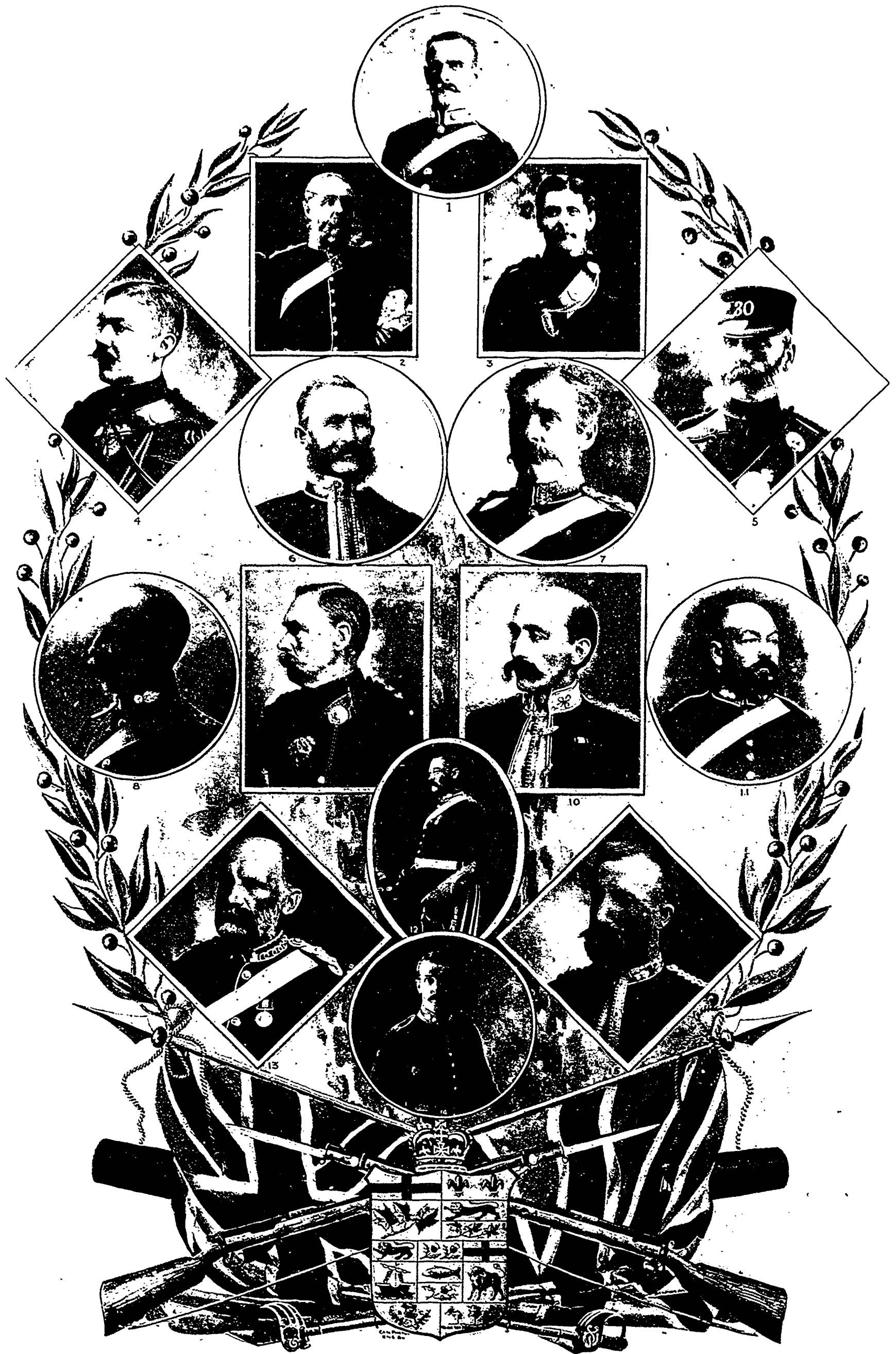
"It does while I am here. You advance another step and I'll show you."

Now look you how uncertain a thing popularity is. The Volunteers, who but a moment before had been cursing me, actually raised a cheer and cordially invited the hesitating Major to advance. What might have happened the God of War only knows, but, providentially, Captain Day came up at that juncture and relieved me of my guard duty.

By one of those curious coincidences that a man would not dare use in a novel, but which often happens in real life, I met the Major a few years ago on the coast of Norway, a little, old, weazened half-pay officer, retired; as mild as new milk. It is only fair to him to say that he utterly denied having struck me, said he would have been court-martialed for doing such a thing, which is probably true if I had belonged to the Regulars, but nevertheless the incident happened just as I have related it. However, the little man and I spent some most companionable hours together in the smoking room, neither of us holding any grudge against the other for what had happened many years ago in Canada, when the Militia and I were co-operating together.



"I believe you've killed Sam Peters."



**Commanding Officers.**

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 1. MAJOR W. G. HURDMAN, 2nd Ottawa Field Battery, C. A.                             | 2. LIEUT.-COL. H. C. ROGERS, 3rd Prince of Wales Dragoons, Peterborough.             |
| 3. LIEUT.-COL. A. P. SHERWOOD, 4th Ottawa and Carleton Battalion of Rifles, Ottawa. | 4. LIEUT.-COL. JOHN S. SKINNER, 14th Battalion Prince of Wales Own Rifles, Kingston. |
| 5. LIEUT.-COL. W. W. WHITE, 5th Wellington Rifles, Guelph.                          | 6. LIEUT.-COL. WM. NICOLL, 16th Field Battery, Guelph.                               |
| 7. LIEUT.-COL. T. H. LLOYD, 12th York Rangers, Aurora.                              | 8. LIEUT.-COL. F. H. ONLEY, 1st Halifax Regiment.                                    |
| 9. LIEUT.-COL. D. SPENCE, 38th Dufferin Rifles of Canada, Brantford.                | 10. LIEUT.-COL. W. M. GARTSHORE, 1st Hussars, London.                                |
| 11. MAJOR T. LEFEBRE DIT BOULANGER, 1st Field Battery C. A., Quebec.                | 12. LIEUT.-COL. C. A. WORSNOP, 2nd Battalion 5th Regiment C. A., Vancouver.          |
| 13. LIEUT.-COL. JAMES WARD, 35th Battalion Simcoe Foresters, Barrie.                | 14. LIEUT.-COL. GEO. WEST JONES, 3rd New Brunswick C. A., St. John, N. B.            |
| 15. LIEUT.-COL. H. P. VAN WAGNER, 4th Hamilton Field Battery.                       |  |

# THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE



KINGSTON CANADA



AN institution upon which every Canadian can look with legitimate pride is the Royal Military College at Kingston. Many of its graduates hold high positions in the Civil Service of the Dominion, and others are making records for themselves and their country in the Imperial army. The College, which is under the control of the Dominion Militia Department, was founded in 1875, and was opened on the first of June of the following year, eight-

een cadets having passed the qualifying examination. The institution has a record of nearly a quarter of a century, and has proved a remarkable success in two ways. In the first place, it has turned out, year after year, men who have filled, and are filling with great credit, positions in the Dominion Civil Service; and, in the second place, some of its cadets have annually entered into the Imperial army, and are now carrying into all parts of the world the fame of the military institution which educates such capable men, and compares favorably with the great military schools of the old and new continents.



Edmund C. Hamilton, 1888.  
3rd Hussars.

Of the total number of cadets who have graduated at Kingston, 89 have been gazetted to commissions in the British army. (The accompanying cuts are likenesses of some graduates who obtained positions therein, and distinguished themselves by bravery and efficiency. There are also sketches of the College, which cannot fail to be reminiscent to the old boys scattered all over the world.) To encourage the College upon its initiation, the English Government offered four commissions annually, and in 1888, when the worth of the institution had been tested,



W. Cook, 1890.  
Lieut. R. C. A.

of gratification to know that the Canadian graduate is looked upon with favour by the home authorities, and in every instance he has justified this good opinion by meritorious conduct, and in some instances has won high encomiums by acts of bravery in the field, and skill in the less brilliant routine of his profession. The establishment of the Kingston Military College was primarily undertaken for the purpose of securing such a complete military and scientific education to young Canadians as would qualify them to fill all the higher positions in the Canadian Militia. The limitation of the number of cadets, as provided by the Act, is con-



G. M. Duff, 1882.  
Lieut. Royal Engineers.

and its scope and usefulness proved, two additional commissions were added. In 1885, in a case of special emergency, 30 commissions were given in the Imperial army. These commissions are in the Royal Engineers and the Infantry, and it is satisfactory and a source



P. E. Gray, 1887.  
Capt. Royal Artillery.

considered necessary to hold out a reasonable hope that the graduates can be absorbed in the public service. The training to which the young Canadian graduates are subjected has received the highest praise from the Imperial officers, who have from time to time inspected the College and investigated its workings.



J. W. Osborne, 1895.  
Scottish Rifles.

the two first opened were at Toronto and Quebec in March, 1864. To encourage candidates to apply for admission to these schools, a bonus of \$50 was granted to each successful cadet for first or second class certificates. The conditions of admission were very easy. A candidate was required to be a



C. A. Hensley, 1886.  
Lieut. Royal Dublin Fusiliers.

Military schools for the practical training of candidates for commissions in the Militia were originally established in the year 1864, after the period of alarm, arising out of the "Trent" affair. These schools were formed in connection with regiments of the regular army, and



K. B. Cameron, 1884.  
Lieut. Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders.



British subject resident in Canada, and it was not even necessary to be connected with the Militia. A cadet on joining the school was sworn in and took the oath of allegiance, and during the



Edward John Duffus, 1884.  
Royal Artillery.

period of his pupilage he was under military law. These schools became so popular, and candidates became so numerous that in 1865 four more schools were established, one each in Montreal, Kingston, Hamilton and London. On the withdrawal from Canada

(except Halifax) of the Imperial troops in 1870, these schools came to an end, and the Dominion Militia was left without any practical instructors. In 1871, after mature deliberation, based on ex-

haustive reports, the Government of the day, the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, being Premier, decided to establish a Military College, in the words of the Act, "for the purpose of imparting a complete education in all branches of military tactics, fortification, engineering, and



P. G. Twinning, 1883.  
Lieut. Royal Engineers.

general scientific knowledge in subjects connected with and necessary to a thorough knowledge of the military profession, and for qualifying officers for command and for staff appointments." The



James Walker Sears, 1881.  
N. W.

model selected was that of West Point in the United States, as it was considered more desirable and economical in a country like Canada, with limited resources, to concentrate its attention upon what would be practically a staff college for the education of of-

ficers as well as a college for the cavalry, artillery, engineers and infantry.

The graduates are under military discipline, and their moral and physical well-being, as well as their mental development, are carefully looked after, so that the graduate who leaves the College with a certificate of merit, is capable of filling a high position in the Dominion Militia or the Imperial service, and everywhere, at home and abroad,



Egerton E. A. Denison, 1879.

in Canada or in England, in the colonies or the distant British possessions, where fortune has placed him, he has the still higher recommendation of being a capable officer and an educated gentleman.

Captain Francis J. Dixon, Editor of the *Canadian Military Gazette*, says the curriculum of the Kingston College is claimed to be superior to that of Woolwich, where cadets are trained for the Royal Engineers and Royal Artillery, and Sandhurst, where



Septimus J. A. Denison, 1876.  
Capt. Royal Canadian Infantry.

cavalry and infantry officers are trained, and more resembles West Point in the United States. Graduates at the College are enabled to go up for examination as Dominion Land Surveyors or Pro-



A. C. Joly & Lothiniere, 1883.  
Lieut. Royal Engineers.

vincial Land Surveyors in Ontario and Quebec after one year's service in the field. The Law Societies of Ontario and the North-West Territories admit graduates for the study of law, and call to the bar on the same footing as graduates from universities, and the College of Physi-

cians and Surgeons for Ontario recognizes graduates as university graduates, by exemption from matriculation examination for the study of medicine. The College has had the advantage of having at its head a series of prominent military officers. Col. E. O. Hewett, C. M. G., of the Royal Engineers, was commandant from the opening of the College until 1886, and largely deserves credit for the efficient organization of the system



H. C. Nanton, 1883.  
Lieut. Royal Engineers.

of training which has so successfully stood the test of time, and which, as occasion and the exigencies of the service required, has been brought up to date by his successors. Col. Hewett



A. B. Perry, 1886.

was succeeded by Lt.-Col. J. R. Oliver, C. M. G., Royal Artillery, who held the position until 1888. The next commandant was Major-General D. R. Cameron, C. M. G., Royal Artillery, who remained in office until 1896, when he was succeeded by Lieut.-Col. G.

C. Kitson, King's Royal Rifle Corps, who is the present head of the College and who by his military knowledge, strict discipline and manly example, is doing so much to still further enhance



G. M. Kirkpatrick, 1885.  
Lieut. Royal Engineers.

the value of the College as a factor of Canadian education.

The importance of this College, situated near the head of the St. Lawrence, is being recognized more and more every year. It is equal in educational advantages, civil and military, in discipline and manly

training, to West Point, the United States Military College, beautifully located on the Hudson. The founding of our Canadian College was a daring stroke of policy for a quarter of a century ago, and the Hon. Alex.

Mackenzie, the Liberal Premier of the Dominion, deserves great credit for having conceived the idea of furnishing Canada with a Military College of her own, and so successfully putting his ideas into execution. The Imperial troops had left the country, the



James J. B. Farley, 1893.  
Lieut. North Staffordshire Regiment.

Military Schools which had been founded in the principal centres of the Dominion were closed, and there was no apparent source from which officers could be drawn for the Canadian Militia, and no



S. L. Paterson, 1891.  
Lieut. Royal Dublin Fusiliers.

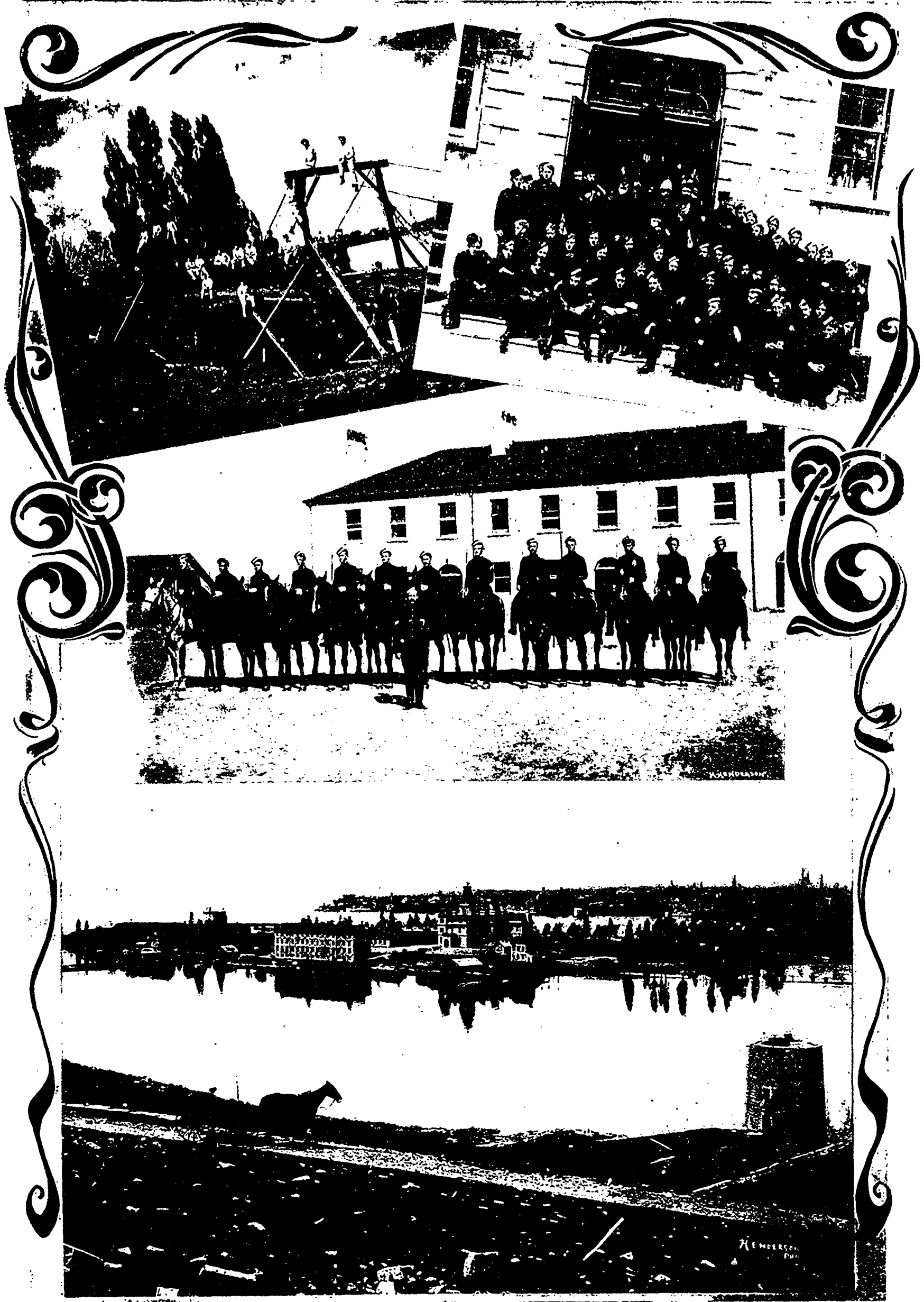
place where those desirous of serving their country could obtain military instruction. It was then that the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, with the perspicacity of a statesman, not only filled a want then existing, but had an eye to the future. The value of the College is recognized by the

leaders of both political parties, and is looked upon with pride by all Canadians as a grand national institution. The good work that the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie began is being continued by the

Hon. Frederick William Borden, the present Minister of Militia, who takes a great interest in the College, and has exerted himself with great success in raising the institution to its present high standard of efficiency. Sir Charles Tupper,



Archibald C. Macdonell, 1891.



ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE, KINGSTON.



LIEUT.-COL. GERALD CHARLES KITSON.  
(King's Royal Rifle Corps.)  
Commandant Royal Military College.

the present leader of the Conservative Opposition, regards with admiration our Canadian West Point, and has the highest praise for the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, its founder. When in Kingston, on the occasion of the inauguration of the Sir John A. Macdonald Chair of Political Economy, in Queen's University, Sir Charles Tupper referred to Kingston as the home of the Conservative leader, and the chair that was inaugurated to his honour, as singularly appropriate to a man who had spent his life in the practical exemplification of political economy, and concluded his speech as follows: "He congratulated Kingston in possessing a monument of another eminent Premier of Canada in the Royal College of Kingston. The Hon. Alexander Mackenzie raised there an enduring monument to his own memory." This happy remark of the veteran Conservative leader voices the general feeling of the public regarding the Royal Military College and its founder.

The following is the present staff at the College: Commandant, Lieut.-Col. Gerald Charles Kitson, (King's Royal Rifle Corps).

Staff-Adjutant, Lieut.-Col. S. C. McGill.

Professor of Military History, Surveying, Military Topography, Reconnaissance, etc., Capt. H. S. Logan, H.M. Leicestershire Regt.

Professor of Mathematics, etc., I. E. Martin, Esq., B.A.



H. M. Campbell, 1881.

Capt. W. B. Leslie, (R.E.)

Professor of Surveying, Physics, etc., Capt. J. B. Cochrane.

Assistant Instructor in Mathematics, Lieut. F. H. Vercoe.

Professor of English, Rev. C. L. Worrell, M.A.  
Professor of French, J. D. Chartrand, Esq.

Professor of Civil Engineering, Wm. R. Butler, Esq., C.E.

Medical Officer, Surgeon Lieut.-Col. J. L. H. Neilson, M.D., (R. C. A.)  
Director General Medical Staff.

Board of Visitors, President, Col. Hon. M. Aylmer, (Adjt.-Gen.); Members, Lt.-Col. W. D. Gordon, (R. R. C. I.), D.O.C., M.D. No. 5; Lieut.-Col. O. C. C. Pelletier, D.O.C., M.D. No. 7; Capt. Duncan P. Macpherson, Montreal; John A. MacCabe, L.L.D., Principal Ottawa Normal School.



A. E. Doucet (N.W.), 1880.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

**MOREAU'S MISTAKE.**—When Gen. Moreau, who forsook the colours of Napoleon and was afterwards killed fighting against his former commander in Germany, was in the city of Boston, he was much courted and sought after as a lion of the first quality.

On one occasion he was invited to Cambridge to attend the commencement exercises. In the course of the day a musical society of undergraduates sang a then very popular ode, which was, "To-morrow, to-morrow, to-morrow." Moreau, who was imperfectly acquainted with our



R. W. Leonard, 1885.

language, fancied they were complimenting him, and at every recurrence of the burden, which he interpreted "To Moreau, to Moreau, to Moreau," he rose and bowed gracefully to the singers' gallery, pressing his laced chapeau to his heart. We can easily imagine the amusement of the spectators who were in the secret, and the mortification of the Frenchman when he discovered his mistake.

At the battle of Minden a corps of French grenadiers, commanded by M. Perer, were exposed to a battery that carried off whole files at once. Perer wishing them not to fall back, rode slowly in front of the line, with his snuff box in his hand, and said, "Well, my boys, what's the matter? Eh, cannon? Well, it kills you, it kills you, that's all, my boys; march on and never mind it."

**AN OLD SOLDIER.**—An elderly gentleman in a coffee-room one day, when it was raining very hard and the water running down the streets, said that it reminded him of the general deluge. "Zounds, sir," said an old veteran officer near him, "who's he? I have heard of all the generals in Europe but him."



E. F. Wurtel, 1882.

This reminds one of the print

collector inquiring for a portrait of Admiral Noah, to illustrate Lord Byron's Don Juan.

The deputies of a great metropolis in Germany once offered the celebrated Marshal Turenne one hundred thousand crowns not to pass with his army through their city. "Gentlemen," he said, "I can't in conscience accept your money, as I had no intention of passing that way."

An officer having shown some friend a Damascan sword with which he had been presented, they expressed the opinion that the sword was too short. He replied that no sword was too short for a brave man, as it needed no more than to advance one step to make it long enough.

A Lacedemonian was once rallied with having painted a fly on his shield, as if he wished to avoid being known by adopting so small a mark of distinction. "You are deceived," said the brave Lacedemonian, "I shall go so near my enemies that they will easily recognize me."

Louis VI. of France, in one of his engagements, was in considerable danger; a soldier of the enemy took hold of the bridle of his horse, crying out, "The King is taken." "No, sir," replied Louis, raising his battle-axe with which he hewed down the soldier; "No, sir, a King is never taken, not even in chess."



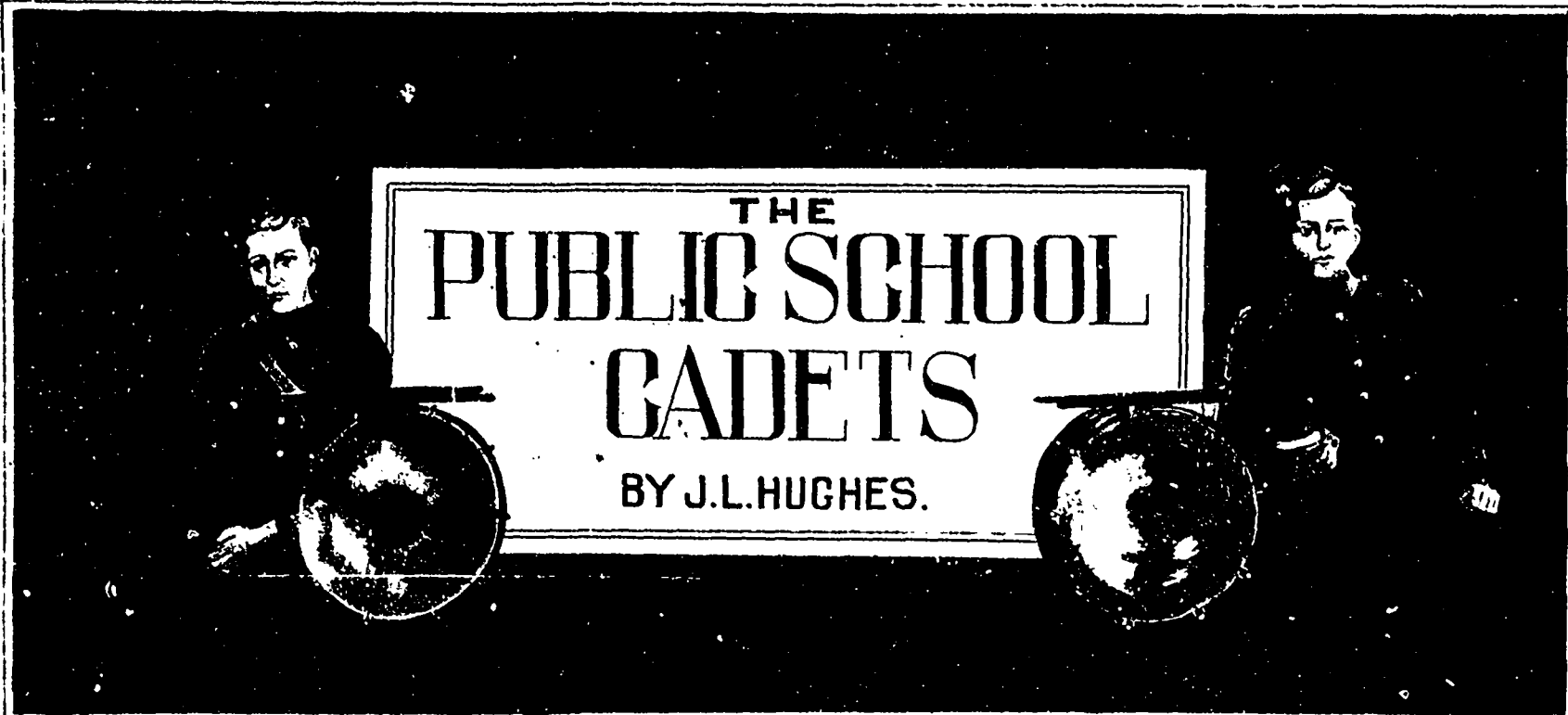
Duncan Macpherson, 1880.

An American soldier, during the siege of Quebec, being posted as a sentinel in a place of some danger, requested his officer to change his situation. Being asked the reason, he replied: "He knew not how it was, but he did not feel himself brave enough to stay there."

A French officer, who was severely wounded in the leg, necessitating amputation, remarked to his valet, who was weeping bitterly: "Why do you weep, Germain? It is a fortunate thing for you, for you will only have one boot to clean in future."



LIEUT.-COL. S. C. MCGILL.  
(Staff-Adjutant.)  
Royal Military College.



GOVERNOR BLOXHAM of Florida is one of the most popular governors and most public-spirited men in the United States. He had a better opportunity to study the military conditions of the United States at the opening of the Spanish war than any other governor, and he decided that a better military organization and more thorough military training is necessary under the new conditions and relationships of his country resulting from the war. In order to consider these questions with a view of making recommendations to the federal

and state governments, he called a convention consisting of the governors of the different states and their military staff officers to meet at Tampa, Florida, in February, 1899.

Governor Bloxham believes that boyhood is the best time to receive military training and he determined to secure the attendance of a Public School Cadet Company to give the convention a practical demonstration of the advantages of such training in early life. He learned from his friend, Col. J. J. Wright, who had visited Canada, that Toronto had a more thorough and more comprehensive system of military training in the Public Schools than any other American city, and he therefore sent Col. Wright to Toronto to request

the School Board to allow a company of cadets to visit Tampa during the Military Convention. The Governor during a former term of office had shown the highest possible spirit of international courtesy by instituting an annual State celebration of the birthday of Queen Victoria.



MAJOR J. T. THOMPSON, DRILL INSTRUCTOR.

The invitation of Governor Bloxham was approved by the Toronto School Board and a committee consisting of Trustee H. A. E. Kent, Chairman, and Trustees Stephen W. Burns, J. Burns, J. C. Clarke, J. M. Godfrey, C. C. Norris and Dr. J. Noble, was appointed to make the necessary arrangements and carry them out.

The Company, consisting of fifty boys and a Drum Corps of six members, was chosen from the different schools throughout the city. They were under the command of Major Thompson, Drill Instructor, who was accompanied by Master Bert Thompson in the capacity of adjutant.

The Cadets started for Florida by way of Chicago, St. Louis and Montgomery, going by the Grand Trunk, Illinois Central, Mobile and Ohio, and Plant Railways, and returning by the same roads to Chicago. The return trip from Chicago was made by the Michigan Central and Canadian Pacific Railways. The Cadets were accompanied from Toronto by Mr. Stephen W. Burns, Ex-Chairman of the School Board, Trustees Clarke and Godfrey, and Inspector Hughes. Mr. Burns, who had in his capacity as Chairman of the Board, conducted all correspondence relating

to the trip, very efficiently performed the duties of executive head of the party.

The cordial feeling existing in the United States towards Canada and the British Flag was shown by the splendid receptions given to the party at Port Huron, Chicago, St. Louis, Tampa and Detroit, as well as by the hearty manner in which permission to bear arms was granted by the governors of the ten states through which it had to pass. Formal municipal welcomes were given by the Mayors and Corporations in Port Huron, Tampa, Detroit, and London, Ontario. In Chicago, both going and coming, the Cadets were most enthusiastically received and hospitably entertained by the Canadian Club and members of the St. Andrew's Society and the St. George's Society of that city. The party arrived in Chicago on Sunday morning and were met by leading representatives of the organizations named and the Armour Institute Cadets, who escorted them to the magnificent church of Rev. W. J. McCaughan, formerly of Toronto. Mr. McCaughan preached a special sermon and accompanied the Cadets to dinner at the Grand Pacific Hotel.

One of the most pleasing incidents of the trip was the presentation of an American flag to the Cadets by the Canadians of Chicago in the presence of a vast gathering in the Armoury building of the First Regiment.

The reception of the Cadets by Governor Bloxham and the members of the Military Convention was most satisfactory. The address of welcome

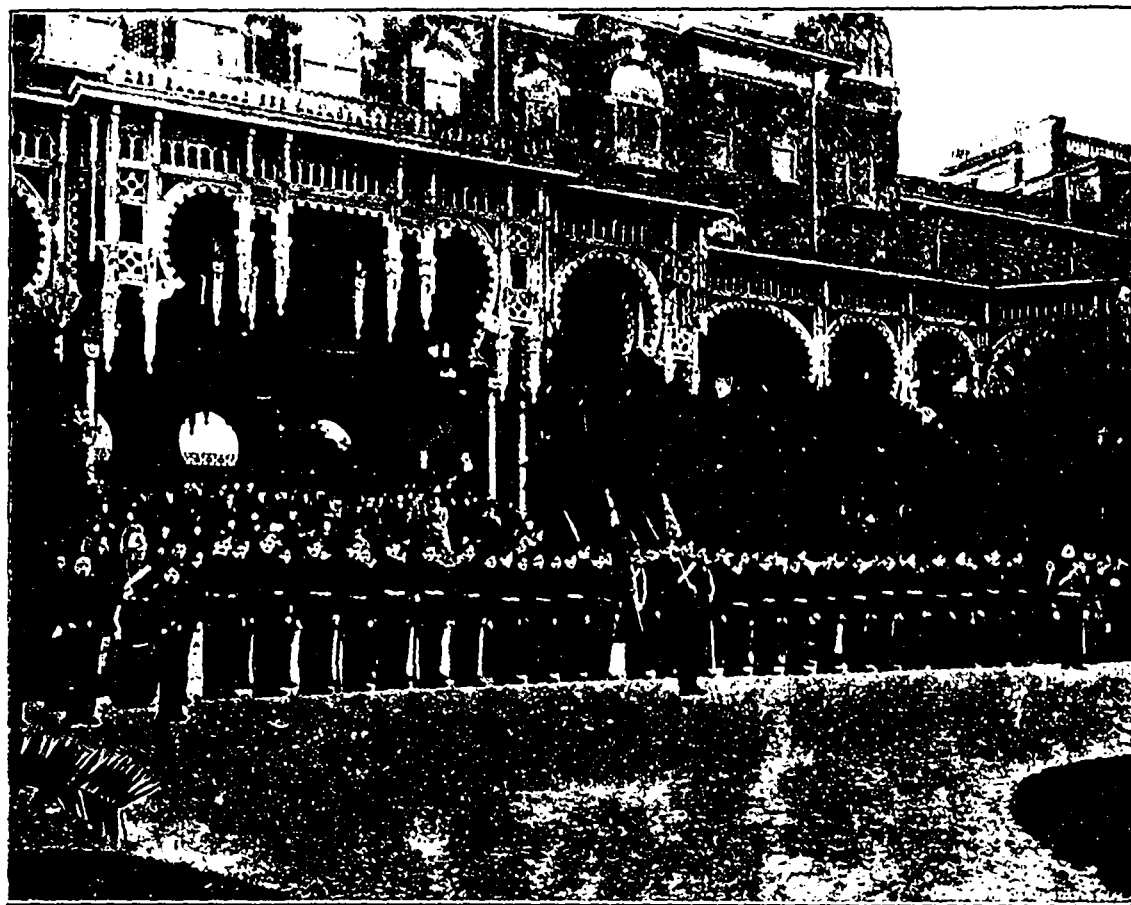


STEPHEN W. BURNS.



INSPECTOR JAMES L. HUGHES.





PUBLIC SCHOOL CADETS AT TAMPA, FLORIDA.

was delivered by the Governor, who reminded the audience that the Cadets were the first foreigners to go through the United States bearing arms since the "War of 1812."

When in Chicago on the return trip the boys were permitted to march through the Board of Trade building during business hours, a privilege never before accorded to any uniformed company.

