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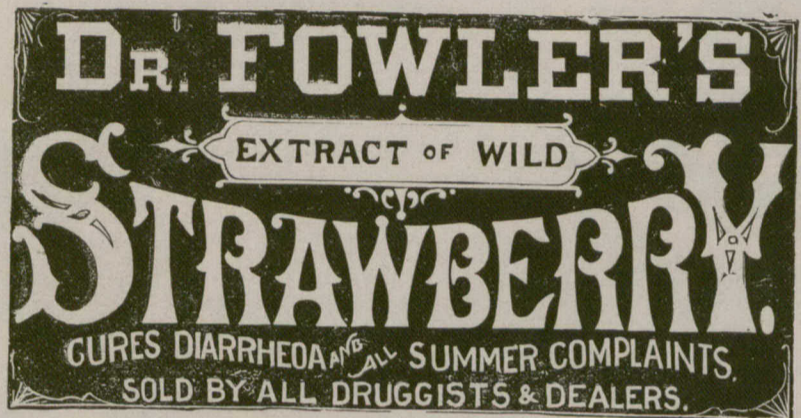
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In the Great Fire on the Esplanade, Toronto, August 3rd, 1885.

OFFICE OF TORONTO SUGAR AND SYRUP REFINERY,

Toronto, 14th August, 1885.

MESSRS J. & J. TAYLOR, Toronto Safe Works, City.

GENTS,—On the morning of Monday, August 3rd, in the great conflagration that threatened to destroy our entire city front, the hottest and most prolonged portion of the fire was centered in our large glucose sugar refinery, foot of Princess street. We had at the time our books in one of your fire-proof safes; and we feel it only justice to you to inform you of the satisfactory manner in which it preserved its contents. The immense amount of large timber and brick in this eight storey building, together with the combustible nature of its contents, when fanned by the gale then blowing, made the place like a blast furnace in its fury. None who saw the fire in its full force would imagine anything could resist its consuming power. Yet we are thankful to say we found your safe preserved its contents entire, which reflects great credit to your already well-earned reputation.

Yours truly,

TORONTO SUGAR AND SYRUP REFINERY,

by ROBERT W. SUTHERLAND, Secretary.

J. & J. TAYLOR,

-

Toronto Safe Works.



JOHN PRITCHARD GUARDING THE CAPTIVE LADIES, MRS. GOWANLOCK AND MRS. DELANY. [See page 39.]



THE QUEEN'S OWN AT CUT KNIFE CREEK. [See page 39.]

(1) PTE. (NOW CHAPLAIN) G. E. LLOYD COVERING PTE. E. C. ACHESON'S ATTEMPTED RESCUE OF THE LATE PTE. DOBBS, BATTLEFORD VOLUNTEER RIFLES. (2) PORTRAIT OF THE REV. G. E. LLOYD, CHAPLAIN TO THE 2ND BATTALION, QUEEN'S OWN RIFLES, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY STANTON.

The Canadian Pictorial & Illustrated War News.

PART II.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 29TH AUGUST, 1885.

RETROSPECT.

At the end of Part I. of this History, it will be remembered we had left Colonel Otter marching towards Battleford, General Strange nearing Edmonton, General Middleton waiting at Fish Creek, and had followed the *Northcote* through the greater part of her journey from Medicine Hat, towards the General's headquarters. We will here pick up the thread of the narrative by following the fortunes of

COL. OTTER'S COLUMN.

The trail distances from Swift Current to Battleford are as follows:—

Swift Current.....	0.0
Marshy Lake.....	10.8
Marsh.....	21.9
Small creek in Saskatchewan valley.....	31.3
Another small creek.....	31.5
Saskatchewan river, south bank.....	32.3
Saskatchewan river, north bank.....	32.5
Top of hill, north side.....	34.3
First water from river.....	39.7
Last water, southern edge of dry plains.....	50.2
Cross valley of Devil's Lake (no water).....	58.3
Large swamp (first water).....	66.8
Small creek.....	109.9
Another small creek.....	110.1
Cross old trail.....	110.6
Marshy creek.....	112.5
Eagle Hill creek.....	112.8
Beginning of bluffs.....	139.3
End of bluffs.....	142.8
Valley of alkaline lakes.....	159.1
Beginning of woods on Eagle Hills.....	185.4
Battleford.....	200.0

The march was magnificently accomplished. On the evening of the 23rd of April, Colonel Herchmer arrived within three miles of the fort, driving before him the besieging Indians as he approached. On the following morning, early, he rode into Battleford, and was followed on the day after by Colonel Otter, with two guns, the Queen's Own Rifles, B. Battery, one Gatling gun, and part of C Company of the Infantry School. They took with them 190 teams, rations for twenty-five days, and forage for twenty days.

The inhabitants naturally hailed the arrival of the troops with unbounded joy. Battleford was now said to be perfectly safe—a consummation which had been devoutly wished for for many long weeks.

The rebels meanwhile had decamped in the direction of Poundmaker's Reserve, taking their loot with them.

Poundmaker's reserve is about thirty-five miles from Battleford on the south side of Battle river, and nearly due west. For ten or twelve miles from the village the trail leads through a partially settled country, after that there is no settlement. For the entire distance the country is rough and full of bluffs. The reserve itself is situated in one of the most fertile spots in the country and in a very picturesque location. The reserve is five or six miles square and contains many bluffs and rising hills. It is well timbered with large poplars. The trail runs through the northern part and villages are scattered through it. There would be from thirty to sixty houses and fully one hundred tepees. Poundmaker had about three hundred fighting men alone, not to mention the forces of Red Pheasant, Strikehim-on-the-Back, Mosquito, Lucky-man, and Little Pine in the same locality. Their combined strength would easily reach 600 or 700 men. They are armed with every conceivable style of weapon, from the war club and bowie knife to the rifle. The probability is that they occupied every vantage point in the bluffs and fought in Indian style. Nearly all the looted stock and plunder from Battleford was stored on Poundmaker's reserve.

Colonel Otter's force consisted of the following, of whom he left about 400 to garrison Battleford.

Mounted Police, 90, commanded by Colonel Herchmer; 35th Battalion, Colonel Tyrwhitt, 2 companies 80; Ottawa Sharpshooters, 40; one half of Winnipeg Field Battery, 50; Queen's Own, Toronto, 250; one half of Toronto Infantry School, 40; "B" Battery, Kingston, 120; Local Company, 40. Total force, 710 men.

Hearing that Poundmaker was holding high carnival with the plunder from settlers and storekeepers at and around a forked trail west

of Battleford, the Colonel proceeded to surprise the camp and punish the Indians, in the full expectation of cutting up and dispersing the whole band. The troops were in high spirits, in the full belief that they were to have a walk over, as it was not believed that Poundmaker had upwards of 130 braves, badly armed. The flying column, with less than two days rations, proceeded about nineteen miles before touching the enemy. The firing of the redskins issued first as if from detached and distributed knots from behind scrub and knolls at considerable distances. These tactics rather disconcerted the troops during the first hour of the fight, but the Indians finally concentrated and took the defensive.

The behaviour of the volunteers after the engagement became general, was cool and intrepid, and this although they felt the overwhelming disadvantage of being exposed to a concealed enemy. About four hours after the engagement opened, a flag was suddenly raised in rear of a point near the centre of the rebel position. At first it was supposed to be a flag of truce, but the later impression is that it was a feint to create the impression that white prisoners were there endangered. Poundmaker had with him about a hundred of his own warriors strengthened by strong forces from "Sweet Grass," "Thunder Child's" and "Moosomin's" reserves, although some of these have been professing loyalty to the Dominion. It is said Riel fully expected the Battleford relief column to attack Poundmaker being promised large tracts in Saskatchewan in case of victory.

Unknown to Colonel Otter the Indians had prepared for them a sort of ambush. Unfortunately, also, owing to the early hour at which the troops arrived on what was to be the scene of conflict, the scouts which preceded the main body were unable to detect this manoeuvre of the enemy's. Indeed, the first intimation which the attacking force received of the presence of the enemy was the appearance of the scouts galloping back towards the column. The first volley was delivered by the police, who, on reaching the summit of the hill, in skirmishing order, lay prone and fired at the foe. They were supported by B Battery and the Gatling gun, which reached the summit about the same time, as also did the Garrison division. The Indians meanwhile appeared in large numbers, and, undaunted by our heavy fire, came on irresistibly till scarce a hundred feet separated the combatants. This was the first occasion upon which Colonel Otter's division had been brought face to face with the enemy, and the recklessness of the latter was more than surprising. As the rebels still continued to advance, Major Short, in command of B Battery called for volunteers for a charge. Men from the Mounted Police, the batteries, C Company, and Queen's Own promptly responded, and, with a cheer advanced at the double on their opponents. The effect was instantaneous. The conflict for a few moments was actually hand to hand, but in an incredibly short time the Indians finding the onslaught irresistible, turned their backs and made for the *coulee*, hotly pursued by a small body of our men; the remainder returned to the top of the ridge to protect our position; the Indian retreat being covered by such of them as lay under cover. This in reality was the crisis of the fight, but throughout the day the troops were occupied in keeping up a harassing fire upon the enemy. Both sides took advantage as far as possible of the cover which the locality afforded. And of this there was abundance, our position was little more than 400 yards in extent, and abundantly surrounded with scrub. The enemy was in very strong force. Their attacking line, if it may be so described, was of great length. Throughout the battle they indulged in a variety of manoeuvres, moving from place to place as opportunity afforded; while Poundmaker himself regulated to a great extent, their movements from the eminence on which he had taken up his position.

During the first hour the battle raged hottest in front. Dummies were constantly exposed by the Indians to draw our fire, after which they would pour in a volley, and utter wild shouts of derision, at the same time charging in force on our advanced lines. Lieut. Pelletier, of Quebec, while repulsing one of these charges from the top of the left flank, fell. During the fight the ambulance corps were everywhere, looking after the killed and wounded, the members constantly attracting the rebel fire. Scout Ross, with C Company, portion of the Battleford men and the Queen's Own, succeeded in alarming the *coulee* on the right after four hours' hard work. The left flank, except at the top, was then occupied by the remaining wings of the Battleford volunteers, the Queen's Own

and the Guard's sharpshooters. During the fight, the Indian boys who were too young to handle a gun, used arrows.

At length the guns, which had done admirable service, were found to be somewhat disabled. They had fired an enormous number of rounds, and with this important part of the force useless, it was considered that a further renewal of fighting at close quarters would be rash. At a quarter to one, therefore, the order to withdraw was given. The dead and wounded were secured, and the troops crossed the creek and set their faces towards Battleford, being protected in the rear by skirmishers in alternate lines, slowly retreating and keeping the enemy at a distance by constant firing. The enemy harassed the retreat as much as lay in their power, but by means of the Gatling gun and the seven-pounder they were driven off, the column meanwhile retiring in an orderly manner towards Battleford without further incident. The news of this battle created everywhere intense excitement. The interruption of telegraphic communication with Battleford, and the difficulty experienced in receiving despatches giving details of the fight, only added to the uneasy feeling which on all sides was evinced. The Indians, it was known, fought with the utmost coolness and intrepidity, and it was feared that the list of killed and wounded which was first received would, ere long, be indefinitely augmented. Fortunately, however, the loss on our side, though not trivial, was far from being as great as might have been expected and as was feared. Appended is a full list of killed and wounded:—

KILLED.—North-West Mounted Police:—Corporal Laurie, Corporal Sleight, Bugler Burke, Guard's Sharpshooters:—Private Osgood, Private Rogers. C Company, Infantry School, Toronto:—Private Dobbs, Bugler Faulkner.

WOUNDED.—Mounted Police:—Sergeant McLeod. B Battery, Kingston:—Lieut. Pelletier, Sergeant Gaffney, Corporal Morton, Gunner Reynolds. C Company, Infantry:—Sergeant-Major Jackson. Guard's Sharpshooters:—Color-Sergeant Winter, Private McQuilken. Battleford Volunteers:—Mr. Gilbert. Queen's Own Rifles:—Sergeant Cooper, Private Nary, Private Watts, Private G. E. Lloyd.

Arthur Dobbs, of the Battleford Rifles, who was killed, was about forty-four years of age. He came from Prince Albert last year, and had been employed as a cook in the Industrial School. He leaves a wife and two children. He originally came from England.

Corporal Sleight, mounted policeman, was one of the men who escaped from Fort Pitt. He was about twenty-seven years of age.

Bugler Burke was formerly a member of the British army and served in India. He married a half-breed and has a family. He had been living at Battleford five or six years. He was about forty-five years of age, and a fine soldierly-looking man.

Private Geo. E. Lloyd, of the Queen's Own, wounded, was a divinity student at Wycliffe College. He came from Brighton, Eng., about three years ago, being a native of that place. He was a school teacher there and a lieutenant in the 10th Middlesex volunteers. He got himself attached to the Queen's Own, and was appointed chaplain while the corps was on service. He has married since his return.

Private Charles Vary, of the Queen's Own, also wounded, was an ex-member of the corps and went as a substitute for a friend. When the rebellion broke out he was out of employment. Last Summer he acted as surveyor's assistant in the North-West.

The above is a mere epitome of the skirmish at Cut Knife Creek. Appended is a detailed description by a correspondent of a Toronto daily:

"It was past three o'clock on Friday afternoon when the long column of teams, forty in number, with the Mounted Police and scouts under Col. Herchmer and Capt. Neale in advance moved out of the camp on the south side of the Battle River in the direction of Poundmaker's. Following the police came the artillery with the Gatling and two seven-pounders, under Major Short, Captains Farley and Rutherford, and Lieutenants Pelletier and Prower. After them came in succession "C" Company Infantry School, under Lieut. Wadmore and Lieut. Cassels (attached from Q. O. R. during the expedition); Ottawa Foot Guards, under Lieut. Gray; No. 1 Company, Queen's Own, under Capt. Brown, Capt. Hughes, and Lieut. Brock; ammunition teams, forage and provision teams, and the Battleford Rifles, under Capt. Nash and Lieuts. Marigold and Baker, bringing up the rear.

"As the column moved out the men who had been left behind gave a parting cheer, and in a

few minutes the intervening woods shut out the sight of the camp ground. Rain was dribbling, but the sky soon cleared. The trail ran through an uneven country, with high hills covered densely with poplar and underbrush on the left and the river on the right in a north-westerly direction. It was just such a tract as the Indian delights most to fight in. Coulees or ravines were crossed in endless succession, and the poplar and underbrush that grew thickly up to the trail in many places was impenetrable for any considerable distance with the eye, and in it might lurk a thousand redskins within fifty yards of us without being seen, despite all the care and sharpness of the scouts, who scoured the country, wherever it was possible, for half a mile on either side. The distance to Poundmaker's was thirty-five miles, and by seven o'clock we had made half the journey, and halted to await the rising of the moon. The teams were corralled in an open piece of ground surrounded with underbrush at a distance of probably 300 yards on all sides. Fires were lit, and the men got twenty-four hours' rations of canned corned beef, hard-tack and tea. About the fires they whiled away the time till eleven o'clock, chatting about the chances of surprising the Indians in the morning. They were all unquestionably eager for a brush with them, a fact which was plainly evidenced by the impetuosity with which they set upon the foe in the morning when the engagement began.

"The clouds had cleared almost entirely from the sky when the moon began to peep over the horizon. But it had grown chilly and the fires were kept blazing brightly for the warmth they gave. At half-past eleven the teams were all harnessed and shortly afterwards strung out in a long column, winding at a quick walk over the trail to Poundmaker's. The men made themselves as comfortable as possible in the waggons, but the rugged nature of the trail made any attempt at sleep futile. The scouts still kept well to their work, for the moon, just beginning to wane in a clear sky, rendered it almost as bright as day. A large number of the men, in order to keep themselves warm, walked alongside the waggons during the night. The trail was running through a more open country, at intervals there being some long stretches of flat, grass-covered land with only here and there a clump of red willow. The glow in the east was observable long before the almanacs ascribed to the sun any intention of rising. At length it rose redly, and just as it tipped the horizon we came upon the hollow where the Indians had been encamped, according to the reports of our scouts, three days previously. The place gave every indication of having been very recently vacated, and it was thought by many that, learning of our approach, they had "skinned out" (to use a familiar expression here) of that portion of the country. There was strong disappointment expressed, for the boys were spoiling for a fight.

"The column advanced through this hollow, and the trail then led them through a deep gully, several hundred yards wide, densely wooded with poplar and willow underbrush, through which the Cut Knife Creek wound its tortuous course. The Creek is probably eight or ten yards wide, two and a half feet deep, with a swift current. Into this gully the column passed without hesitation. We knew we were in the heart of the enemy's stronghold, and might expect to come in view of them at any moment. That was just what we wanted. There was not long to wait. Immediately that we got into the gully we could see to the left, on the slope of one of the high-rolling hills that led up from the gully, two or three dozen head of cattle calmly grazing. The Indians were known to have driven away some hundreds of them from the settlers, and it was even thought that in the haste of their flight they had left those we saw behind. The column as it went through the winding path in the gully was somewhat straggling.

"The scouts went along considerably in advance up a long, but not precipitous incline, which carried the trail to the head of the Cut Knife Hill, on the opposite side. While passing through the gully a glimpse could be got of the tops of the Indians' tepees or wigwams on the summit of a high hill, removed a considerable distance to the left. There was now no doubt about the presence of the Indians, and the word went along the column, "There they are."

"One or two mounted Indians also now could be seen on the top of a hill to the left. The creek which we had crossed is called by the Indians Cut Knife Creek, and the hill upon which we made our stand, Cut Knife Hill, in commemoration of the defeat by the Crees of

the Blackfoot Chief Cut Knife and his braves, which took place there.

"When the scouts reached the summit of Cut Knife Hill, over which the trail ran, they were seen to draw back, and take shelter behind some willows on the brow of the hill. The Mounted Police, Col. Herchmer, leading, came up almost at once, followed by the Artillery, C Company, the Guards, and Queen's Own close behind, but the rest of the teams still well down the incline and the rear teams with the Battleford Rifles not yet half way over the gully. The scouts, Mounted Police and artillery advanced immediately.

"In a moment the rattle of rifle shots was heard. The fight had begun by the Indians firing on the police and scouts. Those on the incline could not see the enemy, but their presence was no longer in doubt. The artillery pushed at once to the front, and brought their guns into position. The bulk of the enemy engaged was not more than 150 yards away, sheltered in the underbrush of a coulee on the left slope of the hill we had ascended. The garrison division of B Battery, under Capt. Farley and Lieuts. Pelletier and Prower, were instantly extended in skirmishing order on the brow of the hill, and began to reply to the enemy's fire, dropping flat on their faces, only their heads appearing over the crest as marks for the enemy. The police at once took up similar positions, having dismounted and placed their horses in a slight hollow on the incline up which they had come. They were no sooner extended in this position than 30 or 40 Indians made a rush up the hill on to the guns. The danger of the position was tremendous. Had they gained that hill top and captured the guns they could have dealt certain destruction to the column advancing up the hill. Major Short saw the danger instantly, and called on the men about him to repel the charge. They responded without a moment's hesitation, Major Short, revolver in hand, leading the way. The Indians rattled into them as soon as they appeared on the hilltop. The distance was thirty yards, and some of the more daring redskins had got to within half that distance. One of these the Major shot at once. The Indians kept the fire up for two or three rounds and then retreated pell mell to their cover. They left four dead on the slope. The Indians as they rushed for the guns would throw their blankets high over their heads to draw our fire, then dropping down would deliver a volley, and repeat the same antics every time. Besides the fire of the attacking party, the bullets were whistling in scores from a cover 200 yards off. Before our men could get back to cover again, Corp. Sleight of the Mounted Police lay dead on the field, Lieut. Pelletier was seen shot through the thigh, and Sergeant Gaffney and Sergeant Ward wounded. Major Short had a close call, with a bullet hole through his wedge cap. Immediately that the firing was heard by those behind they rushed up the hill. The order was given to extend in skirmishing order. The men were in line in a moment. The Queen's Own and Ottawa Foot Guards went to the left until the enemy came in view. Dropping down they narrowly escaped a hot volley from the enemy, sent in as soon as they appeared. The main body of C Company were turned to the right to cut off the fire of the Indians, which was beginning to come in hotly from over a deep ravine that ran only about twenty yards from the trail, and for distance almost parallel with it. The Battleford Rifles had jumped from the teams at once when the firing began, and started on a run up the incline. Most of them were called back to protect the rear teams going up to the slight hollow on the trail, when they were drawn up in a bunch. No sooner had the teams got up than the Indians appeared on the trail in the gulley below. Thus in five minutes after the first shot was fired we were completely surrounded and being fired on from all sides. It was evident we had run into a trap. The situation began to look desperate. On all sides the action was hot. The intention of the enemy was to cut off our retreat, and if possible stampede the horses. The little hollow on the face of the hill into which the teams were drawn, afforded them some protection, but from the rear they could easily be reached if the enemy were advanced a little further than they were up the slope. The great hope of success at this juncture was the grand display of coolness under fire being shown by all our men. The artillery occupied the top of the hill furthest advanced. The Gatling gun had opened fire on the enemy first, at a range of about 200 yards on the left slope of the hill, into a cluster of brush. The Indians got out of that cover and beat a hasty retreat round to the hill on the other side of the hollow, where they again got an underbrush cover. After the first rush it was impossible to see more than two or three of the Indians at once, so that the Gatling was not so destructive as it would have been under other circumstances. But it was kept going for a time almost continuously, and created a terrific din. The two seven-pounders were placed on either side of the Gatling at a distance of perhaps fifty yards. The first three shells were put into the tepees on the hill to the right front. They were admirably aimed, and created consternation. The tepees were ripped over and the people scattered in every direction. Both guns soon were throwing their deadly shells into the cover the Indians had retreated to after their rush. The range was about 1,500 yards. Wherever a shell fell its effects could be seen by a scattering of the enemy in all directions. The firing on us grew hotter and closer. Volley after volley from friends and foe on all sides, the booming of the cannon, the rapid rattle of the Gatling and the rifles, mingled with the wild whooping of the Indians, made up a furious tumult that no

description can give an adequate idea of. But never for a moment did our men swerve. Officers and men were as cool and determined as if the day was already theirs. About an hour after the engagement was begun, the order was passed from Col. Otter to Capt. Nash of the Battleford Rifles, that the rear must be cleared. The men of the ununiformed company did not wait to hear the order twice. With a loud cheer they dashed down the incline and into the wood of the deep gully, over which the column had crossed. The Indians under cover stood the attack a few moments and then began to fall back. The Battleford boys raced them up the gully to the right, firing whenever an Indian head appeared. It took half an hour to clear the back, and then Lieut. Marigold turned his men to clear the gully on the other side of the trail. The Indians posted there also gave way and ran back to their former position. It was a grand charge, valorously executed. The rear was entirely cleared of the enemy, and our men remained in command of the position. But the Indians were again coming down into the gully into the position on the right side of the trail, from which Capt. Nash had previously dislodged them. Charlie Ross, the famous Mounted Police scout, who had been all over the field during the action, saw the position, and stepped into the breach. Calling for volunteers, some of the Queen's Own, "C" Company, and Ottawa Guards, were at his side in an instant, and they started to intercept the Indians' advance. The reds cleared out at once up the gully and into a ravine from the covered sides of which a number of them had been firing on the men of "C" Company, who were replying across the ravine near where the teams were stationed. Ross and his followers pursued them hotly. The Guards could not understand why the enemy they had been watching across the ravine had silenced their fire so suddenly. But the Guards didn't know that Ross and his daring followers had got round in the rear of the enemy and were engaged in hot pursuit of them. The Indians had a number of horses there and were attempting to ride off. A volley from our men emptied four of the saddles, the redskins dropping dead to the ground, where they were shot. The horses were captured, and the pursuit stopped. Ross immediately cleared up the side of the ravine, and the instant he reached the summit, where the Indians had previously been firing from, the skirmishers of "C" Company mistook him for one of the enemy, and in an instant a dozen rifles were brought to bear on him. But he had tied a white handkerchief to the muzzle of his rifle and waving it about his head, the rifles were lowered. One man standing among the teams raised a rifle and fired at Ross, the bullet providentially going wide. Col. Otter saw the white flag waved, and not recognizing Ross standing as he was on the ground only a few minutes before occupied by the enemy, evidently mistook the flag as a signal of truce from the Indians. He walked over to the edge of the ravine as if to parley, but Ross was recognized by this time and in a moment the red coats of his men came up from behind the hill riding the ponies they had captured."

"It was now half-past eight o'clock, and the fight had lasted about three and a half hours. The enemy had been driven from the right flank and rear, and the vital position of the field where the horses stood was comparatively safe. The backbone of what was undoubtedly the Indian plan of attack was broken. They had failed to keep us surrounded. With the rear and right flank clear, the enemy was now pretty well in front of us. They must be kept there. Nobly did the men stick to their positions, and continued in the aggressive all the time."

