Napoleon Smith.

By a Well-Known New York Author.

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

"If messieurs would leave him to me I would take him away and care for him, and the cruel operation would be useless. See, he will soon be a man again. He does not care for the past. He will be happy in the present, then. Let it be so, please," she said.

"We will administer ether, that no possible struggle may prevent the most careful adjustment of he bone," said Dr. Mortlake. "It is a simple operation, but must be carefully performed. I must press the bone down exactly to its old position; a grain lower will cause syncope, and not low enough will not effect a cure. We will perform the operation as he sits here in his chair. The pressure on the brain will be less. Mademoiselle will let his head rest on her bosom—so; that is right. Now the handkerchief. Now he sleeps." With a deft hand he opened the scalp and pressed the protruding brain slowly back with his fingers. Only an uneasy start was perceptible. Said the Doctor:

"Notice here a hard rubber band to take the place of the bone wasted by the scarf of the saw! Notice, I press it down until I see the edges evenly joined, and then I place over all a solid plate of gold, so that the bone will remain in place. Then I take these stitches and leave this opening for suppuration. Then over all a solid compress to be kept wet with cold water, and we are done. Now, we will wait for the effects of the ether to pass off, and see how our patient appears."

With what different emotions we watched the waxen features reposing on the nurse's shoulder! Dr. Mortlake, without doubt, had sunk the man in the surgeon. All his genius and talent, and all his finer instincts, were subordinte to his love of science and surgery. The pulse to him was the hand of the clock, showing how fast or slow the human machine was marking time. The heart was only the engine of life, and to supply it with vitality for motive-power was all the study. He cared little for emotions of the heart, which quicken its action or thrill along the pulses. My chief sat apart and watched the little drama as a great statesman would—just to see the different emotions brought into play. I myself had an unspoken love for the brave American, Napoleon Smith, and in addition to my love of the science and love of the curious in physiology, I love the patient—the man.

Who could read the emotions on the mobile face of the nurse? Was she praying that the experiment might be a failure, and her noble but infantile patient be left to her care? Possibly. Or was she praying that if he came back instantly to memory and manhood he might, finding her his devoted nurse and friend, still cling to her in his strength as he had in his weakness?

Who can read the human heart? We only saw that as the red came back into his cheek it left hers, as if transferred by the very power of love. As his breathing became long and regular, hers became hurried and difficult. When he became uneasy and struggled to come out of the nightmare of etherization, she loosened her hold upon him, as if apprehending his flight from her loving grasp, or from fear lest her too strong restraint might be presumptuous.

"He is about to wake; open the window and give him air," said the Doctor.

His eyes are open. All lean forward to see if intelligence be in their depths. Ah! he is about to speak. Let his first word be oracular and determinate of his future.

"Aimee."

An ashy pallor overspreads the nurse's face, and she would withdraw her arm, but it is under his head.

"He is all right," said Dr. Mortlake, pushing a glass of wine up to his lips.

"The operation is a success," said Mr. Washburne.

"Gentlemen, let me go," said the nurse in a hollow tone.

As Napoleon Smith heard the voice he turned his head until he stared in the face of the nurse. A look of horror crept over his face, and she cowered visibly before it.

"Le Noir, where is Aimee now?" said Smith.

"Messieurs, for the love of God, let me go!" and she tried to disengage her arm.

"Do not let her go," said Smith, "until she tells me where Aimee is. Ah, you devil!" said he, attemping to rise and lay hold of her, "tell me, or I will choke it ot of you."

"See, messieurs," said the nurse, in a fierce tones, "I am a devil now—I that have held his head and nursed him for weeks! This is your work of science. You could not leave the providence of heaven alone! Oh, Napoleon mon brave, mon brave!" and she wept like a child.

"Is it true what she says?" asked Smith. "Has she cared for me during my fainting fit?"

"Your fainting fit has lasted you just a month," said Dr. Mortlake, drily.

"A month! And where has Aimee been all this time? Who has cared for her?" said the excited man.

"This will not do, gentlemen; your patient will be driven to insanity now. As soon as he resumes the use of his memory he commences to rave over the past. You must be quiet, Smith. In order to pursue the object of your love you must become well. First secure health, then you can work," and the doctor prepared a sleeping potion.

"True, doctor, but Le Noir here can tell me what I wish to know, and then I will rest," said Smith.

