

THE CANADIAN MILITARY GAZETTE.

(SUCCESSOR TO THE CANADIAN MILITIA GAZETTE.)

VOL. VIII
No. 19

MONTREAL, 1st OCTOBER, 1893

Subscription \$2.00 Yearly.
Single Copies 10 cents.

THE CANADIAN MILITARY GAZETTE.

(Successor to the Canadian Militia Gazette.)

ESTABLISHED 1885.

PUBLISHED AT MONTREAL ON THE
1ST AND 15TH OF EACH MONTH.

DEVOTED TO THE
Interests of the Military Forces of Canada.

SUBSCRIPTION:

Canada and the United States, - Per Annum	\$2.00
Great Britain, Ireland and Postal Union Countries, - - - - -	10s 6d. stg.
Single Copies, - - - - -	10 cents

Subscriptions are in every instance payable in advance, and the publishers request the favour of prompt remittance.

Unpaid accounts are subject to sight draft.

Remittances should be made by post-office order or registered letter. No responsibility is assumed for subscriptions paid to agents, and it is best to remit direct.

The date when the subscription expires is on the Address Label of each paper, the change of which to a subsequent date becomes a receipt for remittance. No other receipt is sent unless requested.

Immediate notice should be given of any delay or failure in the receipt of the GAZETTE.

No attention is paid to anonymous communications, but the wishes of contributors as to the use of their names will be scrupulously regarded.

All communications and remittances should be addressed to the Editor P.O. Box 1931, Montreal.

Vol VIII MONTREAL, 1st OCT. 1893 No. 19

NOTE AND COMMENT.

It is pleasant to note the indignation aroused in the Imperial House of Commons by the statement made the other day during the debate on the volunteer estimates that some employers of labour prohibited their men from belonging to the volunteers. One honorable member suggested that the Government withhold any further contracts from an immense contracting firm that followed this unpatriotic course. If all of this fuss has been made over the interference of employers with the English volunteers how much more cause is there for a protest by us in Canada over the oft recurring interference of Canadian employers of labor with their men who are in the Active Militia or would be if they were only allowed. The Canadian active militiaman occupies a much more important place in the scheme of national defence than does the English volunteer. The latter can

only be called out for active service in the event of foreign invasion a remote contingency: the Canadian militiaman is liable to be called out at any moment not only to repulse invasion but to suppress seditious movement within the Dominion and even to assist in the maintenance of the civil authority. The militia service is the country's first guarantee of security.

* * * *

Among the amendments to the constitution of the United States adopted by the first session of the first Congress in 1789, was article II reading: "A well regulated militia being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed." On general principles we are not in favour of following American notions either of law or military discipline, but a law emphasizing the above principle would not be amiss on the statute book and might put a stop to the unpatriotic employers who say to their men, "Leave the militia or my service. Take your choice." That a well regulated militia is essential to the security of Canada whether it be threatened from within or without has been proved often enough, goodness knows. The lessons of the American invasions of 1812-13, the Fenian invasions of 1866 and 1870, the Riel rebellions and the hundred and one cases when portions of the force have been called out in aid of the civil power should be proof enough in all conscience that the militia is the very sheet anchor of national security, and we do not take the magnificent "Blake" and her gallant consorts out of consideration either.

* * * *

This importance of militia is what those selfish and unpatriotic persons who discharge members of our citizen soldiery from their employment because they hold themselves in readiness to uphold law and order and the liberties of this fair Canada

of ours should think of, and if they cannot think of it in the right light of their own accord, they should be brought to the proper state of mind by the application of the law. If there is no law on the statute books under which these persons can be punished it would be well to put one on as soon as may be. Some good people outside of the force find it impossible to believe that there is any considerable number of persons in the community who would be guilty of such an offense against good citizenship; it appears to them impossible that business men should be unable to understand of themselves how important a protection the militia might be found at any time in the future, as it has so often in the past, and how necessary to the security of their own possessions and the continued prosperity of their own business. But the fact that there are very many of them is but too well known by those who have the burden of maintaining the efficiency of the militia on their shoulders.

* * * *

Could not the Militia Act as it stands be employed to bring these gentry to reason? The act provides that, when called out for service, if companies of the Active Militia are not filled up to their full strength by men voluntarily enlisted the captains can fill their ranks up to the required strength by balloting. Just let the captains resort to the ballot for one or two years and the present objections on the part of employers to the volunteer system of recruiting for the militia will rapidly disappear. Our British instincts naturally recoil from anything resembling conscription and the medicine will be impalatable but one or two good doses will probably effect a permanent cure. When employers realize that through refusing permission to their men to serve in the militia they render themselves liable to be balloted and made

to serve to fill the vacancy they will quickly come to reason. It is worth while putting the law into force as an experiment any way and to be prompt about it let it be tried next year, so that we may have no companies under strength in any of the corps of exercise.

• • • •

There is a good deal of talk just now about a reorganization of the Montreal infantry regiments, and when the source of the discussion, Ottawa, is considered, there is every reason to assume that something will come of it. It has for a long time been felt that the establishments of the Montreal city regiments are too small to allow of all the corps being kept up except by gigantic efforts on the part of the officers. It has always been a severe strain upon the officers of the Montreal corps to keep up their really high standard of efficiency with only six companies in each regiment. As the district has about its full number of companies it appears impossible to increase the establishments of any of the regiments without reducing the number of regiments by doubling some of them up or by disbanding some altogether. Of course this cannot be done without interfering with the cherished traditions of some of these historic old corps; but then omelettes cannot be made without breaking eggs and militiamen should have enough patriotic interest in the service as a whole to hail with satisfaction a change which would doubtless be of great benefit to the force, even if it does affect in some way the cherished institutions of their own corps.

• • • •

The question of the profits of rifle shooting is such a very old one and so often comes to the surface that the article on the subject from an English service paper reproduced in another column will be read with a great deal of interest. There is no doubt about it that rifle shooting is not often a means of increasing a man's income. Generally it is a drain on his revenue. Doubtless many men have bought rifles and started in on a career on the ranges with the hope of making money out of it, but very few indeed have succeeded. There are a few men in Canada who do shoot for what they can get out of it and who are indifferent to the interests of the militia; but the proportion of these pot-hunters to marksmen who go in for shooting for the love of the sport and for the sake of the service is not more than as one in a hundred.

• • • •

It is satisfactory to find that the English papers speak so well of Major Lake,

new Quarter Master General. We might have known he was a good man, when General Herbert chose him, but now that the English papers are speaking so loudly in his praise it is to be hoped that those who condemned the appointment will see the error of their ways. Will the papers which made such an outcry over the appointment kindly note what the English papers have to say about Major Lake?

• • • •

How long can a Martini-Henry rifle be depended upon to do accurate shooting? An English service paper says that the life of a Martini in the army with careful handling, if not used in a campaign and merely used for target practice is ten years. This means the firing of but very few rounds in comparison with what would be fired by an expert shot in our militia service. Again a rifle might be considered serviceable which would be discarded by crack shots for accurate shooting in matches. The question of the life of Martinis was much discussed at the D. R. A. meeting at Ottawa. Some cracks said four years was long enough to shoot a Martini; others three, two and one. One of the best shots in the country said that heretofore he had never fired a Martini longer than two years and in future he would get a new rifle every year. All the big prizes at Ottawa were won with new rifles. We should like to hear the opinions of our readers on this subject.

• • • •

If, as is expected, the new Quarter Master General is to take charge of the stores department it is to be hoped that the question of uniforms will receive his early attention. There are plenty of improvements possible. One which all militiamen would like to see carried out would be the issue of serges to the infantry. Why it has not been done before it is really impossible to understand, for while effecting an economy it would increase the comfort and efficiency of the militiamen. It is really a waste of good cloth to send men to camp and to make the city corps put in their annual drills in cloth tunics and it is senseless too in view of the discomfort caused by the heat. If serges were issued every three years the tunics would last twice as long at least as at present and in the end the cost would be found to be less.

The first of the September numbers of the Canadian Military Gazette has just been issued from the press. Under the new management the paper shows a vast improvement over the old style, while it is easily noticeable that the publishers and the editors intend that all the news and articles in its columns in the future shall be up to date.—Gazette, Sept. 9th.

Regimental Notes

TORONTO.

An adjourned and special meeting of Her Majesty's Army and Navy Veterans was held on Sept. 20th in Occident hall, President Alexander Muir, M.A., in the chair. The attendance was large and business of interest came up for discussion. Among other things the secretary was instructed to communicate with the secretary of His Excellency the Earl of Aberdeen, asking when His Excellency expected to visit Toronto, it being the intention of the Veterans to present him with an address on the occasion of his first visit to this city, and also to be presented individually to him on parade, as was done in Earl Derby's time. A committee was appointed to draft a suitable address, and to make other necessary arrangements for the occasion. Great dissatisfaction was expressed by the members on account of the refusal of the Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association to employ the Veteran's band for the Fair. It was contended that the band ought to have received a share of the patronage bestowed on other city bands by the association.

• • • •

On Monday evening, 18th, the inmates of the Home for Incurables, by the kindness of Lieut.-Col. Hamilton, were entertained to an open air concert from the Queen's Own band, who came in full force, under the leadership of Mr. Bayley, and for two hours rendered a choice selection of first class music, to the great delight of the inmates, who occupied the verandahs in the Cameron wing.

• • • •

Gen. Montgomery Moore, commander of the British forces in North America and Administration of the Dominion of Canada during the interregnum between Lord Derby's departure and Lord Aberdeen's arrival, registered at the Queen's a week ago. Col. North, of the British army, who is stationed at Halifax, was with him. The general visited Toronto, it is said, with a view of buying horses, as he cannot get good ones in Halifax.

• • • •

The Queen's Own Rifles paraded for the first time this fall on Sept. 20th. There was a good turn out, the parade state showing a strength of 530 of all ranks, and thirty-seven recruits. General Montgomery Moore, commander-in-chief of the forces in America, and Col. North were present, and inspected the battalion, being well pleased with the clothing, appointments, and general conduct of the men. The battalion marched out and drilled for a couple of hours. The bugle band, which is very strong, played several fine, new marches. Among the regimental orders were the following:—The officer commanding has been pleased to make the following promotion:—"H" Co., to be corporal. Pte H. M. Black, vice Evans, discharged. Lieut. L. Vesconte returns to duty from this date. The regiment will parade in divine service order on Sunday, the 24th inst. at 2.30 p.m., and proceed

to Trinity church, Bloor street. The annual regimental rifle match will be held on Saturday, the 23rd inst., commencing at 1.30 o'clock, on the Lake shore ranges. The regimental recruit class will close for admission of recruits on Friday, the 29th inst

* * *

Hon. J. C. Patterson, Minister of Militia, returned from Niagara Falls on the evening of Sept. 13th. He has been engaged in selecting a site for the monument to be erected in commemoration of the victory at Lundy's Lane.

* * *

Major Wicksteed, of the Governor-General's Foot Guards, and a very well-known resident of Ottawa, is lying in a private ward of the Toronto General hospital, suffering from a broken thigh. He was sojourning at the Queen's hotel, and intended going through to visit the World's Fair. On Friday afternoon he went up to inspect progress at the new Drill-shed, and on his return, while walking down Queen street avenue, he tripped over a wire, strung about eighteen inches from the ground to prevent pedestrians crossing the boulevard, and fell with such violence that his thigh was fractured. Assistance arrived, and the Major was removed to the Queen's hotel, where his injuries were attended to by Dr. Macdonald, of Simcoe street. Yesterday forenoon he was taken in the police ambulance to the hospital, where he is progressing very favorably.—The Mail, Sept. 19th.

* * *

The Empire of September 18th said: "Last evening a meeting of the Committee of Organization in connection with the formation of a new military corps in the city was held at Shaftesbury hall. The proposed change from a rifle regiment to a brigade of garrison artillery was approved.

The Minister of Militia has signified his willingness to meet a deputation from the committee some day next week in order to receive a formal application for the Government's sanction to the enrollment of the brigade. This deputation will be accompanied by the city members of Parliament and the members for East and West York. The Committee of Subscriptions was ordered to go to work forthwith. Recruiting lists were presented, showing an available strength of 350 men, who will be sworn in as soon as the Government's sanction is obtained. It is thought that there may be attached to the brigade one division of heavy-mounted field pieces. The use of St. Lawrence Hall has been granted by the city for recruit drill, and there will be a general drill to-morrow. As already stated, Dr. Ryerson, M. P. P., will be lieutenant-colonel, and Mr. P. H. Drayton senior major of the brigade. Messrs. J. W. S. Corley and E. J. Lomnitz will be two of the captains, and Mr. S. W. Burns will be quartermaster. It is probable that Mr. Hamilton MacCarthy will accept a commission. The officers will probably qualify at Kingston."

* * *

The Royal Grenadiers had the first parade of the season on the night of the

22nd of September. It was the largest initial parade in the history of the regiment, the parade state showing an attendance of all ranks of 451. The regiment marched out by way of Wellington and King to the parade ground at Old Upper Canada College and drilled for two hours. In the march out the band played a new set of marches arranged by Mr. Waldrum, introducing "When the Days Grow Longer" and "Papa Won't Buy Me a Bow-wow." The recruit classes are filling up well. Among the regimental orders were the following: Detail for week ending September 30th: Captain for duty, Capt. Cameron; next for duty Capt. Mackay; subaltern for duty, Lieut. Bain; next for duty, Lieut. Willis; regimental orderly sergeant, Col. Sgt. Kilby. The annual rifle match of the regiment will be held on Saturday, 30th inst., at the new rifle ranges. There will be no target practice on Saturday next, the 23rd inst., but targets will be provided for a special practice on Wednesday afternoon, the 27th inst. Lieut. Chadwick is attached to "K" Co., and Lt. Stimson to "C" Co., till further orders. The commanding officer has been pleased to make the following promotions and appointments, to take effect from this date: To be sergeants, Lance Sgt. W. Farley, "B" Co., vice Parkinson, time expired; to be sergeant provisionally, Lance Sgt. R. Doherty, vice Atkinson; to be lance sergeants, Corps. D. Craig, "B" Co., and D. S. Forbes, "F" Co.; to be corporal, Lance Corporal A. Morris, "B" Co., vice Farley, promoted; to be lance corporals, Ptes. S. Sink and A. Gonder, "B" Co.