While in Florida the party were guests of the State and of the City of Tampa at the celebrated Tampa Bay Hotel, and received many official and private courtesies, notably from Mr. and Mrs. Plant, through whose kindness a most enjoyable trip was taken on Tampa Bay, the Gulf of Mexico, and the Manatee River, in Mrs. Plant's private steamer, "Marguerite."

The soldierly bearing and the gentlemanly conduct of the Cadets merited and received the highest praise during the trip. They were officially reviewed in Tampa by Governor Bloxham and his staff and by Mayor Bowyer of Tampa. In Detroit they were reviewed by the Civil and Military authorities along with a company of volunteers

who had fought at Santiago, and in Port Huron they were reviewed by the Mayor and Corporation. In Chicago they gave an exhibition drill in connection with the Armour Cadets. In all places their drill was marked by precision, grace and dignity.

The widespread interest in the Cadets was shown by the great crowds that filled the streets and Armouries to welcome them back to Toronto, and by the number of invitations they received to visit other places in Canada.

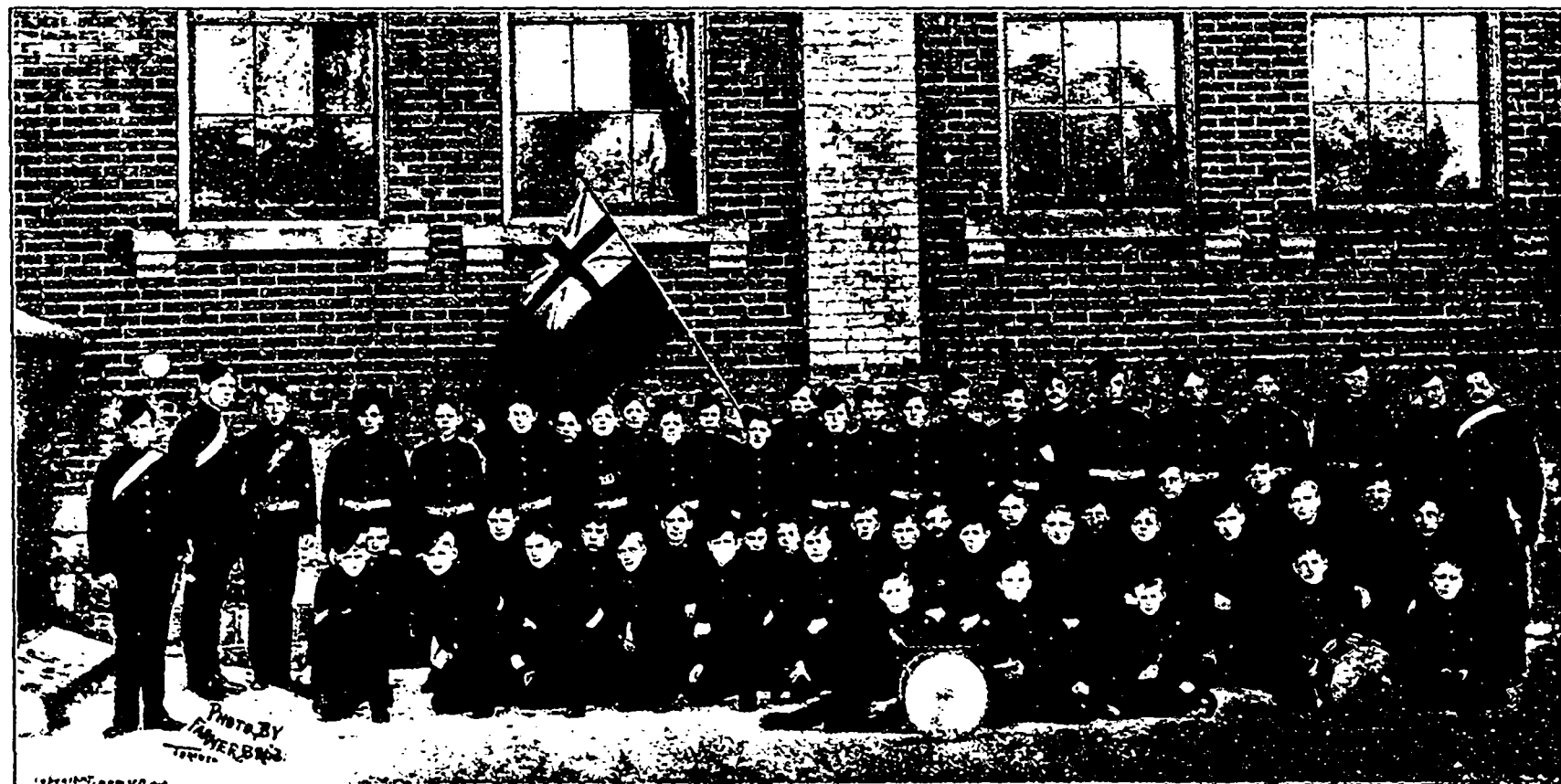
Inspector Hughes recommended military drill in 1874 so that it has been regularly taught in Toronto Public Schools during the past twenty-five years. Major Thompson has been the instructor during the whole of this period, and the splendid results are due to his interest and efficiency.

There are now forty-one companies regularly organized and well drilled in connection with Toronto Public Schools. These companies constitute four battalions. It is the custom to have an annual parade and review by Col. Otter, D.O.C., on Decoration Day, when the pupils of

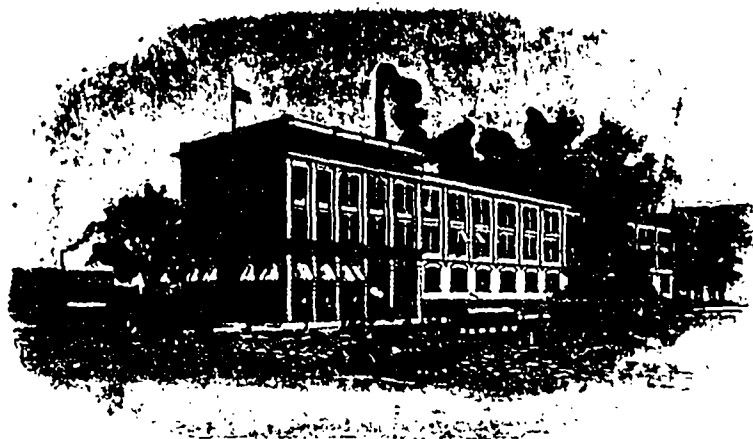
the Public Schools decorate the monuments of those who fell fighting for their country. The Public School Brigade has been reviewed by Lord Aberdeen, by two Ministers of Militia, Sir Mackenzie Bowell and Hon. Mr. Patterson, and by General Gascoigne.

The results of the drill have been most satisfactory, not only in qualifying the boys for efficient service in the volunteer regiments, but in the physical, intellectual, and moral development of the boys. Physically the boys are trained to hold their bodies in proper position, to stand well, and to step with ease, grace and dignity. Intellectually they have to be alert in receiving instructions, clear in comprehending them, and definite and intelligent in executing them. Nearly all school work fails at the most important part of intellectual development, the training of executive power. Drill is one of the few departments of school work that develop the tendency to execute and the power of prompt accomplishment. This fact makes drill a most effective moral agent by cultivating the habit of intelligent obedience, and especially the habit of executing the purposes defined in the mind. The most universal weakness of the human race is lack of executive tendency to accomplish its revealed purposes. There is a great moral stimulation in the transformation of a loose jointed, round shouldered, indolent, awkward boy into a well poised, alert cadet with free, vigorous, definite action. The mind undoubtedly dominates the body, but it is equally true that the body in its action helps to develop the brain and the mind.

Drill has a most important moral influence on the character of boys, because of its engrossing interest during the period of adolescence. There is no time of a boy's whole life which has such a dominant influence in defining and forming his character as this period. The moral safety of a boy, and his true moral development, depend more on his opportunities for becoming intensely interested in occupations, or games, or operations adapted to his stage of evolution than on any other causes. Every real boy at this period feels in his deepest nature the real thrill of heroism, and the fullest opportunities should be afforded him for expressing this feeling in such a way that true, active heroism may become a permanent element in his character. Drill and out-door sports are the most engrossing interests of a genuine boy's life, and they have in them on this account the greatest possibilities for the physical, intellectual and moral evolution of true manhood during the "boy stage."



PUBLIC SCHOOL CADETS.



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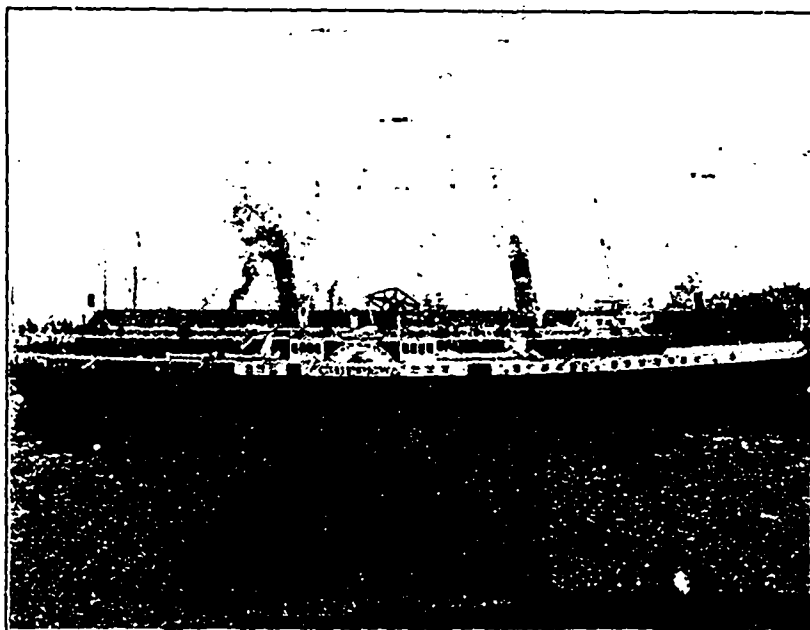
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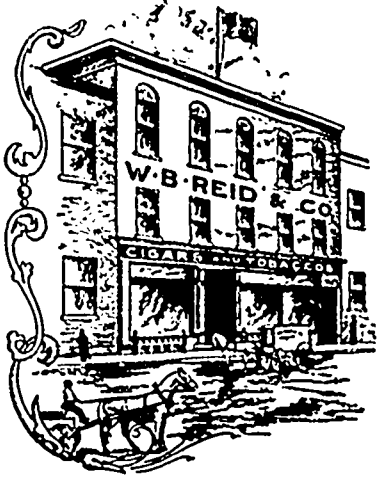
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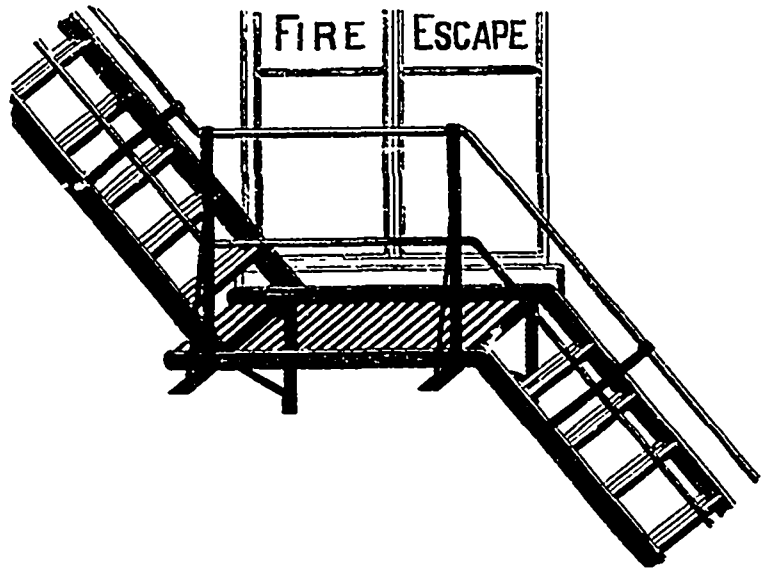
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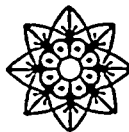
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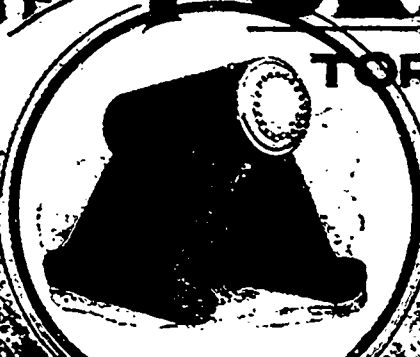
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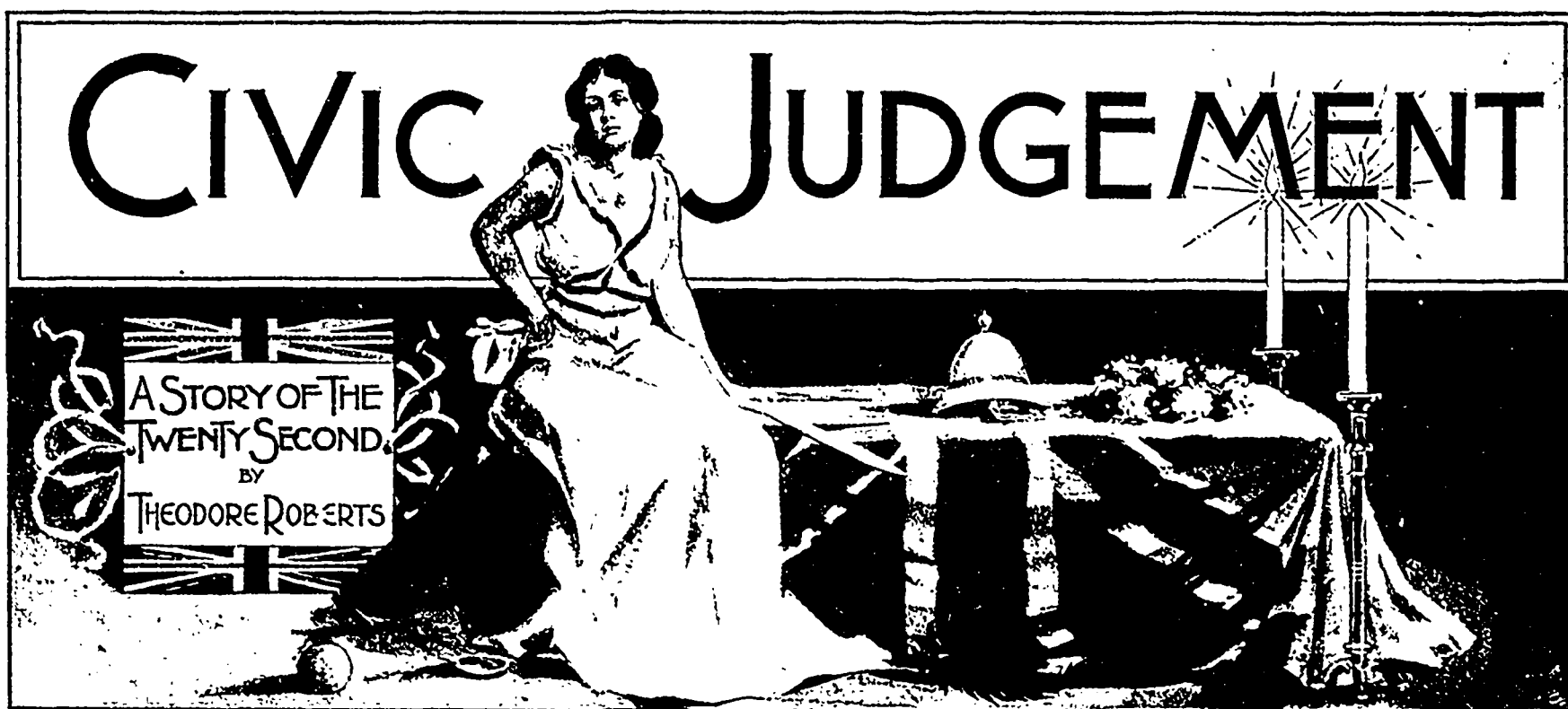
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1.  
**I**NES and poplars stand along the rotted fences. Even the grave-stones have fallen to a grim decay, and look at each other crookedly. The snow lies knee-deep over God's acre; does it think thus to keep warm the ancient dust beneath—the dust that was once lovers, and schemers, beggars, vagabonds and gentlemen?

A straight, white stone, standing apart from the others, and facing down the silent place like an outpost, bears the following inscription, and brings me to my story:

"This monument is erected by the Officers, 1st Batt., 22nd Reg., to the memory of Private John Brennon, 1st Batt., 22nd Reg., who was foully murdered on the 8th of October, 1868, and the assassin allowed to escape unpunished.

