

The Bisley Team.

The following detail of the practice scores made by the team at Cambridge will no doubt be of interest to those who have been watching with interest the meagre cable reports that have come to hand, of their success in the Bisley competitions:—The team arrived at Liverpool on Wednesday morning, the 4th, and took the noon train for Cambridge, reaching there at 6.15 p.m., all in excellent health, and were soon enjoying dinner at the old "Lion" hotel. On Thursday morning practice commenced, firing over the ranges, the weather warm and sun shining bright, very much like our own Canadian weather, the addition of the songs of the larks overhead being much appreciated. An uncertain left rear wind, which varied from seven to nine, and blew in puffs once in a while, made it a matter of calculation, which was not always quite correct, to the disgust of the firer. Very fair shooting was made considering the conditions, and the fact that the men had just come off a sea voyage of a rough character. The targets on the university ranges are set facing east, so the sun during the forenoon shines full on them with dazzling brightness. The majority of riflemen prefer a soft, mild light, such as when a cloud obscures the sun. Firing began at 200 yards, the three ranges being concluded about noon, with the following results;—

Thursday, July 5th, forenoon, light bright, wind left rear, very warm. Ranges 200 yds., 500 yds., 600 yds. Kneeling at 200 yds., prone at 500 yds., any position at 600 yds.

	200.	500.	600.	T'l.
Sergt. Rolston.....	30	33	30	93
Lieut. Thos. Mitchell...	31	29	31	91
Sergt.-Major Cose.....	32	34	25	91
S. S. J. H. Simpson.....	29	34	27	90
Gunner Turnbull.....	29	32	28	89
Corpl. McNaughton....	31	30	28	89
S. S. H. Bertram.....	32	29	27	88
Pte. T. Hayhurst	32	24	50	86
Pte. Milligan.....	29	26	30	85
Sergt. T. W. Bayle....	28	28	29	85
Lieut. Williamson.....	29	31	24	84
S. S. J. Ogg.....	30	27	26	83
Capt. Moore.....	27	26	28	81
S. Sergt. King.....	29	29	23	81
Pte. Kamberg.....	27	26	27	80
S. S. Davidson.....	31	29	20	80
S. S. Mitchell.....	29	28	22	77
Lieut. Curran.....	24	26	27	77
S. S. Bell.....	32	26	19	77
Lieut. Rose.....	31	9	23	23

July 5th, afternoon. Ranges 800 yds. and 900 yds., ten shots at each, very bad haze, wind, left rear.

	800.	900.	T'l.
S. S. Simpson.....	36	44	80
S. S. Davidson.....	38	44	78
Pte. McNaughton.....	40	37	77
Capt. Moore.....	35	39	74
Lieut. T. Mitchell.....	37	34	71
S. S. J. Ogg.....	30	40	70
Lieut. Curran.....	35	34	69
Sergt. Bayles.....	35	30	65
Sergt. Rolston.....	43	19	62
S. M. Case.....	30	31	61
Gunner Turnbull.....	51	30	61
Pte. Milligan.....	32	29	61
Lt. Ross.....	29	31	60
S. S. Mitchell.....	23	35	58
Pte. Kamberg.....	14	43	57

S. S. Bell.....	32	25	57
S. S. Kinz.....	39	16	55
Lieut. Williamson.....	30	22	32
S. S. Bertram.....	32	20	52
Pte. Hayhurst.....	23	25	48

July 6th, afternoon, bright sun, wind, left rear, warm. Ranges 200 kneeling, 200 standing, 600 any, 7 shots at each.

	Kneel- ing 200.	Stand- ing. 200.	600.	T'l.
S. S. Simpson.....	30	28	29	87
S. S. Davidson.....	31	22	33	86
Sergt. Bayles.....	22	25	29	86
S. M. Case.....	28	24	33	85
Lt. T. Mitchell.....	30	27	28	85
Gunner Turnbull.....	28	27	29	84
S. S. Ogg.....	26	29	26	84
S. S. Bertram.....	29	24	30	84
S. S. Bell.....	32	25	24	81
Pte. Milligan.....	27	18	35	80
S. S. King.....	28	26	26	79
Lt. Curran.....	29	25	24	78
Pte. Hayhurst.....	28	23	26	77
Capt. Moore.....	29	23	24	76
Sergt. Rolston.....	32	21	23	76
Pte. McNaughton.....	30	28	18	76
Lt. Ross.....	32	23	19	74
S. S. D. Mitchell.....	30	22	19	71
Lt. Williamson.....	25	24	20	69
Pte. Kamberg.....	25	16	17	68

July 6th, afternoon ranges, 800 yds., 900 yds., 10 shots at each, light good, wind left rear:

	800.	900.	T'l.
Pte. Milligan.....	45	45	90
Capt. Moore.....	43	41	84
S. S. Davidson.....	44	40	84
Lt. Curran.....	42	41	83
Lt. T. Mitchell.....	42	40	82
S. S. J. Ogg.....	40	41	81
Lt. Ross.....	41	37	78
Gunner Turnbull.....	40	37	77
Pte. McNaughton.....	37	39	76
S. S. Bertram.....	38	37	75
Sergt. Rolston.....	36	37	73
S. M. Case.....	30	37	69
Pte. Kamberg.....	30	37	67
Lt. Williamson.....	31	35	66
S. S. King.....	30	34	64
S. S. Simpson.....	35	28	63
Sergt. Bayles.....	24	33	57
Pte. Hayhurst.....	10	42	52
S. S. D. Mitchell.....	36	14	50
S. S. Bell.....	29	13	42

July 7th, Saturday forenoon, ranges 800 and 900 yds., ten shots at 800, seven shots at 900, wind very strong and gusty, from the left front, bright light.

	800.	900.	T'l.
S. S. Davidson.....	42	18	60
S. S. Ogg.....	38	20	58
Pte. Hayhurst.....	34	22	56
S. S. Bell.....	35	20	55
Sergt. Bayles.....	37	16	53
S. M. Case.....	28	24	52
Lt. Ross.....	28	24	52
Gunner Turnbull.....	38	13	51
Lt. Curran.....	33	16	49
Sergt. Rolston.....	34	14	48
Capt. Moore.....	31	16	47
Lt. T. Mitchell.....	33	12	45
S. S. King.....	27	14	41
S. S. Bertram.....	34	7	41
Corpl. McNaughton.....	21	19	40
S. S. Simpson.....	23	16	39
Lt. Williamson.....	24	15	39
S. S. D. Mitchell.....	17	21	38
Pte. Kamberg.....	31	6	37
Pte. Milligan.....	13	16	29

Afternoon, ranges 200, 500 and 600, seven shots at each, wind left front, gusty, light good:

	200.	500.	600.	T'l.
Gunner Turnbull.....	30	31	34	95
Lt. T. Mitchell.....	31	30	33	95
Capt. Moore.....	27	33	33	93
Pte. Hayhurst.....	31	30	32	93
Sergt. Bayles.....	32	31	28	91

S. S. King.....	30	30	30	90
S. S. Ogg.....	31	29	29	89
S. S. Davidson.....	29	32	27	88
Lt. Ross.....	29	34	24	87
Corpt. McNaughton...	27	28	31	86
S. S. Bell.....	31	25	30	86
S. S. D. Mitchell.....	27	34	24	85
Lt. Curran.....	24	29	30	84
Pte. Rolston.....	30	30	23	83
S. S. Bertram.....	27	26	29	82
Pte. Kamberg.....	29	29	24	82
Lt. Williamson.....	30	29	23	82
S. M. Case.....	27	33	22	82
Pte. Milligan.....	29	30	23	81
S. S. Simpson.....	31	28	18	77

To The Queen.

Most Gracious Sovereign who dost rule
The greatest empire upon earth.
Whose arms and fleets, now control
The ancient land of Porus' birth.

Round the world from end to end
Is heard the martial strain and hum,
The music of the fife doth blend
With Scottish pipe and English drum.

The Irish harp takes up the strain,
The Connaught Rangers uphold the
throne

On many a field not in vain,
Their music mingles into one.

The orb of day doth always shine
On the lands which own thy sway,
On every country, every clime,
It goes not down from day to day.

But every turning of the day
Doth reveal some new domain
On which the British flag doth play
With sportive breeze upon the fame.

The millions who acknowledge thee
As sovereign of their people's weal,
Although they cannot always see,
Trusting thee they think no ill

From far-off Afric's burning sand
To Parry's distant frozen cape,
From every country, every land,
Come tokens for thy virtue's sake.

From Egbert, first of English kings,
To this thy latest reigning day,
Thy reign has been with outstretched
wings,
In lengthened time much more than
they.

Down through the yawning space of
time,
Through the houses of York and Lan-
caster,

Of all the women of thy line
Their total years scarce more than
thine.

One was thy only best beloved,
Surpassing fair and nobly good,
Death took him ere he scarce emerged
Into strong and vigorous manhood.

Accept this book of generous song
The semi-century of thy reign contains,
With it a loyalty, strong and long,
And lasting while the earth remains.

May He keep thy kingdom free
From civil strife and foreign foe,
Protected by the inviolate sea,
The God whom thou dost rightly
know.

That when it pleaseth him to crown
Thee with an everlasting wreath,
The meed of virtues past and done,
The teachings of thy latest breath.

No kingdom shall be so full of grief,
No land so filled with mourning lay,
When tolling bell proclaims thy death,
Than thy grief-stricken Canada.
—From Mr. J. Creighton's historical
poem "Alexandrina."