"Your thoughts are all of the little boby-faced girl Aimee, are they?" and the French woman folded her arms and looked down at her late patient. "You do not recall the love of the past weeks, or the long nights of watching. You held my hand, and I was your only friend. Is it so, mon brave? and she looked down at him with her pleading eyes and her nostrils working with the intensity of her emotion.

"Le Noir," said Smith calmly, "if you have cared for me as you say, I am grateful. I knew nothing of these weeks since the sortie of the 20th and my reconnoissance. If you have followed me in a mistaken hope that we might be more than friends, I am sorry for that too. I have no room in my heart for another love, even if your past would warrant it. Forgive me if I appear rude in thus plainly speaking, but I am only a rude American soldier, and speak directly from the heart; and Le Noir—"

"Le Noir?" said Mr. Washburne. "Is not that a famous name? Where have I heard it?"

"I will tell you where you heard it," said the French nurse fiercely. "You heard it in the cafe, and in the barracks, and in the salon. You heard it from pale lips of cowards, and from the braggart tongues of the police. You heard of Le Noir as the cruel bandit chief, and the leader of desperadoes of the faubourg and of the highway, and yet, you have seen that Le Noir in the hospital, nursing an American soldier back to life. You have seen her love spurned and her last chance to leave a life of crime wrenched away from her, by the skill of the surgeon, and you will hear of her again. This Le Noir means the black—these eyes, this hair, and this black heart within this bosom! Yes, you will hear of Le Noir again, and you will know that she had at one time a woman's heart in her bosom. Napoleon, take care of the little doll you worship—a French woman's love, once spurned, turns to hate. Watch her closely, then, for Le Noir will always be near your path," and, white with anger, she passed through the door.

"Should we allow her to escape?" said the Doctor.

"For shame!" said Smith; "the love of such a woman would be a compliment to a king. Let her go, and wreak her vengeance if she can. I trust I may soon be on my feet to assist in the warding off of danger to Madomoisselle Aimee. Gentlemen, I thank you for your kindness; I am strangely sleepy; farewell——" and his head fell back on the cushions, and he was sound asleep.

Thus we left him. It was one of the most terrible scenes through which I ever passed, and I was not astonished when Mr. Washbourne placed his arm in mine and said:

"Whenever this complicated affair is concluded, let me know. I have a strange compassion for the wayward French woman, and a deep interest in your patient, Napoleon Smith. Be sure and keep me informed at the denouement."

CHAPTER XIV.

"Yes, but who can tell what condition the higher classes will assume under a Republican form of government? Will it be Citizen Larue now instead of Marquis? Bah! shall we have again the greasy hands of the butcher and the hard hand of the carpenter to hold the helm of the ship of state? Will the wooden shoes of the canaille ring on the pavement or grind the carpets of palaces? Ah! what do I say? Has not the Commune already battered down the walls of the Tuileries, and as they pulled down the statues of Louis XVI. so now the Imperial N. and the Column Vendome grind under their heels. Ah, Victorien, if you had the spirit of your father, we would together put our shoulders under the fortunes of the Orleanists and lift them again to a throne; and then, Victorien, we would again stand in the courts of kings, and ride over these dirty men of the cap and apron. But the spirit of the old regime is dead!" and the old Marquis spread his hands in deprecation and glared angrily at his son.

"Fortunately it is dead, or we would hear again the creak of the pulleys in the guillotine; heads would fall in baskets of stray, and the place de Greve would have a daily fete for the mobs of the faubourg, and the women of the cabarets and cafes would knit again in the courts, while justice, with a ready hand, was unravelling the work of centuries of nobility. Yes, papa, you are right—the spirit of the aristocracy is dead, or our friends with the red caps and rags would have new work in taking its life;" and the hopeful son puffed angrily at his cigarette.

"Was it left for my old age to behold my son turning a Republican?" said the old Marquis, in a trembling voice.

"Republican? No; curse the Republicans, and curse the Commune, and also, if you wish, curse the Empire. Down with them all! my venerated papa. But what shall we gain then? The paint is hardly dry on the panel of the carriage where we put our golden crest before we have a president. Presto! we scartch it off to the music of the massacre of the boulevards, and then we tremblingly paint the crest anew and we have an Emperor! Citizen, as a title, gives way again to Duke and Marquis and Count. Hey! be careful and rub off the crest again, for the Emperor is flown and another President rules, and Citizen is in fashion again. Faith, we are busy in France to tell aright from day to day what is our true title. I am tired of it, my amiable parent, and I will take no chances in this lottery of the gods;" and the young scion of the house of Larue lit a fresh cigarette and lay back of the fauteuil.