*Deus Omnia Videt.*"

John Brennon's birth was as humble as his rank, but he wore his red tunic like a glove, gloried in pipe-clay, and respected his officers. When the 1st Batt. of the 22nd Reg. left the Mother Island and quartered in the little capital of New Brunswick, the men were attacked by a malady that has killed people before now—the grim disease of home-sickness. The surgeon-major could have settled it had it been jingle-fever or frozen toes; as it was, he shook his head and returned to mess. Brennon saw what the matter was: "It's the girl I left behind me that's 'urting their condition," he said, and straightway sang them a music hall ballad. His comrades began to eye him with new interest. They had liked him before, now they began to love him for the knack he had of healing wounds not received on the field of battle. If his own heart longed for old places and old faces he never showed it.

"Boys, this is a fine town," said he; "I've seen bigger an' I've seen 'ansomer, but I'll pipe-clay me boots if I've ever seen a more soothin'. 'Ere are trees that 'ave stood up more than a 'undred years! 'Ere are young ladies with beautiful features! I 'eard the major say as 'ow there was few like them in Dublin, and in the 'umbler walks of life—why, Lordy, I've already lost me 'eart," said he.

This last remark of John's filled his hearers with wonder, for, despite his merry gray eyes and perky yellow moustache, he had never figured as a ladies' man. Little Bugler Jones confirmed the truth of the remark a few days later. It was on a warm Sunday afternoon in September, and the bugler, in a pensive mood common to men of his

age, was strolling down a back street, pausing every now and then to sniff the home-like flowers in the gardens. The sight of the low white cottages set among the flower-beds, and the Sunday quiet, filled his young eyes with tears. The elm trees threw the same shadows he had known across the lane at home. He thought the little old woman on the door-step very like his grandmother. She had the same way of enjoying her Sunday rest—watching her marigolds with her toil-reddened hands folded in her lap. A few paces beyond, Jones beheld Brennon's martial figure leaning over a gate. A girl stood on the other side, in a path between lilac bushes. Her figure was trim and her face had more refinement than is common among the same class in older countries. As Jones passed he could see that she was gazing anxiously at his comrade, and he heard the soldier say, "I don't love 'im, and I don't fear 'im."

The bugler swaggered out of hearing with something to think about. He went straight to the barrack, and at the gate met Corporal Sullivan. He told his news.

"And it's a pretty girl, that same," said the corporal, "and I hear that the putty-jawed baker who makes our bread would marry her to-morrow if she'd have him. It's a pretty dance she'll lead Brennon, who has never a stripe to his arm."

The little bugler sniffed at his superior.

"Stripes!" said he—"brains is better. An' don't think that bakers and corporals is the *only* straight men in the world."

"I don't, sonny," replied the corporal, grinning good-naturedly. They turned into the barrack yard together. About this time Brennon developed a preoccupied manner. He was gay and sullen by fits. When he sang to his friends they could see that his mind was on neither the jokes nor the tune, and they were not flattered.

"It's the girl, as I told you 'twould be," said Sullivan to Jones. "Bedad, I've been in love, meself, an' it's worse than bein' under fire."

"You sound like a whole army of invasion, corporal," retorted the bugler.

As the days passed the English regiment ceased grumbling at its new quarters. Officers and men found good friends among the citizens, and as the nights grew colder a few dances were given by the small and conservative set that managed social affairs in those days. (Thank Heaven, there is still a trace of it left in our little town.) There was grouse and cock shooting in the woods about the town, and there were good roads for riding and driving. As the white fingers of the frost came to the hills at night the maples flamed like war-flags—a great glow of red and yellow, with the dark spruces jutting through like rifles among an advance of infantry and cavalry. The ferns along the woodland paths lay a warm

russet. The river wore a deeper, more intense blue than in midsummer, and down the shores of the islands the grape-vines hung red and purple. It was about this time that Brennon's spirits began to mend. He knew now that the girl loved him, and looked, without prejudice, at his red coat. As to her family!—it was a gang of bullies and braggarts, and could go to the devil for all he cared. That such people should sneer at his scarlet tunic, and look upon it as the special garb of sin, filled him at times with maddening anger. A wiser man than the humble private Brennon has kicked, since then, at the same idea. At the time of this story the wise man was only one year old.

"A' makin' light o' uniforms that guard you while you sleep  
 Is cheaper than them uniforms an' they're starvation cheap."

Brennon and the girl walked out one of the upper cross-streets together, for the old stand at the garden gate had become unsafe. The night was unusually dark. As they strolled past the scattered houses that faced the street, Brennon wondered what it was that made her seem so different from all the other women he had known. (It was really nothing but love—and a little more beauty.) He remembered her brother's threats, and laughed softly. Sometimes Love forgets that he wears a bandage, and paints danger as too small a thing. Brennon treated the thought of the rejected lover—the big bully with the cracked voice—in the same light-hearted way. There was a sudden scramble in the darkness of an open gate. The girl screamed fiercely.

The soldier's body, in jaunty tunic and well-clayed belts, lay sprawled across the foot-path, and the murderous piece of devil lay beside it. Thus it was that Death sounded "Lights out" to the soul of Private Brennon, and later, when the bugles of the Twenty-Second sang *tattoo*, the familiar figure came not to the barrack gate.

## II.

There was red-hot anger in the hearts of the Twenty-Second. The Colonel soothed his men and told them that the laws of the land would see justice done. Brennon's body was laid to rest with martial pomp, and as the smoke of the muskets swung across the open grave, older men than Bugler Jones pretended that the sun-light hurt their eyes.

To the Judge the girl gave evidence against her brother and her would-be lover. She swore that, despite the darkness of the night, she had recognized the faces of the murderers as the faces of these two. The lawyer for the defence remarked upon the keenness of her eyes. At the beginning of the trial the girl had seemed half-crazed with grief; later this grief showed a tinge of fear.



The old man—her father and father of one of the men whose necks were in risk, had a remarkably evil eye. This he kept fiercely bent in her direction all the time she was in the stand. Her evidence became mixed. One day the lawyer for the defence drove to court in the Judge's carriage. The people in the streets swore, each after his own manner, at the sight. The friends of the accused believed in conveying their feelings and imparting their intentions in a language both significant and delicate, so, in the night season, they split open a dog and nailed it, spread-eagle fashion, to the Judge's front gate.

The girl denied all the charges to which she had so bitterly sworn, and the prisoners were acquitted. The wonder of it went through the town and the Judge drove home to dinner, and, I hope, had the dog's blood washed off his front gate—he could at least do that much. The anger in the hearts of the Twenty-Second went up to a white-heat. The men started out like a pack of dogs on the trail of a wolf. The light that burned behind the tears in the eyes of Bugler Jones was a fearful thing to see in one so young. There was a devil awake in him, and that devil had a painfully expressive way of making known the feelings of the little bugler. Others caught the fever and they went through the town on the double. Lieutenant Howard went after them. He hitched up his sword and struck his best pace. He knew that he was popular with the men, but he wondered as he ran. Rounding a corner he met the pack full in the face. He barred the path with spread arms.

"Halt, there! where the Devil are you going to?" he cried.

The leader swerved and tried to pass him in the gutter.

The subaltern's left hand shot out and fastened to the man's collar. The man saluted and retired behind his comrades, who stood glaring at the young officer with flushed faces. Howard stood silent for a moment, glaring back. Then he squared his shoulders.

"Would Brennon thank you for pulling the honour of *his* regiment through the mud, by acting like a lot of drunken Sepoys? Go back to your quarters, men, and don't forget that the regiment has officers."

The men turned and retraced their steps, in sulley disorder, no longer at the double and in full cry. Lieutenant Howard walked away by himself. "I suppose I would have had to do the same thing if Brennon had been my own brother," he mused, and he quietly damned the narrow minds that expect officers and gentlemen to always do their duty. He had it in him to run amuck himself—almost. What might have happened

if one of the supposed murderers had fallen into his hands at that moment, is hard to say.

The Colonel read his men a gentle lecture, and told them that they might send out their *at-home* cards for a steady fortnight. Then he clanked away to his own quarters and said some things that were not good to hear, and what might have happened to the man who used the deal-end, had the tender Colonel discovered him under his writing table, is beyond my philosophy. Said Howard, lolling in the officers' mess, "The Western Americans have a fine old custom," and he blushed at the thought.

The city fathers wished to meet the regiment, and mingle their tears with those of the dead man's friends. They very much lamented Private Brennon's strange and sudden decease. How uncertain a thing is life! How sure a thing is death! They hoped that the young soldier had always been regular with his prayers. They believed that his soul had already forgiven the *poor, repentant* and *unknown* (?) citizen who had, in a moment of weakness, raised his hand (and deal-end) in wrath. They wrote all this in a beautiful letter of sympathy, and the regiment was paraded to receive it. The Colonel received the city fathers, with his officers and men ranked behind him like figures of wood. But every mother's son of them could feel when A Company had closed up to fill an empty place. The Colonel read the letter with appreciation, and with infinite care tore the paper into strips and let it flutter to the ground. Sharp orders rang out and the grateful regiment marched back to barracks.

A monument was cut, the same which now stands there for the world to see. After a few nocturnal tumbles it consented to stay where it was placed.

Is the inscription thereon all that could be desired? The officers of the regiment left it to be judged by One higher than either Supreme Court or Court Martial, when they wrote beneath it—

"*Deus Omnia Videt.*"

### Commanding Officers.

The likenesses of commanding officers illustrated in this paper are of those who responded to our request for photographs. The list is far from complete, but the series will be continued in the next issue of THE MILITIAMAN, and it is hoped that those who have not yet furnished their photographs will do so as early as convenient. THE MILITIAMAN is a historic record, not for the present only, but for the future, and a distinctive feature will be a complete gallery of the officers of the Militia of Canada.

### The Plains of Abraham.

These are the Plains of Abraham,  
Where a splendid soldier fell.  
Have you never heard your people talk,  
Have you never heard them tell  
Of Wolfe or of Montcalm?  
For these are the Plains of Abraham.

These are the Plains of Abraham,  
Where nations locked and met.  
The thunder of their armies  
Booms round the old earth yet.  
Wolfe was one—and one Montcalm.  
These are the Plains of Abraham.

These are the Plains of Abraham,  
I hear the people tell;  
They're going to build a barber-shop  
Where our gallant soldier fell,  
A boarding-house where died Montcalm—  
These are the Plains of Abraham.

These are the Plains of Abraham,  
Cherish that sacred spot,  
So when our children ask to see  
The place where heroes fought,  
Let never a store or tavern dam,  
Their view of the Plains of Abraham.

### Our Artist.

It is with justifiable pride that we direct attention to the artistic beauty of the illustrations, initial letters and headings in this issue of THE MILITIAMAN. While they are absolutely correct in all details, there is a freedom in the drawings which is not often met where attention has been given to technical minutiae. Mr. S. C. Simouski has overcome what to many would be an insurmountable difficulty, and has combined in his work correctness of detail and graceful freedom of execution. This young Toronto artist has taken his place in the front ranks of the profession in Canada, and his work shows continued improvement in drawing, color and technique, and an illustrious future seems to be certain.

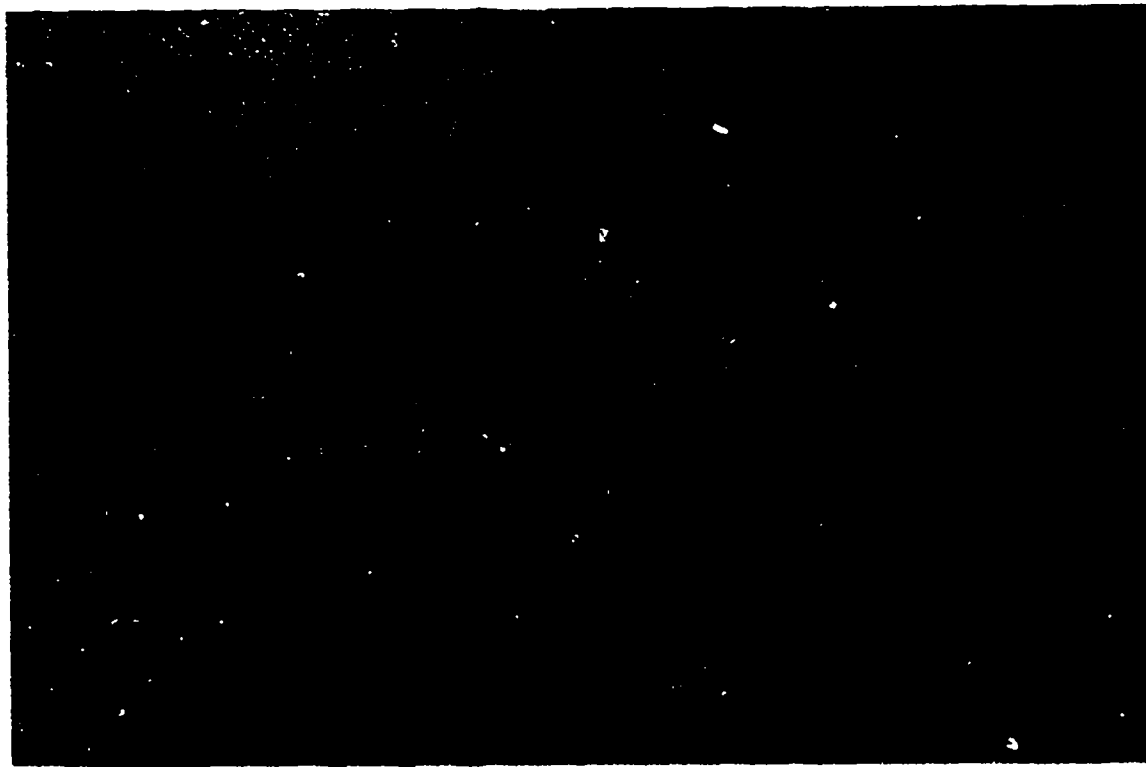
### Brought to Attention.

A direct similitude exists between the old-time "right wheel" and the altered movement taken by light rays meeting Luxfer Prisms after coming over the tops of buildings across the street. The rays wheel in a body as they emerge from the prisms, and forthwith march in full strength of brightness straight to the rear end of the apartment, whether store or office. Discipline absolute marks the entire scheme. There is no insubordination when the old General Sol himself is hidden, because his lieutenants—the clouds—take his orders and are themselves bright, while Luxfer Prisms receive their silvery hue from the clouds in turn. Thus it comes about that gloomy interiors when furnished with Luxfer windows take on an evenly distributed and pleasantly toned illumination throughout. Plate glass served its purpose well as long as nothing better was known.

There is only one *raison d'être* for this product of Canadian brains and push, and that is, simply, economy. There is enough saved in artificial light bills within two years to defray the total cost of prism installation—a fact which the Company will cheerfully prove to the most sceptical by bona fide statements to that effect from hundreds of Luxfer users.

The merit of Luxfer Prisms may best be appreciated by the proportions to which the business of the Luxfer Prism Co., Limited, Toronto, has grown. Ordinary glass is to this new lighting ware what the Snider rifle was to the Lee-Metford.

On one occasion Napoleon was giving some impracticable orders, which were represented to him to be impossible, he exclaimed, "Comment? ce mot n'est pas Français."



The soldier's body lay sprawled across the foot-path.



# HOW ANLEY MCGILLIS HELD THE PIER. BY ROBERT BARR.

not of the Fenians' mouths,) offered too tempting a mark for the amateur cyclone roaming over the land, and thus there came a stormy day when the component parts of the building were distributed with impartiality among the taxpayers of that and the adjoining county, furnishing superb kindling wood for all the farmers to the leeward of the original site. So scatters military glory.

I helped to build several of these historic structures, and one fine day fell from the apex of the one in Iona, Elgin County, my fall being happily broken and soothed by a pile of brick on which I came down, with the debris of a scaffold on top of me. When, to-day people who know me confidently predict that I shall end on the scaffold, they little realize how near their prophecy came to being forestalled. Would it be believed that, up to date, Iona has put up no stone on the spot, with the inscription: "Here fell Barr in the

defence of his country?" I mention this incident, not in hope of recognition or even with an eye towards a pension, but because it was through that fall that I am now the humble historian of McKerricher, for after coming out of the doctor's hands I came to the conclusion that carpentering was too exciting a business for a nervous person like myself, so I took to the literary life, and here I am writing biography.

