

Canadian Military Gazette Hotel Directory.

then at "Bob," and thin he gits down an' sez his prayers before he tuck it, at all, at all. Kind ov cute ov the ould divil, wasn't it, sor?

On the 16th we crossed the Saskatchewan an' struck out fer Prince Albert an' we got there on the 20th. Prince Albert is a foine flourishin' town, layin' right along be the soide ov the river. It is about seven moiles long an' 15 inches woide. We wuz met by Kurnel Irvine an' the Mounted Police an' got a great reception from the settlers who had bin shut up in the town loike "gophers" for two months. The Gineril wuz presented wid an address, an' pon me sowl, sor, it did same strange loike fer to see people wance mor that didn't let go at us from behoid trees or out ov rifle pits. We stayed in Prince Albert until the 24th ov May whin we pushed on fer Battleford. On the 23rd the Mounted Police held their garrison sports an' games an' thim sort ov things, an' ov coorse we all tuck a hand in. The Granideers got away wid the tint race, an' as fer the "tug ov war," well, sor, that goes widout sayin'.

IN PURSUIT OF POUNDMAKER.

On the 24th we left for Brattleford, as oi wuz sayin', by the trail, an' on the 25th we struck Carlton--nothin' but smoulderin' ruins by that toime, jist the same. The next day we embarked on board the steamer Marquis. We made moighty poor toime on the boat, as we wuz stuck on sand bars most ov the toime, d'ye see. We had to trust to luck, an' it was mighty seldom it come our way. Ye see, it wuz jist loike this, sor, ivery toime we got stuck on a sand bar, an' it wuz purty oftin, be the same token, the boat hands uses two derricks fer to boost her off--wan derrick on each soide--a big spar loike a tellygraft pole is hung from each derrick, thin wan end ov the spar is throwed over into the water an' thin by workin' the ropes an' pulleys an' things the boat jist humps herself up an' walks off, see, sor. It's jist fer all the world like as if a man wuz tryin' fer to lift himself up by his own ears.

We got to Battleford on the 28th, an' heard that the Gineril had bin havin' a pow-wow wid Mister Poundmaker, an' made a prisoner ov him. Poundmaker wuz given the credit ov havin' got the best ov ivery white man that he'd iver had any dealin's wid, but the Gineril wuz too much fer him. The Gineril had gone on to Battleford a couple ov days ahead ov us, oi don't think oi tould ye that, did oi, sor? We thought we wuz goin' fer to have a bit ov a rest at Battleford an' chum around a bit wid the Quane's Own, who had bin there fer some toime, but that's jist where we wuz fooled, fer the next day word comes in that Gineril Strange had bin havin' a bit ov a scrap wid Big Bear and that some infantry wuz wanted fer to lind a hand. So on the 30th we left Battleford on board the steamer North-west fer Fort Pitt. The Quane's Own wuz left behind, but it wuzn't long befoore they had to hustle out an' take a hand in the chase after Big Bear.

We reached Fort Pitt on the 3rd ov June an' found it nothin' but a pile ov ashes, only wan bulldin' wuz standin'. From here the Gineril starts off fer to try an' round up Big Bear, who wuz prowlin' around wid some white prisoners in his possession. The Gineril had made up his moind not to lave the country till he had put Big Bear where he cudn't do no harm.

BIG BEAR IS WANTED.

From the 4th ov June till the 3rd ov July the most ov us had nothin' to do from "Revally" till "Lights" Out but put in some drill, chop wood, wash dishes, do "sentry go," cook, mend our clothes, eat, drink an' pertend we wuz enjoyin'

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ourselves. In short, sor, we jist settled down to camp life whoile small detachments from the artillery, the scouts an' infantry wint out now an' thin fer to try an' git their hands on Big Bear. Steele's scouts came up wid the party an' had a little skirmish wid them, but Big Bear got away to the north where the country wuz all full ov forests an' muskegs an' things. Thin the Gineril ordered Kurnel Otter fer to march north from Battleford to Turtle Lake. Kurnel Irvine wuz tould fer to march north from Prince Albert to Green Lake, an' Gineril Strange strikes off to Beaver River by a west trail, an' the Gineril him self, wid the mounted men, one gun, the Gatlin', an' 150 fut soldiers, assorted colors an' sizes, picked out ov the Granideers, the 90th an' the Madlanders, started off thro' bogs, swamps an' bush fer to join Major Steele.

To be Continued.

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