



At the Ontario Rifle Association Matches. This photograph gives a view of the Mound from which the riflemen fire; behind these prostrate figures are the scorers, and behind the scorers are other competitors preparing their rifles. In the distance is the high mound, in front of which are the disappearing targets.

### Blazing at the "Bulls"

**T**HE music of the Lee-Enfields! What can be dearer to the rifleman's heart than the bang-zip-thud of the .303 as it wends its parabolic flight straight to the core of the distant target? And where in all the realm of sport is there a more exhilarating joy—after the seconds of suspense that seem interminable—than to see the white disc raised which indicates a bulls-eye? To see that disc raised seven times in succession is the goal of every true rifleman's ambition—is what marksmen from all over Canada and a few from Australia were eagerly looking for at the Long Branch ranges last week. A few of them saw it the seven times, but, alas, the majority did not, and the ones who saw it the oftenest were not members of the Toronto regiments—in proportion to their numbers.

Mind you, it is a stirring sight to see the white disc go up. No marksman ever gets so old but that he feels a thrill at the sight—a sensation quite indescribable to the man who has not felt the jar and heard the Lee-Enfield speak. To see that disc go up even once at each range, our brave defenders will gladly toil on the ranges all summer through the blistering rays of a blazing sun, varied occasionally with drenching showers and winds that chill the numbed fingers to the bone.

If the true marksman delights above all things to see the white disc waving in front of him, what must be said of his feelings when the "black bull" comes up wagging exasperatingly at him—as it sometimes does? What he says must never appear in print. What he says is lurid, concentrated, pithy and profane. If you wish to hear a man put expression into his language, get near an old

shooter when the "black bull" bobs up jeeringly at him. It is a case of "language ain't ekal to it," as the London coster who had a reputation for artistic profanity, said, when some bad boys let down the tail board of his cart as he was going up hill with a waggon load of apples.

To the uninitiated it may be said that there is nothing inspiring in the sight of the men lying on the firing mounds—however much some of us may have pictured the reverse. There is no poetry of motion or poetry of inertia in their attitude. Let the truth be told. An extremely ungraceful sprawl is the best that any of them do, and the only motion that enters into it is when the rifle gives them an extra hard "kick." But what does your genuine marksman care for grace or poetry! Not one tinker's cuss. He is out for business. He is out to hear the music of the .303 and to try and see that white disc hoisted seven times in succession.

Apart from the scoring and the winning of medals and cups which is an old story now, the interesting feature of the O.R.A. meeting was the presence of four riflemen from Australia, viz., Sergt. McCahey, G. Ardill and W. Edie from New South Wales and H. Motton from Queensland. These men are all crack shots and are on their way home from the Bisley meeting, where Sergt. McCahey cleaned up no less than £115 in prizes. McCahey was at the O.R.A. once before, four years ago. The Australians were cordially welcomed and made to feel thoroughly at home.

In our own country, men were present from such distant points as Halifax and Victoria, and a new mounted regiment, the 15th Light Horse from Calgary, was also represented. Altogether more than 300 marksmen attended the meeting.



In the Mountains of British Columbia—Where Pupils go to School on Horseback.