It must not be supposed that we in Western Canada were not a military people even before the drill-sheds spread over the land either through my building or with the aid of the cyclones. We were always a bloodthirsty gang, and our military system has since been plagiarized by Germany and France. Service in the ranks was compulsory, and one whole day in the year was devoted to drill, the consumption of stimulants, and the making of effete Europe tremble. This memor-

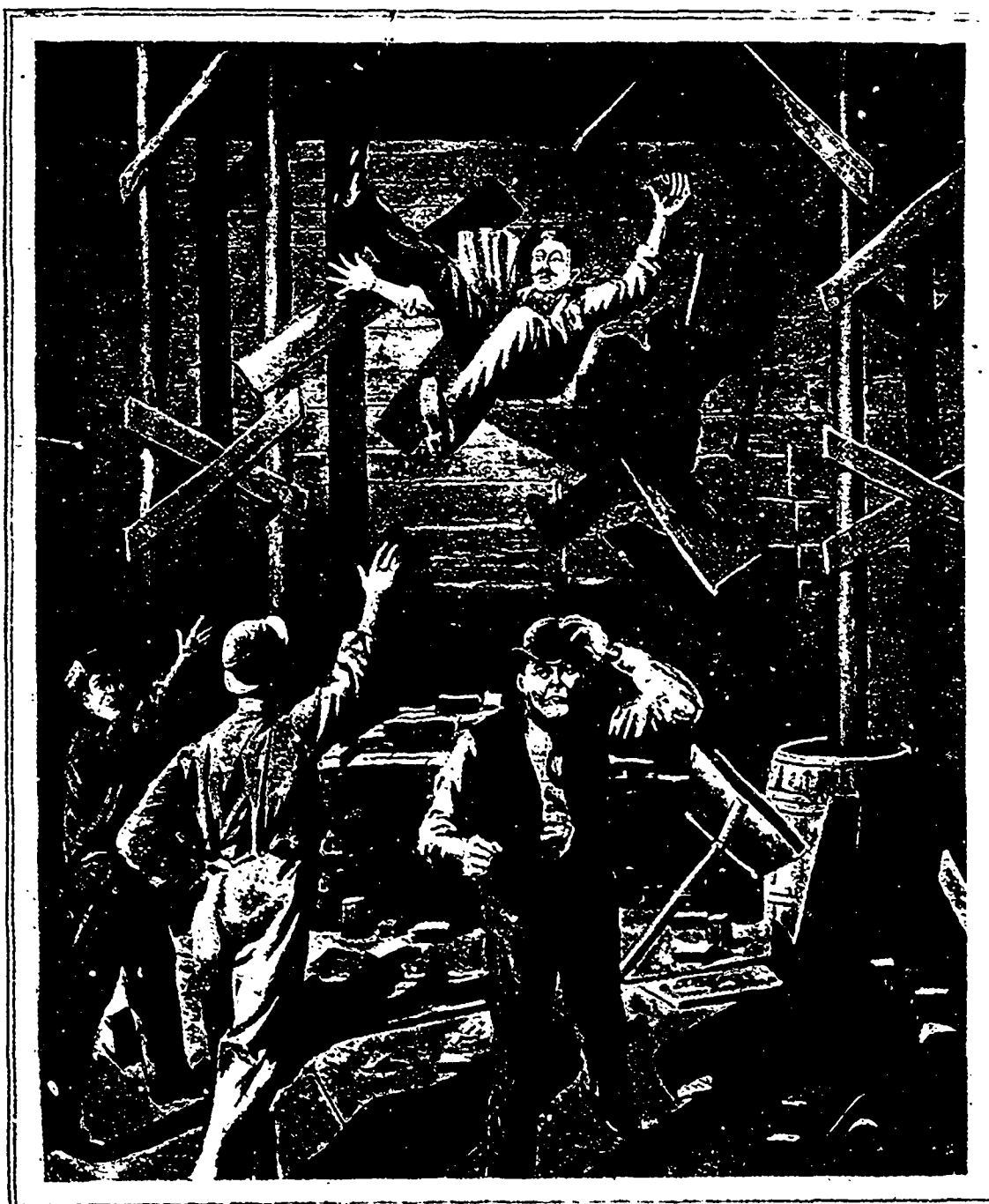


HIS is a story of war's alarums, and the agony that comes through man's inhumanity to man. It is generally supposed that it is upon the common soldier that the brunt of battle falls, but very often highly placed officers are called upon to suffer for their country, and it is the pathetic tale of one of these war-dogs that I now set myself to relate, hoping that his heroism may thus retain a place in the annals of the land. If Madame History, after listening to my tale of woe,

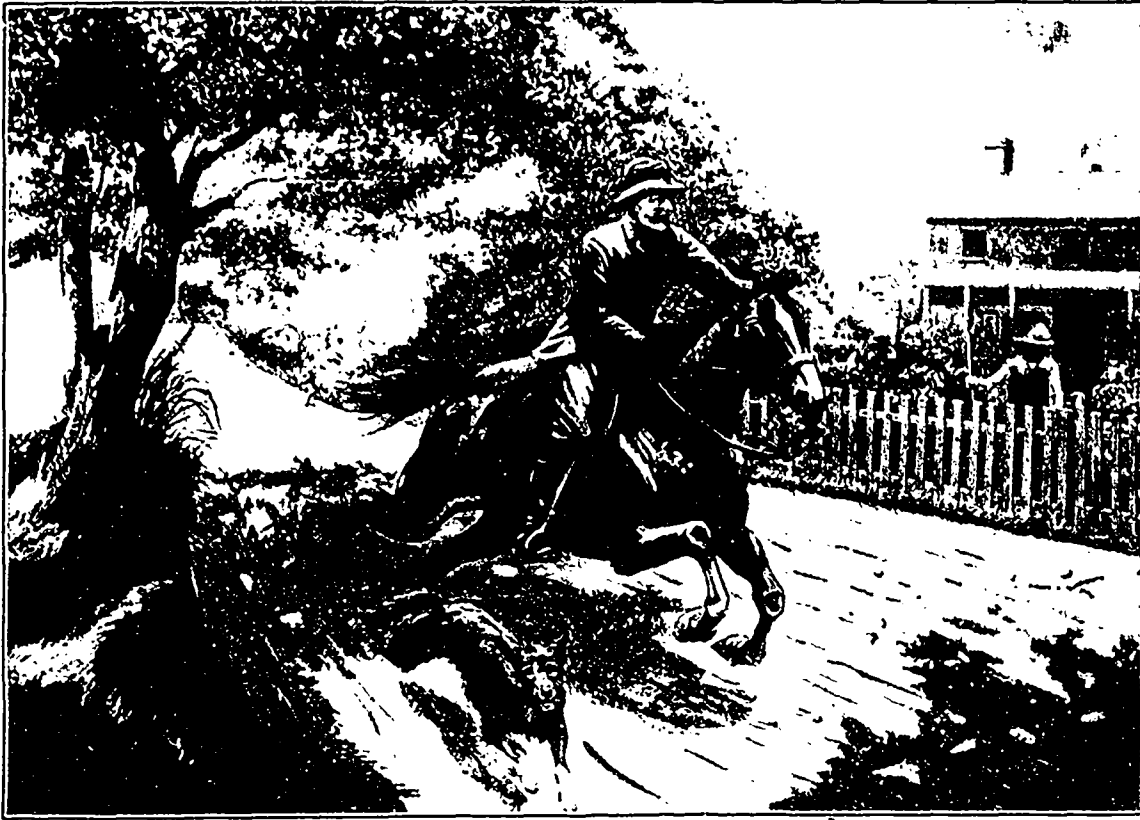
reserves a modest niche in the temple of fame for Captain Angus McKerricher, I shall be more than satisfied.

Of course, being the privileged historian of McKerricher, I should by rights keep silence regarding my own military exploits, but few of us are entirely unselfish, and so, having the opportunity, I may casually mention, seeing that no one else is likely to do so, that I fell gloriously in the defence of the Empire, yet no medal has been awarded me. As it is not yet too late to remedy this neglect of one of our bravest men, I may be forgiven for dwelling on this personal incident. The "Fenian Scare," as it was called, caused much expenditure of money and pine lumber. There arose all over our part of Canada, and doubtless in other portions as well, huge drill-sheds whose style of architecture more nearly resembled the County Fair building of later days, than it did the White City of the Chicago Exhibition. As I remember, the cost was defrayed somewhat in this way: any town or municipality patriotic enough to yearn for one of these military erections, got up part of the money and the general Government furnished the remainder. The township council pressed the button, and Parliament did the rest.

The drill-sheds were great oblong buildings made of pine, covered by a wide-spreading shingled roof. The floor was the original soil of Canada, which the building was constructed to defend. Under the ample roof, a regiment might have gone through its evolutions. Few of these drill-sheds now remain standing, although none, so far as I can learn, were destroyed by the valiant Fenians, the most terrible warriors with their mouths who ever struck panic into a peaceful people. The expanding roof (of the drill-sheds,



"Here fell Barr in the defence of his country."



"To arms!"

able annual festival was the 24th of May, the birthday of the Queen. Unless a day in the middle of harvest had been chosen, no more inopportune time could have been selected than the 24th of May, so far as the farmers were concerned. The leaves were just out on the trees, the roads were becoming passable again through the drying of the mud, and spring work was at its height. It was therefore extremely inconvenient for farmers to turn their plowshares into muzzle-loaders and go from three to thirteen miles to the village and revel in gore, yet the law made attendance compulsory.

For years the rigor of military discipline had been mitigated by a well-known device. Some neighbor, at the reading of the roll, would shout "Here" when an absentee's name was called, and so the reports that went into the Government always showed the most marvellously constant attendance on duty that has ever gone on record. No wonder the Queen sat securely on her throne and was unafraid.

Thus the Empire ran serenely on until Angus McKerricher was made captain of the militia. I don't know why he was appointed, but I think it was because he was the only man in the district who owned a sword, which had descended to him from his Highland ancestry, doubtless escaping confiscation by the English soldiery, and was thus preserved to become the chief support to the British throne—certainly a change from its use in younger days. I was a small boy when Angus first took command, but I well remember the dismay his action spread over the district. Angus knew personally every man in the county, which, to parody Gilbert, was

A fact they hadn't counted upon,  
When they first put their uniform on.

The Captain's uniform consisted of his ordinary clothes rendered warlike by a scarlet sash looped over the left shoulder and tied in a sanguinary knot under the right arm, or "oxter," as Angus termed that portion of his body. But what added perturbation to the feelings of the crowd assembled on the parade ground was the long claymore held perpendicularly up the rigid right arm, the hilt almost down at the knee, the point extending above the head, as Angus stood erect with heels together and chin held high. Even the dullest of us could perceive that the slovenliness of our former captains, in happy-go-lucky style of deportment, was a thing of the past. We were now face to face with the real terrors of war, in the person of Captain Angus McKerricher.

The stout yeomanry were all drawn up in line,

and beside the statue-like figure of the captain stood the town clerk, or whatever the official was who kept the roll of able-bodied citizens between the ages of eighteen and forty-five who were liable to military service. The day began with the calling of the names.

"Peter McAlpine."

"Here."

"John Finleyson."

"Here."

"Dugald McMillan."

"Here."

"Sandy McCallum."

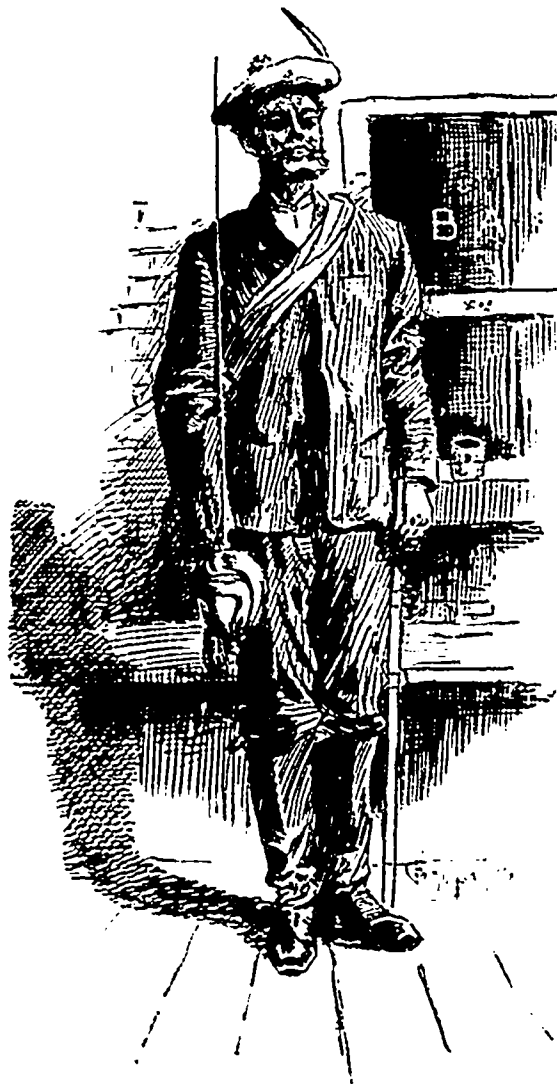
"Here."

"Baldy McVannel."

"Present."

At this juncture the suddenly uplifted sword of the captain stopped the reading of the roll.

"Baldy McVannel, step forward from the



CAPTAIN ANGUS MCKERRICHER.

ranks!" was the sharp command of the armed officer. There was a moment's apprehensive silence, but no one stepped from the ranks, which was not to be wondered at, for Baldy was at that moment peacefully plowing his fields seven good miles away, and "Present" had been answered by his friend and relative, McCallum, who had varied the word from his own answer, "Here," the better to escape notice, a plan which had always been successful before. Deep was the scowl on the Captain's face.

"Put him down fur a fine," he said to the clerk.

"He's over the aadge," cried McCallum, who felt that he had to stand by his absent friend.

"He's neither over nor under the aage, Sandy," said the Captain with decision; "he's between thirty and forty, and he should be here this day, as he very well knows. Put him down fur a fine—a dollar."

An ignored law suddenly enforced carries consternation into any community. The infliction of these fines made a greater financial panic in our district than the failure of the Upper Canada Bank. More than two-thirds of the effective warriors of the township proved to be absent, and the commercial stringency caused by this unexpected clapping on of fines penetrated to the furthest bounds of the municipality. A dollar was indeed a dollar in those days, and not to be lightly parted with. However, such was the law, and there was no help for it; but the inflicting of the penalty did nothing towards increasing the popularity of the Captain, although it did increase the attendance on parade for many a year after.

Vengeance came swiftly. It had been anticipated that it would take the form of a fight between McKerricher and one of the indignant friends of an absentee, as soon as parade was over and the friend had taken on board sufficient whiskey to make him quarrelsome, which was not as large a quantity as some of our temperance friends might imagine. There was Celtic blood in the locality and it flowed freely from punched noses on less momentous occasions than the day of the grand muster. After the dismissal of the troops, the Captain kept his good sword in his hand, and it was still too early in the afternoon for any to have courage enough to attack him with bare fists. That was expected later, for it takes time to reach the proper pitch even with potent Canadian malt. However, revenge presented itself to the Captain in strictly legal guise. A villager, learned in the law, engineered the matter and the constable arrested McKerricher on the charge of carrying a knife with a blade longer than the statutes allowed. About that time there had become prevalent a villainous-looking dirk with a long sharply pointed blade, which shut up like an ordinary jack-knife, but which had at the back of the handle a catch which held the blade rigid, once opened. This weapon had in more than one row, which would in ordinary circumstance have been innocent enough, proved disastrous, and a law had been passed to suppress it. No man was allowed to carry, concealed or in sight, any knife with a blade more than six inches long, and there must be no device that held the blade rigid. It was alleged that McKerricher's sword violated this ordinance, and that he had paraded the town with this illegal instrument in plain sight, to the terror and dismay of Her Majesty's faithful subjects, be the same more or less, in the case made and provided, &c., &c., in fact I do not remember the exact legal phrasology of the indictment, but anyhow it was in words to that effect. In vain the Captain pleaded that the sword was a necessary implement of his new trade as militia officer, and that the peace and comfort of the realm had not been visibly interfered with through his carrying of it, but it was easily proven that he had retained his sword while not on duty, and that said instrument was a knife within the

meaning of the Act, its blade being more than six inches in length, firmly affixed to the handle aforesaid. The magistrate fined him five dollars, and administered a solemn warning from the bench.

"Cot pless her," exclaimed an indignant Northerner when the verdict was made known, "if she waants ta lah, let her have *aw/ ta lah!*"

In other words, if the law against absentees was to be enforced, let us also set the law regarding jack-knives in motion.

But it was the Fenian scare that brought out the superb Napoleonic qualities of Captain McKerricher, as great crises always develop the latent genius of notable men. "To arms!" was the cry, and everything that would shoot, except the blacksmith's anvil with which we used to celebrate the Queen's birthday, was brought into requisition. Shot guns, muskets and rifles were brought down from their wooden pegs along the hewn walls of the log houses. We youngsters were set at moulding bullets, and it was great fun. Every house possessed bullet moulds, iron arrangements like a pair of pinchers with metal cups at the business end, where a small hole at the junction of the closed cups enabled you to pour in the melted lead. There was also a couple of sharp blades forming part of the handles, which, working on the principle of nut-crackers, enabled you to clip off the lead protuberance and leave a perfectly moulded bullet which would kill a man as effectively as if it had been cast by the



BALDY McVANNEL.