* * *

The 48th Highlanders paraded last night 350 strong for their regular weekly drill, under Lt. Col. Davidson. The following orders were read:

Leave of absence had been granted Capt. Robertson until 23rd inst., and Lt. H. C. McLean until 25th inst.

The officer commanding the regiment has been pleased to authorize the adoption of a white shell jacket to be worn by the sergeants, and in future all non-com. officers on promotion to the rank of sergeant will be required to provide themselves with same.

The annual rifle matches of the regiment will be held on the afternoon of Saturday, October 7.

The regiment will parade in divine service order to-morrow at 10 a.m.

The commanding officer has been pleased to make the following promotion: Pte. Daniel Ross, ambulance corps, to be corporal.—Empire Sept. 23rd.

* * *

The military correspondent of the Empire prints the following in his Saturday's column: Since last week I have been asked to give the particulars of the trouble in the 12th York Rangers at Ottawa. Below is given the story as told

As it happened the team chosen from members of the corps:

Some members of the 12th team took upon themselves to select as captain an officer who was senior officer present of neither the regiment nor of the Rifle Committee. This captain (?) entered a

team from his regiment to represent the Second Military District in the Kirkpatrick match, which is for district teams only. In the meantime Major Mason, of the 13th Battalion, as senior officer of No. 2 M. D., called for the senior officer of each corps to form a committee for the selection of the team to represent the district in the match. Lt. Curran, as senior officer of the 12th, took part in choosing the team, which was awarded first prize by the Executive Committee.

As it happened the team chosen from and by the 12th exclusively, beat the other team by one point, but the Executive decided that, as the members of the 12th had no authority to choose the team, the prize should be given to the team which was chosen by the committee. When this decision was made known some members of the 12th gave Lt. Curran a severe verbal castigation. One officer, a junior lieutenant, laid himself open to arrest, and one staff sergeant went so far as to call his superior officer a liar. Lt. Curran should have acted promptly and firmly with them, but to save the team from being broken up during the matches, and to avoid further publicity in the matter, he let the incident pass.

Lt. Col. Wayling came to Toronto on Tuesday night last to meet the interested parties and to effect a reconciliation if possible. There is one thing that should be done. Those members of the corps who used insulting language to a superior officer should be brought to task.

MONTREAL.

The Victoria Rifles, 220 strong, commanded by Lieut.-Col. Stark, had a parade at their armory on the evening of the 25th, after which the prizes for the various events which occupy the attention of the members during the year were distributed in the Armory. The handsome cup presented by Major Sims to the most efficient company was awarded to No. 3 Company, Captain Meakins. The prizes won in the various rifle competitions during the season were presented by Major Roy, B. M., and acting D. A. G., Lieut.-Col. Gray, director of stores, 5th M. D.; Lieut.-Col. Turnbull, R.L.; Major Ibbotson, R.S.; Captain Stanley (the old veteran), and Lieut.-Col. Cushing, of the Argeuteuil Rangers, who was introduced by Lieut.-Col. Stark as the commander of the country corps which had this year won the Sir Donald Smith cup. Then the prizes won in the bowling competitions were presented by Mrs. Hubbard, wife of Lt. Hubbard, of No. 2 Company, the winners being as follows:—

First grand aggregate, 25 competitions, Colonel's prize, won by Staff-Sgt. B. Court.

Second grand aggregate, Vice-President's prize, won by Sergt. McRobie.

Third grand aggregate, Major Simm's prize, won by Corp. Davis.

Fourth grand aggregate, Maj. Busted's prize, won by Corp. Ferguson.

Special prize, presented by the president for the highest average in league matches, won by Corp. Stewart.

The Queen's Own cup, which was won by No. 3 Company, was presented by Capt.

William Fahey, late of the Q.O.R., who made a very felicitous speech. The remainder of the evening was spent in social intercourse.

* * *

The visit of the Governor-General gave a bit of a fillip to soldiering here last week. Number One Troop of the Duke of Connaught's Own Canadian Hussars furnished escorts upon the occasion of His Excellency's arrival and his official visits down town. The men looked well, but it must have been a great strain upon the men to turn out so much. There should be another city troop of cavalry and the two organized into an independent squadron. The Prince of Wales Rifles turned out a smart guard of eighty to receive His Excellency at the station, and the Royal Scots furnished three splendid guards on Tuesday. Captain Clark commanded the cavalry, Captain Porteous the P. W. R., and Captain Cameron the Highlanders.

The military writer of a Montreal weekly paper has this to say about the reorganization of the city infantry corps: "The Prince of Wales Regiment is hard at work preparing for its annual inspection, and that event promises to be a most satisfactory one. The men are turning out very well, as attendance at drills in Montreal go, but I regret to say that is not saying much when the fine drill parades of the Toronto corps are remembered. The truth of the matter is that our regiments are too numerous and have too small establishments. It is unreasonable to expect every man in a busy city like this to get down every drill night. There is a small regimental parade and companies are mixed up, men being put under strange company officers and non-coms. They do not like it, and many of them make it a point of staying away except when there is a certainty of being a big parade, on band nights, etc. If companies and battalions were larger, there would always be enough men down at drill to form respectable battalions and to go ahead with interesting work.

Really the only satisfactory way out of the difficulty would be an amalgamation of some of the corps. To start with the Prince of Wales Rifles. They are proud of their distinction of First Battalion, but at the same time they are not proud of the rifle uniform. They recently applied for authority to adopt the Grenadier Guards uniform. The uniform of the Sixth Fusiliers is nearly the same thing, and the members of that battalion would perhaps not object to a loss of their distinctive numeral so long as their uniform and distinctive title went to the new regiment. An amalgamation of the First and the Sixth might be effected under the title The First Prince of Wales Fusiliers, or something of the kind. Of course, both regiments are proud of their own individual records, but neither would be lost by such an amalgamation. There is no denying that a fine ten company regiment could be organized in this way, and maintained too at a less comparative cost to the country. The 65th and 85th might be combined in a similar manner.

For obvious reasons it would be hard to effect amalgamations with either the Royal Scots or the Victoria Rifles, but it would really increase their efficiency and keep up the strength of the brigade to add two companies to each of them, making up the loss of four companies sustained by the formation of two regiments from four. After the adoption of this scheme the Montreal Infantry Brigade would consist of the First Prince of Wales Fusiliers, ten companies, Third Victoria Rifles, eight companies, Fifth Royal Scots, eight companies, 65th Battalion, twelve companies. I might say that this scheme of reorganizing the Montreal Infantry corps has been under discussion in the militia department for some time. The scheme outlined above has been elaborated by a well-known authority on militia matters and submitted to the powers that be, and local militiamen need not be surprised if some day this scheme or one something like it takes tangible shape.

A retired officer of the Sixth Fusiliers writes:—"I am surprised to see that there is any question of sinking the identity of the gallant old Sixth in a new bric-a-brac battalion to be known as the First Prince of Wales Fusiliers and formed by an amalgamation of the Prince of Wales Rifles and the Sixth Fusiliers. Why should the Sixth, of all other regiments, be robbed of its distinctive numeral in this way? If they want fewer regiments and bigger ones, the Sixth, as the most efficient regiment in the city, has the right to be the base of them, but why of all others rob it of its numeral? The results of the annual inspections are not yet announced, nor in fact, are they all over. If they are bound to reduce the number of Montreal regiments by one French and one English regiment, let them take the figures of the inspecting officers, disband the two least efficient regiments and then divide the twelve disbanded companies among the remaining regiments. Old Sixth men are anxious to be able to recognize their dear old regiment when they see it. Why should the Sixth Fusiliers be singled out for amalgamation, and the Victoria Rifles and Royal Scots be left alone?"

HALIFAX.

H. M. S. Mohawk arrived on Saturday night, Sept 16th, from Montreal.

* * *

The Garrison regatta took place on Saturday afternoon, 16th Sept., on the North West Arm. It was attended by Admiral Sir John Hopkins and Lady Hopkins, Lieut.-Gov. Daly, the officers of the army and navy, and quite a crowd of other civil and military persons of more or less distinction. Most of the people gathered along the bank of the Arm to witness the races, but those who occupied the flotilla of steam, sail, and oar-craft that moved hither and thither formed a large fraction of the total attendance. Oaklands was the rallying point of the occasion. The landing was situated there and also the King's Regiment band, which played popular music throughout the afternoon. The regatta, it may be stated, was experimental, and as such it was reasonably successful in its different phases.

and terminated to the satisfaction of all concerned. No accident occurred, delays between events were not of long duration. The sun shone pleasantly, the wind was chilly, but did not greatly ruffle the water, and finally the majority of the entries filled, and the contestants all vied one against the other for supremacy.

Race No. 1 was for five and six oared gigs. Course three miles. Boats representing the R.A., R.E., and H.G.A. contested. The last-named got the start and immediately after broke the bow oar. Another oar was supplied the boat after going some distance. In the meantime the R.A. boat, a new one built of cedar for the occasion by Moseley, of Dartmouth, secured the lead and finally crossed the line a winner, but not far in front of the H.G.A. which, for obtaining second place after the accident at the start of the race, received an ovation from the spectators as it passed the finish. The first boat got \$15 and the second boat got \$5.

Two sergeants of the royal artillery rowed the winning boat in the flat race. Prize, \$8

Race No. 3, four four-oared gigs and whalers, open to petty officers of the navy and non-commissioned officers of the garrison, had four entries—R. E., Staff and Depts., H. G. A. and 1st King's Regiment. The prizes were \$12, \$5 and \$3. The R. E. won, the Staff and Depts. second, and the H. G. A. came third. A protest was made against the winning whaler. It was claimed the boat had been stripped of lining. The protest was overruled.

Race No. 4, denominated a mixed double scull race, was rowed over a short distance course. The occupants of competing boats were conditioned to be a gentleman stroke, lady bow, and lady coxswain. Five boats started. Miss Curren and Mr. Tracy won, Miss Elliot and Lieutenant Marsh, R. A. were second. Miss Lawson and Mr. Grierson were third. The contest was close. All the boats were bunched near the finish. There were two first and two second prizes.

Race No. 5, over the three-mile course, for ten and twelve oared cutters, attracted the most interest of any on the programme. Three started. Two of these were R. E. cutters, and the other was R.A. The last named cutter only rowed a short distance and retired. The other two cutters were evenly matched. A couple of lengths only divided them, from start to finish. The boat known as Beudigo was first, and that called Hard Lines was second. The prizes were \$25 and \$10.

Race No. 6, for double sculls was open to all comers. Eight boats started, some of them got mixed. The course was one mile with a turn, Messrs. Purcell and Lynch were first, H. G. A. second, Fowler and Lonfield third and White and Lovitt fourth. The prizes were \$12 and \$5.

Event No. 7 was a tug-of-war. Ten yards of rope were attached between the sterns of the boats and one or the other had to be pulled over the line before being beat n. The R.E. defeated the R.A.

Event No. 8, which concluded the programme was open to the R. N., and Marines. A gig from H.M.S. Blake defeated another gig and a cutter from the same warship.

All prizes were presented immediately after the termination of the regatta. In the evening, as a sequel to the aquatic of the day, an illumination took place. Colored lights and substances were burned, rockets were exploded and fireworks set off.

• • • •

Some weeks ago a number of militiamen were detected, it is alleged, discharging fire-arms on the common. The name of one of the men was handed, by a sergeant of the 66th, to the colonel of the battalion. The person in question is Private Cricket, of the 66th. He was married on Monday. He was ordered by the colonel to appear before him Monday evening to answer to the charge preferred by the sergeant.

It seems that Cricket ignored the command of the colonel and, as a result, he has been ordered out of the corps without pay.

• • • •

H. M. S. Blake will go into the dry dock on the 9th of this month for general overhauling, painting, etc. She will remain in dock about four days, and will leave soon after for Bermuda.

• • • •

It seems to be a settled fact that the proposed new drill shed will be erected on the old site, notwithstanding that a large part of the property at the corner of Cunard and North Park streets has been bonded by the Dominion government. A petition has been signed by the militia officers favoring the old site and it will be forwarded at once to Ottawa. It is pointed out in the petition that the old site is the most desirable and better situated for the purpose than the Cunard street one. The matter is expected to be definitely settled in a short time.

• • • •

Tenders have been asked for repairing the drill shed at Halifax, for temporary use; but the Government still propose to proceed with the erection of a new building as soon as a suitable site is obtained.

• • • •

John Holland, Barrington street, has just finished the carving of a fine figure head for H. M. S. Mohawk. According to the certificate given Mr. Holland by C. Bryant, shipwright at the dockyard, the work has been creditably done and superior to the figure head done in England and replaced by the one in question.

• • • •

It was decided last week to place the warship Blake in the dry dock on Tuesday. Preparations were commenced at once to receive her. The Blake remained docked five days. The dock was open to visitors every afternoon and evening the Blake was there. The ship's band played during the evenings, and the tars treated the visitors to songs, etc.

• • • •

It will be pleasant news to many to know that H. M. S. Blake will not leave Halifax for Bermuda till the first week in November.

The 20th of September being the anniversary of battle of the Alma, the vice-president and officers of the Royal British Veteran Society were busily engaged carrying out their annual custom of decorating with the Union Jacks the graves of their deceased members. The Welsford & Parker monument, and also the graves of some of the brave men who lost their lives in the memorable fight between H. M. S. Shannon and the United States ship Chesapeake, the graves of the late Sir Wm. O'Grady Haley, Carney Woods, the old Waterloo veteran, Col. Milson and Capt. Roebuck at Fort Massey were also remembered. The Holy Cross and Camp Hill cemetery also show the kind remembrance the members of this society have for their dead—but not forgotten comrades.

