

a prize at any Provincial, Dominion or National Rifle Association Match.

2nd—"The Gilmour," open to members, range 500 yards, 7 rounds, 55 prizes aggregating \$244.

3rd—"The Gibson," open to members, ranges 500 and 600 yards, 7 rounds at each range, 60 prizes aggregating \$285.

4th—"The Macdonald," open to members, range 200 yards standing, rounds 7, 50 prizes aggregating \$229.

5th—"The Gordon," open to members, range 600 yards, rounds 7, 55 prizes aggregating \$244.

6th—"The Walker," open to members, range 500 and 600 yards, rounds 7 at each range, 60 prizes aggregating \$305.

TEAM PRIZES.

To be competed for by five members of any one affiliated association. Five prizes aggregating \$100. The Ladies' Challenge Cup to go to the winning team. Unlimited entries.

7th—"Tait-Brassey," open to the active militia of Canada, H. M. Army and Navy and officers of the active force who have retired retaining rank, ranges 200 yards kneeling, 500 and 600 yards, rounds 7 at each range, 100 individual prizes aggregating \$512.

BATTALION TEAM PRIZES.

Five prizes aggregating \$200. The Tait Challenge Cup valued at \$250 presented by Sir Peter Tait of London, England to go to the winners.

COMPANY TEAM PRIZES.

Three prizes aggregating \$1500. The Brassey Cup (to be won three times consecutively) to go to the winners.

8th—"The Mulock" (aggregate), open to members. The highest aggregate score in the 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th and 7th matches, 40 prizes aggregating \$232. This aggregate includes the Elkington Cup, value \$255. The N.R.A. silver medal. The Governor General's silver and bronze medals, the D.R.A. silver and bronze medals.

9th—"The Gzowski," open to the active militia of Canada. Skirmishing and volley firing, ranges 200 to 500 yards, rounds 20. This prize aggregating \$149.00 "The Gzowski," presented by Colonel Sir Casimir Gzowski, A.D.C. to the Queen, valued at \$200 awarded to the winning team.

10th—"The Revolver Match," open to members, range 25 yards, rounds 7. Unlimited entries, 6 prizes aggregating \$27.

11th—"Extra Series Matches," prizes amounting to \$130 in cash will be divided into four matches. Open to members.

No. 1 extra series, 200 yards, standing and kneeling, 5 rounds at each range, aggregate of two scores to count, 25 prizes aggregating \$127.

No. 2, extra series, 500 yards, rounds five, 19 prizes aggregating \$101.

No. 3, extra series, range 600 yards, rounds 5, 19 prizes aggregating \$101.

No. 4, extra series, special, range 800 yards, rounds 5, 22 prizes aggregating \$101.

In the regular matches one sighting shot is allowed at each range. No sighting shot allowed at the extra series.

The association has been fortunate in securing Lieut.-Col. W. E. Higgins of the Governor General's Foot Guards of Ottawa, to act as executive officer, during the meeting. Colonel Hodgins's experience at the Dominion Rifle Association Matches makes him a valuable acquisition in assuring the success of the Ontario meeting.

The following gentlemen have consented to act as range officers: Lieut.-Col. White of the 30th Batt., Major Delemere of the 2nd Q.O.R., Major McLaren of the 13th Batt., Major Sankey of the Retired List and Major Manley.

The special match committee is composed of the following officers: Lt.-Col. Wright, 43rd Batt. Ottawa; Major Mason, 13th Batt. Hamilton; Major S. Hughes, 45th Batt. Lindsay; Major Macdonald, 45th Highlanders, and Capt. Miner, 2nd Queens Own Rifles.

Lieut. E. P. McNeill, 2nd Queens Own Rifles, is in charge of the statistical office.

For further information about the matches, programmes, etc., application should be made to the secretary, Mr. A. D. Cartwright, 37 Yonge street, Toronto.

THE SERGEANT'S STORY

By MAXWELL DREW.

A BIT OF HISTORY

Concerning the North-west Rebellion.

1885.

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(CONTINUED FROM ISSUE OF JULY 1ST, 1885.)

EASTER DAY ON THE NORTH SHORE.

The next day wuz Easter Sunday, altho' it might have slipped by unbeknownst to us any enough, fer all the eggs we got. We left Port Monroe at eight o'clock in the mornin', an' marched about 20 miles along the ice of the lake to McKellar's Harbour, gettin' there at half-past two or thereabouts, if I remember right. Thin we tuck thin beautiful "Ice Palace" flat cars agin as far as Jack Fish Bay, a run ov about 12 miles. It wuz half-past six, by "Fiddler" Burke's watch, whin we got there. Thin we had supper an' turned in fer the night. Nixt mornin' by half-past eight we wuz off agin, travellin' by "Shank's mare," an' marched over the ice agin as far as Winstons. That little jaunt tuck us till half-past two.

