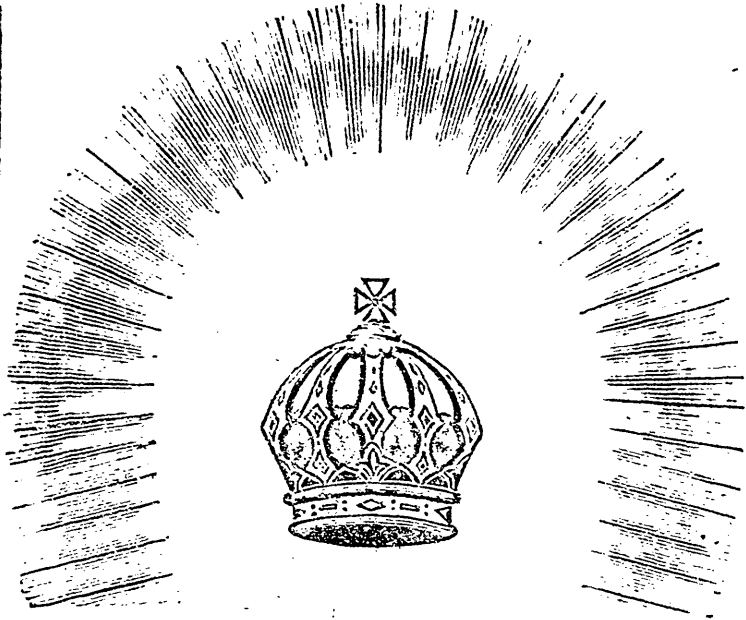


Vol. II.

FEBRUARY, 1897.

No. 4.



MAGAZINE

... PRINTED BY ...

JOHN LOVELL & SON, MONTREAL.

## CONTENTS

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Editorial .....	175
Annual Meeting of the V. R. L. U. ....	178
The late Captain Council .....	179
Accident to the Hon. Dr. Borden, Minister of Militia .....	179
Winter Clothing .....	180
A Vital Question .....	182
Notice of Motive .....	183
The Permanent Force of Canada .....	184
Toumy Atkins on the Attitude of the General Public towards himself .....	185
My First Goat .....	187
The Queen's Dragoon at Mars-la-Tour .....	190
Royal School of Infantry, Fredericton .....	193
Manual of International Law .....	195
Fishy Notes .....	197
An Awful Sell .....	197
Winnipeg Notes .....	198
London Notes .....	199
Botany Notes .....	212
Hunting Notes .....	213
S. John, P. Q., Notes .....	221
Quebec Notes .....	222
Fredericton, N.B., Notes .....	224
Militia General Orders .....	229

# V.R.I. Magazine

PUBLISHED BY THE V. R. I. CLUB.

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EDITOR:

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

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**VOL. II.**

**FEBRUARY, 1897.**

**NO. 4**

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## EDITORIAL.

This issue of the V.R.I. MAGAZINE is sent to every officer commanding Regiments, Battalions, Field Batteries and Companies of Garrison Artillery of the Active Militia of Canada. This is done with the view of showing them the character of the Magazine, which is issued as the organ of the V.R.I. Club, of which they have been invited to become Honorary Members. That they also may understand the objects of the V.R.I. Club, we give below a resumé of its proceedings at its last two Annual Meetings ; also a synopsis of the object which the Club has in view.

At the last Annual Meeting of the V.R.I. Club, held at St. Johns, P.Q., on May 26th last : Lieut.-Col. Maunsell, Inspector of Infantry, seconded by Lieut.-Col. Houghton, D.O.C., moved, and it was unanimously resolved : "That all officers while in command of Regiments, Battalions, Field Batteries, Companies of Garrison Artillery and engineers (commanded by substantive field officers) be invited to become Honorary Members of the V.R.I. Club.

The following circular letter was accordingly addressed to all C.O's coming within the meaning of the above resolution.

Kingston, Dec. 9, 1896.

To.....  
 Commanding .....

Sir,

The V.R.I. Club was formed on the 25th of May, 1894, its objects then being defined as follows :—

The promotion of the feeling of comradeship by the following means :—

(a) An Annual Meeting and Dinner of Officers, to be held each year in a different part of the Dominion, on a date to be named by the Officer commanding the Station selected, the final decision to be approved by the President.

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

The membership was limited to officers serving in, or who had served in, the Royal Regiments.

The Club had for its first patron Major General Herbert, C.B. It is now under the patronage of Major General Gascoigne.

With a view of increasing the field of usefulness of this Club, and to insure a greater *rapprochement* between the Officers of the Permanent Corps and those of the Staff and Active Militia, who are equally interested in all that pertains to the increased efficiency of the service, it was unanimously resolved at the second Annual Meeting of the Club, held at Quebec, in January, 1896, that Officers serving on the Head Quarters or District Staff be eligible to become Members.

At the third Annual Meeting, held at St. Johns, Que., in May, 1896, it was unanimously resolved :—"That all officers while in command of Regiments, Battalions, Field Batteries and Companies of Garrison Artillery and engineers (commanded by substantive field officers) be invited to become Honorary Members of the V.R.I. Club.

It was also decided that the annual subscription of Honorary Members to the Club shall be one day's Regimental pay of the rank of the member when on service, and that the next Annual Meeting of the Club, as a special case, be held in Ottawa, during the winter or spring session of Parliament, in 1897, the date to be fixed by the G.O.C.

In pursuance of the above resolution I am directed by the President Lieut.-Col. Irwin, R.C.A. to request that you will kindly inform me if it is your wish to become an Honorary Member of the V.R.I. Club for the ensuing year. I have the honor to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

(Signed) H. NEILSON,

Deputy Surgeon General, Sec.-Treas.

This invitation has been accepted by a number, and it is earnestly hoped that every one who has received the circular quoted above will, before the Annual Meeting in April, send his name for membership to Deputy Surgeon General Neilson, "A" Battery, Kingston, who is the Sec-Treasurer of the Club. Those who have been members since its organization, as well as those who have joined later, are well satisfied of the utility of such an organization and of the possibility of its being made of incalculable benefit to all concerned. On the occasion of the Annual Meeting, held in Quebec, in January, 1896, Major General Gascoigne, in the course of an address he made, said these meetings—in a measure confidential—are free from newspaper reporters, and gave him an excellent opportunity of coming in close touch with the officers of the Permanent Force (now with the officers of the Staff and C.O's.). In these meetings he trusted they would always express their views freely on all matters whether personal or regarding the service. Much information would be laid before him in this way which could never reach him through official channels. On the other hand, as head of the Force, and with his knowledge of causes and motives behind the scenes, he would be in a position to give hints and advice, which should be of importance to all. He was pleased to see seniors and juniors take part in recent discussions; even to hear one of the latter give free expression to his opinions, although evidently not shared by the majority of those present, and opposed to his own personal views and wishes \* \* \* \* \* I feel sure that it (the V.R.I. Club) will prove a most important factor in promoting *esprit de corps*, as well as general efficiency, and in looking toward these results, the V.R.I. MAGAZINE can be made to fill a most important role. So convinced am I on this point that I shall have much pleasure while in command of the Militia of Canada in contributing annually \$250 towards its support and maintenance.

We think that all Cos. after reading these remarks of the General Officer Commanding should not hesitate to join the Club. It will be seen by the current number that a notice of

motion has been given to make the Annual Subscription of Honorary Members \$1, merely the subscription to the V.R.I. MAGAZINE.

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### THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE V.R.I. CLUB.

The third Annual Meeting of the V.R.I. Club will take place in Ottawa, about the 2nd and 3rd of April, when we hope to see a representative attendance of all branches of the Service. The Capital is within a reasonable distance of the stations of a large proportion of the force, and there are special reasons why it is advisable that the attendance should be large. Those who were present at the Annual Meeting, held at Quebec, in January, 1896, will remember with pleasure the encouraging remarks which fell from the lips of Major General Gascoigne upon that occasion. In the intervals between the Annual Meetings of the Club, the officers of the Permanent Force are obliged to keep silence; but at this meeting this silence can with propriety be broken. Fortunately, we think, for us, we now have officers of the Active Militia who are members of the Club, and we can reasonably hope that some will be present, and in the discussions which may take place learn at last some of the disadvantages under which we labor.

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It seems to us that the first thing which will benefit the Permanent Force is to know that it is really what it is called—a *Permanent* force. There is nothing like unrest to demoralize a body of men, and we must candidly say that the various rumors which have been floating about for months have not tended to instil contentment into the minds of either officers or men.

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Almost every one has a different idea of what our construction ought to be, and, strange to say, some of the ideas would have us believe that we are not soldiers—only school teachers.

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We have known school teachers make excellent officers and soldiers in the Active Militia, and we therefore think that soldiers—by profession—can make excellent Military teachers—both, either singly or combined, are professors to be proud of. One is not incompatible with the other.

## THE LATE CAPTAIN COURSOL.

The first break by death among the original officers of the Royal Regiment of Canadian Infantry took place on the 8th February, when, somewhat unexpectedly, Capt. Coursol died in Montreal. This gentleman, son of the late Judge Coursol, began his Military career as an officer in the Victoria Rifles of Canada, subsequently transferring to the 65th Battalion. In 1883 he was appointed Lieut. in the Permanent Infantry Regiment then organized, and prior to its actual enrolment, took with others, a course with the Imperial troops at Halifax. He subsequently rose to the rank of Captain, and held for several years the command of the Company of the Regiment stationed at St. Johns, P.Q. In 1892, he retired with his rank. Capt. Coursol was a universal favorite; his warm, generous, sympathetic nature made him many friends, who sincerely mourn his death. "Charlie" will be sadly missed by many. His funeral took place on the 10th February, and was very largely attended. The Company which he formerly commanded was represented by four of its officers, viz.: Deputy Surgeon General F. W. Campbell, Major Young, Capts. Chinic and Fages; four non-coms. from the Regiment were also present, viz., Serg. Major Phillips; Hospital Sergt. Cotton; Qtr. Mast. Sergt. Lamontagne and Corporal Walsh. A beautiful wreath, "A last tribute to an old comrade," from Lieut.-Col. d'Orsonnens and the officers of the R.R.C.I., St. Johns, was much admired.

## ACCIDENT TO THE HON. DR. BORDEN, MINISTER OF MILITIA.

On the 26th January while the Hon. Minister of Militia was *en route* to Ottawa, on an Intercolonial Railway train, it became derailed near Dorchester, N.B. Two deaths resulted, and several were more or less seriously injured, among them the Hon. Dr. Borden. Fortunately his injuries were not of a serious character, and he was removed to Dorchester, where he remained some days under treatment. He was, we believe, able to reach Ottawa about the 15th inst. On behalf of the Permanent Militia of Canada, we congratulate the worthy minister on his fortunate escape.

## WINTER CLOTHING.

Being an old soldier I may be permitted an occasional growl. So far I have had but one in the pages of the V.R.I. MAGAZINE, and the curious may find it under the heading Fur Caps—page 211—Vol. I.

In the early days of my soldiering the R.A. traditions prevailed strongly among us. It was therefore natural to copy the R.A. closely in nearly every particular—and in this we followed the lead of our first commandant. And among other things we copied most faithfully the winter uniform, which had been proved satisfactory for many years back.

For the Officers we would devise nothing more sensible and practical than the blue beaver cloth frock coat, heavily trimmed with handsome black Persian lamb, with cap and gauntlets to match; it had a most comfortable long skirt, reaching far below the knee. It was perhaps a bit heavy on mild winter days. We did not mind however for we felt kindly towards it, remembering that sheltered within its impervious fold we had laughed at old Boreas on his favorite play ground, the "Hog's Back." Whether on foot or mounted, all parts of our anatomy were equally well protected.

In the course of time new men and new ideas came to the front. About 1880-81 a "very smart" looking young officer induced our superior authorities to believe that a highly ornate patrol jacket (R.H.A. pattern) with appropriate fur edging (not even provided with a turn up collar) would be amply sufficient to protect us against the vicissitudes of our winter climate on mounted or dismounted duties, in Garrison or in the field. Fads die hard, and one has survived these seventeen years. It is true some eight or nine years ago an improvement was made in adding a collar which may be turned up on occasion; the ornamental braiding has also become less pretentious than in the first design.

The objections to the old pattern frock coat was its great weight, the consequent fatigue on long marches and heavy roads; its cost was high,—about \$75.00 This last objection applies also to the fur trimmed patrol jacket. London tailors charge from \$40 to \$50 for it, and they will insist on building it tight fitting and neat to the figure, so that no room is left for additional clothing beneath on exceptional cold days. It is, therefore, essentially a fine weather affair calculated for effect on the street and suitable enough for barrack square work. Its chief "shortcoming" for mounted or dismounted duties, particularly the former, is that it affords no protection whatever to the thighs against frost, wind or



wet. Of what use would this jacket be for service in the field?