The officers elected the same night, are as follows:

President—Maj. Gen. J. W. Laurie.
1st Vice-Pres.—W. H. H. Jackson.
2nd Vice-Pres.—John Thornton.
3rd Vice-Pres.—J. Dazell.
Treasurer—Thos. Snelling.
Recording Secretary—C. Putnam.
Assistant Secretary—J. Collier.
Financial Secretary—Thos. Anderson.
Asst. Fin. Secretary—J. Kelly.
Marshall—T. Thornton.
Asst. Marshalls—T. Rowe, T. Day.
Doorkeepers—M. H. Sullivan, G. Farmer.
Standard Bearer—John Hughes.
Sick Committee for wards 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6—T. Day, John Hughes, John Thornton, M. H. Sullivan, G. Farmer, J. Lanigan.
Finance Committee—G. Farmer, P. McKinnon.

LONDON.

Referring to the visit of "A" Company of the Seventh Fusiliers to St. Thomas the other week, the Journal says:—"The fine physique of the men and steady marching was greatly admired by hundreds of citizens who lined the streets from the M. C. R. to the drill shed. The London boys returned at 11 o'clock, highly pleased with the way they were treated in the Railroad City. The men of "A" Company are deserving of great praise for the orderly manner in which they conducted themselves whilst here, and Captain Graham has good reason to be proud of his company."

• • • •

The Free Press has run foul of the colonel of the Seventh by printing an article stating that the regimental bugle band had participated in a political demonstration. The day after this statement was made the paper published the following letter:

To the Editor of the Free Press.

Dear Sir,—I noticed in this morning's issue an article headed, "Who Sanctions This?" and then proceeds to state that the bugles of the Seventh Battalion Band are used in the Grit parades and side-shows, etc. This assertion is incorrect. Some of the buglers, no doubt, are members of the Liberal Drum and Bugle Corps, and, as citizens, please their own political leaning and play with them; but the Seventh Battalion Bugle Band has not been on parade except with its own corps, or unit thereof. In regard to the Grit band being alluded to by one of the officers of the Battalion to Major Hayes (acting adjutant), it is untrue. It looks as if the writer of the article in this morning's paper wishes to injure the prosperity of the battalion by relishing politics. There has been quite sufficient

of such in the past. It is the last place that politics should play a part, as it requires the united efforts of our citizens, irrespective of party, to maintain an efficient and well-disciplined corps.

Yours truly,

H. PAYNE, Lieut. Col.,
Commander 7th Fusiliers.

OTTAWA.

With military honors, the remains of Major Braddish Billings was laid away in Beechwood on the afternoon of Sept. 20. The funeral procession, which left the drill-hall at 2.30, was one of the largest military corteges seen in Ottawa for years. A firing party from the 43rd Batt. fifty strong, came first, and were followed by the 43rd band playing a dead march. Immediately behind was a gun carriage of the Ottawa Field Battery, bearing the remains. The casket was wound in the Union Jack. The carriage was followed by deceased's charger, boots reversed, led by his orderly, Pte. Lytle, of No. 4 Co., 43rd Rifles. Immediately behind came three coaches bearing the chief mourners, after which marched the officers and non-commissioned officers of the 43rd Batt., G. G. F. G., Field Battery, and Princess Louise Dragoon Guards, according to seniority

• • • •

The World, (London, England,) speaking of Major Lake's appointment, says he is "an officer of whom more will be heard." He is, adds the World, perhaps best known in the Service as secretary of Lord Warrington's Committee on Recruiting. "The ability, industry, and tact he displayed during the sitting of the Committee in question, marked him as quite a coming man; and General Ivor Herbert, who has been in England lately, was only too glad to avail himself of the services of so good and zealous a staff officer to watch over the department of supply and transport. It is one, from all accounts, which requires to be thoroughly reorganized, and a better choice could not possibly have been made of a reorganiser."

• • • •

The staff of the new governor-general consists of the following named:

Secretary—Arthur J. Gordon, G. M. G.—Mr. Gordon began his colonial experience as one of the staff of Sir Arthur Gordon, now Lord Stanmore, when governor of New Brunswick. Mr. Gordon went subsequently with Sir Arthur to Fiji as private secretary, and later on, in the same capacity, to New Zealand and Ceylon. Mr. Gordon is distantly related to the Earl of Aberdeen, and Mrs. Gordon is a cousin of His Excellency.

Aide-de-camp.—Capt. Urquhart, of the Cameron Highlanders.—Captain Urquhart is the eldest son of Mr. Urquhart, of Meldrum, Aberdeenshire. He served through the last Egyptian campaign. Captain Kindersley, of the Coldstream Guards.

Extra Aide-de-Camp, and Assistant Secretary.—David Erskine, the eldest son of Mr. Erskine, of Lintrathen, Forfarshire.

R. M. Ferguson, brother to Mr. Ronald Ferguson, of Nevar, will join the Earl of Aberdeen at Quebec, as extra A. D. C.

Lt. Col. Bacon, secretary of the Dominion Rifle Association, says that after carefully going over the scores made at the matches on the Rideau Range he discovered that the best scores were made by those who used Dominion cartridges. According to the rules marksmen could use either English or Dominion ammunition. In the grand aggregate matches the winners and most of the top scores were made with the Dominion cartridges; in the nursery the first and second men shot Canadian ammunition; in the Hamilton Powder Company's, the first twelve; in the McDougall, the first nineteen; in the Dominion, the top scorer; in the Minister of Militia, the first twenty-five; in the Kirkpatrick, the first eight, and in the Henshaw, the first seven. This is considered a pretty good test of the quality of Canadian ammunition.

QUEBEC.

L'Electeur has the following referring to General Herbert and the Cardinal:—"General Herbert set a beautiful example yesterday at the swearing in of the new Governor-General. On perceiving his Eminence Cardinal Taschereau seated near the throne, the General, who is a good Catholic, at once bent the knee to kiss the pontifical ring on the Cardinal's hand. This action, on the part of a man filling so high a position as the commandant of the military forces of the Dominion, and belonging to one of the noblest families of England, is a lesson for many of our Catholics, who affect to disdain these marks of respect towards our most exalted ecclesiastical dignitaries."

NEWS OF THE PARENT SERVICES

Major-General Mansfield Clarke left England for India on the 29th ult to take over the command of the Madras Army. His military secretary will be Major Kekewich, Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, and his galloper Captain the Hon. F. R. Bingham, R. A.

The Queen has approved of the appointment of General Sir C. G. Arbuthnot, K.C.B., as a Colonel Commandant of Royal Artillery, vice General Sir Edward Hamley, deceased.

A young Englishman, says the Army and Navy Journal has recently imposed upon many officers of the United States Navy, and also upon his countrymen in various cities, by representing himself with much plausibility as the son of W. H. White, Esq., Director of Naval Construction and Assistant Controller of the English Navy. Mr. White's only son is a midshipman on board the Blake in the West Indies.

By the retirement on reaching the age of sixty-five of Admiral Sir Anthony H. Hoskins, K.C.B., the Navy lose; one of its ablest officers. Sir Anthony is emphatically a "strong" man, who has won warm admirers and much dislike, his praise being unstinted where he

thought it was deserved and his castigations severe where he found any shortcoming. It is popularly supposed that he has been the leading spirit of that older school of officers who condemn everything savouring of the engine-room, and that he has been an active opponent of the claims of the engineers for improved pay and status. Sir Anthony entered the Navy over fifty years ago, and served in the Kaffir war, in which he took part as a lieutenant, in the China war of four or five years later, and in that of 1882 in Egypt. Except on that occasion and for a couple of years during which he commanded the Mediterranean Squadron, Sir Anthony had been employed at Whitehall for many years as Superintendent of Naval Reserves, or as a Lord of the Admiralty. The post which he now gives up is that of First Sea Lord, in which he is succeeded by the next in order of seniority at the Board, Admiral Sir Frederick W. Richards.

The Army and Navy Gazette says: Everyone will regret the retirement from active service of Rear-Admiral Francis Durrant, C.M.G., and its cause. Admiral Durrant formerly commanded Osborne. When the Duke of York and the late Duke of Clarence had finished their cruise in the Bacchante in 1883, Captain Durrant's vessel, the Canada, on the North American and West Indies Station, was selected for Prince George to complete his training as a midshipman in. Captain Durrant was subsequently employed at the Admiralty as assistant to the Admiral Superintendent of Naval Reserves. In the beginning of 1891 he attained flag rank, but ill-health has now, we are sorry to learn, necessitated his retirement.

Experiments are proceeding in India with a view to testing the destructive action of cordite gases in the Lee-Metford rifle. The introduction of a thick wad into the cartridge has certainly reduced the damage done, which is usually at the point in the barrel where the bullet is "set up" immediately after the explosion of the charge. The wad acts as a sort of cushion for the gas, allowing greater space for expansion, and thus lessening the pressure on the barrel. Over 2,000 rounds have been fired from a rifle without any ill-effects being shown, but it is desired to reach double that number, as, on an average, each soldier fires 300 rounds per year. The "life" of a rifle should be ten years at least, and with careful handling it should last 14 years if not used on a campaign. The Snider, which was originally very strongly constructed, was made to last over 20 years, until the rifling was almost worn out, and now as a breach-loading smooth-bore in the hands of the military police it is still a serviceable weapon. The curious thing about cor-

dite is that in field-guns it is less destructive than black-powder, except in the matter of the vent, where the gas causes rapid erosion. This is being got over by special appliances, and it is not likely that any new smokeless explosive will be adopted for the British Army. India, for the present, will rely upon cordite exported from England.

For the first time in the history of public dinners, a woman has responded to the toast. "The army." The occasion was a dinner in honor of the British trained nurses, and the response was by Miss Lock, superintendent of the Indian army nursing service.

The long and close competition between rival machine guns has resulted in favor of the Maxim. It has been decided that hereafter, in the offensive equipment of British war vessels, the Maxim gun shall take the place of the five-barrel. Nordenfelt and Gardner guns. The first to carry the new guns will be the cruiser Bonaventure, and she is to have four of them in her armament.—Scientific American.

A new type of illuminated gunsight has been devised at Elswick. The foresight consists of a socket which fits on to the ordinary day sight, and carries a small electric lamp inside it, which illuminates a small glass conical tip on the foresight. The rearsight is on the same principle, but the electric light illuminates a wire making the cross of the H, which forms the naval rearsight. The foresight is enameled red to distinguish it from the rearsight.

One of the memorials of the late Admiral Sir George Tryon which was found floating in the water after the foundering of H.M.S. Victoria was the despatch box containing the code of signals. This box was lined with lead and perforated with holes, so as to insure its sinking, and the great battleship was especially designed to float as long as possible, and yet she sank and the weighted despatch box floated.

The estimates for new war vessels, as announced in the House of Commons September 8, are as follows: England, £2,988,000; France, £2,918,000; Russia, £1,692,000; Germany, £947,000; Italy, £1,000,000.

The new British battleship Majestic and Magnificent will head the list in point of size. They will be 390 feet long, 75 feet broad, 37½ feet deep, of 14,900 tons displacement, and 17½ knots maximum speed. Instead of 76-ton guns—the biggest used in the later ironclads—they will carry four 50-tonners, 12-inch calibre, and capable of being loaded by hand, as well as by

machinery. There will be twelve 6-inch quick-firing guns, sixteen 12-pound quick-firing guns, and five torpedo tubes, three submerged, for 18-inch torpedos. The big guns will be mounted on barbets. These vessels are to have about four feet more freeboard than the Royal Sovereign and her sisters.

In 1488 Henry VI. built the Royal

* * *

Harry, considered to be the beginning of the modern English navy. This vessel was of 1,200 tons.

* * *

The Naval and Military Record says:

It seemed to come as a surprise upon the House of Commons on Tuesday that the Queen is going to confer decorations upon non-commissioned officers of the volunteers. The Secretary for War announced the gracious proposal of her Majesty. It is, of course the national sequel of a similar honour conferred upon the commissioned officers last year, and the same conditions as to long service and meritorious conduct will attach to the decoration of both commissioned and non-commissioned ranks. The statement was received with great approval by the House, and when Mr. Campbell Bannerman resumed his seat, there was a loud burst of cheering. The nature of the decoration has not yet been decided upon.

* * *

It is surprising how much ignorance is displayed by those who have criticised the appointment of the Duke of Connaught to the Aldershot command. There never was any question of Lord Roberts's appointment. Lord Roberts did not wish for employment on his return from India, having been recommended by his medical advisers to seek rest after his years of service in the East; and he would not have accepted the Aldershot charge under any circumstances, even had he been eligible, which he was not. Lord Roberts has been visiting his father's old regiment the 1st Battalion Royal Munster Fusiliers, at Dublin. He was born in the regiment when it was the 1st Bengal Fusiliers, his father, the late General Sir Abraham Roberts, having served in it for many years, and afterwards held its colonelcy until his death in 1873. —The World.

* * *

A Newcastle correspondent says that the contract for one of the new battleships for the Royal Navy is about to be placed with the Elswick firm—Sir W. Armstrong, Mitchell & Co.—and will be 4,000 tons heavier than the ill-fated Victoria, which they built. The specifications contain several important changes in regard to the surplus buoyancy of the vessel. In speed and power of armament the new war-ship, which will cost about £1,000,000, will, it is said, be unsurpassed by any armour-clad vessel afloat. It is understood that she will be named the Victoria.

Echoes of the ONTARIO MATCHES

Major Macdonald was a "proud" man, not only because of his own aggregate in the Tait-Brassey, but also because his team of Highlanders won third prize in the battalion match.

* * *

The statistical office was run in good style, and delays in posting up results were not due to any fault of theirs.

* * *

Capt. McMicking, of the 44th Battalion, was the hero of the meeting with his magnificent aggregate of 98 in the Tait-Brassey. This score is a record in any match in the Dominion with the Snider, the scores made in the Military Rifle League competition excepted. He was freely congratulated by everyone on his score, which is not likely to be equaled for a long time, if ever.

* * *

In the Walker match two possibles were made at 500 yards, Lt. Gilchrist, of 1st B. F.A. and Pte. Morrison, of the Guards, doing the trick. A protest was lodged against the score made by the winner, Lt. Gilchrist, in this competition, on the ground that his rifle did not have the requisite 6 lb. pull. The Executive however, overruled the protest on technical grounds.

* * *

Staff Sgt. McVittie, 10th R. G., did some great shooting at the meeting. One day he put on three possibles in succession, one each in the 500 and 600 yards, extra series, Martini-Henry, and another at 500 yards in the Gibson match.