The nixt 53 miles we done on cars agin, an' an' this brung us to Mackay's Harbour at 9 o'clock at night. There wuz only seven miles now bechume us an' "Red Rock," where we wuz to git the cars fer Port Arthur, but, by the Lord Harry, sor, thin seven miles wuz holy terrors, an' no mistake. Still there wuz no use kickin' nor hangin' back, so we jist pushed on, makin' a start about eleven o'clock. The trail wuz a sleigh track in the ice an' snow, all ov holes that wuz made by the horses' hoofs. Ye see, sor, if we stepped off the trail--an' it wuz moighty hard fer to see, becase the night wuz as dark as pitch--down we'd go, jist loike McGinty, up to our waist belts in snow. We wuz up to our knees in ice water most ov the toime--wet an' weary--sinkin' into the holes at nearly every step. Sleet, snow an' rain wuz beatin' in our faces, so that we cud scarce make any headway at all, at all. We were floppin' around loike fish out ov water, only we wul in the water, worse luck. Me and Sargint Johnson, that's "Curly," sor me an' him wuz marchin' soide be soide, each holdin' on to the wan broom stick. If he'd slip I'd kind ov brace him up like, an' if I'd slip "Curly" wud jist give his end ov the stick a bit ov a boost an' put me to rights. Oh, it wuz a great scheme, an' it warked loime.

Well, sor, we kept on trudgin' an' shippin' an' slidin' till at last we reached Red Rock at half-past foive in the mornin'. Jist think, sor, it had tuck us over six hours fer to march seven measley miles; but we wuz there at last, after the most tantallizin', cruel an' tiresome experience ov the whole expedition. It wuz loike cruelty to animals, so it wuz, nothin' more nor less. At Red Rock we tuck the tram fer Port Arthur, an' arrived there at eight o'clock. We had a rattin' foine breakfast there, an' pushed right on to Winnipeg. We arrived at Winnipeg at seven o'clock on the mornin' ov the 8th a tough lookin' lot, I'm thinkin'. We were bilged at hotels, an' got another square meal, the third since leavin' Toronto. So far we had travelled 1,513 miles, on foot, in cars, an' in sleighs, an' still we were feedin' loike fightin' cocks.

ON TO THE "TOUCHWOOD HILLS."

At half-past four, by "Fiddler" Burke's watch, we left Winnipeg, an' reached Qu'Appelle the nixt day. We found the Quane's Own in camp there, an' it wud have done yer heart good to have heard the roasin' cheer they give us whin we joined thin. Sure an' "Blood's thicker than water," after all, isn't it, sor? We didn't stay there no toime, though, but pushed on 19 miles to Fort Q'Appelle, breakin' away from Kurnel Otter's column, as Kurnel Grasett had bin ordered fer to take the Granideers an' shove on through the Touchwood Hills, over the Salt Plains an' join Gineril Middleton at Clarke's Crossin'. The Gineril wuz two or three days ahead ov us wid the Ninet'h Battalion, two batteries of artillery an' some scouts. Ye see, sor, Gineril Middleton's idea wuz this: His own column wuz to march from Q'Appelle to Clarke's Crossin' by way ov the Touchwood Hills, the Salt Plains an' the "B. P." Ye see, sor, that wuz what we called the "Boundless Prairie." Kurnel Otter's column was to march to Swift Current an' from there to make fer Clarke's Crossin', where they were to join the Gineril. Thin, startin' from the Crossin' both ov the columns wuz to march down the Saskatchewan, one on each soide, an' attack "Batoche." Thin the two columns wuz to go together an' march on an' relieve Prince Albert, an' after pullin' Mister Poundmaker's nose an' teachin' him a lesson they wuz to push on to Fort Pitt an' join Gineril Strange. After that the whole outfit wuz to attack Big Bear. That, sor, wuz the scheme, but ye know the old sayin', "Man proposes an' sometimes gits left." So at the last minit the plans wuz all changed loike. Kurnel Otter wuz ordered fer to march straight to Battleford an' hold Mister Poundmaker in check until the Gineril comes up.

LO THE POOR INDIAN.

The Gineril he makes straight fer Batoche by the way of Clarke's Crossin' an' ordered us fer to follow him. Whe we wuz at Fort Q'Appelle I seen the first real Injun I ever seen in all me loife, an' by Hivins I wuz disappointed loike. I had heard so much talk about "the noble red man," an' "Lo the poor Indian" an' all them folks, an' I expected somethin' fine, but these wuz dirty lookin' Crees from the File Hills, an' 'pon me sowl, sor, I've seen better lookin' Injun standin' outside of cigar stores. There wuz wan thing about them Injuns though--they're not afraid ov work. I know, sor, fer I've seen thin lay right down to the soide ov it an' go to sleep. They had bin leavin' a wan dance or somethin' ov the kind out on In-a-Pot's reserve, an' they were all painted up fer to beat the band. One wul an' wooly young buck wuz starin' at Bob Newman fer about fave minutes, an' thin he sez he, "Rita-ke-hop-wat-akowe-yah-ke-tap-wal-akowe-yat-sakehikoa. Yliowa-lookwa-ke-tap-