The tendency of this utilitarian age is to avoid multiplicity of uniform, consequently diminish expense, and at the same time provide the military services with as simple and practical a kit as can be devised, keeping in view also a neat, tasteful and attractive appearance. In Canada, this tendency has a very special "*raison d'être*," and should be encouraged. Here, as a rule, officers have short purses, scant pay, and unless our able Minister of Militia carries his scheme through the House, there is no provision for an old or disabled officer, yet he has to provide himself with not only a full kit, like in the Imperial Army, but besides that with an expensive winter outfit.

At present all officers are obliged to provide themselves with a (summer) great coat and cape. I would suggest that this great coat (with or without the cape) be made to do service during the winter months as well. I would have it in future depart slightly from Imperial regulations pattern (single-breasted). For the Canadian service I would have it built of heavy beaver cloth (blue for staff, artillery, cavalry and engineers, grey for infantry, black for rifles), of a universal pattern double breasted, with two rows of corps buttons;—the skirt to extend to within six inches of the heels; during the actual winter months a detachable high storm collar, made of fur to match the gauntlets and cap, would be worn. This would make the garment much warmer and add to its appearance. A coat of this description would be serviceable and suitable under all conditions of service, mounted or dismounted, in the field or in garrison. The detachable storm collar, a comparatively cheap affair, would replace the expensive winter coat of to-day. To complete this useful outfit I would suggest a Sam Brown belt and sling worn on the outside of the coat. This overcoat or cloak is cut to fit loosely, so that additional warm clothing can be worn beneath it when necessary. Deprived of its storm collar it would be equally useful for autumn or spring wear. We now look to Headquarters for a "mandement" on this subject in time for the winter of 1897-98.

N.....

## A VITAL QUESTION.

It has ever been the practice in the British Army not to permit corps to remain in one garrison for more than a couple of years, except for very special reasons. Why? because the station may be pleasant or the reverse, and it would not be just to allow a regiment to enjoy a favorite spot or "stew in a beastly hole," as the case may be, for an unlimited period of time. Another reason is that officers and men, if permitted to remain for years in one place, end by "taking root" there, so to speak; they become wedded to the locality in more senses than one; they unavoidably fall into a slough of listlessness and despond if the place is not lively; they become too popular or the reverse. The result, in either case, is exceedingly detrimental to efficiency and discipline.

On the other hand when a corps comes to a new station, for weeks before moving all ranks vie with each other in promoting general smartness and efficiency. The idea is to produce the best impression possible on arrival the desire is to excel or at least equal its immediate predecessors. The men furbish up their accoutrements; companies experience a wholesome rivalry; men will be noticeable by their exceptional smartness on the streets; all feel that the good name and honor of the corps is at stake; all know that the civilians are sure to make favorable or unfavorable comparisons between the new comers and the lately departed.

All this has the most beneficial and exhilarating effect on all ranks, and thus the outlay incurred by the moving of troops from one station to another is amply compensated by increased efficiency. Such is the experience of other services, such would be that of our own.

The units of the Permanent Corps of the Dominion have labored for many years, truly from their birth, under the great disadvantage of being "everlastingly stuck" in one and the same place, be it good, bad or indifferent. They have practically never known the stimulating effect that change would give. So deeply have they "taken root" in their own respective stations that they are popularly looked upon as purely local corps, they are spoken of as the London Company, the Kingston Battery, etc., etc. One of the many evil results due to this state of things is that notwithstanding strict orders that only a very small proportion of the men are to be permitted to marry, it is unofficially known that fully one half of the enlisted men have "wives in town," and the evil is growing.

As to the officers, they have capitulated wholesale to the local allurements, so much so that an "unmarried" permanent officer will be soon a living curiosity. This is becoming a deplorable state of affairs from the standpoint of the units; actual mess life is a thing of the past at some stations, yet it is a valuable schooling, and full of practical experiences for attached officers to have an insight to mess life and customs; such experiences form a not unimportant part of a military education. It is questionable whether it would not be wise for our Departmental Head to issue an order proclaiming matrimony incompatible with the duties of an officer of the Permanent Corps under the rank of a substantive Field Officer—or at least of a Captain of five years service in that rank.

There is no doubt that when the order is issued to "up-root" the Permanent Corps from their present stations (and may it come soon and be repeated often in the future) that it will be greeted by groans and lamentations and petitions. In proportion to the depth of these protests the urgency of the step can be gauged. On the other hand, the true soldier, who has successfully kept alive through these tedious years a spark of soldierly ambition, will welcome the change as the dawn of a new day which will bring new life and vigor to his old corps, and new experiences to himself. This is a fitting subject for discussion at the coming annual meeting of the V.R.I. Club. So mote it be.

N.....

#### NOTICE OF MOTION.

Moved by Surgeon Lieut.-Col. Neilson, seconded by Lieut.-Col. Drury:—

"That Honorary Members of the 'V.R.I.' Club be exempt from an annual contribution to the club, but that they be extended the privilege of receiving the V.R.I. MAGAZINE and Club transactions for the annual subscription of \$1.00. Its pages shall be open to their writings."

Moved by Surgeon Lieut.-Col. Neilson, R.C.A., seconded by Lieut.-Col. Drury, R.C.A.:—

"That Honorary Members of the 'V.R.I.' Club have a right to be present at all general or local meetings of the Club; take part in the social entertainments, in deliberations, discussions, etc., on all matters pertaining to the Militia service, and write for the MAGAZINE, but shall not have the right of vote on questions affecting the Constitution or By-Laws of the Club."

## THE PERMANENT FORCE OF CANADA.

The following letter, in defence of the Permanent Corps of Canada, recently appeared in a Quebec newspaper :—

The officers and men of the permanent corps are so restricted by regulations as to be practically prohibited writing to the press : they form therefore a *safe* target for the criticisms of the amateur "who knows it all." Honest criticisms the corps should not object to ; they are the servants of the public, and the public has a right to have, as the Hon. Minister of Militia expressed it, "a hundred cents worth for every dollar expended." But as a rule the written attacks upon them either lack the "essential element" or are so distorted as to be quite as annoying. As an example, somewhere about a year ago the *Military Gazette*, published in Montreal, presented in an attack upon the permanent corps, an array of figures, evidently with the intention of persuading its readers that these corps absorb the greater portion of the militia funds, and it was boldly asserted that they were not worth their cost. Figures, it is said, will not lie, but they may be so presented as to lead to very erroneous conclusions. In the article referred to it is made to appear that the permanent corps cost the country the previous year in round numbers \$476,000, while the remainder of the militia cost only \$211,000 ; as the whole militia vote for that year was \$1,360,000, it might have spoiled the writer's argument, but would have been more satisfactory to some at least of his readers if he had told what became of the remaining \$672,000.

The writer truthfully observes that "even this statement does not give the whole case." A careful examination of the Auditor General's report and the official papers leads me to believe that the cost was much nearer \$383,000 for the permanent corps and \$477,000 for the "other militia," the balance being expended on fortifications, etc. For these sums we had on the one hand about one thousand officers and men well drilled, equipped and clothed, ready to take the field at a moment's notice for the stern duties of war, who performed 329,960 days duty ; on the other hand, 17,626 officers and men, many of the officers without sufficient military knowledge to make good non-commissioned officers, the majority of the men in the rural districts raw recruits, with scarce any equipment, who performed 212,232 days elementary drill.

We are told that the permanent corps have been a failure as schools of instruction. If it is meant that they have failed to grant certificates to men who did not deserve them, it is probably true. Experience has taught us that a small available force is a necessity in aid of the civil power, and, all arguments to the contrary, notwithstanding, will be a necessity until the arrival of the millennium. The presence of a permanent corps in Quebec in times past has saved the authorities thousands of dollars, and even Montreal has not objected to them on several occasions. During the North-West unpleasantness the permanent corps were first in the field and last to leave, were always kept to the front, sustained the heaviest losses, did the hardest work, and got the least *kudos*. In other words, they have done their duty, and their reward has been the approval of a good conscience and slanderous attacks which they are practically forbidden to reply to. That they are not perfect in every respect as their critics are, I will admit; there is room for reform and economy in the administration as there is in every department and profession, but in suggesting the better way, do not drive truth from the field in order to score a point. Personally I object to the title of permanent corps, they should have retained their original title of schools of instruction.

Canada cannot afford a large standing army, nor from her isolation from the great military nations of the world does she require one, but she does require "that degree of preparation for self-defence which would compel other nations to hesitate before making war upon her," and this degree of preparation can be best secured by maintaining in the highest degree of efficiency schools of instruction for the militia, from which politics are entirely eliminated.

*Militaire.*

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### TOMMY ATKINS ON THE ATTITUDE OF THE GENERAL PUBLIC TOWARDS HIMSELF.

Whilst I do not wish to take a pessimistic view of this question, it must be borne in mind that many of the editorials in the columns devoted to the doings of the service in the weekly papers take too much for granted in this respect.

"Brevity is the soul of wit," therefore I do not intend to make this article a lengthy one, but wish to express my opinions clearly on the subject, though I am not sufficiently egotistical to imagine that they are infallible.

It is all very well for many people to say that the feeling of antagonism towards soldiers has died out ; in some degree perhaps this is so, but beneath the transparent veneer of civility with which the troops are sometimes treated is seen the undercurrent of envy, hatred, and uncharitableness, tinged with contempt and fear.

In justice to the better educated portion of the general public, I must say that the more plebian the status of the civilian is, the greater the aversion they have to soldiers. I do not understand this, but perhaps it may be attributed to jealousy on the part of some of those who have not the physique necessary to enlist.

I have always found that the class of civilians who hold the best opinion of soldiers are those with whom the latter come in contact as a body ; not individually, as in that case the feeling is favorable to one or two, whilst the remainder of the troops are left in the same old rut of prejudice.

During the time I have been in the Army, I have met all sorts and conditions of men, and the higher in the social scale my friends have been, the more I have been treated as a gentleman, the fact that I was in the rank and file of the army not being taken into consideration at all.

Most of my military readers know very well that the average civilian is a patronizing individual when met in a casual way, even though he (the civilian) be far inferior to the soldier in birth, intellect, and in many cases pecuniarily. Of course, it is natural to suppose that a soldier in mufti is treated more rationally than when in uniform. One reason for this continued feeling of contempt for the service is the fact that the press as a whole take too supercilious a tone when reporting matters military, and when chronicling any misdemeanor on the part of a soldier the opportunity is taken to give a feeble exhibition of wit at Tommy's expense, not noticeable when the offender is a civilian.

Though the general tone of this article may conflict with the experience of some of my readers, I think the majority will bear me out in most respects, and I only hope that the service will make as much progress in the good opinion of the general public as they have in the past decade,—as there is "much need o't."

M. W. W.

London, January 24th, 1897.

---

## MY FIRST GOAT.

BY "FOGGY."

Some years ago when "C" Battery R.C.A. was quartered in Victoria, I as a member of the corps accompanied it on an expedition to the mouth of the Skeena River, which as you know enters the Pacific somewhere opposite Queen Charlotte's Island. The object of this trip was to quell a supposed uprising of Coast Indians under a native gentleman called "Kitmancool Jim." As usual he became involved with the officials of the H.B.Co. in a dispute over his change, after a purchase of a side of bacon, or a bottle of Worcestershire sauce, I am unable to say which, but as it does not affect in any way my "first goat," we will pass over the absolute truth of the disturbance as of no consequence to the story. We proceeded to our destination on board of H.M.S. "Caroline," and were turned loose at the mouth of the above River, in the midst of scenery and climate that would drive a blue-nose insane. As the last gunner stepped ashore, the blue-jackets gave us a cheer and wisely sailed or steamed away.

We felt slightly lonely as the comfortable ship departed, but the sight of a salmon cannery and a H.B.Co. store in the distance relieved our minds as to the danger of starvation, so we began to build up a temporary home, and stake off our claim without delay. First, of course, we took a hurried survey of the cannery, and for the first time observed with unsettled stomachs the exciting process of arranging that excellent article, which no well organized pic-nic party should be without.

I must say it was expeditiously and adroitly done, but from that moment the impression I received of canned salmon has caused me to refrain from fish on those occasions when I have attended pic-nics since.

The Provincial Police had departed to the scene of trouble up the River about 300 miles, in order to discover if it was necessary for the pampered soldiers to expose their persons to the irritating volleys of the aborigines from the rocky cliffs along the bank. While the unfortunate civil authorities were engaged on this pleasant trip, "C" Battery settled down to camp, fish, and luxury. It was during this period of *emmi*, otherwise in the Chinook language "cultus nanitch," that the idea of securing a Rocky Mountain goat occurred to me; therefore, quickly obtaining leave from our genial commanding officer, stuffing my buffalo bag with hard

tack, and securing the assistance of a good French Canadian gunner called Deïossé, I departed.

The leader of the expedition really was a "Nitaknat" Indian named "Prettycock Charlie." His first name was acquired from his strong resemblance to a missionary who once resided in those parts, but died early from injuries received in an uprising that occurred between him and another missionary of a different persuasion, who objected to the mode which the above Prettycock employed in converting the savage.

