



The Canadian
United Service
Magazine



VOL. 3. No. 1.

MAY, 1897.

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THE CANADIAN
United Service Magazine

PUBLISHED BY THE UNITED SERVICE CLUB.

EDITOR:
DEPUTY SURGEON GENERAL F. W. CAMPBELL,
ROYAL REGIMENT CANADIAN INFANTRY.

VOL. III.

MAY, 1897.

NO. 1.

ANNUAL MEETING V.R.I. CLUB.

THE 4th Annual General Meeting of the V.R.I. Club was held at Ottawa, on the 16th April. There were present:—the Patron, Major General Cascoigne; President, Lt.-Col. Irwin; The Editor, Deputy Surg. Gen. Campbell; The Sec'y-Treas., Deputy Surg. Gen. Neilson; Colonels Aylmer and Lake, Lt.-Cols. Maunsell, Otter, d'Orsonnens, Montizambert, Cotton, Drury and Duchesnay. Majors Farlay and Bliss. Captains Fages. Cook and Hemming.

The Report of the Sec.-Treas. being read, showing a membership of 73, and a credit balance of \$286.20, assets were stated to be about \$728.50; liabilities, nil. The Report from a financial point of view was considered most satisfactory, and justifies the continuance of the MAGAZINE and the further enlargement of the Club.

A general discussion as to the continued usefulness and future prospects of the Club under its present Constitution, was held, with reference to a previous motion as to the status and subscription of Honorary Members.

It was generally considered that the Magazine, which has now completed its second volume, was a decided success, so far, and was capable of further enlargement, in the general interests of the Militia.

It was also considered that in view of the long distances between the various units of the Permanent Corps, and the difficulty and expense attendant upon the holding of annual meetings at their several stations in rotation, that this condition should no longer be enforced, but the annual general meeting should be held at Ottawa, during the Session of Parliament.

It was further considered that the time had now come to enlarge the scope of the Club, in accordance with the original intention of its founders, viz : To encourage the study of Military subjects, and to disseminate the knowledge of current and progressive military science throughout the Militia.

With the above objects in view it was decided that a change should be made in the designation and Constitution of the existing Club.

Upon a unanimous vote of the members present, it was decided to suspend the operation of Rule VIII, and the following amended Constitution and revised By-Laws were unanimously adopted.

CONSTITUTION.

(1). The Club shall be called the Canadian United Service Club.

(2). Object :—(a) The association of members at an annual meeting and dinner at Ottawa, during the session of Parliament for the promotion of good fellowship, and for the discussion of matters of general interest to the Force.

(b). The publication of a periodical, in the compilation of which each unit of the Force shall be invited to take part.

(3). The following officers shall be eligible for membership :—

(a). All present members of the Club.

(b). All Officers of the Active Militia not below the rank of Field Officer.

(c). Officers of the Imperial Army on the Staff of the Royal Military College, not below the rank of Field Officer.

(d). Officers of the Imperial Army doing duty with the Militia or on the Staff of the R.M.C., not below the rank of Field Officer.

(4). Officers :—There shall be a Patron, and the following Officers, viz., a President, a Vice-President, an Editor and a Secretary Treasurer, such Officers to be elected annually,

by ballot, at the annual general meeting, and a Committee of one Officer from each District, to be selected by that District, at the annual general meeting.

(5). Subscription :—The subscription shall be two dollars per annum, payable in advance, on the 1st January, and which when paid shall entitle the member to a copy of each number of the MAGAZINE for the current year.

(6). Special Meetings :—May be called by the President, or upon a request in writing, signed by not less than nine members,—notification of such meeting (which shall be held in a locality selected by the President, and at which five shall form a quorum) must be sent to each member at least fifteen days previous to such meeting, stating the business to be transacted. Members may send written votes.

(7). Alterations of the Constitution and By-Laws may be made at an annual general meeting, provided notice of such proposed alteration shall have been published not less than fifteen days before each meeting in the United Service Magazine. With regard to such alterations, the written votes of members shall be received.

(8). Magazine :—The title shall be the Canadian United Service Magazine ; it will be published quarterly, commencing on the 1st July. Articles for publication must be written only on one side of the sheet. The author's name need not be published, but it must be sent to the Editor. A *nom de plume* may be used, which must be registered by the Editor.

Contributions are solicited on matters affecting the officers, non-Commissioned officers and men ; military notes, home and foreign ; historical articles ; poetry, and comic paragraphs ; condensed accounts of sports, cricket, football and other matches ; shooting, eac. The re-publication of articles from Imperial Service periodicals is not intended, but translations from articles of exceptional interest, in foreign journals, may be published. Original articles on local events of general interest to the Force will be welcomed, as also the free expression of original thought on topics affecting the interest of the service generally, so long as their tone is not subversive of discipline. All members who have paid up their subscriptions shall be sent the MAGAZINE free. Extra copies, 25 cents.

BY-LAWS.

1st. The President.—It shall be the duty of the President to preside at all meetings, to enforce the Constitution and By-Laws, and generally to supervise the officers of the Club.

2nd. The Vice-President.—It shall be the duty of the Vice-President to officiate in the absence of the President, and to assist that officer in the discharge of his duties.

3rd. The Secretary-Treasurer.—It shall be the duty of the Secretary-Treasurer to call all meetings and to conduct all correspondence of the Club, and to keep minutes of all meetings ; to keep a roll of members ; to furnish them with a copy of the Constitution and By-Laws of the Club ; to have the custody of all books and records connected with the business of the Club, and generally to do all in his power to advance the interests of the Club. He shall collect all dues, keep an account of the same, prepare a list of those in default ; receive and account for all moneys belonging to the Club, and disburse the same, with the approval of the President.

4th. The Editor.—It shall be the duty of the Editor to collate, select, and arrange all contributions, make all necessary arrangements for the printing, publication and distribution of copies to the several members of the Club.

5th. The Committee.—The duties of the Committee shall be to further the interests of the Club in each District, and to collect items of local interest to the Force, and forward them to the Editor, at least fifteen days before the commencement of each quarter.

6th. In the absence of both the President and Vice-President at the Annual Meeting, the members present shall elect a chairman, who shall, *pro tem*, have all the powers of the President.

7th. Any vacancy occurring among the Officers or Committee shall be filled by the Committee, and the said Officer or Committee-man shall hold office until the next Annual General Meeting, or until his successor is appointed.

8th. Auditors.—Two Auditors shall be elected at the Annual Meeting, who shall immediately perform their duties, and give their report at the same meeting.

- 9th. Order of Business :
Minutes of previous meeting.
Correspondence.
Reports.
Unfinished business.
New business.
Election of officers.

The following Officers were subsequently unanimously re-elected :—

President.—Lieut.-Col. D. T. Irwin, Comdg. R.C.A.
Vice-President.—Lieut.-Col. G. J. Maunsell, Comdg. R.R.C.I.
Editor.—Deputy Surg. General F. W. Campbell, R.R.C.I.
Sec.-Treas.—Deputy Surg. General J. L. H. Neilson, R.C.A.

Resolved :—It was unanimously resolved that the funds of the V.R.I. Club, in the hands of the Secretary-Treasurer, together with the arrears of subscriptions when collected and the assets of the Club, generally, be devoted to further the interests of the Canadian United Service Club and of its Magazine.

GONE TO ENGLAND.

The following officers and non-commissioned officers of the permanent force sailed on the 8th of April for England for a six months course of instruction with the Imperial troops :

OFFICERS.

Lieut. F. H. C. Sutton, Royal Canadian Dragoons.
Major T. Benson, Royal Canadian Artillery.
Capt. J. H. C. Ogilvy, “ “ “
Lieut.-Col. B. H. Vidal, Royal Regt. Canadian Infantry.
Capt. S. J. A. Denison, “ “ “ “

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

Sergt. Sutherland, Royal Canadian Artillery.
“ Laffleur, “ “ “
Sergt. Major Borland, Royal Regt. Canadian Infantry.
Drill Sergt. Roberts, “ “ “ “
Sergt. Gregory, “ “ “ “

TREASURER'S STATEMENT V.R.I. CLUB.

APRIL 14TH, 1897 (Annual Meeting).

Receipts.

To cash brought from May 25, 1896.....	\$ 54 66
“ dues and subscription collected since May 25, 1896.....	287 17
Oct. '96. “ amount brought forward from deposit interest account.....	100 00
“ “ interest on ditto, ditto, six months.....	1 75
Apr. '97. “ amount brought forward from deposit interest account.....	100 00
“ “ interest on do do 14 months.....	2 85
	<hr/>
	\$ 546 43

Assets.

April 14th, 1897.	
By certified cheque.....	\$ 286 20
“ cash and stamps.....	0 30
“ arrears (about).....	70 00
“ subscriptions of members and hon. members, 1897 (about).....	170 00
“ about 200 copies Vols. I and II, V.R.I. MAGAZINE (with Editor) say.....	200 00
“ value of cash box, etc.....	2 00
	<hr/>
	\$ 728 50

Examined and found correct.

D. C. FORSTER BLISS, Major.
W. INTAKING, Q.M., R.C.A.

OTTAWA, 16th April, 1897.

Expenses.

By Lovell & Son, printing 5 Nos. V.R.I. MAGAZINE..	\$ 240 07
“ petty expenses as per cash book and receipts.....	19 86
	<hr/>
	\$ 259 93
To balance.....	\$ 286 50
	<hr/>
	\$ 546 43

Liabilities.

April 14th, 1897.	
To 2 members who have overpaid.....	\$ 0 16
To balance	728 34
	<hr/>
	\$ 728 50

TROMPETTES DEFENCE OF CANADA'S PERMANENT FORCE.

"Economist," in the last issue of the *Canadian Military Gazette*, says of the Permanent Corps :—" It has been clearly demonstrated in the very able lecture delivered at the Military Institute by Capt. Cartwright, R.R.C.I., that the *permanent schools as instructional bodies are a very expensive luxury*, and that the public are paying too dearly for this whistle. The Northwest campaign of twelve years ago also fully demonstrated *that as a fighting body they were a lamentable failure*. Again, the Militia Report proves beyond dispute that as military organizations something very radically wrong exists in the management of these bodies, and it is time that the Government took action on the recommendation of Gen. Herbert, and appointed a commission to enquire into the militia system *as applied to these corps*." The italics are mine.

Perhaps the best answer to this would be a few extracts from Militia Reports. First, as to the Permanent Corps, Gen. Herbert, in his report for 1891, says :—" I must bear witness to the excellent work it has done, in spite of many disadvantages. It possesses some excellent officers and non-commissioned officers, to whose constant devotion to duty done is to be ascribed the marked results that are visible, in the superior training of every officer and man of the Active Militia that has passed under their instruction. The faults, that I have noted, are, in the majority of cases, due to primary defects of organization." * * * * " As a rule, there is no lack of desire on their part to improve themselves, but they require the means and encouragement to do so."

In his report of 1892, he says :—" Both the Cavalry and Infantry of the Permanent Force are far below the standard of efficiency which has been attained by the Artillery."

After explaining the reasons for this, he adds :—" They deserve, however, none the less credit for the measure of success which has attended their efforts, and for their endeavors to make good their deficiency of early training." Speaking of the officers and N.C.O. attached to Imperial units for instruction, he says : " The visible result has amply justified the expenditure."

In his report for 1894 :—" Three officers this year have been sent to England. It is pleasing further to record, in this connection, that all who have been thus associated with the Imperial Forces in England have earned for themselves an excellent reputation, from the officers under whom

“they served.” * * * “Generally speaking, if these regiments have not yet attained the full degree of efficiency, which I should wish to see, they constitute nevertheless a very valuable force, of which Canada may feel justly proud.”

In the report for 1895, Col. Powell, says:—“The Permanent Corps perform their duties of instruction as satisfactorily as the circumstances will allow, and aside from their ordinary duties are carrying on a most useful and necessary work in the aid they give to those branches of the service that need it.” &c.

As to their fighting qualities in 1885, I find from official reports that of the 270 officers and men of the Permanent Corps that were in the neighborhood of the fighting, there were 25 casualties, or more than nine and one half per cent. Of the 2,200 of other corps the casualties were 86, or less than four per cent., and a considerable proportion of these casualties were in the Mounted Police, which more properly should be considered Permanent Corps. With the above opinions and facts on record, the Permanent Corps can afford to smile at the slanderous attacks of “Economist” and others of that ilk.

