

generally beautiful and much appreciated, but numerous muskegs, or bogs, interfered seriously with the marching some days. The column was operating far north in the great lone land, and, it being near mid-summer, there was virtually no night at all. One could read with ease up to eleven o'clock. The weather was subject to decided fickleness. June 12th the heat was intense, so much so that though the first half day's march was from 4 to 8 a.m., the men were almost overpowered. During the afternoon there was a thunderstorm, and it was succeeded by a clear frosty night, which was most trying to the men in their bivouacs. The next day they went about shivering in their overcoats. June 14th was hot once more, but the succeeding night was bitterly cold and thick ice formed on the pools of water. On the 15th, while the column was at Turtle Lake, a man named O'Brien of No. 1 Company, lost himself in the swamps causing much anxiety among his comrades, but late at night he turned up. The same day the enterprising Northwest mosquito began to make life miserable for all ranks. During the night of June 18th-19th there was a terrific thunderstorm, all ranks in the bivouac being soaked through. By this time supplies had run very short, and the men had to subsist on hard tack and dried apples. Lieutenant Brock departed at sun rise to-day with two half-breed guides for Battleford; carrying despatches to be telegraphed to General Middleton. He returned four days afterwards with two waggons loaded with "comforts" and supplies forwarded from Toronto by the ladies' auxiliary of the Regiment. Monday 22nd being very warm, the regiment donned the blouses and havelocks sent by the ladies of Toronto. The blouses were made of gray flannel, and were most comfortable, if rather too loose to be very natty. The change effected a great improvement in the appearance of the regiment, for the original uniforms were by this time patched beyond recognition. Meantime by way of variety to the marching, officers and men enjoyed frequent opportunities to bathe in the numerous beautiful lakes near the various bivouacs, and as the lakes teemed with fish and their shores with wild ducks, there was considerable sport to be enjoyed, although the implements of chase were annoyingly scarce.

In the officer's diary, so frequently quoted the following touching entry appears under date of June 23rd, while the column was at Birch Lake:—

"Yesterday some Montana Cattle, in charge of a real live cow-boy, came up from Battleford for our consumption. The cattle are wild and a general order warns the men not to approach them. We presume the order refers to the cattle in their raw state, but the warning is equally applicable to any one rashly desiring their acquaintance in any state. A steak from a fatling of the herd was presented to us to-day for our mid-day meal, but all attempts to dispatch it are futile."

During the night of the 24th the column witnessed a most wonderful