

tain no footing on
; being thin in the
t, and I must say
pair of regimental
swollen, the boots
was in effect which
I must plead guilty
I may state as an
ny "beefs" on that
and failing in that
at at Jack Cassey's

s from Humboldt;
while speaking of
the North West.
l along the line of
h April we started
ng about 5 o'clock,
e only store in the
mits, which cost us
original value. I
st be a larger town
d a police station,
mounted messengers
es, they report the
white women and
l on short rations.
raightening up our
ection for the com-
of the battery par-
and three pouches;
a lot of spectators
r best style. The
newspapers and the
t chums Bombadier
ked us all to sleep
in the morning we
two teams abreast.
e South Saskatche-
m Troy, going this
at the 25th of the
l show. Reaching
Winnipeg Field Bat-
t. On the picquet
s, saying, in effect,
ns were to be used,
ouble sentries were

to be posted; after this we were marched off by the officer in charge. After posting sentries, who were relieved every half hour, some of us kindled a fire to make us a little more comfortable, but the fire had to be put out again, or nearly so, by order. Soon after darkness set in the rain commenced falling in torrents, thoroughly drenching one and all, vivid lightning gleamed at intervals making the darkness more intense, and as for seeing any one approach our post it was out of the question. Only by holding the rifle between the eye and the sky line could the outlines of the weapon be seen; towards morning the rain ceased and a sharp frost set in which completed our misery, our boots froze on our feet and our great coats to sheets of ice. Next to the misery of crossing Lake Superior on the flat cars I think the outlaying picquets at Vermillion Lake was the worst night of the campaign. Early on the morning of the 16th the General, with Captain Drury, and a field gun, the "C" School of Infantry under command of Major Smith advanced on towards Clark's Crossing, intending to hold it against the enemy if he attempted to cross from the north side of the Saskatchewan. The remainder of the column marching off at 7 a. m., the day very cold and windy. Stopping for our mid-day meal we were joined by Major Bolton's Mounted Infantry, or the (Col.) as his men used to call him. They were raised around Butte and Shell River, and were fine strapping looking young fellows, armed with Winchester rifles, and mounted on stout broncho or Montana horses. The major was a splendid looking man, about from 45 to 50 years of age and has quite a history, having been a prisoner under Riel in the Red River times. He was very popular with his men, who would have done anything and gone anywhere for him. All his troops were favorites with the battery men who, as it turned out, were to be their comrades for many a day to come. And now as Bolton's Horse is broken up it will not be flattery for me to say that it will be long ere the gallant major and his brave comrades are forgotten by the gunners of "A" Battery. The march of the 17th was without any incidents, every one pushing on for all they were worth. On the morning of the 18th we struck camp and went on again aiming at the Crossing on the south side of the Saskatchewan, at 11 a. m. camping on the south bank about five hundred yards from the river. The country we had passed over, up to this time, had been comparatively bare with the exception of Touchwood Hills and the Salt Plains, interspersed with a kind of scrubby brush; near the banks of the Saskatchewan the ground was thickly strewn with large boulder stones, which appeared to have been either the river bed or the bed of a lake in the ages gone past. The Saskatchewan at this place is about four hundred yards wide, with sloping banks on the south side, thinly wooded with poplar trees; the banks on the north side being nearly vertical, with no timber. After launching a scow for transport purposes, we came back to camp and had a look around; there is not much to be seen,