

wid red whiskers all over his face calls across the car to me.

"Say, soony," sez he, "ain't youse a pretty young boy fer to be goin' off to fight Injins," he sez.

"Well, Mister Whiskers," sez I, "if the men won't go, the boys must," I spose then his face got as red as his whiskers, an' he goes out an' stud on the platform while the puple in the car wuz all laffin' at him. By the Lord Harry I had him that toime I'm thinkin'. Well, sor, whin I gets down to the Drill Shed there wuz great goin's on, an' whin I do be remmberin' how close I came to bein' left behind, by the Lord Harry, sor, it makes me head swim. Ye see, sor, they wuz only takin' two hundred an' fifty Granideers, an' there wuz more offerin' than culd be took. The truble wuzn't ter to git min to go but fer to git min to stay behoid widout kickin'. I wuz only a young cub thin, sor, an' wuz to be made stay at home. The last man tuck on in our company wuz "an Old Campaigner," lastewyes he sed he was, but he had a horn or two in him I'm thinkin' because he wuz slangin' the captain a bit about his service.

"Captin'," sez he, "I aint no tenderfoot I aint, an' don't you fergit it." I've fought agin the Rooshans, I have an' I've bin in India too, an' I wuz in the Red River Expedition with Wolsely in '69 I wuz, an' manys the toime I've had no bed but the battle field an' no coverin' but the sky. I've marched over the frozen ground 'till ivery step has bin marked wid blood. I'm an old campaigner I am, an' don't you fergit it," sez he.

"Well, by the Lord Harry," sez the Captin, "it sames to me that you've done quite enough solderin' fer your Quane an' Country already. You go home an' slape it off an' I'll take O'Halloran along instead"—an' that's how oi wuz let go.

The whole day wuz tuck up in pickin' out the men that wuz to go an' kind ov getting things ready like. Av coorse some ov the men wuz refused fer wan thing an' some fer another. The surgin looked them over an' thin reported to the Commandin' Officer. Two privates in our company wuz tould they cudn't go an' ov coorse the C. O. wanted to know fer why.

"An' what's the matter wid this man?" sez the Kurnel, pointin' to a man named Simmons.

"Phthisis, sor," sez the surgeon.

"An' what's phthisis?" sez the Kurnel.

"Consumpshun, sor," sez the doctor.

"Thin, fer why becuse cudn't ye say consumpshun at first," sez the Kurnel, "insid ov ringin' in thin confounded medical terms?"

Well, sor, the surgeon did't say nothin' jist thin, but I suspicioned that he wuz kapin' up a turrible thinkin'. Bimeby the kurnel pints to another man that wuz "fell out," an' looked a litte worse fer wear, an he sez :

"Surgeon," sez he, "what's the matter wid this man, delirium trimmms?"

"No, sor," sez the surgeon.

"Then, what is it?" sez the Kurnel.

"It's booze, sor," says the surgeon.

An', by Hivins, sor, I guess he wuz right. The next day wuz Sunday—soldiers' Sunda' they called it—an' by the Lord Harry, sor, it wuz well named, I'm thinkin'. Red coats an' green coats an' grey coats wuz to be seen here, there, an' everywhere. We paraded at the coud drill shed in the afternoon, an' wuz inspected, an' dismissed, an' tould fer to be on hand agin next mornin' at eight o'clock.

THE SOLDIERS' FAREWELL.

Well, the next mornin' we paraded as wuz ordered, an' marched to the

Union station, where we embarked on board the cars for the "seat ov war," as it wuz called. I wuz sittin' in me seat wid me roifle bechume me knees, waitin' fer the train fer to start, whin a noice, koind-faced ould gintleman wid white hair and snowy whiskers squeezes himself up to the car an' sez to me :

"An' so you're goin' to the 'front,'" he sez.

"I am that same," sez I.

"Fer to foight the tricky half-breed an' the treacherous redskin," sez he.

"I hope so," sez I.

"Well, me hye," sez he, "in view ov the many dangers to which you will be exposed, let me draw yer attinshun to the advisibility ov takin' out a policy on yer loife," sez he. "I represent the Semi-Tontine-British-American-non-forfitable-Insurance Company."

Jist thin the train started and I cudn't hear any more, but by Hivins, sor, "his whiskers" fooled me. I thought fer sure he wuz goin' to give me a tract or some good advice or somethin'.

Well, sor, we were now on our way to the scene ov the rebellyun, 600 strong, "all picked men, too, most ov 'em," as old Bill Adams would say, made up ov the Granideers, the Quane's Own an' "C" Company, from the Fort Kurnel Otter in command. We hadn't more'n got well under way whin Captin' Mason—he's a kurnel now, be the same token—well he gifts a tellygraft askin' what the combination ov the safe in his office wuz. He'd come off wid it locked up in his head d'ye moind. Bill Urquhart he wuz kickin' himself, because he'd come away an' left the gas burnin' in his room, an' "Scotty" Murdison was in the dumps because he'd forgot to sind a book back to the Free Libery that he'd took out, an' waz tryin' to figger up how much it wud be costin' him befoore he got back. We got as far as Carlton Junction that night, an' had a good square meal. The next mornin' we had breakfast at Mattawa, an' reached Sudbury at half-past eight that night.