But let me quote further. Report, 1891, Gen. Herbert, says, of *City Militia*:—“As regards military training, city corps are at a great disadvantage. They acquire the forms of drill in the drill shed, but have no means of learning their practical application.” *Rural Militia*:—“The rural corps are very deficient in instruction, but their organization is still more defective.” *Staff*:—“The existence of an energetic and capable staff is indispensable to secure the efficiency of any military organization whether it consist of regular or militia troops.”

Now mark the following in connection with the last paragraph, quoted from “Economist.”

The General is speaking of the active militia, *not* of the *Permanent Corps*:—“That the militia act has not fulfilled the expectations formed 25 years ago is sufficiently evident to anyone who carefully examines the present condition of the force, &c.” * * * “The time seems to have arrived when a fresh enquiry should be made into the working of the Militia Act, in order to ascertain how far it has provided an organization capable of adapting itself to ever changing conditions and increased responsibilities.” * * * “It is a common error to confuse drill with organization, and to suppose that because a certain number of men, each year,

“are given twelve days elementary instruction in military exercises, therefore a military organization exists. There can be no greater or more fatal misapprehension. The men thus drilled are but the elements from which a defensive military force may be created.”

Further comment appears unnecessary.

INTERNATIONAL LAW.—*Continued.*

Title III.

MILITARY CONVENTIONS.

CHAPTER I.

GENERAL PRINCIPLES.

Military conventions become law for the contracting parties, and should be carried out in good faith. They affect not only what is actually expressed in them, but also involve all those consequences which equity, custom and the laws of nations give to the obligation in accordance with its nature.

They involve besides, provided they are regularly concluded, the respective governments of the contracting parties. It is important consequently to understand the essential conditions by which their validity is assured.

A convention only exists through the mutual consent of the contracting parties.

It may remain simply verbal, or may be expressed in writing. In every case, it becomes complete on the instant when the mutual agreement of the contracting parties is established; thus—supposing the war is concluded after the capitulation is signed, but before the victor has carried out its terms, taken possession of the material, State funds, etc. The general cessation of hostilities will not prevent him, except in the case of an expressly stated agreement between the belligerents, from reaping the fruits of the capitulation which had been previously agreed upon.

Each of the contracting parties should carefully consider the motives which induce him to conclude a military convention; he will only have himself blame if he does so rashly, and allows himself to be deceived by a ruse of the enemy. An error thus committed will not invalidate the convention.

A convention is only valid when it is contracted between commandants provided with sufficient powers. From the

moment negotiations are commenced, the contracting parties are, naturally, judges of their respective capacity. Circumstances, however, exist which serve as a guide to this judgment. In principle, the senior commanding officers of corps actually in the field derive from their position the power to do everything which they consider necessary for the conduct of military operations, and to make all arrangements for the immediate disposition of the troops, or the civil population placed under their orders. Their right extends to the furthest limits of action, or of resistance, but goes no further. They are not justified in involving those who are under their jurisdiction in a political combination, in treating for a definitive cession of territory, or for a modification in the constitutional rule of a country; in requiring the surrender of a place not under their jurisdiction, in promising the cessation of hostilities being carried on in another part of the theatre of war, etc.

The regulation of such interests is beyond their powers, and any arrangements which they might have negotiated on similar subjects will not bind their Government. Every chance of which the object exceeds the powers of the subscribing parties has no value in a military convention, unless subsequently ratified by the Sovereign Power.

The negotiations which precede military conventions are usually effected by means of individuals accompanied by a flag of truce (*parlementaires*).

We will now consider the rules of international law relative to this usage, and further consider the application of the general principles, just indicated, to armistices, capitulations, and the exchange of prisoners.

CHAPTER II.

BEARERS OF FLAGS OF TRUCE (*PARLEMENTAIRE*).

By this name is designated every person, military or non-military, who is deputed by one of the belligerents to enter into negotiations with the other, and who presents himself under the safeguard of the white flag. This person may be accompanied by Trumpeter or Drummer, and a flag bearer.

These individuals and their assistants are inviolable. They should not be fired upon, nor submitted to violence, nor made prisoners. Not to recognize these prohibitions is to gravely infringe the laws of war. But in order that guilt should be established the criminal action must have been

committed with intention ; thus, if a bearer of flag of truce, whether in action or not, is killed or wounded by a stray bullet by an ignorant or unintelligent soldier, or through any other accident, the fault is not one for which the belligerent is responsible. It is essential to clearly establish that the criminal act is due to accident, for which purpose the accused party should take every possible means to establish his good faith.....

Combatants who receive the bearer of a flag of truce are naturally authorized to take precautions in order that they may not suffer from any observations he may be able to make during his transit. The regulations for field armies contain detailed rules on this subject ; they even permit of the retention of the bearer, in case he should have gathered important information, or surprised the army in the execution of some movement.

A bearer of flag of truce forfeits his inviolability if he abuses his privileges in order to provoke or commit a perfidious action. If this is proved he exposes himself to be tried as a spy or traitor ; but the severe measures taken against him, and the motives which determine their application, should always be reported without delay to the enemy.

If circumstances absolutely demand it, the reception of the bearer of a flag of truce may be refused. In every such case, however, when the enemy has not been previously warned, the bearer maintains his inviolability. It is sufficient to let him know at the outposts, that he cannot be received, order him to retire, and give him sufficient time to rejoin his own lines in safety.

The modern custom of war authorizes an army corps commander to declare that he will not receive a flag of truce during a specified period ; but this action should not be taken without very serious motives. A bearer of a flag of truce who presents himself during the prohibited period, in spite of the notification received, exposes himself to be considered and treated as a combatant enemy ; his superiors will also be unable to view the treatment to which he may be subjected, as a motive for lawful reprisals.

CHAPTER III.

SUSPENSION OF HOSTILITIES AND A TRUCE OR ARMISTICE.

A *suspension of hostilities* is an essential military convention, which is agreed upon for a very limited period, between Army Corps Commanders, or opposing detachments, and which affects only certain defined limits of the theatre of war.

A suspension of hostilities may be agreed upon for a certain number of hours, either for burying the slain after the battle, for the exchange of prisoners, or to allow of a conference between the Army Commanders.

A *truce* or *armistice* is a more general convention of a character both political and military, by which the belligerents agree to suspend hostilities between opposing corps. It is usually concluded between the commanders of the armies in the field, with the authority of their respective governments.

The following rules are applicable both to a suspension of hostilities and to a truce. For greater simplicity the latter only will be referred to.

An armistice binds the contracting parties immediately it is concluded,—that is to say, that from that moment neither of them can go back on his consent, nor relieve himself from the obligations to which he has subscribed; but it is only obligatory on the actual combatants when it is made known to them. Thus the contracting parties should lose no time in conveying the intelligence to the troops concerned in order to insure their compliance at the time arranged.

During the duration of the truce, the combatants should cease fire, occupy no disputed territory, prohibit all attack and all reconnoissance beyond their lines, and abstain from all acts of violence against the enemy.

If the truce is violated by one of the belligerents the other is authorized to denounce the convention and resume hostilities. But, between the denunciation and the resumption of hostilities, sufficient time should be left for the adversary to warn his troops; the length of this delay depends upon circumstances, and its determination is necessarily left for the consideration of the denouncing party.

However, if the question has to deal with an attack attempted by one of the parties in spite of the parole given, the other will be certainly justified in repelling the attack and assuming the offensive without any formal notice. But should these be no such urgency, the resumption of hostilities ought to be preceded by a notice and a delay; it would be treacherous to denounce an armistice, for any motive, or under a more or less specious pretext, and to surprise the enemy without giving him time to put himself on his guard.

If an armistice has been violated by isolated individuals, acting on their own account, the belligerent assaulted would not therefore be justified in denouncing the armistice.

He would be justified only in requiring the punishment of the guilty parties, and, if necessary, compensation for the

injury they caused. It is only in the case when he experiences an unjustifiable refusal, that he would be authorized to hold his adversary personally responsible for the incriminating action.

Subject to the general principles which have just been stated, the arrangement of the other effects of the armistice is left to the contracting parties. They have, therefore, the chief interest in regulating with care questions relating to the commencement, and the duration, of the armistice, to the corps concerned, the zones provisionally neutralized, and to the concerns of the populations within the latter, &c., &c. In every case these questions should be taken up and decided in good faith.

So far as regards the duration, it is frequently limited by declaring that the armistice will cease, so many days or hours after its denunciation, by one or other of the contracting parties ; a similar condition should be religiously observed.

If the contracting parties have neglected to come to an understanding on the subject of the relations of the inhabitants between themselves, during the suspension of hostilities, each retains the absolute right to regulate the question, to suit his own convenience, in the territory subject to his arms. An armistice is only a temporary peace, and allows the state of war to continue ; in consequence the comings and goings of the inhabitants in their relative positions, or in the neutral zone, may be inconvenient and offer facilities for spies. Thus any communications between the two territories should almost always be as strictly prohibited as during the most extreme hostilities.

The belligerents should also agree strictly upon the acts which they are willing to prohibit within their own commands, during an armistice. In default of stipulation to the contrary, they each preserve the power of making any movements of troops within their lines, or raising recruits, of constructing entrenchments, repairing trenches, or forming new batteries, and generally speaking, of making use of the time and means at their disposal, for preparing for fresh hostilities.

Certain authors, however, maintain that, on the contrary, belligerents should abstain from all actions which the adversary would be interested in opposing and which he would probably prevent if it were not for the inaction imposed upon him by the armistice ; but this theory has the capital defect of not being practicable and of lending itself to abuses and recriminations ; consequently it has not prevailed during the course of recent wars.

(To be continued.)

CANADIAN FISHING.

PAST AND PRESENT.

IN "looking backward" to one's first salmon, one's largest trout, vistas of summer holidays in Acadian forest, or on Canadian river or lake, serve to brighten the gloomiest day. It is such a "looking backward" that I now propose.

The distance of time is so great and the change of surroundings so marked, I care not to enter too minutely into detail as to time. The place selected as a happy hunting ground is the banks of the Restigouche River, New Brunswick, Canada, a Micmac canoe the means of transit on that river, and on the St. Johns River from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the Bay of Fundy.

As regards means of locomotion in this part of Canada, the contrast between past and present is most striking. Then (in my early days) the stage wagon, over rough and hastily constructed roads, or small and inefficient steam-boats, along the coast line or on the principal rivers—the St. John and Miramichi—were the only means of transit. Now the country is a network of railways, and a well-equipped Pullman car conveys the luxurious traveler to every man's door. The I.C.R. and Grand Trunk railways from Halifax to Quebec westward and the C.P.R. from the Atlantic to the Pacific, vie with each other in efficiency.

Alas! the contrast between past and present, as regards sport, is not so pleasant a picture. Then you fished for salmon and trout or stalked the wily caribou without leave or license, at your own sweet will, your only mentor and guide being the Micmac or Milecete Indian. Now a combine or syndicate of Canadian or United States merchant princes has almost the monopoly of river, lake and stream. At each picturesque spot or at each turn of river, lake and stream, a club house, with its "modern improvements"—so called—is to be found, and salmon and trout have been improved out of the waters, or placed out of reach of the "poor and proud,"—so that men with money—luxury with lucre—have, as a rule, taken the place of fish and fishing.

Happily there still remain certain parts of this favored land, where rod and gun have seldom found their way, and where few but the red man's feet have trod. The watershed of New Brunswick, the best hunting grounds of the Maritime Provinces of Canada, geologically, though on small scale, is not unlike the Great Divide of the United States. Geographically, from a sportsman's point of view, it is of intense interest.

Here, from some inland lake or highland spring the great rivers of this well watered province, Restigouche, Nepisiguit, Tobique and Miramichi, find their source. Here, moose and caribou reign supreme. Here, in cool springs on many a summer day, monster trout find seclusion and refreshment; and here, removed from

"The dreary sounds of crowded earth,
The cries of camp or town,"

the antidote for the "fever called living" is found.

To the source of one of these grand rivers, the Restigouche, two old soldiers and a recruit proceeded on a summer holiday in the now distant past. We secured six Micmac Indians with three canoes. Their canoes differ from the Milecete canoes in being larger and stronger and heavier, rounded at bow and stern, instead of being pointed as are the Milecete canoes.

