

that several stands were washed away, and others, which were last year marched to, dry shod, could this year only be reached by means of plank bridges. On the morning of the 27th, the day appointed for the commencement of the match, the sun rose clear and the weather was all that could be desired. By the first train from the city came up those whose duty it was to take over the camp from the military authorities and make other preparatory arrangements. A fine westerly breeze soon dried the wet grass and made the white canvas tents glisten in the sunshine and contrast pleasantly with the light green turf of the meadow and dark evergreen foliage of the forest. The long row of targets in line at the farther extremity of the range stood out distinctly from the woods in rear and presented a good mark for the riflemen. Numerous waggons conveying comforts for the inner man and the first installment of competitors early made their appearance, and as the latter with rapidly increasing numbers and varied uniforms moved about the camp and made preparations for a week under canvas, they added life and animation to the scene. At the time appointed, the bugle sounded the assembly, and after some delay caused by the large number of names to be entered on the books of the association, the competitors fell in. As they stood in line eager to begin the contest they presented a fine array of Nova Scotia's sons, principally officers, representatives of 60,000 first class militia men, ready to do battle if need be in defence of their native country and of the flag which

"Has braved for a thousand years,  
The battle and the breeze!"

The names having been called over the competitors were put through the manual and platoon exercises, numbered off into squads corresponding with the number of targets, wheeled into open column and marched off by their respective squad commanders to the stands at the 300 yard range.

The first competition is for the Provincial Rifle Association's Gold Medal and Money Prizes. The danger flags are flying and the markers out in front of their respective targets. The bugle sounds the "commence firing," the markers with their danger flags disappear. The Lieutenant Governor Sir W. F. Williams is presented with a rifle and opens the match by firing the first shot, after which the different squads follow slowly at first, but the rapidity of firing gradually increases, until the echoes from the old woods sound continuously. The sun looked for so anxiously during the past week shines