Government. Mounted men had rushed galloping up the main roads from the lake and along the concession lines, shouting as they passed, "The Fenians are coming!" pausing for no comment, but hurrying forward with the news. It needed no other warning to cause every man who could shoulder a gun to make his way as quickly as possible, with whatever weapon he had, to the village which he knew would be the rendezvous. It seems funny to look back on this commotion, for there was no more chance of the Fenians coming to our part of the country than there was of the Russians, nevertheless we did not stop to think about that until later; and if invaders had come, I am willing to risk an even dollar that they would have wished themselves safe once more in Buffalo saloons, in spite of the justly celebrated reputation of our own brands of liquor, for they would have come into a peaceful community that would rather fight than eat. Few of us knew anything about the merits of the Irish question at that day; our attention being absorbed in politics that pertained to the talismanic names of "John A." or "George Brown." Still if invasion came, we were all willing to fight first and enquire into the case afterwards.

The northern shore of Lake Erie, at least that part with which I am acquainted, is a coast perfect as a defence. High perpendicular clay walls,



FINLEY MCGILLIS AT THE PIER.

quite unscalable, form a barrier which no enemy of sense would care to encounter. It must not be supposed that I am accusing the Fenians of having been men of sense, for I have no such intention, but even they would hesitate to attempt the clay walls of Western Canada. However, the eagle eye of the commander at once viewed the weak point in our defence with an unerring instinct worthy of Von Moltke. This was the pier. A creek flowed into the lake, and a road to the shore ran along the banks of this creek. At the terminus of the road had been built a pier jutting out into the lake some hundreds of feet in length. Here, in peaceful times, schooners from Cleveland, Erie or Buffalo, had loaded themselves with oaken staves or prime wheat. Captain McKerricher saw that once the pier was captured, the Empire fell. He therefore massed his force on either bank of the ravine, so that a withering cross fire would discommode the enemy as he came up the valley; not at all a bad formation either. Thus the embattled farmers stood prepared to fire a shot which, if not heard round the world, would at least echo to the village two miles away. As evening drew on, preparations were made for camping out all night on these heights and guards were set on the pier, Finley McGillis at the post of danger, the end nearest to the Fenians, while McCallum and McVannel held down the shore end, all three prepared to wade in blood should any miscreant attempt to kidnap the pier, except the limited liability company which rightfully owned it. Sentries were placed round the camp inland, and outposts further off. Never was there more firm discipline exacted from any body of soldiers. The rigour of the British army was as nothing compared with the martinet character of the regulations of this camp. Captain McKerricher in person visited every sentinel and informed him that this was no 24th of May parade, but real war, and that any sentinel caught asleep would be forthwith shot instead of being fined a dollar, and that if a man lit his pipe he would spend the rest of his life in Kingston Penitentiary.

But the invincibility of a camp is unknown until it is tested. The Captain resolved to put the firmness of his sentinels to the proof. He took no one into his confidence, and here again his likeness to Napoleon is evidenced; he never let any of his subordinate officers know what the next move on the board was to be. There was a small skiff in the creek, and, the evening darkening early because of a coming storm, the Captain pushed out the boat unobserved and rowed some

distance to the west, then turned south and out into the lake, finally coming north again toward the end of the pier. The night was black, relieved by an occasional glimmer of lightning on the surface of the lake, and the wind was rising. McKerricher's quest was getting to be an unpleasant one, for he was essentially a landsman, and the increasing motion of the boat was disagreeable, but what will a man not do and dare for his country's sake? It is probable that he descried the form of Finley McGillis against the dark sky before the sentinel caught any indication of the boat on the murky water. Finley said afterwards that he was just wondering whether he dare risk a smoke in his isolated position and trust to putting his pipe out if he heard a step coming up the pier, when he was startled by a voice from the lake—

"Surrender! Drop your gun and save your life. Surrender in the name of the Fenian Brotherhood!"

McGillis made no reply, and the Captain began to think he had caught his chief sentry asleep, but as the wabbling boat became dimly visible to the man on the end of the pier, Finley said slowly, "I can see ye now. If you move hand or fut I'll blow ye out of the watter."

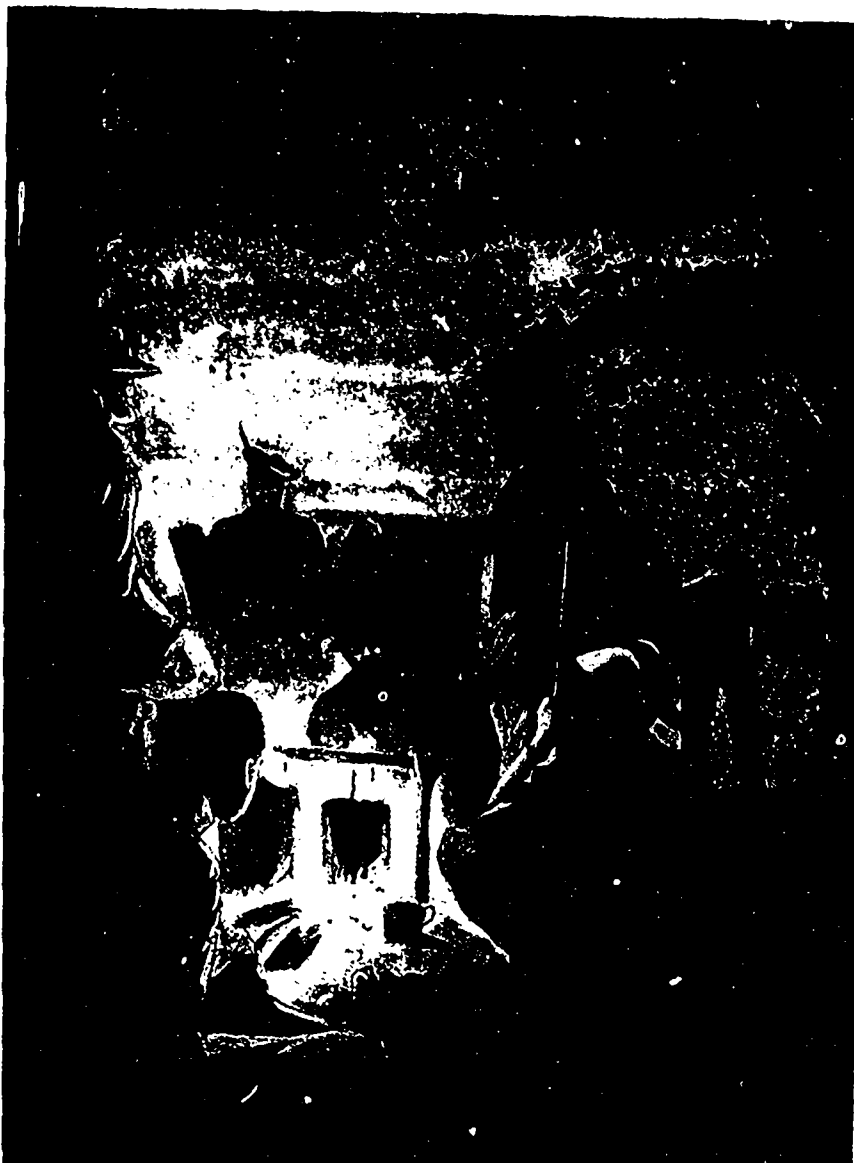
"That's all right," said the Captain hastily; "I'm glad to note that you are on the alert. I'm Captain McKerricher."



DUGALD McHILLAN.

"A likely story," replied McGillis contemptuously. "The Keptin's no a mahn to risk himself in a bit shallop like that, an' a storm comin up. Yer ma preesoner, an' ye'll be a deed mahn in another meenit if ye pit hand to oar."

"You fool," cried the angered voyager, "how could I know about McKerricher if I were a Fenian?"



THE CAMP.

"Oh it's easy enough to hear about McKerricher, and it's verra weel ken't in the Auld Country an' in the States that he's oor Keptin. Yer a wolf in sheep's clothing, that's what ye are, and jist listen ta me. There's a ball nearly an inch thick in this musket, an' that'll be through you before ye can say 'click' if you don't do whut I tell ye. Then in this shot-gun at ma feet there's a load of slugs, that'll rive yer boat ta bits if ye attempt ta mak' aff. Is there a rope in that boat?"

"Yes."

"Then throw it ta me if it's lang enough."

This was done, and Finley tied the end of it to one of the upright piles. Hand you up they oars. That's right. Now yer ta the windward o' the pier, an' nice an' comfortable fur the nicht."

"You are surely not going to keep me here all night, and the rain coming?"

"The rain's no warse fur you than fur me. A buddy munna be ower parteecular in time of war. If it should be that yer the Keptin, I'll make my apologies in the mornin'; if yer the Fenian ye said ye were, then Aang'as 'll hang ye fur yer impidence in takin' his name."

"Fire one gun in the air, and call the officers. You have two, so there's no risk. Disobey your Captain at your peril, and I'll have you court-martialled in the morning."

"I'll fire aff naething awaw. I'm not gaun ta waste a shot an' pooter sa dear. If I fire, it will be at you, and besides if I *did* fire, the whole camp would be shootin' at once from the heights in this direction, an' while I'm compelled ta risk being shot by the Fenians, it's no in the bargain that I should stand fire from ma own friens, an' a bullit fra the north kills as readily as yen fra the sooth."

The wind rose, the boat rocked and the rain came on.

"Give me the oars, at least," implored the captive, "that rope will break and then I'll be adrift and helpless."

"The win's doon the lake, so if it breaks, ye'll

jist come ashore about Long Point."

But the rope did not break, and very soon the Captain was past the point where conversation is a pleasure, for however brave he might be on land, he had never been intended for the navy.

"Yer no used ta a boat," commented the sentinel, who had been a fisherman in the Highlands. "It's unca hard at the time, they tell me, but ye'll be a' the better fur it in the mornin'."

When day broke Finley McGillis expressed the utmost consternation and surprise to find that his prisoner was really his captain. "Man! Wha wud ha' beleived that!" he cried in amazement.

The subordinate officers who helped their haggard captain out of the boat, advised him strongly to say nothing about the incident. This, so far as I know, was the only naval encounter that occurred at the time of the Fenian Raid, and it goes to show, as I said

in the beginning, that those who devote themselves to the cause of their country, suffer unrecorded hardships for which, alas, medals are not given. Even this section of history is futile, for, as what I have set down is strictly true, I could not give real names, because I have had no opportunity of consulting with either captain or sentinel, and do not know but one or other might object to the revelation of their identity.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

It was said of Chevalier Bayard that he assaulted like a greyhound, defended himself like a lion, and retreated like a wolf, which always retires with its face to the enemy.

The total number of men that belonged to the 42nd Highland Regiment from the year 1797 to 1816 was 13,127. In 1817 there were only three men living in the corps that fought against Bonaparte in Egypt.

After the battle of Jena, Bonaparte dined with Wieland, commonly called the Voltaire of Germany, and gravely conversed with him concerning the horrors of war and the folly of shedding blood, and mentioned various projects for the establishment of a perpetual peace.

When Caesar was advised by his friends to be more cautious of the security of his person, and not to walk among the people without arms or anyone to defend him, he always replied to these admonitions: "He that lives in fear of death every moment feels its torments; I will die but once."

When the immortal Wolfe received his death wound on the heights of Quebec, his principal care was that he should not be seen to fall. "Support me," said he to such as were near him; "let not my brave soldiers see me drop; the day is ours; oh, keep it," and with these words he expired.

In the reign of William I, a Norwegian soldier held the passage of a bridge for several hours against the whole English army. Forty of the assailants fell under his arm, and he was only overcome at last by one of the enemy getting under the bridge and, unseen, thrusting a spear through his body.

In the wars of Helvetia against the House of Austria, we have Ulric Rothrac, of Appenzel, being surprised by twelve Austrians, with whom he fought alone and killed five; the seven, despairing of victory, set fire to the cabin, on the roof of which he had posted himself, and basely destroyed him in the flames.

In a Scotch regiment, at the battle of Waterloo, the standard-bearer was killed, and clasped the colors so fast in death that a sergeant tried, to no purpose, to rescue them, but on the near approach of the enemy made a violent effort, and throwing the dead corpse, colors and all, on his shoulders, carried them all off together.

At the siege of Durazo, in the war between Cæsar and Pompey, Cassius Sceva singly maintained an important position against the whole force of the enemy until Cæsar came to his relief. He lost one of his eyes, was wounded in the shoulder and thigh, and had no less than one hundred and thirty arrows sticking in his shield.

During the wars of Suabia, in 1499, a Swiss named Jean Vonvals defended, single-handed, a pass against twenty men-at-arms. He had already overthrown three of them with his pike, when the others, astonished at his valour, promised him good quarter, took him with them into the-camp and then permitted him to return.

When the brave Crillon was asked by Henry III. of France to assist in the assassination of the Duke of Guise, he refused in a gentle but firm manner, adding: "I will attack him, Sire, fairly, in single combat, with all my heart. I will run in upon him; he will, of course, kill me, and I shall kill him; a man who is careless of his own life has always that of his enemy in his power."

In the great church of Roskild, in Norway, there is a large whetstone, which was sent to Queen Margaret by King Albert of Sweden, on which to sharpen her needles. The Queen's reply was that she would apply it to the edges of her soldiers' swords. She was as good as her word, for she fought King Albert in a pitched battle, defeated and made him a prisoner.

A Lacedemonian mother had five sons in a battle that was fought near Sparta, and seeing a soldier who had left the field of action, eagerly enquired of him how affairs went on. "All your five sons are slain," said he. "Unhappy wretch!" replied the woman, "I ask you not of what concerns my children, but of what concerns my country." "As to that, all is well," said the soldier. "Then," said she, "let them mourn who are miserable; my country is prosperous and I am happy."

Admiral Lord Howe, when a captain, was once awakened hastily in the middle of the night by the lieutenant of the watch, who informed him with great agitation that the ship was on fire near the magazine. "If that be the case," said he, "we will soon hear a further report of the matter," and he proceeded to dress leisurely. The lieutenant flew back to the scene of danger and almost instantly returned, exclaiming, "You need not, sir, be afraid; the fire is extinguished." To which Lord Howe replied: "Afraid! What do you mean by that, sir? I never was afraid in my life," and looking the lieutenant full in the face, he added, "Pray, sir, how does a man feel when he is afraid? I need not ask how he looks."





HERE are many splendid regiments of Volunteer Infantry throughout the British Empire; they are to be found in the "little village" on the Thames in England, including within their numbers such famous corps as the London Scottish Rifles, the Queen's Westminster, the Artists and the Inns of Court, to say nothing of the Honourable Artillery Company. Then there is the well-known Midland Corps, the Warwickshire Rifles, with their headquarters at Birmingham, the equally well-known Hallamshire Rifles, who hail from Sheffield, and the splendidly drilled and equipped Lancashire Volunteer corps in Liverpool and Manchester. To come nearer home, there are the "Vics" of Montreal, small in numbers unfortunately, yet always fully up to strength, and also always excellently drilled and smart on parade. Then yet, still nearer home, we have those crack corps the Queen's Own Rifles, the Royal Grenadiers and the 48th Highlanders, while in the very heart of the fair Province of Ontario, in the "Ambitious city" at the head of the lake, is the 13th Battalion of Hamilton, "Semper Paratus," and also, it may truly be said, "Nulli Secundus." In a sketch of this famous battalion, published rather more than two years ago, occurs this passage, true then, equally true now. It reads:

"If a man were asked to name the finest regiment among the many fine regiments comprising the Canadian Militia, \* \* there can be no possible doubt what a Hamilton man would reply to the question, and as he answered he would marvel at the ignorance of the questioner in not knowing that the '13th Battalion of Hamilton is the first of all Canadian Militia regiments in everything, and that compared with their excellence the rest are nowhere.'" The article goes on to say that though everyone may not fully share this opinion, yet "everyone who knows anything of military matters is willing to concede that the 13th Battalion is a splendid specimen of the Canadian Militia, and that with citizen soldiers such as they are Canada shall not be ashamed when she speaks with her enemies in the gate."

The General Order organizing the 13th Battalion was dated Dec. 11th, 1862.

Lieutenant-Colonel Isaac Buchanan was the first commanding officer, and the officers commanding companies on the organization were Captains J. E. O'Reilly, Cattley, Skinner, Brown, Mingaye, McInnes and Bell. Subsequently Captain McKeown was appointed, the regiment then

consisting of eight companies. A few weeks later a ninth company was added under Captain Law. During the latter part of 1863, Nos. 7 and 8 Companies were gazetted out, and in 1865, the same fate was shared by No. 3, which was replaced by No. 9; at that date the 13th became a six-company battalion.

"By General Order of 23rd May, 1867," to quote Lieutenant-Colonel Moore's interesting sketch of the battalion, "the Dundas Infantry Company (Captain Wardell) and the Waterdown Infantry Company (Captain Glasgow) were attached to the 13th Battalion for administrative purposes as No. 7 and 8, and remained so until by General Order of May 23rd, 1872, the 77th Battalion was formed, in which they are now Nos. 1 and 2 Companies."

A most important event in the history of the regiment occurred on September 1st, 1863, when the 13th Battalion received their colors from the hands of Mrs. Isaac Buchanan.

The escort for the colors was under the command of Captain Henderson, who had succeeded Captain O'Reilly in command of No. 1 Company, and the officers deputed to receive them were, Ensigns Watson and Buchanan. In making the presentation, after prayer by Rev. J. Gamble



LIEUT.-COL. THE HON. J. M. GIBSON.  
Honorary Colonel 13th Battalion.