"Charlie" having loaded his canoe, we proceeded up stream to the base of a certain mountain on the top of which goats were said to be *ex masse*, in Chinook "Hyion." We fought a terrible current the best part of the day on our way up stream. All rivers in British Columbia have currents; no matter what is the quantity of water, you can always bank on the current, which is enjoyable only when you are going with it. It was just as we rounded a sharp point that Charlie ejaculated "Nanitch! Nanitch!" At that time I was not as perfect in the Chinook lingo as I afterwards became.

But at all events, he meant to say "Look! look at the bear." I did "nanitch," and saw in English what no doubt was a genuine bear. In my wild efforts to get at my Winchester I did not have time to take in the attitude of the brute, but when I got the decks cleared for action and the weapon well pumped (I could only get one cartridge into the barrel), Charlie suggested that I should delay the broadside till we approached within range. Amidst my perturbed breathing and fluttering heart, this advice seemed quite sensible, so praying that I might be cool, I waited and employed the time in taking stock of the bear. First of all I satisfied myself that it was a bear. I believe to this day that it was one, but any doubts that I may have had were owing to the exceedingly human antics of the beast. He was sitting quite easy upon the bank, on a log, and quietly fishing out of the water specimens of decayed salmon, which invariably are mingled with golden nuggets and other precious substances that flow incessantly towards the sea in British Columbia. He was having a solitary pic-nic. Each one he deposited on his lap—and he had quite a pile of strong fish at the time I mention—I noticed as I became more collected that he was extracting the bones in a *blasé* sort of way, like a man toying with his meal. His unconcerned appearance was startling, and it nerved me for action, so as the canoe had approached within 150 yards I came to the "present" and "pressed the trigger without moving head, eye or arm, until the



hammer fell." I am quite sure I did this, and what more could I do? I never knew whether I hit the bear or not, but one thing was quite apparent, I dropped a 50-110 bullet right in the middle of the fish, on his lap, and splattered his person all over with rotten salmon in a most disgusting manner. At this the brute rose from his log, brushed off his bosom, licked his fingers, glanced towards the canoe, apparently surprised, and, Defossé swears, shook his paw at us, and waddled away with a rollicking air into the bush, followed by the whole contents of my magazine forwarded in the most rapid manner. I have never discovered yet whether I hit him or not; but as "Charlie" laughed and Defossé was silent, I let the matter drop, and proceeded on my journey for goats. I did not equip the expedition for bear, but for goat, which we will come to in our next issue.

## THE QUEEN'S DRAGOONS AT MARS-LA-TOUR.

When the German Emperor invested Queen Victoria with the command of one of his Guard regiments, viz. : the 1st Royal Prussian Regiment of Dragoon Guards,—he did a very popular act. Below is an account of one of the greatest, and, though sacrificial, most successful cavalry charges ever made, which throws the charge of our Light Cavalry at Balaclava into the shade, as an example of what can be accomplished at the risk of heavy loss. For our Light Brigade risked loss, and accomplished nothing but undying fame.

Mobilization against France was ordered on the 15th July, 1870 ; the Regiment was ready on the 27th, and left Berlin on the 31st. The Regiment left with twenty-four officers, three ensigns, fifty-four non-commissioned officers, five hundred and twenty-eight dragoons, thirteen trumpeters, and six hundred and eleven horses, under the command of Colonel Von Auerswald. It formed part of the Blue Brigade, under General Count Brandenburg, in the First Army under the then Prince Frederick Charles.

The Regiment crossed the French frontier on the 8th August. On the 16th August the Blue Brigade received orders to march to St. Hilaire, to do outpost duty there, and obtain information of the departure of the French troops from Metz.

The march began at 4.30 in the morning ; but, as the cannonade from the direction of Metz became louder, only one squadron was left behind in the position ordered ; while the three others marched on and reached Mars-la-Tour about 8. Mars-la-Tour is the most glorious name in the annals of the Queen's Dragoons, and not only the hearts of all Prussian soldiers and Germans, but also of all genuine soldiers, whatever uniform they wear, beat quicker at the name, for it calls up memories of the highest valor combined with the noblest self-sacrifice.

The Regiment, or rather the three squadrons destined for the charge, remained near the village of Mars-la-Tour till 3, and succeeded, by continual manoeuvring, in deceiving the French as to the real strength, or rather weakness, of this left German wing, so that they did not venture for hours to make any comprehensive attack. Nevertheless, the state of the fight and the losses of the Prussian Infantry became more and more alarming ; the reserves were pushed forward. Wedell's brigade, which arrived about 5 p.m., consisting of only two battalions, were with exceeding difficulty

checking the French forward movement as best they could, when the General commanding the 10th Army Corps told Count Von Brandenburg to charge the infantry. The Count pointed out that his Brigade now only consisted of the 1st Dragoon Guards, and that, considering the great number of compact infantry of the enemy, he could not promise success; General Von Voigts-Rhetz answered: "The regiment is not expected to succeed; but if it holds the enemy in check only ten minutes, and fall to the last man, it will have fulfilled its task." Count Brandenburg galloped to Count Von Auerswald, the commander of the Regiment, and told him the order briefly and clearly, and shook hands with him with deep emotion, saying, "Ride with God, Auerswald; I'll come too."

The men all knew that most of them would never return, but they went with unflinching courage to death, and held the enemy long enough in check to enable their comrades to extricate themselves. Two French regiments of foot, the 13th of the line, in skirmishing order in front: the 43rd about fifty paces behind advanced from the north-east on Mars-la-Tour; while the 5th French Battalion of Chasseurs advanced along a bushy valley from the north. On the other side of the gully stood long rows of French Infantry, with a mitrailleuse battery on their right wing, and artillery on the heights behind. Scarcely was the leading section out of the hedgy ground, when the Commander gave the signal to gallop, and the regiment rode along the front of the enemy, who fired upon it. Now, and not till now, did the situation and the purpose of this movement become clear; for almost before the last section had quite extricated itself from the difficult ground, the Regiment, at a given signal, wheeled to its front, and with Count Brandenburg on the right wing of the first squadron, the colonel far ahead, the captains before their squadrons, the Dragoons dashed with flashing sabres full on the front of the enemy. The French Battalions stood amazed; their skirmishes ran back or threw themselves upon the ground; the rear ranks crowded together in groups. At the same time the rapid firing became hotter and hotter, the rattle of the mitrailleuses more incessant, and the hail of bullets thicker. Then comes the longed for sound of the charge, and with "hurrahs" the dragoons closed on and through their foes. Those that did not fall stormed into the enemy's ranks and disappeared in the tumult of battle.

The unequal conflict lasted but a short time; the ground was covered with dead and wounded, and the retiring Dragoons rallied round their standard. Then it was that the Commander, severely wounded, greeted his Dragoons, proposed

a cheer for the King, and sank from his horse, never to mount it again.

The remains of the Regiment stood near Mars-la-Tour till dusk, and then marched back to Vionville, the nearest place with water. Planitz's Battery, with Hindenburg's Squadron, which had fought with noble valor on the plateau of Yvon, rejoined them; while Trotha's Squadron remained on the high road at Mars-la-Tour, opposite the enemy, who did not pursue. Fire still flashed awhile from the hostile heights on the other side of the ravine; then the stars shone out clear over the battle-field, with all its woe and misery. Still and grave was the bivouac that followed.

The three Squadrons charged with eighteen officers, two ensigns, thirty-eight non-commissioned officers, thirteen trumpeters, three hundred and fifty-five dragoons, and four hundred and twenty-six horses.

Fifteen officers, two ensigns, eleven non-commissioned officers, seven trumpeters, one hundred and three dragoons, and two hundred and sixteen horses were killed and wounded. These terrible losses, however, were not in vain, for the two main purposes of the bloody conflict were gained. The enemy gave up the pursuit of Wedell's Brigade, and gave it time to rescue itself from destruction; and secondly, after the fight was ended, went back over the ravine at Mars-la-Tour, but did not occupy that village, and thus failed to open up or secure the line of march through it. The Emperor, then only King, saw the regiment again for the first time on the 2nd September, and was deeply moved at the sight of its decimated ranks, for he had known many of the fallen heroes personally.

After the spring review of 1872, the Emperor expressed his thanks to the regiment in the following words:—"You have shown the stuff you are in war, too; in the battle of the 16th August the regiment made a glorious charge for which the Fatherland will always be grateful. That was a deed of arms of which history will never cease to tell. Once more I express to the regiment my full recognition and my royal thanks for it." The Emperor then had the officers who had been wounded in the charge presented to him, spoke with each about the nature of his wound, referred finally to the many who had fallen, and said, turning to his suite: "Gentlemen, if this attack had not been made, who knows whether we should have been standing here?"

## ROYAL SCHOOL OF INFANTRY, FREDERICTON.

LIEUT.-COL. G. J. MAUNSELL, *Commandant.**Drill and Exercise.*

1. Définé : Column of sections, Defile, File.
2. A squad moving to the left as in file, what takes place on the command "left form" ?
3. Detail "ground arms."
4. Give detail for the "Ready" in standing, loading and firing by numbers.
5. An extended section is required to move direct to a flank ; give commands.
6. Give commands for inspection of a company.
7. Give position of Captain, guides, and markers in column of sections by the right.
8. A Battalion standing in column receives the command. Quarter column on No. 1 "remainder quick march ;" give Captain's commands and positions.
9. Give commands of Commanders of Old Guard from the time the New Guard arrives till the Old Guard is marching off.
10. Give the several lines of troops on outpost duty. What are the differences between Sentries on Guard and Sentries on Outposts ?

*Duties.*

1. What rules are laid down in the Queen's Regulations as to N.C. Officers' saluting ?
2. What is the rule as to Officers returning soldiers' salutes ?
3. When a soldier appears in a room before an officer or a civil magistrate, is he to remove his cap ?
4. What is the composition of a Guard of Honor ?
5. Are officers of the Active Militia entitled to be interred with Military honors ?
6. What is the rule as to attendance of officers and men in addition to the firing parties of funerals ?
7. What compliments does a sentry pay ?
8. Give a list of daily and weekly duties.
9. Who keeps the N.C.O's Roster, and who the men's ?

10. What are the duties of a Sergeant in waiting? (Company Orderly, Sergt.).

*Discipline and Law.*

1. When occasion arises for reproofing a N.C. Officer, how should it be done?

2. What are the regulations as to N.C. Officers or soldiers taking part in political or party meetings?

3. Define the term Commanding Officer.

4. What is meant by military custody?

5. On what occasion is a prisoner confined to the guard room cells?

6. What is summary punishment?

7. What does the commander of a guard require with a prisoner?

8. In what documents are the awards of punishment entered?

9. Who tells off a minor offence?

10. State the three ordinary Courts Martial and their maximum power of punishment.

*Interior Economy.*

1. Who supervises the control and expenditure of all Regimental funds?

2. Who is responsible for the equipment, ammunition, clothing, money and public stores of a Company?

3. How often is there a meeting of the Sergeant's Mess? who presides?

4. How is the Company divided for convenience of inspection and general supervision?

5. When may men smoke in the streets?

6. How often are muster parades held?

7. May N.C. Officers resign their rank? if so, under what circumstances?

8. What is the rule as to Officers joining the Officers' Mess? who must be dining members?

9. What is meant by "Crying down credit?" how is it done?

10. What Regimental books are provided out of the Annual Allowance by Commanding Officers?

## MANUAL OF INTERNATIONAL LAW.

(Translated by Lieut.-Col. D. T. Irwin.)

## PART II.

CHAPTER IV. (*Continued*).*The sick and wounded, and dead; Medical officers, &c.*

The international questions relating to sick or wounded, and to the persons charged with their care, are regulated by the Geneva Convention, and by the customs which have given effect to the clauses of this arrangement.

The Geneva Convention was negotiated in the town of this name, by delegates from twelve European States, and was signed 22nd August, 1864. Many others Powers have since adhered to it.

The following is the text :—

## GENEVA CONVENTION.

22 August, 1864.

The Emperor of the French—the Grand Duke of Baden, the King of the Belgians, the King of Denmark, the Queen of Spain, the Grand Duke of Hesse, the King of Italy, the King of Holland, the King of Portugal, the King of Prussia, the Swiss Confederation, the King of Wurtemberg—equally animated with the desire of mitigating, in so far as it depends upon them, the evils inseparable from war, of suppressing useless severities, and of ameliorating the lot of soldiers wounded on the field of battle, have resolved to conclude a Convention to this effect, and have named as their plenipotentiaries—to wit.

(Here follow the names of plenipotentiaries, etc.)

*Art. 1.* Ambulances and military hospitals will be recognized as neutral, and as such protected and respected by the belligerents so long as they are used for sick or wounded. Their neutrality will cease if guarded by a Military force.

*Art. 2.* The staff of hospitals and ambulances, including the superintendents, medical, administrative and transport staff, as well as the chaplains, will participate in the benefits

of neutrality, so long as they are employed on duty, and there remain any wounded to relieve or attend.

