

**BATOCHÉ—"SHOT THROUGH THE HEART."**

(From the Mail.)

God guard my darling boy to-night,  
And keep him safe from harm;  
Watch over him in this dread fight,  
Give to his life a charm.  
Let every bullet speed him past,  
An! turn each blow away;  
From him, my well-loved only son,  
Who meets the foe to-day.

A brave and noble lad is he,  
This one dear son of mine;  
With loyal heart so kind and true,  
And full of love divine.  
I know he's ready should 'st Thou call,  
But spare him, God, I pray,  
Let him return to me again,  
My boy now far away!

"O, mother dear," a sad voice speaks,  
And by her side there stands,  
A girlish form, with tear-dimmed eyes,  
And close-locked, restless hands.  
"Well, daughter mine, why come you now,  
"With faith so wist and sad?  
"Your loving smiles should cheer and make  
"My lone heart warm and glad.

"What say you, child? More news has come,  
"A grand victorious fight;  
"The Royal Grenadiers this time  
"The rebels put to flight."  
"Thank God for that, my prayer was heard,  
"And I shall sleep to-night,  
"With grateful heart and peaceful rest,  
"Till comes the morning light.

"But why the e-tears? Why this distress!  
"I have not heard aright!"  
"What is it, then? Come, dear, be brave;  
"Your brother leads the fight.  
"Shot through the heart? Oh, God, my lad,  
"For whom I prayed to Thee;  
"My only son, my bonnie boy,  
"Will come no more to me!

"Shot through the heart," e'en while I prayed  
"His form lay still in death,  
"Not one fond message could he send,  
"None caught his dying breath.  
"The cannon's roar, the clash of arms,  
"The crash of ball and shell,  
"A strangely wild, mad requiem, made,  
"Where he for country fell!

"Dead, cold and dead, the lonely grave  
"Now hides him from my sight;  
"Oh! pitying God, my heart will break!  
"Why send on me this blight?  
"Why is my home made desolate?  
"My life of joy bereft?  
"He was my dearest, only son:  
"I have no other left!

"Forgive me, Lord! Thy will be done!  
"Peace send this aching heart,  
"That doth rebel o'er this one gone,  
"Who was my life's best part.  
"At rest, with Thee! Oh, blessed light,  
"That finds my soul at last!  
"It brings me patience, comfort now,  
"The darkest hour has passed."

20 Alexander street, Toronto.

**THE GATLING.**

THE wise forethought which led the Militia Department of Canada to provide a battery of gatling guns for the North-West Field Force has been abundantly proved by the excellent service which these machines have rendered. Indeed, it has been claimed in several accounts that both at the engagements of Cut Knife Creek and Batoché, the timely use of the gatlings saved the ordinary guns from capture by the enemy.

There is but a step between the sublime and the ridiculous, and, from no disrespect to the gallant American who has done such good service to Canada, but simply to illustrate the quaint humor with which newspapers in the United States flippantly sink the heroic even to their national disadvantage, we quote the following from the Chicago Tribune:—

"Howard, the American, who handles the gatling gun for Middleton's forces, is, it appears, simply a plain, everyday commercial traveller for a Connecticut firm showing off its goods. He wants to sell the Canadian Government some gatlings, and he proposes to make it clear that his house puts perfectly reliable goods on the market. Other firms may sell guns that won't shoot, or, if they do shoot, won't hit anything, but he demonstrates not only that the Connecticut gatling—none reliable without the firm name blown in the breech—will both shoot and hit. 'You observe, gentlemen,' he may be presumed to remark, as he rolls over a few half-breeds, 'that her range is beautiful, that she doesn't waste powder, that she works easily and rapidly, and that she mows 'em.'"

Among the prominent advantages claimed for the Gatling gun may be enumerated the following: Its adaptation to the purposes of flank defence at both long and short ranges; its peculiar power for the defence of field

entrenchments and villages; for protecting roads, defiles, and bridges; for covering the crossing of streams; for silencing field-batteries, or batteries of position; for increasing the infantry fire at the critical moment of a battle; for supporting field-batteries, and protecting them against cavalry or infantry charges; for covering the retreat of a repulsed column; and generally the accuracy, continuity, and intensity of its fire, and its economy in men for serving, and animals for transporting it.

Lord Charles Beresford, R. N., writing to the *London Army and Navy Gazette*, says:—

"In my opinion, machine-guns, if properly worked, would decide the fate of a campaign, and would be equally useful ashore or afloat. When the Gatling guns were landed at Alexandria, after the bombardment, the effect of their fire upon the wild mob of fanatic incendiaries and looters was quite extraordinary. These guns were not fired at the people, but a little over their heads, as a massacre would have been the result, had the guns been steadily trained on the mob. The rain of bullets, which they heard screaming over their heads, produced a moral effect not easily described. I asked an Egyptian officer, some weeks afterwards, how on earth it was that Arabi, and his 9,000 regular troops, who were within five miles, did not march down upon the town in the first four days after the bombardment, when Arabi knew that Captain Fisher's Naval Brigade, which held the lines, numbered less than 400 men. The Egyptian officer replied, 'That he knew no army which could face machines which "pumped" led, and that as all the gates were defended by such machines, such as having torpedoes under the bridges, such defences could not be faced.' This certainly was the case. I believe the Egyptian officer spoke the truth, and that the moral effect produced by the Gatlings on the people in the first landing prevented the army from attacking the diminutive force which held the lines afterwards."

**DIED IN THE DESERT.**

BY H. H.

THE fierce African sun beat pitilessly down as they bore him to the rear. A small red rivulet trickled across his forehead, and from a wound in the breast there welled out a stream of the red life.

Tenderly they placed him on the burning sand, and two comrades watched and listened to the mutterings and ravings of the dying soldier. For twenty-four hours he had tramped the dreary waste without tasting water. Now, as the life-blood ebbed away, the terrible pangs of thirst became more and more intense.

One moment he would be laying his fevered brow in the sparkling streams by the side of which he had sported when a boy. The next moment he would call out piteously for "just one drop of water!" In his delirium he muttered:—

"See! there's the bubbling spring on the hill. Please don't hold me. I'm nearly there now. Oh, water, water; beautiful, delicious water. But—why—see, it's stopped running! Oh, the hillside spring has gone dry and I must die of thirst!"

A comrade bent over and whispered in the rapidly dulling ear.

"Yes," murmured the dying man, "the fountain of life is flowing, flowing, flow—"

They pulled off his heavy soldier's boots; the weary, blistered feet were already cold, and as the death-chill crept slowly upwards the delirium increased, and he talked on incessantly:—

"Now I'm in the little stream behind the school house. How clear and cool is the water. But I cannot drink! My throat is burning. Yes, I will wade out. Deeper, deeper, deeper!"

And now greedy death is grappling at the vitals. There was one quiver of the half-closed eyelids, a smile of exceeding sweetness lit up the bronzed face as the lips whispered:—

"Mother—home—Heaven?" Then a sigh like that of a slumbering child—a little gasp—and all was over.

Think you that nameless grave in the desert holds naught but the body of that soldier? Yea; with the inanimate clay of her boy there also lies buried a fond mother's heart.

In view of Gen. Middleton's call for volunteers to serve for a protracted period in the North-West, the local battalions may soon expect to receive orders to return home.

SEVERAL half-breed refugees, men, women and children, from the north, have arrived at Calgary. Lieut.-Governor Dewdney has telegraphed the Mounted Police authorities to render them assistance.

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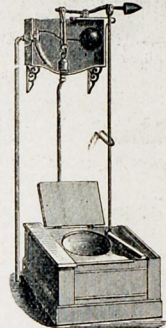
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