"The cannons and Gatling were belching incessantly, but the trail of one of the seven-pounders shortly gave out; the carriage, rotten with age, fell to pieces and the gun was silenced. A number of "C" Company had come over to the left flank, and fell into the skirmishing line up to this time held by the Queen's Own, Guards, Police, and Garrison Artillery. A' were lying flat on their faces peeping over the side of the hill and across a hollow into the underbrush on the summit of the opposite hill, where the enemy were keeping up a constant fire at a range of from 600 to 750 yards. If one of our men unluckily rose up into view a dozen puffs of smoke would come out of the underbrush and he had to drop again instantly to get under cover, while the bullets would whistle fiercely but harmlessly over. This position was held with little change for an hour and a half. The Indians were constantly playing their old game to draw our fire. Up would go a hat on the muzzle of a rifle, or a blanket would be thrown up, and as our men took aim at the decoys the enemy would fire on their uncovered heads. Our fellows "got on to the dodge" at length, and played similar pranks. The enemy were shooting with remarkable accuracy, and it was believed that many Halfbreeds were among their number."

"At 10 o'clock the guns had about silenced the fire of the enemy directly in front, but they had worked round to the left near the gully, and were beginning to pour in a dangerous flank fire on the skirmishers on the side of the hill. This had to be stopped. Capt. Rutherford directed a shell into the gully. It burst almost over the heads of the Battleford Rifles, who were hotly holding the position they had been ordered to. The shelling of the gully caused them to fall back, but the word was soon sent along that no more shells would be fired there and they resumed their position. Col. Otter ordered Capt. Brown to send the left half of the Queen's Own to occupy a small hill over which the flank fire was coming. The order was passed to Lieut. Brock, who was in charge of the left half. The object was to

drive the Indians farther back, and the Battleford Rifles going up the gully would prevent them again taking cover there. It was a hazardous venture. About 20 men, some of them guards and police, responded to Lieut. Brock's call to charge for the hill. Away they went on a quick run, ducking down to escape the bullets. Brock, revolver in hand, was leading by half a dozen yards. The men in the skirmishing line behind let out a loud cheer as they saw the plucky fellow dashing up the hillside, right into the line of the enemy's bullets over the top. More than half the men dropped flat just as the summit was reached. Brock and the remainder passed right over out of view. A thrill ran through every spectator. The men got over the hill and started down in full view of the Indians a little over a hundred yards away. The men opened fire, Brock with his revolver, but it was useless. The enemy sent up a withering fire, and the men were forced back again over the top of the hill and dropped into cover, five of them having felt the bullets of the enemy. "Honour the wild charge they made." Brave Lieut. Brock and his brave followers, Col. Sergt. Cooper and Privates Vary and Watts of the Queen's Own, and one of the Guards were more or less seriously wounded, and Col. Sergt. McKill's forehead was grazed by a ball. Col. Otter forwarded orders that the hill should be held, and they kept it until the final withdrawal, in order to protect the teams on the way out."

"The Indians were making a great fight of it, and when chased out of one position resumed the fire in another. Their tenacity is perhaps unexampled in Indian fighting. Their losses must have been severe. It looked as if they intended keeping it up all day, and it would have been certain disaster to our force to have been left at nightfall in the position into which we had been entrapped, without the assistance of the guns, one of which was now perfectly useless and the other almost so. The only safety was in a withdrawal, and for this, Col. Otter began to lay his plans. The Scouts, Battleford Rifles, and Capt. Rutherford and his men, with one of the seven pounders, were ordered to proceed through the gully and occupy the high banks on the opposite side, through which the trail ran. The position commanded the whole line of retreat. The order was obeyed in splendid style. In a quarter of an hour they were all in position, the rifles and artillery on a cut bank 40 or 50 feet high, and the scouts on the top of a high sandhill. The trail out of the gully passed right between these positions. The teams were the first to descend through the gully, and the Indians then became aware that our force intended to withdraw. This was shortly after twelve o'clock. At that time the enemy had almost ceased firing, and it is the belief of many who knew the Indians pretty well, that they were just on the point of getting away themselves when they saw us leaving. None of our men left their positions on the field till every wagon and horse had safely passed through the gully. Then came the real danger of the situation. The men had to retire down the long incline leading to the gully always with their faces to the enemy, who were following them up over the ground they had just left. The firing from both parties was hot, and appeared, from the position of the party who were occupying the hills, to protect the retirement, much more deadly than it afterwards turned out to be. But it was a moment of supreme danger. A large body of Indians poured down into the gully a considerable distance up, with the object, no doubt, of coming up with our men as they were crossing the gully, and cutting them off from the teams and the party on the other side. If this could have been done, the chances would have been in favour of the whole brigade being slaughtered. But the foresight of Col. Otter had provided against such a chance. From the gun on the bank Capt. Rutherford sent a couple of shells directly into the horde of mounted redskins who were coming down the hill over the field where our men had fought all day. Numbers of them must have been killed, for when the smoke cleared away again, the Indians were turned right about and going in the opposite direction. The Indians who had got down into the gully further up came on, but the scouts posted on the sand hill kept them in check. After all our men had got down to the bottom land in the gully they were thoroughly covered by the men posted on the bank, and came right through leisurely enough. The Indians had got just as much as they wanted of it, and their losses must have been very heavy. Once out on the open land beyond the gully, the danger was over, at least for the present. It was simply a case of a military force running into a trap, staying there long enough to try every means of forcing it, and this being found impossible, through the collapse of the guns, fighting their way out again. The plan of the retirement was perfect, and it was perfectly executed."

"The whole column immediately took to the waggons and returned to Battleford, arriving at 10 o'clock that night. The Indians did not attempt to follow us up, a certain indication that they had lost heavily in the day's action."

"There would have been a different tale to tell of the result of this day's action if the seven-pounder guns had held out. Before three shots had been fired out of one of them, the gun flew out of the trunnion holes and rolled down the incline. It had to be carried up and placed on the carriage each time till about 15 rounds had been fired, when the trail was smashed and the gun became entirely useless. The second seven-pounder was also badly disabled, having to be roped on to the carriage after every shot. It was with difficulty that the last shots were got off from the embankment to cover the withdrawal. In this way, it would not

have been wise to follow up the decided advantage we had gained in silencing the enemy at the time of the withdrawal. The guns were really our most powerful force in driving the enemy before us.

"Artillerymen will appreciate the difficulties of our gunners in directing the fire. The guns being right on the brow of the hill, and in a line with the enemy's fire, the gunners, therefore, had to do all their work, loading and firing while lying on their backs, and with their guns jumping off at every shot, the difficulties were vastly increased. The guns were run into buffalo wallows, which were plentiful on the hill, and these wallows prevented the recoil from sending the whole carriage backward down the hill."

"On the day following the fight the funeral of the victims took place with military honours. The entire command, besides the local volunteers, turned out. The bodies were interred near the Queen's Own lines, between the fort and the new town, near the graves of Fremont and Smart, who were killed by Indians some time ago. The Rev. Father Bigonnesse, the Roman Catholic priest, and Rev. Mr. Layton, the Episcopal clergyman, officiated, the services at the graves being very impressive and imposing. "C" Company, who acted as the firing party, fired volleys over the graves. The ceremony was witnessed by all the women and children in the town, and there was scarcely a dry eye visible in the large assemblage. The band of the Queen's Own played the 'Dead March' and other funeral airs."

This was the first and only engagement in which Col. Otter's brigade had the pleasure of taking part. The advisability of thus taking out a flying column from Battleford, making a dash at the enemy, and as suddenly returning, has been questioned by many. It is not necessary here, however, to enter into any discussion of the question. Our troops acquitted themselves admirably, and the enemy was shown with what description of force he was now opposed. To our own men the battle was not without its lessons, though perhaps somewhat dearly bought."

At this point we shall leave Colonel Otter and his gallant men at Battleford, making camp life as pleasant as the exigencies of the occasion would permit, and shall proceed to enquire what is being accomplished by General Middleton in the task he set out to perform.

AFTER FISH CREEK.

We left General Middleton and his force just having defeated the rebels at Fish Creek. If fighting all day was hard work, the duties that succeeded that battle necessitated still harder work. It rained all night; the camp was excessively crowded; there were not tents enough to accommodate all the men who had crossed the river to take their share in the combat; and hosts of men either crowded into the already full tents or spent the night lying on the cold, wet ground. The Grenadiers, who had come over and joined the 90th in their assault upon the rebels, came over hurriedly and unprovided with overcoats. The weather was cold and the suffering great. The enemy were supposed to be in close proximity, and at any moment a night attack might have been made. A very heavy picket was posted round the camp, and the mounted patrol all night kept a sharp lookout from every side. When dawn broke scouts were sent out towards the scene of conflict. The first thing to be done was to get possession of the body of Batteryman Demanallo, which had fallen out of sight. Then followed the burial of the dead soldiers. A sad duty. Pioneers were told off to dig the graves. The ambulance carried their dead comrades, who were followed slowly by a long procession. An impressive burial service was read, and the General made a short and telling speech. "He knew," he said, "that his men would help him to avenge the death of those who had died fighting for their country." Their friends inscribed names upon rude memorials and placed at the head of the graves. In the afternoon of the same day came the sad and painful duty of performing operations upon the wounded. Four long tents were pitched on one side of the camp, and these were filled with those who had received wounds the day before. From these the men were brought one by one upon stretchers to the operating tent, where all the chief surgeons were ready with their instruments. The operations were carefully and skilfully performed, and owing to the good constitutions of the men and the wonderful atmosphere of the prairie all admirably succeeded.

On the 1st of May all the wounded were removed to Saskatoon. The cattle which had been seized were slain and flayed and their hides dried, and with them comfortable beds were made for the transportation of the sick men. The skins were stretched to the sides of the boxes of the waggons; over them boughs were bound covered with canvas; pillows of hay were made, and everything that ingenuity and skill could devise was done for the comfort of those who had so severely suffered at the battle of Fish Creek. Drs. Orton and Ralston took charge of the wounded, and an escort of Boulton's scouts accompanied the expedition. At a slow pace they marched over the prairie, not without fears of an attack. Ever and again upon the opposite banks of the river were seen rebel scouts keeping a keen watch upon the slowly moving force. At every few yards were encountered the buffalo runs which sadly jolted the wounded men. On nearing Clarke's Crossing, a large body of men was espied approaching. Whether they were enemies or friends it was impossible to know. A halt was called; the scouts collected; rifles were got ready; but the approaching force was happily discover-



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THE BATTLE OF CUT KNIFE CREEK. [See page 25 and 39.]

(From a sketch by Lieut. R. Lyndhurst Wadmore, "I" Company, Infantry School Corps.)

ed to be a party of friendly Saskatoon farmers, kindly coming out to meet them with spring waggons, fresh straw, and other luxuries for the sick. Clarke's Crossing was reached that night. Tents were pitched, beds were put up, and the wounded removed into these and into a vacant stone house, in order to obtain a comfortable night's rest. Here the scouts left them. Saskatoon was reached on the following day, and the wounded were handed over to the charge of Dr. Douglas, V. C. Nothing could exceed the kindness of the people of Saskatoon. They made mattresses, vacated their best rooms, and gave up everything for the comfort of the wounded soldiers. Here they were able to obtain those little luxuries of diet so necessary for the sick: eggs, milk, butter, rice, bread, tea.

Meanwhile Middleton and his men waited for the arrival of the *Northcoote*. She was bringing with her two companies of the Midland Battalion, commissariat, and other supplies, Capt. Howard and the Gatling gun. The waiting was not a time of idleness; the picket duty was very heavy. They were in the enemy's country and knew not at what moment a surprise might be attempted. At last the *Northcoote* arrived. She was hailed with delight and unloaded as fast as possible. Not the least of the articles she brought was a foot-ball. This was a never-ending source of delight to the troops, and a ludicrous sight it was to see the heavily booted and spurred scouts rushing frantically amongst their red-coated comrades in pursuit of the flying ball. The band of the 90th also added to the gaiety of the camp. Every night it played, and crowds gathered to listen. The weather was fine and the mails were regular. The food, too, was slightly improved. In addition to the eternal tea and hard tack there were now to be obtained bannocks, slap jacks, apple jack, so that on the whole affairs had taken a turn for the better.

The rest of the force had by this time crossed over and joined Middleton's division. The camp was large, and time was spent in throwing up entrenchments, unloading and barricading the *Northcoote*, experimenting with the Gatling, etc.

On the 7th of May the advance was made for Batoche. The march lay through bushy country on the Batoche trail. It was an exciting march. The enemy was supposed to be at hand, and at any moment a volley might have been poured into the advancing columns. On the afternoon of the first day Gabriel's Crossing was reached, and the camp pitched half a mile from Dumont's house. Here again a strong picket was posted, a night attack being expected. On the following day a long detour was made to escape the rifle pits, which it was known had been formed on the trail in the region of Batoche. This brought them within four miles of the village. It was a beautiful country here, and there were seen lovely lakes, poplar in abundance covering an undulating country, and animal and vegetable life was seen on all sides. Here and there a rebel scout was discovered watching them from a distance. The rebels were close, their stronghold was known to be at hand, and everything was made ready. Pouches were filled with cartridges and ammunition was placed ready to hand. Long halts were made while plans were developed, and slowly the column neared Batoche.

It was a strange and solemn sight. The scouts scouring the country in front and flank, followed by the guns and ammunition, then the ambulance, and behind them a long string of waggons stretching far into the rear.

BATOCHÉ.

At four o'clock in the morning the advance was sounded, and the troops advanced on the trail due west towards Batoche in the following order:—

Boulton's Scouts, 75 men.
Gatling gun, commanded by Capt. Howard.
Royal Grenadiers, 262, numbers one and two Companies leading.
90th, of Winnipeg, 275.
Midland Battalion, 116.
"A" Battery, two guns, 95 men.
French's Scouts, as flankers, 30 men.
Hospital and ammunition waggons.

This was the critical time. Here the rebellion was to be stamped out. Here the mettle of our soldiers was to be put to the test, and this was no play work, as we already know. For four days that brave band ventured forth against their foe, and the foe was no despicable one. Hundreds of rifle pits lined and crossed the trail leading to the village. Hundreds of it not disciplined, yet fanatical, Indians had gathered here to make one last stand. For months the enemy had been busily engaged preparing for the assault. The time had come when either Middleton or Riel must gain a decisive victory.

About nine o'clock the first shot was fired. The column halted. The *Northcoote*, which had been ordered to co-operate with the attacking forces, was heard far in the distance attacking and being attacked. Again the column advanced and neared the field of battle. This may be described in detail.

Batoche lay on the bank of the Saskatchewan. Between it and our approaching troops was ground of a very varying character; an open field, *coulees*, ravines, both thickly wooded, undulating country, very heavily covered in some parts with dense underbrush, a few knolls, much sloping ground, with here and there thick woods.

The column, it will be remembered, had left the Clarke's Crossing trail, and had made a long detour in order to escape the rebel rifle

pits. They again met this trail, less than two thousand yards from the spot where it is crossed by the Humboldt trail. At the point of meeting stood a church and school house, of which we shall hear more. Near the point at which they joined the Clarke's Crossing trail were found two small sheds, and of these the enemy had already taken possession. Beyond the trail, to the left of our men, or towards the river, were thickly wooded banks; and nearer Batoche, several *coulees*, all containing rifle-pits, and all furnishing excellent shelter for the enemy. At the commencement of one of these *coulees*, and about a hundred and fifty yards from the church, was found a spring of water—a source of great relief during the next four days. Past the *coulees*, further still to the left, and nearer the village, came a large and open field, affording no cover for an attacking force. The whole ground on all sides, too, was thickly filled with rifle-pits—ranging in size from such as would hold but one or two men, up to those that could accommodate twelve or sixteen. The ground to the right was equally diversified, open spaces alternating with bluffs, with depressions and heights succeeding each other. On the opposite bank of the river came wooded sloping ground, with, behind this, thick woods.

The sheds first mentioned were found to be filled with half-breeds. These were rapidly shelled and the ensconced enemy as quickly scattered, and their shelter was soon a mass of flames. The firing now became very hot, but, without a stop, the advancing forces made their way swiftly over the ground towards the village of Batoche.

On this, the first day of the fighting about this spot, so steady and irresistible was the attack of our men, that the front line, with ease, were able to work their way—not, however, without loss—well past the church, an achievement not again made till the fourth and last day of the attack. Indeed, even the ammunition waggons were able to penetrate to within fifty yards of the church and school-house.

If an opinion may be hazarded accounting for the success of the first day's attack, I should be inclined to trace it to the fact that the majority of the rebels were probably engaged in a fierce attack upon the steamer *Northcoote*. She, as has been remarked, was ordered to co-operate with the attacking force, but being discovered before that force had reached its anticipated destination, she drew upon herself the concentrated fire of the rebels surrounding Batoche. The severe attack upon her, however, was not destined to last long, and, at the first sound of Middleton's guns, the enemy scampered back to their rifle pits to be ready to oppose the newly arrived and now quickly oncoming troops.

The attack was commenced by the Gatling and the batteries. The first sheds were shelled and quickly emptied of the rebels. The houses then took fire from the shells and burned. The whole force now advanced in the direction of the village, till the Gatling came to within a hundred yards of the church. Some priests opened the door and waved a handkerchief. Fifty rounds were poured into the school-house at a high elevation. No response was made. General Middleton rode up and found five priests and six men ensconced in the church for safety against the Indians. The Quebec Battery was ordered up and commenced shelling the houses on both sides of the river. Women and children first, and the men afterwards, were seen running away. Suddenly a band of rebels rose from the ravine in our very faces and opened fire. The guns and the Gatling were ordered to the rear. But Howard, the American who was handling it, gallantly held fast, pouring in shots and saving many lives, perhaps the guns as well. In the meantime Companies 1 and 2 of the Grenadiers advanced into the bush in the rear of the school-house and on the right centre, where we first felt the fire from the rebels pits. Numerous efforts were made to turn our left flank by the rebels in the bush underneath the high river bank, and on the slope and by those across the stream. All were foiled by the Gatling, which did splendid work. The Martini-Henry sharpshooters of the 90th, and some dismounted men of A Battery lay down and fired over the crest of the ridge. The Winnipeg Field Battery was drawn up in the rear of our right, and the 90th deployed to protect the right centre, which was threatened, and to support the left and left centre, where the heaviest firing occurred. The Gatling, having silenced the fire on the left of the ravine, was brought to the rear of the left centre, but fired only a little. We were soon surrounded by fires, and our skirmishers had to retreat slightly. The wounded had been placed in the church, but as it was in good range and the fire seemed threatening them, they were removed further to the rear, as were ammunition waggons, over which bullets constantly whistled. About noon, there was heavy firing from our left flank and on the rear of the right flank, while the fire was constant on the left centre and the centre, which created the idea that we were being surrounded. But the Winnipeg Battery put four shells to the front with good effect, while the attack on the right was repelled, if seriously intended. On our left flank, the rebels took advantage of another ravine and fired up it so hotly that the scouts and a detachment of A Battery had to retire, leaving behind them one killed and two wounded. (The fire slackened until two o'clock, when half the Midland Battalion went into the ravine last mentioned, with a stretcher in charge of Dr. Codd, of Winnipeg, to drag off Phillips' body. The firing was very hot, but no one was hit.)

Capt. French also bravely rescued Cook, one of his men, who had been wounded and left behind. Another unsuccessful attempt by the Midland Battalion to clear the *coulee* closed the day's fighting. The casualties were as follows:

Killed—Gunner Wm. Phillips, "A" Battery.
Wounded—Gunner T. J. Stout, "A" Battery, ribs smashed by the wheels of a gun carriage; Driver Nap. Charpentier, "A" Battery, shot in the leg; Gunner Twohey, "A" Battery, shot in the leg; Capt. Mason, Grenadiers, flesh wound in the side; Gunner Fairbanks, "A" Battery, shot in the thigh; Cook, French's scout, shot in the leg; Curley Allen, of the same corps, shot in the arm.

That night, in the corral, was one to be long remembered. The corral was a large one. All the troops, of course, withdrew into it for the night. All round the edges were placed the waggons, the guns facing the enemy, with here and there a little earth thrown up, as a slight protection against the bullets. To the rear was a small pond—the only water they had to drink, and over this was placed a guard. Near this, too, was pitched the tent, to accommodate the poor fellows who had been shot down during the day's encounter. Not a light was allowed. Even the solitary candle which dimly glimmered in the hospital tent, shedding its fitful light on the pale and ghastly faces of the suffering wounded men, was carefully shaded, that not a single mark might exist for the ever watchful rebels. Even the General in command retired that night in a darkened tent. No one knew how close the enemy might not be; no one knew whether or not that enemy, covered by the stillness and darkness of the prairie night, might not stealthily surround this small band; no one knew whether he would see the next day's sun. The foe was in force, and they were determined. They had fought well all that day, undaunted by the shells and only temporarily cowed by the Gatling. The slow and orderly retreat of our men, covered though it was skilfully and well by the fearless ranks of skirmishers, was closely followed with exulting and yelling Indians. Till far into the night bullets fell thickly in the very corral itself. Who might next be hit,—whether one's self or one's comrade,—was a matter for fate. An uneasy feeling prevailed. Every now and again, crash would come a ball against the protecting waggon. Whether the next would fly with a truer aim only Providence could tell. Some, before lying down to snatch such sleep as they could, wrote a few last words to those at home, who perchance dreamed little of the wondrous surroundings of those at the front. And wondrous, indeed, those surroundings were. No moon lit up the sleeping host. The dark and leafless branches of the neighbouring trees gave no sign of protection. Behind them might there not lurk the bloodthirsty and relentless rebel? The silence, which fell like some ominous spectre enshrouding the small army with no sheltering wing, was broken here and there by the sharp and startling challenges of the wakeful sentry. Soon, however, sleep came to the tired warriors. They had fought hard. Since four that morning they had been on the alert. No luxurious food had nourished their weary frames. No comfortable meal had warmed them at the close of the long and arduous day. A few biscuits, perhaps, and a draught of water from the solitary pond was all that could be obtained. No cheerful fire by which to sit and talk of the dangers and hardships of the day was allowed. Even the comforting pipe was lighted with caution or altogether forgone. What was most to be feared was a sudden night attack. In the corral were a large number of cattle which had been brought from Fish Creek, in addition to all the team and troop horses. A stampede amongst these would have been terrific. We know from the accounts of that sad battle of Tamai, in Egypt, how fearful are the effects of stampeding animals about a camp. Had the rebels known their power and our weakness, it is a question whether they would not have attempted a rush through the outlying pickets into the corral. What the results of such an on-rush would have been it is difficult to surmise; that it would have been disastrous is probable.

Perhaps the most onerous duty to be performed on that strange night was that of the pickets.

On Sunday morning the men stood to their arms at four o'clock, stiff and sore from the fatigues of the previous day, want of sleep and cold. Scouts were ordered out to feel the position of the enemy. This accomplished, the artillery advanced and opened fire on the ravines where the fighting was done on Saturday. The rebels were slow in answering our fire, and the guns succeeded in demolishing a number of huts along the river. No sooner, however, had the troops formed up for a dash on the houses behind the bluffs than the enemy's fire grew so hot that our men were obliged to fall back again. No further attempt at a general advance was made during the day. The remainder of the time was taken up in alternate cannonading and skirmishing—the latter only serving to show the determination of the enemy to stubbornly contest the slightest advance. At six in the evening the rebels had ceased to reply to our artillery fire. As the shadows lengthened the dead of the previous day's fight were consigned to their last resting place.

We have before this mentioned the impressive church services held now and again during the progress of the campaign. Perhaps the most impressive of these was the funeral service, conducted by the Rev. C. Gordon, on that Sunday evening, the second day of Batoche. It is doubtful if ever in the history of war this service has been paralleled. It may almost be said to have been conducted under fire. It was listened to by men who had but a few minutes since been in the thick of battle. An attack was, during its whole course, being carried on within a few yards of the reader and his hearers. Every moment this attack and defence was becoming hotter, and only with difficulty were the men drawn up before the preacher pre-

vented from rushing off to join their fellows in the field. The case stood thus: Towards the close of evening, some of the troops were in the corral, the remainder retiring for the night from the scene of conflict. The men in the corral were called together to hear divine service. But as usually happened towards the time of sun-set, the rebels, seeing the disadvantages under which our men suffered by the adverse rays of light, made it their custom to renew the attack with fury. This they did on this eventful evening at the very moment when quietly in the corral was going on that solemn prayer and praise. Volley followed volley. The noise of the Sniders and of the repeaters and fowling-pieces increased every moment. Whether our men were being hard pressed or whether they were driving the Indians before them, those in the camp could not tell, and an invincible desire seized them to join in the fray. Seeing this the officiating chaplain brought the service to a close, and his listeners sallied forth to take their places at the side of their fighting comrades.