*Art. 3.* Individuals included in the preceding article may, even after the enemy's occupation, continue to fulfill their duties in the hospital or ambulance to which they are attached, or may leave to rejoin the corps to which they belong.

Under these circumstances, when such individuals cease their duties, they will be brought to the advance posts of the enemy by an escort of the army in occupation.

*Art. 4.* The equipment of military hospitals remaining subject to the laws of war, persons attached to these hospitals may only, on leaving, carry with them articles of their own private property.

Under the same circumstances, on the contrary, an ambulance will retain its equipment.

*Art. 5.* The inhabitants of a country who carry succor to the wounded will be respected and retain their freedom.

Generals of belligerent Powers will, as part of their duties, warn the inhabitants of the appeal made to their humanity, and of the neutrality consequent upon its exercise.

Every wounded man received and cared for in a house will be its safeguard. An inhabitant who shall have received wounded at his house will be relieved from billeting troops, as well as from a portion of any war contributions which may be levied.

*Art. 6.* Sick or wounded soldiers will be received and cared for, irrespective of their nationality. Commanders in chief will be empowered to return immediately to the enemy's advance posts, soldiers wounded during the battle, when circumstances permit of their doing so, and with the consent of both parties.

Those who, having been cured, are sent back to their own country will be recognized as incapable of again serving.

Others may similarly be sent back on condition of not again taking up arms during the continuation of the war.

Evacuations, with the directing staff, will be protected by an absolute neutrality.

*Art. 7.* A distinctive flag and uniform will be adopted for hospitals, ambulances, and evacuations. It will have to be, in every case, accompanied by the national flag.

An arm badge will be similarly recognized for the neutral staff, but its issue will be relegated to the Military authorities. The flag and the arm badge will both bear a red cross on a white ground.



*Art. 8.* Details with reference to the carrying out of the present Convention will be regulated by the Commanders in chief of the belligerent armies, in accordance with the instructions of their respective governments, and agreeably to the general principles enunciated in this Convention.

*Art. 9.* The high contracting Powers have agreed to communicate the present Convention to those Governments who have not been able to send plenipotentiaries to the international Geneva Conference, and to invite them to agree to it:—the Protocol is, with this end in view, left open.

*Art. 10.* The present Convention will be ratified, and the ratifications will be exchanged at Berne, in four months, or sooner if possible.

The ratifications having been exchanged at Berne on the 22nd June, 1865, the Convention was promulgated in France by a decree of the 14th July following.

Its conditions are thus obligatory, at least in relation to those Powers which have equally accepted them. Those are, in alphabetical order, as follows:—

Austria, Grand Duchy of Baden, Bavaria, Belgium, Denmark, Great Britain, Greece, Grand Duchy of Hesse, Holland, Italy, Grand Duchy of Mecklinburg Schewerin, Montenegro, Portugal, Prussia, Roumania, Russia, Saxony, Spain, Sweden and Norway, Switzerland, Turkey, United States of America, Wurtemberg.

Every infraction of the clauses of the Geneva Convention constitutes a violation of solemnly sworn faith. In default of other sanction, the keeping of the treaty is confided to the honor of the army. Each Military authority should therefore see to it that its stipulations are well known and strictly observed.

It is of consequence that individuals having the right of inviolability may be able to carry on their duties without running the risk of being ill-treated or arrested by ignorant soldiers. It is equally necessary that no one should misuse the benefits of the Convention or unlawfully make use of its badges; it would be treachery, for instance, to protect with the red cross, vehicles loaded with ammunition or Military equipment. In fine, those even who have the right of inviolability should abstain with the greatest care, from all infraction of the duties which devolve upon them, on account of their privileged situation.

Abuses of the Convention should be immediately referred to the Military authorities, who will take measures to insure their repression and prevent their recurrence.

The Convention of 1864 has been completed by a series of additional articles, established by the agents of the principal European States, re-united at Geneva, 20 Oct., 1868. But, from different causes, those have not yet been ratified by the contributory Powers; they are not therefore obligatory. However, at the commencement of the war of 1870, the two belligerents agreed to observe these stipulations during the campaign; and still further, the regulations which they enshrine have so completely entered into general use, and their practical utility has been so clearly proved, that their application should be enforced in default of a special Convention. It is important consequently to know their purport.

*Additional articles to the Convention of 22nd Aug., 1864, relative to soldiers wounded on the battle field, signed at Geneva 20th Oct., 1868.*

The Governments of North Germany, Austria, Baden, Bavaria, Belgium, Denmark, France, Great Britain, Italy, Holland, Sweden and Norway, Switzerland, Turkey, Wurtemberg,

Being desirous of extending to the Navy the advantages of the Convention agreed upon at Geneva, 22nd Aug., 1864, for the amelioration of the lot of soldiers wounded in the army, and to detail more precisely some of the stipulations of the said Convention, have named as their agents:—

(Here follows the enumeration of the delegates.)

Who, being duly authorized to this effect, have agreed upon the following stipulations:—

*Art. 1.* The staff referred to in Art. 2 of the Convention will continue to render, as may be required, care to the sick and wounded of the Ambulance or Hospital which it serves. When the staff asks to withdraw, the Commandant of the occupying troops will fix the time of departure, which he will not alter except for a short delay in the event of Military necessity.

*Art. 2.* Necessary arrangements should be made by the belligerent Powers, in order to insure to individuals of the Neutral Staff, who may fall into the enemy's hands, the full benefits of their treatment as such.

*Art. 3.* Under conditions foreseen by Arts. 1 and 4 of the Convention, the term *ambulance* applies to field hospitals, and other temporary establishments which follow troops on the field of battle for the reception of sick and wounded.

*Art. 4.* In accordance with the spirit of Art. 5 of the Convention and with the reservations mentioned to the Protocol of 1864, it is explained that for the adjustment of charges relating to the quartering of troops, and to war contributions, it will only be held to reckon, in an equitable degree, with the amount of charitable zeal displayed by the inhabitants.

*Art. 5.* By an extension of Art. 6 of the Convention, it is stipulated that, subject to the reserve of officers who are responsible for the disposition of troops, and within the limits fixed by the 2nd paragraph of that Article, wounded soldiers who have fallen into the enemy's hands, even although they may not be incapable of serving, should be returned to their country, after being cured, or sooner if possible, always on the condition that they do not again serve during the continuance of the war.

(The Articles following relate to naval wars.)

*Art. 15.* The present Act will be prepared in original, and deposited in the archives of the Swiss Confederation, etc., etc. Signed at Geneva, 20th Oct., 1868.

It is not sufficient to possess a perfect knowledge of the Geneva Convention. It is also necessary to know the meaning which it is agreed, in conformity with received custom, to give to certain clauses of this Act.

Thus Art. 2 declares that the neutrality of ambulances and hospitals will cease, if they are guarded by a military force. However, it is admitted that, without ceasing to be inviolable, these establishments may be protected against pillage, by a military post. But, in case of capture, the men composing this post have no privileges as such, and are considered prisoners of war.

Inviolability is conferred on the personal staff of Hospitals, etc., because they fill a humane mission and do not interfere directly in hostilities. They should therefore refrain from taking part in the fighting. If, however, in exceptional circumstances, they are placed in a position where it is necessary they should defend their lives, they are at liberty to do so. There is also nothing to prevent their carrying arms habitually.

The General Convention (Art. 2) only expressly confers inviolability upon the official personal staff of hospitals, etc.; it does not mention private societies for the relief of wounded. It is, however, the custom to extend the same privileges to the Members of those Societies; but in order to prevent abuse, it is generally required that they should carry a distinc-

tive badge, together with a certificate of identity containing the description and signature of the bearer, as well as an authority emanating from competent authority.

In the interest of families, and for the regularity of the Civil State, belligerents publish the lists of *killed*, fallen into their hands; therefore, even on the field of battle, the burial of a deceased enemy should not be proceeded with, without preserving his means of identification; or if that is not possible, the number of his Regiment and Company, and any other indication which will serve to establish his identity.

Those indications are communicated to the enemy as promptly as possible, together with such articles of personal property which may be found upon the person of the deceased.

Is there occasion to add that due consideration to the dead and wounded is an absolute rule among all civilized nations?

(To be Continued.)

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**FISHY NOTES.**

## Eastern Canada.

In these days of "combines" and syndicates, every Canadian salmon river and almost every trout stream has its club, and an outsider who has not a straight tip as to some dark spot in which to cast his well-tied fly has to go far afield, or to pay for his sport at no small cost. This is a subject for reflection on the part of old inhabitants, causing them to look back to the "good old days" twenty-five years ago, regarding which every old inhabitant has his fishy stories as to trout or salmon monsters, which monsters grow yearly in size and beauty in the minds of the relaters of these stories in an after dinner fishery debate. Let us see whether, with modern civilization, there has been any improvement, or the reverse, in fish culture and fish protection during this period, and whether it is now possible for a man of moderate means to indulge his love of sport.

Twenty-five years ago in Eastern Canada, of which I speak particularly, the means of transport were by no means easy; the rivers were fished by the comparative few. Now they are thrashed by the luxurious many. The stage coach and the dug-out canoe have been replaced by the spacious Pullman car, the whole country being a network of railways. The simple wigwam, with spruce bough couch, has been replaced by the well-built club-house, with its many evidences of comfort; while the usual camp rations of fried pork and salmon, washed down with an abundant supply from the cup that cheers but does not inebriate, or with a thimbleful of Canadian rye whiskey, have been replaced by the many luxuries of the New York market, and "success to sport" is now drank in gooseberry champagne. One is therefore tempted to say that where every prospect pleases, even the prospect of good fishing, only man—with his over-civilization and his gooseberry champagne—is very vile.

While thus musing as an "old inhabitant," memory takes me back over, alas! the well-marked quarter of a century to a day's fishing in a beau ideal trout stream—the Tabusintac, in which I had again the pleasure of casting the fly a few days ago. Not only was the trout stream to which I refer unknown 25 years ago to the British public, but the particular part of Canada through which it flows was then but little known. In proof of this, I may relate a story from personal experience. A British regiment of the line had been dismissed from morning parade in a certain barracks in dear, dirty Dublin. The officers remained chatting in groups, when a mounted orderly handed a letter to the commanding officer, which contained the order of readiness for the regiment to proceed to St. John. New Brunswick. When in doubt as to a question in geography, our colonel applied, as a rule, to the last joined ensign, fresh from school; but in this case he applied in vain. One over-bright youth came to the rescue, saying St. John was in a large island well

known for its fish and fog. It was only when all had recourse to the regimental atlas that we satisfied ourselves as to the whereabouts of St. John, N.B., now one of the termini of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and a flourishing city. Soon after our arrival in this new-found land, with rod in hand I went in search of fish and fishing. Meeting a judge on his rounds, with a day to spare for any emergency, and he being as good a companion as he is a sportsman, we talked of sport in general, and fishing in particular. Neither had heretofore experience of excess in quantity of fish. We had heard of the fish "jostling each other," like snipe in an Irish bog, in the stream in question, and we resolved to try our hand there.

It was not until we reached the river bank that we discovered that our guide (a woodland farmer living close by) had a novel sort of dug-out canoe, with shafts attached, drawn by a horse over sand-bars up and down stream. But why this barrel on board, and why this bag of salt? It was soon explained that the barrel had during the day to be packed full of 2 lb. and 3 lb. trout (the anticipated result of our day's fishing), the salt being required to preserve the fish. In our down-stream course (the point of embarkation being about 25 miles from the river's mouth) we pulled up at each turn, or where cooling streams joined the main river, and more than once were our light rods put to the test as 2 lb. or 3 lb. trout, fresh from the sea tried every device, by twist and turn, round rock or stone, or by rush down rapid or under the overhanging alder bushes, to free himself from the hook. It was not, however, until we arrived at the mouth of the Big Eskedellac, a favored spot, where was a deep pool, that we hooked and landed trout after trout in rapid succession—no delay save the time necessary to replace the fly (but one fly can be used on the casting line with safety to rod and line) on its being worn to a shadow of its former self. A large grilse fly, with dark ginger body, and wings of the mottled grey of the mallard, was the taking one on the occasion, and, eagerly though fish took this fly, they would scarcely look at any other, an unusual thing in my Canadian experience. Suffice it to say that, on the welcome dinner call being sounded by the boss cook, the two weary fishermen laying out on the bank the result of a few hours' fishing, a real and important fishery question arose—without the imaginary unpleasantness of "retaliation"—as to *who had taken the largest and finest trout*. As to quantity of fish we had both to say "enough." After the well-earned meal, and having filled the barrel with trout, we climbed a tree overhanging the pool, and there a fishery exhibition met the eye such as would delight the heart and eye of any disciple of Isaak Walton. There was no perceptible diminution in quantity after our busy morning's work, and we soon returned to the settlement, having had sport in the way of trout fishing such as is unheard of in modern times.