The Marquis looked at him in scorn, and a tear stood in his eye as he answered:

"It is for that I have schemed for two or three generations. It is for this I won the heart of Louis and drove out the last scion of the house of Brinvilliers and Beauharnais. For this I saw her die in poverty and her daughter a beggar in Paris, and married to a lieutenant of the Infantry. For what? That my son might be a noble and lord it over the wide fields of the Brinvillier's estate; and now when I am old, he hesitates to carry out my wishes and let me die in peace. It is the curse of the last days of France that they give birth to no noble sons with the courage of the aristocracy which once followed the white plumes of Navarre, or the golden lines of France at Cressy. Heavens! the canaille have courage enough, God knows!"

Victorien Larue was a good type of the Frenchman of Paris in 1871. There is no sign so sad to the lover of his country as the slow but sure deterioration of the race to which he belongs. We may attribute the defeat of the French in the last great struggle to a hundred causes, and many of them, without doubt, contributed to the general result; but when the student of social problems carefully compares fact with fact, he will sadly admit that a half-century of luxury and licentiousness found it over ripe fruit at Sedan, Metz and Paris. As the degenerate fop of London, on visiting his ancestral halls, stands aghast before the suit of armor which his ancestor wore with ease at Marston Moor, but which he could not carry on his shoulder as a burden—or as the lisping dude of America, on visiting the old homestead, gazes with awe on the long rifle his ancestor aimed a hundred times at Bunker Hill, or lifts from its sacred shrouding in lavender the heavy uniform coat which he can nearly double around his attenuated form, he realizes with a pang how far away a race may drift in a century from the type which furnished the vitality that he now wastes in midnight orgies. One could hardly believe that the tremulous legs which performed the evolutions of the field in 1870 were lineal descendants of the sturdy limbs which crossed the Alps behind Bonaparte or made the mad charge at the bridge of Lodi. In more ways than one a nation advances on its legs.

(To be continued.

HATFIELD HOUSE.

Hatfield, the estate of Lord Salisbury, where he is to have the honor of entertaining her imperial majesty the Empress and Queen, is said to be one of the most interesting old mansions in England. It would be a liberal education for the collector of antiques to wander through its rooms, and the small child could study history in most delightful fashion from the souvenirs of other days that crowd the big mansion.

The polished oak floor of the picture gallery is of wood grown upon the estate and the oaken panels are relieved by grotesque carvings wherein the fancy of mediaeval craftsmen has run riot. Japanese bric-a-brac, the candle that rocked Queen Bess, a wonderful marble hall and superb old tapestries are features of the house that have become famous.

Guests staying at Hatfield are subject to certain rules which resemble those of the Queen's household. It is forbidden, for instance, to burn coal in the chief apartments. The most honored guests occupy rooms looking upon an avenue of trees resembling those facing the famous Tapestry room at Windsor. An idea of Lord Salisbury's which indicates the size of the house and the scale of entertainment at times, is to have brass frames screwed to the doors of the bedrooms, after the manner of pew rests at church. Each guest is asked to drop his visiting card into the receptacle, and much trouble and confusion are spared guests and servants.

COST OF SOLOMON'S TEMPLE.

A noted statistician and investigator, who has lots of time for such work, has been doing some figuring on the cost of the temple of Solomon, and says few people, even in these days of palmy extravagance and millionaire display, have an adequate impression of the enormous cost of the great temple. According to Villalpandus, the "talents" of gold, silver and brass were equal to the enormous sum of £6,879,822,000. The worth of the jewels is placed at a figure equally high. The vessels of gold, according to Josephus, were valued at 140,000 talents, which reduced to English money, was equal to £575,296,203. The vessels of silver, according to the same authority, were still more valuable, being set down as worth £646,344,000. Priests' vestments and the robes of singers, £2,010,000, and the trumpets, £200,000. To this add the expense of the building material, labor, etc., and some wonderful figures result. Ten thousand men hewing cedars, 60,000 bearers of bundens, 80,000 hewers of stone and their overseers; all were employed for seven years, and upon these, besides their wages, Solomon bestowed £6,733,970. If their daily food was worth 50 cents each, the sum total for all was £63,877,088 during the time of building. The materials in the rough are estimated as having been worth £2,545,337,000. This gives a total, just for this much of the expense, which by no means expresses the whole cost, of £10,719,700,261, or about $52,117,034,867.46.—Exchange.