Monday followed with the same wearisome tactics that characterized Sunday; no advantage seemed to be gained, except that the 90th forced their advance as far as the church, and the Midland, under Colonel Williams, advanced far enough along the river bank on the left to allow two guns of the Winnipeg Battery to throw a few shells into Batoche, a mile or so distant. Again the men lay down, and fought, being peppered at all the while, and presenting an open target for the rebels. The coolness and indifference of our men was most praiseworthy. Their self-restraint, under the unerring fire of the enemy, is the surest evidence of the truest discipline in the men. Their one desire was to charge, and the word to charge would not come, so they did their duty as it was given them to do, but with a mental resentment at being made a target for bullets with no means of retaliation. Perhaps it was as well, for their passive submission to the state of affairs goaded the men into fierceness, and when the moment came each man was possessed with the ferocity of rage and revenge.

We come now to the famous and already historical charge—Tuesday's dash that won Batoche and crushed the enemy. Unfortunately, about this decisive manœuvre of the fourth day, it is extremely difficult to obtain such positive, detailed and accurate information as one could wish. Each person consulted—and pains have been taken to consult many men of different regiments and ranks, and men widely separated from each other in the line of advance—each person consulted has been able, to a great extent, to give only a partial and incomplete story of the movement. He has seen only that part that lay within the range of his own experience, and knows only indistinctly of what was done beyond. And this is to be expected. The distance traversed was long; the line far extended; the ground variable. Here was a steep bank that shut out of view all beyond it. There was a series of *coulees* and bluffs which completely obscured all who neared them. Every man, too, had quite enough to do in looking straight before him; so that it is natural to expect that a succinct and panoramic account of the whole charge is a thing not easy to obtain.

It is natural, also, to expect that much difference of opinion should exist as to the parts played by the different corps engaged. That controversy has raged on this point is a fact not to be ignored. Some have extolled one commander or one regiment, others another. Some maintain that such and such a corps bore the brunt of the fight, others think this enviable post must be assigned to quite a different one. But what to us is of most importance is to know that all who were engaged fulfilled to the utmost all that was expected of them—nay, fulfilled much more. The relative positions of the men were obtained by them purely by chance, and if certain companies found before them a greater number of rifle pits, or encountered a more obstinate resistance than others, the fact is not to be chosen as a peg upon which to hang either excessive laudation of their own bravery or disparaging comments on that of their less favoured comrades.

Let us here try to gain a clear idea of the respective positions held by the different corps engaged in the charge?

Before detailing this, however, let us regard for a moment the feelings of the men who had, for three days, sat down before Batoche.

That they were in high spirits could hardly be asserted of them. No lasting impression had been made upon the enemy. Each day brought the same routine of duties: rising at dawn, some to intrench the camp, some to engage in useless, and seemingly resultless, attacks upon the rifle-pits. Each morning a line of skirmishers advanced without the corral and fired unceasingly at the rebels. Each night they returned, sometimes hotly followed by the foe, to the cheerless, and by no means impregnable, zariba. The same ground was gone over day after day; the same rebels, in the same rifle-pits, were pelted at for hours, and no appreciable advantage was gained. To-day the church and school-house were captured; to-morrow they were lost. It was truly disheartening work. Each day, too, men fell and were carried away to the hospital tent, and there seemed no way of avenging them. And the nights were as unsatisfactory as the days. From sunset to sunrise out there in the pitch darkness, with no sound to relieve the weird silence, stood the picket. A responsible post was this. Alone, or almost alone, vigilantly to and fro marched the sentry. At any moment might there not rush forward the whole rebel force? At any moment might there not rise on the still night air that horrible Indian yell? What hindered a sudden night attack? A responsible:

post was this. The whole camp trusted these night watchers, and well did they perform their duty.

It is difficult for us, dwelling quietly within our own safe protecting four walls, to picture to ourselves that little band of men clustered together on that lonely prairie, a thousand miles from home; above them the open, unprotected sky, round them a few waggons and a little earth, and beyond that a host of treacherous savages. Truly depressing surroundings. And worst of all, these savages could not be got at. All day they lay in their pits, or sneaked from shelter to shelter, firing upon our brave men; and yet, beyond returning their fire, nothing could be done.

All this the General saw, and determined to put an end to. More than once his officers had begged leave to be allowed to lead their men into a hand-to-hand combat with the enemy, and now he acceded to their request. Inaction shall cease. A charge shall be made.

On the Monday, therefore, a reconnaissance in force was made towards the right of our line, and here it was determined, on the following day to make a feigned attack, in order that the enemy's attention might be diverted from the main body of our troops. Everything then was ready. The ground was known, the enemy's position, the lay of the rifle-pits, their strong and weak points, the key to the position—all had been thought of, and nothing remained but to take Batoche at the point of the bayonet.

Tuesday came—breakfast was later to-day. Something was about to happen. This the men surmised, and anxiously they awaited orders. About nine o'clock the General left the camp, taking with him the Intelligence Corps, under Captain Dennis, a gun from "A" Battery, and the Gatling. He proceeded along the open plateau to the extreme right of our position and facing the left wing of the enemy. His intentions were to engage the enemy hotly, diverting their attention, and prepare the way for Col. Van Straubenzie to attack in force straight before him. The troops were drawn up. In front the Grenadiers, two deep, to their left the Midland Battalion supporting them, with the 90th Rifles in reserve. All were on the *qui vive*. Unfortunately, however, the wind blew from the left, and scarce anything could be heard of the General's projected feat. Hence, nothing was done, and shortly before dinner time back came the General. Matters were explained, and after consultation it was determined that, at all events, something decisive should be done that afternoon. So the men were not to be disappointed after all. With glee for once they partook of their regular hard tack, corned beef and tea, for was not there going to be some hot work before them? The fun of the whole campaign was at hand. They were to have it out with the rebels.

Within an hour of the return of the General came a welcome order. The troops were to advance silently as far as practicable, without attempting to regain shelter. On the left defending the rising bank of the Saskatchewan were the two half companies of the Midland Battalion under Col. Williams. Touching their right came Capt. Harstone, with his Company of the 10th. Next to these, in two long lines, the rest of the Grenadiers. Beyond them, Boulton's Scouts, French's Scouts, and Dennis' Scouts. A long line and a terrible one. This the enemy discovered before the day was over.

Everything was ready. Then comes the order: "Fix bayonets! Charge! Hurrah!" And they charged and hurrahed. What a cheer! What a charge! Down they rushed, helter-skelter, pell-mell, straight before them, plunging into rifle-pits, firing, bayoneting as they went, without a stop, and they cheered and cheered, and the 90th rushed out after them, determined not to miss a particle of the fun, and the Midlander's wheeled along by the river bank, and the scouts came pouring over by the left, and still there in the centre was that long line of red coated Grenadiers, firing, cheering, bayoneting, carrying everything before them, nothing stopping them, past the church, past the school-house, past the graveyard, down and up, on, on to Batoche. Ah! what a charge! Panting, hurrahing, stopping here a moment to get rid of that concentrated fire, rushing on again, throwing off a coat to get on faster, clearing out pits by the dozen, knocking over Indians; past the bluffs, past the rising ground, past the open field, on, on to Batoche. Ah! what a charge! It is not over yet though. What a noise, too. There was the deep roar of the guns; here was the rattle of the Gatling, a cheering sound, a beautiful sound. Keep it up, Howard. All over was the din of the rifle; and the cheers from one end of the line to the other, and the yells from the rebels, from one end of the line to the other. "Hard work," do you say? Yes, hard work. Not play work. Far from it. Not done without loss too. Those rebels fought well. They stuck to their pits to the last. They kept up heavy firing, and sometimes the firing was from three sides at once; from the pits in front, from the pits left behind, from across the river. The wonder is our men were not decimated. As it was we lost too many. Captain Fitch, one of the best and bravest of the Grenadier officers, was shot through the heart as he led courageously his men. Captain French, at the head of his scouts, was shot down as he cheered. Captain Brown, of Boulton's Scouts, was shot dead. Private Barton was twice hit before he gave in. Yes, the loss was heavy, and the rebels obstinate.

"The enemy still contested the ground," writes a graphic describer, "firing as they retired, and many a poor fellow bit the ground. The red cross men were now to be seen here,

there, and everywhere. Amid all the din, the noise, and cheering, a poor fellow could be heard now and again calling for a stretcher. The open space, the ploughed field, and then Batoche, and now the work was come that was to be the hottest of the fight. Down came the 90th, squeezing up against the Grenadiers, and soon all became mixed. The Surveyor's Corps, too, from the right, came swinging round towards the houses, and they, too, joined in the mixing. It mattered not, for there was but one command, "Double!" On, down across the open they went. A storm of bullets crossed the open, but they came too late. Nothing could stop the force of the rush. The Grenadiers suffered here terribly, but the rush went on all the same. The rebels, from the houses to the front, poured a raking fire into the advancing line, and first one and then another kept dropping ere the ploughed field was reached. In front of the houses were long trenches running parallel to our line of attack. From these, also, the firing came hot and furious, and with the bitterness of disappointed men knowing that they were being beaten. The ploughed field was reached at last, and on past it the rush continued. The first house to come over was the little one on the bank. Helter skelter went the inmates from the back portion of the house. The end had come. Our men knew it and felt it, and flushed with victory they pushed ahead and jumped upon the rebels in the very trenches before the houses. They had passed the log stable in front of the prison house, on past it with such a rush that a handful of rebels had escaped notice, and so it was Lieut. Garden, of the Surveyors' Corps, got his nasty arm wound. Over the heads of the rebels, who lay in the trenches, on into the prison house, and with a deafening cheer the men pulled up the prisoners from the poisoned atmosphere of their dark and slimy cellar. The fight, though, still went on. Private Eager, of the Grenadiers, coming out, was shot from the trenches, which our men rushed by, to enter the store and release the prisoners. The charge continued on past the houses, and on towards the rebel camp. In the meanwhile Batoche's house had been taken, poor French receiving his death wound at the upper window of a house he had just entered. There was nothing now left of the line. Every man dashed along, and plunged ahead in a sort of 'go-as-you-please style,' except that he went at fever heat. Men from the extreme right got mixed up with men from the extreme left, and men took orders from the officers nearest them regardless of what regiment he belonged to. On past the line of houses dashed portions of the regiments determined to be in at the brush. On up to Riel's council house, where Captain Young secured important papers. The Grenadiers in the meanwhile, led on by Grasset, and the Midland on the slope and water's edge, charged and cleared the pits in front of the halfbreed and Indian camp."

Listen to another writer:—"The rebels stuck to their rifle-pits with great tenacity and several of them were run through with the bayonet while taking aim. One Indian, whose face presented a horrible picture from the hideous war paint, discharged his rifle without success against a captain, and, although the bayonets were close upon him, opened the breech block to insert another cartridge, when he received his *quintus* at the hands of a stalwart Grenadier, who ran his bayonet through the Indian with such force that the savage was lifted from his feet and carried over the edge of his pit at the point of the rifle. But very few shots were fired by our men during the dash down the slope, but every one told, and rebels were seen tumbling over like ninepins among the brushwood. In the bluffs, a short distance across the open from the bottom of the slope, a large number of the rebels gathered and for some minutes held in check the troops. While lying close and cautiously returning the rebel fire, the noise of galloping horses was heard, and the Gatling, under Lieutenant Rivers, rushed down the trail over the slope with fire-engine speed. It was soon unlimbered, and Captain Howard was soon peppering the bluffs in front. No. 2 gun, 'C' Battery, under Lieutenant Ogilvie, and the two guns of the Winnipeg Field Battery, under Major Jarvis and Captain Coutlee, had also been brought up by Lieutenant-Colonel Montzambert, commandant of the Artillery Brigade, and soon announced their presence by firing time-fuse shrapnel into the bluffs. This soon reduced the galling fire to which our troops had been exposed, and with the arrival of their gallant black-coated comrades of the 90th Rifles, the line was ready for the final dash for death or glory. The men were as steady as rocks. The rebels were scattered in all directions, but puffs of smoke from the bush and the whiz of bullets overhead, showed that they had retired, not retreated, and were bound on contesting every bluff.

"As the bluff on which it was playing was occupied by our men, the Gatling was ordered to the plateau in the rear whence the nine-pounders were shelling the bluffs and did good work in confusing the fugitives as they ran from bluff to bluff.

"As the red coats advanced up to the 90th a series of cheers on the extreme right showed that Boulton's Horse had come into action there. The troopers dismounted and, leaving their horses in charge of the numbers four, extended in skirmishing order, over-lapping the line of the rifle pits on the upper trail, along which the reconnaissances had met opposition. Really these pits formed the front of the rebel position, as they had expected us to proceed by the upper trail which they commanded. They were dug at the verge of a continuous brush extending parallel to the river and about a mile from it. The trail ran about a couple of hun-

dred yards from the pits in a wide opening, offering no cover, and had our advance on Batoche proceeded by this trail, a much harder task must have been experienced, as the rifle-pits made an almost continuous line a mile long completely covering Batoche from the east. Major Boulton's men advanced on these extensive entrenchments by their left flank, and found that the rebels had but very little advantage from their month's labour, as the pits were protected only from the front. There were a large number of rebels in the pits; but on the impetuous rush of Boulton's men they skeddaddled with the same celerity as their comrades in the plain, firing as they retired.

"To reach Batoche a large ploughed field without any shelter had to be crossed from the last bluff, and it was here that most of our casualties occurred. Hundreds of rebel marksmen held the houses and poured in a deadly hail on the advancing troops until dislodged by the artillery, who planted several shrapnel with percussion fuses into the roofs. This soon emptied the houses, and the rebels scattered in all directions. The men advanced with a rush, and so impetuous was it that the men of the different corps got mixed up, and the men who first entered the houses represented all of the corps engaged. Riel's prisoners were the first thought of by everyone, and great was the delight, when in the cellar of the first house, were heard the welcome voices of the prisoners announcing their presence. All prisoners were found in the different cellars, and a hearty cheer was sent along the line as the result was announced. The troops now felt that they were at last victorious, and advanced with even more impetuosity than before. Nothing could withstand them. The rebel camp on the bank of the river was found deserted by all but weeping women and children as the troops rushed through in chase of the rebels, and the whole line advanced a mile past the village before coming to a halt, further than necessary to fire a few shots as the rebels contested their advance. The Gatling and one nine-pounder of the Winnipeg Battery were then advanced and succeeded, in silencing the rebel riflemen before the victorious infantry and dismounted cavalry were withdrawn to the village to bivouac for the night.

"The pluck of the troops throughout was unexcelled. Nothing could stop them when once their enthusiasm was aroused, and none shirked their duty. The General appeared all over the field, encouraging the men where the bullets flew the fastest, and giving seasonable advice to some of the junior officers. When the General, at the close of the fight, briefly addressed the force, and describing himself as the proudest man in the world, praised the men for their gallantry and steadiness, the cheers which were given in response were rather a recognition of the General's unswerving pluck than an acknowledgment of the compliment."

So the day was won. Batoche was ours. The stronghold of the rebels had fallen. The prisoners were released. Let us not here mar the delight we feel in so glorious a victory by any saddening accounts of the details that must follow all victories won by wounds and death.

Many may ask, why was the deciding charge delayed so long? Why, in fact, was not this form of attack adopted at the very outset? Could the General in command not have known that a dash by disciplined troops was irresistible? That all that was required was an order to charge, and the pits would have been ours? Yes, no doubt he did. But it is not for the uninformed and theoretical critic to pass a hasty opinion upon a subject upon which it is impossible to know all the details. His troops Gen. Middleton apparently was determined to preserve as much as possible from all avoidable risks. They were volunteers, not regulars. Every loss was a loss that was felt. The victory gained by the least bloodshed would be the victory most highly prized. A charge over ground such as lay between our force and the village of Batoche was no ordinary charge. What would be the results of traversing this space, filled as it was with rifle-pits, it was not easy to foretell. Many of the enemy were known to have been around with repeating rifles, and what destruction these were capable of inflicting was a painful thought. The nature of the ground, too, which lay between and around the opposing forces, was not learned without much careful investigation. These, amongst many other things, we must consider before venturing any assertions as to the advantages of a charge earlier in the history of the four days' attack on Batoche. That that charge was splendidly executed, executed as the General himself officially wrote, "with a cheer and a dash worthy the soldiers of any army," and that it achieved all, and more than all that was, perhaps, hoped or imagined, we now all know. But we must not on that account be blind to the many and intricate questions that were to be answered before the final bugle call could be given.

General Middleton's official reports of the engagement at Batoche should be read in full:

"BATOCHÉ'S HOUSE, May 12th,
"Via Clarke's Crossing.

"Hon. A. P. Caron, Ottawa:

"Have just made a general attack and carried the whole settlement. The men behaved splendidly. The rebels are in full flight. Am sorry to say I have not got Riel. While I was reconnoitering this morning, Wm. Ashley, one of the prisoners, galloped with a flag of truce, and handed me a letter from Riel, saying:

"If you massacre our families I shall massacre the prisoners."

"I sent answer that if he would put his women and children in one place, and let me know where it was, not a shot should be fired on them. I then returned to camp and pushed on my advance parties, who were

heavily fired on. I so pressed on until I saw my chance and ordered a general advance. The men responded nobly, splendidly led by their officers, and Col. Straubenzie drove the enemy out of the rifle-pits. After taking the rifle-pits they forced their way across the plain and seized the houses, and we are now masters of the place, and most of my force will bivouac there. Right in the heat of the action, Mr. Ashley came back with another missive from Riel, as follows:

"General, your prompt answer to my note shows that I was right in mentioning to you the cause of humanity. We will gather our families in one place, and as soon as it is done we will let you know.

"I have, etc.,

"(Signed), LOUIS DAVID RIEL."

"On the envelope he had written as follows: 'I do not like war, and if you do not retreat, and refuse an interview, the question remains the same concerning the prisoners.' Our loss, I am afraid, is heavy, but not so heavy as might be expected; yet, I find it is five killed and ten wounded. The killed are Captain French, commanding the scouts; Lieut. Fitch, 10th Grenadiers; Captain Brown, Boulton's scouts; A. W. Kippen, surveyors' scouts; Private Wheeler, 90th Battalion.

"Wounded—Lieutenant Gordon, Surveyors' scouts; Lieut. Laidlaw, 10th; Major Dawson, 10th, slightly; Sergeant-Major Watson, 90th, slight in ankle; Sergeant Jakes, 90th, in hand; Private Young, 90th, flesh wound in thigh; Private W. Cook, 10th, shot in arm; Bugler M. Gaughan, 10th, in finger; Private C. Barber, slight wound in head; Private J. W. Quigley, flesh wound in arm; Private J. Marshall, 10th, flesh wound in calf; Private W. Wilson, 10th, slight, across the back; Private Barton, Midland, thigh and groin, seriously; Corporal Hallwell, Midland, face and arm, slight; Lieut. Helliwell, Midland, in shoulder. This is all I know of at present. The prisoners were all released, and they are safe in my camp. Among them is Jackson, the white man who was Riel's secretary, but who is mad and rather dangerous.

"(Signed), FRED. MIDDLETON,

"Major-General."

"FROM BATOCHÉ, N. W. T., May 13.

"To Hon. A. P. Caron:

"Since my last evening despatch to you I have ascertained some particulars of our victory, which was most complete. I have myself counted twelve half-breeds on the field, and we have four wounded half-breeds in hospital and two Sioux. Among the wounded half-breeds is one Ambrose Joubin, a councillor, and Joseph Delorme. As far as I can ascertain Riel and Gabriel Dumont left as soon as they saw us getting well in, but cannot ascertain for certain which side of the river he is, but think he must be this side. The extraordinary skill displayed in making the rifle pits at the exact proper points, and the number of them, is very remarkable, and had we advanced rashly or heedlessly, I believe we might have been destroyed.

"As I told you, I reconnoitered to my right front with all my mounted men yesterday morning, with a view to the withdrawal of as many of their men from my left attack, which was the key of the position, and on my return to camp forced on my left, and then advanced the whole line with a cheer and a dash worthy of the soldiers of any army. The effect was remarkable. The enemy in front of our left was forced back from pit to pit, and those in the strongest pits facing east, found them turned, and our men behind them then commenced *save qui peut*, and they fled, leaving blankets, coats, hats, boots, trousers, and even guns, in their pits. The conduct of the troops was beyond praise, the Midland and the Tenth regiments vieing with each other, well supported by the Ninetieth, and flanked by the mounted portion of the troops. The artillery and Gatling also assisted in the attack with good effect. When all behaved so well it might appear invidious to mention particular names, still there are always some who, by good luck, are brought prominently before the eye of the commanding officer, and these names I shall submit to you later on.

"My staff gave me every assistance, and were most energetic and zealous. The medical arrangement, under Brigade-Surgeon Orton, was, as usual, most excellent, and efficiently carried out.

"I have to regret the death of three officers, as well as two soldiers, but they died nobly and well. I found no want of ammunition or food among the enemy, in spite of what has been said to the contrary, and we found large quantities of powder and shot.

"Nearly the whole of the rebel's families were left, and are encamped close to the river bank. They were terribly frightened, but I have reassured them and protected them.

"There is a report that Gabriel Dumont is killed, but I do not believe it, though it is likely he is wounded. One of the killed has been recognized as Donald Ross, one of the council.

"Yesterday evening, just as the action was finished, the *Northcote* and *Marquis* steamers arrived up, the latter having twenty-five policemen on board. It appears that the *Northcote* had a hard time of it, as the rebels fired at it very heavily, and, though it was well fortified, the rebels managed to wound two men slightly.

"The *Northcote* got on a shoal for a short time, but managed to keep the enemy off, and to get off themselves. Finding that, owing to the barges alongside, they could not go up stream again, they decided to run down to the Hudson Bay crossing to get rid of them, and return.

"At the crossing they found the other steamer, and came up together.

"This morning I sent out a letter addressed to Riel, as follows:



THE STEAMER "NORTHCOTE" RUNNING THE GAUNTLET AT BATOCHÉ, MAY 8TH, 1885. [See page 39.]



CAPTURE OF LOUIS RIEL BY THE SCOUTS ARMSTRONG AND HOWIE, MAY 15TH, 1885. [See page 39.]



BIG BEAR SURRENDERING TO THE MOUNTED POLICE ON AN ISLAND IN THE SASKATCHEWAN. [See page 39.]



CHURCH PARADE AT FORT PITT, SUNDAY MORNING, JUNE 2ND, 1885. [See page 39.]

(From a sketch by Corporal E. C. Currie, No. 4 Company, 10th Battalion Royal Grenadiers.)

"BATOCHÉ, May 13.

"Mr. RIEL.—I am ready to receive you and your council, and to protect you until your case has been decided upon by the Dominion Government.

"(Signed), FRED. MIDDLETON,
"Major-General,
"Commanding North-West Forces."

"I cannot, of course, be plain, but I am inclined to think the complete smash of the rebels will have pretty well broken the back of the rebellion. At any rate it will, I trust, have dispelled the idea that the half-breeds and Indians can withstand the attack of the resolute whites, properly led, and will tend to remove the unaccountable scare that seems to have entered into the minds of so many in the North-West as regards the prowess and powers of fighting of the Indians and half-breeds. There is no sign of the enemy on either side of the river for miles.

"(Signed), FRED. MIDDLETON."

THE "NORTHCOTE."

Meanwhile the *Northcote* is passing through an exciting ordeal. Let an eye witness tell the story of the onslaught made upon her. The following was telegraphed to the *Toronto Globe*:

"ON BOARD THE STEAMER "NORTHCOTE,"
"Four miles below Batoché, May 9, 4 p.m.,
"Via Humboldt, N.W.T., May 13.