Twenty-five years have passed since my first experience of Canadian trout fishing above described. I had meanwhile cast the fly in many waters with varied results, and camped 'neath many a greenwood tree. I had heard that the trout stream referred to had been "fished to death" with fly and with nets by poachers. Having other fish to try in other quarters, I troubled not the waters of the Tabusintac. Last year, however, a number of gentlemen obtained a lease of this stream, formed a club for its protection, placed rocks in its principal pools to prevent netting, employed a warden, and built a club-house. I resolved, on obtaining a permit, to renew my acquaintance with fish and fishing in this stream. A friendly clerical companion from the neighboring republic and a skilled guide from the settlement being secured, the usual camp preparations made, and the same novel means of transport employed—dug-out canoe with horse in single harness—we were conveyed gently down stream, stopping only at principal pools. It could not be expected that the fishing should equal that of the distant past; but both the parson and "the person"—the writer of these notes—with ever-present enthusiasm, fished carefully and zealously, and our light 5 oz. rods were again and again tested as 2 lb. trout fresh from the sea felt the pressure—not always the "gentle pressure"—of the hook of the evil disposed angler.

So great was the enthusiasm of the parson that he used his strongest adjective (a very mild one, I admit) on any trout under ½ lb. presuming to take his fly; and, as he afterwards reflected on his intemperate language, as he stirred his tea with a stick in the absence of a spoon, or as he smoked the fragrant weed, our Irish guide, with the characteristic humor of his countrymen, accused him of having acquired the bad habits of using intemperate language, of smoking, and of drinking tea "with a stick in it." In spite of all drawbacks (the days were over bright for fishing) we had fair sport. On one afternoon we caught 40 lb. weight of trout. The country through which the stream flows is extremely picturesque. There was an almost total absence, however unaccountable, of "things that bite," mosquitoes, black flies, and other pests, and there was everything in the forest and on the stream to render life enjoyable.

To sum up, as to the relative advantages and disadvantages in modern times of fishing clubs, with their supposed requirements, and of the steps being taken to preserve trout and salmon in Canadian streams and rivers, I consider that all these steps have been rendered necessary in proportion as the country has become more and more settled and civilized (the smiling farm now takes the place of the forest primeval in many fertile belts), and in the presence of the poacher and the pot hunter. The advantage is that he who pays the piper may be expected to dance. The disadvantage is that the fishing, as a rule, is regulated by the amount of dollars expended therefor. In my dreams, however, I return with delightful visions to the "sunny past."

"Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of morning,  
Her hopes and her fears are worth evening's best light."

BEAVER.

Fredericton, 30th Jan., 1897.

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**"AN AWFUL SELL."**

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A perfectly *true story*.

By

ISHMAEL.

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It was in "camp time." A glorious hot summer afternoon. A day which seemed specially made to allow tired soldiers to sleep under a shady tree and dream of quaffing cold drinks direct from the ice bucket. The *dramatis personae* were five soldiers, who were very, *very* thirsty, and ripe for almost any expedition that had grog for its main object.

The camp ground was almost deserted, all the militia being out for a route march, and the only people in sight were the company cooks cleaning up round their cook house fires, a few officers' servants working in the officers' lines, and a few farmers and their buxom wives and daughters, who happened to be in town, and were taking advantage of the opportunity to see their country's defenders under canvas.

In one of the tents in the lines occupied by the company of the permanent troops, were congregated five men in a most pronounced *deshabillé* dress. Two of the five were for guard that night; and all five were cursing the heat and the fact that their comrades were for duty. The reason for this gathering was for the purpose of helping these two unlucky wights to "clean up," and the fact that there were a couple of pipe clay tins, and a sponge and brush or two lying on the rubber sheet, used to keep the accoutrements out of the dirt, shewed that there *had* been a slight attempt to get ready. The three others, who had volunteered to help their chums in their job, were busily engaged, when not swearing at the heat, in cursing each other for lazy devils, good for naughts, and concluded each harangue with the admonition to "do somethin' for Gawd's sake." Now, there were no canteens in this camp owing to the influence of "The Woman's Christian Temperance Union" and some other organizations of a similar calibre, composed of maidens of a mature age and mature manners; and these five soldier boys were very thirsty, and saw no chance of getting anything to drink except Adam's ale or the temperance drinks dispensed at the *dry* canteens. Naturally, the conversation drifted, in a desultory manner, on the subject of "booze," and many were the wishes expressed for something to drink, as the effects of the whiskey smuggled into camp the night before could still be felt in a very unenviable manner. Now, Tommy Atkins with a big head is not a very agreeable person to talk to. One of these soldiers in a very disgusted state of mind composed



himself to sleep, muttering "A drink! a drink! my kingdom for a drink!" but another one, more energetic than the rest, told him to shut up, and by way of advice conjured him to always keep sober and then he would not feel the want of beer, and added by way of precept, that he himself was "going on the tack after camp." At this stage of the proceedings footsteps were heard outside the tent, and tripping over a guy rope, another soldier blundered into the door in an excited manner. After receiving a volley of abuse, for a clumsy devil and a blundering idiot, from the inmates of the tent, he in a *sotto voce* manner asked the fellows in the tent if they wanted a drink; a faint show of interest stirred the sleepy group, and then one replied "No, nor nothin'." In this elegant irony of an affirmative nature, the new comer learnt that the congregation there assembled were very, *very* dry. Gradually he unfolded his discovery of a "booze"—bonanza. Now, it seems that wandering through the deserted barracks and camp he had found a refrigerator, and naturally he had explored this useful article, and snugly ensconced between two large blocks of ice was a basket, with half a dozen bottles with tinfoil half way down the neck, and good, fat, comfortable-looking corks wired in the top,—in fact, these bottles were the fac-simile of Mcēt & Chandon's champagne bottles, and had been recognized as such.; and there was also another basket containing a dozen bottles of ale, and he concluded by telling these thirsty souls there assembled that it could be "lifted" with the greatest of ease. Now, when this discovery was unfolded to them, the look of unbelief on these fellows' faces was amusing to see. "Git out!" "What are yer givin' us?" "What dye yer take us fer?" "As if any one would be such a mug as to leave it there unprotected!" such were the comments on Jimmie's story. At last having convinced his hearers that he was not "coddling," all traces of the *ennui* that had hitherto possessed them instantly vanished, and they resolved themselves into a committee of ways and means as to how the champagne was to be obtained. The British soldier is naturally honest, but it is not to be wondered at if these particular infantry-men, in their then present state of mind and throat, were disposed to take a liberal view of the doctrine of *meum* and *teum*. It appears that the refrigerator and its contents were the property of the Militia Battalion then in camp, and the liquor was owned by the Officers' Mess, so these five gentlemen regarded the treasure trove as lawful prey, if it could be appropriated without any danger of the detection of the culprits. Jimmie then unfolded his plan of campaign: as a preliminary step he would entice the careless custodian of the refrigerator down to the farthest limits of the camp, on some pretext or other, and in the meantime one of the others was to reconnoitre, to see if no one was round, while the other three were to carry the champagne over to the tent—two bottles to each man being seemed a sufficient load as the liquor was so precious; the remaining man was to stay and look after the tent, and put any

one prowling round off the scent of grog, as when a soldier sees his comrades in a jovial state of mind, when five minutes before they were *very* despondent, it naturally makes him suspicious, and where there is "grog" there will the eagles be gathered together. After the plan had been agreed upon, Jimmie left to carry out his role on the arranged programme, and as a parting instruction he said: "Now don't make any mistake, and get bottled ale instead of the champagne." Of course the remainder of the clique promised to pay particular attention to what kind of liquor they purloined. No. 1 went over to the directed spot and found the refrigerator, and after a preliminary glance round to see that the coast was clear, with fingers trembling with excitement he opened the door, and there, sure enough, between two blocks of ice was the basket with the coveted and longed for bottles just within reach. Being rather "rattled" by his good luck, he took the ale bottles, and after making half his journey back he bethought him of his mistake, and looking round he stole back and changed the despised bottled ale for the bottles with the seductive-looking corks and tinfoil. He arrived at the tent and secreted his plunder in his kit, *without looking at the labels*, and reported his return. No. 2 then started out, and arrived back safely with his load, and, like his predecessor, he planted his booty without reading the inscription on the label. No. 3, went after the remaining two bottles, and managed to get them between his serge and his shirt; but on his way back, who should he see approaching, but the proper guardian of the refrigerator and its precious contents, who had suddenly left Jimmy, and had come back to look after his charge. As soon as the marauder saw him coming, he dashed behind some convenient buildings, and dug a hole about five feet deep in some straw lying there, saying, as he did so, "This ere tack 'as to be kept pretty cool or it goes off with an orful explosion;" so digging deep down in the straw, he planted his plunder until he could safely regain it without risk of discovery, as he soliloquized "when it is found that ari a dozen of champagne 'as been swiped, there will be an orful racket," having in mind the old saw: "He who prigs what isn't his'n when he's cotched he goes to pris'n." He arrived safely at the tent, and reported where he had put the remainder of the booty, and gave his reasons for not fetching it over to the headquarters of the robbers. Meanwhile the worthies who were for guard had forgotten their troubles, and were discussing the probable taste of champagne; as none of the crowd had ever had an opportunity of sampling that delicious beverage before, the remarks passed were of the following nature:—"They say that yer feels the 'glad' for a week arter the booze." "O Lord! I shall be able to chuck a chest like a choked sprat on guard mount parade to-night," said another, "Mind you fellers don't git so bloomin' drunk that yer git clinked", said Jimmie, who had arrived by this time. Preparations which excited the curiosity of the remainder of the company then began to ensue. Firstly the curtain of the tent was rolled down, and tightly pegged, to keep inquisitive eyes from obtaining any knowledge of the coming carnival, and as one of the cabal remarked, "We don't 'it a snap like this 'ere every day, and we don't want to 'ave to divvy up with the whole company," as the crafty individual knew very well that if the source of the supply was known he would have to give a certain number of drinks by way of blackmail. The next performance was to get the lucky six interested in the matter inside the tent and close the door tightly, and one of the bottles was handed out for consumption. Every one admired the symmetrical proportions of the cork and bottle, but no one thought of perusing the label.

"Give me a corkscrew," said Jimmie, "who was acting master of the ceremonies. "Corkscrew be damned!" rejoined another; "as soon as yer cuts them wires, the cork will fly out itself, and all yer 'as to do is to scoff it," and he licked his chops in anticipation of the coming feast. "'Eie, 'old my serge over it so as every one won't 'ear the report," said Jimmie, and his suggestion was at once acted upon.

The silence was oppressive, and the hearts of the plunderers could be heard beating at the rate of about 300 to the minute. "It's bloody 'ot in 'ere," said Jimmie. "Never mind the 'eat," muttered that gentleman, holding the serge; "yer won't feel the 'eat when yer gits drinking this 'ere." Jimmie had now loosened all the wires and had warned everybody to get out of the trajectory of the coming cork, as he muttered "Mebbe it will go through the canvas of the tent," and just to facilitate the work of the foaming liquid in expelling the stopper, he loosened it a trifle with his finger and thumb. "I wonder what is the matter with the stuff," asked James, "that it don't go orf." "Mebbe it's flat," answered one of the clique in a whisper. At this sacrilegious suggestion The M. C. exclaimed in an indignant tone of voice: "I aint' arf as flat as you are, you bloomin' fool." "It's a rum thing it don't come out," replied the other one, whose eyes were glistening and whose tongue was moistening his lips in a very suggestive manner. At last the cork came forth in a very modest way, and without half the usual *éclat* of a common beer bottle stopper. It was decided to give the man who had looked after the tent the first drink, and so with trembling hands he raised the bottle to his lips and took one gulp, but suddenly threw it on the ground in disgust. When the others asked in a decidedly threatening way if he was "daft," all he could stammer out were the two monosyllables—, "It's pop," and sure enough, when the bottle was picked up and the label was perused it was found to be a vile temperance concoction called "orange champagne," that is sold with peanuts in company with pink lemonade at a country circus. For a moment all hands were so paralyzed with disgust that they seemed bereft of speech and action, but suddenly, amidst a volley of execrations and a howl for mercy, Jimmie, who was the author of the whole business, was ejected from the tent followed by the ammunition boots of the other victims. In vain he tried to explain his innocence of the contents of the bottles, but his infuriated comrades would not listen to his protestations of innocence. At last calm was restored and explanations ensued, and Jimmie was exonerated from any blame in the matter, but he was still eyed with looks of suspicion. "And to think that I was such a silly fool as to replace good bottled ale for that stuff," said the man who had made the first trip for the booty, in an aggrieved tone; "and to think that I have held my serge over the mouth of the bottle to prevent the rest of the company hearing the cork come out," said another one of the gang.

It was decided to hush up the matter, but the demeanor of the conspirators, before the discovery of the plunder being pop, had been so noticeably confident and aggressive, that the remainder of the company "smelt a rat," and soon ascertained the truth; and when they did, our friends were roasted most unmercifully, the crowning point being put on their discomfiture as Jimmie stepped out of his tent all dressed for guard, when some irreverent recruit yelled out, "Now then Jimmie, mind yer chuck a chest like a brigade major on guard mount to-night." "If looks could kill a man the recruit would have been annihilated on the spot; but Jimmie's look of indignation was only answered with fresh shouts of derision. If you want to keep in the good graces of these five men, never mention the word "champagne" in their company, or if you do look out for squalls.