A TREASURED CANNON BALL.

The Belgians are extremely careful of their historic souvenirs. In the front of a house situated in the Faubourg de Shearbuch, in Brussels, there is to be seen, half buried in plaster, a cannon ball which was fired from a Dutch cannon some time during the revolution of 1830 and has ever since been permitted to remain where it struck. Recently it was determined to restore and refront the house, and it was decided to make the repairs without disturbing the cannon ball.

CRADLE HAS ROCKED 40 BABIES.

VALPARAISO, Ind., Dec. 19.—Mordecai Hardesty, the first white child born in Indianapolis, was rocked through infancy in a cradle in the possession of Mrs. Brandt, wife of the Rev. J. L. Brandt, pastor of the Christian Tabernacle of this city. The cradle is known to be 106 years old. It was brought from Virginia to Indiana at an early day and was bought by Mrs. Brandt's grandmother, Mrs. George Marquis, from a woman who was the mother of ten children rocked in this cradle. Mrs. Marquis had fourteen children, who were rocked to sleep in it. Mr. Brandt's father, one of the fourteen, is 32 years old. Altogether, 40 sons of Indiana have been rocked in this same relic, which is still doing service in the home of the Rev. Mr. Brandt. The cradle was hewn from the logs, three feet two inches long, and from its long continuous use closely resembles ebony. The Indiana commission of the World's fair wished to exhibit it at the World's fair, but Mrs. Brandt declined, fearing something would happen to it.

NEW FURNESS STEAMERS.

The new Furness line steamer Boadicea is a beauty; she has been only recently launched, and will ply between New York and London. She is a passenger, cargo, and cattle steamer, and is capable of carrying 15,500 tons cargo measurement.

She has three complete steel decks, besides the shelter deck, which is also of steel, sheathed with yellow pine. She is 500 feet over all, 52 feet 3 in. beam, 34.6 depth. Accommodation for 150 passengers is provided in a large bridge house on the top of the shelter deck. The dining saloon is built of mellow colored mahogany, with panels of satinwood effect. The ceiling and wall spaces have been especially modelled in Tynecastle canvas in a phase of delicate Renaissance work in which the Greek feeling is traceable, and gives piquancy to the ornamentation. The handsome staircase is lined in wainscot work, with friezes and paneled spaces in modelled canvas, gilt and colored. The music room is of a very light and graceful character, some of the features of the Louis XV., or old English periods are clearly traceable on the ceilings and walls. The panelling in the smoking room is of teak, with small carved panels, and the delicately modelled canvas ceiling in the Adams style is painted in a light sage tint. The wall is covered with a handsome hand-painted leather design of old Spanish character. Electric light is fitted through the entire vessel, and the whole of the living accommodation is heated by steam. On the deck below, and entirely separated from the passenger departments in every way is provision for 700 cattle. She has triple expansion engines, has 5,000 horse power, and is fitted with all the latest improvements, including all labor saving appliaces.

The Furness line have thirteen other steamers now building; five of them are for the Canadian trade, and have a speed of from 12 1-2 to 13 1-2 knots; they will be able to carry 11,600, 10,500, 11,100, 10,500, 8,500 tons measurement respectively.

Advertise in the WEEKLY SUN.

Subscribe for THE WEEKLY SUN.

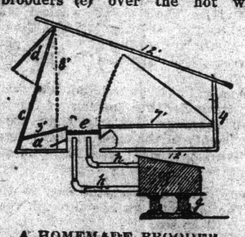
Subscribe for THE WEEKLY SUN.

The White House Whitewash.

