

Each had a tale of horror some fearful
 debt to pay
 That turned their blood to fire, that bent
 their mind to slay
 Was this a time for pity, they thought
 of other times
 They saw the accursed city in the triumph
 of her crimes
 And moodily they waited while day by
 day went by
 With pent up vengeance glistening from
 every sullen eye.

Against such odds what could men do,
 no guns to breach the wall
 Forth went the cry for stormers the hated
 place must fall
 But Lawrence feared the trial with only
 one to four
 And strove to calm the spirit that was
 chafing them so sore
 At last the welcome order came "prepare
 for the attack"
 "Volunteers for storming" and not a man
 held back.
 Our General rode along the line in a silent
 thoughtful way
 Almost a whisper might be heard through-
 out that vast array
 As in a calm and measured tone the loved
 lips slowly spake
 "I have a desperate errand and desperate
 men 'twill take.

Three lives may save a thousand in such
 an evil strait
 For e'er our stormers charge the town we
 must blow up yon gate
 Our country will remember those who fall
 in strife to-day
 The nations legacy their names will never
 pass away
 It grieves me to the soul to ask yet duty
 knows no fear
 Step from the ranks who would be they
 the stormers path to clear
 And then there was the proudest sight
 that British eyes could see
 He could have had a thousand where he
 but asked for three.

Out of the midst of the willing throng
 young Salkelds was the name
 Chosen because he best knew to lay the
 powder train
 A cornet in the sappers his soldier days
 were passed
 In learning how to plant the mine, or
 plant the deadly blast.
 This gave him proud preeminence, this
 marked him as the man
 That Curtius like should give his life in
 Britain's hero van.
 And now his friends press round him a last
 farewell to take
 And hands that had dealt the stoutest
 blows like women's hands do shake,
 Eyes that have never blanched at death
 grow strangely moist and dim
 And deep and manly voices are soft and
 low to him.

All over, one last look at earth he quickly
 takes his place
 Before the eager thousands stripped close
 as for a race.
 Aye 'twas a fearful moment the boldest
 held his breath
 All eyes were turned on him who ran
 to almost certain death.

Death in his hand—death all around—a
 thousand deaths before
 Could not appal the stoutest heart that
 hero ever bore
 For love of dear old Motherland his soul
 despised them all
 A nations hopes on every step he ran to-
 ward the way
 The foe that paused in wonder at the
 strangely seeming sight
 But for an anxious moment now guessed
 their errand right.
 And faster flew the iron hail great gun
 and minies crack
 Sent hissing messengers of death about
 his desperate track.

"But on he goes" yet on, his comrades
 prayers are not in vain
 And yet untouched "Great God" he's down
 but staggers up again
 His fall drew forth as deep a groan, his
 rise as grand a cheer
 He presses on—"he's hit again" near to
 the wall, so near.
 Too much for British blood to bear, ranks
 break with vengeful yell
 And stormers to the front sweep on to
 where their hero fell
 But ere they steady into line they see
 him rise again
 And stagger on toward the wall bleeding
 from every vein
 They saw him lay the powder down, they
 heard a sullen roar
 And Delhi and their vengeance lay in the
 path before.

(—EDWARD CLUFF, formerly of Ottawa.