**WINNIPEG.****"B" SQUADRON, R.C.D.**

Perhaps our comrades in the East are not aware that this Station does not possess a covered Riding School, and that during the long and severe winter the instruction of recruits and the "attached" is done in the open maneges.

When the thermometer passes the 20° below zero mark, the parades are turned into exercise or reconnaissance rides, and what the recruit loses in riding instruction he gains in toughness and knowledge of the country. The Officers or Sergeants on instruction duty come in for the lion's share of the cold weather, as they are deprived of the exercise conducive to a fair degree of warmth. If the prayers of the moderately righteous avail, the coldest Station in the Empire will some day possess a comfortable Riding School.

The Officers' and Sergeants' Institute was organized at the beginning of the year, and is proving a pronounced success. The first lecture—subject "Cavalry"—was given by Major Evans on the 15th Jan. Captain Williams lectured on "Advance and Rear Guards" on the 22nd, and Regtl. Sgt. Major Ingram on the "Lee-Enfield Rifle" on the 29th. The lectures were followed by the discussions, which have proved both interesting and instructive. The series of lectures will continue through the winter months.

The Dramatic Club opened the season on the 4th and 5th of January, with the "Porter's Knot" and "Little Toddlers," a double bill, and capitally put on.

The Club was greeted with full houses both nights, and its finances were improved accordingly. Mrs. Graham, the wife of the Squadron Sgt. Major, made her *début*, and is a decided acquisition to the talent of the Club.

The Annual Christmas Tree for the children of the Squadron passed off with much *éclat*. The tree was beautifully decorated by Sergt. Farrier Timmis and his squad, and the presents were all the children could desire.

The C.O. presided with the grace and affability that only bachelors possess on such occasions.

A brief and excellent programme of songs and music was given by the band and N.C.O. and men, assisted by several civilian friends.

The Ladies' Hockey Club at the Barracks has been in full swing, and the series against the "Men with Left Hands" at present stands even with two games a piece. The loser of the series gives a supper, and the betting is 2 to 1 that the Ladies lose. Mrs. Williams captains the team and plays goal; point, Miss Lettice Brydges; cover point, Miss Edwards; forwards:—Mrs. Sutton, Mrs. Holloway, Miss Lockhart, Miss Brydges.

Hockey in the Squadron flourishes this winter, there being in all seven teams in the Barracks, viz.: "Officers Mess;" "The Staff;" "The Squadron;" "Right Troop;" "Left Troop;" "Right Troop Second;" and "Left Troop Second." Several matches with outside clubs have been played with only one defeat up to date. "The Staff" team holds first place in Barracks, with 8 wins and no defeats.

The first game in the series Officers' Mess R.C.D. vs. Officers Mess 90th was won by the R.C.D., score 11 to 1. The passing game of the R.C.D. was too good for the 90th.

Major Evans and Captain Williams are in great demand in Winnipeg and in the Province as "referees" for the various Hockey matches, and from the reports in the local press they appear to give general satisfaction.

The C.O. has just returned from a month's leave, and has brought back all the latest ideas in fancy skating, as well as a pair of Norwegian skis, on which he skims across the boundless prairie, to the amazement of the Indians and "Half Breeds," who have never before seen this form of snow-shoe.

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## LONDON, ONT.

### NO. 1 REGIMENTAL DEPOT, R.R.C.I.

Each in the joy of His working, and each in His separate star,  
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for the God of Things as They Are.

(Kipling)

We in "London the less" have been enjoying a very mild winter; though Christmas Day was a typical one, with enough snow for sleighing, under a cloudless sky. Christmas was passed by all in a very quiet manner, there being no sounds of revelry by night. We have seldom seen any Barrack so quiet as on this festive occasion.

There have recently been some changes here. Capt. Denison, much to the regret of the officers, N.C. officers and men, of the townspeople, and especially of the Hunt Club, among whom his good riding always rendered him conspicuous, was transferred to Toronto, after 8 years at this station. He can scarcely claim, like some others, that his soldiering has been that of constant change; and he is lucky in getting to Toronto, where he is so well and favorably known, and where his relatives live.

Major Wadmore arrived a few days after Capt. Denison had left, and was most warmly welcomed by the officers, N.C. officers and men, as well as by the local merchants and tradesmen,—which is a good deal to his credit! No pun intended.

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Col. Smith's family have recently suffered a loss by the death of Mrs. Smith's father. Both the Colonel and Mrs. Smith attended the obsequies of the deceased gentleman.

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Lieut.-Col. Vidal left on Monday, 4th January, to take a course of equitation at Toronto. We believe that certain bulls and bears regarded his presence in the Western metropolis with some apprehension, as he is decidedly clever in the Wall Street line.

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Capt. Hemming is most assiduous and painstaking in guiding the erring feet of about one hundred of the backbone of the country, and in making them good food for powder. He certainly shows that the praise bestowed on him by our late General at Levis was fully deserved.

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Capt. Carpenter is looking well, and has been a good deal in command of No. 1 Company lately, owing to Col. Vidal's absence at Toronto, and on District duty; and Surgeon Lieut.-Col. Hanavan wishes to convey through those columns his expression of good will to all this coming New Year, and is just aching for a bloody war, so that he may have an opportunity of cutting off the Adjutant's ear with a saw. He is, we are told, of a sporting tendency just now, and recently made quite a bag of duck by the aid of ball and smokeless powder; so that he is evidently a good shot.

We are all pleased to see the jealous interest taken in the Permanent Corps by a few well-informed civilians in Toronto. We have heard it remarked by public men that they prefer to be "slanged" by the press to being ignored. Our thanks are, therefore, due to Messrs. \_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_.

"*Cui*" *non laborem! otio est permittentem!* must have been the query that Jerry propounded to himself last camp, when a large and handsome dog attached himself to the company for an indefinite course. For a long time Jerry has confined himself to the duty of inspecting the orderly officer when he "took" the guard at noon, and a full grown "grouse" has been his perpetual *vade mecum* for the last twelve months, and now we are to be congratulated upon our choice of the heir presumptive to the honorable position of "Regimental dog." The disreputable old bundle of wool and dirt that has long done duty in this respect is soon to be superannuated, and his successor is a fine St. Bernard named Nero, presumably on account of his gentle and quiet disposition. "Jerry," who at present fills the post of "senior man" among the Barrack Canines, is so well known to all our readers that we will pass him by with the remark that he is ageing fast, and is almost useless; but we are consoled with the memory that "he has seen better days." "Nero," the heir elect, is a fine specimen of the St. Bernard breed, his only fault being an undulating movement in his gait, which resembles a combination of the Alexandra limp and the Grecian bend; this peculiarity is confined to his hind quarters, and like a good soldier he shews a good front. His patience under the "maulings" of the juvenile portion of the Barrack inmates is only equalled by the devoted attention he pays to the orderly men when carrying out their "hold-alls." Apparently he has done a course of field training, and he "lays" for the above mentioned gentlemen with a cunning that would make No. 2 Company envious of their Point de Levi reputation for ambuscades. We have now a contingent of dogs that for variety and determination to find the ash pit, under the most trying circumstances, can almost come up to the standard set by the London Hunt Club pack, as the local scratch pack is called.

At this season of the year we particularly ask to be delivered from envy, hatred and malice, and all uncharitableness; but really the state of things in one section of the company

is something horrible to contemplate, and is deserving of the strongest condemnation. A regular matrimonial mania seems to have struck this unfortunate unit, and a number of promising young soldiers have "been and gone and done it." The first symptom we observed of this "dotty" streak was the transfer of the allegiance of two fellows from the shrine of Bacchus to that of Venus, but we did not consider the cases dangerous, until Hymen was propitiated by these two sacrifices. Instead of taking example by the awful fate of their comrades, two more forsook their lawful divinity, and followed suit, and now we have a section composed mostly of Benedicts.

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A man may break every law in the Decalogue but the eighth and ninth, and still retain our regard, but when he enters into the bonds of holy matrimony, it is time to warn a fatigued man to take a few rounds of ball ammunition and a rifle ("Snider" preferred to make Asmodeus sure of his guests) to make an example of the offender *pour encourager les autres*. Some poor misguided people make marriage a subject for congratulations, but we would strongly advise our readers to confine their acquaintance to Venus and leave Hymen severely alone!

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Our Athletic Association had a fairly successful season last year, playing eight cricket matches and winning six, and the foot-ball eleven held the leading position in the City League, when the organization broke up on account of the Oliver Twisterian propensities of some of the other teams therein entered.

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On November the 24th, the men gave a Smoking Concert and Supper, to which a large number of civilians were invited, and a very pleasant evening was spent. Songs were sung by Col. Sergt. Cooper, Ptes. Kibbler, Webb and Turk. The vocal efforts of several ex-members present were greatly appreciated.

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On New Year's eve, the N.C.O's gave a dinner, at which were present a number of honorary members, also the C.O., and Majors Wadmore and Hemming also dropped in for a short time, and they left early, wishing the Non-Coms. and



their guests many years of happiness and prosperity. The graphophone was one of the attractions of the evening, and the songs and selections re-produced by that instrument were really splendid. The vocal artists of the company included Col. Sergt. Cooper, Corps. Beaumont and Watson, and the repertoire of the civilians was also freely drawn upon to help to pass a most enjoyable evening.

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The Officers gave their annual ball on the 28th Dec., at which were present all the *élite* of the city. As is always the case with military routs it was a howling success; and outclassed its predecessors in point of numbers present and the beauty of the ladies. It was highly gratifying to notice that the waiters and picquet attended to their duties in an exemplary manner, and the abundance of chicken, turkey, ham and *paté de foie gras* for breakfast in the men's mess room was conclusive evidence that these gentry knew their business, and, what is more, attended to it. We have a very high opinion of a man that can combine personal gain with duty, as it shews that he possesses an enterprising philosophy that should never be questioned as long as he adheres to the strictly personal principles of *meum* and *tuum*. The whole affair was managed by Col. Vidal and Captains Hemming and Carpenter, who took much pains with every detail. The attached officers present, among whom is Captain Cartwright, a brother of "ours," assisted materially in the decorations and in the dancing; and as gentlemen are always scarce, we all felt extremely grateful to them.

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Among the Non-Coms. and men who have lately extended their term of service are:—Sergt. Major Monroe, Q. M. S. Kennedy, Staff Sergts. Burke and Davis, Sergt. Cranston, Corp. Beaumont and Ptes. Faryon and Moore.

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It is with pleasure that the men of this Depot note the growing convalescence of Hosp. Sergt. McCulloch. Last camp he met with a misfortune in the shape of an injury to his eye, and it was feared at one time that he would lose the optic, but happily he has managed to save his eye, although the sight of it will be impaired slightly.

Sergt. Copeman has returned from a five months' turlough in England. The pleasure of his visit was marred by the sad death of his father, the Rev. Canon Copeman, of Norwich. However, the bloom on the Sergt's cheek shews that the bracing air of the Og and Magog mountains, coupled with a fare of Norfolk dumplings, has had a good effect on his constitution.

Lighten our darkness, we beseech thee, most gracious Government, and let us know if the Regiment is to be recruited up to its former strength, as in the happy days of good old Point-de St. Levis camp; or are we to suffer still further reductions. (Ishmael.)

### TORONTO, ONT.

#### No. 2 REGIMENTAL DEPOT R.R.C.I.

Stanley Barracks has been particularly gay this season, no less than six balls having been held, each a greater success than the last. The crowd attending those popular dances has become so large that room can scarcely be found for them in the large Drill Hall where the dances are held.

The "At Home" given by the Garrison Bicycle Club, on New Year's eve, was a decided success. The Hall was prettily decorated for the occasion, the feature of the decorations being a large illuminated Bicycle, designed by Drill Sergt. Holmes.

The Committee having charge of the affair were:— S. M. Borland, D. S. Holmes, Sergt. Beattie, M. S. Gallo-way, Ctr. Sergt. Campbell, and Corpl. Thompson, R.R.C.I.; Corpl. Leblond, R.C.D.; Pte. Wannacott, Pte. Johnston, R.R.C.I.

The Sergt. Majors and Sergeants of the Garrison Sergts. Mess were "At Home" to the Sergts. of the City Corps from 2 p.m. to 4 p.m., on New Year's day; at least one hundred guests enjoyed the hospitality of the Sergeants of the V.R.I. Mess.

Refreshments were plentiful (as they should be on New Year's day), and after the last guest had departed, Sergt. Bourke was heard to exclaim: "Thank God we're all Scotch."

Drill Sergt. Butcher leaves us on Sunday for Ottawa, where he is to act as Instructor to the Governor General's Foot Guards. We will all miss this genial N.C. officer very much, who is a general favorite with officers, N. C. officers and men alike.