"According to General Middleton's preconceived plan, the steamer *Northcote*, with two heavy laden barges, left Gabriel's at 6 a.m., and after anchoring a short time, so as not to anticipate the arranged time of arrival at Riel's headquarter, reached within one and one-half miles of her destination, where she was to remain until the bombardment of the rebels' stronghold by Middleton was heard, he starting at daybreak from the camping ground reached on the previous day, nine miles east of the place. The rebels, however, materially interfered with the carrying out of the plans, by opening fire on the steamer at ten minutes past eight, just after she had got under headway, the first bullet passing through the pilot house. The rebel spies had watched the steamer the previous night on the opposite bank from Gabriel's, and the sentry could hear them talking and shouting. This first shot was evidently a signal to the rebels of the boat's approach, and as she rounded the bend a moment later, she was raked fore and aft with a storm of bullets coming from either bank. From almost every bush rose puffs of smoke, and from every house and tree top on the banks came bullets. The fire was steadily returned by the troops on board, and notwithstanding the rebels being protected by bush and timber, apparently some injury was inflicted upon them. Volley after volley was fired, and several of the lurking enemy were seen to drop headlong down the sloping banks. So the fight went on fierce and hot. As we approached Batoché's the pretty little church of St. Antoine de Padua lifted its cross-crowned steeple high above the other buildings on the eastern bank, and stood in its holy mission of peace, in terrible contrast to the horrible spectacle which met the gaze on the opposite bank. A man, presumably one of the prisoners, was dangling by the neck from a branch of an almost limbless tree, the victim of rebel rage and vindictiveness. Near at hand were the rebels, who also lined both banks for a couple of miles, or running swiftly, they kept pace with our progress and were concentrated in strong force. Several mounted men, evidently leaders, were directing their movements. A few volleys quickly dispersed them to their hiding places, where they fought in the customary bush fight manner. They completely riddled the steamer with bullets, but it being strongly bulwarked on the boiler deck, where the soldiers were standing, our casualties consequently were very light. Just above Batoché the rapids commence, and a boulder, covered by a sand bar, jets out into the stream, leaving a narrow channel immediately on the western side, the head of which is at a sharp bend, to round which the boat had to run her nozzle almost on the bank. It was here that the fire became terribly hot from a favourably located ravine directly in our front, in which the rebels were hidden. The rapids were passed safely, notwithstanding the pilot was totally unacquainted with the river, and the heavily laden barges handicapped him in the handling of the steamer. Fortunately there was no wind to render the duties of the crew still more arduous in controlling the boat's movement. In a few moments the Crossing was reached, and in passing it the ferry cable caught the smoke-stack, which came crashing down on the hurricane deck, tearing with it the spars and mast. Our misfortune elicited loud cheers from the Metis, mingled with the fiendish war whoops of the Indians. The cable, which is strung from the upper banks, was lowered just as we approached it, the intention of the rebels being to corral the steamer, and in the confusion naturally expected to ensue to capture the boat, and massacre its human freight. Very fortunately this scheme failed, but only by the merest chance, for had the cable caught in the pilot house, which it barely missed, the wheelsman, exposed to the enemy's fire, would have been shot down, and the steamer rendered utterly helpless. It was successful, however, in cutting off our communicating with Gen. Middleton by the code of whistling signals previously arranged, the whistle being carried away with the pipes. Just then the steamer, to avoid two large boulders directly in its course, was allowed to turn around, and floated down stream stern foremost for a while. One barge barely grazed the bank, and the boat could have been boarded by the rebels were it not for the steady volley that our men poured at them.

A withering fire was still maintained from the rifle-pits, which the enemy had dug at different places, and this was formally and continuously returned until nine o'clock, when the rebels' firing was silenced, save a stray shot or two. We had run the gauntlet of their fire for five miles. Many of the enemy's bullets fell short of their mark when we were in midstream, shot guns with common ball being mainly their weapons, although they were not without Winchester and Snider Enfields. So fast and furious the leaden hail poured in that it was evident the whole rebel force had gathered here to make a determined stand. As some of the red coats were seen coming up in skirmishing order in the distance, our small force gave three lusty cheers. This was the only glimpse we had of the troops. Dropping below the batteries nearly three miles, anchor was cast in midstream, but the steamer, almost unnoticeably, drifted for another mile before the anchor firmly caught. The work of repairing the damage commenced, and in a short time the smoke-stacks, which were reduced in length, were re-erected. But scarcely was this accomplished before hostilities disturbed the workmen behind the barricade. Boxes forming part of the barricade, which had been displaced by the crushing weight of the falling pipes, were put in position, and the bulwarks were made even stronger than before. Afterwards the whistle was repaired, a dangerous task, which two men could only be induced to undertake on promise of a liberal reward of fifty dollars each. The men were driven from this also. Signals to Middleton, which had been interrupted altogether since passing Batoché, were resumed; but although we could distinctly hear the sound of the cannonading, no answer to our shrill whistle had been yet given. The scouts evidently could not reach us, owing to the ambushed rebels secreted in the bluffs between us and headquarters. Bedson, Smith and Wise had a consultation, and decided to return up river, but the Captain peremptorily refused to do so, claiming that not only was it certain death to the pilots, but contrary to written orders by the General. Private Eddles, of E Company of the 90th, who has had some experience in steamboating, volunteered to pilot the steamer up; but after another consultation, it was decided not advisable, in the circumstances, to take advantage of his manly offer. Hence we remain out of the fight, only seeing numbers of hostiles skulking down. One gave a parting shot to the steamer, hitting McDonald, the ship carpenter, in the heel, but not inflicting a serious wound. Near by are about fifty Indian ponies, quietly grazing. Their owners have profited by the experience at Fish Creek, where the steeds were slaughtered by wholesale, and removed to and presumed places of safety. Captains Seager and Sheets, who piloted the steamer, remained at the post of duty, and with them was Talbot, the purser, who kept a steady fire from the pilot-house, which was made a special target of by the rebel marksmen, they being fully aware of the disaster which must overtake us if we were wounded in this vulnerable point. Dozens of bullets pierced the wheelhouse. Seager received one in the coat sleeve, and in the cabin in which I write a scene of wild disorder prevails. The skylights are smashed, and the flimsy material of which the upper works are constructed, offering no protection from the enemy's fire, are punctured here and there with bullets. Later in the fight, however, mattresses and bolsters were piled around the sides of the interior, and the place was made fully secure."

GEN. STRANGE'S COLUMN.

In Part I. we left General Strange at Calgary, preparing for his long march across the country to Edmonton. His force consisted of the following:

65th, Montreal.....	315 men.
Scouts.....	150 "
Col. Osborne Smith's Light Infantry, Winnipeg.....	250 "
Inspector Steele, with Scouts....	60 "
Mounted Police.....	50 "
Boulton's Alberta Mounted Rifles	50 "

This made a total of..... 875 men.

On Monday, 20th April, the first division of the column, consisting of the right wing of the 65th, under Colonel Hughes, part of the Mounted Police, and some scouts under Major Steele, set out for Edmonton, accompanied by General Strange commanding. The left wing of the 65th followed on 23rd, taking with them a nine pounder field gun; and on 28th, Colonel Smith's Light Infantry brought up the rear. Nothing of importance occurred to interrupt the advance of the troops, although the country showed signs of having been pillaged by the Indians. The trail was good, but the snow which had not all disappeared at the outset, caused snow blindness among some of the men. The advance guard reached Edmonton about 1st of May, and were warmly received by the inhabitants, who were in anxious suspense in the absence of definite news about the condition of the other threatened positions. Almost immediately a strong force was sent to Victoria, eighty miles down the Saskatchewan.

Col. Osborne Smith, with the remainder of the column, arrived on 9th May, having made the whole distance from Calgary, 208 miles, in about ten days. Taking a portion of the Light Infantry, he joined the advance force at Victoria. From this point a start was made for Fort Pitt, the Mounted Police and scouts scouring the country on each side of the river, and most efficient service was rendered by Captain Steele, who was perfectly familiar with the country, and an excellent commander.

A couple of heavy guns were taken down in the scows in charge of a detachment of the police.

Scouts found that Fort Pitt was deserted by the Indians, what remained of it after the police, under Dickens, left for Battleford, having been burned a few days before. The ground in the vicinity was covered with flour and other provisions, showing that the Indians had destroyed what they could not eat or carry off with them. Up to this time nothing could be heard of the McLean prisoners, and Big Bear was traced to the north, where he had killed all the cattle captured from the settlers, and was making dried meat of the flesh, after the old buffalo hunting style.

Arrived at Fort Pitt, General Strange lost no time in preparing for an attack on Big Bear, and rescuing his prisoners. The scouts had been indefatigable in their search for information of the rebel chief, and at length came upon him about fifteen miles from the fort. The fight is thus described by an eye witness, to the *Mail*:

"On the evening of the 20th, our scouts, who had been out reconnoitering, brought word that the Indians were entrenched in a strong position, about fifteen miles from our camp. Next morning we disburdened our teams of all unnecessary baggage, such as tents, knapsacks, and other camp equipage, leaving them in the two surviving buildings of the Fort Pitt fire, guarded by two companies of the 65th. Putting the men on waggon, we began our pursuit of the rebels with renewed vigour. After a three hours' ride we came in plain sight of their position, which was on a steep hill, 200 feet high, crowned with a thicket of timber. The men were immediately called into ranks, and the Light Infantry and Mounted Police arranged in skirmishing order. The command to advance was then given, and a booming shot from the cannon impressed upon us the fact that the engagement had already begun. With all the coolness of old veterans the skirmishers commenced their difficult advance, and after half an hour's scramble, gained the summit and charged the rebel position, which they readily conceded and retired. A few volleys were exchanged during the retreat. The Indians assumed a most defiant air, riding their horses rapidly around in a circle, waving their guns in the air and shouting. A few braves armed with Winchesters came out of ambush and lay down on one of the slippery crags, with the evident intention of picking off our men as fast as they came up. After scouring the bush for several hours our skirmishers were called in, all feeling that they had done a good day's work on one meal. Our waggon were corralled for the night.

"The troops slept by their arms all night. This morning we got out at five o'clock, and after making the best of a poor repast our train was again got under motion. We had not gone far before our scouts again sighted the rebels, who were entrenched on the east side of the Little Deer creek. Our column was at once put in battle array, and we advanced in skirmishing order. The Light Infantry and 65th formed the main body, the Mounted Rifles the right wing, and the Mounted Police the left, with a portion of the Light Infantry in reserve.

"A shot from the cannon again opened the battle, the rebels replying with a shower of bullets, which sounded like a flock of snow-birds as they flew over our head. In less than a minute we were into a fierce engagement, the musketry keeping up an uninterrupted rattle, while the thunder of the big gun echoed and re-echoed among the big bluffs. Before we had gone far it became evident that victory could not be achieved unless better ground could be secured, and Major Steele and a few of his gallant followers were ordered to make a dash around the enemy and shadow their position. Our troops lay three hours under fire, not being able to gain a foot. Occasionally one of the rebels' rifle-pits would be silenced, but the firing would break out at a new and unsuspected point. Our men, however, kept their ranks, and maintained most excellent discipline throughout.

"A charge was being talked about when Major Steele, returning, informed General Strange that the rebel line was extended three miles up the creek and that they were then maneuvering to surround us. The retreat was then sounded and the men reluctantly withdrew from a half-finished job and marched into shelter. The wounded were Ephraim Lemay, private, shot in the lungs; Joseph Marcotte, in the shoulder, both of the 65th, and Private McRae, of the Mounted Police.

"The Winnipeg Light Infantry suffered no loss, although they were in the hottest of the fight, but several of us had narrow escapes. Sergeant McKay had his cap neatly pierced and shot from his head. A gunner, who was lying with his face on the ground, had a bullet pass under his chin, covering his face with dirt. After retiring a safe distance we halted for dinner, after which addresses were made to the troops by General Strange and Colonel Osborne Smith. The General said he had seen a great many fresh troops undergo their first "baptism of fire," but never in his military experience did he see a bolder attack made upon a strong position than he had that day. His orders, he said, had been promptly executed in every particular and the men showed all the valour and coolness of old troops. The enemy's position, he said, was simply impregnable. The General retired two or three miles for the night, hoping that Big Bear would remain in the position he had chosen. A messenger was at the same time despatched to Col. Otter asking for aid. Now at last it was hoped that a final blow could be struck at the crafty Indian chief. By another attack in front, while the reinforcements expected from Battleford fell upon the rebel flank or rear, it was expected that the campaign would have a fitting end. But Big

Bear was in no mood to stay. Two days after the fight he bolted with every evidence of haste, leaving behind large quantities of provisions and furs. Major Steele, with his scouts, was immediately sent to follow up his trail. Steele had in all about 70 men. He found that the band had broken up to some extent, but the greater part still remained with Big Bear. He followed the larger trail and came up with the enemy on the morning of June 2nd about fifty miles north-east of Fort Pitt. The engagement that ensued is ably described by the dashing commander himself in his official report. The following is an extract:

"While at dinner we were alarmed by two shots fired by Mackay (the Rev. Canon Mackay) at Indian scouts, who, unfortunately, escaped. Mackay had gone in advance of Sergeant Butlin's party without my knowledge. These Indians waited in ambush and shot Scout Fisk, of the advance party, breaking his arm. The main body was extended at once and rushed through the bush, but no Indians were seen. We advanced without further mishap to night camp, 45 miles north-east on Big Bear's trail. Fisk rode on pluckily without a murmur. The trail showed a large party in front one day old. We found a second note from McLean, saying, 'All's well, May 28th,' and signs left by him on the trail. We marched at daylight, and the advance party under Sergeant Butlin arrived at a hill commanding the Indian camp of the previous night. Two tepees were standing occupied, and there were a few head of horses and oxen. The remainder were moving towards and crossing a ford leading to an island or point about twelve hundred yards in advance. At the previous camp we had counted 73 fires; therefore, knowing that they were too strong in numbers, it was only my intention to parley through Mackay if discovered. Their picket, however, hidden within a few yards of the advance party, discovered them and fired the alarm. Seeing them retiring to an apparently impregnable position on the island, I put the horses in cover and extended on the brow of the hill to punish a few of them. Their chief called to his men to go at us, as there were only six of us! They commenced crawling up the hill under cover of the bush lining it; the leader getting within ten feet of teamster Fielders, who had volunteered to join us. Fielders killed him, and puffs of smoke immediately appeared from clumps of bush all through the bottom and the hill surrounding their camp. My scouts killed two more running from us, and then fired a volley into the tepees and at the Indians taking to cover, killing one from the tepees. The line then rushed to the bottom, under a strong fire, and then divided. The left charged the hill, commanding the position, and turned their position, bringing more fire on them; the right took the swamp along the lake. Squadron-Sergeant-Major Fury was with the left, and was shot through the breast by the man with Sharpe's rifle going up the hill. The scouts were on the brow in a few minutes. The Indians retired as our men advanced on the run, who, lying down and firing a volley when the Indians attempted to make a stand, had cleared the whole ridge half an hour after firing had commenced. The right cleared the swamp, killing five and losing none. The left shot seven retiring through the bush to the ford, about 600 yards from the hill, and wounded one (the last seen attempting to cross.) The right then retired to protect our horses and flank, and I had a white flag hoisted to parley. Canon Mackay told them to give up the prisoners. The answer was a volley from the island. A second attempt was made with no better result—this time asking them to allow McLean to speak with us. We then continued to exchange shots till a buck-board was fitted to carry Sergt. Fury. The left had one more wounded in Scout West, of Edmonton, shot in the leg—a ball entering at the knee-cap and remaining in the thigh. He rode his horse, however. We destroyed the ammunition found in the tepees, and burned them with their contents. Mackay collected four horses and two colts, which we brought with us. I kept a fire on the island until the wounded were well retired, and then retired twelve miles. Fury shows wonderful pluck and determination; and after halting two hours we moved on twelve miles further to the first feeding ground for the horses, camping for the night at 11:30 p.m. The horses were terribly played out, having travelled eighty miles on very little feed from the morning of the previous day, over a worse trail for muskies and brush than that between Vermillion Creek and Sucker Creek. I moved on at 3 a.m. again, meeting an ambulance from Gen. Middleton's column at 8 a.m., ten miles from your camp at Stand-off Valley (where Big Bear stood off General Strange.) I had sent on, the previous night, Mackay and Gisborne, with Sergeant Butlin and Fielders, into camp to report and for ambulance for the wounded. They arrived and reported to Gen. Middleton at 12:30 p.m. We camped at this place, sending the wounded to Fort Pitt—Fury still keeping up well. The doctor reported his recovery safe unless internal bleeding commenced, and dressed Fisk's arm; one bone had been shattered. The bullet was easily extracted from West's leg. On my arrival in this camp I received orders to send my sick horses and men to Fort Pitt, and, with the remainder, to join Gen. Middleton's command and follow Big Bear. Fourteen were retired, unable to go on, and I remained in camp with the remainder of the scouts and Hatton's command. The orders are to march to-morrow. I did not receive your despatch until two hours ago, the courier's excuse being that it was lost in the lining of his coat. The non-commissioned officers and men behaved with great steadiness in the fight of the 3rd. Capt. Oswald and Lieut. Cornell set

the men an excellent example, and Canon MacKay risked his life to a considerable extent. I thank you for your kindness in sending ambulance, tents and rations.

"J. B. STEELE,
"Major Commanding Cavalry,
"Alberta Field Force."

On the day previous to this fight, Mrs. Delaney and Mrs. Gowanlock, captives since the Frog Lake massacre, succeeded in making their escape. The half-breeds who had been so zealous protecting these ladies from the Indians during the long, dreadful two months of their captivity, had formed a little caravan of their own, and when the camp moved they moved along with it in a body. On the Monday morning in question, the Indian camp moved slightly in advance of the half-breed party in charge of the prisoners. This was the first time such a lack of watchfulness had been exhibited by the Indians, and taking advantage of their position, the half-breeds dropped further behind, and finally turned off the trail and drove their ox and pony teams as rapidly as possible in the direction of Turtle Lake. They intended making a wide detour, and come round again to Fort Pitt, where they knew they would be safe. A party of a dozen of our scouts, however, got on their trail. Thinking they were a band of Indians escaping from the general camp, they dashed suddenly into their midst, and without further ado ordered them to put down their arms. It only needed a minute to show the real state of affairs. Both parties were surprised, the scouts on account of their unlooked for discovery, the half-breeds, that friends should dash in upon them with such fury. Among the scouts was Mr. Wm. McKay, Hudson Bay Factor at Battleford, who was well acquainted with both ladies. Their meeting, under such circumstances, may be better imagined than described. A scene, so affecting as it was, is better left to the imagination, at all events. No delay was made in heading the caravan in the direction of Fort Pitt, and they all arrived there on the morning of June 5th.

We have seen that Major Steele in his report makes mention of General Middleton. We had left him at Batoche. To him we must now return, and trace his advance up to his junction with General Strange.

The day following the victory was occupied in receiving the submission of the half-breeds. White flags were seen everywhere. The rank and file of the rebels were disarmed and allowed to depart. The ringleaders and those suspected of having been implicated in the massacres were held and sent to Regina. While the priests were engaged in burying the rebels killed in the fight, the troops performed the last sad rites over their lost comrades in arms. Among them, Capt. Brown, of Boulton's Scouts, was laid in a soldier's grave in sight of the majestic Saskatchewan. With tender hands and kind words of encouragement the wounded were placed on board the steamer and sent to comfortable quarters in the hospital at Saskatoon. The rebel wounded were sent to the same place. The village presented a pitiful sight. About two hundred women and children were huddled together under carts and in tents, among the ruins of what were but a short time before comfortable and happy homes. Four days had destroyed the results of years of patient labour and toil. Some of them saw with added grief their husbands carried off to answer for crimes they had been led into by a foolish, yet blind confidence in their leaders. Riel, the arch rebel, was still at large, but the scouts were fast closing on his footsteps. Meanwhile the troops were preparing for a further advance through the seat of the rebellion.

On the morning of the 14th May they left Batoche and arrived at Guardupuy's Crossing, eighteen miles down the river, in the afternoon. During the day rumours had spread of the capture of Riel, and when, about half-past three in the afternoon, the report was verified the enthusiasm of the men knew no bounds. Three daring scouts came upon him and three companions about three miles north of Batoche. He surrendered without a struggle, and accompanied his captors to the general's camp. His appearance was haggard and careworn in the extreme. Fear lest some of the troops should shoot him had evidently taken possession of his mind. After an interview with Gen. Middleton, he was placed in charge of Capt. Young and sent to Regina, where he arrived on 23rd May. The barracks were turned into a prison, where we will leave him for the present.

Dumont, the real fighting leader, was still at large and obstinate. A courier from Batoche to Prince Albert met him and advised him to surrender, but he declared his intention of defending his freedom to the death. Through many dangers he eluded the vigilance of the scouts, and eventually escaped across the lines. Although the half-breeds were thus effectually defeated, no definite estimate up to this time could be made of the magnitude of the Indian rising which the rebellion had set on foot.

Poundmaker, although crippled by his encounter with Col. Otter at Cut Knife Creek, was still at large and unaware of the victory of Batoche. Crossing the Battleford trail, he had fallen upon a train of supplies on the way to Battleford, and captured the teamsters and carried off the supplies in triumph. Big Bear, also, was still formidable, not only in the number of his following, but also in the natural advantages of his chosen battle-ground. Lakes, muskegs, brushwood, and climate all conspired to make his punishment a work at once dangerous and difficult in the extreme. Some measure of humane treatment one might reasonably expect for small detachments falling into the hands of the half-breeds; none whatever could be hoped for at the hands of savages almost demons in their ingenuity in contriving tortures when roused. With the experience of the United

States to judge from, the end might yet appear far off. Indeed, at the beginning of the rebellion the fear of a general Indian war was most dreaded. How far these fears were realized we shall presently see.

On Friday morning, May 15th, Gen. Middleton's command crossed the river at Guardupuy's Crossing and took the trail for Prince Albert, where they arrived without further incident on the 19th. The next day Chiefs Beardy and Okemassih held a pow-wow with the General, and were profuse in their protestations of loyalty. It will be remembered that both chiefs were present at the Duck Lake fight. Indeed, it was on their reserve that the fight took place. The General cross-questioned them severely, gave them a sharp reprimand, declared he would have them deposed, refused their request for provisions, and left in disgust.

These pow-wows became numerous after Batoche, and the General was said to acquit himself with credit at all of them. The following extract from a private letter graphically describes the scene on the arrival of Indian chiefs to pay homage to the commander of Her Majesty's forces:—

"It is a most laughable sight to see the processions of peaceable (?) Indians coming into camp wherever we are under the white flag just like *physiognomies*. Long trains of Red River carts, heard long before they are seen, preceded by mounted guys, highly ornamented, ochre paint, long hair strung with beads, feather head-dresses (but a pot hat catches their fancy), bead-worked trousers, moccasins, knife-sheaths, a few bags, etc. etc.—no two alike—small ponies dragging their lodge polls and wigwags, squaws, with paposes on their backs, in the carts, and famished dogs, make a most interesting sight. The chief men make for the General's tent, carrying their white banner, then squat down and bring out a huge calumet which they fill with 'killikinnick' (red-willow bark), and light with flint, steel, and punk, regardless of the surrounding red-coats. They are more interesting than the 'breeds' by a long way."

After settling matters at Prince Albert, General Middleton started up the North Saskatchewan on the morning of 23rd May, taking with him half of "A" Battery, Boulton's Horse, and the Midland Battalion. The remainder of the force was to follow as soon as transport facilities would permit. On May 24th the 90th Battalion left by steamer, and the Grenadiers, "C" Company Infantry, the remainder of "A" Battery and Surveyors' Corps, all under Col. Straubenzee were obliged to go by trail. On the afternoon of the General's departure, a nephew of Poundmaker came into camp at Prince Albert with a letter from that Chief containing treaty overtures. Messengers were immediately despatched to overtake the General. Next evening the messengers returned with the General's command that Poundmaker should meet him in Battleford on the following Tuesday and make an unconditional surrender. The alternative was an armed force to drive him from his reserves and punish him. Late in the evening of Sunday, May 24th, General Middleton arrived at Battleford. On Tuesday Poundmaker, in accordance with the General's command, promptly put in an appearance accompanied by three other chiefs. The inevitable pow-wow was immediately organized. The result was the detention in custody of Poundmaker, Lean Man, Breaking-the-Ice and Yellow Mud Blanket. The others were sent back to their reserves for the time. Having thus summarily disposed of the Indians around Battleford, General Middleton was in a position to attend more particularly to Big Bear's case. His plan of the campaign promised to effect one of two things—the defeat and surrender of Big Bear or his retirement into a country where starvation would speedily overtake him. It was probable that the Chief had no news of Riel's disaster so that precautions had to be taken to guard against the possibility of his getting around to the eastward with a view to forming a junction with his half-breed ally. It was presumed that he would not cross the Beaver River to the north which ran parallel to the Saskatchewan. He would either fight or dodge. Four columns were set in motion to meet the emergency. On the extreme east Col. Irvine was to advance northward from Carlton towards Green Lake and surrounding country; from Battleford Col. Otter was to patrol around Jackfish and Turtle lakes; the General himself intended to take up his trail from Fort Pitt and keep him continually moving or force on an encounter; lastly, General Strange was to close up the apex of the triangle between Beaver River and the Saskatchewan. He could not possibly get westward without encountering General Strange, and if he moved eastward in any force he would have to run the gauntlet of both Otter and Irvine with small chances of eluding both. General Strange was already in a position to cover his ground on short notice. A steamer had been sent up the river to carry him supplies from Battleford. On Saturday night, May 30th, it returned with news of his fight with Big Bear which has been already described. Now was the time to act. Within two hours General Middleton had selected his force and arranged for an advance by way of Fort Pitt. He selected his own Brigade—the heroes of Batoche—with the addition of Herchmer's Mounted Police and half of "B" Battery. On Sunday morning a start was made on the steamers *North-West*, *Alberta* and *Marquis* which were barricaded with cordwood. On Monday they picked up couriers from Gen. Strange and later on sixteen men in charge of a scow from Strange's force. In the afternoon the force reached the landing at which they were to disembark, a few miles below Fort Pitt. While there six prisoners, who had been held by Big Bear, were brought in by

some Mounted Police. General Strange had moved forward to renew the attack on the Indians only to find them gone.