In those days you had but to lift your finger and the whole tribe of Indians of the Campbellton wigwam encampment were at your disposal as guides for an expedition such as this, and a trifle per diem sufficed for payment. Now an over-civilized half-breed, whose "education" has not been neglected in the common school or the village grog shop, will only serve you with pole or paddle at an exorbitant amount per day.

At last our canoes, well filled with supplies for the voyage, await us at that most picturesque spot, where the Metapedia joins the Restigouche River. Good-bye is said to civilization and to our friends, the Frasers at the then "last house," where we had received genuine hospitality from the "lord of the soil." We start! Who can adequately describe the birch bark canoe as a mode of progression? The Earl of Dunraven has eloquently and well attempted it in the following words: "Among all the modes of progression hitherto invented by restless men, there is not one that can compare in respect to comfort and luxury with traveling in a birch bark canoe. It is the poetry of progression. Along the bottom of the boat are laid blankets and bedding, a piece of wood is sloped against the middle thwart, affording a delicious support to the back; and indolently you sit or lie on the most delicious of couches, and are propelled at a rapid rate over the smooth surface of the lake, or down the swift current of some stream.

"Dreamingly you lie, lazily looking at the pine-covered shores, you wander into dreamland, to awake presently and find yourself sweeping round the curve of some majestic river whose shores are blazing with the rich crimson, brown and gold of the maple and other hardwood trees in autumn dress.

"Presently the current quickens ; the canoe shakes and quivers through all its fibres, leaping at every stroke of crew. Before you is a seething mass of foam, its whiteness broken in by horrid black rocks, one touch against whose ragged sides would rip the canoe into tatters, and hurl you into eternity. Your ears are full of the roars of the water ; waves leap up in all directions as the river, maddened at obstruction, hurls itself through some narrow gorge. The canoe seems to pitch headlong into space. After the first plunge you are in a bewildering whirl of water—the shore seems to fly past you—crash ! you are right on the rock and (I don't care who you are) you will feel your heart jump into your mouth ; another stroke or two, another plunge forward, and you pitch headlong down the final leap."

We had but to use our own judgment as to the salmon pools to fish or let alone ; where to camp or where to secure the easily caught splendid trout was a mere matter of choice.

We had proceeded but a few miles, each white man of the party reclining midships in his canoe, as already described, while his two red men at bow and stern, with unflinching skill, poled up rapids, or through long stretches of still water—when my steersman was taken suddenly ill. There was no "medicine man" among us. We could but resort to the tactics of the barber in southern Spain—bleed freely—or to the more agreeable treatment, administer the cup that cheers. All in vain. By sign only or by feeble whisper to his comrade we found that the sick man wished to be placed on a "catamaran" or raft, and with the minimum of rations, launched on the stream, allowed to drift to his wigwam on the river bank. With some misgivings we thus left him to his fate, and long afterward, were glad to learn of his safe arrival at his home, and his recovery from illness.

It was thus brought about that I had to take the steersman's place with pole and paddle—I a novice in the steersman's art. No longer could I lie dreamingly in the canoe. No longer could I find time for poetry. I must resort to prosaic action. I must "work my passage." Soon, however, I became fairly proficient in the art, and thoroughly enjoyed the health-giving exercise.

To point out the number and weight of salmon and trout caught on any particular day, or to refer to color and size of fly, or length or weight of rod, skill or want of skill of angler, would give but a faint idea of the pleasures of such a trip as this ; each turn of the river affords fresh and varied material for the artist, the geologist, the lover of the flora and fauna ; and at each halt for the mid-day meal or at the evening camp ground we had fishing to our heart's content, and the artists

of the party too soon found their sketch books filled with tit-bits from the ever-changing landscape, mountain and river, hill and dale and forest ; and whatever our individual tastes, we had abundant opportunity to gratify them.

The following may be mentioned as among the best fishing and camping grounds : Mouths of Metapedia, Upsalquitch, Patapedia and Kegwick. There is good salmon fishing on all these rivers, while at the outlet of every brook, with its cool water, large trout are found.

The hours in camp each night passed all too quickly, with story from many a camp and many a hunting field in more than one quarter of the globe, the novice of the party, like the redskins, being a good listener, till one by one we sought the spruce bough couch.

We are, all this while, passing pleasantly and profitably up the Grand Restigouche River. We had not met man, woman nor child *en route*. The time was early in September when autumnal leaves were in their brightest colors. A flock of flappers had for several days been driven on in our front, as we passed up the river, and this flock had been daily increasing in number of birds. One morning we were having our swim in the river, when the peculiar noise of a canoe-man's pole was heard up stream ; soon the voyager had disturbed the flock of flappers, and in an instant we were surrounded by countless frightened birds. We had but time to seize our guns, and in our lightest " marching order," a battue commenced such as was never seen or heard in a "hot corner" in pheasant shooting season. When the astonished canoe-man appeared on the scene (he naturally imagined that he had suddenly come upon a wild tribe of white-skins), we had laid out a long string of fine fat flappers on the river bank. I need only add that on that day our dinner was not limited to the usual fare of trout and salmon, pork and partridge.

The advantages of a round trip such as this we are taking become more apparent as we approach the source of some great river. The life of luxury in a club house, to which we have already referred, at no great distance from the river mouth, with perhaps one or two salmon pools only at your disposal, which can only be fished in the early morning or in the evening, is a life of comparative idleness, and can scarcely be called "having a good time" in the best sense.

On the other hand, when on a round trip, changing camp daily, there is varied sport, varied picturesqueness, and each day brings fresh enjoyment. This was our experience, and all too soon we arrived at "the portage."

It must be said that the approach to the portage, after you leave the main Restigouche River and enter the Wagan stream, is by no means easy and attractive ; the stream is narrow and overhung with alder bushes ; we had frequently

to resort to the ax to chop out bushes to allow the canoes to pass up stream. The longest journey, however, comes to an end, and there was a shout from the leading bowman, "Here we are! The portage!" Here fresh difficulties met the novice. He found that it was not sufficient to become proficient in the art of wielding pole and paddle. Here he had to "take up his boat and walk"—walk for three miles—a tortuous passage from source of Wagan to that of Wagancis, there to embark *en route* for Grand and St. John rivers to Bay of Fundy, a round trip of some hundred miles.

That three-mile portage has yet to be done. A Micmac canoe is no light weight. I lift the thing on my shoulders; I move on a few paces, oh, how slowly! I stop; I place it gently on the ground, oh, how gently! I sit down only to admire its structure, its proportions—its weight is none the less—and this weight has to be borne on unwilling shoulders, over three miles of road, so-called. Roads indeed! We only saw "rocks, knolls and mounds confusedly hurled," with slush and mud and dismal swamps.

Would that I could reduce the weight of this graceful Micmac canoe! Would that I could balance it on my shoulders without regard to the picturesque, only thinking of physical endurance.

My pride at acquiring skill as a canoeist has fled to the winds. I am a mere beast of burden.

But the "longest lane"—can this be one?—has its turning. Toward evening of a long and weary day the "glad waters" of the Wagancis are in view. The burden is laid down for the last time. There is neither song nor story on that night to "welcome the coming guest," nor spruce bough couch—nor sheltering tent. Wearily we sought "nature's sweet restorer" 'neath hemlock tree—nor sought we it in vain.

The beauties of the St. John River—the Canadian Rhine—have been referred to by me in previous notes. But just as you cannot see the glories of the European Rhine at such a place as Bonn or on lower Rhine generally, and have to ascend to the Seven Mountains, St. Goar, or Bingen, so you must proceed up the Canadian Rhine to see its beauties—on the principle pointed out by Ruskin—"The spirit of the hills is action, that of the lowlands repose, and between these there is to be found every variety of motion and of rest."

As you ply pole or paddle down this grand St. John River, when you have left behind "wilderness and solitary place," and as you pass picturesque village and smiling farm it is your never-ceasing thought, "here is the place for the emigrant and sportsman; here he can lead a life of comfort and usefulness, and use rod and gun to his heart's content." Fredericton, 4th May, 1897.

BLIGHTED LOVE.**A SERIAL SERIOUS MILITARY STORY.**

By Gee Dexter, author of "Wandering Willy," "Musings in the Dry Room," &c., &c.

CHAPTER I.

IT was a bright and balmy day in March, such a day as we often experience in our beloved country, when the very atmosphere seems laden with the elixir of life, and nature herself, buoyed up with the hope of Spring, is well nigh ready to burst her wintry bonds, and break out into new life, like a rash on the face of a blooming infant. A gentle and verdant zephyr had been whispering from the north-east for about 27 hours, and not more than 15 feet of snow had fallen. Perhaps at times there might be just a trifle too much climate in Fredericton, but still the ordinary routine of the Garrison of the Royal Regiment of Canadian Marine Light Infantry was not in the least interfered with, no fear. Things went on the even tenor of their way, and you can bet an even tinner, they will still continue going. It was afternoon. The troops in Garrison had just been dismissed off parade by Lieut.-Col. Bayers, the Commanding Officer, and numbers of the men, clad in the neat but serviceable winter dress of the Regiment, might be seen wending their way from the Barracks to the Married Patch, or to the Canteen (grocery-side), or to the Library, to indulge in the National Game of Donkey, free from the unavoidable hub-bub and disturbance of a Barrack Room. The Sentry on the plank was walking in a brisk and soldier-like manner, and paying the proper compliments, and the silence of the guard-room was unbroken, save from the occasional ringing of the Telephone Bell, and the merry gambols of the rats, trying to drag a two pound loaf of bread through a knot hole in the scantling. The men on guard loved to play with the rats (with a poker), but the rats did not like playing with the men on guard. It was too erratic. The general peace was not even disturbed, by the rehearsing of the Minstrel Troups or by the Sergeants playing curling,—in fact, we might as well emphatically state that the peace was not disturbed at all.

The two Company Officers on parade that afternoon, Captain Boileau and Lieut. Marsh, went to their quarters after the Company had been dismissed, but it could be seen from their angry gesticulations and scowling looks, that everything was not O.K. between them. Capt. Boileau was a soldier, every inch of him, standing over six feet in his socks,

with a profusion of dark brown curly hair, and with that faraway look on his placid features, which denotes high breeding. In fact, you might say he was aristocracy personified. Popular with the men and a strict disciplinarian, he seemed fitted by nature to command,—in other words, made to order. Lieut. Marsh was some five years his junior, and the pet and beauty of the Garrison. His winning ways and genial disposition had won for him the nickname of Plum-Jaw, because he was so sweet. He had a complete grasp of the technique of his profession, and in addition was a well-known athlete, he having won the open five miles running Championship, at the January sports of the Fredericton Depôt of the Salvation Army.

On arriving at his quarters, Capt. Boileau flung himself down with easy grace into a capacious arm-chair (Amont's Furniture Store, 12 dollars cash), while Lieut. Marsh stood erect on a handsome tiger-skin rug, the skin of an animal shot by the Captain while on active service in Oromocto.

"Understand, for the last time, Marsh," said Capt. Boileau, "I love Mariar-Ann Muldoon, and mean to marry 'her; and if ever I find you out at any underhand work, I will have your life's ber-lud."

"Look here Boileau," replied Lieut. Marsh, "you may feel heated about this, but there is no need for you to boil over. I am going to marry Mariar-Ann myself, as sure as my name is Witty Henry."

"You marry her! cried the Captain with flashing eyes, and body drawn up to its full height. Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! it's enough to make a cat larf to listen to your foolery. Why, Miss Muldoon wouldn't look at your face."

"Well," said Lieut. Marsh, "when sht looks at you she can't see a face. I will not pretend that I love Mariarann, but I will marry her from motives of r-r-r-r-revenge."

"Revenge," replied Capt. Boileau, "jealously you mean. I could see how cut you were when I escorted Miss Muldoon home from the last Muffin Struggle and Bun Fight the Epworth League gave in the Methodist Church. I hear, by the way, that you have become a teacher in tht Methodist Sunday School; but it will not avail you anything. Rather than see the flower of the Muldoons married to you, I will bthold her wallowing in her gore, on her father's dust bin, by the great horn spoon! I will!"

"Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!" chuckled the Lieutenant, "time will show. I must leave you now, Boileau. Keep your wool on, and beware, also be wary, for be where you may, I will sperflicate you, you buck-wheat slug. Tremble when you hear the number 2805, and the cypher Bxtr.