In reply to a request for this recipe a subscriber sends the following, which was copied in The New York Tribune from an old-time issue of a Washington paper: Take one-half bushel nice unslaked lime, slake it with boiling water, cover it during the process to keep in the steam. Strain the liquid through a fine sieve or strainer and add to it one peck of salt, previously well dissolved in warm water, three pounds of ground rice boiled to a thin paste and stirred in boiling hot, one-half pound Spanish whiting, and a pound of clean glue which has previously been dissolved by soaking it well and then hanging it over a slow fire in a small kettle within a large one filled with water. Add five gallons hot water to the mixture, stir it well and let it stand a few days, covered from the dirt. It should be put on right hot. For this purpose, it can be kept in a kettle on a portable furnace. About a pint of this mixture, if properly applied, will cover a square yard on the outside of a house. Brushes more or less small may be used according to the neatness of the job required. It answers as well as oil paint for wood, brick or stone, and is cheaper. It retains its brilliancy for many years. There is nothing of the kind that will compare with it, either for inside or outside walls. Coloring matter may be put in and made of any shade you like. Spanish brown stirred in will make red pink, more or less deep, according to the quantity. A delicate tinge of this is very pretty for inside walls. Finely pulverized common clay, well mixed with Spanish brown, makes a reddish stone color. Yellow ochre stirred in makes yellow wash; but chrome goes further, and makes a color generally esteemed prettier. It would be best to try experiments on a shingle and let it dry. Green must not be mixed with lime. It destroys the color, and the color has an effect upon the whitewash which makes it crack and peel.

A Homemade Brooder.

One of the principal things in keeping chicks alive in brooders is the heating, and keeping of them clean. The brooder portrayed below has been successfully used several years, is heated with an oil stove and has a hot water circulation. The oil gas stove is at g, water tank f, and the hot water pipes h h are so laid as to allow of overflow and return of water. The hot water pipes are directly below the sawdust-covered top (e). Dimensions are 4 feet in rear, 8 feet in front and 12 feet for length of roof, including eaves, while the full length of the floor space is 12 feet. The windows d open out for ventilation and are 8 feet long; the windows c are 3 feet long and open in. The covers of the coops consist of light frames with 1 1-2-inch netting. A door closes off either coop during cold weather, to keep the heat in either one coop. The tops of the brooders (e) over the hot water



A HOMEMADE BROODER.

pipes, are covered with a good coat of sawdust to keep in the heat. Besides the door at the sides of the brooder, there is a heavy fringe to keep in the heat.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Facts for Farmers.

Good corn fodder is better for the horses than poor hay.

So long as hogs can be kept healthy they can be made profitable.

During the fall and winter is a good time to organize farmers' clubs.

The older the stock becomes before marketing the more it costs to feed and fatten.

The profit in farming is determined by the difference in prices and the cost of raising.

Plan to provide work for the teams every day that the weather will permit through the winter.

To secure the best results in feeding the animal must be kept as regular at feeding as possible.

A Test of Character.

It is one of the weaknesses of many nice girls that they do not feel sure enough of themselves in taking up employment outside their homes, but they must needs offer some excuse or reiterate the fact that they are accustomed to something better. It is a weakness which brings them little credit from their confidants. A girl entering a school for typewriting and stenography was asked by the other students why she had come to the school. "Are you taking up stenography, and going to take a position just for fun?" they asked. "Why, certainly not," she replied. It is too hard work; I do not do hard work for the pleasure of it." "We are so glad," answered her quenists. "The greater number of the girls here say they have come 'just for fun,' and will take position to pass away the time.'"

Among the Poultry.

Hens lay larger eggs than pullets.

Eggs from fat hens do not hatch well.

The best layers are usually the worst sitters.

The nest is the hatching place for lice as well as for chickens.

Sand is not a good substitute for gravel in the poultry yard.

Much fat-producing food is not best for laying or growing fowls.

The fowls are healthier when they have to scratch for their food.

Crushed Shells for Poultry.

The avidity with which laying hens will eat crushed egg shells shows how necessary they are in the hen's economy for egg production. There is no better way to supply lime required for egg shells than this. The shells in the gizzard also act as grit, enabling it to digest food. The only care in feeding is to crush the shell thoroughly, so that its likeness to the egg may not be seen. Where egg shells are thrown out without being crushed, the fowls soon learn the habit of picking at the shells on eggs, and from this they quickly become egg-eaters, a habit which, when once formed, is never forgotten.

Keep Down the Ruts.

In maintaining a road one of the most important considerations is to prevent the formation of ruts by keeping the surface so uniform that travel will be distributed over it and not follow in beaten tracks.

Choosing Fruit Land.

In selecting a place for fruit it is always safest to choose dry upland and avoid a low muddy soil.

WEEKLY SUN!

Special Notice to Our Readers.

Two Issues a Week, the First on Saturday, January 1st, 1898,

Thus Giving the News to All Subscribers While It Is Fresh and Timely.

Go to Your Post Office Twice a Week Henceforth for Your Favorite Family Journal.