General Middleton decided to pursue them with all possible speed and to this end sent out a force composed of mounted men only, the infantry being ordered up to Fort Pitt.

While these arrangements were being made a force of Mounted Police arrived with further despatches from General Strange, also the cheering intelligence, that although the McLeans, Delaneys, Gowanlock and other prisoners were still with Big Bear, they had been treated well by the Indian Chief. A letter had been found by Strange on the scene of Thursday's engagement, written by Mr. McLean, stating that they were all well and no cruelties had been perpetrated or indignities offered them. On the way in the Mounted Police heard cries of help proceeding from a poplar bluff which they were passing. They shouted to the parties to come out of the bush. They did so, and were discovered to be Mr. and Mrs. Quinney, the Frog Lake missionaries, Edward Dufresne, Francis Dufresne and wife, and Wm. Cameron. All these had been held as prisoners by Big Bear. They escaped on the day of the fight.

The country through which the mounted force was to march was very rough and the available maps gave little information in regard to it, as the greater part was unsurveyed. The following account by Assistant-Surgeon Hautain, of the Mounted Infantry, will be interesting:—I might tell you something about the daily routine of the Mounted Infantry when going after Big Bear. The orders would invariably be: Reveille at 4 a.m., start at 5:30. After getting up and giving the horses oats we would have breakfast of tea, hard-tack and corned beef (or bacon fried when the waggoners were with us), strap up our water-proof and blanket behind the saddle and oats and hard-tack and tinned beef in front. After the command "saddle up" from the captains to their different corps (viz.: Mounted Police, Survey Corps, Boulton's Troops, French's Scouts, and Steele's Scouts) would come "attention" to line up two deep, then "prepare to mount" and "mount," and then we were off for seven hours without halt if the trail was good, mostly walking, with a canter now and then. When the halt was had there would be a "brush gang" ahead with axes to clear the road and lay the marshes with brush for the Gating (which came everywhere) to cross. Sometimes the trail would be through open pine woods, but mostly through small poplar, sometimes so hilly that we would have to dismount to go up and down, and every here and there would be lakes of all sizes, but very few duck or game of any kind were seen on the way to Loon Lake. The ground bore evidences of the time when beaver were plentiful in the shape of regular banks six or eight feet high damming up creeks.

About twelve o'clock the advance party would begin to look out for a halting place near grass and water for the horses. Then at the welcome order "dismount," saddles and bridles would be off in an instant and the horses either let loose in some swampy place where the feed was good, or tied here and there with long tether ropes, but often, instead of feeding, they would crowd in a long line to leeward of the fires and stand quietly in the smoke to escape the flies (black flies, mosquitoes, sand flies and bull-dogs). Then would come our own dinner (same as breakfast) and an enjoyable smoke lying supine in the shade. After an hour and a half we would be off again till a little before sunset. Some of our camping places were most park-like—large, spreading firs with dry silvery moss for the ground and generally a large slew (slough, or whatever it is) or two close by. After tea (*vide* dinner) we would heap up large fires for the night and lay spruce boughs all round. The saddles and oats made fine pillows, and with a blanket and water-proof over us we were ready for dew or rain—all sleeping with feet towards the fires. The horses would be brought in and tethered close round for the night after having their oats. And then the officer for the day would mount the picket. Some days there would be nothing to vary the monotony except looking over the Indian camping grounds, which were eight or ten miles apart usually. Other days an Indian scout or two would be seen, or their tracks, and we would advance slowly and cautiously momentarily expecting an ambush, but it afterwards turned out their main thought was escape. Some of their camps had rifle-pits dug, showing that they expected us to overtake them, but this we never did—though we travelled two or three times their day's march—because of one or two long halts the General made, when we stayed in camp for a day or two to make "travails," which were never used, after all. These are two long poles, lashed about three feet apart at one end, which trails on the ground with the baggage on it, while the other ends are strapped on pads on each side of the horse's back. The Indians make their dogs carry their lodge poles and tent coverings in this way. The ponies are worth mentioning. They are as a rule most sociable to one another. There are the "Cayuse" ponies from Montana and the Western States, and the "Shagynipies," or Indian ponies. They are not shod. When thirsty they take their fill at one draught and start off again. If loose round the camp they come in naturally for their oats. They will stand at times huddled together with their noses in the smoke of a smudge to escape the flies. They are very tough, as they frequently come down on their heads or fall and get stuck amongst the dead roots in the swamps, but rarely get injured. Along the trail between Fort Pitt and Beaver River the ducks are plentiful, and now and again one would fly off the grass near a slough, when two or three fellows

would dart off out of the line in a race for the eggs which would be sure to be there. The men are not supposed to fall out of the troop, but nothing is said against half a dozen or so getting behind the shelter of some bush for a "pipe parade," so as to make one valuable match go the round of pipes, or falling out to water a thirsty horse. As assistant-surgeon, I had the privilege of riding where I liked, but in woody country it was dangerous to leave the trail any distance for fear of being mistaken for a sneaking Indian. When in camp for any length of time quitoes, with horse shoes, was a favorite game. When at Prince Albert I got some *acid citric* and *pot. bicarb.* It used to be greatly appreciated during our halts. Sometimes I would have our tent full of surveyors (old chaps, some), each armed with a tin cup and spoon, tramping a quarter of a mile to a spring to have a drink "with a bead on it."

In this advance the General was continually on the trail of the hostile chief, but unable to force an encounter. In their hurry the Indians scattered everything, except provisions, along the trail. On June 9th the mounted force arrived at a point about 70 miles north-east of Fort Pitt, where they found an immense muskeg, which the General considered impassable by the body of his force. Scouts came in with accounts of Big Bear, who had crossed the muskeg, and was moving north-west, presumably to a large cache of provisions which he had stored at Beaver River.

The evident plan in the emergency was to thoroughly ensure the strength of General Strange's position in that direction, for once out of the western end of the triangle their game was lost beyond recovery.

The General returned at once to Fort Pitt, arriving on 13th June. General Strange had advanced towards the Chippewyan Mission on Beaver River, via Frog Lake, and arrived there on June 9th. There, also, further advance was practically impossible, owing to the nature of the country. On their way out, the *cache* of provisions mentioned before was found, and carried off.

Col. Williams, in command of the Infantry which General Middleton had dispensed with, went to Fort Pitt, remained there about a week, and then moved up to Frog Lake, to form a junction with General Strange. General Strange, as we have seen, had advanced from that point to Beaver River.

General Middleton left Fort Pitt immediately, and reached Beaver River about 10th June. There scouts brought in a Wood Cree Indian, with the welcome news that the Wood Crees had parted company with Big Bear, taking the white prisoners with them, and that they were then on their way to Fort Pitt to surrender them. Big Bear had gone eastward.

"FORT PITT, June 22.

"This morning at five o'clock Mr. Bedson returned with the 24 people who had been held by Big Bear as prisoners and after whom the whole of General Middleton's force of upwards of 2,000 have been hunting in detachments for the past three weeks. Their arrival, as I telegraphed you yesterday, was expected this morning, and the event, therefore, was not of the sensational nature it otherwise would have been. Much desire, however, was shown to look upon and converse with those who had undergone so rough an experience, and whose names for the past months had been constantly on our lips. They were all taken aboard the steamer *Marquis*, and after an excellent breakfast, most of them sought slumber, for they had ridden in through the whole night and were greatly fatigued. When they arrived they were all decently dressed, mainly in the clothes Mr. Bedson had taken out for them.

"The names of the 24 are the following:—
"W. J. McLean, Hudson Bay Factor at Fort Pitt, wife and family of 9 children (4 girls and 5 boys.)

"Mr. Mann, Indian Instructor at Long Lake, wife and three children.

"Mr. Fitzpatrick, Indian instructor at Long Lake.

"J. K. and Stanley F. Simpson, Hudson Bay Clerks at Fort Pitt.

"Mr. Perrie, a French Canadian and a friendly half-breed, his wife and three of a family.

"After breakfast Mr. McLean expressed a wish to have a conversation with the *Globe* correspondent.

"You have had quite a lengthy stay with the Indians," I said.

"Yes, much longer than there was any need of, if our soldiers had known two or three things, which, however, it was impossible in the nature of affairs that they could know. When General Strange attacked the Indians twelve miles from here, I felt certain that our deliverance had come. Before the fight was over the Indians were thoroughly scared, and I really believe if the General had fired two or three more shots from the cannon they would have turned and fled, leaving us and everything else behind them. They were so frightened as it was that if twenty-five men had been sent round to the flank, they would have scattered like flies, and a complete rout would have resulted. The scouts must have given General Strange a very exaggerated idea of the Indians' strength, or he would never have left them when he did. On the morning following the fight I was left quite at liberty, and could easily have escaped along with Mr. Quinney and the others who got away at that time. But of course I could not get my family away. The Indians knew that there was no fear of me going away without the family.

"Did Big Bear quit the position in which he had fought, at once?"

"Yes, as soon as he could get away. We were taken directly to Loon Lake. It was on our way there that the Indians were surprised



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THE CAPTURE OF BATOCHÉ. [See page 30.]

(From a topographical map by Messrs. Burrows and Denny, Surveyors' Intelligence Corps; sketches by Mr. F. W. Curzon, special artist of the "Illustrated War News" with General Middleton's expedition; and personal information by members of corps which participated.)

by the gallant attack of Major Steele's men. That was the pluckiest engagement of the rising, I have no doubt. It was a complete surprise, and most of the Indians got another bad scare of it."

"Some of them, however, fired on Canon McKay when he went out with a flag of truce, did they not?"

"Yes, that was Little Poplar and one or two others, the worst in the crowd. But the Indians sent me out with a white flag towards the close of the fight. Steele's men fired on me, however, and I lay down on the ground with the bullets whistling over me so close that I thought I wouldn't get back alive. I came to the conclusion at the time that Steele's men were retiring and had left a few to keep up a brisk fire while the rest got away on the trail. I have since learned that I was correct in my conclusions."

"What was the Indians' idea in sending out the flag?"

"They wanted a parley and would, I think, without doubt have released us then if Steele had paid attention to the flag and allowed them to go."

"How many Indians were there killed in the engagement?"

"Four were killed and two wounded. Among the killed were Cut Arm, the Wood Cree Chief of the Indian reserve at Onion Lake. When the dead were brought into camp the friends of the dead ones began to clamor for us. They wanted to shoot all the prisoners for revenge. But they became pacified after a while and we escaped."

"I understand there was some dissension between the Wood and Plain Crees?"

"Yes, and I was trying all along to make the most of that. Their encampments were separate. At first it was the Plain Crees who held us. They stole everything they could lay their hands on, our horses along with the rest, and I worked it so that I got the Wood Crees to take possession of us. I incited their anger by telling them the Plain Crees were treating them like children. The Wood Crees greatly outnumbered the others. Big Bear's fighting men did not number more than forty or fifty, but they were better armed than the Wood Crees, all having Winchester rifles and a considerable quantity of fixed ammunition. The Wood Crees had mostly muzzle-loading shot-guns, from which they fired the ordinary trade bullets. I believe there were not more than sixty rifles in the whole outfit. Well, as I was saying, I worked upon the feelings of the Wood Crees as much as possible. I told them the Government would hold them equally responsible with Big Bear's band for the bad acts they had been committing. The result was that the Wood Crees took possession of us. They gave us a horse to pack our blankets and other stuff on, and when the horse gave out they furnished us with an old ox. Of course all of us had to walk, and a terrible walk it was, up to Beaver River. We were often up to our armpits in mud and water."

"What did the Plain Crees think of your being taken into the other camp?"

"I was afraid they were going to have a fight, and if there had been we would have been pretty sure to have been killed. They were very jealous about me, because they thought if they got into a tight place they could get out of it by surrendering me and my family. But on the 7th June, a day or two after the fight with Steele's men at Loon Lake, the parties separated, Big Bear going eastward toward Duck Lake. He did not know of Riel's defeat and likely thought he would be safe if he could join Riel."

"Did Big Bear know of the fight at Cut Knife, and Poundmaker's subsequent retreat?"

"Yes; he knew all about that. Couriers started to him from Cut Knife while the fight was going on. Poundmaker wanted him to bring the whole encampment down there. I used all the power I had to dissuade the Wood Crees from going, and had been trying to prevent them going in the direction of Poundmaker's all along. They were very much inclined to go at first, but I told them that the soldiers would be sure to hunt them down at last, and I think I succeeded in stopping them."

"After leaving Big Bear at Loon Lake, where did the Wood Crees take you?"

"Right north across Beaver River. We crossed the river about forty miles east of the Chippewayan Reserve. The crossing was effected in boats made of domestic hides shaped with willow boughs. The Indians are very expert in making these crafts, and they were able to ferry the whole party over in less than two hours. I felt all along that the soldiers were following us up, and I tried to leave some indication on the trail that we were still alive, and with the party going north. The Indians would not let me keep a pencil, and even if they had, anything written would have been dangerous to us. There were some half-breeds in the camp who could read English, and one of them that I left was picked up by them, and I was afraid they would kill us on account of it. I did succeed in leaving one at Frenchman's Butte, which I have learned was picked up by the soldiers."

"What were the Indians' reasons for letting you go at last?"

"The fact is they had been so improvident when they had plenty, and in their haste to get away from the soldiers had left so much of their stolen provisions behind that they were soon nearly out of food, and not caring to waste any of what was left, gave us about four quarts of flour, a couple of jaded horses and sent us adrift. That was on the 17th, and during the five days up to yesterday we had to subsist on that small portion of flour and whatever game we could get. We had to travel back over that terrible road to Loon Lake, and after a day's toil, when we found we had only a poor little

rabbit on which the whole party were to feast, it was hard enough, I assure you."

"Mr. Bedson, the chief of the transport service, who went out after the prisoners, is a brother-in-law of McLean, and the joy of the latter at seeing him can be understood when it is stated that he rushed up to Mr. Bedson, and throwing his arms around his neck utterly broke down and wept like a child."

"Continuing my conversation with Mr. McLean, I inquired with some diffidence, 'What sort of treatment did the Indians extend to your wife and family?'"

"Of course we underwent a great deal of hardship, the nature of our wanderings made that unavoidable, but otherwise we were treated with the greatest respect. Nothing in the nature of an insult was ever offered any of us. The only reason the Indians kept us was to protect themselves in case they were cornered. I was never as much as asked to do any work, except on one occasion, when they wanted me to assist in digging a grave for the chief, Cut Arm, who was killed by Steele's men. I helped them dig the grave, and they never interfered with me otherwise."

"When I was leaving the Indians," continued Mr. McLean, "I went to their head men and said, 'perhaps there is something you would like to send in to the Queen's representative. Of course it is something that will be returned to you.' I meant the calumet or pipe of peace. They understood me, and after consulting for some time, they brought out the pipe with some tobacco, and wrapping it up in a piece of clean white paper, went through a lot of their ceremonious fooling, and handed it to me to give to the General. I took it and brought it in with me this morning."

Now that the prisoners were rescued the campaign lost interest and a general longing for home took possession of the men. The General returned at once to Fort Pitt, arriving there on 19th June. He determined to give up the chase after Big Bear, place garrisons at the main points and leave starvation to work the rest. By the defection of the Wood Crees he was no longer formidable, and the Mounted Police might be trusted to hunt him down at leisure. His course when last seen appeared to be in an easterly direction, so that hopes were entertained that Colonel Otter might be fortunate enough to have a parting brush with him. Col. Otter had left Battleford on 9th June and after continued marching through heavy country had reached Turtle River on 13th June. The next day he took part of his force and marched to Turtle Lake about five miles off. Returning, he visited Stoney Lake and thence started for Pelican Lake 60 miles off; but, on arriving at Birch Lake, this column also found it impossible to go further. A halt was decided until further orders arrived. Meanwhile, the scouts were kept busy scouring the country in all directions for Big Bear.

Some of them were lucky enough to capture four of his tribe, but they always returned without the great chief. The captured Indians, however, conducted the scouts to the place where Big Bear camped when they left him, but on reaching the place it was found that Big Bear had moved away and from the tracks near by it was presumed to the south.

On several occasions, unmistakable traces of the Indians had been seen. Indeed, all through this expedition it was surprising how vigilant the chief scouts must have been. On 21st June orders came that the column was to return. The march was resumed and Col. Otter reached Battleford about 30th June, having been out about 23 days and travelled about 180 miles. The men were ordered to prepare for home at once. Col. Otter took this opportunity to address his men. His speech is a good summary of the feeling of the brigade during the whole campaign, both as to the duties assigned to it and as to the spirit in which they were performed.

He said that he might not have the opportunity again of addressing the men, and had taken advantage of the occasion to do so. He was aware of the feeling of dissatisfaction prevailing amongst the men that the brigade had not played a more important part in the campaign. They had unfortunately not been able to share in the victories that had fallen to the General in command. "At the outset it was intended that this brigade should be attached to that of the Major-General, but at Qu'Appelle new orders were received, and our duty was to relieve Battleford. You have done your duty in this respect," he said. "At Battleford your duties were onerous; the fatigues and duties were numerous and trying upon your energies, and I am pleased to say that not a single complaint has come to my ears showing any grumbling on the part of the soldiers or any unwillingness to perform the duties assigned to you. Our marches have been wearisome, but they have been so well performed as to gain the admiration of every one. Although it has been our misfortune not to have shared in the glories of the campaign, as have befallen other brigades, that the duties which were assigned to you have been willingly and well performed is beyond question, which is all that can be expected of a soldier."

General Strange's column arrived at Fort Pitt on June the 27th. The troops were reviewed by the General, and a start made for Battleford by steamers. Here the Queen's Own and the rest of Otter's command, except "A" Battery and a galling, which remained with him as a garrison, joined the homeward bound troops.

CAPTURE OF BIG BEAR.

While thoughts were thus bent on home, new joy was added to the occasion by the news of the capture of Big Bear by Col. Irvine's command.

He was taken to Prince Albert, where Gen-

eral Middleton had an interview with him on his arrival with the troops. A *Globe* correspondent thus describes the capture and subsequent interview:—

"The capture of Big Bear and the Councilors who shared the personal fortunes of the flying monarch was a very tame affair. Sergeant Smart and eleven mounted policemen, who were on duty at the Carlton ferry, were informed by Mr. Garson, who had been in charge of the Hudson Bay Company's store at Carlton before the destruction, and for several weeks has been camped on the north side of the river, that Big Bear had come to his (Garson's) camp, and was then on an island near the ferry. Sergeant Smart and his men easily effected a passage thither, and the chief with eleven of his men, was at once disarmed and made prisoners. They did not offer the slightest resistance, and were badly frightened. Big Bear, who is a sixty-year-old coward, was especially funky, and hurriedly disavowed his participation in the Frog Lake massacre, saying the whites there were killed against his wishes by young men whom he could not control. Without much delay Small took his prisoners to Prince Albert, where Superintendent Gagnon, of the Mounted Police, had been left in charge by Col. Irvine. To Gagnon, Big Bear said he was making for the United States, and was desirous of getting there that he might make peace without being pursued by troops. The correspondents found the old man prisoner in the log prison near the Hudson Bay store, his son (eight years old) and one of his councilors, Ka-ken-pa-tow, being his only companions in durance. There are thirteen other councilors prisoners elsewhere, this ill-fated number being the aggregate of Gagnon's Smart's, Crozier's and Jerome's captures. The Bear is a black Indian, with an enormous head, his face being as long as a flour barrel and about as expressive. He was dressed in a dirty blanket, dirtier leggings, clean iron shackles, and polished steel handcuffs. His glances were furtive, his mien humble to servility, and the picture he presented as far as possible removed from that of his fellow-chief, Poundmaker, when in similar circumstances. With William McKay, of Battleford, as interpreter, General Middleton had an interview with the prisoner. Middleton appears to much advantage in talks of this sort. He doesn't shake hands with the criminal, nor encourage him to deliver a meaningless rhodomontade. He asked him his name and then why he had staid on the war path so long. To this the Big Bear replied that he did not know the whites wanted to make peace. Asked why he kept the McLeans and other prisoners so long, Big Bear replied that they were not prisoners, but had joined his people of their own will, and he had saved their lives. Big Bear will be sent to Regina for trial, and the capital of the North-West Territory promises to become a very Dublin in its judicial importance—criminal jurisprudence entirely. Col. Irvine and his command had returned from Green Lake when we got to Prince Albert, and reported a mean trip through the swamps and captures of but few reds."

HOMEWARD BOUND.

It was decided that the troops should not retrace their steps by Batoche, Clarke's Crossing and Swift Current, but descend the river to Lake Winnipeg, thence down the lake to Selkirk, and on to Winnipeg by rail. The following succinct account by the *Globe* correspondent will be interesting:—

"GRAND RAPIDS, July 12.

"Since last evening, this, the termination of the river voyage has been reached, the *North-West*, Capt. Sheets, leading the other three boats and making port nearly twenty-four hours in advance of the *Baroness*, her immediate successor. This is a country of natural phenomena, each one a trifle meaner than its predecessor. After a fortnight of intense heat we had a hail-storm of decided severity, followed by a four-days' gale, which held the steamers against a bank or on one or the other of the numerous sand bars. Hence more delays, but even frequently suspended motion was better than the absolute inaction of preceding days, and officers and men were cheerful, de spite the crowding necessitated after the Queen's Own and other troops boarded the fleet at Battleford."

"The journey from Prince Albert to Grand Rapids was exceedingly pleasant, especially to those on the *North-West* (the General had made the *Marquis* the flag boat), which ran day and night, and covered 500 miles or more in two days. Soon after leaving Prince Albert the series of rapids, Keurmas, Cole's Falls, and extending seventeen miles, were entered, and there was enough of excitement in the run down—accomplished in less than an hour—and of picturesqueness in the high banks, thickly wooded and crooked as Big Bear's trail, to make the time memorable. Then the forks of the two Saskatchewan, with its enormous wedge of bluff 400 feet high or more. Here we found the *Alberta* with the wounded from Saskatoon, in charge of Dr. Bell and his extensive staff of male and female attendants and nurses. The patients were comfortably provided for in a covered barge, and from this portion of the trip could have suffered little if any damage. That they were removed from their comfortable quarters at Saskatoon is another of the queer things, and the only reason alleged is the sentimental one that 'the poor boys wanted to come home with their comrades.' According to the doctors, several of the twenty-seven were not well enough to come, but because they were willing to take their chances they were allowed to do so, instead of holding them where they were until convalescence, after which the journey to Swift Current and the railway would have been safe and speedy."

To finish as to the wounded—they delayed the expedition indirectly, in that the *Alberta* was unable to cross Cedar Lake, and the *Marquis* had to wait for her and transfer the hurt to her own cabin. At Grand Rapids they were put on flat cars, upon which spring mattresses had been laid, and thus transferred to the lake boat, where a special cabin was provided for their comfort. Below the forks the river—at a high stage at present—narrows for a time, but widens before it reaches what is known as "the cut off," about 200 miles below Fort la Corne, the latter a lonely looking Hudson Bay post, abandoned early this year, its goods being removed to Cumberland. This "cut off" is a peculiar and unpleasant freak of the river, which persistently cut into its banks until it ran into the Sturgeon River, a tributary of Cumberland Lake. Thence a large portion of the waters of the Saskatchewan now flow, finding their way out of the lake and back to their former home again, via Big Stone River sixty miles further down. The cut-off is really the old channel, and the Government could spend money to advantage in building a wing dam across the channel leading into the lake and diverting the water from that body. As it is now, the stream is so much diverted that only during very high water is navigation easy. Cumberland House, one of the more important stations of the Hudson Bay Company, is on Cumberland Lake, and at the debouching of the Big Stone River, a stream seven miles long, and the channel, as stated, by which the Saskatchewan is reached. Below the mouth of Big Stone the Saskatchewan is a mighty stream, not especially broad, but deep and powerful. The banks as far as Le Pass (another station of the Hudson Bay Co.) are wooded, though nowhere is there timber of value, the growth being white and black poplar (balm of Gilead), spruce, jackpine, and tamarac, with here and there a cedar. Below Le Pass the stream is almost a canal, and on each side are long stretches of lake and swamp, filled with sedge grass and wild rice, the home and breeding place of countless millions of waterfowl. In the woods above and around the last fifty miles of our voyage moose are plenty, and if you have never tasted moose veal or moose nose, you have a new sensation in store for your palate."