With these words Lieut. Marsh left the room, closing the conversation and the door, at the same time. The feelings of Capt. Boileau can better be imagined than described, therefore, it would be tommy-rot to start on the job. Suffice it to say that the number 2805 and the cypher Bxtr kept rushing through his brain like water down a sink. At length dismissing the matter from his thoughts he lit a cigarette and went into the ante-room.

(To be continued.)

- (Look out for a startler next Number.)

FLEECHY.

ME had a variety of card games in the little up-country station of Chin-kin. When there were two in headquarters we played piquet ; three, whist with a dummy ; four, whist ; five or six, poker ; seven, loo, or some other variety of skittles.

And seven was the gross European population. No ladies.

Chin-kin prided itself on its poker play. It honestly and consistently fleeced every stranger who sat down with it. So that in time Chin-kin acquired a reputation.

Inspecting officers entered the station with apprehension, for at the poker-table Chin-kin respected no man, not even a Brigade-Surgeon-Lieutenant-Colonel with a Civil Medical Administration.

A man from Chin-kin, Mokely, went down to Rangoon on leave. He joined a poker-table.

"Ever played this game before?" inquired a Brigade-Surgeon-Lieutenant-Colonel in a superior manner.

"A little," replied Mokely, with a dangerous humility that conceals conscious superiority.

"Where?"

"At Chin-kin.

The table sat tight with one accord, and Mokely got no satisfaction.

They of Chin-kin heard the tale with complacency. High play, hard play, fast play, and straight play, that was their game, and they knew it, and in their heart of hearts would have challenged the world.

Then Fleechy arrived, and they discovered that they were amateurs, the merest *dilettanti*. His name was Giovanni Felice, but we soon learnt to call him Fleechy, and felt ourselves to be linguists.

In after years, when we were asked whether we knew Italian, we would reply: "A little; but rather out of practice, you know." Then we would mention Felice, calling him Fleechy; and we would hum, in an abstracted, casual manner: "*Son felice, son beato*"; and our reputation was secure.

He came up with an expedition in 1886. He had intended to proceed as far as the ruby mines, but having sprained or, as he himself expressed it, "strangulated" his ankle, he decided to remain at Chin-kin.

And he proceeded to make money.

When I say make money I mean it. He had the faculty of creating business; he would have created a flourishing business in the salt-bush; he could have made his pile in a ghetto.

He was sixty, and fat and gouty. He had considerable difficulty in signing his name. And in small matters he was selfish with the highly developed selfishness of old age. But he spent his money like a gentleman and among gentlemen, and in course of time we learnt to like him, to admire him—even to revere him.

When first I saw Fleechy, he was seated on the verandah of the little hut which served us for a club-house. He had been much impressed by the temerity of a young civilian who had consigned a Major-General to a hotter place than Upper Burma.

"'E only twenty years old, an' e' tell-a ze General, 'Go to ze devil.' 'E will rise, that youngster, I assure you. 'E say to ze General, 'Go to ze devil.' My Goth! I tell you 'e will-a rise!"

"Cheeky young swine!" growled our Coloael. "Oughter been kicked."

Fleechy resumed tranquill—

"I ascend in ze transport steamaire. All ze Tommies 'e sleep-in' on deck. Such a croed-a Tommies you never see! Same like hairings in ze sea. One Tommie, 'e say, 'Jack, take your blooming-a feet out-a my mouth.' Heh! heh! heh!"

His wheezy old laugh set us all in a good temper.

"When I comin' down ze gangway to go ashore, a leetly Madrassee boy get in my way. Very leetly, only four years old, so black you nevaire see. 'E got no clothes on, except a tin heart, stamped Hepps' Cocoa.' So, I jomp to one side for not to step on 'im, an' so I strangulate my ankle. That is why I stop at Chin-kin."

Our feeling towards Fleechy was at first a somewhat contemptuous toleration. He was really too illiterate for anything, and his stories—well, for an old man, decidedly advanced. But his mind, a blank as regards book learning, was an encyclopaedia as regards human nature.

"W'at for you young men to marry for good looks, for lov?" he asked cynically one evening. "You should-a marry for monnaie. Zat is ze important. Zat is ze principal. By Goth, w'at is-a looks? 'Ansome or not 'ansome. It is all ze same, after a week. It comes *toujours ros bif*, an' you not find it amusing. I assure you. I done it myself."

We used to laugh at this sort of thing, being young men. A young man's soul deserts him for a space, and only comes home again when the home is swept and garnished. It is rare for a man to see

the home-coming of a man's soul. It is usually a woman who sees this phenomenon. But they who have seen it say that the man's face is as if he had met Jehovah on Mount Sinai; and that they are afraid to look on it.

The Colonel was the first to discover that Fleechy wore a mask.

One evening, on our little verandah, we spoke of women; good women and bad women—bad for preference, as there were more stories about them. Fleechy dogmatized with the usual coarse cynicism he affected.

"I know all 'bout it," he said peremptorily; "I marry five times. First I marry a young wife of my own country, of Italie. She die. Then I marry a French woman, wiz monnaie, and then I go to Japan an' marry a Japanese. Then I marry Eskimo."

"What?"

"Eskimo, I tellin' you. She come from Kamtchatka. I go to Vladivostock for to mek-a contract wiz ze Roosian Gouvernement. Not so bad, your Eskimo, but dirty. Now I marry a Burmese girl."

"You were very lucky to survive all these women," the Colonel observed, failing in with Fleechy's vein.

"But they are not dead!" exclaimed Fleechy. "I 'ave no 'ear zhat zhey die. Except my yong wife of Italie. She die. She die forty year ago. I never forget my yong wife of Italie, nevaire. You yong men should-a marry."

"There are no heiresses about here," the Colonel observed.

Fleechy's voice changed suddenly, and he spoke the thoughts that he had hidden for forty years.

"Marry for lov," he said fiercely, almost growling; "nevaire marry for money. My yong wife of Italie."

His voice broke, and his seamy, wrinkled old face twitched. He went into the card room. In a few moments we heard his cracked, strenuous voice—

"Com 'long an' play pokaire. W'at for to waste ze evening talkin'?"

The mask was on again; but it had once been dropped, and we did not forget it.

There could be no doubt that Fleechy towered head and shoulders above us at the card-table. We had talent, he had genius. He could have reduced us all to beggary in a week, and no man knew it better than himself. He learned our methods in five minutes. After we had gambled with him for a week our play was reduced to a feeble and frequently unsuccessful imitation of his. We imitated the magnificent audacity of his bluffs, but we could not imitate the marvellous shrewdness which inspired them. We imitated that inscrutable face, but the glassy stare, the steady hand, the voice that was never so unperturbed as when a year's pay lay on the turn of the cards; the diffidence which inspired us weaker players with confidence until we had backed our hands for ten times their value—

these were beyond and above us. We could only imitate, not initiate. We had not the secret of his play, simply because we had not the secret "*per esser Felice*." That was all the difference, and it sufficed us all. All, that is to say, except Mokely, who was a fool.

When Mokely lost at cards he attributed it to ill-luck. When he won he attributed it to his skill. So he never learnt anything. Mokely was one of those men whom it is customary to describe as a "dam good sort." He was big, and red, and noisy; he drank more than we did, but then, as he himself said, he was a bigger man and could hold more. His wife, who was in delicate health, lived in England, on the interest of six thousand pounds; her own property, but not settled on her in any way. Our Colonel knew her, and on the rare occasions on which her name was mentioned, he would speak of her as of a woman who deserved worship of all good men. How she ever came to marry Mokely—well, these are life's little ironies.

Some of us had found out, accidentally, that small remittances arrived to Mokely's address. The discovery was purely accidental. There had been an official inquiry into some post office accounts, and we had been asked, demi-officially, to render assistance in unravelling the complications. So that we saw some names and addresses, and we knew that Mokely was sponging on his wife, and that he was a cur. But it was customary to call Mokely a "dam good sort."

One evening we sat at our usual recreation. Mokely was inspecting an out-post fifty miles away, and we hardly imagined that he was likely to return that evening. The game proceeded lazily; and we conversed leisurely when not engrossed by our cards. The Colonel complained that he had discovered some rascality in the Commissariat.

"I wish I could lay hands on a real honest sergeant," he said somewhat hopelessly.

"Huh!" Fleechy grunted. "Wat you want wiz a honest man? Honesty is dam fine thing, but it must to be intelligent, or it will ruin you."

One of us questioned—

"Would you rather employ a rascal than an honest man?"

Fleechy's reply was emphatic, and founded on experience.

"Yes," he said. "Give me a rascal, and 'e will mek monnaie for me. Give me a honest man, an' 'e will ruin me."

"Don't you get cheated?"

"No man cheat me twice—*meraire*. If a man cheat me once, it is shame to him that he is a rascal. Bot if a man cheat me twice, it is shame to me that I am a fool."

"But you can't always be worrying your men," the Colonel objected.

"No, you cannot worry Tommee Atkins, or you get a bullet in

your back ze next battle. I tellin' you zese Tommies, 'e is some-thin' terreebl. Wen I a yong man, I go in China War to mekka photographie. We fightin' at Taku. Ze cannons an' balls come somethin' terrifique. I go right in front wiz my camera, and one Tommie, he say, 'Shoot-a ze bloody photographer!' I turn-a roun', an' I say, 'If you shoot-a me it will be ze devil to play.' I tell you 'e never shoot me, or I not be 'ere playin' pokaire."

"Play up, Fleechy; it's your bet," one of us interrupted im-patiently.

"Oh, I run away. I nevaire bet. I got nossing in my hand. No—wait a beet. I go a hundred better zan ze Colonel."

We threw down our cards simultaneously. Fleechy chuckled.

"I tole you I got nossing. Look at my cards. I bluff you. You yong men call yourself pokaire! Give me ze pool."

A moment later—

"I got news for you, Torre."

"Yes, old man; what is it?"

"American heiress. She is globe-trotter, lookin' for a 'usbin'. Comin' up to-morrow steamaire."

"What's that got to do with me?"

"She heiress, I tellin' you. Got eighty thousand dollars a year. And what a 'ansome. 'E got a moustache."

"The lady has a moustache?"

"Yes. 'E got a moustache. But wat ze odds for a moustache? You marry her, and in a week you not care if she 'ave a *barbe* a foot long."

"A *barbe*?"

"Yes, a *barbe*.—a beard, a whisker. You can peck it out wiz ze—what you call tongs, *n'est-ce pas*?"

"Oh, go on, Fleechy; we are not so dead broke as all that."

"Your bet, Fleechy."

"I bet five rupees."

"See you at five," said another.

"He's seen yer, Signor!"

We greaned at the Colonel's pun.

"What you makka noise for?" Fleechy inquired.

"I said, Signor, that he had seen yer."

Fleece shrieked with delight.

"*Ho, ho! hola! Monsieur le Colonel, il a fait un calembour.* Wat you call a pan."

"Not a pan, a pun."

"Pan or pun. It is all ze same. It is a *calembour*."

"I raise it a hundred," remarked the Colonel.

"O got nossing in my hand, I assure. But I so delighted wiz pan of Monsieir le Colonel, I go a thousand better."

We threw down our cards. We were not fools to be taken by this sort of thing.

"Heh, heh, heh!" Felice shrieked again gleefully as he showed us his cards. "I tole you I got nossing! Why you not believe me? I bluff you, bee-utiful. *Son felice, son beato*," he broke into a song from his favorite opera, as we handled him the pool.

It was always so with Felice. When he intended to win he treated us like so many children, and he won. Sometimes he would teach us, but not often, for he knew that it as impossible to teach a man to be a good gambler as to teach him to be a poet or a composer.

"*Coraggio*, gentlemen! W'at for to be afraid?" he would say encouragingly when we drew back from one of his inscrutable audacities. And it was noteworthy that when he dropped his mask and spoke thus he invariably lost. Those who know poker will know that it is a game in which to tell a lie in such a way as to make your opponent think you are telling the truth, or conversely, to tell the truth in such a way as to make your opponent think you are telling a lie, is of the essence of the game, and is counted honorable.

Poker is an honorable game in which the best liar wins.

Therefore Fleechy won; honorably, because he had the strongest backing of moral courage. Most of us have not sufficient courage to tell a good straight lie, or, indeed, to commit any manly sort of sin. But to return to the evening on which the Mokeley incident occurred.

We heard the patter of hoofs; then we heard Mokeley shouting for his groom; then Mokeley clattered into the room, spurs jingling.