Lt. Davidson, of the Q.O.R., who was so severely injured last Queen's Birthday in an accident, was at the ranges on crutches. He competed in the Gibson, and made 53.

The annual meeting of the association was held in the competitors' building on the grounds during the meeting, there being a large attendance. Lt. Col. Jones, of the Dufferin Rifles, presided. The members of the council for the ensuing year were elected as follows:

First Military District—Lt. Col. White, 30th Batt.; Mr. John Crowe, Guelph; Mr. Geo. Sleeman, Guelph; Major Geo. Hayes, 7th Fus.

Second Military District—Lt. Col. Jones, Dufferin Rifles; Major Delemere, Q.O.R.; Lt. Elliott, 12th Batt.; Lt. Pain, 13th Batt.

Third Military District—Capt. Russell, 45th Batt.; Lt. A. D. Cartwright, 47th Batt.; Major S. Hughes, 45th Batt.; Capt. Dennistoun, 57th Batt.

Fourth Military District—Lt. Col. Mason, 13th Batt.; Captain Sutherland, 43rd Batt.; Major Hodgins, G. G. F. G.; Maj. Wright, 43rd Batt.

The following were elected to represent the association in the Council of the Dominion Rifle Association: Col. C. S. Gizowski, A.D.C. to the Queen; Lt. Col. Macdonald, 1st B.F.A.; Major Mason, 13th Batt.; Capt. Mercer, Q.O.R.; Maj. S. Hughes, 45th Batt.; Lt. Col. Anderson, 43rd Batt.; and Capt. Macdonald, Q.O.R.

The following were appointed to select

a team of eight at the D.R.A. matches: Lt. Col. Anderson, R. L.; Major S. Hughes, 45th Batt.; Capt. Bruce, 10th R. G.; Lt. Elliott, 12th Battalion.

A recommendation was made that the Snider ammunition to be used at the matches should be of one year's issue, the same to apply to the Martini-Henry matches.

On the suggestion of Lt. Col. Anderson the meeting recommended that a new firing point be built in the rear of the 500 yards' range and another in front of the six hundred yards range, so as to allow two ranges of the same distance to be used simultaneously.

It was also decided to recommend that a new match in the extra series or a regular match be given at 400 yards, with a reduced size of bull's eye and inner.

Lt. Col. Hood wanted to know if the association would not in future have the matches shot with Martini-Henry rifles, instead of the old Snider, a query that was greeted with emphatic approval. It was decided by a standing vote to recommend that this be done.

It was resolved on motion that next year's matches begin at 9 a.m. on Tuesday, instead of 1 p.m. on Monday, and last three days.

It was also decided that the military matches be fired on the afternoon of the last day.

Another recommendation that met with general approval was that in military team matches the teams be composed of four or five men, instead of six as at present. This is now done at Ottawa, and, it was claimed, would result in more entries being received from country battalions.

The meeting then adjourned.

A meeting of the council was held at 4:30 p.m., when Majors Macdonald, Hughes, Bruce and Mason, and Capt. Bruce were appointed to recommend a name for the consideration of the council, as its president. The four vice-presidents were re-elected, as were the auditors and secretary, Lt. Col. Gravely, district paymaster, Toronto, was elected treasurer, and Lt. Col. Jones, Major Macdonald and Major Bruce were appointed on the Finance Committee.

The Profit of Rifle Shooting.

The Volunteer Record has been calling the well-known London publication, Tit-Bits to account for some rather absurd references to rifle shooting. The Record prints a very good article in reply to one in Tit-Bits on the profits of rifle shooting. Our contemporary says truly of Tit-Bits' article: It is a fair sample of much that the public are treated to when rifle shooting is written of by those who know nothing about it. Take the following:—"Rifle shooting, when systematically prosecuted, is a very profitable occupation." The writer's knowledge of Bisley may be gathered from his mention of it as the "International" Meeting. He says that nearly £10,000 was offered for competition at the N.R.A. Meeting; but he fails to enlighten his readers on the important point as to where the money came from. He probably does not know, and has never

asked the question. In the plenitude of his innocence he would, no doubt, poo-hoo the suggestion that the bulk of it is provided by the Volunteers themselves, who pool their money and shoot for it, getting back, roughly speaking, two-thirds of it in the "handsome rewards" he mentions so glibly. The Tit Bits writer imparts a lot of information which will be interesting and instructive to our readers, so perhaps they won't mind having it at second-hand. We are told that the best men go to Bisley at the expense of their corps, and, that during the spring and summer, competitions are held throughout the country for the purpose of selecting representatives for the International Meeting, and as the prizes awarded are sufficient to pay entry-money and other expenses at Bisley, the cash won there is clear profit to the successful shots. Could anything be more nonsensical than the foregoing? In spite of some statistics quoted by our contemporary, who omits to mention names, we should like to know how many competitors except the Queen's Prizeman and those well up in his track the winner of the Prince of Wales's Prize, and just here and there another, who really share in the "profits of rifle shooting"? We can scarcely realise anybody pursuing rifle shooting with the idea of making it pay. He who had the temerity to start on a shooting career with this object would very soon find the scales taken from his eyes. On the other hand we can readily understand men taking up the rifle as a means of obtaining sport, for which they are quite willing to pay. The caviller at rifle shooting and rifle shots has seldom the nous to differentiate from the man who tries to shoot for profit—there are no doubt a few such—and the man who shoots for sport, but, generally, in his crass ignorance, dubs all alike pot-hunters.

MILITIA GENERAL ORDERS.

Headquarters, Ottawa, 15th Sept., 1893.

G. O. 58. Royal Military College of Canada, Military Staff: Lts. Philip Geoffrey Twining, Royal Engineers, and Arthur Hamilton Lee, Royal Artillery, lately appointed to the staff of the Royal Military College, have arrived at Kingston and been taken on the strength of the establishment.

G. O. 59. Royal Military College of Canada. Admission as cadets.

The undermentioned gentlemen having passed their examination, and the headquarters Board of Examiners having certified to that effect, their admission as cadets to the Royal Military College of Canada is approved:

Name and Residence.	Marks.
Henry Seymour Tobin, Ottawa	4770
Frederick Percy Armstrong, Montreal	4747
Frederick Cunningham Denison, Toronto	2381
Lionel Gordon Bennett, Halifax	2191

G. O. 60. Active Militia. Promotions, appointments and retirements. Cavalry—2nd Dragoons, O.—"A" Troop, St. Catharines.—The promotion of Sergeant J. B. Lampman is to a 2nd lieutenantcy, and not as stated in G. O. 38 of 2nd June, 1893.

Queen's Own Canadian Hussars, Q.—To be surgeon: Charles Edward Elliott, M. D., vice Henry Russell, M. D., resigned.

Infantry and Rifles.—10th Battalion. "Royal Grenadiers," O.—To be lieutenant: 2nd Lieutenant James Grayson Smith, R. S. I. 2nd Lieutenant John Troughton Thompson retires from the service.

15th Battalion, "Argyle Light Infantry," O.—To be 2nd lieutenant, provisionally: William Andrew Lott, Gentleman.

32nd "Bruce" Battalion, O.—No. 4 Company, Paisley.—To be captain: Lt. John Nelson, R.S.I. (2nd A.)

34th "Ontario" Battalion, O.—No. 5 Company, Uxbridge.—To be captain: Lt. Joseph William Spence.

35th Battalion of Infantry, "Simcoe Foresters," O.—No. 1 Company, Barrie.—To be lieutenant: 2nd Lt. Bertram Holford Ardagh, R.S.I.

No. 6 Company, Huntsville.—2nd Lt. Charles Notman Chapman retires from the service.

38th Battalion, "Dufferin Rifles of Canada," Brantford, O.—To be lieutenant: 2nd Lt. Ernest Charles Ashton, R.S.I.

51st Battalion "Hemmingford Rangers," Q.—Asst. Surgeon Alfred Poole, M. D., having left limits, retires from the service.

52nd "Brome" Battalion, Q.—No. 3 Company, Mansonville.—To be captain: 2nd Lt. Charles Chester Dyer, R. S. I. (1st Sp.)

68th Battalion "King's County," N. S. No. 3 Company, Kentville.—Lieut. James Fletcher Neary retires from the service.

75th "Lunenburg" Battalion of Infantry, N. S.—No. 1 Company, Lunenburg.—To be lieutenant: 2nd Lt. Samuel Edward Mack, R.S.I. (1st B.)

To be 2nd lieutenant: Sgt. Titus Alvin Mulock, R.S.I. (1st B.)

No. 4 Company, Mahone Bay.—2nd Lt. Allen Baker having left limits, his name is removed from the list of officers of the Active Militia.

82nd "Queen's County" Battalion of Infantry, P. E. I.—No. 1 Company, Charlottetown Royalty.—To be 2nd lieutenant provisionally: Corporal James Malcolm Jones.

87th Battalion, "Quebec County," Q.—No. 3 Company, St. Ambroise.—To be 2nd lieutenant, provisionally: Corporal Arthur Blondeau.

93rd "Cumberland" Battalion of Infantry, N. S.—No. 2 Company, Spring Hill.—To be captain, from 1st Sept., 1893: 2nd Lt. William Letcher, R.S.I.

To be lieutenant, from 1st Sept., 1893: 2nd Lt. Herbert Stonehouse, R.S.I.

No. 3 Company, Maccan and River Herbert.—To be 2nd lieutenant: Rufus Seaman Carter, R.S.I. (2nd A.)

Confirmation of Rank—

Lt. Albert Edward Carpenter, R. S. I. (Long Course), Royal Regiment Canadian Infantry; from 3rd June, 1893.

Lt. Neil Ferguson MacNachtan, R. S. A., Cobourg Company Artillery; from 5th August, 1893.

Lieut. George William Marsereau, R. S. I., No. 4 Company, 78rd Battalion; from 23rd August, 1893.

2nd Lt. Edmund Alexander MacNachtan,

R. S. A., Cobourg Company Artillery; from 5th August, 1893.

2nd Lt. John McCrae, R. S. A., No. 2 Battery, 1st Brigade Field Artillery; from 9th August, 1893. 2nd Lt. Arthur Flower March, R. S. C., "G" Troop, 8th Hussars, from 20th August 1893.

Note.—The confirmation of rank dated 24th June, 1893, of 2nd Lt. (A. F. March, 8th Hussars, notified in G. O. 47 of 28th July, 1893, is cancelled.

Rank, Name and Corps.	Class.	Course.	Grade.
CAVALRY.			
2nd Lt. A. F. March, 8th Hussars.	1	S	A
ARTILLERY.			
Lieut. N. F. MacNachtan, Cobourg Co.	1	Sp	A
2nd Lt. J. McCrae, 1st Brig. F. A.	1	Sp	A
do E. A. MacNachtan, Cobourg Co.	1	Sp	A
Act. Bomb. A. Lyndon, "B" R.C.A.	1	S	B
INFANTRY.			
Lieut. A. E. Carpenter, R.R.C.I.	2	Lg	A
do G. W. Marsereau, 73rd Bn.	2	Sp	A

Note.—The Special Course Certificate, dated 24th June, 1893, from the Royal School of Cavalry, granted to 2nd Lt. A. F. March, 8th Hussars, is cancelled.

A Boat-Service Adventure.

By an English Lieutenant.

Rather more than three years ago I was serving as sub-lieutenant on board H.M. S.—, at that time engaged, with the rest of the British and German men-of-war in those waters, in the blockade of the east coast of Africa. This blockade was the result of a sort of compromise. The British wished—as they always wished—to put down the slave trade, and the Germans to prevent the sale of arms to the native inhabitants of their new colonies. So the two admirals arranged to join forces, and declared a joint blockade of all vessels trading in arms or slaves. Of course there were other niceties in the agreement; but that was the gist of it.

To carry out the blockade effectually, each ship was allotted a station, for which she became responsible. H. M. S.— was ordered to take charge of the island of Pemba, which although not, properly speaking, a part of the coast, or even fringing it—there being a channel of half a day's run between them—had nevertheless been included in the blockade. Pemba is the first or northernmost of the three Arab islands, Pemba, Zanzibar and Mafia, and was then under the rule of the Sultan of Zanzibar; but this rule was far more nominal than real, practically it was parcelled out among rich Arab families, the heads of which were almost independent chiefs or perhaps it would be more correct to say independent merchant princes, for taking into consideration that Pemba has so far had no European capital or European enterprise to help it, its commerce is very creditable, and is all in the hands of these feudal Arabs, who own not only plantations—cloves, sugar, etc.—but mercantile fleets to transport their produce. And—and it is here that there is a certain 'coolness' between these gen-

try and the British naval authorities—these ships are apt to return from their trading voyages laden with slaves for their owners' plantations.

The most remarkable feature in the geography of Pemba is its deeply indented coast line, which is simply studded with natural harbors, with here and there an arm of the sea stretching so far inland as almost to divide the whole island—something like the Scottish firths, only more irregular. Add to this that it is fringed with reefs and sand banks, sometimes extending many miles out to sea, and you will understand that H. M. S. — had plenty of work to do, and that most of it had to be done in boats.

I was given the command of the steam cutter, and ordered to hold myself responsible for a large bight rejoicing in the jaw-breaking appellation of Kegomacha bay. Here I was left with my crew of six and an interpreter, making with myself eight all told. We left the ship with provisions and coal for five days; but, as it was quite out of the question to keep all that coal in the boat, we made a cache of most of it, and hoped that it might remain unstolen; if not, well, we must cut wood.

My next care was to have things put square and shipshape in the boat; spirit breaker and ammunition boxes aft, other large stores under the thwarts, and small articles in the lockers. Then, having had a regular clear up, we made tea, after which I inspected the arms and served out ammunition. By this time it was nearly five o'clock; so, as I wished to get well into the offing by nightfall, I ordered the anchor to be weighed and stood out to sea.