"It was early Friday morning when the *North-West* reached Chemawawin, the rocky and isolated home of the Swamp Crees, a tribe of the nation, few in numbers, devoted to fishing and hunting, and living in what, to any but an Indian, would seem to be abject poverty. They are jolly, contented fellows, however, and furnish pilots, deck hands, and roustabouts for the steamers of no little efficiency, while in winter their patience and hardihood as drivers of dog-trains is proverbial. At Chamawawin the Saskatchewan merges its identity for the time in that of Cedar lake, a blue sheet sixty miles long by forty-five wide, if in the width is included Cross lake on the east. Our passage was unobstructed, though severe storms often compelled the lightly-built river boats to seek anchorage, and early in the afternoon we entered the narrows, scarcely fifty yards wide—where the Saskatchewan again finds a route towards its final home in the bosom of Lake Winnipeg. Then came the Demischarge, a rapid not more than one hundred feet long, but as strong as any of its grander cousins below. Following this the Red Rock rapids, longer but milder, and then our long-looked-for goal—Grand Rapids. The station of the steamboat company is at the upper or western end of a narrow-gauge railway three and a third miles long, and the chord of an arc formed by the five miles of rapids, which gives the place a name. The little cars, each drawn by a horse, carry three tons, and readily transport all the freight brought to the eastern terminus of the road by the lake boats. To run the grand rapids in a York (double-ender) boat or large canoe is well worth the while, and the Indian steersman and rowers (or paddlers) add to the picturesqueness of the affair. The run of five miles is made in twenty-two to twenty-five minutes, and the fall of forty-eight from end to end being largely used in the upper end, it can readily be imagined that there the waves are high, the current arrow-like, and the rush of the boat like that of a railroad train."

"The fishing in the eddies along the rocky banks is of the sort to suit those whom quantity best pleases. The pickerel and pike will bite at anything from a piece of red flannel to a silvered spoon, and many of the specimens are big enough to test one's strength in landing. But they are tiny compared with the huge sturgeon who are either caught in nets, speared, or hooked in a somewhat novel way. The Indian who knows the haunts of the sluggards arms himself with a long pole, at the end of which are fastened, loosely, several large hooks, the shanks of which are tied to the pole with sinew or strong marline. The red man feels for the fish with his pole—the water is too swift or too turbid to allow him to see them—and knowing by long practice when he has touched a fish he gives a strong pull backward, which sinks the sharp hook through the tough skin and deep into the flesh. The fish struggles and the hooks loosen from the pole, but are held fast by the line. Then it is only a question of strength to get the lethargic fellows out of the water, with maybe a hearty wrestle on the bank to keep them out. Grand Rapids is distant but about two days by boat from Winnipeg, and is worth visiting in the summer, since the mosquitoes are only moderately bad, and the air is delightful. It is almost too cool at night, and two pairs of blankets are not at all irksome as covering. That it is an isolated spot for nine months of the year can be better understood when I tell you that the residents there did not know of the Riel rebellion until the steamer *Northcoote* came down, June 7th."

"WINNIPEG, July 16th.

"We found the *Princess*, a small side-wheeler and the *Colville*, a twin-screw tug, on a par with the largest in the Chicago River, waiting for the troops and eager for the arrival of the boats, as they had been at the landing for nearly two weeks. The boats had three large barges with them, each 175 by 40 and 9 feet in depth of hold, and upon these the troops were quartered in more or less of comfort, the fifteen hundred men finding lodgment on the barges, while the officers and wounded took quarters on the steamers. By 11 a.m. on Monday we were off—waiting for the *Alberta* kept us till then—and the steamers and barges crowded with troops and decorated with spruce, cedar and juniper, presented a lively and novel sight as they made for Lake Winnipeg and home. First came the *Princess*, then a barge, then the *Colville* and then the other two barges—all strung on huge hawsers, with sixty fathoms of the line between each craft. Lake Winnipeg—despite its 300 miles of length and ninety of width—is shallow, ten fathoms being its greatest depth, and this unusual, so that it doesn't take much of a breeze to kick up a deuce of a sea. Monday night we had half a gale from the north-west, and boats and barges played pitch and toss at a great rate. A good many were sea-sick and a berth in the hold of one of the barges—dark as Erebus and badly ventilated—was not desirable; but on Tuesday came up smiling and the sea soon died into wrinkles, thence to dimples and finally into a placidity like unto that on a vivand's phiz when the cheese comes on. The *Princess* taking one barge, parted company off Swampy Island and left the *Colville* and her tow of two to follow, Gen. Middleton, who was on the *Princess*, making it known that he must get into Selkirk at least an hour and a half before the rest of the force. Both boats arrived at Selkirk Wednesday morning, after a quiet night through the lower lake and a tedious passage through the deepest of the many narrow channels by which the Red River of the North finds outlet."

On arriving at Winnipeg the troops were received with unbounded enthusiasm. Business was at a stand-still, and the whole city gave itself over to rejoicing. Viewing the manifestations of joy expressed in waving flags, variegated bunting and noble arches, but more especially in the thundering cheers from the throats of thousands of their fellow-countrymen, many weary hearts felt that if glory was a bauble the gratitude of a free and generous people—the sense of stern duty performed under almost overwhelming difficulties, was an ample reward for all they had undergone. Let those who bring to the foreground the disintegrating forces acting on the Dominion, not lose sight of the strong national feeling which came suddenly into view when our national unity was for a moment endangered. The former are largely imaginary and indefinite, the latter is actual and deep seated.

THE TRIAL OF RIEL.

We left Riel a prisoner in the Mounted Police barracks at Regina. On 20th July he was arraigned before Col. Richardson, stipendiary magistrate of the Saskatchewan district, to answer the charge of treason. The counsel for the crown were Christopher Robinson, Q.C., of Toronto, B. B. Osler, Q.C., of Toronto, D. L. Scott, Q.C., of Regina, Mr. Casgrain, and G. W. Burbidge, Deputy Minister of Justice. For the defence were F. X. Lemieux, Q.C., of Quebec, Chas Fitzpatrick, of Quebec, and Mr. J. N. Greenshields, of Montreal. At eleven o'clock contending counsel took seats, and shortly afterwards Judge Richardson and Mr. Henry Lejeune took their seats on the bench. The Judge announced that Mr. Lejeune would be associated with him in the trial. The jury roll was then called, and the clerk declared the court open. The prisoner was then brought in, and every eye was riveted on him. He was composed in manner, and entering the prisoner's box took his seat, but rose again at once and answered in the affirmative to the Judge's query whether he had been served with due notice of his trial, etc. The clerk then read the long indictment charging prisoner with treason. The prisoner kept his eye on the clerk as he read, and was constantly changing his rest on the rail of the box from one elbow to the other, but this was the only evidence that he felt conscious of the close scrutiny of every eye in the room. His long, waving brown hair fell down upon the collar of his dark grey sack coat, and his full, dark brown beard tapered to a point on his breast. The clerk closed with his usual query to the prisoner. "Are you guilty or not guilty?" Before Riel had time to reply, Mr. Fitzpatrick entered his plea as to the jurisdiction of the Court. Mr. Christopher Robinson asked for an adjournment to prepare a reply to the plea.

The plea of the defence was simply that the stipendiary magistrate was incompetent to try a case involving the death penalty, but that it should be transferred to a competent Court in Upper Canada or British Columbia.

Messrs. Greenshields and Fitzpatrick addressed the court in support of the application for the adjournment. The counsel for the prosecution agreed to assist the defence in procuring witnesses in Canada, but could not agree to the protection of the court being offered to Dumont, Dumas, or other parties participating in the rebellion if they were brought from a foreign country to testify on behalf of Riel.

The court re-opened on 28th July, after a week's adjournment. Six jurors were chosen and Mr. Osler opened the case for the Crown. He dwelt on the magnitude of the case and the careful judgment the jury would require to

employ in order to give a just verdict. He explained that the indictment had been made double for simple precautionary reasons to avoid technical objections. The trial by a jury of six instead of twelve was prescribed by law in the Territory, and there could be no manner of doubt as to the right of the Government to make that law. The absence of the Grand Jury was explained on the ground that such juries were essentially county organizations, and were impossible in large districts with small and scattered populations. The Crown thought it impossible also to issue a special commission for the trial of this prisoner. Special courts for special charges were always to be avoided. He traced the career of the prisoner since his arrival in the Saskatchewan Valley last year, and drew attention to the testimony which would be produced to enable the jury to reach a correct verdict. The testimony, he claimed, was abundantly sufficient to bring home to the prisoner his guilt in the charges against him. He read the document in Riel's handwriting to Crozier, in which Riel threatened a war of extermination against the whites, and traced the prisoner's conduct afterward to show that he had tried to carry out that threat. It was no constructive treason that was sought to be proved, but treason involving the shedding of brave men's blood. The accused had been led on, not by desire to aid his friends in a lawful agitation for redress of a grievance, but by his inordinate vanity and desire for power and wealth.

The examination of witnesses then commenced, in the course of which Riel asked Justice Richardson to be allowed to question Charles Nolin, who was under cross-examination. He objected to his lawyer's efforts to show that he was insane. He was not insane, he said, and desired that the plea be thrown aside.

After considerable argument had taken place between the prisoner and his counsel, the Justice refused to allow him to question witnesses as long as he had counsel to speak for him. Among the witnesses called was General Middleton. His evidence was simply a resume of the campaign. He recited the particulars as to the capture and final surrender of Riel, and that according to instructions from Ottawa, he had handed him over to the civil authorities at Regina. The General, on being cross examined by Greenshields, said they had had several conversations on religion. Riel said he was all wrong. Riel talked and acted like a religious enthusiast who was strong on some religious points. A paper assuring Riel of protection was sent out by a scout after Astley told him that Riel would surrender.

THE RETURN.

A few words on the welcome the men received on their return home.

The public expression of sentiment on their departure was unprecedented and unrivalled; the enthusiasm exhibited on their arrival entirely eclipsed it. Canada really seemed beside itself with joy. Nothing was too good for "our boys," as they were caressingly termed. Everything that could possibly be done to show the rejoicings of those at home was done:—banquets, flowers, flags, processions, cheerings. Never did the streets of Winnipeg, Toronto, Montreal, Ottawa, of every town and city, large and small, resound with such cheerings. Winnipeg was hilariously delighted, so was Toronto, so indeed was the smallest village that had a hand in the affair. Each detachment, as it arrived, was received at the station by the civic authorities, with bands, addresses, flags, wreaths. They were followed through the streets by thousands. And the cheering! Whole populations must have been hoarse for days after such cheering.

Well, the troops deserved it. It was all over now, and it was through them that it was safely over. There only remained now the question of what to do with Riel and the rest of the prisoners. The tedious trial of the leader of the rebellion, the plea of insanity, the verdict, the recommendation to mercy, the sentence, the appeal, with all this we shall not concern ourselves. Suffice it that the rebellion was quelled, and we had "our boys" safe home again.

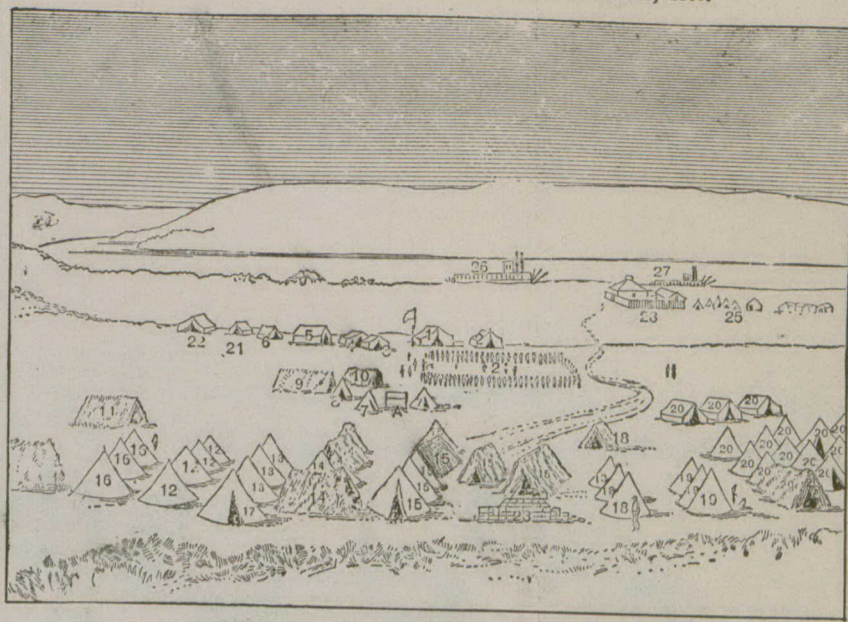
I cannot close this short account of the North-West rising without expressing my thanks, my very sincere thanks, to the many friends who, at no little trouble to themselves, so kindly and bountifully helped me with their advice, information, and assistance. Amongst many others, I may mention the names of Mr. G. S. MacKay, Lieut.-Col. W. D. Jarvis, Lieut.-Col. G. T. Denison, Capt. C. Greville Harston, and Mr. F. C. Wade. To the pen of my fellow-graduate, Mr. James McDougall, also, no small portion of Part II. owes its existence.

INCIDENTS OF THE REBELLION.

CAMP LIFE AT FORT PITT.

HERE we have the last illustrations by Mr. Curzon, our special artist with Gen Middleton's forces that we shall have an opportunity to present. The first represents the lively response which the troop-horses of the Mounted Police make whenever the trumpeter sounds the call which is to their ears most attractive. The second shows racing as it should be, where the object of the competitors is to win, every one doing his level best to be first to reach the goal.

CHURCH PARADE AT FORT PITT, JUNE 2ND, 1885.



Key to illustration on page 33.

- 1. The General.
- 2. The Assist. D. A. G. and Brigade Major.
- 3. Chief Transport Officer.
- 4. Brigadier Lt.-Col. Straubenzoo.
- 5. Staff Mess.
- 6. Staff.
- 7. Officers.
- A. Lt.-Col. Grasset.
- 8. The Chaplain.
- 9. R. G. Orderly Room.
- 10. R. G. Officers' Mess.
- 11. R. G. Reading Room.
- 12. No. 1 Company, Royal Grenadiers.
- 13. " 2 " "
- 14. " 3 " "
- 15. " 4 " "
- 17. Guard.
- 18. "A" Battery, Canadian Artillery.
- 19. "B" Battery, Canadian Artillery.
- 20. 90th Battalion Rifles.
- 21. Field Post Office.
- 22. Field Hospital.
- 23. Ammunition.
- 24. Troops drawn up for divine service.
- 25. Indian Encampment.
- 26. Steamer *Marquis*.
- 27. "North-West."
- 28. Building in Fort Pitt, evacuated by the Mounted Police on Mr. McLean's surrender to the Indians, occupied as a Government storehouse.

It may be of interest to mention that the camp of the scouts was on the left of that of the Royal Grenadiers, and that the Midland were cantoned to the right of the tents of the 90th as shown in the picture.

THE STEAMER "NORTHCOTE" RUNNING THE GAUNTLET AT BATOCHE, MAY 8TH, 1885.

THIS illustration represents the exciting experiences of the crew and troops on board the steamer sent down the river by Gen. Middleton for the two-fold purpose of creating a diversion from the main operations of the attack, and of establishing a new means of communication with Col. Irvine's command at Prince Albert. The military command of this expedition rested with Major Henry Smith, of "C" Company, Infantry School Corps, who had with him the half company of that body which went through the campaign with the troops that accompanied Gen. Middleton throughout. The vessel having been well fortified by Capt. Haig, R. E., it was in a fairly defensible condition; and the only really serious risk encountered was when the endeavour was made to capture it by means of the obstruction that the wire ferry cable afforded. With the exception of a damaged smoke-stack, however, the steamer went through her trip comparatively unharmed, notwithstanding the hail of bullets through which she passed, sent by rebels ensconced among the bushes on both sides of the river.

BATTLE OF CUT KNIFE CREEK.

MR. WADMORE has placed us under deep obligations in sending so comprehensive a sketch of a battleground of historic interest. The relative situations of the various troops will, however, be better understood by regard being paid to the following references:—

- 1. Indian encampment partially hidden by woods, with shell bursting over.
- 2. Major Short, R. C. A., working Gatling gun, men of "B" Battery, and some police.
- 3. Corral of N. W. M. P. and staff horses.
- 4. Lager, with wounded in centre.
- 5. Indians evidently directing movements of the enemy from high hill, about 2,000 yards distant.
- 6. Woods both sides of Cut Knife Creek, which runs through.
- 7. Queen's Own Rifles and Ottawa Sharpshooters.
- 8. Seven-pounder gun, with men of "B" Battery.
- 9. Some of the Battleford Rifles.
- 10. Edge of deep coulee held by Mounted Police and "C" Company, Infantry School Corps.
- 11. Some of the Mounted Police, "B" Battery and "C" Company and a few men of the Ottawa Sharpshooters.
- 12. Seven-pounder gun disabled through breaking of trail.

THE QUEEN'S OWN AT CUT KNIFE CREEK.

THE act of gallantry, in which Messrs. E. C. Acheson and G. E. Lloyd, of the Queen's Own Rifles participated, is one of the features of the campaign that is entitled to special mention. Towards the close of the engagement at Cut Knife Creek, which lasted about seven hours, the Battleford volunteers were ordered to re-

tire from their position in a gully where they had been maintaining a fire against some of the enemy ensconced in bush, which well concealed them. All but two men, Private Dobbs and a teamster named Winters, heard the order and retired round the ridge from which Acheson and Lloyd covered the movement. Lloyd happened to notice the two men still left, and called to Acheson to stay and help them out of their position. Lloyd knelt down and watched for the appearance of the concealed enemy, firing whenever he could get a chance, while Acheson stooped over the edge of the ridge to assist the two men up the steepest part of the acclivity, which was about three feet, almost perpendicular, at the summit. Taking Winters by the hand, Acheson pulled him up with a jerk on to the ridge, when a ball through the head killed the former, who rolled over into the bush in rear. Acheson then made for the edge again, and shouted for poor Dobbs to climb up quick, as it was clear the position was becoming untenable. Dobbs, who was an ex-soldier of the army, advanced in years and somewhat portly, being sorely fatigued with his unwonted exertions, said, "Wait a bit, till I get my wind." Acheson urged him to come along, as every moment was precious. When Dobbs reached the ridge he grasped his hand firmly and pulled with all his strength. Just as he got him over the edge, a ball from the enemy gave Dobbs a fatal wound, and the two men fell together and rolled over. Our picture shows the moment when Acheson was raising Dobbs' lifeless form to carry it to the bush in rear, protecting it with his own person, whereupon a half-breed, with an expression of fiendish malignity on his countenance, suddenly rose at the edge of the ridge, but a few yards off, and drew a bead upon Acheson's back. Happily, Lloyd's rifle was loaded, and he was then watching for a chance to spot one of the enemy in the opposite bush. He brought his rifle to bear upon the man whose aim endangered his comrade's life, and on his pulling the trigger had the satisfaction of seeing this very dangerous assailant throw up his arms and disappear—to be seen no more. Lloyd turned in response to Acheson's request to him to pick up his rifle; but suddenly the head and shoulders of an Indian appeared over the edge of the ridge, by whom Lloyd himself was shot through the back, the ball passing by the shoulder and just missing the lungs. Sergt. McKell and others of the detachment of the Queen's Own now advanced to the rescue of Lloyd and to carry off the body of poor Dobbs, who was found to have received two shots, either of which must have proved fatal. Private Lloyd recovered from his wound, was appointed chaplain to his battalion while still in the field, and has since been ordained. He was recently married to a young lady from England. Both Acheson and Lloyd are held in high esteem by their comrades in the Queen's Own. They are both gentlemen of education and refinement, being brother students of Divinity at Wycliffe College, Toronto. We do not know whether the incident we have endeavoured to relate and illustrate has been brought by Colonel Otter to the notice of General Middleton, but the circumstances seem to warrant a recommendation for that much-coveted decoration—the Victoria Cross.



CAMP LIFE AT FORT PITT. [See page 39.]

(From sketches by Mr. F. W. Curzon, special artist of the "Illustrated War News" with General Middleton's Expedition.)

(1) MOUNTED POLICE HORSES RESPONDING TO THE "FEED AND WATER" CALL. (2) HORSE RACING—"GO AS YOU PLEASE."

SUPPLEMENT.

HONOUR ROLL

OF THE OFFICERS, NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS AND MEN COMPOSING THE NORTH-WEST FIELD FORCE WHICH SUPPRESSED THE REBELLION OF 1885.

REFERENCES:—Killed in action * Died from wounds ** Wounded in action † Deserted ‡

<p>COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF AND STAFF Maj.-Gen. Sir F. Middleton, K.C.M.G., C.B. Ch. of Staff, Maj. Lord Melgund A.D.C., Cpt. H. E. Wise Lt. A. E. Doucet Lt. H. O. Freer Cmg. Arty., Lt.-Col. C. E. Montizambert Inftry. Brigr., Lt.-Col. Van Straubenzee D.A.G., Lt.-Col. C. F. Houghton Actg. D.A.G., Maj. H. Smith Actg. Q. M. G., Capt. Haig, R. E. Brig.-Maj., Cpt. G. H. Young Cpt. C. G. Harston Brig.-Sgn., Dr. G. T. Orton Dr. E. A. Graveley Chf. Tr. Off. S. L. Bedson</p> <p>Gen. Tr. Off., Maj.-Gen. Laurie Chf. Tr. & Sup. Off., Lt.-Col. W. H. Jackson Ass. T. & S. Off., Lt.-Col. D. A. Macdonald Br. Maj., Lt.-Col. E. Lamontagne Com. & Sup. Off., Cpt. H. Swinford Tr. Off. Maj. Kirwan</p> <p>ALBERTA FIELD FORCE Brigr., Maj.-Gen. T. Bland-Strange A.D.C., Lt. H. Bland-Strange Q.M.G. and Brig.-Maj., Major Dale Ass. Q.M.G., Cpt. Paliser Brig. Sgn., Dr. Pennyfather Tr. and Sup. Off., H. Hamilton Cpt. J. Wright Ass. Sup. Off., Sgt.-Maj. Beem Mr. Desbrisay</p> <p>COL. OTTER'S BRIGADE Brigr., Lt.-Col. W. D. Otter Chf. of Staff, Supt. W. M. Herchmer Brig.-Maj., Lt. J. W. Sears Brig. Q.M., Cpt. W. G. Mutton Brig. Sgn. Dr. F. W. Strange</p> <p>MEDICAL STAFF Sgn.-Gen. Dr. D. Bergrin</p> <p>TORONTO HOSPITAL CORPS Dr. Walker Dr. Williams Dresser A. E. Collins R. Hillier K. Rea N. Aikins T. G. Macdonald F. Winnett W. F. Graham P. R. Bishop J. F. Campbell J. M. Thompson S. J. Bell L. Lawies</p> <p>THE RED CROSS CORPS D. O. R. Jones, M.D., C.M. J. F. Brown, B.A. W. Mustard, B.A. O. Weed, B.A. J. R. Robertson R. J. Wood</p> <p>CAVALRY SCHOOL CORPS Headquarters—Quebec, Que. Lt.-Col. J. F. Turnbull Adj., Lt. E. H. F. Howard Lt. F. L. Lessard Sgt. Maj. Geo. Baxter Q.M.S. W. Quigley Stff.-Sgt. W. Charlewood Sgt. A. Barker J. Hamel A. D'Orsonnins Cpl. A. LeFrancois G. Wedgery Lce.-Cpl. C. Fowler Tptra. A. Methot A. Symes J. O'Donnell Ypr. H. Barlett H. Berny C. Bland O. Brooke W. Cornor A. Cornell D. Davidson J. De La Salle R. Dadds P. Flamand J. Goudreau C. Guay</p>	<p>Tpr. T. Gormley T. Hardy J. 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McKenzie
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J. Smith
J. Rawson

NO. 2 COMPANY.

Cpt. F. H. Butler
Lt. A. G. Chisholm
2nd Lt. B. W. Creig
Col. Sgt. T. Gould
Sgt. J. W. Whitlock
T. O'Rourke
W. Catter
Lnce.-Sgt. D. Dyson
Cpl. J. Gooch
W. Brown
Lnce.-Cpl. H. L. Graham
W. Andrews
Bug. J. Watson
C. Channer
Pte. A. M. Wilson
W. Smithson
H. McRoberts
J. Ford
H. Arbuckle
T. Walker
J. W. Johnson
J. F. Gray
H. Westaway
P. Neil
W. D. Croft
J. Harding
J. Lozier
T. R. Harwood
T. Livesley
W. Bearen
W. Ferguson
G. Davis
A. Somerville
Davieson
P. Breman
W. Barlow
J. R. Matthews

NO. 3 COMPANY.

Lt. B. Bagan
Col. Sgt. Annandson
Sgt. T. Anglin
Cpl. T. Graham
W. Wainless
W. M. Kirkindale
Lnce.-Cpl. T. A. Fysh
H. H. Dignam
J. Muirhead
Bug. B. Sreaton
M. Keman
Pte. F. Pouley
G. Jones
C. H. Pennington
J. A. Burns
R. W. Atkinson
E. Hanson
J. McCraik
C. S. Pettit
W. Mercer
H. Wright
A. E. Sinyth
W. S. Proctor
S. Lancaster
T. Moore
R. Gibson
L. Hyttemanch
W. H. Cooper
C. W. Alison
S. Lawrence

NO. 4 COMPANY.