"Hi! stand me a drink, somebody!" he shouted, a broad smile on his red face.

"Heh, heh!" old Fleechy wheezed in a paroxysm of delight. "Com'long, old boy. What a jolly! Let's all to stand him drinks and mek'im 'toxicate, eh? drunk, e'h? Then we rook him at pokaire. Heh, heh, heh!" his wheezy old laugh choked itself out.

"Make me drunk?" contemptuously. "I'd like to see you. Come on, room for a little one," and Mokeley elbowed his way into our circle.

The hands were already dealt, five cards to each player, before Mokeley entered the room. But he wished to begin at once, and took the next five cards from the pack.

My own hand was worthless, and I set myself to observing the other players. Fleechy on my left was scowling at his cards, frowning as if in perplexity. His little eyes shone under his shaggy grey eyebrows. His face told us nothing we could make use of. Mokeley picked up his cards, looked at them, and laid them down again at once. Then he looked round to see which of the players intended to stand against him. He picked up his cards again, and looked at them with an affectation of indifference; the affectation was sufficiently patent to all of us. Mokeley was no actor. We saw he held an unusually good hand, and everyone stood out except Fleechy.

Fleechy was also behaving in an unusual manner. His custom was to glance at his cards, and then to observe his opponents' faces. But on this occasion he kept his eyes fixed on his cards, and appeared to vacillate.

"Are you raising the pool, Fleechy?"

"Yes. I raise it five rupees."

"What are you doing, Mokely?"

"I'll come in at five rupees."

"Now," I asked—I was dealing—"do you want any cards?"

"No," from Fleechy.

"No," from Mokely.

"Oho!" said the Colonel. "Two pat hands. Now for a fight."

Mokely made the first bet, tentatively.

"I bet ten rupees."

Fleechy raised his eyes for the first time. He looked steadily at Mokely. The mask was off.

"You better not play," he said quietly.

The on-lookers knew at once that Fleechy meant what he said. But Mokely had a brilliant hand, and his judgment was upset.

"Why shouldn't I play, old stick-in-the-mud?"

"Because you will lose."

"You don't bluff me, you old fox! Will you raise my bet?"

Fleechy shrugged his shoulders.

"I 'ahe warn you. I go a thousand better. Will you see that?"

Mokely almost leaped off his chair with exultation. Then the onlookers knew that Mokely must have a practically invincible hand, and they pitied Fleechy.

"Ten thousand better!" shouted Mokely.

"I make it twenty thousand," Fleechy continued calmly.

"Thirty"—from Mokely.

"Forty"—from Fleechy.

"Fifty"—from Mokely.

"Sixty"—from Fleechy.

"Seventy"—from Mokely.

Then the Colonel interrupted.

"Mokely, you're not in my regiment, and I've no business to interfere; but you know you can't afford to pay that if you lose."

Mokely blazed.

"What do you mean, sir? I can afford to pay. I tell you I can! Do you wish to insinuate—"

"Never mind, never mind; I apologize. Go on," replied the Colonel; but if ever I saw an unhappy man I saw one then in the Colonel when he realized that Mokely was staking his wife's little fortune.

"Can't you stop it?" he whispered to me in agony.

"I object to this," one of the players said. "Our rule is that the pool shall not be raised more than one thousand rupees at a time. These bets go for nothing."

Mokely laughed an ugly sneering laugh.

"Oh, you want to save me, do you? I am not going to be stopped by any man, let alone a dam civilian. I tell you I can pay if I lose, and I also tell you that I am going to win."

Then the player who had remonstrated had an inspiration. He presented to lose his temper, and jumped to his feet, upsetting the table as if by a clumsy accident. Ash-trays, cards, glasses, counters were spilt on the floor. But Fleechy and Mokely had snatched up their cards from the table and sat there facing each other, ready to continue the betting.

"Eighty thousand," said Fleechy.

"Ninety," from Mokely.

"Ninety-five," from Fleechy.

"One hundred thousand," from Mokely.

Fleechy was never so calm in his life. He smiled an innocent smile.

"W'at a charming! A lakh of rupees? W'y, you will be rich man, eh? if you win? Eh? I see you at wan hunder' thousand rupees. Wat you got?"

"Straight flush," Mokely's voice trembled with triumph.

Fleechy smiled his placid innocent smile.

"Yes, w'at a jolly! W'at is your highest card?"

"King."

"Oh, I also 'ave straight flush, 'eaded by the ace."

He laid down his cards—slowly, one by one. The ace of hearts, the king of hearts, the queen of hearts, the knave of hearts, the ten of hearts. We leaned over the table to look at this marvellous combination.

But Mokely had left.

The Colonel gnawed his moustache. He would get into trouble himself over this, but he did not think of that. It was Mokely's wife he thought of.

"Good God, he's ruined!" he said half involuntarily.

"W'at you say? Mokely is ruined? W'y he bet if he cannot pay?"

"He can pay—he can just pay and no more, but it will take all his wife's fortune to do it."

Fleechy pondered for a moment. Then he growled like a tiger.

"Zee r-r-rascal! Ze dam r-r-rascal! To gamble his wife's monnaie."

"He'll have to leave the Service. He's over head and ears in debt," the Colonel added.

Fleechy pondered a moment longer. Then he leaned over towards me. He whispered.

"Say it was a joke. Tell Mokely we make joke wiz him. Tell 'im we 'ear your horse comin' up and we arrange the cards so that you get a straight flush. All for fun, so as to see ze betting."

"Then you will lose your money," the Colonel said.

"Damn ze monnaie! Go and tell him as I tell you. Tell him we mek joke wiz him. Queek! By Goth! look smart or you be too late."

I screwed up my courage and followed Mokely out.

"Mokely!" I called out into the dark.

No answer.

I walked down to where his horse was tethered. I can only tell you what I saw.

Mokely was pretending to tighten the girths. But the flap of his revolver pocket was undone, and the revolver was half-way out.

"Mokely, it was all a joke."

He made no answer, but he ceased hauling at the girths.

"We arranged the cards so that they might fall that way. We were all in it."

"By God!" he replied savagely. "I was just going to shoot myself. *Now*, I've a good mind to shoot you."

He returned to the card-room. We sat in silence while he heaped on us all the foulest language he had gathered in his not over-clean life.

And Fleechy? Fleechy, who was being abused as pickpocket, adventurer, sweeping of a Neapolitan gutter, offspring of—Fleechy sat there unmoved, with a calm smile on his face. His level strong eyes regarded the young man as a father might regard an angry, petulant child.

"All-a right, my dear boy. We say nossing more about it."

"You old blackguard, but I will say more about it. Do you hear me, sir"—he turned to the Colonel—"I'll publish it in every mess in India."

Fleechy's reply came back stern and strong.

"I 'ave given you one lesson—not to stand against me, is it not? Now I warn you a second time. You will go home, and you will say *nossing* more about it." He added gently, as by an afterthought: "For your wife's sake."

Mokely's eyes met Fleechy's, and the torrent of abuse died upon his lips.

The old man nodded and smiled. He continued gently, kindly: "For your wife's sake."

One swift shamefaced glance round the company, and Mokely understood. He turned on his heel and walked away in silence, humbled. For the first time in his life he had felt an impulse to hero-worship. And, although Fleechy was hardly the man whom most people would select as a type of the hero, there seems, nevertheless, some hope that Mokely will, under the guidance of old Fleechy, one day gain a right to be considered a "dam good sort." There is even a prospect of his soul coming home to stay.—*Leicis Torre, in The English Illustrated Magazine.*

RUSSIAN FIELD ARTILLERY.

IT is laid down in the Regulations for the Russian Field Artillery that shooting exercises are to be carried on during winter in the snow, and several batteries executed such exercises last winter, which were recorded in the *Invalide Russe*. In particular the practice of a light battery of the 29th Brigade claimed the principal merit. On the morning of the day appointed for the practice there was a heavy fall of snow, a keen wind, and a temperature 6° below zero (about 21 Fahr.). The march was very trying and so much delayed that the battery, instead of arriving at day-break, did not reach the practice ground—only 13 kilometres distant (a little over 7 English miles)—till 1 p.m. In the afternoon the weather improved; the snow-fall ceased, and the thermometer went up to 4° above zero (about 39° Fahr.). The entire number of rounds fired was 80, of which one-half were shrapnel. The objects aimed at were, at 1,000 metres, a line of men in extended order behind a snow rampart, and at 2,000 yards a battery protected by a breastwork, also of snow. The works were only extended to "mask" the guns and the men. The practice in the snow led to the following observations:—

1. When the guns are properly masked, accurate direction is almost impossible, for the outlines of the snow breastwork are entirely lost in the surrounding white. If, however, there should be any opening in the uniformly white work, which is distinctly visible, the laying is very much facilitated.

2. As the wheels of the guns sink gradually, and not uniformly, into the snow, the angle of inclination of the trunnions must be ascertained before every round, in order that the necessary correction may be made.

3. The recoil causes the trail to bore into the snow in such a manner that it is impossible to fire more than a few rounds from the same place.

4. It is necessary to ascertain whether the snow on which the trail rests is hard frozen on the surface or loose. In the latter case the elasticity of the snow will depend upon the temperature, and upon the length of time which has elapsed since it fell. On the hard snow the trail slides along the surface, while it bores its way gradually into loose snow. This is prevented by laying sand fascines or branches under the trail.

5. If the gun slides back on hard snow the recoil is twice as great as on ordinary ground. This causes much delay in the firing.

6. The clouds of grey smoke which arise from the bursting of common shell or of low-bursting shrapnel stand out against the uniform white of the snow, and this circumstance precludes observation. When percussion fuzes are used, however, this smoke is not seen on the moment of the burst, on account of the depths of the crater formed; it only appears after a certain time, and this may produce errors in the observation.

7. If the snow is hard frozen the projectiles do not penetrate, and common shell answers well for purposes of observation. But if in snow, shrapnel is to be preferred for purposes of ranging.

8. A low temperature and a moist atmosphere relaxed the burning of the fuzes.

9. When the cold is 5° below zero (28° Fahr.) and there is a keen wind, the fingers of the men of the gun detachment become stiff with touching the cold metal, and no accuracy in serving can be relied upon. If the thermometer falls lower still, it is desirable, even if the wind is only moderate, to discontinue the practice, as the results will not compensate for the expenditure of ammunition, and the men's hands and feet may be frost-bitten.

10. When snow is falling the fire should not be too rapid, as rapidity can only be allowed at the expense of accuracy, and the result may be to give confidence to the opponents, instead of discouraging them.

11. The march of a battery of field or horse artillery over ground without roads, or over roads covered with a thick snow-drift, is attended with great and irremediable difficulties. It is very trying, and after two or three days the best horses are entirely ruined. The only method of making the march easier is to put the guns and limbers on sledges.—*Deutsche Heeres-Zeitung*.

MILITARY EDUCATION.

Now-a-days a British subaltern must have the following qualifications: He must be a hotel-keeper, a wine and tea taster, a sanitary inspector, a tailor, a boot-maker, a judge, a lawyer, a surveyor, a builder, an autocrat of the breakfast—and dinner—table, a swordsman (?), a rifleman, a dealer in general stores, an accountant, a schoolmaster, a strategist, a tactician, a guide, philosopher and friend, and a cook.

The Broad Arrow.

MY FIRST GOAT.

(Continued).

AFTER the affair with the bear there was little or no conversation indulged in by our party, I consoled myself with the assertion (in Chinook), that the brute was too far away ("tenas siah"). I blamed Defosses for several things, and called Mr. Prettycock a "cultus tillicum" quite loudly, but the savage only grinned and steadily paddled away against the current, until we arrived at the base of the particular mountain, on the top of which goats were said to be jostling each other.

After our feed and a pipe we took stock of the top, which did not look so far away, really the height was between three or four thousand feet, a distance hardly worth mentioning on the level, but try it straight up, in mid-summer. It took us exactly five hours next day, before we reached the snow line in the vicinity of which the goat loves to linger, therefore the warmer the weather the higher one must go, as these animals for some reason keep as a rule just about the snow limit.