Our Association Team entered the Intermediate League last Fall, and though not successful in the finals, came up well to the front. It is intended to play Rugby in the Spring, when we hope to be heard from. Our At Home, on Jan. 28th, was a great social success.

Sergt. John Bourke of ours, who has been on furlough for some time, has returned, and reports Rifle Ranges present and correct! Sir! like!

Pte. Ferris, *The Depot Artist*, has just completed another painting of which he is justly proud.

Some of our greatest critics have inspected this work of art, and report it "Present." It is a painting of Stanley Barracks in a fog, as seen from Niagara on the Lake, and is admirably executed.

Sergt. Inst. Widgery claims to be the greatest four-in-hand driver in this world or any other world; but that did not prevent the sleigh which conveyed the N.C. Officers to Glen Levin a few evenings ago from upsetting. Result: one Sergt. Instr., sprained ankle; one Young Sergt. Instr., broken nose; one Farrier Sgt., broken trunnion; one M. Sgt. X., hurt internally (no name); one Col. Sergt., roughed about the eyes and face. All will recover.

"*The Trapper*" is written by an ex. sergt. instructor, an old friend of No. 3 Depot, R.R.C.I. I can assure your readers that recited in the primeval forest, as its writer can recite it, with the fire light throwing back the deep dark shadows, it is well worth hearing. Copyright reserved.

## THE TRAPPER.

1.

All alone in the forest, untamed and uncultured,  
In the dim sounding isles, and by wild meadow sod;  
On the margin of waters, so clear, deep and sparkling ;  
In wilderness wild, where man ne'er has trod —

2.

A man in the prime of his life lives contented;  
And cheerfully works in his own silent way,  
Making wealth without told of the fur-bearing creatures  
Good fortune or chance may have sent in his way.

3.

Down the brown sluggish current of a creek lined with alders,  
Which kiss the dark waters, so mute in their flow ;  
By rocks of black granite, by pine, spruce and cedar,  
To a large beaver pond that lies far down below,

4.

In his birch bark canoe so small yet so stately,  
With his gun traps and tomahawk thrown at his knees,  
The trapper glides slowly, his light paddle flashing  
In the bright golden sunlight that shines through the trees.

5.

His pipe in his mouth, which he smokes with great gusto,  
His face tanned and hard by the storms and the sun,  
While he pushes in haste to his camp far before him,  
With its bright fire and food, for his day's work is done.

6.

At length he arrives at a bend of the river  
Where his much prized canoe-landing comes into view;  
He alights on a log, and with care and decision  
Lifts out and turns over his light bark canoe :

7.

And with gun, game and tomahawk goes thro' the brushwood,  
To the door of his camp, so snug and so light,  
Lays down gun and game and with sharp, useful tomahawk  
Chops some dry hard wood to burn through the night.

## 8.

After eating his supper of scone, tea and venison,  
 And lighting his pipe with a coal from the fire,  
 He unrolls his blanket which he spreads o'er his brushbed,  
 And making all safe prepares to retire.

## 9.

While oft in the night so still and so lonely,  
 He will think of the days of his childhood so dear,  
 And will ask the dear Lord he has loved in his boyhood  
 To keep him from harm in his wilderness drear.

## 10.

He thinks of his home and the mother who blessed him,  
 When dying, and bade him her memory keep;  
 With a sigh of regret and a tear on the pillow,  
 The poor worn out trapper is lost in sweet sleep.

C. N. CHAPMAN,  
*Huntsville, Ont.*

It is no uncommon sight to see the 110 Infantry attached doing their mile at the double. The Adjutant tells them it will add years to their life. Recent marchings out show that they have become thoroughly toughened.

An attack on Hanlan's point, ending with a march through town, was practised Feb. 1st. On the 11th, Advance Guards were sent out towards the Humber, ending with an attack on a position taken up by No. 2 Co. The attached assisted by their instructors had to find the position by scouting, etc., as only the general direction of the enemy were given them. The use of blank ammunition enabled some very realistic work to be performed.

Their physique is better than we have had for some time; they made an excellent showing as rear rank to the Guard of Honor furnished from Stanley Barracks.

## HOCKEY.

This game has a decidedly strong hold on our little community, the crowds which turn out to see the different matches proving this statement.

Our first match was with the crack 7, from "Bank of Commerce," who defeated us by a score of 10 to 4.

We met better luck in our second with "The Crawfords," defeating them by 10 to 7, which we repeated later, defeating them by a score of 9 to 6.

We then sent Trinity College 2nd team to the wall with a score of 15 to 1. But their Senior team won from us with 8 to 5. "Osgoode Hall" has just got the better of us. But the year is not finished yet.

Composition of our team :—*Goal*, Pte. Smith ; *Point*, Pte. Stump ; *Cover Point*, Pte. Q. M. S. Galloway, *Forwards* :—Lieut. Van Straubenzie, Pte. Wonnacott, Pte. Cooper, Pte. Franks.

Major T. D. B. Evans, R.C.D., has visited our new rink; he is much pleased with it, and has promised to join in a friendly game.

### KINGSTON, ONT.

#### "A" FIELD BATTERY R.C.A.

The C.O. as usual invited a large number of civilian friends to visit the men's messes on Xmas day. There has always been a friendly rivalry between the Right and Left half Battery for supremacy in decoration, and this year perhaps more than ever. The Right half mess room was gradually transformed into a continental "beer-garden," the Left into a large marquee, and everything went well, the men working like niggers to please their officers and friends. The Officer in charge of the Left half visited his room just before midnight on Xmas eve, and leaving a man in charge satisfied himself that all was safe. At about 3 o'clock on Xmas morning an alarm of fire was given, and the Left half mess was found to be in flames, everybody was immediately on the alert, and in a short time the flames were extinguished, but not before the man in charge was severely burned. The origin of the fire is not accurately known, but suffice it to say, it occurred, and the men after all their labor were doomed to disappointment. Their "Right half" comrades, however, invited them to dine in their mess, and notwithstanding their misfortune, the Xmas dinners passed off in the usual hilarious fashion. Sharp on the hour, the C.O., his officers and friends visited the mess, and were received with a ringing cheer. The C.O. spoke a few words to his men, several speeches followed by civilian friends, after which the officers and visitors adjourned to the ante-room, where the usual toasts were proposed, drank and responded to.

On New Year's eve, a dinner was given in the officers' mess, principally that the Honorary Members of the mess might favor us with their company. About 26 sat down, and after dinner some of the "old time" games were resorted to. Several flash-light photographs were taken by Surgeon Major Garret of the 14th Batt. At midnight all present met in the ante-room over a punch-bowl, good wishes for the New Year were exchanged, after which "Auld Lang Syne" was in order, when the company dispersed.

We have a large class for instruction at present, about 30 in all. Capt. Burstall in charge.

13 Officers are expected to join for a L.C., on 3rd March.

At the beginning of the year a social organization was formed, having as its object the "clinging" of the good feeling which exists between the men and their civilian friends, as well as supplying the members of the Battery with healthy amusement. The name selected was the "Lone Star Club," and its officers are as follows:—President, Bomb. Stamp; Vice-President, Gr. Laman; Secretary, Pr. Boone; Treas., Gr. Johnston; Grand Keeper of the Star, Corp. Simons; Stage Manager, Gr. Marshall. The first step taken by the club was to hire the City Hall and give a concert; the result was more than satisfactory,—the Hall was filled and standing room difficult to secure. Needless to say this singular success greatly encouraged all interested in the welfare of the club, so that the organization has been able to provide the following list of entertainments during the 6 weeks of its existence and to have a credit balance in the hands of the treasurer:—

1. Concert in City Hall.
2. Dinner and concert at 1,000 Island Hotel.
3. Concert in Barriefield Town Hall.
4. Dance in "Whig" Hall.
5. Dinner and Concert at 1,000 Island Hotel.
6. Concert in St. George's Hall.
7. Dinner and Concert at 1,000 Island Hotel.

To augment this list an excursion will be run by the G.T.R. to Napanee on the 23rd inst.; a concert will be given in the Town Hall.

The club have also offered their talent to the Civic Committee of the Indian Famine Fund, to give one of their Concerts in aid of that charitable movement.

This list speaks volumes for the talent we have in the Battery, and we cannot too highly appreciate the efforts of the energetic committee in bringing about such great success.

Capt. W. E. Cooke spent Xmas in Montreal ; there are whispers floating about that he has attractions there. We would rather say an attraction.

We are all sorry to lose Bomb. Paradis ; his age excludes him from re-enlistment. It is not generally known, but will be interesting to many, that Bomb. Paradis has manuscripts written in French of the political lives of almost every member of the Canadian Government for the past century. Some day this will be a valuable work, if it is not so already.

A very exciting Curling match took place last week between the Professors of Queen's College and our Officers. Teams as follows :—Queen's University : (Skip) Dr. Watson, Professor Knight, Goodwin and Cappon. "A" Battery : (Skip) Lt.-Col. Drury, Capt. Ogilvie, Capt. Burstall and Capt. Cooke.

Two matches were played of 16 ends each, Queen's winning the first by 2 points ; in the return match, however, our fellows went in with a will and won by 8 points—net result : win for "A" Battery, 6 points.

Lt.-Col. Drury and Vet. Major Massie were away in the West buying remounts for "A" and "B" Batteries—bought eight in all, six of which were sent to "B" Battery.

Everybody will be sorry to learn that Major Hudon has been confined to his quarters for some time past, suffering from rheumatism. We wish him heartily better luck.

Marter Gunner J. Maher is also a sufferer. All are deeply concerned at his serious illness.



## ST. JOHNS, P.Q.

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

A Ball, which admittedly eclipsed all former ones, was given at the Barracks here on the 14th of January, by Lieut.-Col. d'Orsonnens, Commandant, and the officers of the detachment of the Royal Regt. Canadian Infantry. The guests were received by Lieut.-Col. and the Countess d'Orsonnens. The attendance was very large, and included representatives from nearly all of the Montreal Battalions of Militia. Six officers of the 21st United States Infantry, presently stationed at Plattsburgh, N.Y., were present to represent their Regiment. They entered heartily into the evening's enjoyment, and said they had an "elegant" time. The Regimental Orchestra, under Bugle Major Ringette, furnished the music, and the waiters were the officers' servants. The supper was furnished by Joyce of Montreal. The decorations were in admirable taste, and were got up under the direction of Captains Chinic and Fages.

There has since the first of the year been a large amount of sickness, among both the officers and men. The Regimental Hospital of ten beds has been full most of the time. There has also been much sickness among the women and children of the Depot.

The number of attached non-coms. and men for the present course fills our available accommodations. Seven officers are attending the course.

Lieut.-Col. Pope, Brigade Major of this (No. 6) District, was here on the 6th of February, on business.

The entertainment given at Black's Opera House, by the Garrison Minstrels, on the 15th December last, was an eye opener to the people of the town. It was a pronounced success, admitted by every one.

The Garrison Minstrels are to give another entertainment on the 23rd February. They are also to take part in a concert in aid of the Indian Famine Fund, which takes place the week previous.

A subscription in aid of the Indian Famine Fund has been started among the officers and men.

The report started by the *St. Johns News*, a few weeks ago, that the School of Instruction was to be removed to Montreal in the near future, has of course caused much talk in the Depot. Notwithstanding the denial, by those who pretend to know—the *News* states that its information comes from excellent authority. We, of course, know nothing, but wait with interest the turn in events. Whatever the future may bring forth, we do not believe St. Johns will ever be deserted as a garrison town.

The late snow storm, which was an unusually heavy one, brought out the snow shoveling brigade in full force. Had it not been for them, communication with the town would have been all but impossible.

A dinner was given at the Barracks on the 24th Dec., 1896, attended by the wives of the officers and a few civilian friends with their ladies. It was an enjoyable event.

Col. d'Orsonnens and officers received from Major General Herbert a Christmas card on which was written in French; (translation) "My thoughts always return to my old comrades." On the card hand painted were three swallows in flight.

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### QUEBEC, P.Q.

The team of the Royal Canadian Artillery have proved themselves the foot ball champions, having recently defeated the 8th Royal Rifles by two goals scored in the last half. Capt. H. A. Panet put in an excellent game, and frequently saved his team from defeat.

On the 8th December, Bandsman Cote, of the Royal Canadian Artillery, died. The deceased was very well known here. The body was laid at rest on the 11th inst. with military honors. The firing party was in charge of Sergt. Jordan. The casket was placed on a gun sleigh and covered with the Union Jack, upon which were placed flowers and the big bass instrument which the deceased used to play. The officers and a detachment of the R.C.A. were present at the funeral.

Four horses belonging to "B" Field Battery R.C.A. were sold at the Montcalm Market square. The prices realized were not good, only some \$108 for the four being obtained.

At a serious fire in the Basilica, early in January, a detachment of the R.C.A. was speedily on the scene, prepared to render such assistance as might be required.