My reason for doing this was as follows: The Arabs are very good navigators, but even the best navigators when making a reef-bound and unlighted shore, like to verify their position by getting a good look at the land marks during daylight. When a vessel is liable to be chased, this is all the more necessary, as she cannot afford to go pottering about among shoals, trying her nose first at one point then at another, but must dash right through the darkness to her own particular little harbor, and to dash with any confidence requires an exact knowledge of one's whereabouts, and of the bearing of the point to be dashed at. It has thus become customary for the captain of a slave dhow so to regulate his voyage as to be just in sight of land at sunset; the nearer he can manage this the better for him. To be too soon means showing himself longer than he cares about in what he probably calls 'the dangerously-daylight zone'; to be too late means that he does not get a clear view of the land. Relying on this, I argued that a small boat like mine, with no sail hoisted and steaming easy so as to avoid making smoke, by arranging on her part to be at about the same distance from the shore at the same time, or perhaps a few minutes later, might, with the binoculars, have a very good chance of sighting one of these gentlemen just as he was bearing up for harbor. This was my plan, and you may be sure that I searched the horizon very carefully as the sun went down, and

the short twilight of ten minutes or so that there is in these parts gradually merged itself into the dark.

At last I was rewarded; looming up on our starboard bow was something large and black; soon it began to assume definite shape, that of a triangle—it was a dhow's lateen sail. Unfortunately, just at that moment the stoker, who ought to have known better, opened the furnace door, letting the glare light up both himself and the bowman; almost simultaneously the dhow put her helm down and headed away for the eastern extremity of the bay.

'Full speed!' I shouted, at the same time catching up a rifle and sending a bullet through her sail as a summons to heave to. Strictly speaking, I ought to have tried her by firing a blank cartridge but under the circumstances I dispensed with that formality. Of our summons she vouchsafed, as I had expected, not the smallest notice; so we settled down to the chase. Some ten minutes had elapsed when the cockswain remarked to me that the water seemed to be growing very shallow. A sounding taken with the boat hook staff showed him to be right; there was barely a foot of water under our keel. Now I knew that somewhere hereabouts there was a large sandbank, with occasional patches of very shallow water indeed on it, and it occurred to me that the dhow must have altered her course as she did with the object of bringing us across one of these. Lest it be thought singular that a native Arab dhow should have better hydrographic information than a boat belonging to one of Her Majesty's ships, I may say at once that not only is all this part very rough-charted, but that even the best chart could hardly be expected to give all the little boat channels that criss-cross a large reef or sandbank; whereas a dhow belonging to the neighborhood would have her own private marks for every rock and every pool. Had it been a dhow from any part of the island she would have known a great deal less than we did; but it being our first day, we had not had time to make our own observations, and this particular dhow had the advantage of us.

However, to have done anything but keep straight on now would have been to make certain of losing her. While I was reflecting on these things, and wondering whether so small a boat as we were might not escape grounding, I got a most unmistakable answer, namely, a prolonged scraping noise under the keel. For fifty yards, perhaps, we struggled on, churning up the sand with our screw, then came to a full stop.

On this I gave the order, 'stop the engines, all hands overboard,' setting the example myself. Relieved of our weight, the little cutter floated again, and four a-side, we walked along by the gunwhale until once more she brought up with a lump.

'I see what's the matter, sir,' said the cockswain, who was stooping down at the bows; 'there's a boulder right under her forefoot; launch her back a fathom.' This we did, and then, altering the direction of her head, got her forward again,

through a distance of perhaps twice her own length. Here luck was once more against us, the water shoaled to about two feet. I suppose that the chase must have heard our not too mild expressions of disgust at this new check, for out of the night came various guttural sounds, the English equivalents of which would probably have been something like: 'hope you're comfortable; sure you don't want a tow? and so on. This was too much. We shoved and we pushed, and scraped the sand away from the bows, and finally I told the leading stoker to lean over and set the engines going. Then at last she began to move. The word 'stop' was just on my lips when, before we knew where we were, the boat gave a sort of slither forward, and—since we were all under water. She had been on the edge of a steep bank, and had slid off,

In a few seconds we were all up again, spluttering and laughing, and fortunately untouched by the screw. But where was the cutter? Here was something that Mark Tapley himself would have found it hard to laugh at. Being under steam, she had gone on by herself. In fact, I fancied that I could just discern her outline away out to seaward.

Our position was most serious. Our foothold, such as it was, would be lost when the tide came up, and there being a strong northerly current, we should infallibly be swept out to sea. Even supposing that one or two of the strongest of us managed to reach the shore by swimming, what sort of a fate would be theirs at the hand of people who, only a few months before had murdered a whole boat's crew, and were now smarting from the indemnity that they had been forced to pay for their crime? And this supposition made no account of sharks, which, although not so bad as in some parts, were yet quite sufficiently numerous to constitute a danger.

Every minute that passed the boat was steaming away; yet what was to be done? In this dilemma I called the two petty officers, the cockswain and the leading stoker, to a council of war. Impromptu, we were all agreed that to swim after her and try to catch her would be mere foolishness, and wasting our strength to no purpose. Now there came to my mind a certain conversation that I had once had with a very scientific officer ament what are called 'turning circles.' A ship's hardness is said to be measured by the diameter—that is the smallness of the diameter—of her 'turning circle' with different degrees of helm. This is fairly clear. It does not want an expert to understand that a vessel under steam, with her rudder kept over at the same angle will, if there be no tide or current, ultimately come back by a circular course to the point at which she started. What, however, is not so well known, is that a screw steamer, even without any helm at all, will do this. But she will take a very long time about it. The reason is that a screw steamer left to herself never goes quite straight ahead; to make her go straight ahead requires a little helm. Hence, leaving her entirely alone, comes to the same thing as giving a little helm to a paddle steamer. The officer in ques-

tion had been making experiments in a piece of ornamental water with model screw steamers, and had been trying to see what kind of a screw caused least deviation from a straight course; and he said that he was surprised to find how exactly all his models came back to the very spot where they had started from. 'In fact, my dear fellow,' he had said, 'a screw steamer is nothing more nor less than a very cumbersome sort of boom-crang.'

But, oh dear, what poor encouragement were those ornamental water experiments to us, standing on a little knoll of sand, miles from the shore, with blackness all round us, a rising tide, and eddies and currents swirling this way and that, sufficiently to render nice mathematical certainties very uncertain indeed. No, we must have something more to go on than the action of the screw as a turning agent, to hope that our little boat was coming back to us. Strangely, and fortunately, there was something else. The cockswain was in favor of swimming after the boat, not thinking that we could catch her at once, but that, after ten minutes or so, she might begin to slow down of herself. I knew better than that, and so of course did the leading stoker; besides, I pointed out to him, she was out of sight, and it was very unlikely that we should be able to make a correct guess at her course. Finding himself outvoted, he urged that after all she was half crippled by the bowman's tarpaulin hanging over the port side.

'The bowman's tarpaulin hanging over the port side!' I repeated, with hope beginning to dawn. 'Are you certain?'

'Quite, sir. I made a grab at it to save myself going under water, and the whole thing came overhead.'

'But it's fast to the boat?'

'Oh yes, sir; it's made fast right enough; but it's dragging through the water, and that's enough to stop a little boat like—'

'Stop her, with that head of steam on I not a bit of it,' I replied. 'But it'll do better—it'll turn her.'

I don't think that the men were very sanguine; but that I could not help. If there was a heavy tarpaulin hanging over one side of the boat, she was bound to keep turning towards that side. The only other thing that could influence her course was the current, and this, in the main—for it would be hopeless to attempt to go into the various eddies—set towards the north. Therefore, the boat would come round to a point due north of us. How far north, and how long before she got there, depended upon how much tarpaulin was hanging over the side, and of course could only be guessed at. At any rate there was no time to be lost.

I called for four hands to strip, and did the same myself. While we were stripping, I made the men take their knife lanyards and knot them all together. To these I added some twice-laid rope, of which the cockswain carried a coil in his monkey-jacket pocket; my own kammarband, which for the information of those readers who have not been in India or the east, I may describe as a kind of long sash; also the interpreter's; altogether this gave a pretty long rope. What

I intended doing with it, you will see later.

When every one was ready, I gave the men their orders. First of all I made them observe the constellation of the southern cross. This I explained to them, they were to keep straight behind them, so that they could be certain that they were swimming due north—that is straight out to sea. We would all start together. After fifty strokes, one man would stop and tread water; after another twenty-five strokes the inmost man (being fifty strokes from the knoll, and myself being the farthest out. You see, I reckoned on the tide having set her out something between fifty and a hundred and fifty strokes—rough reckoning, but the best I could do. Finally I cautioned the men to try and scramble on board by the tarpaulin, as by so doing they would avoid the risk of being wounded by the propeller. The rope I kept myself.

I don't think that there is much fear of my ever forgetting that swim out into the waste of black sea. There was nothing really dangerous about it bar the sharks, and the sharks would have been almost as dangerous on our little sand-knoll, where the danger would have come, had we been unsuccessful, after we got back to the others and found the tide began to rise. Yet the sense of loneliness, increasing as one by one the men came to their allotted stations and were left behind treading water, was something terrible.

At last I had come to my post. How I wished there was a moon! Until then I don't think that I had ever realised how terribly contracted is the horizon of a man whose eyes are only a few inches above the sea; he can hardly see any distance.

At the end of three minutes or so I seemed to hear something; what it was I could not say; nevertheless, I instinctively swam a few strokes in the direction from which the sound seemed to come. Then I listened again. Yes, it was there, and plainer. Whether it were the cutter or not, it was something; and should it turn out to be two pieces of driftwood knocking against one another, placed as we were they would be almost salvation to us. So I continued to swim in the same direction. But it was not driftwood, and it was the cutter—the cutter heading about northwest and coming up—thank goodness—from a little behind me. The question now was: could I cut her off? Reader, have you ever witnessed a boat race?—so have I; have you ever bet on a boat race?—I am afraid that I must plead guilty to having done the same. But in future I shall never take the same interest in the sport; believe me that, besides a boat hunt, a boat race is tameless itself.

Well, I swam my best, and found—that I should miss her by ten yards! Now for my last card. Waiting until I was as near to her as I ever should be—that is, barring the chance that my card should turn up trumps, I raised myself in the water, and flung my rope, in a big loose coil, straight at her stern, then settled down to swimming again. A few strokes, and I was sure that I was gain-

ing on her—my rope had done its work; that is to say, it had fouled the screw. Had I tried holding one end of it, it would most likely have slipped off; but being quite loose, it had wound itself so effectually round the blades and boss, that later, when we tried to get it off, the only way in which we could do so was by cutting it off in little bits. By the time I reached her, she was almost motionless.

You may be sure that I did not lose much time in firing a rifle to let the crew know that they had once more a boat to go to. In ten minutes or so all hands were on board; and very glad we were to dry our clothes, make some cocoa, and smoke our pipes.

As for the dhow, she got away, but was caught next voyage.—Chicago Army and Navy Magazine.

THE ALDERSHOT CAMP.

The Closing Review and Sham Fight Company Rifle Meeting,

The Halifax Mail publishes the following account of the last day's work in the Aldershot camp in its issue of Sept. 16th:

For the past 12 days about 1,400 Provincial militiamen have been in camp at Aldershot. That number represented the rank and file of five battalions, viz:

King's Canadian Hussars, Major J. W. Ryan, commanding one company of 42 of all ranks.

68th Kings county infantry, Lt. Col. L. DeV. Chipman commanding; nine companies, 294 men of all ranks.

69th East Annapolis infantry, Lt. Col. W. E. Starratt commanding nine companies; 224 men of all ranks.

93rd Cumberland Battalion, Amherst, Lt. Col. M. B. Harrison commanding; five companies, 231 men of all ranks.

75th Lunenburg corps, Lunenburg, Lt. Col. Kaulbach, M.P., commanding; six companies, 262 men of all ranks.

In former years only three battalions have been in camp, but for certain reasons the 69th Lunenburg was sent to Aldershot this year a little unexpectedly so that the camp was the largest that has ever been there. On Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday of last week Gen. Herbert was on the field and watched the men perform the ordinary details of camp work and drill. He expressed himself satisfied with what he witnessed. In fact the general is credited with having said the work at Aldershot was ahead of that to be seen in any volunteer camp in the Dominion. Yesterday was the last day at Aldershot, and the customary review of the troops, followed by a sham fight, took place. Exclusive of the militia, there were certainly 4,000 people on the field. They came from all quarters of the surrounding country, and by all means of conveyance, to witness the evolutions and mimic battle. The field presented an animated appearance toward noon. White canvass tents and vehicles of every age and pattern studded the field. The red coats of the soldiery mingling with the light and dark attire of the spectators produced a vivid picture for the eye to rest upon.

The review took place at 2 o'clock p.m. The brigade was formed into a line of

quarter column at six paces interval on the parade ground in the following order: 68th on the left, next the 93rd, then the 69th, then 75th with the King's Hussars on the right. Lt. Col. Irving, D. A. G., then presented the prizes to those men who won in the rifle shooting, a list of whom is given below. After a short exhibition of manual exercise and one or two movements, the 69th and 93rd battalions retired out of sight behind an eminence to the north of the parade ground known as Campbell's Hill. The 68th and King's Troopers deployed in fighting line on the plain in front of the hill, with the 75th in rear as reserves. Fire opened from the pickets and skirmishers of the 69th and 93rd. Then two battalions shortly after made their appearance on the crest of the hill, which was the signal for general firing from both lines. The rattle of small arms that took place satisfied the most unreasonable spectator. The cavalry by a detour to the left came upon that flank of the force on the hill, drove in its skirmishers and pickets, and then paused for the infantry to come up. Horse and foot succeeded in driving the attacking force from its position on the height. The bugle gathered the men together, and the spectators dispersed to their homes. Some of the volunteers went home last night, but the majority did not leave until to-day. During the time these 1,400 men have been in camp only 125 cases of sickness, all slight, none serious, have come under the notice of Surg. Maj. McLearn, who was in charge of the brigade hospital, which consisted of two marquees and two bed tents, containing 30 cots altogether. The physique of the men was superior to any other year. Their conduct in camp was beyond reproach. Taking into consideration the fact that the country battalions have only an annual drill, which is entirely insufficient for proficiency, their showing yesterday was very good in evolution, as well as in carriage and exercise.