Cpt. T. H. Tracy
Lt. C. F. Cox
2nd Lt. H. Payne
Col. Sgt. A. McDonald
Sgt. W. Owens
M. W. Greggor
Lnce.-Sgt. W. D. Mills
Cpl. S. Love
H. G. McBeth
N. A. Meyer
Bug. T. Coughlin
T. Watson
Pte. T. H. Carey
W. D. Carnegie
J. W. Cowan
H. Davis
K. H. Dignam
C. D. Gower
E. P. Gower
G. L. Garnett
J. R. Greig
Henderson
R. Howard
B. Humble
R. Ironsides
P. N. Labatt
R. E. Lee
F. L. Leonard
W. Martin
G. Mitchell
H. McCauley
J. M. McCormick
J. F. Moore
H. McCauley
J. Pennington
C. E. B. Reid
W. A. Rhodes
G. R. Smyth
R. Smith
P. M. Smith
G. Westland
P. M. Webb
H. Hartshorn

NO. 5 COMPANY.

Cpt. R. Dillon
Lt. J. A. Hesketh
Col. Sgt. G. Jacobs
Sgt. J. Summers
G. Neilson
Lnce.-Sgt. H. Rowland
Cpl. Field
G. F. Apted
Bug. R. Henderson
J. Smith
Pte. R. A. Best
C. Beetham
T. Cassaday
J. Coivil
E. Dickinson

Pte. G. Hall
T. Howell
W. Hayden
J. D. Jacobs
J. Johnson
J. Keannelly
T. Martin
E. Morcartay
J. Moysse
W. McDonald
A. McNamara
F. McNamara
H. A. McCausland
J. Norfolk
D. Nottley
J. Pedey
J. Quick
H. Rolfe
J. Sinnett
H. Tennant
H. Thwaite
J. Walton
T. Walton
T. Whitehead
G. Wright

NO. 6 COMPANY.

Cpt. S. F. Peters
Lt. S. A. Jones
Col. Sgt. J. Line
Sgt. J. Harris
J. W. Stansfield
Cpl. R. P. Black
J. T. Hannigan
J. T. Thomas
Bug. J. Russell
S. Weir
Pte. C. Bates
W. Brown
H. Clarke
E. Clarke
T. Collins
W. Connell
B. Crow
J. Crawford
W. Burly
Drennan
J. Grant
J. Mills
J. Kecnay
T. R. Harwood
G. Lovell
T. Martin
A. C. O'Brien
A. M. O'Brien
H. Prairie
C. Thomas
A. Wilson
L. Wright
T. Mills
J. H. Larrall

NO. 7 COMPANY.

Capt. E. McKenzie
2nd Lt. J. H. Pope
Col. Sgt. A. Borland
Sgt. J. T. Lynch
F. Fulton
H. Gingras
E. Touchette
F. Donati

NO. 4 COMPANY.

Cpt. E. Garbeau
Lt. G. A. Labranche
F. Fiset
Sgt. L. Lachance
P. Miller
Cpl. O. Matte
P. Jobin
J. Nadeau
Pte. Jos. Cantin
N. Maheux
G. Marois
A. Julien
J. B. Blais
E. Blais
P. Plamondon,
O. Landry
P. Pouliot
L. Jodoin
O. Cantin
R. Buteau
T. Danjou
F. Golin
J. B. Bibault
Corriveau
H. Hardy
J. Smith
L. Cartier
O. Dominique

NO. 5 COMPANY.

Cpt. F. Pennée
Lt. J. Dupuis
Dion
Sgt. J. Germain
T. Trudel
J. B. E. Gosselin
O. Hamel
Cpl. A. Nolet
Bug. Trudel
Pte. T. Samson
L. Rousseau
L. Lechasseur
E. Dubé
L. Boucher
V. Bernier
E. Cote
J. Damour
A. Bibeau
T. Guay
E. Bois
J. Tanguay
N. Julien
T. Bonvouloir
J. Corteau
J. Letellier
L. Landry
A. D. Parent
L. Gagnon

NO. 6 COMPANY.

Cpt. A. O. Fages
Lt. Shely
Sgt. E. Lamontagne
N. Leclerc
Cpl. A. G. Deguise
Pte. P. Fournier
H. Gagnon
S. Papillon
F. X. Mercier
L. Leclerc
A. Davis
Jos. Giguere
P. F. Gosselin
L. Therien
E. Laperriere
F. Asselin
E. Paris
S. Miles
Z. Guimond
Phil. Gingras

Pte. C. H. Valin
W. Lebel
E. Gabardie
NO. 2 COMPANY.

Cpt. Fisco
Lt. Casgrain
Lt. F. de St. Maurice
Col. Sgt. Louis Giroux
B. Michaud
Cpl. Giroux
Savard
Nap. Chamberland
Lnce.-Corp. Fortin
Pte. Vaillancourt
J. Boucher
D. Lefebvre
A. Soucy
Jos. Laroche
Jos. Blais
James Chamberland
Cam. Chamberland
J. B. Fortin
J. Aubin
Paz. Fortin
J. Boucher
Leon Fortin
C. Laroche
C. Laroche
H. Paquet
H. Paquet
T. Soucy
G. Mallard
G. Sirois
P. Lafrance
A. Tardif
J. Corriveau
Lucien Miller
Abraham Martel
C. Delemare

NO. 3 COMPANY.

Cpt. Drolet
Lt. Baillarge
F. Fiset
Sgt. Cote
Chabot
Blonin
Marcoux
Cpl. Marçoux
Deguise
Bug. E. Patry
Pte. A. Patry
G. Beauregard
E. Goulet
J. Biron
C. H. Plante
A. Coulombe
J. O. Rousseau
A. Robitaille
J. A. Shehyn
E. Fiset
E. Ouellette
J. Nolin
G. Thom
J. B. Bilodeau
L. Lavoie
F. Fulton
H. Gingras
E. Touchette
F. Donati

NO. 4 COMPANY.

Cpt. E. Garbeau
Lt. G. A. Labranche
F. Fiset
Sgt. L. Lachance
P. Miller
Cpl. O. Matte
P. Jobin
J. Nadeau
Pte. Jos. Cantin
N. Maheux
G. Marois
A. Julien
J. B. Blais
E. Blais
P. Plamondon,
O. Landry
P. Pouliot
L. Jodoin
O. Cantin
R. Buteau
T. Danjou
F. Golin
J. B. Bibault
Corriveau
H. Hardy
J. Smith
L. Cartier
O. Dominique

NO. 5 COMPANY.

Cpt. F. Pennée
Lt. J. Dupuis
Dion
Sgt. J. Germain
T. Trudel
J. B. E. Gosselin
O. Hamel
Cpl. A. Nolet
Bug. Trudel
Pte. T. Samson
L. Rousseau
L. Lechasseur
E. Dubé
L. Boucher
V. Bernier
E. Cote
J. Damour
A. Bibeau
T. Guay
E. Bois
J. Tanguay
N. Julien
T. Bonvouloir
J. Corteau
J. Letellier
L. Landry
A. D. Parent
L. Gagnon

NO. 6 COMPANY.

Cpt. A. O. Fages
Lt. Shely
Sgt. E. Lamontagne
N. Leclerc
Cpl. A. G. Deguise
Pte. P. Fournier
H. Gagnon
S. Papillon
F. X. Mercier
L. Leclerc
A. Davis
Jos. Giguere
P. F. Gosselin
L. Therien
E. Laperriere
F. Asselin
E. Paris
S. Miles
Z. Guimond
Phil. Gingras

Pte. J. O. Giguere
R. Miller
J. E. Gosselin
G. Lizotte
A. St. Pierre
E. Simard
NO. 7 COMPANY.

Cpt. L. F. Perrault
Lt. P. Pelletier
J. C. Routhier
Sgt. Chabot
Derruw
Cpl. Alex. Boucher
Pte. F. X. Lemieux
J. A. Edg. Arthur
J. Potvin
L. Allain
H. Roy
A. Laurencelle
P. Jolicœur
T. Blondeau
A. Lavoie
L. Burgoing
N. W. Tanguay
J. Paradis
P. Poltevin
C. A. Colet
J. Guimond
R. Godin
J. Bourget
G. Rouleau
P. J. Voyeur
A. Bastien
A. Bastien
A. Rondeau
C. Deguise
N. Dorion
J. Delisle

NO. 8 COMPANY.

Cpt. LeVasseur
Lt. C. C. Larue
H. Bieque
Pte. P. Briere
J. Trigaine
J. B. Belanger
Edmond Savard
C. Vezina
G. Goulet
E. Rood
E. Bernard
E. Desrosiers
J. Sward
W. Carot

NO. 3 COMPANY.

Cpt. LeVasseur
Lt. C. C. Larue
H. Bieque
Pte. P. Briere
J. Trigaine
J. B. Belanger
Edmond Savard
C. Vezina
G. Goulet
E. Rood
E. Bernard
E. Desrosiers
J. Sward
W. Carot

NO. 4 COMPANY.

Cpt. C. G. Harston
Lt. G. P. Elliot
2nd Lt. F. M. Michie
Col. Sgt. F. W. Curzon
N. Cusick
Sgt. J. Dent
T. W. Mitchell
F. Kitchener
G. Smith
R. Wiggins
G. Wood
G. White
Bug. J. Gaughan
Drum. J. King
Pte. H. Hunter
A. Taylor
Pion. G. Bradley
Pte. Moberly
J. Gray

NO. 2 COMPANY.

Cpt. Jas. Mason
Lt. A. M. Irving
2nd Lt. John D. Hay
Col. Sgt. Johnston
Thos. Lane
Sgt. W. Metcalf
Wm. Jack
Geo. Nelson
Cpl. Geo. C. Moody
James Wishart
D. Fanagher
John Sinclair
W. H. Coxon
David Anderson
Pte. Richard Cooke
James Richardson
Thos. A. Williams
Robt. Reynolds
John Smith
John Moss
Louis Stead
M. J. Cantwell
Charles W. Rogers
Frank Rogers
Arthur Ward
Robert A. Stanley
George Crowther
Phillip Beaugil
John Griffin
Fred. Petty
Christ. Steirn
Thomas Blake
Benj. Pearson
Albert Bruce

Pte. Thomas Dean
William Gibson
Oscar Freemantle
Samuel Downey
Thomas Milne
Wm. Blythe
D. Snell
John Mitchell
George Sculley
John Billingham
Andrew Murdison
Robert Thorpe
Robert Newman
Wallace Dossitt
Patrick Cronin
Wm. Richardson
James Baxter
Arthur Aikins
Eli Jeffries
Ernest Wardell
Thomas Stanley
Albert Roberts
John Reid
James Marshall
John Streeton
Ernest Newman
W. D. Whiting
Amb. Cps. S. Fearn
J. Bee
Pion. D. Shepherd
Bug. Thomas Cuthbert
George Baker
Drum. Wm. Cuthbert
Fifer Hugh Burke

NO. 3 COMPANY.

Cpt. O. L. Spence
Lt. W. C. Fitch
2nd Lt. John Morrow
Stiff. Sgt. J. Hutchin-
son
Col. Sgt. Wm. Dale
Sgt. G. Knight
John Nolan
John Jamieson
Cpl. Robert Moore
Robert Whiteacre
Thomas Johnston
W. G. Fowler
W. Taylor
W. Marsh
Robert Blevins
George Dickson
Wm. Butcher
Lee.-Cpl. Jno. Coulter
Pte. R. J. Beeman
George Brennan
Alfred Burridge
James Campbell
Albert Coburn
Robert Cook
Richard Culley
William Drake
Henry Fletcher
Alfred Hambleton
Arthur Hatch
Thomas Hick
Thomas Hunter
Robert March
Alfred Meade
George Meade
Thomas Metcalfe
John Menary
William Mitchell
Thomas Moor
John Pollard
Walter Randall
Henry Riddle
Henry Roberts
Alfred Scovell
C. Spice
John Stayne
Robert Studham
Thomas Taylor
Adam Trotter
Richard Tyler
James Wylie
John Welby
A. Woodruffe
James Woodward
Pion. Lawrence Belz
Amb. Cpl. C. Haultain
Percy Scharnmidt
Drum. John McDonald
Wm. Holden
Bug. Frank Nixon
Walter Impey

NO. 4 COMPANY.

Cpt. C. G. Harston
Lt. G. P. Elliot
2nd Lt. F. M. Michie
Col. Sgt. F. W. Curzon
N. Cusick
Sgt. J. Dent
T. W. Mitchell
F. Kitchener
G. Smith
R. Wiggins
G. Wood
G. White
Bug. J. Gaughan
Drum. J. King
Pte. H. Hunter
A. Taylor
Pion. G. Bradley
Pte. Moberly
J. Gray

NO. 2 COMPANY.

Cpt. Jas. Mason
Lt. A. M. Irving
2nd Lt. John D. Hay
Col. Sgt. Johnston
Thos. Lane
Sgt. W. Metcalf
Wm. Jack
Geo. Nelson
Cpl. Geo. C. Moody
James Wishart
D. Fanagher
John Sinclair
W. H. Coxon
David Anderson
Pte. Richard Cooke
James Richardson
Thos. A. Williams
Robt. Reynolds
John Smith
John Moss
Louis Stead
M. J. Cantwell
Charles W. Rogers
Frank Rogers
Arthur Ward
Robert A. Stanley
George Crowther
Phillip Beaugil
John Griffin
Fred. Petty
Christ. Steirn
Thomas Blake
Benj. Pearson
Albert Bruce

Pte. D. Smith
F. J. Snythe
J. M. McIlveen
F. Smith
Felix Haney
J. Cain
D. Snell
Amb. Cpl. W. E. Mitch-
ell
C. Holman
Pion. C. Golback
Bug. T. Johnson
J. Hume
J. Brickendon
J. W. Marshall

65TH BATTALION (MOUNT
ROYAL) RIFLES

Headquarters — Mon-
tréal, Que.

Lt.-Col. J. Ouimet
Maj. Lt.-Col. Hughes
Maj. C. Dugas
Paymstr. C. Bossée
Sgn. L. Paré
Asst.-Sgn. F. Simard
Chap. P. Prevost
Q. M. A. Larocque
Adj., Cpt. J. Robert
Dril Inst. La Branche
Stiff. Sgt. J. Donais
L. Labelle
Bug.-Maj. J. Arthur
Hosp. Sgt. A. Lepine

NO. 1 COMPANY.

Cpt. J. Astell
Lt. A. Plinquet
Sgt. J. Beaudoin
Cpl. A. Robichaud
E. Latulippe
E. Beaudoin
Pion. Cpl. E. Jobin
Pte. H. Picard
N. Cadieux
A. Ouimet
L. Chalifoux
G. Aumond
T. Robert
A. Michaud
L. Michold
R. Capels
L. Goulet
C. Handin
F. Belanger
A. Chartrand
A. Marsau
A. Bourgeois
S. Conway
J. Lanthur
C. Daoust
N. Robert
G. Labelle
N. Brown
O. Drolet
A. Narbonne
A. Longpie
A. Lanctot
R. Pepin

NO. 2 COMPANY.

Cpt. J. DesTroisMaisons
Lt. G. DesGeorges
Sgt. C. Chaust
H. Davenport
C. Duchesnay
Cpl. E. Porcheron
H. Nelson
Pte. Hotte
A. Beaudry
S. Desjardins
J. Fraser
J. Waller
D. Beaudoin
N. Bourgeois
N. Guindon
J. McGowan
J. Adams
J. Scott
A. Daoust
H. Flanagan
W. Clark
N. Martel
H. Scott
J. Cawthorn
S. Desgagne
T. Trejeau
A. Moreau
J. Renaud
P. Jolicœur
G. Conway
D. Bouthillier
J. Menard
J. Smart
B. Boucher de St.
Denis

NO. 3 COMPANY.

Cpt. E. Bauset
Lt. C. Starnes
Sgt. N. Gauvreau
J. Dusseault
Cpl. A. Beaudin
E. Luperance
W. J. Urquhart
G. Phillips
G. Tansley
R. F. Simmons
W. J. Delahunty
J. Davis
A. Gordon
J. Marcotte
D. Forgue
C. Nadeau
P. Sawasin
A. Taylor
J. Marlin
J. Deslauriers
U. Viau
A. Merinau
A. Gagnon
A. Chamard
J. Seyroure
A. Boisot
A. Lavoilette
R. Huott
A. Brais
A. Brouning
E. Blais
J. Conolly
W. Prieur
A. Ritchie
E. Houle
E. Maillet
J. Gaudette

NO. 4 COMPANY.

Cpt. A. Roy
Lt. A. Villeneuve
Sgt. J. Dubord
E. Houle

Sgt. P. Vailiquette
Cpl. E. Valled
E. Pouliot
Pte. R. Lecuyer
A. Monissette
G. Lessier
F. Carli
J. Gauthier
B. Rodier
A. Breyfuss
A. Fafard
T. Dufresne
D. Frasuri
A. Wilscam
A. Dumont
A. Bourdeau
A. Lemay
F. Pouliott
C. Grenier
N. Beaulne
Z. Despatie
J. Roy
A. Labelle
Maj. C. Dugas
Paymstr. C. Bossée
Sgn. L. Paré
Asst.-Sgn. F. Simard
Chap. P. Prevost
Q. M. A. Larocque
Adj., Cpt. J. Robert
Dril Inst. La Branche
Stiff. Sgt. J. Donais
L. Labelle
Bug.-Maj. J. Arthur
Hosp. Sgt. A. Lepine

NO. 5 COMPANY.

Cpt. G. Villeneuve
Lt. B. Lafontaine
Sgt. A. D'Amour
A. Thebaault
S. Bennett
Cpl. E. Desmoyers
J. Lafreniere
J. Barré
Pte. J. Stanton
T. Lafortune
W. Beauchamp
J. Parent
P. Cloutier
N. Lepine
N. Rivertez
R. Metcalf
F. Shenk
N. Mathieu
A. Andrews
H. Milot
S. Dedevoir
Sgt.-Maj. H. Gooding
Bnd.-Cpl. F. C. Ken-
nedy
G. Bailey
H. J. Kirk
Bndsmn J. A. Starratt
E. Cann
E. H. Reid
A. Boucher
C. O. Breach
A. F. Crane
J. Le Moges
F. J. Dowkins
W. Hinittey
G. Downard
W. Buchanan
R. King
J. Raper
O. W. Kennedy

NO. 1 COMPANY.

Maj. C. F. Forrest
Lt. H. J. Macdonald
2nd Lt. R. L. Sewell
Act. Col. Sgt. A. Buch-
ler
Sgt. E. G. Steele
R. Macklin
Cpl. W. Kemp
S. A. Doyle
L. A. Maguire
H. F. Theaker
Bug. R. Buchanan
J. Hardie
Pte. G. B. Anderson
J. Magee
R. Baron
F. T. Brooks
R. M. Bailey
R. W. Blake
J. Dean
A. M. Ferguson
R. Rocheon
O. Bertrand
A. J. Howell
Frank Huckell
J. Hutchesson
C. Kemp
W. Kitley
W. Loughhead
G. H. Merritt
S. Moffatt
T. E. Mitchell
G. D. McAllister
J. Lariviere
T. Laurin
T. Dancereau
J. Chalifoux
T. Gagne
H. Champagne

NO. 7 COMPANY.

Cpt. H. Prevost
Lt. T. Doherty
Sgt. A. Labelle
Z. Hebert
T. Astell
Pte. A. Laframboise
E. Tefebore
J. Monette
J. Mariere
J. Fournier
M. Lamontagne
P. Mount
G. Moquin
D. Clifford
A. Theriault
N. Breux
A. Laberge
G. Smith
D. Canon
A. Kelly
O. Giroux
F. Bury
L. Sauriol
P. Huot
A. Marien
E. Terroux
A. Marisoin
L. Wilson
W. Fafard
A. Perreault
C. Cox
J. Polan
J. Audette
F. Brousseau
E. Lafontaine

Pte. A. Clendenning
N. Roche
A. Patterson
E. Remillard
P. Schinck
NO. 8 COMPANY.

Cpt. L. Ethier
Lt. J. Normandeau
Sgt. L. Favreau
N. Livernois
J. Gimble
Pte. L. Favreau
J. Traynor
F. Deladurantayne
A. Leblanc
N. Gravel
A. Levesque
A. Riendeau
M. Hennigan
N. Gervais
N. Lamarche
J. Roy
M. Deslauriers
T. Lortee
E. Leclerc
N. Tiger
A. Renesseau
J. Viger
A. Lippe
C. Wilson
J. Lemoneaux
J. Sarchagrin
D. Menard
J. Rupert
D. Franconer
E. Vervais

90TH BATTALION RIFLES

Headquarters — Win-
nipeg, Man.

Lt.-Col. A. McKeand
Maj. C. M. Boswell
L. Buchan
Sgn. G. T. Orton
Asst.-Sgn. J. M. Whit-
ford
Q. M. L. C. McTavish
Sgt.-Maj. J. Watson
Q. M. S. Rogers
P. M. S. E. K. Campbell
Or. R. Clk. G. Brough-
all
Hosp. Sgt. McKeown
Bug.-Maj. H. Gooding
Bnd.-Cpl. F. C. Ken-
nedy
G. Bailey
H. J. Kirk
Bndsmn J. A. Starratt
E. Cann
E. H. Reid
A. Boucher
C. O. Breach
A. F. Crane
J. Le Moges
F. J. Dowkins
W. Hinittey
G. Downard
W. Buchanan
R. King
J. Raper
O. W. Kennedy

NO. 1 COMPANY.

Maj. C. F. Forrest
Lt. H. J. Macdonald
2nd Lt. R. L. Sewell
Act. Col. Sgt. A. Buch-
ler
Sgt. E. G. Steele
R. Macklin
Cpl. W. Kemp
S. A. Doyle
L. A. Maguire
H. F. Theaker
Bug. R. Buchanan
J. Hardie
Pte. G. B. Anderson
J. Magee
R. Baron
F. T. Brooks
R. M. Bailey
R. W. Blake
J. Dean
A. M. Ferguson
R. Rocheon
O. Bertrand
A. J. Howell
Frank Huckell
J. Hutchesson
C. Kemp
W. Kitley
W. Loughhead
G. H. Merritt
S. Moffatt
T. E. Mitchell
G. D. McAllister
J. Lariviere
T. Laurin
T. Dancereau
J. Chalifoux
T. Gagne
H. Champagne

NO. 5 COMPANY.

Cpt. R. J. Whitla
Lt. E. G. Piche
2nd Lt. A. E. McPhil-
lips
Col. Sgt. R. C. Dick-
son
Sgt. T. W. Spearman
H. Cooke
Cpl. W. Wane
J. Lockhart
W. Cooke
Bug. H. Cattin
Pte. S. J. Smith
J. Wilkes
W. Eddles
O. L. Coombes
W. Burke
R. Pomroy
M. Smith
F. J. Swine
W. J. Ellis
C. Longman
J. Preston
J. Killett
E. Taylor
W. Dreyer
R. Shanklin
J. W. Hopkins
A. Matheson
J. Hazlewood
G. Monk
W. F. Whellans
H. Downey
F. Clinch

Pte. T. Izard
E. Moyses
J. Roberts
E. Lovell
A. W. Ancill
G. Wheeler
A. H. Wheeler
E. Harrison
C. Williams
G. H. Chappell
C. McMillan
C. Peterkin
J. W. C. Swan
W. C. Menzies
J. Stovel
J. M. O'Reilly
C. Wilkes
P. Zimmerman
W. G. Johnson
E. W. Green
S. Oliver
J. Judd
W. Hickey
W. Whellan
A. Goslin
D. W. Cowan

NO. 5 COMPANY.

Cpt. W. A. Wilkes
Lt. H. Bolster
2nd Lt. C. Swinford
Col. Sgt. W. H. Cullin
Sgt. F. R. Jackes
James Tees
Cpl. J. Lethbridge
J. S. B. Code
J. D. Stephens
Lee.-Cpl. E. W. Turner
F. Mahoney
Bug. G. J. McGriffin
Pte. R. K. Allan
E. Armstrong
T. Booz
G. Bouchette
G. Cameron
J. W. Curry
W. T. Creighton
W. H. Canniff
J. B. Chambers
J. Dowker
H. H. Fraser
J. Fraser
J. H. Houden
W. Hughes
C. F. Houell
T. D. Leighton
J. D. Lewis
G. K. Malcolmson
F. Morgan
W. J. Mackay
J. Mackay
M. McCormack
F. Nixon
M. B. Orde
J. E. Porter
J. J. Thera
W. E. Slater
W. J. Tafae
E. Whitehead
A. L. Young
R. E. Young
J. Snider

NO. 4 COMPANY.