Geddes, for so many years the esteemed rector of Christ Church, Hamilton, now the Cathedral, Mrs. Buchanan said:

"Officers and men of the 13th Battalion of Royal Canadian Volunteer Militia of Canada:

"I have great pleasure in presenting to you these colors which have just been set apart to the service of our beloved Queen and country.

"The blessing of the Almighty has just been invoked upon your arms, and so long as you keep these colors unsullied from the stain of dishonor, you may indeed expect the blessing of the God of Battles to fall upon your arms, for they will never, I trust, be taken up by you, save in a righteous cause—the defence of your homes, which you declare yourselves Semper paratus to defend, if need be, with your lives.

"This color—the Queen's—the meteor flag of our dear old England—wonderfully glorious wherever it flashes, ever the harbinger of peace and prosperity, and the pledge of protection to all who shelter beneath its folds. Ever ready is it to be unfurled in a just cause, on the side of the weak against the strong. This flag, which has been the symbol of freedom and justice in the past ages, will still, in the ages to come, flutter in the van of the triumph of the right over the wrong, and just because and so long as it is carried on the side of justice.

"This color you are entitled to carry in virtue of the uniform you wear, and which makes it your duty to take heed that no aggressive foe tries to snatch Canada from Britain's glorious diadem. May God long spare our beloved Queen to command the services of our best and bravest.

"This color is yours as belonging to the 13th Battalion of Canadian Volunteers. And what does this imply? Simply, that you are prepared in an hour of need, should such unhappily come upon us, which God forbid, to form part of a fence around Canada, between us and the foe. The best guarantee that such a day shall not dawn upon us, is that you volunteers be indeed Semper paratus not only for such parades as this, but for the stern realities of the battle-field. We are all interested that so untoward an event as war be averted; how deeply interested who among us could say—for are not the lives of our best beloved at stake? But peace will not be maintained by folding our hands and shutting our eyes to the possibility of war, and crying peace. We must prepare ourselves for possible troublesome times now, as the best earnest we have of continued peace. Strive to master all the details that are to make soldierly men of you now, so as to have nothing of that sort to learn when the day of action arrives. You will never be called upon to take part in aggressive warfare—to tarnish the silver wing of peace, and desolate homes; but not the less courageously will our own homes be defended; and let the foe who would tread on Canadian soil beware! He could only dare this in ignorance of the defence around us—men with the hearts and souls of men who will not flee even



from the face of death if there lies their post of duty.

"I have much pleasure in handing over to your safe keeping these colors, in full confidence that you will be *Semper paratus* to defend them."

Major Skinner was in command of the 13th on the occasion, and he made reply as follows:

"Mrs. Buchanan,

"MADAM,—In the name, and on behalf of the officers, non-commissioned officers and men of the 13th Battalion Royal Canadian Volunteer Militia, I thank you for your very beautiful gift.

"Imbued with feelings of devoted loyalty to our beloved Queen, we have, at the call of her representative in this province, associated ourselves together for the purpose of acquiring a knowledge of the use of arms, not for mere pastime or parade, but to enable us to do our duty as men, should ever our services be required in defence of the British Empire on this continent. We know not what the future has in store for us; we pray for peace, but should it be the will of the All-wise Disposer of events to afflict our beloved country with the horrors of war, I feel every confidence in assuring you that the 13th Battalion will be found ready to do battle for our Queen and country, whether assailed by foreign enemies or domestic traitors.

"I would again thank you, Madam, for those splendid colors. I trust they will be the means of inspiring us with renewed energy and attention to our duties, and I confidently express the hope that so long as an officer or man of this regiment can wield a weapon in their defence, they shall remain unsullied from the stain of dishonor."

Two days after the 13th received their colors, the regiment made

their first appearance at a review, which was held in Brantford, when General Napier had no less than 3,500 men under arms. Of these 1,000 bayonets were British Regulars, and the remainder were Canadian Militia. It is evidence of the splendid state of efficiency the regiment was in, even at that early date, that only two officers were absent from the parade, each company, with but two exceptions, and these unavoidable, having its captain lieutenant and ensign present with it. Such efficiency is worthy of being recorded, for it must be borne in mind, that in those days the Canadian Militia was by no means a very popular force. It had not become fashionable then as it is now, and many people laughed and jeered at those, both officers and men, who accepted commissions or joined its ranks, saying, "It was playing at soldiers," with other remarks of a derisive or deprecatory nature.

*Nous avons change tout cela.* Now the mere fact that a man belongs to the Militia is considered a credit to him, people no longer talk about "playing at soldiers," they recognize the public spirit and patriotism that induces men to give up their leisure and their means to pro-

vide for the due and proper defence of their country.

Lieutenant-Colonel Buchanan retired from the command of the 13th on December 30th, 1864, and was succeeded by Lieutenant-Colonel Alfred Booker, who had entered the Militia as a subaltern in the Hamilton Field Battery some nine years previously. Lieutenant-Colonel Booker's appointment was dated January 27th, 1865.

Lieutenant-Colonel Booker retained the command until August 10th, 1866, and was followed by Lieutenant-Colonel James Skinner, who for more than twenty years was the commanding officer. On the retirement of Lieutenant-Colonel Skinner, he was succeeded by Hon. J. M. Gibson, under whom the regiment attained a degree of efficiency alike creditable to itself and to the force of which it forms a part. Lieutenant-Colonel Gibson retired from the active command at the close of the drill season of 1895, having served in the regiment for over thirty years. So great was the estimation in which Lieutenant-Colonel Gibson's services were held, that he was, on his retirement, not only allowed to retain his rank, but was appointed honorary lieutenant-colonel of the regiment, a

Frontier duty came to an end in the autumn of 1865, the last company of the 13th which had been on duty having been stationed at Windsor, commanded by Captain A. E. Irving.

In the early part of 1866, there were many rumors throughout the country that the Fenians, who had congregated in large numbers in the Northern States, contemplated an invasion of this province. The 13th, in conjunction with the great mass of the Militia of the province, were called out for active service on March 8th, 1866, and remained embodied, performing the regular routine of drill and duty appertaining to a British regiment of the line, until March 28th, when the daily duties were dispensed with by an order from the Major-General commanding, though two days' drill per week was still required of the battalion.

Hamilton at this time presented very much the appearance of being in a state of siege; a guard, consisting of one officer, two non-commissioned officers, and twenty-four men, were on the drill sheds, a sergeant and a guard of twelve men were mounted daily at the artillery sheds, while at the Mountain View Hotel a guard under command of an officer was stationed daily.

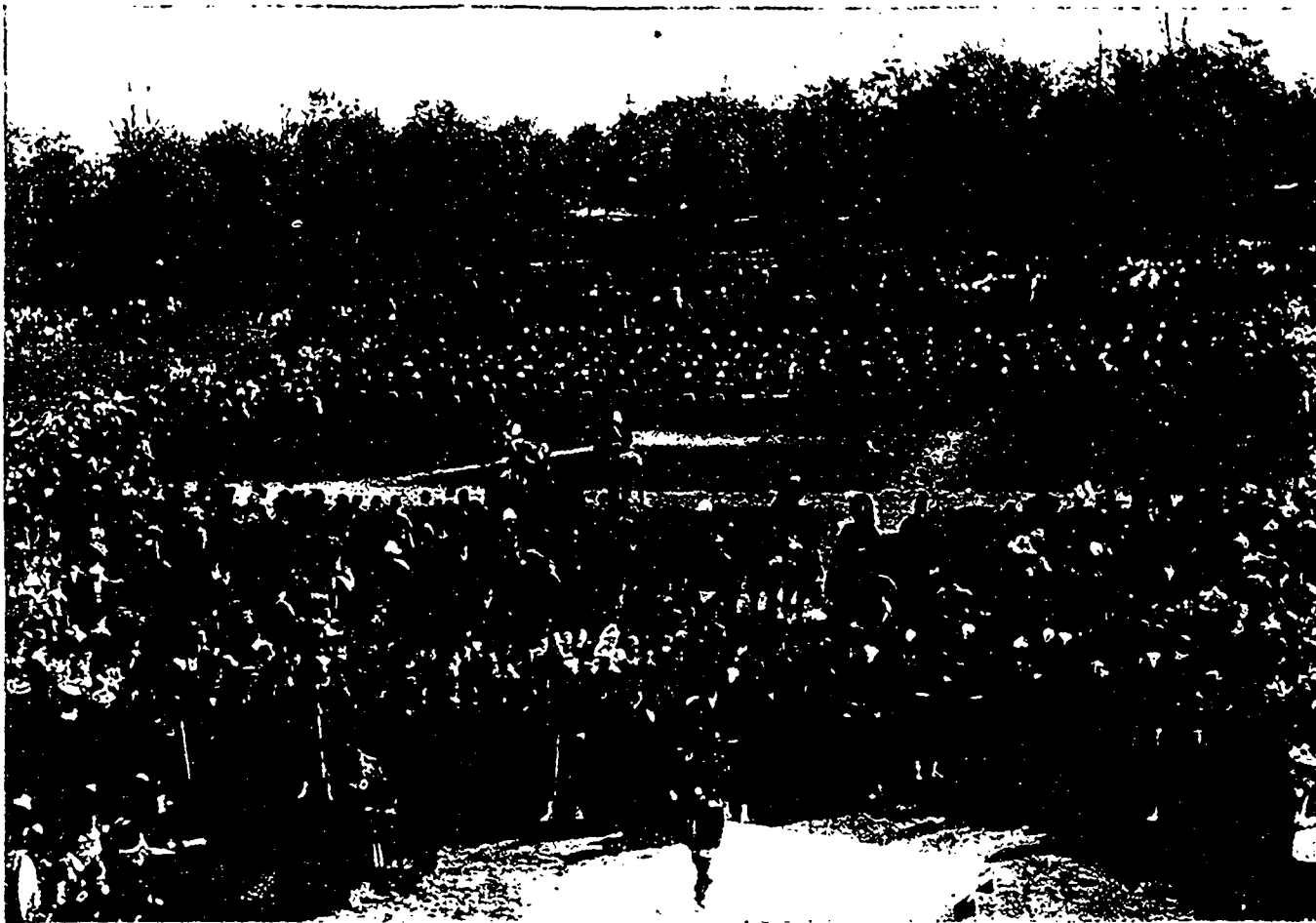
In the beginning of April, the fears of an invasion by the Fenians had subsided, and matters, not alone in Hamilton, but also throughout the province, were progressing as usual. This state of things, though, was not destined long to continue, for the month of June had barely commenced when the cry, "To Arms!" "To Arms!" rang throughout the length and breadth of this fair province.

The Fenian Raid took place on June 2nd, 1866, and the 13th took part with the Queen's Own Rifles and 10th Royals of Toronto in repel-

ling the invasion. The 13th formed part of the force who met the Fenians at Ridgeway, being brigaded with the Queen's Own Rifles under Lieutenant-Colonel Booker. That this engagement ended as it did was no fault either of the Queen's Own Rifles, the 13th, or the officer in command. So gallantly did the 13th advance that the Fenians believed they, the 13th, were British regulars, and were on the point of retiring, when some one raised the cry, "Prepare for cavalry." Instantly the attacking party were formed into squares, so as to meet the expected onslaught of the mounted force. The Fenians at once took advantage of the mistake, and, as the Queen's Own Rifles and 13th stood in square, poured a murderous fire upon them, whereby some were killed and more wounded.

Under such circumstances, seasoned troops might well be excused for wavering, and it is not remarkable that the attacking body, in this case, were compelled to retreat and fall back upon their supports.

The officers of the 13th, present at Ridgeway, were: Lieutenant-Colonel Booker; Majors, Skinner and Cattley; Captains, Watson, Askin and



BAYONET EXERCISE AT DUNDURN, 1896.

distinction rendered all the more valuable as it had not previously been granted to any retiring commanding officer of any regiment.

Lieutenant-Colonel Gibson's successor was Lieutenant-Colonel Moore, who was first gazetted to the corps on September 14th, 1866. Under him the regiment fully retained its prestige and the *esprit de corps* of the battalion was in no wise lessened.

To resume the regimental history, the first service—apart from the usual routine of drill and parade—the 13th Battalion experienced was in April, 1865, when a company, drawn from the various companies composing the regiment, was sent on frontier duty, and stationed at Prescott under the command of Major Cattley, who had as his subalterns, Lieutenant Watson and Ensign Jamieson. This company remained on duty until November, and during the whole time they were embodied no serious charge was made against a single man. There were trifling offences, no doubt, but anyone who knows anything of the rigor of "good order and military discipline" in a camp, will understand how a very trifling misdemeanor in itself may constitute a breach of discipline, consequently a military crime.

Grant; Lieutenants, Sewell, Ritchie, Routh, Ferguson and Gibson; Ensigns, McKenzie, Baker, Armstrong, Roy and Young, with Captain John Henery as Adjutant. Ensigns Armstrong and Baker carried the colors.

The 13th had a long list of casualties, the wounded being Lieutenant Percy G. Routh; Privates, J. Dallas, John Donnelly, Edwin Hilder, George McKenzie, Richard Pentecost, and J. G. Powell. Besides these, though, Private Morrison died from the effects of the campaign, as also did Larratt W. Smith.

The 13th returned to Hamilton about the middle of June, and received from their admiring and grateful townsmen an enthusiastic and gracious reception.

Nineteen years later, in 1885, when the troubles occurred in the North-West, the 13th fully expected that they would be permitted to share the dangers and honors of the expedition sent to quell the disturbance. Greatly to their chagrin, though, they were not called upon, the reason given being inexplicable to anyone not versed in the mysteries of "Redtape" and the "Circumlocution Office," otherwise the Department of Militia and Defence.

It is worth noting, though, that if the 13th were not sent in the second North-West expedition just referred to, they furnished thirteen non-commissioned officers and men towards the first expedition, sent in 1870, under Colonel, now Field-Marshal Lord Viscount Wolseley. The survivors of those men will all receive the promised medal.

It is greatly to be regretted that exigencies of space prevent one from saying all that ought to be said about the history of the 13th Battalion, and that it is only possible to deal with some of the more salient points in a period covering just thirty-six years.

One of the most noticeable features in connection with the 13th Regiment is its magnificent band, which was organized in October, 1866, under Mr. P. Grossman, and now is one of the very best in the Dominion, which among its military bands numbers such crack bodies of musicians as the bands of the Queen's Own Rifles, the Royal Grenadiers, the Victoria Rifles of Montreal, and the 48th Highlanders. Among those who have been in this band at various times may be mentioned M. Wilson, H. Fricker, I. Snelson, A. Ruppell, a famous piccolo player; Hutton, Complin, Dellow and Walsh, cornet players, besides many others. Mr. George Robinson became bandmaster in 1873, and has continued in that capacity ever since. To Bandmaster Robinson's untiring efforts the 13th band owes the celebrity they have attained.

"The soldier who cannot shoot is an encumbrance to the service." This sentence, years ago, used to be printed in the Musketry Instruction Manuals issued to the regular forces of the Crown, and it may be yet. Whether it is or not, everyone will admit its truth, and those who know the 13th also know its utter inapplicability to that battalion. As a shooting battalion, the 13th have attained a splendid record, both at home and abroad. Have they not captured prizes galore at the D.R.A. matches and at the O.R.A. competitions, and have they not been represented on almost every Canadian team sent to Wimbledon and Bisley since 1871?

Have they not, too, the honor of numbering among their non-commissioned officers Thomas Hayhurst, who, at Bisley, in 1895, carried off the Queen's Prize against all competitors? This was the first time that valuable prize and coveted distinction was gained by a member of any corps outside the confines of the United Kingdom. That Hayhurst received an all but royal welcome when he returned to Hamilton from Bisley, goes without saying; the citizens were as proud of him, and as gratified at his success as were his officers and his comrades.

Of the many camps and field days in which the 13th have taken part, there are some which a special reference must be made to; notably the camp at Grimsby in 1870, when for the first time in Canada a city battalion put in its drill under canvas.

The Militia Report for 1870 speaks of this camp in laudatory terms, and declared that the 13th performed its duties "in a manner which reflected great credit on the commanding officer and those under his command."

The camp just spoken of showed that the 13th were good soldiers, and in the long years that have elapsed since the prestige of the corps has increased year by year, and never waned in the least. In 1893—not for the first time—the 13th went to Toronto and took part in the field-day and sham fight which took place on Thanksgiving Day in High Park, on the western boundaries of that city. Lieutenant-Colonel Gibson was in command of the attacking brigade on that occasion, and was warmly commended by Major-General Herbert for the manner in which he carried out the duties assigned to him. But the 13th never appeared to greater advantage when away from Hamilton than they did in 1894, when they again proceeded on Thanksgiving Day to Toronto, to take their share in the review and sham battle, which was held to the north of the city. The battalion detrained at the foot of Brock Street, Toronto, about ten in the morning, and marched up Spadina Avenue to the fields north of Bloor Street, a distance of about a mile and three-quarters. They might have been veteran troops for the appearance they presented. Proudly did they swing along the noble avenue, and loud were the cheers that greeted them as they marched. Toronto people felt that, proud as they were of their own city's three regiments, their visitors were men whose soldierly bearing and discipline were such that in coming to Toronto they as much honored the city as they were honored by their hosts.