The prizes, which it was mentioned were yesterday presented, were for excellence in company rifle shooting. These competitions have been going on during the time the brigade has been at Aldershot. Only the leading shot in each company gets a prize. Whichever is the leading shot of the battalion receives an additional prize for that. The winners were as follows:

King's Canadian Hussars—	
\$1.50—Sgt. C. F. Miller, Co. 1	64
68th King's County—	
\$1.50—Sgt. Hiltz, Co. 1	60
1.50—Sgt. J. S. Marshall, Co. 2	56
1.50—Pte. J. Gibbs, Co. 3	62
1.50—Sgt. Steadman, Co. 4	52
1.50—Pte. J. Cullins, Co. 5	48
1.50—Pte. Neil White, Co. 6	56
1.50—Bandsman Armstrong, Co. 7	54
1.50—Pte. A. Roach, Co. 8	57
1.50—Sgt. Maj. Carey, Co. 9	70
69th Annapolis—	
\$1.50—Sgt. L. Young, Co. 1	65
\$1.50—Pte. J. Poole, Co. 2	71
1.50—Sgt. Ray, Co. 3	51
1.50—Pte. B. Marshall, Co. 4	58
1.50—Corp. W. LeCain, Co. 5	48
1.50—Corp. W. Council, Co. 6	62
1.50—Sgt. Rice, Co. 7	61
1.50—Sgt. E. Miller, Co. 8	72
1.50—Pte. Dukeshar, Co. 9	54
75th Lunenburg—	
\$1.50—Pte. Evans, Co. 1	55
1.50—Pte. J. Veno, Co. 2	60
1.50—Pte. R. Linder, Co. 3	53

1.50—Corp. Mills, Co. 4	68
1.50—Sgt. R. Hiltz, Co. 5	54
1.50—Pte. J. Broney, Co. 6	52
93rd Cumberland—	
\$1.50—Staff Sgt. J. Christie, Co. 1	67
1.50—Staff Sgt. Carter, Co. 3	64

CAMP NOTES.

Company No. 5 was shooting yesterday afternoon, and companies 2 and 4 will shoot at their homes. The ranges were one, two, three and four hundred yards. The highest possible aggregate score was 80. Sgt. E. Miller, of No. 8 company of the 69th 1st Annapolis, made 72, which stands highest in the battalion and in the brigade, in addition to being the highest in the company. No brigade prizes were given this year, however, as funds were too scarce. Sgt. C. F. Mallen, of the King's Hussars, made the best average.

Colonel Irving, D. A. G., in addition to his regular duties, performed the duty of district paymaster.

C. D. McDonald and Captain Corbin, both of the 63rd Halifax, were respectively camp quarter master and musketry instructor. Capt. Brown, of 66th P.L.F., Halifax, was paymaster.

L. Col. M. B. Harrison, of the 93rd Cumberland battalion was thrown from his mount on Thursday. By the fall two of Colonel Harrison's ribs were broken and he sustained other internal injury.

Among the spectators at Aldershot yesterday were a number of the men and officers of the 72nd local battalion, which is not in camp this year.

affairs. The cause of this dearth was largely due to the great expense which was put on Volunteer officers, and it was worth the while of the Government to consider whether they could not make some allowance which would do for the officers what was already done for the men—namely, save them from any personal expense.

Mr. Butcher urged that the Decoration should be extended to privates as a mark of favour for long service.

Mr. Bowles objected to any exemption of Volunteer officers from Jury service.

Col. Warner recommended that Volunteers should be rendered liable to serve in case of war in the same way as the Militia, and not only in the case of invasion.

Mr. A. C. Morton was of opinion that the State should bear the whole of the expenses in connection with the Volunteers.

General Goldsworthy said that to give Decorations to efficient privates who had served a long time in the Volunteers would popularise the service.

Mr. Campbell-Bannerman said that a Volunteer private of 20 years' standing was a man who either had not been zealous enough to obtain promotion, or had remained for the purpose of winning prizes in shooting. What the War Office wished to do was to encourage those who really took an active part in doing the work of Volunteers.

The vote agreed to.

The Sovereignty of the Seas.

Mr. J. A. Froude, the historian, has a series of excellent papers in Longman's Magazine for July, August, and September, and a fourth is to follow in the October number, on English seamen in the sixteenth century. The marvellous growth of British maritime commerce, and the sudden development of the Royal Navy in the reign of the Tudors, were accompanied with a deeply religious spirit of a distinctively Protestant type. British sailors, hitherto of small account, seemed to spring out of the sea with Bibles in their right hands as the sword of the Spirit, and with cutlass in the other.

Spain was then the great maritime power of the world. Indeed, by land, as by sea, Spaniards nominated the world. Till her Navy sprang into being, our little island was nowhere beside the Spain of that era.

Mr. Froude demonstrated that we owe the birth not only of our sea-borne trade, but of our Royal Navy also, to the Inquisition in Spain. It was the Holy Office that made sailors of our waterside population, and imparted to them such a deep religious fervour. When British ships entered Spanish ports the Inquisition took out the crews and put them on the rack or brought them to the stake. Queen Elizabeth was not strong enough to protect her sailors, and their comrades revenged their sufferings and deaths by attacking the ships of Spain. Thus grew up an unacknowledged war between the sailors of the two nations, which developed on our side new fleets of more efficient ships, and trained up a

The Long Service Decoration.

One is to be granted to the British Volunteer—How the announcement was made.

When the House of Commons went into Committee of Supply on Tuesday night, Sept. 12th, and the subject of the grant for £780,000 for the capitation grant was introduced, Mr. Campbell-Bannerman said: I have to make an announcement which will, I am sure, be received with satisfaction by all parties in the House—that the Queen has been graciously pleased to give her sanction to the bestowal of a Decoration upon the non-commissioned officers of Volunteers of a certain length of service and of certain approved character for zeal and efficiency. The exact terms have not yet been decided upon, but when last year the right hon. gentleman (Mr. Stanhope) was able to confer so great a benefit upon the Volunteer force as to give a Decoration to officers, it followed as a matter of necessity that the claims of the non-commissioned officers should be considered. The non-commissioned officers really do as much and as successful service for the cause to which they belong as the officers.

Mr. Brodrick was sure the Committee would have heard with satisfaction the announcement of the right hon. gentleman. He regarded it as the necessary complement to what was announced by his right hon. friend last year. The hon. member proceeded to refer to the dearth of Volunteer officers, a dearth which seriously affected the efficiency of the force. It was now short by nearly 1,500 of its officers, in itself a serious state of

hardy race of English seamen, who learnt in time how to beat the Spaniards wherever they found them. It was a strange mixture of religious devotion and lawless privateering which the Inquisition in Spain engendered in our seafaring population. But these pious adventurers eventually formed the nucleus of the Royal force which defeated the Invincible Spanish Armada, and ultimately wrested from Spain the sovereignty of the seas.

Mr. Froude's articles are well worth the attention of naval men. He brings out the old Sir John Hawkins in a new light as outwitting Philip the Second, and worming from him the secret of his plots against the life of our Queen. And no doubt, in the October number, we shall find new light thrown upon Sir Francis Drake's marvellous career. The rise of our maritime greatness is always a fascinating story, which loses nothing in the telling at the hands of Mr. Froude.—United Service Gazette.

Bullet Proof Cloth.

Contrary to what was at first thought the bullet resisting powers of the so-called cloth invented by the Manheim tailor do not appear to have been exaggerated. Capt. Zeigler, the officer who presided over the trials with the bullet-proof material, states that bullets from a seven millimetre rifle, which would go clean through ironplates of six millimetres thick, did not penetrate the plastrons made of the "cloth" either at 400 or even 200 metres. The bullets instead of penetrating, remained, we are told, embedded in the composition, and it was noticed that "the point of the steel coating of the projectile dropped as soon as the bullet struck, and the lead contents fell into a liquid form." What the bullet proof "cloth" consists of can at present only be vaguely conjectured, but the principal constituent seems to be a kind of cement plastered over wire netting. The German military authorities evidently regard Herr Dowe's invention with much favor, but they are probably influenced by the report of Capt. Zeigler, of Manheim, the officer who presided at the experiments. On the other hand, Herr Von Mannlicher, the inventor of the rifle of that name, and an authority who ought, therefore, to be competent to express a decided opinion as to its merits, requires more proof than is at present forthcoming, before being convinced of its practical value. He doubts the portability of the armor, and thinks earthworks a better protection. But, even assuming that this wonderful coat of mail is able to stop the swiftest bullet, it cannot destroy the force of the impact. Because a bullet is so small a thing, very few people with the exception of soldiers have any idea how great is its weight at the terrific speed it travels. A soldier receiving a bullet on his coat of mail would undoubtedly be knocked senseless for a time, in which case if many soldiers were struck in a battle, the opposing force would probably conquer; but they would find themselves burdened with an uncomfortably large number of prisoners. Then again, as the stuff is not flexible, being half an inch

in thickness, it could not be used for uniforms, though, as its inventor suggests, it might perhaps be made into plates to cover the vital organs. In spite, however, of the practical value of the cloth being doubted by Herr Mannlicher, the inventor is said to have been approached with lavish offers by the representatives of several Governments and syndicates. From a humane point of view the inventor will be very favorably regarded, as soldiers wearing the armor, instead of being killed when struck by a bullet, will only be put hors de combat for a few minutes. A similar cloth, it seems, was invented by Herr Scarneo, a Viennese engineer, some three years ago, but it came to nothing. Being greatly impressed with the havoc wrought by the Prussian bullets in the Austro-Prussian war, he set to work to devise something that would protect the vital parts of the soldier from musketry fire, and the result of his studying was the invention of a sort of portable armor, which was patented in all European countries, but after being thoroughly tested by military experts it was pronounced to be useless for purposes of defense in war. There is some difference in the composition of the armor of the inventors of Manheim and Vienna, although the effect when the bullet strikes, is described as the same, namely, the steel coat flying off and the lead contents melting. The invention of the material recalls the story of the Duke of Wellington, who was called on by an inventor of bullet-proof clothing. The laconic commander asked his visitor to don the uniform and sent his orderly for two files of men with loaded muskets to test the coat, but the inventor fled.—United States Army Magazine.

After "Lights Out."

By Leyson T. Merry.

"Halt! Who comes there?"

The speaker was the sentry over the guard-room door at a recent Brigade camp. The individuals addressed were the Brigade Major and myself.

"Friends!" answered my companion. But the sentry was more than usually vigilant or deaf, or both, for with renewed and increasing vigor he again challenged.

"Halt! Who comes there?"

"Friend!" again shouted the Brigade Major

"Yus, that's all very well, sonny, but you jest report yerself to the guard-room."

We passed on in silence.

"D'ye year," shrieked the now enraged sentry "report yerself to the guard-room on the left. Guard, turn out!"

And they came across the common after us with a celerity that more than pleased my companion, but they pulled up short when they discovered our identity, and hurried back to the guard-room, doubtless feeling that they had created a favourable impression in the mind of the officer whom, next to the Brigadier himself, they would desire to most favorably impress.

This is a type of the many funny things that happen in the best organized camps after "Last Post" and "Lights Out" have

sounded. Were I so inclined I could fill a volume with funny stories of a like character, to say nothing of the little fairy tales, choice and otherwise, that enliven the ante-rooms for many hours after Corporal Bill Jones and Private James Tompkins have curled themselves up to dream of a 5.30 parade under the Sergeant-Major.

But I do not propose to do so. I want, just now, to devote my energies to snorers—either in camp or out of it. First of all I want to know why there are always so many snorers in a camp and on a boat? It is a strange but easily verified fact that if you want to hear the snorer at his best you must either sleep in a camp or on board a steamer.

In the camp to which I have just referred we had the champion snorer, and as ill luck would have it, he was in the very next tent to me. Wild horses shall not drag from me his name, suffice it to say that on the first night under canvas as some half-dozen of us picked our way through the lines about 1.30 a.m., and peered about in a vain search for our respective tents, a strange, unearthly sound smote on our ears.

"Wh—wh—at's that?" gasped "The Boy," who was being initiated into the mysteries of camp life.

"Sounded like a load of coals being shot," said Spooks of the Fifth.

"O: a traction engine blowing off steam," hazarded Jimson, as he fell over his fourteenth rope and struck his nose on a tent peg.

"O: a volley by a section of "H" Company of the Sixth."

"Hug — naw — aw — aw — aw — ooo — ooo — oop."

There it was again, right under our noses.

"Hold on, boys," whispered Spooks, "it's old Gasper of the Seventh. Here's his tent. He's orderly officer. Don't make a row. Good-night, old man. Good-night. So long, Jimmy. See you to-morrow. Au revoir."

And we silently sought our respective abodes. Occasionally there came a deep "Hug-aw" from Gasper's tent, but none of us seemed to notice it until we were in that borderland between sleeping and waking, when the slightest sound jars upon one's ears and causes one to turn over and find an easier position and sigh, and—shall I say it?—swear.

I could hear in the adjacent tents sundry vicious murmurings, and disjointed curses, mingled with Gasper's name, but I gave up all hope of sleeping, when, after a particularly prolonged and exasperating snore from Gasper, there followed, from Spook's tent, a loud and unmistakable

"Miaow — ow — ow — ow — moirrow — pht — pht — pht."

"Oh, shut up, Spooks, let's have some sleep," came from the tent of a man who had turned in at ten-thirty.

The only reply was another snore and another "miaow—moirrow," followed by a fair imitation of a pack of beagles at the dinner hour. This new acquisition to the disturbing party was a good-mannered mild youth, who, ordinarily, was too quiet for anything, and was, therefore, designated "Dismal Jimmy." Such is the

demoralising effect produced on a peaceable body of men by a snorer in camp.

And so the game went merrily on, until from nearly every tent in three lines there came a succession of catcalls and cock-crows after each Gasperian snore that woke up the whole camp, notwithstanding an occasional feeble protest and an—

"I say, you fellows, turn it up. This is a bit too thick. It'll soon be time to turn out, and I haven't had a wink of sleep."

And to add insult to injury, if old Gasper didn't add the following note to his report next day:—

"There was considerable noise in the officers' lines from 1.30 a.m. until 4.0 a.m."

During the rest of the camp Gasper never went out after dark except under an escort, and all our best laid schemes to lure him to a quiet spot and murder him failed.

