

corn-beef can on the back as a field-glass, a hard tack medal hung on the breast with orange and green ribbons, and an apron made of a large biscuit label. The BRIGADIER-GENERAL wears a large five pound roast-beef can with a cavalry plume on top, a red cross-belt, a four-pound beef can for a field-glass, two medals and a cavalry sabre.]

Brig.-Gen. (very burlesque.)—"Bri—gade! (coughs.) Hem!! (BRIGADE opens order.) Hem!! (BRIGADE brings the swords up to the 'recover.') Hem!! (BRIGADE lowers swords to the 'salute'). Hem!! (swords brought back to the 'recover.' Leader advances to footlights centre, facing audience, draws sabre and gravely salutes twice and returns to R.) Hem!! (swords brought back to shoulder, LEADER advances to centre, sings.)

THE CAMPAIGN OF THE 90TH.

WRITTEN BY MAJOR LAWRENCE BUCHAN.

When we embarked at Winnipeg, as chirpy as could be,
We thought we were out for a bit of a lark, about a two weeks spree,
But when we got to Fort Qu'Appelle we found it different then,
Our tents in a row, we pitched in the snow, just like real soldier men.

(Chorus.)—Pork, beans, hard tack, tra, la, la, la, la, la, la,
Poor hungry soldiers, tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
With blistered feet and aching bones we march along all day,
And go on picquet all the night, to keep the rebs away;
But when we meet the enemy, we do not think of rest,
For whether we march or rest, my boys, we do our level best.

We trudged along the winding trail, for many a weary day.
With thunder, lightning, hail, and rain to cheer us on our way;
We fought the rebels at Fish Creek and drove them out of sight,
While many of our good men and true, fell battling for the right.

(Cho.)—Pork, beans, &c.

Brig.-Gen.—"Hem!" (Introduce a burlesque drill movement and march.)

We caught the devils once again right in their own Batoche,
We burst them up and shot them down, we scooped them in (all) By Gosh!
And when no more of them were left, around for us to shoot,
We plundered all their household goods, and carried off our loot.

(Cho.)—Pork, beans, &c.

Brig.-Gen.—"Hem!" (Drill and march manœver.)

At Prince Albert then the ladies came to greet us with their smiles,
Which made us quite forget our woes with all their cheering wiles;
So to put a stop to rushing love, as good boys always oughter,
We marched along to Battleford, going all the way by water.

(Cho.)—Pork, beans, &c.