A trip of this kind in summer, heavily loaded as one must be with the necessaries, is the hardest kind of work, for the climbing is most difficult, and in many cases dangerous. I have had one way and another, at various places in Canada, hard work on many hunting trips, but there is nothing to equal a British Columbia goat mountain. We had no tents, simply our eatables, blankets and waterproof sheets, with these when we did get on top we proceeded to make a camp. This operation did not take long owing to the few articles in our possession; however, what there was, we laid out and proceeded to partake of our "muck a muck," which is Prettycock's Chinook for food. I got out the bacon and tea, and while I was arranging the different courses, my two "aids" proceeded up the side of a neighboring rock to collect what few old sticks they could in order to "mamuck pia" (make fire). I remember being engaged in opening a tin of condensed milk as I stood among the "icktah" (baggage) when, as Rider Haggard says, a strange thing happened,—that is, I was aroused by a shower of falling stones, and looking up I certainly saw a strange thing coming towards me. I can't describe the awkward creature that was bounding down the slope, and coming straight for me, in the most foolish and idiotic manner, but something told me I was being introduced to "my first goat." I first became aware that it was a goat, from the delicious and geranium-like odor (hyas hum) that preceded him. In former days, when my nose was good,

I can recollect the scent of the common or garden billy that used to graze, and still does for all I know, under the Quebec citadel, where poor dear Mr. Montgomery fell; but this aroma was faint when compared with that which floated in advance of this creature. As I never yet ran away from a smell, I stood firm, till the beast actually ran up, and stopped within twenty feet of my shoes, which I had removed for the day; these stopped him. I have often thought since, that had my No. 11 not been in the way, an accident might have happened, but as it was, the goat glanced at the articles strewed about as being unsuited to a mountain top, but the boots appeared to quite unhinge a beast whose brains at the best of times are muddled. Consequently his small and senseless eyes became glued to the upturned soles of my boots. While he was sizing them up I thought of my Winchester and the object of the expedition. A "chee chaks" (a tenderfoot) would have dropped the tin of milk and bounded for his gun, but my residence in B.C. and associations with real estate men had made me cautious, so I began a slow and careful reach for the rifle that was but a short distance away, like a careful Tom Cat I crept on and without disturbing the goat in his first study of my well-known foot gear. I got my grasp of the Winchester; had I persevered in my stealthy actions, possibly the Billy might have gone off in a hypnotic sleep ("tenas moosom"), but the touch of the rifle caused me to lose my head, and I pumped in a cartridge like lightning, which excited action aroused my friend the goat into action also, and he started right on his course. I declare he actually brushed my leg as he went past straight for the edge of the cliff, his ungainly actions made it difficult to get the sights on him, especially as he was end on, and the wrong end at that; but just as he took his final plunge he raised his tail; whether he waved it in derision, or whether it is the nature of the animal to do such things when they jump, I don't know, but at any rate I seized the opportunity to fire. I rushed to the edge to see a mass of white hair being tossed from rock to rock till he finally fell 1,500 feet below, dead ("mamaloost"). We found him next day, nothing left but the smell, both horns were broken and his skin too much cut up to be of any use whatever.

I am quite certain he was killed by my bullet and not by his fall, at all events I like to think so; we could not find the hole where the wound was inflicted; however, I had a consultation with Prettycock, and after he had studied the position of the goat as I last saw him in life, he came to the conclusion that the goat died from a bullet that entered his body

somewhere near the tail, in Chinook ("copa yaka w. llus memus").

Thus I procured my first goat. During the next few days when the presence of many goats cooled me off a bit, I did some good shooting, and when I returned with the skins and heads of ten I felt myself qualified as a "skookum man."

"FOGGY".

DEPOT NEWS.

WINNIPEG.

The weather up here has taken its annual jump from winter into summer, and 90° in the shade has cast the memory of five months' frost and snow into the dark shades of oblivion. Our season of Hockey and Curling proved very successful, the chief features being the trip to Regina, where the N. W. M. Police and local teams were duly taken into camp.

FOOTBALL.

Rugby football has also its brief spring season, and honors are easy with a win from the Bankers and a loss to the Winnipegs.

CRICKET.

Cricket is now in order and the new pitch will be available for use. Numerous dark——are supposed to exist among the recruits who have joined since last season, and two good elevens will be in the field this year.

Winnipeg is essentially a cricket town, with four strong Senior Clubs, several Juniors and an association embracing all the local Public Schools.

CYCLING.

The Squadron has now over twenty bicycles, and their use will not be confined to recreation only. Maps of the country and roads as far as the American frontier have been procured for the Men's Reading Room, Sergeant's Mess and Orderly Room, and a systematic plan of reconnaissance is being prepared for the season. The dry Spring will make the roads fit for Cycling at least five weeks earlier than last year.

TENNIS.

On Arbor Day the Regimental Courts were opened with a match between the R.C.D. and the Attached Officers, the R.C.D. winning by two straight sets.

POLO.

The splendid game of Polo has at last been inaugurated in Winnipeg, and the Officers of the Squadron will be well represented. The C. O's pony "Tim" is an expert at the game, having acquired his knowledge in the North West Territories.

ROUTE MARCH AND CAMP.

All ranks are looking forward to the plans being arranged for the Summer work after the completion of Squadron training. They include a route march to Portage La Prairie and as far as Lake Manitoba, the regular Musketry Camp at Kildonan, and a fortnight of reconnaissance and outpost work at Lower Fort Garry.

THEATRICALS.

Several friends of the Squadron are assisting the production of "Man Proposes" and "Dearest Mamma," in aid of the Regimental funds. Among those taking part will be:— Mrs. Kirby, Mrs. Phillips, Mrs. Holloway, Miss Gouin, Major Arnold, Dr. Hervey Smith, Major Evans and Captain Williams.

JUBILEE.

The Jubilee representative fever has been raging fiercely among the Militia corps of this Province, but the Royal Canadian Dragoons sit tight, say nothing and hope for the best.

According to the press the R.C.D. will send a contingent of light, and we take it for granted that they will be equally divided between A and B Squadron. In case of emergency, however, the whole Squadron like Barkis will be found "willan," if the opportunity offers.

LONDON, ONT.**NO. 1 REGIMENTAL DEPOT R.R.C.I.**

It is with great regret that we have to chronicle the death of the St. Bernard dog, who was the subject of a few remarks in these columns in our last issue. The supposition is that a bone stuck in his throat, and caused him to act in such a manner as to give everybody the impression he was "dotty on the bun." He dashed through the archway at one o'clock one morning, startling the sentry into almost dropping his rifle, and when he finished his erratic course it was through the instrumentality of a "cop" who ended our canine's promising career with a bullet from his revolver. As it would have necessitated a large fatigue party to bury the animal, the troops kept "mum" as to the ownership of the dog, until sufficient time had elapsed to enable the City Corporation to perform the last sad rites. When Jerry shuffles off this mortal coil we are going to establish a precedent, and the Company marching through the streets will be headed by the Quarter Master Sergeant's "harmless necessary cat."

No. 4 Section is nothing if it is not enterprising, but the entertainment advertised under the auspices of this distinguished unit last February was not patronized as it should have been. The attraction billed was a lecture on the North West Rebellion, by Pte. Moore, illustrated by views shewn by a Magic Lantern manipulated by Pte. Faryon. Pte's Horspoole and Donohue were sworn in as usher and doorkeeper respectively. The main object of this entertainment was to raise funds for the massacred Armenians, and as there was a large number of attached men in Barracks, it was incidentally intended to get their dimes and to astonish the bucolic mind; but the dimes did not materialize and the bucolic mind was not astonished a little bit, for the simple reason that they did not attend! The proceeds of the entertainment were not large, but varied; it consisted of one dollar in the silver coin of the realm, two street car tickets, one three cent postage stamp, four coppers, three beer checks, and two cigarettes. In addition to the above named emoluments we had the promise of an attached officer to pay his admission fee; but as the stock of his Battalion is at a heavy discount on the market, we found the promise was not a marketable commodity, and it has been charged to the profit and loss account. The subject of the Rebellion was handled in a masterly way by the lecturer, shewing that he knew

nothing whatever about the subject. The inimitable manner in which he gave decidedly secular explanations of the scriptural views shewed that his Biblical education had been sadly neglected.

The entertainment could not be called a howling success, as at every third view thrown on the sheet, the lamp glass had to be removed and cleaned by the operator. It is needless to say that the Armenians are getting such a superfluity of adipose tissue on the proceeds of the performance, that we shall soon have to repeat it to enable us to defray the expense of a case of Anti-Fat.

"J-jee-jers-cries, dat rink was all right, see, I tell yer right now, see." That is what Breezie said, and I guess Breezie knows what he is talking about when he is awake! Of course, it is folly to suppose a man knows what he says in his sleep, although there are some people in No. 2 Company who know it all asleep or awake; but that is neither here nor there, but at Point Levi Camp. However, I am digressing. There is no doubt about it we did have a splendid rink during the winter months, owing to the strenuous exertions of Corporal H. Millie, who, with the same public-spirited enthusiasm that animated him when he fired the salute on New Year's Eve, equalled that achievement when he made the rink in our back yard, which was the resort of the youth and beauty of both sexes in propitious weather. There were a great many learning the poetry of motion on skates, and their experiences will prove valuable additions to the world of astronomy and phrenology, as stars, to which Herschel and Ward have long been utter strangers, were seen in great numbers. Bumps, that would have puzzled Professor Fowler to name, were developed at a moment's notice, but up to the present have not been christened, unless the ejaculations at the time of their manufacture will suffice. We think that the Damativeness (with a big D) bump is a stranger to most phrenologists. A propos of big D's, I might say that anyone wishing to get ideas on the latest fads in profanity could easily have done so on our happy rink at the rear of the East wing of the barracks. On guest nights it was amusing to see the satisfied manner in which Tupper had his loins girded and lamp burning when he went to meet—his girl. However, the warm weather put an end to our festivities on the ice, but, "What cannot be avoided 'twere childish to lament or fear."

We are taught to be thankful for little chips of mercy and we are indeed grateful that our new service caps arrived simultaneously with the news of the Corbett-Fitzsimmons

fight in Carson City. No doubt in some communities the after-talk of the "mill" was positively nauseating, but we were too busy trying on our caps and making definite arrangements as to the exact number of hairs upon which they were supposed to sit. About fifty new looking-glasses were introduced into Barracks, on the day following the issue of the new head dress, and we are informed by a credible witness, that some of the gentlemen in No. 3 Section slept in their new caps for the first few nights following their distribution. As we were supplied with new pattern serges about two weeks afterwards, the photographers have been working overtime ever since, developing the counterfeit presentment of the troops. "We toil not, neither do we spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of us."

At the end of March, the winter short course took their departure in all stages of dress and undress uniform. One gentleman was observed getting on the cars with a big black valise of a decidedly agricultural appearance in one hand, a carpet bag in the other, and a pair of long boots slung around his neck. This equipment knocks the spots off the new Merriam equipment both for style and ease. Nevertheless, the attached were completely master of their drill when they left, shewing that the sore throats of the instructors had not been acquired in vain.

Everyone received with regret the news that an order had come from Headquarters for the discharge of Hosp-Sergt. McCulloch, who was unfortunate enough to lose the sight of an eye in the execution of his duty last camp, and has been pronounced medically unfit for service. It is the sincere hope of everyone in the Depôt that he will obtain some compensation for the injury sustained in the service, or at least a berth in some one of the Government offices which from time to time fall vacant.

The Athletic Association re-organized for the season with the following officers:—

Honorary President, Lt.-Col. Smith.
President, Capt. J. D. R. Hemming.
Treasurer, Col.-Sergt. Cooper.
Secretary, Pte. L. L. Moore.

and a Committee composed of Corp. R. Davies, Ptes. Cox, Evans, Hall and Faryon.

As the meeting was a remarkably enthusiastic one, we anticipate a successful season.

Colonel Smith has been having a very onerous position lately. He has been what Gilbert termed in the Mikado, a "Poo Bah." First he is District Officer commanding; secondly, Commandant of the Royal School of Instruction for Infantry. To these arduous duties, and how arduous they are only those who have been there know, have been added that of the officer commanding No. 1 Co. of the R.R.C.I., the duties of Adjutant, the duties of Officer commanding the attached unit, and the duties of the Subalterns of the Regiment. Luckily he had the Sergt. Major to assist him! The reason of this is that Lt.-Colonel Vidal proceeded to England on duty; Captain Denison also proceeded to England on duty; Captains Hemming and Carpenter and Major Wadmore were at the R.M.C. attending a long course. Shortly after, however, Captains Thacker and Pearce were detailed from No. 2 Depot to assist Colonel Smith.

