

So farewell hardy comrade at Fish Creek, Batoche, Fort Pitt,
 By Saskatchewan's familiar muddy shore,
 We've met too often now my friend begone, vamoose and 'git ;"
 Oh! hard tack, come again no more,
 (Cho.)—'Tis the song, &c.

[Enter OFFICER OF THE DAY and ORDERLY SERGEANT, 2 L. E.]

Ord.-Sergt.—“Attention!”

Officer.—“Any complaints?”

Omnes.—“Yes, Sir.”

Several, (in rotation.)—“We never get the rations set down in regulations—
 have had no coffee since the campaign started—have had no eggs for
 supper to-night.”

Officer.—“No eggs. That surely must be a mistake. Chawlie, what became
 of the eggs, the citizens of Winnipeg sent us.”

Chawlie, (promptly.)—“Secretan has dem.”

One Soldier.—“Then we got no jam for supper.”

Officer.—“Now—now—now, I know there must be jam. Ask Chawlie what
 he did with the jam.”

Chawlie, (trembling.)—“Dey always make me de responsible pawty.”

Officer.—“Now Chawlie, what did you do with the jam?”

Chawlie, (bright idea.)—“So help me Moses, Secretan has it.”

A Soldier.—“I think it is a horrible shame that the eggs and comforts sent
 out by the people of Winnipeg for our sick and wounded should have
 been stolen.”

Officer.—“Are these all the complaints?”

No. 1 Ord.-Sergt.—“In other respects, the grub is quite satisfactory.”

Officer.—“Well men I know you have poor fare. Hard biscuit and salt pork
 are not what you have been accustomed to and I think with you
 that you should have, at least, what the Government sets down in
 regulations as your rations. Luxuries none of us should look for or
 expect. But for what you are justly entitled to, it is probably natural
 you should expect to receive. Still, we have all come out here in
 defence of our country and institutions; and we should patiently and
 willingly submit to many blunders of a commissariat and the hardship
 of a campaign. We are all here to do our duty; and we can at least

No. 1

Officer.

(Sing

Sergt.-Maj.

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Omnes—“OH