

that came from home, by givin' a big "blow out"—a banquet loike—to the officers ov all the different corps stationed at Fort Pitt. It wuz held in the big dinin' room on board the steamer Marquis, that wuz lyin' at Fort Pitt thin, sor, an' it wuz a howlin' success. There was iverythin' to ate an' drink ye cud wish fer, barrin' champagne wine. They had "ducks" from Duck Lake, "fish" from Fish Lake, "frogs legs" from Frog Lake, an' chicken poie that wuz made out of gophers. Thim wuz contributed by the surgin, unbeknownst to him, by the bye, an' jist fer to show ye how we had discipline pounded into us durin' that expedition, I'll tell ye wan thin' that happened durin' that dinner. Some ov us min wuz tould off fer to wait at table, an' we wuz tould jist what we wuz expected to do, an' instructed fer to give our whole attintion to that an' to nothin' else, ye see, sor. I wuz tould off fer knives, forks an' spoons, "Scotty" fer bread, "Fiddler" Burke fer pertaties, an' so on. Well, sor, durin' the evenin' the Gineril he wants a bit ov bread, an' beckonin' to "Fiddler" Burke, he sez, "Walter," sez he, "bring me a bit ov bread," he sez. "Can't do it, sor," sez "Fiddler," straightenin' himself up an' standin' at attintion, "I'm tould off fer pertaties." Now, sor, there wuz discipline, fer ye, "the first duty ov a soldier."

The nixt day "Mud" Hambly asked a lot ov us fellows over to his tint to a "big blow out," as he called it, an' as "Mud" wuz a moighty foine cook, we all wint, expectin' to have as big a toime as the officers. Well, we'd no sooner than got there than "Mud" sez, "Say, byes," sez he, "how d'ye loike the 'blow out'?" An' he blows out the loight an' sneaks off under the curtin ov the tint, laffin' fit to split his soides. It's a moighty lucky thing he knew enough fer to get away or we'd have broke ivery bone in his carcase.

The nixt day I sees Scotty Murdison out doin' "punishment drill," wid his pack on his back and a smoile on his face, laffin' fit to bate the band, as if it wuz a big joke fer to be promenadin' up an' down all day long in heavy marchin' order. I sloides up to him an' I sez, "Scotty," sez I. "What?" sez he, koind ov soidewise loike, so the sargint wudn't hear him. "Whist," sez I. "Whist what?" sez he. "Sure an' what d'ye be laffin' at?" sez I. "Oh Oirish," sez he, "it's a great joke," sez he. "What is?" sez I. "Why," sez he, "some divil's bin stalin' lump sugar off the Quartermaster's store agin, an' they think it wuz me." "An' what's there to laff at in that?" sez I. "Why," sez he, "that's where the joke comes in; it wuzn't me at all. They're punishin' the wrong man an' don't know it." That wuz Scotty's idea ov a joke. Now, there's Scotch fer ye, an' no mistake.

On the 22nd all the prisoners from Big Bear's camp wuz brought into Fort Pitt, an' it looked as if things wuz about comin' to an end.

On the 27th we had a big toime, wid sports, games an' horse races, to cilebrate the welcome news about Big Bear's camp all bein' broke up, an' thin the Gineril begins makin' ready fer to start fer home. Ye see, sor, Batoche had bin took, Riel an' his cronies captured, Poundmaker wuz a prisoner at Battleford, an' all the white prisoners wuzn't prisoners no more. So there wuzn't no use ov loafin' about hat part ov the country any longer.

On the 1st of July we had a big Divisional Parade in honor ov Dominion day, an' on the 3rd we struck our tents at Fort Pitt an' marched down from the old camp ground an' embarked on the steamer Marquis.

ORDERS FOR HOME.

On the 4th early in the mornin', we

started fer home. We'd no sooner got well' under way than we noticed that the flags on all the boats wuz flyin' at half-mast, an' we wuz tould that Kurnei Williams wuz dead. Poor soul, he had commanded the Midland Battalion, an' commanded thim well, too, all thro' the campaign, an' now that all the fightin' wuz over an' the glory jist comin' in, fer to die ov brain fever—purty hard loines—wusn't it, sor?

On the way down the river we heard that Big Bear had bin captured, an' whin we got to Prince Albert on the 8th the Gineril had a pow wow wid him, an' we seen him fer the first toime. He wuz a dirty lookin' ould divil, wid a face on him as big as a whiskey barrel an' wid jist about as much expression in it. He is, or wuz, a plain Cree, an' a dam plain was at that, about 60 years old, an' doesn't know what the truth is.

We got as far as Grand Rapids on the 12th ov July an' rode in little tram cars as far as the boat landin', where we wuz put on big barges an' towed through Lake Winnipeg, a distance ov about 300 moiles, an' wusn't it rough? Well, oi shud say so.

BACK IN OLD ONTARIO.