It is understood that Capt. Pearse will be in charge of a Cavalry School, which is to be opened for the benefit of the Western Cavalry, on the 1st May.

We have much pleasure in informing our readers that Lieut.-Colonel Vidal has recently had an addition to his domestic circle in the shape of a dear little baby girl.

Our warmest congratulations must be conveyed by means of these notes to No. 4 Co., who are doing duty with the Berkshire Regt., at Halifax. We know from happy experience that the Berkshire have the loan of three first class officers, socially and professionally, and a first class company of N. C. Officers and men of a similar stamp. For this purpose, for service, with Imperial troops, we bear the grand cypher, V.R.I.

Lieut.-Colonel Maunsell, Commanding, inspected the Company and Barracks, on the 19th and 20th of April. He expressed himself as delighted with all he saw, and declared that the Barracks were truly up to date, and the Company d'te.

TORONTO, ONT.

No. 3. REGIMENTAL DEPOT, R.C.D, AND R.R.C.I.

On the 9th of May, the Batoche Column Association celebrated the 13th Anniversary of the Sunday previous to the capture of Batoche. About one hundred and twenty-five members marched to the monument in the Queen's Park. Among those present were Lt.-Col. Buchan, Grasett, Mason, Dawson, Deputy Surgeon General Ryerson, Major Cartwright, Heakes, Manley, Harston, Hay; Captains Gibson, Curran, Leslie, Campbell, Grace, Brown and Grant.

On reaching the monument, which has been erected to commemorate the memory of those who fell at the Battle of Batoche, the members formed around it, and were addressed by Lieut.-Col. Buchan of the Royal Reg. of Canadian Infantry. In the course of his remarks he said: They had met on this quiet Sunday afternoon to decorate the monument erected by their generous friends to perpetuate the memory of their comrades who had fallen by their side or who had died of their wounds. It was gratifying to see so many old comrades present, and to see that so many ladies and gentlemen had taken such an interest in the occasion and had come there to assist by their sympathy and good-will. The monument which commemorated the patriotism and self-sacrifice of the men of '66 was annually decorated, but this was the first occasion on which they had been able to do like homage to their comrades of the Northwest, as the monument had been recently erected. Now they had made a commencement, and it was the intention, so long as there were enough of them left, to come there every year to keep green the memory of the men whose names were engraved on the tablets of the monument. His memory carried him back twelve years exactly, to the Sunday when, at that very time in the afternoon, some of them out on picket duty towards the church, the school-house and the graveyard; some off to the left by the river; some in the zereba, exchanging shots with the rebels. Rev. Mr. Gordon, the chaplain of the 90th, called such of them as could gather together for a brief service, and the colonel described vividly the impromptu service, which was rudely interrupted by the volleys of Riel's men and the call to arms. It was a very different scene to-day. All was peace and contentment; but it was well to consider in time of peace the possibility that existed of the outbreak of war. They should be prepared for emergencies. The Northwest rebellion broke out with great suddenness. Not much more than a year ago, like a bolt from the blue sky, came the message which brought us to the edge of war, when Great Britain stood, in

her splendid isolation; with the other nations snarling at her. Thank God, the danger had been averted, but it showed the necessity which existed for preparedness of war. The present outlook, he reminded his hearers, is none too promising for the continuance of peace, and he recalled the words of Sir Richard Cartwright, the Acting Minister of Militia, at the meeting of the Dominion Rifle Association a few days ago, that circumstances might arise at any moment which would call for the service of the Canadian militia. Canadians have always done their duty as soldiers, and they will do it again if necessary; but how much better could they do it if there has been preparation beforehand. How much suffering and privation, how much ill health, how many lives, how much expense to the Government could be spared if proper preparations were but made in time of peace! He hoped that the Government, the Parliament and the country would realize that the spirit of war is rife on this continent, as well as in Europe, and that at any moment Canadians might be summoned to do their part to maintain the integrity of the Empire and for the flag which waved over them.

Deputy Surgeon-General Ryerson, said that this was a shrine dedicated to the memory of the men who had served in the Northwest, and that he hoped that as the years went by there would still be a band found to do honor to the occasion. The bitterest thought about death was that a man would be forgotten, and they should see to it that the men who sacrificed and jeopardized their lives were not forgotten. The doctor then referred to the way in which Canadians had ever proved their loyalty, from the days of 1812 onwards; men were found when men were wanted.

This concluded the speaking and the members closed around the statue, depositing wreaths and flowers upon it. "God Save the Queen" was sung with great heartiness, led by Col. Buchan, after which the assemblage dispersed.

It is reported that the troubles in the Queen's Own Rifles (2nd Batt.) have at last been definitely dealt with, the removal of Lieut.-Col. Hamilton having been decided upon. If he applies for it, he will be placed on the reserve list of officers, otherwise on the retired list.

The Church Parade of the 48th Highlanders took place on the 25th of April. Notwithstanding the day was wet and dreary, the corps mustered 400 strong.

The Queen's Own are going to Windsor for the Queen's Birthday, having accepted an invitation to that town. They are drilling weekly, and the muster is always over six hundred.

KINGSTON, ONT.

"A" FIELD BATTERY R.C.A.

Lt.-Col. Drury has been away on District duty for the greater part of the week ending May 9th. Capt. Burstall has been doing "ditto" for Lt.-Col. Cotton this week.

Capt. Cooke has been enjoying a well-earned holiday in Ottawa, where, as usual, he has added a number of names to his list of friends.

We are shortly losing one of our officers as a "Dining member" of the mess; he is resigning all further claim as a member to the "Order of Benedicts," notwithstanding the "would-be regulation" laid down in a previous issue of this valuable little periodical by a certain writer who designates himself as "N." We wonder if this gentleman imagines that he has the monopoly of resigning all claim to the above named order, as we believe he is on the "married list" and therefore not such a "hero" as the officer referred to, who has not, neither will have for some time to come, the advantages accruing from the privileges of being placed upon the list of individuals that "N" so nobly represents. We wish the officer the best of "good luck" in his newly found happiness.

Our mess is rather gay just now, and how could it be otherwise with such a representative list of names of the gallant "Sons of Mars" as those recorded below:—

- Major Wadmore, R.R.C.I.
- Capt. Hemming, "
- " Chinic, "
- " Carpenter, "
- " A. T. Ogilvie, 3rd Field Battery C.A.
- " Collins, 2nd Reg. C.A.
- Lieut. Darwall, 66th Batt.
- " Beatty, 21st Batt.
- " Layborn, 1st Hussars.
- " Uniacke, 66th Batt.
- 2nd " Gray, 3rd Reg. C.A.
- " Bell, 22nd Batt. "
- " Street, 10th Batt. "

Perhaps it may be interesting to some of us to note that never since the inauguration of the "Long Course" of study at the R.M.C. has there been such a representative class of officers as that at present stationed here. There are four officers of the Permanent Force of the Dominion, four officers who are going up for examination previous to entering the Imperial Service, one qualifying for the Mounted Police, and the remainder to "satisfy their thirst after

knowledge." We have taken up a "sweepstake" as to who will head the list at the end of the examinations, and also as to which one will be the unfortunate individual who will take the "booby" prize.

It is not generally known that amongst the officers now attached for a "Long Course" we have a rising young English cricketer, and one who has made his mark in the greatest of all games across the "herring pond." We look for great things from him.

Mentioning cricket we are glad to be able to state that "A" Field Battery is reorganising its club, and we shall be able to hold our own against the local sportsmen in that line this season.

On May 1st a very successful smoking concert was given in the Officer's Mess, to which the Honorary members of the mess were invited; the room was cleared and a platform erected at one end of the room, upon which was a small table covered by "Un on Jack." Chairs were placed in groups of threes and fours. Col. Drury presided, the toast of the Queen opened the proceedings and everything went off particularly well. Let us hope that this is the first of a series of such events. It brings the members of the mess and their civilian friends together and breeds good feeling.

On Monday, the 22nd February, the Sergeants gave one of their always pleasant smoking concerts, a jolly programme was gone through, and it was well on to the "wee sma' hours" before the last guest made his departure.

Sergts. Wanless and Hamilton gave a dance in the library on the 10th which everybody who had the privilege of being there enjoyed exceedingly.

A surprise party was given at Trumpert Wirtz's quarters. Dancing was the order of the evening. A few other surprises are going to be given and everybody says "Who's next"?

The Sergts. of our Battery, have refitted up their gallant little steam yacht and she is now ready for the season. She has her name changed from "Whistle Wing" to V.R.I.

The Lone Star Club ran an excursion to Napanee and gave an entertainment at the Opera House, before a highly appreciative audience. A farce by the versatile Corpl. Simons was perhaps one of the funniest things that amateurs have ever produced. The papers spoke most highly of the entertainment and of the conduct of the "boys" during their short stay there, and assured them of a hearty welcome should they visit the place again. The C.O. has placed a room

in Barracks at the disposal of the members of the Lone Star Club, which has been beautifully decorated, and in which they hold their meetings and rehearsals. The last effort of the club for this season will be on Tuesday, May 18th, in the City Hall, when they are determined to excel their previous entertainments.

This club has been a huge success from the very start and it is a matter of gratification to know that we have such an exceptional array of talent in our Battery.

The ever popular "Jack Bramah" has given up his gunner's kit in exchange for that of a first class "Bobby." He certainly makes a model policeman, and when congratulating him a short time ago he said "Yes I like it very well, but catch on to the white collar, Sir."

It is with great regret that we have to record the death of Gunner Maxim; this poor chap was suffering for some time and despite Sur. Genl. Neilson's efforts, he had to "give in."

OTTAWA.

A Provisional School for the benefit of the officers of the 43rd Batt. was opened early in May, under the superintendence of Capt. MacDougall, R.R.C.I.

Lieut.-Col. Cotton has been given No. 4 Military District, in addition to his present command.

The Foot Guards have been drilling under the instruction of Sergt. Butcher, of No. 2 Co. R.R.C.I., and are being put into good shape.

Major-General Gascoigne has decided not to have any military review on the Queen's Birthday, the celebration to take place on June 21st, the Queen's Diamond Jubilee.

The Princess Louise Dragoons and the Field Battery are putting in some good work.

Lieut. Lowe, 43rd Batt., who was at No. 3 Regimental Depot, R.R.C.I., for a short course, has returned, having been successful in obtaining his certificate. He will shortly leave on the Hudson's Bay Survey.

The V. R. I. Club held its fourth annual meeting here on the 16th April, and dined together the previous evening at

the Rideau Club. Lt.-Col. Irwin, R. C. A., President, in the chair, supported by Sir Richard Cartwright, Acting Minister of Militia, and Major-General Gascoigne, G. O. C. Sir Richard made an excellent speech, in which he gave expression to his opinion of the value of the Militia force, not only to Canada, but to the empire. The times, he said, had a troubled look, and it was within the possibilities that those who listened to him might be called upon to cross swords with Britain's enemies. The event was a most enjoyable one.

ST. JOHNS, P.Q.

No. 3 REGIMENTAL DEPOT, R.R.C.I.

Col. d'Orsonnens, D.O.C. No. 6 Regimental District and Capt. Fages, Acting Adj., No. 3 Co. R.R.C.I., who were in Quebec conducting the examination of the Provisional Military School held there last winter, returned to the Depot on 17 inst., after an absence of over two weeks.

Drill Instructor Roberts of this Depot, who went to England this spring, is attached to the 93rd Highlanders at Aldershot.

Capt. Chinic is still in Kingston at the Royal Military College, for which place he left early in March.

Capt. Fisetle, of No. 4 Regimental Depot, has been in St. John's this month. We sincerely regret the cause which brought him here, viz., the severe illness of his child, and which has terminated in its death, and the poor health of Mrs. Fisetle. Capt. Fisetle has the heartfelt sympathy of the entire Depot

A draft of ten men from this Depot was sent to Frederickton, to make up the strength of No. 4 Company, previous to its exchanging with a Company of the "Berkshire" from Halifax. Letters from them at their new station state that they are quite at home among the Imperial troops.

Private Houghey, whose life was at one time despaired of, has improved so much that he is to leave for England early in June invalided. All hope that the voyage may still further improve him, and that he may live many years among his friends.