Quite a social event took place on 6th January, on the marriage of Major Geo. West Jones, of St. John, N.B., to Miss Mabel Mary Rolt White, daughter of Lieut.-Col. White, of the 8th Royal Rifles. The wedding was a military one, and the varied uniforms made the scene a brilliant one.

The Garrison Club recently decided to build an addition to the club for the purpose of instituting a "Squash Ball." The capital required, some \$3,500, was readily subscribed, and work has already been commenced on the foundations. This will add very considerably to the attractions of the club, and will doubtless mean an increase in the membership. The suggestion was brought forward by Capt. W. J. Ray, of the 8th Royal Rifles.

On the 4th Jan., the R.C.A. Quadrille Club gave another dance in the Citadel. The orchestra was supplied by the regimental band.

On the 4th Jan. the Royal Canadian Artillery at this station lost one of their members in the person of Trumpeter M. Thomson, of "B" Field Battery, aged 16 years and 0 months. His remains were laid at rest in Mount Hermon Cemetery on the 7th inst. Sergt. Englefield was in charge of the firing party. The music was supplied by the regimental band and the coffin drawn on a gun sleigh drawn by six horses. Among others in attendance were the following officers: Lieut.-Cols. C. E. Montizambert and J. F. Wilson, Majors Farley, Rutherford and Benson, Capts. Thacker, Panet, Pelletier, Benyon and Ogilvy.

The Royal Canadian Artillery Football Team have been very successful so far in their matches with other corps, and stand a very good chance of becoming the champions. They have been doing some hard practice, and as the composition of the team includes Capts. H. A. Panet and J. H. C. Ogilvy, who devote considerable time in the way of coaching their team, it is anticipated they will carry the honors at the drill termination of the matches. These are being held in the drill hall.

On the evening of the 12th Jan., some 80 members of the Garrison Club, of Quebec, spent an enjoyable time at a smoking concert. The opening piece was an instrumental quintette by Drs. Lemieux and Parke, and Messrs. Lemoine, Moffatt and Legendre, which was well rendered. This was followed by a song, entitled "Henrietta," which was sung by Capt. J. H. C. Ogilvy, R.C.A., at the end of which he had to respond with an encore. Mr. Ashmead, of the Q.O.C.H., then performed some startling sleight-of-hand tricks, which proved very interesting and mystifying. The feature of the evening was the song of "Her Golden Hair was Hanging Down Her Back," which was given by Major R. W. Rutherford, R.C.A.

### FREDERICTON, N.B.

There are over 70 Officers, N.C.O. and men of this Depot for the winter course, the majority being Nova Scotians.

Pte. "Billy Patterson" was the recipient of a very kind letter from Major Wadmore at the New Year: he was more than delighted with it, but there were lines at the corners of his mouth which bore unmistakable signs of grief when no cigarettes fell out of the envelope.

Lieut.-Colonel Maunsell is in Toronto as President of the Ct. of Enquiry in the matter of the Queen's Own Rifles.

Capt. Eaton has been at Newcastle, Woodstock and St. John on District Duty recently.

We have three rinks in full blast: one in front of the Officers' Mess, and two on the Barrack Square. One of these the N.C.O. use for Curling only, and judging from the keen interest taken and the noise issuing from that particular corner of the Square, those who are not actually Scotch evidently imagine themselves Highlanders, at least during the game.

Capt. Eaton has a hockey team, so he is happy. They were to have played the Fredericton team (civilians), but they,

the civics, hearing whispers of violent body checking and excellent play, remained at home that afternoon; it was too stormy to go out. Capt. Eaton has gained confidence since that, and is seriously considering a challenge received from the Ladies' Hockey Team.

We often wonder what it would be like to live in good warm Barracks; how it would feel to watch a real, live, blustery snow storm from behind the window-panes without being blown off your feet; what the sensation would feel like at not having to turn out with snow-shovels after such a storm to fire back the drifts from your new Brussels and old window sills; what it would seem like to (just for a change, you know) lie back in your favorite chair, and silently watch your curtains really motionless for once, while the wind whistles rudely around the gable ends. I *wonder* what cosy quarters really *are* like anyway?

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### SOLDIERS vs. CIVILIANS.

Once more, No. 4 Company has asserted its superiority. Somebody gave a silver cup to the local Branch of the Y.M.C.A., for the best team in a Tug-of-War, ten aside. Teams were selected from No. 4 Company and the Y.M.C.A., and the pull came off on Nov. 19th last. From the contest two things are noticeable: Firstly, the title of the Society is wrong. The letter Y stands for young, presumably in point of age; but some of their team were remarkably ancient youths. Secondly, the Society is not confined to Frederictonians, for the surrounding country seems to have been scoured for heavy men, their team being at least 500 lbs. heavier than the Company. In the first heat the soldiers waltzed over, and took the Y.M.C.A., rope and half the house with them. Things looking rusty for the civilians, they decided to enlist the help of nature, and dugged a few holes in the ground to hide in. By these means, the soldiers were surprised, and pulled over; but the civilians did not laugh long. Rather not! In the third heat, the Tommies just gave a few strains, and in spite of extra help from outsiders, the huge civilian mass was jerked over. This is not the first time soldiers have had civilians on a string. The "Back-bone of Canada" received a huge shock, and the civilians proved anything but civil. No. 4 Company team was as follows:—Clinton (Captain), Marsh, Burns, Frad-

sham, Lowe, Elsdon, Hine, Miller, Macdonald, McNeil. The success of the Team is largely due to Sergt. Instr. Duncan, who coached throughout, and shouted till he was nearly black in the face.

## LAYS OF THE REGIMENT.

### I

A Y.M.C.A. Combination  
Thought they could lick all creation.  
But the soldiers one night,  
Pulled them quite out of sight,  
And caused a decided sensation.

### 2.

The weather at Aldershot Camp  
As a rule is unpleasantly damp.  
No moon ever shines  
To illumine the lines,  
And it's dark, unless you've got a lamp.

### 3.

The good old Militia Brigade  
Of the Permanent Force is afraid ;  
As the true "fighting line," \*  
They really should shine,  
But they don't know the way to parade.

### 4.

The Bread-tin in No. 1 Mess  
Broke its lid, it is sad to confess.  
An appeal to the "Flag" †  
Soon mended the "jag,"  
And removed all the cause of distress.

### 5.

Willy the Barber lost his shears,  
And didn't know where to find them ;  
Let them alone and they'll come home,  
And bring the comb behind them.

\* "Fighting line," see *Canadian Militia Gazette*.

† "Flag." Term of endearment for "Color Sergeant."

## SAD CASE OF DEPRAVITY.

The Regimental Goat has destroyed all the confidence that has been placed in him. Until lately everyone thought he was a model of virtue. He has lately taken to drink, but whether from family troubles, or blighted love, has not yet been discovered. It is sad to state that he frequently is unable to walk home, and one night it required the combined efforts of Berringer, Marsh and Johnson to get him on a sled, and run him to his Quarters. This is a grand subject for the W.C.T.U. to work on, and a memorial to the Minister of Militia might result in the closing of the Canteen, and the opening of another bigger one. This bad habit has also made the Goat very quarrelsome. He tackled the Canteen Sergeant the other night, and there soon was a stand up fight between them. The Canteen Sergeant was knocked clear to the ropes in the first round, and vice for once triumphed over virtue. Something must be done to get the Goat to join the I.O.G.T., and it has been proposed that an application be made to some Missionary Society, for a squad of missionaries to conduct a 14 days Mission with the depraved beast.

## BOARD OF ENQUIRY.

A Board of Officers assembled at the Goat's Quarters, to examine, and report on, certain oats provided for the Goat's rations, and which had been reported by the said Goat to be unfit for food. The Board was composed as follows:—

President:—Capt. Berringer, Acting Goat Major.

## MEMBERS.

Capt. Johnson, Assistant Acting Goat Major.

Capt. Marsh, Deputy Assistant Acting Goat Major.

Lieut. Chidlow, Goat Quartermaster.

The proceedings were forwarded to Lieut.-Col. Bayers, in command of the Goat Section, who tasted a sample of the said oats, and pronounced them the worst he had ever eaten.

Major W. Boileau is placed on half-pay, while temporarily employed as Musketry Instructor to the Regimental Goat.

## LINES SUGGESTED BY PTE. MARSH'S KIT.

Erect and beautiful he takes his stand  
 By Baxter's Bed-cot.  
 His feet placed at the regulation angle  
 Of forty-five degrees.  
 With elbows close to sides, hands partly closed,  
 And backs of knuckles touching seams of trousers.  
 Chin slightly drawn in, head not thrown back,  
 The chest advanced, but without constraint,  
 And weight of body on fore part of feet.  
 His kit is all complete, shirt, socks, and towel,  
 Hold-all with its contents : soap, sponge, and brushes ;  
 Boot-laces neatly coiled on Canteen-lid ;  
 All's there, and in the very best condition.  
 A model kit for a recruit to copy,  
 And a decided credit to his section.

(M'Yes).

## SKATING.

With the permission of the C.O., a skating rink has been made in the Barrack Square, part of which is used for Hockey and part for Curling. Hockey seems a nice game. It is played by individuals armed with long sticks, with which they hit a lump of wood, and also each other. They hit each other more often than they hit the wood. The object of the game is to put the said piece of wood between the opposite goal posts. They never seem to get a fair goal, the other side always objects to it. No. 4 Company and the attached Company played a match on New Year's Day. The "V.R.I." special reporter was present on the top verandah, throughout the game. Capt. Eaton was in command of No. 4 Co. Team, and put in some good work,—too good for the attached. The game ended in a draw. So much for Hockey. The game of Curling, to an outsider, is a very interesting sight. The necessaries required are about ten things like round flat-irons with the front part of the handle broken off, four or more brooms, some men, and a large amount of noise. The scientific way of delivering the stone is to give it a violent shove, and then flop down flat on the stomach, as if suddenly struck from behind by some one, or seized with a very bad attack of cramp. The rest of the players all yell out "Don't touch



it," which seems absurd, because the stone is 30 or 40 feet away, and nobody has the very least idea of interfering with it. Simultaneously with the yell, they all begin to sweep the ice with brooms, as if they had forgotten to sweep a Barrack Room floor and the Orderly Officer was in the next room. Why they sweep is a mystery, for the stone never seems to go anywhere near the sweepers. By the way, it would be an excellent institution in the Barrack Room. Get a block of wood, roll it up and down the floor, and let the men stand round with brooms, and sweep anywhere in the vicinity of the said block. The floor would thus be swept, amidst all the excitement and glamor of a curling match. Result:—pleasure combined with duty, and cleanliness combined with both. Cleanliness is next to Godliness, and as that virtue would be the outcome of Curling, it follows, according to logic, that Church Parades on Sunday should be abolished and Curling matches substituted. To resume the game. The stone continues to roll, without any apparent result to the outsider, but with the greatest satisfaction or otherwise to the players. It is a good game for the exercise of the lungs, for the player who makes the most noise wins the game, which is aptly called the "Roaring Game." The rain must have had a mortgage on the Rink, and suddenly concluded to foreclose, for it has been raining for the last two days, and the Rink will soon be a thing of the past. So fade earthly honours, and the Hospital Sergeant's chances of 12 cents a day from men admitted to Hospital on account of injuries while playing Hockey.

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## MILITIA GENERAL ORDERS.

1896.

### ACTIVE MILITIA.—CAVALRY.

*Royal Canadian Dragoons.*—"A" Squadron.—To be Adjutant: Lieutenant and Brevet Captain William Forester. 13th November, 1896.

"B" Squadron.—To be Adjutant: Lieutenant and Brevet Captain Victor Arthur Seymour Williams. 3rd January, 1896.

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 ROYAL CANADIAN ARTILLERY.

“A” *Field Battery*.—To be Adjutant: Lieutenant and Brevet Captain George Hunter Ogilvie, vice Gaudet seconded. 13th November, 1896.

*Nos. 1 and 2 Garrison Companies*.—To be Adjutant: Lieutenant and Brevet Captain Herbert Cyril Thacker, vice Rutherford, promoted. 16th January, 1895.

## ROYAL REGIMENT OF CANADIAN INFANTRY.

No. 1 Regimental Depot.—To be Adjutant: Lieutenant and Brevet Major Robinson Lyndhurst Wadmore, vice Denison, transferred. 19th November, 1896.

No. 2 Regimental Depot.—To be Adjutant: Lieutenant and Brevet Captain Robert Cartwright. 1st October, 1894.

No. 3 Regimental Depot.—To be Adjutant: Lieutenant and Brevet Captain James Charles MacDougall. 1st October, 1894.

No. 4 Regimental Depot.—To be Adjutant: Lieutenant and Brevet Captain Archibald Hayes Macdonnell, vice Wadmore, transferred. 16th November, 1896.

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 BIRTH.

At Toronto, Jan. 28th, wife of Pte. J. Tingman, R.R.C.I., of a daughter.

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 DEATH.

At Fredericton, N.B., on the 9th January, 1897, Phoebe, the infant daughter of No. 2466 Private James Garvey, R.R.C.I.

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