I have only come across one snorer who could beat Gaspar, and I have spoken of him elsewhere, but the narrative may bear repetition.

I had been for a trip to the Ardennes, and on my way back I decided to "do" Ostend. Now Ostend is one of the pleasantest seaside towns of the world. With plenty of money, plenty of fine clothes, and plenty of time, a fellow can enjoy himself fairly well there. But if the same calamity befalls him as befell me, the happy associations of his month's holiday will be rudely dispelled at one fell swoop.

A hundred pleasant promenades on the far famed Digue, a hundred runs of luck at the roulette or rouge et noir tables in the Kursaal, and a hundred charming swims with the fair young creatures whose bathing costumes are none too profuse—all these pleasures are but a faint recompense for the agony the passengers of the Bittern endured during the ill fated night on which we set sail for Old England once more. Lest the too fastidious reader should misunderstand me, I should explain that the weather was fine and the sea exceedingly calm. We had nothing to fear on that score. But there was a man aboard who caused twenty erst while happy souls more excruciating agony than could be effected by the worst attack of mal de mer—a man for whose life blood twenty of us craved ere the first streak of dawn.

The boat was not an extensive one, but there was a large passenger list, and so it came about that twenty-one of us were supplied with "fit-up" beds in the dining-saloon. Some were on couches, some on chairs, some on tables, and others underneath. But we grumbled not. About midnight the majority of us retired, and in less than a quarter of an hour were all fast asleep. But our slumbers were not to be of long duration. About 12.30 a.m. there came sailing across the saloon an ominous "Hng—aw—aw!"

The very lightsleepers turned restlessly over on to the other side. Just when they were dozing off again it was heard once more—"Hng—aw—aw!" Another restless turn, a slight cough or two, and then another "Hng—aw—aw—aw—awph!" more vehement than its predecessors.

This last one woke about a dozen fellows, and drew forth three or four muttered imprecations. For a few seconds the silence was only broken by the hard breathing of the snorer, and the tired sleepers began to hope for the best. Then came a terrible one! "Hng—naw—aw—aw—awph!"

This time every impromptu bedstead began to creak, and it was plain that the only man in the saloon who was sleeping was the gentleman with the well-developed nasal organ. Several "sofas" were surrounded by curtains. Some of these were pulled on one side, and two or three wild and haggard faces peered out into the semi-darkness, whilst their owners asked anxiously—

"Which one is it?" "Where is he?"

"Hng—naw—aw—aw!"

"That's the one! There he is!"

"Where? Where?"

"Yonder on the two forms, The old man with the bald head and iron-grey whiskers."

"Hng—aw—aw—naw—awph!"

"Hold 'em up!" shouted one man. "Chuck it, old 'un!" yelled another. "Dashed old fool!" growled a third, in a decidedly nasty manner.

"Hng—naw—aw—aw—aw—aw—aw—awph!"

The effect of this last snore was electrical. It started very softly, gradually increased in tone, until about the middle when the crockery-ware in the kitchen began to rattle, and then gradually descended the scale until it died away into a gentle sigh of satisfaction. Everybody was now sitting bolt upright. Twenty flaming tempers were up to 130 above boiling-point, and twenty hitherto peaceful citizens wondered whether under circumstances a coroner's jury would convict them of wilful murder. The old man with iron-grey whiskers slept peacefully on, noting not that twenty pairs of eyes were on him, whilst twenty pairs of hands eagerly grasped twenty pillows.

"Hng—aw—"

"Bang" went the pillows. They caught the sleeper at all angles, some on the feet, some on the chest, but the great majority clear on the face.

Those fellows rejoiced secretly. At last, they thought, we have vanquished the old sinner. But imagine their discomfiture, their terrible rage, when the old gentleman lazily lifted his arm, removed one pillow that impeded his breathing, and in twenty seconds afterwards gave vent to a soft little "Hng—aw—aw" that gave promise of what was to come.

A consultation was held, and it was decided by nineteen votes to one—(I was the one; if there was going to be any manslaughter I wished to be out of it) to push him off his bed at the commencement of his next snore.

GALLEY EIGHT
The fellow nearest to him was deputed to do the pushing. We had not long to wait.

"Hng—aw—"

"Plump!" Over he went, bed, form, pillows, and all. We were as silent as the grave. Not a man spoke. As we listened eagerly for the resentment which most men would show at such unceremonious treatment, there came from under the de-

bris the most delightful little snore of contentment.

(He still slept on!)

This was the last straw. Several fierce-looking men, with hearts quite cowed, slunk up on deck, there to pace up and down for the three weary hours till daylight. Those who remained below sat on the sides of their beds, and collectively and individually cursed the sleeper to their hearts' content. Every time he snored, a curse and something more substantial was thrown at him, and a particularly lively snore brought down a shower of articles upon him that varied from a Gladstone bag to a walking-stick. Sometimes, for a couple of minutes together, he would breathe easily, and nothing could be heard save the "dab" on the deck above of the discarded "quid" of the look-out man. But the intervals were never of long duration, and one by one the weary watchers made their way upstairs.

At six o'clock, when the steward went to call the passengers for breakfast, there was only one man in the saloon. With some difficulty he extricated himself from the mass of bed and baggage that surrounded him.

"Sleep well, sir?" asks the steward.

"Shplendid, mein fren! Shplendid! I vos go to bed at twelf o'clock, and I vos not wake until you call me. It appears I haf an oxident and fall off mein bed, but I vos not know dot."

And he couldn't understand why everybody scowled angrily at him at the breakfast table.

LEYSON T. MERRY;

Capt. 4th V.B. Essex Regt. in the Volunteer Gazette.

SCOTTY'S DILEMMA.

An Episode of the Toronto Highlanders Games.

Everyone in this part of the country has, of course, heard all about the 48th Highlanders games which were held at the Rosedale grounds last Saturday. Well! I was there, along with about three thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine other people. I had just finished giving some advice to the assistant-surgeon of the Grenadiers regarding a snap shot he was trying to get at the C. O. of the "kilties," when I noticed an old Scotchman, dressed in the kilt and accompanied by a Skye terrier and an Inverness accent as thick as my wrist. He was strolling about with a "far away" look in his eyes as though he had lost his best friend. Suddenly he espied a group of three lusty Highlanders who were watching the antics of Major Henderson's trained monkey. Immediately his face brightened up, his eye sparkled and he made straight for "the soldiers three." I was interested in the old fellow and watched him closely. After a few moments' conversation with his newly found friends he turned away with a puzzled expression on his wrinkled and weather-beaten face and approached a policeman, who was standing near. I could not hear what he said nor the reply made by "the finest," but the old fellow had such a dazed and woebegone look in his face, as he turned away, that my curiosity was aroused, so I walked briskly down the field, overtook him, and asked him if

there was anything troubling him and if I could be of any service to him, and he, well, to make a long story short, this is what he said:—

"God Almechty, mon, I'm thinkin' I must be lossin' ma weets altogether. Ye ken! mon, I was readin' in yon "Scottish Canadian" about the braw Forty-Eighth Highlanders gangin' ta hold a lot 'o games we bawg-pipe playin' and dancin' an' a that. So sea I ta ma guid wife, Janet "hoot! woman, I'll tak the treep int'l the city un hai a guid day's spoort wi ma auld cronies. So doon I came, d'ye ken, an' I was just idlin when I came across yon group o' brawny Hielanment. The secht o' them fairly carried ma bawek to bonnie Scotlan', an' I thoct ta masel whares there anither land under the sun but Scotlan' that cud produce three sich gran speecimens o' perfect manhood? wi they're braw chests an' theyre sturdy legs, ma very heart warmed ta the three o' them. I went oop an said til the big gen "an hoos it wi ye the Jay?", He smiled and answered "Oh! sure and Oim hearty thanky e koindly, Scotty." Weel, the mon's accent was puzzlin' ta me an' I asked if he'd bin lang oot. "Long out, is it? ye spalpeen!" he said. "Sure, an Oive been on the polis force five years come (chewsda' an Oi only quit two months back. It's nearly six years since I left the County Armagh, dy'e call that bein' long out, ye divil?"

Ma certes, mon, I was dumfounded, so I tuened ta anither won an asket him what peart o' Scotlan' he hailed fra. "Wot part of Scotland? he said, "Why, blawst me bloomin' heyes, hi was born midway between Putney hand Mortlake, close by the bloomin' soap works, hand s'help me Bob Hi wishes I'd stayed there. Why hat 'ome in Hengland they calls me 'andsome 'Arry, but hout 'ere they calls me a bloomin' chump and ha blawsted British bloke. Wot part of Scotland? well, blaust me bloomin' peepers, hi likes that, hi does."

God almiechty, mon, I was stawggered, and was just recoverin' fra ma surprise when a gran lookin' Hielan' mon wi his bawg pipe under his arm, stepped up an' asked me if I had the time o' lay. I tellt him whot o'clock it was, and then remark-ed that it was a sicht for sore een ta get a glimpse of yon bawg-pipes; I asket him if he learned ta play in Glasca. "No, py dam," he answered. "I don't pelieve me. I was blay der drombone in der Heintzmanns Band undt der band godt himself broke up so I got me a chob mit der forty-achd do blay der pag-bip s. and its a dam bully goot chob too dont it? Ach Himmel! I don't heart of Glasca, you call him! It don't vas some place near Berlin vere I come from anyhow."

Ye ken, mon, ma head was fairly splectin'. I was at ma weets ends, mon, So I went oop ta a policeman an said til him "God almiechty, mon, is there na Scotch here the day, dy'e ken," and whot dy'e spouse he saie til me? He jest winket his een an' jerket his thoomb over his shoulder an said, "So-ho, me hould buck, its "Scotch" yer afther, is it? Well, I'm not a drinkin' man mesel, but I can sympathise with a thirsty gosson, anyhow. If its "Scotch" you want ye'll boit about two dozen bottles of it over in the judge's tent byant,

but for hiven's sake, Scotty, don't giv me away for puttin' ye on to it, an' whisper, if ye do find it don't make a beast of yourself."

Mc certes, mon, I'm that rottled I wunna be masel fer a week or more."

MAXWELL DREW.

Toronto, Sept. 1, '93.

Sir Evelyn Wood on the Volunteer Week Aldershot.

Sir Evelyn Wood has forwarded to the General Officers Commanding the District from which Volunteer Corps went to Aldershot last month his observations on the work and experience of the week. The total of Volunteers was 743 officers and 16,669 of other ranks, and the General notes a progressive advance in the equipment of the Force. Speaking of the health of the troops, Sir Evelyn Wood says:—"Notwithstanding the abnormal heat, and that many of the men were totally unaccustomed to such exercises as fall daily to the soldier, the health of the Volunteer was decidedly good. Eighteen men were detained in hospital for a short time on August 9, and one admitted who, to my great regret, died. He had been permitted to extend his service on account of his excellent character and efficiency as a shot. In future no one of his age (nearly sixty) shall be allowed to undertake during very hot weather the duties of a soldier in the ranks on conditions approximating those of field service." The General states that he has been unable to ascertain that there were any cases of insubordination on August 9, as has been alleged on August 10 "there was one serious case, when all but four men of a company absented themselves from a brigade parade. This will be dealt with in the district to which the brigade belongs. The prevailing faults in the work of the week are stated to be "all incidental to partly-trained troops, and it cannot be expected that Volunteers can march or drill on equal terms with soldiers of the Line. On several occasions companies were moved by command of Staff-sergeants, the captain and other officers obeying the command. Sergeants should be forbidden to give any orders except when in command of sections." In regard to the field-day of August 9, the General says:—"Many of the published statements were exaggerated and I have been unable to verify statements that a battalion broke up on its return march; yet some of the men, from a variety of circumstances, suffered considerably. On the other hand, some men of the brigade which was most severely tried were seen taking part in athletic sports in the evening." In enumerating the causes of the Volunteers' suffering on that day, Sir Evelyn Wood mentions that some men were found to have left Aldershot with their water-bottes empty, while others exhausted their supply before the tactical work began. Many

men, too, had not breakfast, although the earliest parade was 5.45, and in one case it was alleged that men accustomed to breakfast at eight could not eat at five. The remark on this is:—"Healthy men, who do not drink too much alcohol over night, can always eat ten hours after a meal. Volunteers who cannot eat, when necessary, at five are unfit for even home service."

In many cases no food was carried in haversacks; in others the men were badly booted, and in others they were marched too fast on the return journey. In concluding Sir Evelyn Wood says:—"Battalions and brigades vary greatly as to capacity of officers, discipline, smartness, and general efficiency, some few approaching that of the Line, while others are very weak in many of the qualities which constitute the soldier. There is, however, a continuous improvement, and much more could be done if the civil occupations of the men permitted the brigades to visit Aldershot in succession, instead of all coming in one week." Throughout the week there was but one trivial complaint as to quantity of rations, and the quality of the bread and meat gave satisfaction.

SOLDIER STORIES.

A raw Scotch lad joined the Volunteers, and on the first parade his sister came, together with his mother, to see the regiment. When it was marching past, Jock was out of step. "Look, mither," said his sister, "they're a out o' step but oor Jock."

• • • •

There is an old story concerning the famous Russian soldier, Marshall Suvaroff, which will bear repeating. He was fond of confusing the men under his command by asking them unexpected and absurd questions.

One bitter January night, he rode up to the sentry and demanded "How many stars are there in the sky?"

The soldier answered coolly: "Wait a little and I'll tell you, sir," and he deliberately commenced counting: "One, two, three," etc.

When he reached one hundred, Suvaroff, who was half-frozen, thought it high time to ride off, not however, without inquiring the name of the ready reckoner.

Next day the latter found himself promoted.

• • • •

I can vouch for the authenticity of the following little anecdote. The scene was a recent English Brigda camp. A certain officer was trotting his ten-year-old daughter round the camp. Suddenly the Brigadier's aide de-camp loomed into view, with all the gay trappings and finery incidental to his full-dress uniform.

"Papa!" queried little Miss Innocent, "whoever is that?"

"Oh, that's the aide-de-camp," snorted the "papa."

"The acorn! What a funny name!"

Silence was observed for sometime, when presently the Brigadier himself came upon the scene, also in full dress.