Once more, in 1895, did the 13th visit Toronto, when they again took their share in the work and responsibilities of the mimic warfare which was waged on the banks of the "Classic Don," to the east and northeast of the Queen City.

Yet again in 1898 did the 13th come down to the Thanksgiving Day parade in Toronto and took part in the sham fight at High Park when, it is sad to relate, "Toronto was captured."

The Queen's Birthday parade in Hamilton on May 24th, 1896, was another red letter day in the history of the 13th, when they took part in the review held in Dundurn Park, when, among other troops present, were the 48th Highlanders from Toronto, and the 7th Fusiliers of London. The 13th on this occasion fully deserved all the praise so freely bestowed upon them, alike by visitors and their fellow-citizens.

Queen's Birthday, 1898, was also a gala day for the gallant 13th when they were the hosts of the Royal Grenadiers of Toronto and "there was a hot time in the old town that night."

Lieutenant-Colonel Moore resigned the command of the 13th in December, 1897, and on the 13th of that month was succeeded by the present C.O., Lieutenant-Colonel Henry McLaren.

The Gzowski Cup, presented annually since 1891 to the most efficient corps among city battalions in Military District No. 2, has been secured by the 13th on many occasions since its institution, a fact of which the battalion is pardonably not a little proud.

In conclusion, one more feature in the history of this popular regiment may be recorded, and that is the annual balls given by the officers in the Hamilton Drill Hall. These are always looked forward to by the fashionable world of Ontario with pleasurable anticipation, and after they are over they afford to all those who have been present at them the "pleasures of memory" as they

look back upon them, the "pleasures of hope" as they anticipate their recurrence in the future.

The 13th is now an eight-company battalion, and the following is a complete list of the officers on May 1st, 1899, some of whom can boast of more than a quarter-century's service with the colors:

Honorary Lieutenant-Colonel, Hon. J. M. Gibson, A.D.C.

Lieutenant-Colonel, Henry McLaren.

Majors, John Stoneman, Edward Gibson Zealand.

Captains, Edmund E. W. Moore, Sydney Chilton Mewburn, Frederick B. Ross, William Orlando Tidswell, Robert H. Labatt, John H. Herring, Chas. A. P. Powis, George D. Fearman, Walter H. Bruce.

Lieutenants, John D. Laidlaw, Frank R. Waddell, Wm. Alex. Logie, Ralph King, Chas. G. Barker, Wm. R. Marshall, R. A. Robertson, A. K. McLaren.

2nd Lieutenants, William L. Ross, John W. Ambery, A. F. Zimmerman, A. E. Mason, P. Donville, G. J. Henderson, Albert Pain, J. A. Turner.

Paymaster, John J. Mason, Hon. Major.

Adjutant, W. O. Tidswell.

Quartermaster, T. W. Lester.

Surgeon-Major, Herbert H. Griffin, M.D.

Surgeon-Lieutenant, George S. Rennie, M.D.

Hon. Chaplain, Rev. George A. Forneret.

## A TALE OF TWO CAPTAINS.

The coup to corral the Colonel ended in dismal failure through no fault of the Captains.



WHEN a man who has been "a high roller" in his younger days, sees the apparent error of his way, and settles down to a staid career, he is apt to look upon the innocent escapades of youth from a factitious standpoint. Especially is this so, when he has a daughter, just budding into womanhood, and magnetizing the young men of her acquaintance. He has experienced the young man's round of pleasures, has out-grown them; and whatever charity he may naturally be disposed to extend to them, he chokes

when he perceives the multitude of temptations in the path of his beloved child.

Colonel Dinsmore of the 74th Battalion of Infantry illustrated this philosophy. As a young man he had served in the Imperial army in India, first as Captain and finally as Colonel. He had seen Oriental life in its varied and variegated forms. When he retired, retaining his rank, he spent several years in globe-trotting, and then at the age of fifty came to Glen Allen, in Ontario County, establishing himself as a private banker. Of aristocratic bearing, blessed with a womanly wife and a beautiful daughter, extending hospitality to the townfolk, genial, generous, and honest in all his dealings, the Colonel soon became an adjunct to society, and a man whose friendship was sought as a support. Every substantial public enterprise received his ardent aid. He was the prime mover in the formation of a local battalion, and was unanimously chosen its first Colonel.

He was six feet in height, as straight as a ramrod, broad breasted, and royally proportioned. His hair was tinged with grey, though his moustache was of raven black. Glittering, piercing black eyes, that looked every man between the brows, and a firmly locked jaw, spoke of a will that might not be too carelessly crossed. He was a man that would stand out in clear relief, even among



Commanding Officers.

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| 1. LIEUT.-COL. J. MCKAY, 42nd Batt. Infantry, Perth.                  | 2. LIEUT.-COL. W. N. PONTON, 15th Batt. "Argyll Light" Infantry, Belleville. |
| 3. LIEUT.-COL. DE MONTARVILLE TASCHERAC, 23rd Batt., Lambton, Que.    | 4. LIEUT.-COL. ROBERT McEWEN, 26th Batt., London.                            |
| 5. LIEUT.-COL. J. H. TAYLOR, 5th Dragoons, Cookshire, Que.            | 6. LIEUT.-COL. R. W. BELL, 55th Infantry, Peterborough.                      |
| 8. LIEUT.-COL. GEO. S. GOODWILLIE, 20th Lorne Rifles, Milton, Ont.    | 9. LIEUT.-COL. A. McDONNELL, 16th Infantry, Picton, Ont.                     |
| 10. LIEUT.-COL. J. C. HEGLER, 22nd Oxford Rifles, Woodstock.          | 11. LIEUT.-COL. R. L. NELLES, 37th Haldimand Rifles, York.                   |
| 12. LIEUT.-COL. JAMES C. GUILLOT, 21st Essex Fusiliers, Windsor, Ont. | 13. LIEUT.-COL. JOHN DUFF, 4th Hussars, Kingston.                            |
| 14. MAJOR W. CROWE, 17th Sydney Field Battery, Sydney, N. S.          | 15. LIEUT.-COL. JAMES H. SCOTT, 32nd Bruce, Walkerton, Ont.                  |

a crowd of men. He was conspicuously imposing.

The Colonel was eccentric. He was a stickler for form, and carried his propensity to the verge of eccentricity. It was this excessive virtue—coupled with a regard for his daughter's future—that caused him to bar his house to Captains Foster and Hobbs of the 74th. They had been invited to a card-party at the Colonel's munificent residence. Before putting in an appearance they had spent an hour at the club with congenial comrades, and had imbibed not wisely but too freely. When they arrived at the Colonel's, at nine, they both had contracted incipient jags. The Colonel spotted their condition on sight, and was throughout the evening excessively cool toward them. For their part, beyond trumping their partner's face, and trying to be over-polite, they conducted themselves as would sober men. The party broke up. The next day both of the gentlemen received a short, crisp note from the Colonel, intimating that his house would be a closed one to them till they proved to his satisfaction that they could conduct themselves as became gentlemen. Naturally, consternation seized the two young captains, and though they wrote abject apologies to the Colonel, yet he would not alter his determination. There was nothing for it. They would have to do some meritorious service to win back their social position,—namely, the entrée to the Colonel's family circle.

A like misery made the two captains chums, and much tobacco was burnt in their efforts to think out a coup to corral the Colonel.

It was May. The regiment went to camp in June. It was this fact that suggested a scheme. They would recruit perfect companies; would grind up their drill; would knock it into their men; would buy new outfits and conduct themselves at camp in such an abstemious and strictly virtuous manner, that even the eccentric Colonel would see that they were doing their level best to reform to his ideals.

They set about to work this out at once. Foster's company was stationed in Glen Allen; Hobbs', three miles west at Haworth. Per regulation, it was necessary to recruit men only in Ontario County. They conformed to regulation for two weeks, and counted ten recruits each in the end. That was discouraging. It was now June 1st; camp began on the 6th. There was but one thing to be done and that lively. They would have to draft men from Toronto, run them down to their headquarters, and palm them off as residents of the county. The two captains were desperate.

It was agreed between the two that, as Foster's Company was number one, standing full in the front of the Battalion, he should have the pick of the men enlisted.

Hobbs gave him the keys of Haworth Armouries, and told him to take all the tunics and trousers fit for men over 5 feet 9 inches, and to put in their stead from Glen Allen Armouries all those suitable for men under that height.

On June 4th Foster did as Hobbs said. On June 4th Hobbs went to Toronto, took a room at the Albion, put an advertisement in *The Telegram* for "a hundred men for 12 days' pay, good rations included," and awaited developments. On the morning of June 5th developments came in the shape of half a thousand men of all classes, creeds and sizes. It was a hard matter to choose, but finally sixty men were culled, their signatures placed on the service rolls, and told to be at the Union Station at 9 a.m., June 6th, to board the train for the east.

Hobbs slept well that night, for he had his company and that of Foster's all ready for camp. The winning of the Colonel's good favor was half done.

Next morning at 8.30 Hobbs was at the station, and found his men waiting for him. He picked

out the biggest, fiercest looking chap, an ex-coal-heaver, and appointed him "boss" of the gang. He was an intelligent fellow, and Hobbs trusted him. His name was Dunlap.

While Hobbs explained matters to Dunlap over a glass of beer, he said: "Dunlap, here are two bits of chalk. Mark the right shoulders of the men; a white cross for the big chaps; a red one for the others."

The two had a bracer for luck; another for the success of the camp; and still another for the Colonel and all his royal family.

Dunlap stood it well, but Hobbs was talking thick when the gong sounded for "All aboard!" The men got on, and the train pulled out.

All might yet have gone well had it not been that Hobbs on entering the first-class smoker met three travelling men he knew and a game of cards was suggested. The suggestion was acted upon. Interest in the game was intensified by the production of a bottle of whiskey from the grip of one of the players. The result was natural. By the time the train reached Haworth, Hobbs was full. He saw double and that accounts for what followed.

At the stop, the game stopped. Hobbs reached the coach containing the men, and shouted, "All white crossed men will get off here!"

Then uprose forty-five, strapping fellows, filed off, and the train went on.

The comparatively tiny men were taken to Glen Allen, were met by Captain Foster and marched up town two miles to the Armouries.

It was half-past ten when the men halted in the drill shed, and the process of fitting them out began. It was not till then that Foster found out that he hadn't a man over 5 ft. 9 inches, and not a tunic or trousers to fit one under that height. At about the same time the inebriated Hobbs discovered that all his men were stalwarts, and all his clothing was small.

Both captains realized there must have been a mistake. Hobbs knew there had been. But how to remedy it? Should Foster send to Haworth for the proper tunics? No, there wasn't time. There was nothing to be done. The parade had to be made up at once. The men had to march to the wharf in uniform. The Colonel would be waiting for them.

It was sad to see the two captains rig out their men. Foster's men stood in the ranks with trouser legs turned up, tunics, sleeves rolled, hanging loose and long, all too ridiculously long, upon spare forms. And those helmets! They resolutely refused to fit the small men's heads. They would drop down over their ears, bow vulgarly over their foreheads and generously hide the blushes of the misfitted privates.

And, oh, what a time the six-footers of Hobbs had in getting into the five-footers' outfits! The process was awful in its sickening details! Put a big man in a small boy's suit, and you have a meagre idea of the grotesque company that stood up as Hobbs' command. It was simply semi-indecently ridiculous, giving full weight to the last two words.

No need to recount the anger and humiliation of Foster as he led his too-soonily clad recruits through the crowded streets of Glen Allen to the wharf, amid the laughter, gibes and jeers of the small boys. Suffice it to say, he bore it all unflinchingly till the Colonel remarked, "Who is your company's tailor, Foster?" Then Foster was sad, and went out to drown his sorrow at the canteen aboard.

Hobbs escaped a walking trip through town, for he brought his men from Haworth to Glen Allen wharf in vans, sufficiently covered to hide the ballet costume of his recruits. He hustled them from the vans to the boat, but not before the assembled citizens caught a glimpse of the too-lately clothed forms.

As the steamer headed for Niagara, sounds of

laughter came from the dock and the town had a new joke to discuss.

Colonel Dinsmore told Hobbs it was a serious matter, and might lead to a court-martial. Then Hobbs was sad, and went out to drown his sorrow. He met Foster. Again a like misery and a common desire had drawn them together.

The sad meeting resulted in the explanation and the solution of the misfit.

While the colonel and the other officers were gathered in the steamer's cabin, discussing plans for the camp, Foster and Hobbs' companies were drawn up in two lines, facing each other on the fore deck. A new military command was, on that historic occasion, evolved. It was: "Change clothes!" 'Twas executed. Most satisfactory was the transformation.

At last Niagara was reached, and the regiment went into camp.

At the end of the first week it was clearly demonstrated that the stalwarts of No. 1 Company and their smaller comrades of No. 2 were the best drilled men on parade. That was not surprising when it is known that most of the men brought from Toronto had been recruits in the Q.O.R., the Grenadiers or the 48th Highlanders. The drill at a school of instruction was "pie" to them.

The Colonel noted their excellence, and more than once had praised the men and complimented the two captains, much to the annoyance of the other captains, who were not, like him, ignorant of the coup Foster and Hobbs had played, and with the Colonel, the two captains' capital was going up. But their brother captains were jealous.

It is difficult to tell how such things arise, but it happened on the night on which Foster was orderly officer, and Hobbs had gone up-town, on French leave, "to see a friend," that a coterie of the jealous officers met in No. 5 tent.

About 11 o'clock Captain Foster had joined the group of disaffected officers, and after drinking a night-cap, took his leave, saying, "Well, camp is quiet to-night. I'm off to bed. Good-night, fellows." And he was gone.

Lanky Lieutenant Dickson made a suggestion. He recounted the recruiting of No. 1 Co., and exaggerated the Colonel's complimentary remarks. He wound up by proposing to put up a game on Foster. It caught on with the officers, who saw nothing in it but a bit of fun, with the joke on Foster.

Captain Jones was to go up into the 35th's lines and raise a row. Hospital Sergeant Toms was to gather his chums from the cook's tent of No. 6 Co., take a bag of potatoes, and hide at the outskirts of the 74th's lines. Lieutenant Dickson was to go down into the 36th's lines, and duplicate Capt. Jones' row. The potatoes were to come as a climax.

Revolution was afoot. Away went the conspirators, while the other officers presumably went to bed. It was 12 o'clock. Five minutes before Colonel Dinsmore had poked his head out of his tent and said, "Good-night," to anyone who might be awake. Sleep had struck camp.

Suddenly, a blood-curdling warwhoop burst out from the 35th's lines, and "Picquet of the 74th!" was rolled down with soul-stirring weirdness. "Picquet of the 74th!" Again that warwhoop.

The Colonel, in pjamas, bolted from under his tent, and stood out in the moonlight, hair on end, the very picture of outraged discipline. Who dared to disturb the peace of the 74th!

Again "Picquet of the 74th" was hurled down upon the camp.

Other officers appeared in the moonlight and asked, "What's up, Colonel?"

"Up? Why the very sluice gates of hell are open. What devil is raising that row? Where is the picquet of the 74th? Who is officer of the day?"





Commanding Officers.

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|--|--|--|
| 1. LIEUT.-COL. JOHN A. S. VARCOE, 1st Huron, Guelph.                     | 2. LIEUT.-COL. W. J. WARD, 5th Megantic Light Infantry, Inverness. | 3. LIEUT.-COL. T. S. McLEOD, 82nd "Queen's County," P.E.I.   |
| 4. MAJOR R. L. MALTHY, 12th Field Battery, Newcastle, N.B.               | 5. LIEUT.-COL. J. A. LONGWORTH, 4th P.E.I. Gar. Art.               | 6. LIEUT.-COL. J. NOBLE CRANE, 63rd Halifax Rifles, Halifax. |
| 7. LIEUT.-COL. V. DE LOUBINIERE LAURIN, 8th "Quebec" L'Ancienne Lorette. | 8. LIEUT.-COL. W. H. LINDSAY, 5th Fusiliers, London.               | 9. HON. LIEUT.-COL. W. WHITE, 23rd Ottawa.                   |
| 10. LIEUT.-COL. R. TYRWHITT, 5th Peel, Brampton.                         | 11. MAJOR R. BROWN, Princess Louise Dragoon Guards, Ottawa.        | 12. MAJOR E. A. C. BOSMER, Manitoba Dragoons, Virden.        |
| 13. HON. LIEUT.-COL. L. A. RENAUD, 83rd Joliette, Que.                   | 14. LIEUT.-COL. R. R. McLENNAN, 59th Stormont and Glengarry.       | 15. LIEUT.-COL. J. W. HARKOM, 54th "Richmond," Que.          |



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"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!!

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

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