Cpt. C. A. Worsnop
Lt. Z. Wood
H. M. Arnold
Col. Sgt. A. H. Smith
Sgt. W. Keane
T. Howard
W. B. Colgate
B. Sinead
Cpl. T. Richardson
H. Bowden
W. Gall
Bug. Wertheim
Pte. J. McRobert
Kemp
Shaw
H. Ennis
J. Kenn
T. Dunn
Gouvin
H. Denn
H. M. Morgan
McLachlan
D. Brumdit
Brush
Davis
Morris
Pritchard
Ferguson
Erickson
R. Hardisty
J. Brown
B. T. Cooper
W. H. D'Arcy
Zuill
S. Edwards
Wainwright
M. Johnson
Hannah
W. Kestall
Graham
Mullins
McGorden
Grayburn

NO. 5 COMPANY.

Cpt. R. J. Whitla
Lt. E. G. Piche
2nd Lt. A. E. McPhil-
lips
Col. Sgt. R. C. Dick-
son
Sgt. T. W. Spearman
H. Cooke
Cpl. W. Wane
J. Lockhart
W. Cooke
Bug. H. Cattin
Pte. S. J. Smith
J. Wilkes
W. Eddles
O. L. Coombes
W. Burke
R. Pomroy
M. Smith
F. J. Swine
W. J. Ellis
C. Longman
J. Preston
J. Killett
E. Taylor
W. Dreyer
R. Shanklin
J. W. Hopkins
A. Matheson
J. Hazlewood
G. Monk
W. F. Whellans
H. Downey
F. Clinch

Pte. J. Matthews
L. H. Eyre
A. Johnson
K. Munroe
S. Keyser
A. C. Fischer
T. C. Woods
E. Kern
H. G. Buss
D. L. Macdonald
F. Benway
W. Radcliffe
H. Reynale
W. Van Celit
A. F. Kejkdan
J. Paton

NO. 6 COMPANY.

Cpt. W. Clark
Lt. F. Campbell
R. C. Laurie
Col.-Sgt. C. M. Mitchell
Sgt. T. Wright
S. S. Smith
Cpl. J. Gillies
J. D. Marshall
H. Law
Lec.-Cpl. G. Grant
Pte. J. Pitblado
McPherson
A. Mowat
J. Mowat
D. Horn
Blackwood
McIntosh
Scott
Laurie
R. Gillies
J. McDiarmid
A. Ross
J. Crown
J. Muir
Smith
D. Moore
Shaw
D. Hislop
A. Watson
Bell
Massig
McIntyre
Holden
A. McQueen
Dallas
A. Gillies
Mullins
G. Baxter
W. Wright
Slowan
J. Mowat
Bug. R. D. Campbell

81ST BATTALION INFANTRY

Headquarters—Win-
nipeg, Man.
Lt.-Col. T. Scott
Maj. B. H. McMillan
S. Mulvey
Paymstr. Cpt. W. Cope-
land
Adj., Cpt. R. W. A.
Rolph
Q.M. W. H. Souck
Sgn. M. M. Seymour
Asst.-Sgn. G. S. Keele
Chp. Rev. W. H. L.
Rowland
Insp. Mus., Cpt. A. W.
Lane
Int. Off., Lt. F. W.
Snow
Sgt.-Maj. Davis
Q.M.S. C. R. Tuttle
P.M.S. Geo. Percival
O.R. Clk. F. V. Young
Hosp.-Sgt. A. H. Arden
Flon.-Sgt. R. Mulvey

NO. 1 COMPANY.

Cpt. J. A. Rowe
Lt. F. J. Bamford
2nd Lt. W. H. Saun-
ders
Col.-Sgt. F. W. Smith
Sgt. H. Carr
J. Jones
A. Hamilton
Cpl. C. Midwinter
D. McArthur
J. A. Pears
Pte. A. Banham
J. L. Reid
M. Alexander
J. K. Ash
S. W. Benson
W. J. Bedding
J. Buchanan
J. Blondell
H. Barnes
B. Blondell
W. Calder
J. Canham
B. Oleg
E. S. Churchill
A. A. Craigh
A. Fisher
S. Goodmans
C. B. Halpin
F. Hayes
J. Harrison
C. Harrington
J. Julius
G. Mawly
W. Maywood
J. McCarthy
R. F. McLean
M. McKellar
F. McCall
T. H. Hewitt
S. Nix
W. Murray
Hewitt
J. Rutledge
J. Smith
R. Steel
H. J. Simson
J. Sholdice
T. Scroggie
R. H. Scott
A. Williams
G. Rutton

NO. 2 COMPANY.

Cpt. T. Wastie
Lt. E. Smith
2nd Lt. R. H. Hunter
Col.-Sgt. J. Taylor
Sgt. R. T. Evans
A. E. McDonnell
Cpl. M. H. Gurney
F. J. Clarke
H. W. O. Roger
Pte. A. S. Armstrong
A. Adams

Pte. F. Atkens
W. Baker
C. C. Burn
F. Basannach
A. J. Bramly
G. Boulton
C. Crofton
A. Cambell
J. Collins
E. Child
F. B. Graves
E. E. B. Groom
W. C. Gurney
J. L. Grant
W. S. Hamburgh
H. Hammond
J. Hatch
H. Hodgkinson
G. Hanley
J. W. Johnson
E. Kirkman
E. J. Lindsay
E. W. Lowe
J. Matthews
L. H. Menchin
A. McCallum
A. W. Prouce
R. G. Porter
K. Pope
R. J. Ramsay
J. Stewart
J. Swift
R. H. W. Tew
R. B. Urnston
R. J. Vance
J. C. Wilson
F. A. Williams
J. E. Yelland
W. Young
Birch
R. B. Sidebottom
P. Dickson

NO. 3 COMPANY.

Cpt. W. Sheppard
Lt. R. C. Brown
2nd Lt. G. Reid
Col.-Sgt. H. J. W.
Woodside
Sgt. J. H. H. Hodson
Cpl. D. C. Carsells
J. W. L. Thomas
L. H. A. Armstrong
Pte. W. F. Anderson
C. Anderson
W. Armstrong
H. Browning
L. T. Campbell
J. Cusitar
W. G. Cooper
S. Cameron
R. Dunn
D. Hendry
A. Hainstock
W. A. Howie
W. Hamilton
T. G. Holmes
W. L. Meeham
J. Matier
F. C. Morrison
V. Murdoch
W. McDonald
J. A. McDonald
A. A. McPhail
J. A. McDonnell
J. McElroy
C. Nelson
G. Pullinger
A. Probert
J. A. Rose
T. A. Rushbrook
W. H. Ross
W. H. Reid
J. G. Reid
C. J. Sharpe
C. Stevenson
G. W. Sheppard
G. W. Tomlin
C. R. Thompson
W. Wesley
W. E. Wood
J. S. Wiggins
P. Whimpter
E. S. White
L. Eadie
A. Gaule
R. Wilson

NO. 3 COMPANY.

Cpt. J. C. Waugh
Lt. G. A. Glines
2nd Lt. H. McKay
Col.-Sgt. W. Nelson
Sgt. H. Morris
H. B. Piggott
Cpl. W. Lapointe
F. S. McDonald
R. Munroe
Pte. W. Hooper
W. Stevenson
Bug. C. Simmons
Pte. R. H. Short
H. Brown
J. J. Buchanan
W. A. Blair
W. Brown
J. Britton
T. Cutting
W. J. Coleman
E. H. H. Clarke
Sgn. J. P. Pennefather
Asst.-Sgn. S. T. Mac-
adam
Sgt.-Maj. P. Lawlor
Q.M.S. G. P. Bliss
Ord. Rm. Clk. A. Oxley
Brig.-Maj. G. King

NO. 6 COMPANY.

Cpt. J. C. Waugh
Lt. G. A. Glines
2nd Lt. H. McKay
Col.-Sgt. W. Nelson
Sgt. H. Morris
H. B. Piggott
Cpl. W. Lapointe
F. S. McDonald
R. Munroe
Pte. W. Hooper
W. Stevenson
Bug. C. Simmons
Pte. R. H. Short
H. Brown
J. J. Buchanan
W. A. Blair
W. Brown
J. Britton
T. Cutting
W. J. Coleman
E. H. H. Clarke
Sgn. J. P. Pennefather
Asst.-Sgn. S. T. Mac-
adam
Sgt.-Maj. P. Lawlor
Q.M.S. G. P. Bliss
Ord. Rm. Clk. A. Oxley
Brig.-Maj. G. King

NO. 4 COMPANY.

Cpt. S. J. Jackson
Lt. J. S. Rutherford
2nd Lt. T. Lusted
Col.-Sgt. E. Ellis
Sgt. E. R. Sutherland
A. Mannix
Cpl. H. Shanger
A. Gillespie
A. Daly
Pte. H. Bachume
G. Anderson
A. J. Bell
H. Bowman
J. Bell
H. Boyce
A. Brown
M. Cockerill
H. Collie
J. Dark
S. Dark
H. H. Davies
W. Enclersly
J. Julius
J. Forrester
J. Galbraith
A. Godson
D. Good
N. Good
H. Gyselman
T. Hogg
H. S. Hogg
J. Kennedy
J. Lawrence
B. Lashbrook
H. Lidell
H. Luty
L. G. McDonald
N. McDonald
D. McLeod
D. McIntyre
J. McMahon
S. McMahon
J. Montgomery
J. A. McVicar
R. Parrott
E. D. Quickfall
E. Riley
A. Smith
D. Smith
G. H. Waterson
G. Wilson

NO. 7 COMPANY.

Cpt. W. H. Nash
Lt. A. Monkman
2nd Lt. F. R. Glover
Col.-Sgt. W. Wilson
Sgt. M. McKenzie
G. Gould
Cpl. F. Drader
W. A. Matheson
J. A. McArthur
Bug. F. Mulvey
Pte. A. Benard
J. Barnes
J. Buchanan
J. Bruce
C. Consane
M. Delonney
A. Foster
J. Ford
G. Galliger
D. Garvie
A. Gode
J. Gazine
H. Gyselman
T. Hogg
H. S. Hogg
J. Kennedy
J. Lawrence
B. Lashbrook
H. Lidell
H. Luty
L. G. McDonald
N. McDonald
D. McLeod
D. McIntyre
J. McMahon
S. McMahon
J. Montgomery
J. A. McVicar
R. Parrott
E. D. Quickfall
E. Riley
A. Smith
D. Smith
G. H. Waterson
G. Wilson

NO. 5 COMPANY.

Cpt. J. H. Kennedy
Lt. A. Cates

2nd Lt. H. W. A.
Chamber
Col.-Sgt. K. Scott
Sgt. A. Bush
A. Patterson
Cpl. A. J. Andrew
H. F. Anderson
S. Mulvey
Pte. F. Baker
H. J. Baker
R. Besant
R. Cameron
E. J. Codling
D. J. S. Connrey
A. F. Kejkdan
H. Hammond
J. Hatch
H. Hodgkinson
G. Hanley
J. W. Johnson
E. Kirkman
E. J. Lindsay
E. W. Lowe
J. Matthews
L. H. Menchin
A. McCallum
A. W. Prouce
R. G. Porter
K. Pope
R. J. Ramsay
J. Stewart
J. Swift
R. H. W. Tew
R. B. Urnston
R. J. Vance
J. C. Wilson
F. A. Williams
J. E. Yelland
W. Young
Birch
R. B. Sidebottom
P. Dickson

NO. 8 COMPANY.

Cpt. J. Crawford
Lt. A. P. Cameron
2nd Lt. J. W. Broad-
grest
Col.-Sgt. J. Laidler
Sgt. J. W. McLachlan
R. Little
Cpl. W. Farrell
Carswell
P. Mitchell
Bug. S. L. Banowlough
Pte. Ash
J. Atkinson
J. J. Buchanan
C. Bailey
J. Bosterige
R. Barber
J. S. Luchanan
J. Baker
H. Campbell
J. C. Campbell
R. Dempsey
F. A. Evans
B. Everall
J. Elliott
W. G. E. Munsell
G. Malcolm
A. B. Murphy
M. R. McDonald
W. McGowan
W. R. McCracken
F. W. Horton
Thos. Alge
H. Quigley
W. A. Letang
J. Morrison
P. Mitchell
J. J. Manly
J. Moss
G. Moore
M. McMurchy
J. C. McLean
J. Patterson
E. Potter
J. A. Parker
J. R. Richmond
P. Smith
T. H. Shannon
D. Stewart
H. D. Talbot
J. W. Tait
R. Tidsbury
S. Watson
D. Walker
W. Williams

NO. 1 COMPANY.

Cpt. W. H. Nash
Lt. A. Monkman
2nd Lt. F. R. Glover
Col.-Sgt. W. Wilson
Sgt. M. McKenzie
G. Gould
Cpl. F. Drader
W. A. Matheson
J. A. McArthur
Bug. F. Mulvey
Pte. A. Benard
J. Barnes
J. Buchanan
J. Bruce
C. Consane
M. Delonney
A. Foster
J. Ford
G. Galliger
D. Garvie
A. Gode
J. Gazine
H. Gyselman
T. Hogg
H. S. Hogg
J. Kennedy
J. Lawrence
B. Lashbrook
H. Lidell
H. Luty
L. G. McDonald
N. McDonald
D. McLeod
D. McIntyre
J. McMahon
S. McMahon
J. Montgomery
J. A. McVicar
R. Parrott
E. D. Quickfall
E. Riley
A. Smith
D. Smith
G. H. Waterson
G. Wilson

NO. 2 COMPANY.

Cpt. W. B. Canavan
Lt. G. B. Books
J. Thirkell
Sgt. F. H. Fisher
W. H. Nesbitt
G. Rice
Cpl. E. Cawley
W. Waugh
A. M. Wilson
Bug. R. Skinner
Pte. C. Berry
J. T. Black
W. Boyd
R. Brownlee
J. Campbell
W. Clarke
T. Crawford
T. W. Cross
J. F. Evans
J. Fitzgerald
S. Thomas
P. Williams
M. Williams

NO. 3 COMPANY.

Cpt. J. C. Waugh
Lt. G. A. Glines
2nd Lt. H. McKay
Col.-Sgt. W. Nelson
Sgt. H. Morris
H. B. Piggott
Cpl. W. Lapointe
F. S. McDonald
R. Munroe
Pte. W. Hooper
W. Stevenson
Bug. C. Simmons
Pte. R. H. Short
H. Brown
J. J. Buchanan
W. A. Blair
W. Brown
J. Britton
T. Cutting
W. J. Coleman
E. H. H. Clarke
Sgn. J. P. Pennefather
Asst.-Sgn. S. T. Mac-
adam
Sgt.-Maj. P. Lawlor
Q.M.S. G. P. Bliss
Ord. Rm. Clk. A. Oxley
Brig.-Maj. G. King

NO. 4 COMPANY.

Cpt. S. J. Jackson
Lt. J. S. Rutherford
2nd Lt. T. Lusted
Col.-Sgt. E. Ellis
Sgt. E. R. Sutherland
A. Mannix
Cpl. H. Shanger
A. Gillespie
A. Daly
Pte. H. Bachume
G. Anderson
A. J. Bell
H. Bowman
J. Bell
H. Boyce
A. Brown
M. Cockerill
H. Collie
J. Dark
S. Dark
H. H. Davies
W. Enclersly
J. Julius
J. Forrester
J. Galbraith
A. Godson
D. Good
N. Good
H. Gyselman
T. Hogg
H. S. Hogg
J. Kennedy
J. Lawrence
B. Lashbrook
H. Lidell
H. Luty
L. G. McDonald
N. McDonald
D. McLeod
D. McIntyre
J. McMahon
S. McMahon
J. Montgomery
J. A. McVicar
R. Parrott
E. D. Quickfall
E. Riley
A. Smith
D. Smith
G. H. Waterson
G. Wilson

NO. 5 COMPANY.

Cpt. J. H. Kennedy
Lt. A. Cates

Pte. Yeoman
R. Ryan
NO. 8 COMPANY.
Cpt. J. Crawford
Lt. A. P. Cameron
2nd Lt. J. W. Broad-
grest
Col.-Sgt. J. Laidler
Sgt. J. W. McLachlan
R. Little
Cpl. W. Farrell
Carswell
P. Mitchell
Bug. S. L. Banowlough
Pte. Ash
J. Atkinson
J. J. Buchanan
C. Bailey
J. Bosterige
R. Barber
J. S. Luchanan
J. Baker
H. Campbell
J. C. Campbell
R. Dempsey
F. A. Evans
B. Everall
J. Elliott
W. G. E. Munsell
G. Malcolm
A. B. Murphy
M. R. McDonald
W. McGowan
W. R. McCracken
F. W. Horton
Thos. Alge
H. Quigley
W. A. Letang
J. Morrison
P. Mitchell
J. J. Manly
J. Moss
G. Moore
M. McMurchy
J. C. McLean
J. Patterson
E. Potter
J. A. Parker
J. R. Richmond
P. Smith
T. H. Shannon
D. Stewart
H. D. Talbot
J. W. Tait
R. Tidsbury
S. Watson
D. Walker
W. Williams

NO. 3 COMPANY.

Cpt. J. Crawford
Lt. A. P. Cameron
2nd Lt. J. W. Broad-
grest
Col.-Sgt. J. Laidler
Sgt. J. W. McLachlan
R. Little
Cpl. W. Farrell
Carswell
P. Mitchell
Bug. S. L. Banowlough
Pte. Ash
J. Atkinson
J. J. Buchanan
C. Bailey
J. Bosterige
R. Barber
J. S. Luchanan
J. Baker
H. Campbell
J. C. Campbell
R. Dempsey
F. A. Evans
B. Everall
J. Elliott
W. G. E. Munsell
G. Malcolm
A. B. Murphy
M. R. McDonald
W. McGowan
W. R. McCracken
F. W. Horton
Thos. Alge
H. Quigley
W. A. Letang
J. Morrison
P. Mitchell
J. J. Manly
J. Moss
G. Moore
M. McMurchy
J. C. McLean
J. Patterson
E. Potter
J. A. Parker
J. R. Richmond
P. Smith
T. H. Shannon
D. Stewart
H. D. Talbot
J. W. Tait
R. Tidsbury
S. Watson
D. Walker
W. Williams

NO. 1 COMPANY.

Cpt. W. H. Nash
Lt. A. Monkman
2nd Lt. F. R. Glover
Col.-Sgt. W. Wilson
Sgt. M. McKenzie
G. Gould
Cpl. F. Drader
W. A. Matheson
J. A. McArthur
Bug. F. Mulvey
Pte. A. Benard
J. Barnes
J. Buchanan
J. Bruce
C. Consane
M. Delonney
A. Foster
J. Ford
G. Galliger
D. Garvie
A. Gode
J. Gazine
H. Gyselman
T. Hogg
H. S. Hogg
J. Kennedy
J. Lawrence
B. Lashbrook
H. Lidell
H. Luty
L. G. McDonald
N. McDonald
D. McLeod
D. McIntyre
J. McMahon
S. McMahon
J. Montgomery
J. A. McVicar
R. Parrott
E. D. Quickfall
E. Riley
A. Smith
D. Smith
G. H. Waterson
G. Wilson

NO. 2 COMPANY.

Cpt. W. B. Canavan
Lt. G. B. Books
J. Thirkell
Sgt. F. H. Fisher
W. H. Nesbitt
G. Rice
Cpl. E. Cawley
W. Waugh
A. M. Wilson
Bug. R. Skinner
Pte. C. Berry
J. T. Black
W. Boyd
R. Brownlee
J. Campbell
W. Clarke
T. Crawford
T. W. Cross
J. F. Evans
J. Fitzgerald
S. Thomas
P. Williams
M. Williams

NO. 3 COMPANY.

Cpt. J. C. Waugh
Lt. G. A. Glines
2nd Lt. H. McKay
Col.-Sgt. W. Nelson
Sgt. H. Morris
H. B. Piggott
Cpl. W. Lapointe
F. S. McDonald
R. Munroe
Pte. W. Hooper
W. Stevenson
Bug. C. Simmons
Pte. R. H. Short
H. Brown
J. J. Buchanan
W. A. Blair
W. Brown
J. Britton
T. Cutting
W. J. Coleman
E. H. H. Clarke
Sgn. J. P. Pennefather
Asst.-Sgn. S. T. Mac-
adam
Sgt.-Maj. P. Lawlor
Q.M.S. G. P. Bliss
Ord. Rm. Clk. A. Oxley
Brig.-Maj. G. King

NO. 4 COMPANY.

Cpt. S. J. Jackson
Lt. J. S. Rutherford
2nd Lt. T. Lusted
Col.-Sgt. E. Ellis
Sgt. E. R. Sutherland
A. Mannix
Cpl. H. Shanger
A. Gillespie
A. Daly
Pte. H. Bachume
G. Anderson
A. J. Bell
H. Bowman
J. Bell
H. Boyce
A. Brown
M. Cockerill
H. Collie
J. Dark
S. Dark
H. H. Davies
W. Enclersly
J. Julius
J. Forrester
J. Galbraith
A. Godson
D. Good
N. Good
H. Gyselman
T. Hogg
H. S. Hogg
J. Kennedy
J. Lawrence
B. Lashbrook
H. Lidell
H. Luty
L. G. McDonald
N. McDonald
D. McLeod
D. McIntyre
J. McMahon
S. McMahon
J. Montgomery
J. A. McVicar
R. Parrott
E. D. Quickfall
E. Riley
A. Smith
D. Smith
G. H. Waterson
G. Wilson

NO. 5 COMPANY.

Cpt. J. H. Kennedy
Lt. A. Cates

Pte. G. Kahler
A. Kirkpatrick
C. McBride
H. McKay
A. F. McLean
E. Moody
C. A. Moore
G. Nicholson
S. A. Rice
W. Sangster
— Shaw
C. Stafford
R. Sully
T. Thwaites
S. Weir, sr
S. Weir, jr
J. O. Williams
O. White
A. W. Weldon
G. Willis
S. A. Roth
C. Powell

NO. 3 COMPANY.

Cpt. J. C. McKay
X. A. Parsons
Cpl. W. H. Thomas
D. Cranston
J. Laurie
Bug. J. Weale
Pte. R. Abbott
E. Hames
G. Butler
D. R. Bremner
G. Brooks
T. Bailie
B. Dolan
J. Douglas
T. Davidson
J. Davis
J. Cameron
J. C. McLean
F. Garnham
F. J. Golding
W. Hutton
T. Head
W. Haygarth
J. Johnson
H. Lynch
J. Leonard
D. McDonald
J. T. Miller
G. Middleton
J. McPhail
A. Oxlade
J. Passey
J. Pulsford
T. Pollard
G. T. Richards
D. Ring
H. Roberts
W. Rutherford
D. Sullivan
J. Sullivan
J. Slodgett
H. Shephard
A. White

NO. 5 COMPANY.

Cpt. A. Wade
Col.-Sgt. C. A. Roberts
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Cpl. F. Exham
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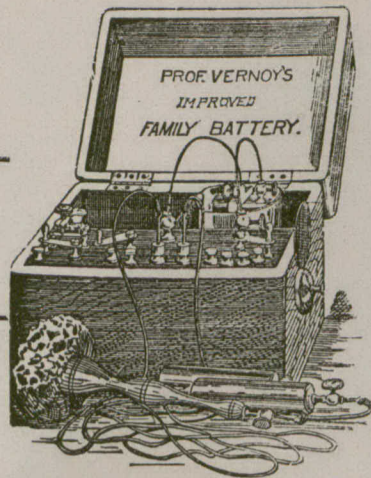
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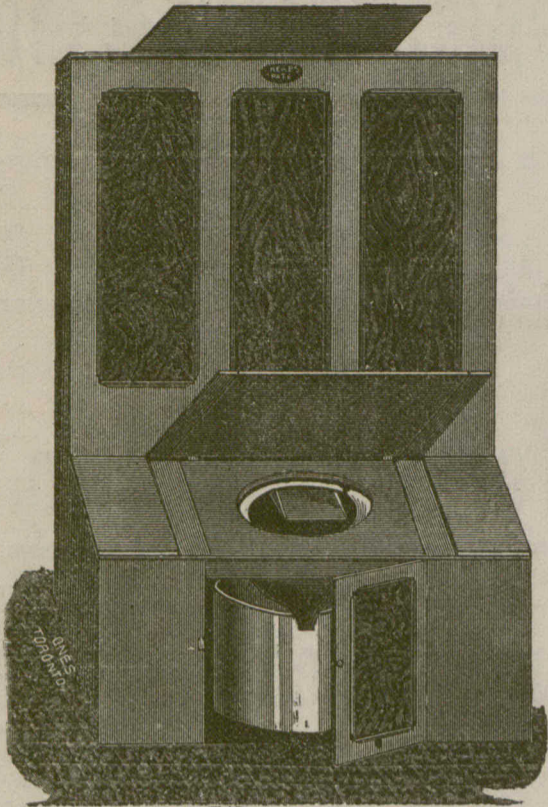
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