"Oh, papa, look!" cried Miss Innocent, "there's actually another acorn!"

The Brigadier overheard it—and smiled.

The Navies of Europe.

A return issued by the Admiralty yesterday, on the motion of Lord George Hamilton, gives the number of "sea-going war ships in commission, in reserve, and building; and the naval expenditure, revenue, tonnage of mercantile marine, and value of seaborne commerce of various countries for the year 1893." It shows the English warships in commission to be 24 battle-ships, three coast defence ships, 60 cruisers, and 74 other ships not torpedo-boats, together 161; we have also in reserve 10 battle-ships, 14 coast defence ships, 46 cruisers, and 44 other ships not torpedo-boats; and in addition we have building and completing for sea 9 battle-ships, 19 cruisers, and 22 other ships total 325. France is represented as having in commission 19 battle-ships, five coast defence ships, 23 cruisers, and 50 other ships not torpedo-boats; while she has in reserve five battle-ships, three coast defence ships, 20 cruisers, and 62 other ships; and building and completing for sea, eight battle-ships, two coast defence ships 19 cruisers, and five other ships; total 221. Germany, which is the next Naval Power, has in commission 11 battle-ships, 14 cruisers and 19 other ships; in reserve, three battle-ships, six coast defence ships; 17 cruisers, and five other ships, besides seven battle-ships, three cruisers, and one other ship building and completing for sea; total 86. It appears from this classification in point of numbers, England possesses 325 warships, as compared with 307 belonging to France and Germany combined; and the English Colonies have also 20 warships of their own. England has 50 warships building, while France and Germany together have only 45. Russia has altogether 120 warships, mostly small ones, and Italy has 93. The aggregate naval expenditures of England is given as £18,480,916, while that of France is put at £10,694,860; of Germany, £4,795,570; of Russia, £5,040,138 and of Italy, £4,215,636; so that the present naval expenditures of England is nearly equal to that of France, Germany, and Russia combined.—Army and Navy Gazette.

Canadians at Waterloo.

Henry J. Morgan ("Old '48") writes to the Montreal Gazette: "In reply to the question of your correspondent, I may say that there were two Canadians engaged in the battle of Waterloo, and both of them commissioned officers. One of these officers, Captain Alexander Macnab, a native of York, now Toronto, belonged, if my memory serves me, to the 30th, or Cambridgeshire regiment; the other, James Ailsopp, was a native of Quebec and pay-

master of the 44th. Macnab was killed during the battle, and a tablet or some other appropriate memorial of his gallantry has since been reared to him in St. Paul's cathedral. He was, I believe, quite a young man. Mr. Ailsopp lived for many years after the famous battle, and in 1823 was appointed to the 17th regiment, a corps well and favorably known to Canadians of the past and present generation, in the same capacity as that which he had filled in the 44th. An army list for 1828, which I have consulted, gives him no relative rank. He was, therefore, simply paymaster. The late Dr. Macnab, rector of Bowmanville, an excellent and worthy Canadian, was a nephew of Captain Macnab, when in England, in 1868, was presented by the Duke of Cambridge in person, his royal highness being then, as now, commander-in-chief of the army, with the medal for Waterloo which his lamented relative had so nobly won. Dr. Scadding, of Toronto, who like Mr. LeMoine, of Quebec, has done so much to advance historical research in Canada, says that Captain Macnab in early life was a clerk in one of the public offices at York, but having incurred the displeasure of Lieutenant-Governor Hunter for being absent from his desk on one occasion without leave, was summarily dismissed from the service by the arbitrary general. To make some amends for his undue severity General Hunter subsequently procured a commission in the army for the ex-clerk, thus enabling the latter at once to share in a contest whose results were of the most momentous consequences to the civilized world, and at the same time to earn for his humble self a niche in the temple of fame."

Why British Soldiers wear Red.

In Macmillan's Magazine, Major the Hon. J. W. Fortescue writes an interesting paper called "A Chapter on Red-coats," which deals with the adoption of red as the color of the British army. Everybody remembers the outcry of a few years ago in consequence of a mistaken notion that the glorious red was to be supplanted by a coat of grey. "Abolish the red," cried the public, "and you cut the noblest traditions of the British army." Before the time of Cromwell, soldiers in England dressed pretty much as they or their captains pleased, and not frequently when the combat was at close quarters they felt difficulty in distinguishing foes from friends. To the great Protector, the organizer of the invincible Ironsides, the British army owes its redcoats. In other words, what is now the hue of loyalty was the distinguishing color of those whom King Charles called "rebels" and, to add to the contrast, the first red coats were given to these sturdy "rebels" under the shadow of Royal Windsor. Some of the regiments did not care for red. Cromwell dealt with them in characteristic fashion. "Sir," he wrote to Mr. Russell, "I hear your troops refuse the new coats. Say this: Wear them or go home. I stand no nonsense from anyone. It is a needful thing we be as one in color, much ill

having been from diversity of clothing, to slaying of friends by friends."

Source of "God Save the King."

Dr. Rimbauld states: "Among my recent purchases is a curious volume of word-books issued by the Academy of Ancient Music between the years 1733 and 1791. In one of the books, for 1745, I found the following 'Latin Chorus,' which has escaped all notice by writers on the subject, and which appears to me to be the original of our national anthem, and anterior to the English version:

LATIN CHORUS.

O Deus Optime,
Salvum nunc facito
Regem nostrum;

Sit laeta victoria,
Comes et gloria.
Salvum jam facito,
Tu Dominum.

Exurgat Dominus,
Rebelles dissipet
Et reprimat;

Dolus confundito,
Fraudes depellito;
In te sita sit spes.
O! Salva nos.

ENGLISHED.

O good God, preserve our King in safety,
Let joyful victory and glory be his constant companions,

O God, save our King.

O God arise; disperse the rebellious and suppress them.

Confound their devices and frustrate their schemes;

For in Thee we place our hopes.

O, save us all.

—The Gentleman's Magazine.

Snow Shoes for Horses.

Colonel C. J. Deshon, D.S.O., late R. A., while wintering in Norway, 1892-93, one of the most severe winters experienced in that country for the last thirty years, observed the use of snow-shoes for horses, which he has described and illustrated in the Proceedings of the Royal Artillery Institution. These shoes are made either of planks or with staves. The wooden shoe consists of a piece of plank about a foot square by one inch thick. The horse shoe has three large calks, one at the toe and one at each heel; there is a hole cut to receive the front calk; on each side of the foot piece is fixed a rope grummet, and a strap across the front of the hoof, passing under the grummet, keeps the shoe firmly fixed to the foot, yet it is so arranged that if the horse falls he can discard the shoe in his struggles to rise. Colonel Deshon saw horses working over soft snow, three feet deep, though he himself sank helplessly through the surface on trying to walk over it. Two small battens placed on the under surface of each shoe, prevent slipping. The wicker shoe is described as "rough, but serviceable." Either kind would be readily adaptable to military purposes.

CANADIAN SENTIMENT.

Who says we are a people without sentiment? This is the poetical way the Headlight puts it on July 1st:—"The Flag.—To-day from this office floats the Canadian Flag. As we cast our eyes over the town we notice the movement in general, in fact from rock-bound Nova Scotia to sun-kissed British Columbia floats the Dominion flag, portraying in the light of a Canadian the time-honored red, white and blue of old England. 'Tis kissed and fondled by the soft zephyr of a Canadian summer, and loved and revered by millions of Canadian patriots. 'Tis the flag of "our own Canadian home." The home of plenty, contentment and peace. May the flag be honored and guarded by Canadian generations yet unborn. The flag that makes us brothers and sisters from Halifax to Vancouver. 'Tis the heart and hand of Canadian union. Three cheers for the Canadian flag." Shake, Brother Headlight! —Picton Standard, July 11, '93.

THE BIG REVIEW.

(To be sung to a life-and-drum quickstep.)
When I went up, a raw recruit,
To Bodmin town from Scourier,
Our Colonel wore a scarlet suit
Like a warrior all ablaze;
Our Colonel held a big review,
Wi' knapsack pouch, and bagginet;
And the Colonel's darter drove thereto
In a wagginet drawn by bays.
The horses pranced, the trumpets blawed,
The guns went off impartial;
But, of all the regiment Private Coad
In a martial way did best.
"Stand forth, stand forth, thou hero
bold!
To you the rest be secon'-rate;
'Tis you shall wear this clasp o' gold
For to decorate your broad chest.
"O, where, O where's my best recruit
That ere I paid a shillin' for?"
But all the regiment stuck there mute,
, Unwillin' for to explain;
Till forth I steps and gives a cough.
An' answers him so dutiful—
"Look, Colonel, dear, he's gallopin' off
Wi' your beautiful darter Jane!"
"Of all the plans that ere I've known,"
Says he, "I do call that a plan
[To bring my hairs in sorrow down
With a rat-a-plan to the grave.
Form up, form up, each galliant blade!
Form up my sons o' Waterloo!
Us wou't interrupt our Big Parade
For a motal who can't behave!"
—"Q" in the London Speaker.

Origin Of the Military Salute.

In an article on the military salute Le Franc Tireur Belge says that this mode of making obeisance had a very prosaic origin. If the military salute were made to conform to the civil salute the head-dress would soon become damaged by frequent use. So it seems that this almost universal regulation was first adopted in order to remove from the soldier the temptation to uncover himself and to save a too great wear and tear of his top gear. Our contemporary fixes "the salute," which varies in some points of detail in

different countries, as having its origin in the reign of Henry IV. of France. The officers of the French army—the inheritors of the traditions of the military nobility of olden times, still raise the kepi and the tricorne when saluting ladies.

THE MARKSMAN'S SEVEN AGES.

Our mimic world's a Range,
And all the mannikins are merely Marksmen;
They have their trials and their distances;
And each man in his turn has many grades.
His acts being seven stages. First, with Morris tube,
He blinks, and learns to lay his rifle straight;
Then, 'neath the Sergeant's eye, with rifle oiled
And sights unblacked, flinching the recoil.
He fires third-class. And then the "marksman"
Growing in nerve, and with a budding faith
In his own prowess. Then as a "shod,"
Full of wise "tips," and wonderfully equipped,
Eager to score, anxious, yet cool in action,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even at the Darnley Meeting. At Bisley next.
Mature in power, good reputation earned.
A trusted marksman in his country's team.
Full well he plays his part. The sixth stage brings.
The full fruition of the marksman's hopes.
As day by day, his nerve and steady aim
Draw surely to the front; and brother shots around
Hail him "Queen's Prizeman." Last stage of all.
When laurel-crowned, his knowledge, hard-ly earned,
He uses to the service of the coming men,
Whose race is yet to run.

—Third Lanark Chronicle.

MOTHER ENG' AND.

Mother England; though sea-sundered,
Let us live old days again.
When our sires left your bosom—
Purple health and may-hedged plain.
Let us breathe the fresh spring's crispness—
Pluck the snow-crowned peeping flowers—
Mellow newness 'mid the ages.
Writ in stones of old church-towers.
Oh! to feel the salt wind stinging.
Gusts from moors of Frank and Jane.
Sweeping through some cliff-town's alleys,
Whitening the green wave's mane.
Mother England! we, thy offspring,
'Neath the Austral starry cross,
Love each white chalk headland circled
By its silver foaming fosse.
Bleak your days before the swallow
Titters in half-wakened wolds.
But your pulses beat us greeting
'Neath one nation's ensign-folds.
Still the names of the Vikings
Haunt us with their roving will,
And beneath hot stars and sunsets,
Southern heart's are England's still.

—Australia, in Pall Mall Gazette.

Our Youngsters.

"What will you do when you are grown up, Toto?"
"I shall be a soldier."
"But you will run the risk of being killed."
"By whom?"
"By the enemy."
Toto, after a moment's reflection—"Then I'll be the enemy."—La Tribuna.

Heard at the Sea Girt Camp.

Surgeon (to bearer who has just brought in a patient)—Give that man some whiskey, quick. He is on the verge of collapse.
Prohibitionist patient (hysterically)—Oh, sir, I'd rather die than take whiskey!
Surgeon (unconcernedly)—Die quick, then! We want to use your cot.

Corporal (to private)—What are you saluting that Essex Trooper for? He's only a private like yourself.

Private—Don't care a d— what he is here. He's a millionaire in Newark, where I live.—Seventh Regt. N. G. N. A. Gazette.

At the autumn manoeuvres of the German army, the sharpshooters rode behind the cavalry in steel-clad, bullet-proof vehicles, armed with the new small calibre rifles, charged with smokeless powder.

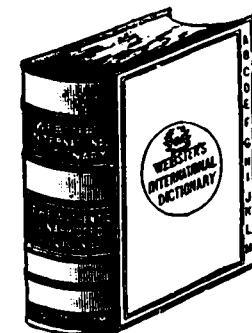
Their Good Point—At a ball.—The Countess of X—(to a captain of Hussars)—"Undoubtedly soldiers make the best husbands."

"How is that, senora?"

"Because they are accustomed to subordination."—El Noticiero.

WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

Entirely New.
Abreast of the Times.
A Grand Educator.



The successor of the
"Unabridged."

Ten years were spent revising, 100 editors employed, and over \$300,000 expended.

Everybody should own this Dictionary. It answers all questions concerning the history, spelling, pronunciation, and meaning of words.

A Library to Itself. It also gives the facts often wanted concerning eminent persons, ancient and modern; noted notorious persons and places; the countries, cities, towns, and Natural features of the globe; translation of foreign quotations words, phrases, and proverbs; etc., etc., etc.

This Work is invaluable in the household, and to the teacher, scholar, professional man, and self-educator.

THE GLOBE, TORONTO, says:

This new dictionary is the best book of its kind in the English language. For every family, the members of which have mastered the art of reading, its purchase will prove a profitable investment.

THE TIMES, HAMILTON, says

It may well be pronounced the best working dictionary and the cheapest book in the world, and should be in every school and family in Canada.

Have your Bookseller show it to you.

G. & C. MERRIAM CO.,
Publishers,
Springfield, Mass., U.S.A.

Do not buy cheap photographic reprints of ancient editions. Send for free prospectus containing specimen pages, illustrations, etc.