APRIL FOOL DAY FUN.

The next day wuz the first ov April, "April Fools' Day," ye know, sor, an' the air wuz fairly full ov divilment. Every wan wuz playfn' tricks on some wan else, an' the fun wuz gettin' fast and furious when a man named Miller got his arm broke skylarkin'. Well, sor, in a jiffy the car wuz as quiet an' solemn loike as a grave yard. Private "Splints," ov the ambulance corps pushed his way through the car, tuck three splints an' some bandages out ov his case, read over a few pages ov a book that he tuck out ov his pocket, "First Aid to the Injured," or somethin' loike that. Then he bandages up Miller's arm an' propped him up as comfortable loike as you plase in one ov the seats. He wuz standin' there, wid his hands in his pockets, gazin' on his "patient" wid an air of satisfacsun, whin the surgeon comes hurryin' into the car. He looks at Miller, feels his arm, looks around the car, an' sez :

"Well, well," sez he, "an' who done this job so creditable loike?"

"It wuz me sor," sez the ambulance man, wid a flush ov honest pride on his face.

"Well," sez Doctor Ryerson, "I must say it's beautiful, most beautifully done," sez he, "but I found you've made jist wan little mistake."

"Mistake?" sez Splints. "Why, where, sor? What's wrong?"

"Well," sez the surgeon, "although yer detail's all right, an' yer applicashun perfect, I found," sez he, "that you've bandaged up the wrong arm."

Well, sor, we had a bit to ate at Biscotasing an' stopped on a siding foive

moiles from the east end ov the C. P. R. track. The next day, that was the second ov April, we arrived at Lochalsh at half-past noine in the mornin' an' it wuz here that we struck the first ov them awful "gaps," an' if ye don't know jist what a gap is, sor, thin I'll tell ye. Sure an' it's a place on a railroad where there ain't no rails—hahe—the gaps like in bechume the different contracts. We left Lochalsh in sleighs at eleven o'clock an' reached Magpie at seven o'clock the same eave-venin' an' at elevin o'clock at night left for the west end ov the track, an' got there about daybreak, after a most terrible roide—28 below zero moind ye sor. We found that the Quane's Own had gone off wid the cars an' that we wud have to wait there in the cowl'd 'till the engine came back fer us.

AT "DESOLATION CAMP."

By the Lord Harry, but that wait wuz somethin' awful, 32 degrees below zero an' 'divil a muskeety in sight, no tinis, no shelter ov any kind, no foires, no nothin' barrin' snow, an' if I cud have got me hands on the divil that wrote that pome about "Beautiful Snow," by Hivins, sor, I'd a throttled him jist fer divarsion like. 'Pon me sow! sor, it wuz snow, snow everywhere an' not a drop to drink. An' Good Friday, too, sor, jist think ov that, Hard Tack instid ov "Hot Cross Buns." The place wuz called the "east ov the iron" in orders, but it seemed more loike the "end ov the world," so it did. We nicknamed it "Desolation Camp," an' I guess the name will stick to it even if they niver put it on the map at all, at all. We built big fires right on top ov the snow an' troied fer to make ourselves think that we were kapin' warm, but it wuz hard work. We picked up the rear guard ov the Quane's Own at Desolation Camp an' tuck thim along wid us. Sure an' they were near froze stiff by the toime we found thim. It wuz here that Liftinint Morrow got "put out ov mess" by bein' shot by wan ov the war correspondints. It wuz an accidint, ov coorse, but pretty hard loines on the Liftinint jist the same, fer he had to be sint back home. It wuz a case ov "he didn't know it wuz loaded," more's the pity.

Late on in the evenin' we were sittin' around the fires waitin' fer that engine an' the cars to come fer us, kickin' about the cold—it wuz 32 below zero moind ye, sor, whin a man named Gus Oliver breaks in wid the infamation that it wuzn't nothin' to what they have out in Arizona. You see, sor, Oliver wuz a turrible liar an' we called him "Gulliver" fer short becuse no matter whot we seen, or whot we done or whot we sed, this Gulliver wud always come up smilin' wid somethin' jist a little bit better. I suspicioned that he wuz jist a plain ordinary liar but ov coorse I didn't say so.

"Not on yer life it aint," sez Gulliver, "why I got an uncle out there that wuz out shootin' last winter an' he wuz attacked by Injins. He baks up agin a tree an' keeps pumpin' lead into thim 'till his bullets wuz all gone but there wuz still wan Injin left an' he kep crawlin' on his stummick towards me uncle," he sez, "wid a big scalpin' knife in his hand. Now whin me uncle sees that his bullets wuz all gone he feels kind ov squeamish loike an' a terrible sweat breaks out all over his forehead. It wuz an awful cold day, well it wuz so cold that it froze solid before it reached the ground as it fell off his forehead, the sweat I mean," he sez. "an' piled up at his feet jist loike bullets. An' whot d'ye spose he done? He jist picks up a fistfull ov thim, rams thim into his gun an' lets go at the Injin. He hits him plum in the head, the ice bullets melted as soon as they got into his cocoa-