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Major F. H. Hartt is from New Bruns-
 wick and is a thoroughly representative
 officer and rifle shot of that province.
 He has but recently completed twenty
 years active work both as a militia man
 and as a rifleman. In 1872 he enrolled
 in the ranks of the 62nd St. John Fus-
 iliers and at once took up the pastime
 of rifle-shooting with enthusiasm. He
 shortly afterwards was elected a sergeant
 of his company and in 1875 received a
 lieutenant's commission, qualifying at the
 regimental competition held that year.
 In the meantime he had regularly com-
 peted at the county and provincial matches
 and in 1876 with four other New Bruns-
 wickers (before the days of a New Bruns-
 wick team), competed at Ottawa in the
 D.R.A. matches and won a place on the
 Canadian team for Wimbledon. He ac-
 cordingly crossed to England as a member
 of the team of 1877, having just pre-
 viously been promoted to a captaincy. Cap-
 tain Hartt was fairly successful at Wim-
 bledon and formed one of the Kolapore
 eight against the mother country. For
 some years subsequently he was unable
 to devote much time to shooting, though
 with few exceptions he has attended the
 annual matches of the Provincial and Do-
 minion Associations. As the winner of
 the Grand Aggregate at Sussex, in 1883, he
 holds the N.R.A. medal, and is therefore
 qualified to shoot in the "Prince of
 Wales" match at Bisley. Captain Hartt
 was, in 1886, appointed to the adjut-
 ancy of his corps, a position which he
 still holds. In the following year, having
 completed ten years' service as a captain,
 he received the brevet rank of major.

Lieut. A. D. Cartwright, of the 47th Bat-
 talion, of Kingston, has been shooting for
 several years, and during this time has
 won numerous prizes with the rifle. He
 was the winner of the Bisley match at
 the last D.R.A. meeting at Ottawa, and
 holds second place on the Bisley team.
 This, however, will not be Lieut. Cart-
 wright's first time across, as he was a
 member of the Wimbledon team of 1887,
 and of the Bisley team of 1891.

The veteran member of the team is Lieut.
 "Tom" Mitchell of the 12th Battalion, of
 Toronto. This will be the ninth time he
 has represented Canada at Wimbledon and
 Bisley. He is a native of Dundee, Scotland,
 but came to Canada in 1872 and joined the
 13th Battalion, that nursery of riflemen.
 In 1878, he joined the 10th Royals, of
 Toronto, now the Grenadiers, and went
 through the North-West Rebellion of 1885
 with them as a sergeant. A year ago he
 was gazetted a Lieutenant in the 12th
 York Rangers. His shooting career com-
 menced when he joined the 13th Battalion.
 The following are the years in which he
 has been across: 1874 '76, '77, '81, '83,
 '89, '91, '92. He has won at one time or
 another most of the principal events in
 Canada, and on several occasions has been
 the grand aggregate winner at the Do-
 minion and Province of Quebec and Ontario
 rifle matches. As a member of the Kola-
 pore eight on every one of his trips, he
 has twice had the honor of helping Canada
 to win the trophy, namely: in 1881 and
 1889.

John Crowe, who is a staff-sergeant in
 the First Brigade of Field Artillery, of
 Guelph, Ont., has been a regular attendant
 at the Dominion Rifle Association matches
 at Ottawa since 1874. He won the Gov-
 ernor-General's medal in 1875. Mr. Crowe
 has been selected six times for the Bisley
 team, but only went in 1876, 1882 and
 1889. In the Canadian Military Rifle
 League matches of last year he made the
 aggregate record.

This will be F. Barlett's first trip across,
 although he lost an opportunity of going
 in 1885, when he was at the front during
 the Northwest rebellion. He has always
 been an enthusiastic rifle shot since he com-
 menced shooting in 1880, when he was a
 member of the Queen's Own Rifles. He
 made his first visit to Ottawa in 1883. In
 1884 he won a position on the first 60,
 and in 1885 a place on the Wimbledon
 team. He won the McDougall challenge
 cup in 1886. Last year he was well up
 in several of the matches and won first
 place in the Walker match, taking the in-
 dividual prize, for which he had to shoot
 off a tie. He has on several occasions been
 obliged to shoot off ties, winning every
 time.

Another experienced shot on the team
 is Staff-Sergt. J. H. Simpson, of the Gren-
 adiers, of Toronto. In 1878, at Wim-
 bledon, he was as high as fifth place for
 the Queen's prize, and in 1881 won the
 Alexandria Cup. He has also won the
 Presidents Henry Vase and Waterloo Cup
 at the City of Edinburgh and Midlothian
 Rifle Association matches. Besides these
 his winnings consist of first prizes at
 nearly all the open meetings in England
 and Scotland. He has also represented
 Scotland on several different occasions in