Quite recently a prominent Militia Officer of many years' standing, was on duty at this Depot. In the ante-room discussion took place regarding the new regulation sword, which he wore. To prove the incorrectness of a statement made, he drew the blade and was promptly fined the regulation bottle of champagne, which he paid. Such an incident has only occurred three or four times since St. Johns became a station of the Permanent force of Canada, one of the victims, we are informed, being the editor of our MAGAZINE.

We do not hear anything of a new flag pole. It is now over a year since the old one was blown down, since which time we have had to be content with a small flag staff at the Barrack gate.

The Cricket Club are busy at work practising, and hope to play many matches during the season. The first took place on the 8th of May with the Standard Club at St. John's and resulted in a draw.

No. 4159 Private Wm. Connolly and No. 5062 Private Schreves, R.R.C.I., left for Halifax, N.S., on the 15th May to attend a class of instruction in the use of the Maxim Gun. They will be attached during their stay, which will be about three weeks, to No. 4 Co. R.R.C.I., under Lt.-Col. Gordon, now doing duty with the Berkshire Regiment.

The reduced strength of the Depot, now numbering only 40 privates, has made duty very heavy, as we are without any attached to assist in ordinary garrison work.

The sidewalk from the town to the barracks is still in a very dangerous condition in many places, and will surely be the cause of accidents, unless attended to. During April the road to the barracks was such a quagmire of soft clay that drivers would not take their carriages over it. This was a cause of serious inconvenience.

Capt. J. C. McDougall, Adjutant of No. 3 Regimental Depot, R.R.C.I., is in Ottawa in charge of a Provisional School established for the Officers of the 43rd Batt. Capt MacDougall, late advices inform us, is to be adjutant of the Jubilee contingent, which sails on the 5th June by the "Vancouver."

Lieut.-Col. Maunsell, commanding Royal Regiment Canadian Infantry, inspected No. 3 Company at the Depot on the 22nd of April. He expressed himself in orders as

being greatly pleased with everything he saw, and privately, as being surprised at the number, who on being brought forward to drill the Company, acquitted themselves most satisfactorily. He also expressed his admiration of the perfect cleanliness of the Hospital, and excellent condition in which he found everything connected with it, which he said reflected the highest credit on Hospital Sergt. Cotton. He dined at mess in the evening with Lt-Col. d'Orsonnens and the officers of the Depot, and later left by Canadian Pacific for Frederickton, N.B.

Capt. Fages went early in March for a special course at Kingston, and after absence of about a month, returned to the Depot, having successfully passed his examination for 1st Class Long Course.

The Garrison Minstrel Troupe gave their last performance for the season on the 23rd of February. It was a great success, owing to the untiring efforts of the manager, Hospital Sergt. Cotton, and the Stage Manager, Private Lincoln. Surgeon Lt-Col. Campbell, made a stump speech which was greeted with great applause.

The annual meeting of the Garrison Cricket Club was held in the Barracks on the 21st April, and elected the following as officers for the season of 1897 :

Lieut. Col. Count d' Orsonnens, Patron.

Surgeon Lieut. Col. F. W. Campbell, Honorary President.

Major D. D. Young, President.

Capt. J. C. MacDougall, 1st Vice-President.

Capt. Chinic, 2nd Vice-President.

Capt. Fages, 3rd Vice-President.

Captain. Hospital Serg. Cotton.

Secretary Treasurer. Sergt. W. H. Magwood.

Sergt. Doxtader and Magwood have been in Quebec since the 26th of January, as Drill Instructor, to the Provisional Infantry School.

Corp. Clunie went to St. Therese on the 30th April, to act as Drill Instructor to the College Drill Association, and returned to the Depot on the 15th May,

The following officers are at present attached to the Depot for instruction, Lieut. Malette and D'Amour, 76' Batt. ; Lt.-Dufour, 83th Batt. ; Lts. McGregor and Gardiner, 50th Batt.

A Bicycle Club has been formed among the Garrison.

MONTREAL.

The Victoria Rifles of Canada have been putting in some hard work preparatory to their annual inspection, which takes place the end of this month. The Corps looks in splendid condition, and the musters have been very large. In this latter respect they set a good example to some of the other Montreal Battalions.

Lt.-Cols. Houghton and Roy have been appointed a Court of Enquiry to take evidence as to the cause of trouble in the Royal Scots of Canada. The Court sits almost every night from 8 to 11, and sometimes later, and already (May 15) the evidence taken and cross-examination fills over 150 pages of close typewriting.

The following Montreal officers are going to Great Britain with the Canadian Jubilee Contingent:—Lt.-Col. Burland, 6th Fusiliers; Lt.-Col. Labelle, Major Mackay, Capt. Pelletier, 65th Batt.; Capt. Courtenay, 6th Fusiliers; Major Hibbard, 2nd Reg. C. A.; Surgeon-Major Wilson, 3rd Field Battery.

Major Frenette continues to make slow, but sure progress towards recovery. It is hoped he will be able to resume at least partial duty early in June.

Lt. Col. Mattice, Director of Stores, who has been quite ill, is, we are pleased to say, convalescent.

The death by accident of Lieut.-Col. Sinton, late of the 6th Fusiliers, is deeply regretted. A great lover of the Militia and a good man, he could ill be spared.

The inspections of the 5th Royal Scots of Canada, and of the 65th Batt., will, it is said, not take place till the Fall.

The 3rd Field Battery, C.A., will go into camp at St. Helen's Island on the 15th of June.

The Corps of the 5th Military District will go into camp at Laprairie on the 29th of June, under command of Lieut.-Col. Houghton, D.O.C.

A letter was received the latter part of April by the commanding officer of one of the Montreal Battalions from the

Hon. Dr. Borden, Minister of Militia, dated at Boston, in which he re-expressed his desire to have a Permanent School of Instruction in Montreal, and his regret that his illness had prevented his bringing the subject before his colleagues. He intended doing so at the earliest possible moment, and had no doubt his views would be endorsed by them.

A team of eight men, a spare and a leader, of the 48th Highlanders, Toronto, under Major Henderson, were in Montreal on the 7th May, en route for England, where they are entered for six competitions at the military tournament, which opens at Islington on the 27th May. The men presented a fine appearance and were much admired. The cost of the team is estimated to be about \$2,000.00, towards which the Ontario Government have contributed \$400.00, and the City of Toronto \$500.00.

Major Costigan has assumed the command of the 3rd Field Battery, and his past work is a guarantee that his old Battery will soon be second to none.

Major Blacklock's retirement from the Royal Scots is deeply regretted by every well wisher of the Montreal Brigade, and must be a great loss to the Battalion.

The 53rd Batt. (Sherbrooke) is coming to Montreal to take part in the Jubilee celebration on 22nd June.

QUEBEC.

The R.C.A. celebrated the feast of "Merry England" by a dance at the Citadel, on St. George's Day, under the auspices of the R.C.A. Quadrille Club. The attendance was large, the music good, and those who assisted had a most enjoyable time, the dancing being interrupted at midnight by a most substantial supper. The committee in charge left nothing to be desired in their efforts to make all the guests feel at home.

Major Benson, Capt. Ogilvie, Company Sergt.-Major Fellows and Sergt. Lafleur, of the R.C.A., left on 9th inst., on their way to Woolwich and Shoeburyness, to undergo a garrison artillery course. They will be absent about five months.

Lieut.-Col. Montizambert has been instructed by the Dominion Artillery Association to make a report upon the probable cost of putting the ranges on the Island of Orleans in proper shape.

The rifle range at St. Joseph de Levis is to be put in order for shooting with the Lee-Enfield arm, so far at least as the 600 yards range is concerned.

Lieut.-Col. Montizambert, R.C.A., has been elected an honorary Vice-President of the Batoche Column Association of Toronto.

Sergt.-Major O'Grady, of "B" Field Battery, is at present engaged instructing the men of the Quebec Field Battery, and Sergt.-Instructor Bridgeford is doing a similar work with the Royal Rifles with success.

Qr. Master Sergt. Wood has been acting as Drill Instr. to the Trinity Church Boys' Brigade.

Capt. Panet, R.C.A., has taken over the duties of Major Benson as adjutant of the provisional school for infantry officers.

The new military law passed by the Colorado Legislature provides that the Colorado Guards may in future be composed of men and women. The bill has not yet been signed by the Governor, but there is little doubt that it will be.

This is a step in the right direction. How delightful it would be to lecture to a short course class composed of lady officers.

The R.C.A. Minstrels will give a performance in the Academy of Music next week.

FREDERICTON.**NO. 4 REGIMENTAL DEPOT, R.R.C.I.****THE R.R.C.I. MINSTRELS.**

On Thursday evening, Feb. 25th, the City Hall was filled with a large and appreciative audience, including Lieut.-Col. Maunsell, Lieut.-Col. Gordon, and the Officers of the Depot, the occasion being the Winter Performance of No. 4 Company Minstrel Troupe. For some weeks, strange noises from the Tailors' Shop, announced to outsiders that the Troupe was in commission and the Performance was one of the best that the Troupe ever put on. Of course, a Minstrel Show by No. 4 Co. Troupe is a Minstrel Show, not an apology, and when the circle undertakes to sing a chorus, that chorus is sung. The programme was as follows:—

Bass.

1. E. Bayers.
2. W. F. Nauffts.
3. R. McNeil.

Tambos.

1. F. Clinton.
2. H. Wakefield.
3. J. Cowling.

Opening Chorus.....	Company.
Song, "Don't Send Her Away".....	T. E. Baugh.
Song (comic), "Slew Foot Sal".....	E. Bayers.
Bass Song, "The Sergeant's Wedding".....	G. W. Wright.
Song (comic), "The Mississippi Nig".....	F. Clinton.
Song, "The Singer in the Gallery".....	D. Little.
Song (comic), "Cleanin' Silber in the Kitchen".....	T. Cowling.
Song, "A Mother is the Truest Friend of All".....	C. Sharman.
Checker-board Avenue Quartette.....	Finale.

SELECTION, ORCHESTRA.**E. BAYERS.**

Stump Speech, — — "De Good Man."

QUARTETTE.

T. E. BAUGH, Treble; D. LITTLE, Alto;
C. HINE, Tenor; G. W. WRIGHT, Bass.

MASTER P. GUNN.**CLUB SWINGING.**

W. F. NAUFFTS AND R. McNEIL.

CLOG REEL AND JIG SPECIALTY.

EUPHONIUM SOLO.—F. CLINTON.

T. E. BAUGH.—TOPICAL SONG.

SCENE IN DOCTOR'S OFFICE.

Dr. Cochran..... G. W. Wright.
 Fred Eurt (a smart youth)..... E. Bayers.
 Silver Shovel..... H. Wakefield.

T. NICHOLS.—VIOLIN SOLO.

FARCE.—THE BLACK SHOEMAKER,

OLD BROWN, the Shoemaker..... E. Bayers.
 BILL BROWN, a Tough Youth..... R. McNeil.
 CLEM, a Visitor when Meals are ready..... E. Murphy.
 RUFUS JOHNSON, a Suitor..... T. E. Baugh.
 MRS. BROWN..... W. T. Nauffts.
 JANE, her daughter..... W. Matheson.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

The opening chorus, "Touch me gently, Father Time," was one of the successes of the evening. Clinton and Little received encores for their songs, and the circle throughout was well arranged, and the voices properly balanced. The specialties all went well. Corp. Bayers stump speech being encored, the Quartette, "Louisiana Lou" likewise being repeated. Sergt. Nauffts's and Rory McNeil did a "poor one," in a manner that would be a credit to a professional Company. Clinton and Baugh both had to repeat their contributions, and Nichols played a difficult violin solo in first rate style. The usual farces concluded the entertainment. The Orchestra was selected from No. 4 Company Band and was conducted by the Bandmaster, Bugle Sgt. Offen, who arranged the music perfectly, and worked hard to make the musical portion a success. The members will now enjoy a well-earned rest, and the rest of No. 4 Co. will also have a rest, and will miss the sight of men prowling about in search of gags, local or otherwise. They will not be disturbed by Bayers' practising his Stump Speech or Wright trying to sing his song, or Cowling cleaning silver in the kitchen. It is to be hoped that the Troupe will keep together as much as possible, and show again in the Fall. Sgt. Nauffts is Manager and Treasurer, Cap. Ross, Interlocutor, and Lt.-Cop. Wright, and Treasurer; Cap. Ross, Interlocutor; and Lee-Cop. Wright, Secretary.

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