With the opening of the New Year a radical change will be made in the publication of the WEEKLY SUN; a change that we feel sure will be heartily appreciated by all subscribers.

Commencing January 1st 1898, the WEEKLY SUN will be issued in two parts of 8 pages each,—one part on Saturday, January 1st, and the 2nd part on Wednesday, January 5th—and this new departure will be continued throughout the year. By this plan readers of the WEEKLY SUN will receive the advantage of the best news service ever attempted in the Maritime Provinces.

The WEEKLY SUN fearlessly invites comparison with any of its contemporaries. It is a newspaper, first, last and all the time. It prides itself on its accuracy and truthfulness. Its columns are clean, pure and free from sensationalism, containing no matter that may not be presented to the Family Circle.

It has been for years a welcome visitor once a week in thousands of homes throughout New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island

It now proposes to double the number of its visits, and to call twice a week instead of but once a week on its patrons.

Look out for the first issue of the New Year. It will appear on Saturday, January 1st.

Part II. of the number will be published on Wednesday, January 5th.

By issuing the WEEKLY SUN in two parts, Saturdays and Wednesdays, its subscribers will be placed as near as possible on a level with the city readers of the daily papers, and will be furnished with the news of the world as fresh from the telegraphic wires as the mail arrangements of the country will permit.

This great step in advance in the news service of the WEEKLY SUN will not be accompanied by any advance in price. On the contrary the management have decided to make a startling reduction in the annual subscription, and to offer the WEEKLY SUN to Subscribers who pay in advance at a discount of 25 per cent.

Henceforth the WEEKLY SUN will be conducted on a strictly cash basis, and subscribers who are in arrears can take advantage of this unparalleled offer by squaring their bills and remitting 75cts for the new year.

MAUGERVILLE NEWS.

MAUGERVILLE, Dec. 29.—On Christmas eve Miss Bertie Bent, the popular and efficient organist of Christ church, was made the happy recipient of a well filled purse. The presentation was made after choir practice by the rector, on behalf of the parishioners. Miss Bent was taken completely by surprise, and wishes through the columns of the Sun to thank the donors for their kind remembrance and tangible expressions of good will towards her. Service was held in Christ church on Christmas morning. Special and appropriate music was rendered by the choir. Rev. R. W. Colston officiated.

Mrs. Geo. R. Smith returned home from Victoria hospital on Saturday. A hospital nurse is yet in attendance.

Charles Brown, who has been confined to the house for the last two months from the effects of being poisoned by the use of a tonic, is out again.

A horse owned by Hanford Brown fell dead on the road from the city on Christmas eve.

The ladies of the F. C. Baptist church, Lincoln, purpose holding a corn and oyster supper in the Orange hall on New Year's eve.

Mrs. F. Janet Rosborough, a late popular teacher of district No. 3 school, is here taking leave of her many friends, for if nothing transpires in the ordinary course of events, Miss Rosborough will be led to the altar of St. Paul's church, Fredericton, on Wednesday morning, January 5th prox., by George Hubberly of Hyde Park, Boston, Mass.

Alexander McGill of Little River went through the ice with a load of oats near Treadwell's landing.

THE ALERTNESS OF ENGLAND.

(Editorial N. Y. Herald.)

By a very deft trick in fleet mobilization Great Britain has advanced seventeen forcible reasons why she must be considered in any scheme which seeks to allot Asiatic strategic bases among the European powers. The unheralded appearance of her ships in threatened waters is a device which she learned to work with profit years ago, and in the new game of manoeuvres her old traditions of securing the master hand have not failed her.

With Japan as a friendly base for supplies, repairs and recuperation, she is the only one of the contending powers possessing the strategical essentials that must accompany naval power in the employment probably demanded.

With the seventeen ships already gathered in Corean waters Great Britain can seal the important ports of China, command their approaches and dictate what guarantees shall be given for the protection of her enormous commercial interests in the east.

ARTILLERY MATTERS.

Lieut. M. C. M. Shewen of the 3rd Regiment C. A. has returned from Fredericton, where he has been taking an infantry short course. He will now join at Quebec, and take a short course in artillery.

Sergt. Wallace R. Browne of No. 5 Co. has received a prize of $15 for the best certificate awarded to a non-commissioned officer or gunner at the School of Artillery, Quebec, for the year 1896-97. Sergt. Browne was once before the winner of this prize, which is a very high testimonial to his ability and efficiency.