

wat," he jabbered so fast I cudn't make out what he wuz sayin', but Bob understood him, I guess, because he turns around to me an' he sez, "Well, I'll be damned," jist loike that, sor. Well, we reached Fort Q'Appelle about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, an' wint under canvas fer the night, an' bright an' early next mornin' we were again on the trail followin' up the Gineril, who wuz two or three days ahead of us, ye'll moind, sor. We wint swingin' along at a foine pace, an' that night camped at a spot about five miles beyond Houghton. At half past four next mornin' we were agin on the move an' didn't halt that night till we reached the Touchwood Hills, where we pitched our tints, got a bit ov supper an' slept. The next day we struck the Salt Plains an' camped there fer the night. Damfino why they do be callin' it the Salt Plains though, because it's nothin' more nor less than an alkali swamp about 32 miles wide, an' divil a thing on it aither in the way ov trees an' things, barrin' a little row ov scraggy bushes in the middle ov the swamp, that they call stoneberry bushes.

#### OVER THE SALT PLAINS.

On the 13th of April, the next day like, we camped at a mail station in the centre ov the Salt Plain an' reached the west end ov the swamp. On the 14th we passed the city ov Humboldt, a foine flourishin' place, a mail station an' a log house. The next day we kep up the tramp an' on the 16th we marched 25 miles, on fut moind ye, an' camped 29 miles west ov Humboldt. The day after that we were stirrin' bright an' early in the mornin', it wuz more early than bright jist the same sor, on the trail agin eager to catch a glimpse of the Gineril who wasn't far ahead of us by this toime, ye sec. Durin' the day the fife an' drum band got thawed out an' jollied us along a bit wid some ov them railboikin' tunes they play, an' no music ever sounded sweeter or wuz more welcome than them simple little tunes to us fagged out an' fu-sore divils that day. That night we halted about 35 miles north-west of Humboldt an' camped there that night. Revallay sounded at half-past four next mornin' an' soon all wuz hub-bub agin. We had breakfast, that is if ye kin call hardback an' pork "breakfast," struck camp an' were soon promenadin' the trail agin. About foive o'clock the same evenin' we marched into Gineril Middleton's camp at Clarke's Crossin' in a blindin' snow storm, an' got a good hearty reception from the

Ninetieth, Boulton's scouts an' the artillery. Well, sor, we found Clarke's Crossin' to be a much foiner city than Humboldt, yes indade, sor, it had a stone house on two log huts, wan ov thim wuz a boardin' house where bread wuz 50 cents a loaf an' butter a dollar a pound.

#### THE FIGHT AT FISH CREEK.

Since we'd left Fort Q'Appelle we had marched 192 moiles, marched it on fut, moind, lastwise it wuz supposed to be 192 moiles, but it wuz really 192 moiles an' a "bit." I'm thinkin'. Ye see, sor, out in that part ov God's country if ye ask any wan fer to teil ye how far it is from wan place to another, he'll scratch his head, squint up his oie, an' teil ye, "Oh, I dunno, about a mile an' a 'bit,' I shud say," an' upon me sowl, sor, it generally turned out that the moile wuz about 1,760 yards, an' the "bit" wuz about a moile an' a half. Thim's the koind ov little loies that the Gineril nicknamed "Nor'-westers." Gulliver's ghost stories didn't come under that headin', though. Not long after we got to Clarke's Crossin' some ov the scouts brought three Injins into camp. They belonged to "Whitecap's" Band, an' were on the warpath. Now, thim Injins looked somethin' loike Injins. We pitched our tints on the bank of the Saskatchewan. I s'pose ye know, sor, what the Saskatchewan is, don't ye? Well I'll tell ye, anyhow. It's a great big river, an' the name manes "swift runnin'," an' by the Lord Harry, sor, it's well named, fer it has a 2,40 gait an' no mistake whin it gits goin'. We stayed at Clarke's Crossin' until the 21st, waitin' fer supplies an' fodder, an' fodder, an' repairin' the wire cable that wuz used to work the ferry scow over the river an' back.

On the 19th we had a "drum-head" church parade, an' on the 20th there wuz a tug-of-war bechune the Granydeers an' the Ninetieth. I s'pose there ain't no use tellin' ye who won, far I wudn't be after sayin' anythin' about it if the Granydeers had come out second best I'm thinkin'. All the toime we wuz at the Crossin' we wuzn't brothered wid any too much aavin', an' wan day Private Whitin' starts off on a "hustlin' expedition," as he called it, fer to git some "extras." He struck a log house about a moile off, an' goes up to the doore an' hangs away wid his baynit. A Half-breed woman comes to the doore, an' sez:

"What it is?" sez she.

"Cud ye lind me the loan ov a bag

or a pilly case or somethin' fer to carry some biscuits in?" sez Whitin'.

"Oh, yes, I s'pose so," sez the woman. An' in she goes, an' purty soon out she comes an' hands a pilly case to him. Whitin' takes it, an' lucks at it, an' lucks at it, an' turns it insoide out, an' lucks at it agin. Then woman she sez:

"What's the matter?" sez she. "Is there anythin' else cud be doin' fer ye?"

"Well," sez Whitin', wid a grin, "if ye cud be after lendin' me the loan ov somethin' to put in it," he sez, "I'd be mighty oblidged to ye."

An' by Hyvans, sor, she gave him the ful ov it. Least to Whitin' sed. Mebbe he wuz loyin'. Anyhow I'll swear he came into camp in the early mornin' wid a pilly-case full of biskits an' a pail ov milk, wheriver he got thim. Oh! Whitin' wuz a hustler, an' no mistake, sor. On the 21st we crossed over to the west soide ov the river, wid the Winnipeg Field Battery an' Frenches Scouts. We formed the West division, under Kurnel Montezambert, while the 90th, "A" Battery, "C" Company an' Boulton's Scouts remained on the east side wid the Gineril. The 22nd wuz spent in practisin' signallin', an' on the 23rd we moved off down the river towards Batoche—the Gineril's division on wan soide

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