Thin we goes down the Red River to Selkirk, gettin' there on the 14th, an' thin pushed roight on to Winnipeg, reachin' there the same noight in a pourin' rain, by the bye. Sure an' we got an ilegant reception from the people in Winnipeg, an' took it as a kind ov a hint ov what wuz waitin' fer us at home. We stayed in Winnipeg a few days an' thin pushed on agin, reachin' Port Arthur on the 20th. Here we wint on board the steamer Athabasca, an' reached Owen Sound on the 23rd. We stopped there jist long enough fer to git a bite to ate, an' thin came on home to Toronto be cars. We struck the last "gap" at North Toronto about 5 o'clock, an' wuz "home agin," but not, as Lord Tennyson sez, "Not the six hundred"—some had bin killed—poor souls—some wounded, an' some were in the hospital in Winnipeg. Talk about a welcome, sor—why, sor, I cudn't describe it to ye if oi troied, so oi'd best stop befoore oi put me fut in it. Oi cudn't say too much, an' oi moight say too little. Anyhow it's glad we were fer to be back home after havin' travelled on fut, on cars, in waggins an' on boats 4,936 moiles, d'ye moind—and' not forgettin' the "bit" oi were tellin' ye about.

Well, sor, whin me toime expoired, sure an' tuck on agin an' agin after that, but oi had had to take me discharge an' drop out befoore me toime wuz up, fer I had a touch ov the roomaticks that wuz botherin' me so oi cudn't handle me roifle no longer, but God save ye, sor, me heart's in solderin' yit, so it is, an' always will be oim thinkin', an' oim proud ov the "Ould Rigimint," an' oim proud ov the medal oi have at home in me box, sor, fer it reminds me ov the panicky toimes in "eighty-foive," whin, "We wuz at Batoche, an'" as the Kahn sez, "fit at Fish Creek, too, by gosh." An' mebbe some day oil be after tellin' ye somethin' more ov what oi seen an' done in "eighty-foive," not forgettin' Sargint Hutchinson and' how the Gineril give him lave fer to wear shootin' medals—so he did—an' how Fred Curzon won the Victoria Cross—an' didn't git it nayther. An' mebbe ye'd loike fer to hear why Bill Urquhart wuz called the "Regimental Kicker," or why "Koko" an' Bob Newman shuk hands at Batoche, or what Harding an' Hazleton had to do wid the apple dumplin'. An' oi moight tell ye "How Beardy Gordon lost his appetite," or why Pioneer Sheppard walked lame fer three weeks, an' praps oid give it away where Adam Taylor got thim boots an' how Bugler Impey got done out ov the rice

puddin'. An' thin ye moight loike to hear about Bob Dunn an' how he lost his arm, an' about the skull Pat Cronin' found hangin' on a tree—to say nuthin' ov "Curly" Johnston's spotted dog, an' Surgin Ryerson's gophers, an' lots an' lots ov thim things, but 'pon me sowl, sor, oi haven't the toime now, sor, an' anyway oi have such a turrible thrust on me that I cudn't tell ye no more if oi wanted to. That's all, sor, oi must be goin' now. Good-bye.

THE END.

New Brunswick Provincial Rifle Association.

The New Brunswick Provincial Rifle Association meeting for 1895 was held at Sussex, August 20th, 21st and 22nd.

NURSERY AND MAIDEN.

The Cup presented by Lt-Col Maunsell, D A G, and \$117.00 added by the P R A.

Ranges—400 and 500 yards, 3 shots each.

Number of shots—Five at each range. Position—Any, with head to target.

FIRST MATCH. TUESDAY MORNING.

	Pts
Langsworth, L, Pte, 74th Battalion,	
The Cup.....	47
Fairweather, W, Pte, 84th.....	45
Campbell, L, Sgt, 74th.....	45
McIntyre, J M, Lt, 74th.....	44
Bridges, J W, Sgt, 71st.....	44
Sampson, J C, St Andrews.....	43
Mears, G, Pte, 71st.....	43
Graham, W W, Pte, 71st.....	42
McKnight, S L T, Sgt, 8th Hus.....	42
Kinnear, C B, Trump, 8th Hus.....	41
McAdam, H, Pte, 71st.....	41
Massie, A E, Pte, 71st.....	41
Treadwell, N, St Andrews.....	40
Foster, R T, Sackville.....	38
Frost, J S, Corp, Rifles.....	38
Grimmer, F H, St Andrews.....	38
Lafin, A, Pte, 71st.....	37
Wall, H, Pte, 71st.....	37
Harris, F, Sackville.....	37
Thornton, P, Corp, 62nd.....	36
Counted out—Fairweather, W H, Lt, 8th Hus; Sederquest, N, Pte, 71st.	

The maiden team contest, open to one or more teams from any corps in the province who have not attended a previous competition of P R A.

71ST, 1ST TEAM. \$15.

Pte Wall.....	37
Pte Graham.....	42
Pte Sederquest.....	36
Total.....	115

71ST, 2ND TEAM. \$12

Pte McAdam.....	41
Pte Lafin.....	37
Pte Mears.....	43
Total.....	121

63ND BATT. \$9.

Pte C F Porter.....	34
Pte W Cameron.....	35
Corp P Thornton.....	36
Total.....	105

2ND MATCH. ALL COMERS.

TWENTY-THREE PRIZES. VALUE, \$112.

7 SHOTS, 500 YARDS, ANY POSITION.

Arnold, R P, Lt 8th Hus.....	34
Langstroth, G, Pte 74th.....	33
Henderson, M B, Col-Sgt, 62nd.....	33