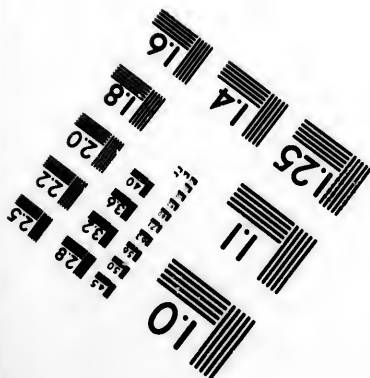
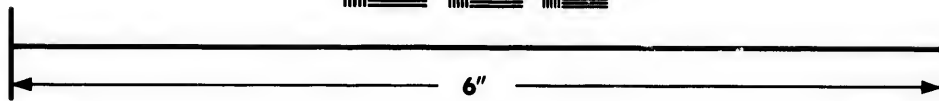
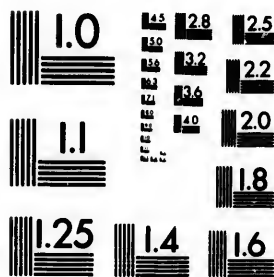


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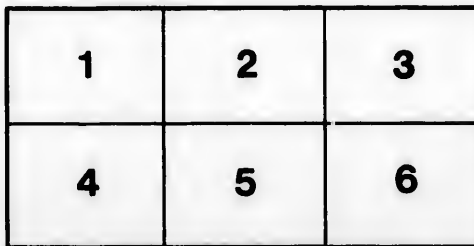
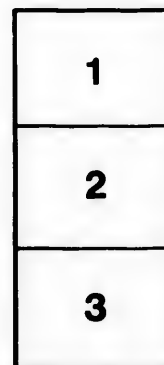
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1895.

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

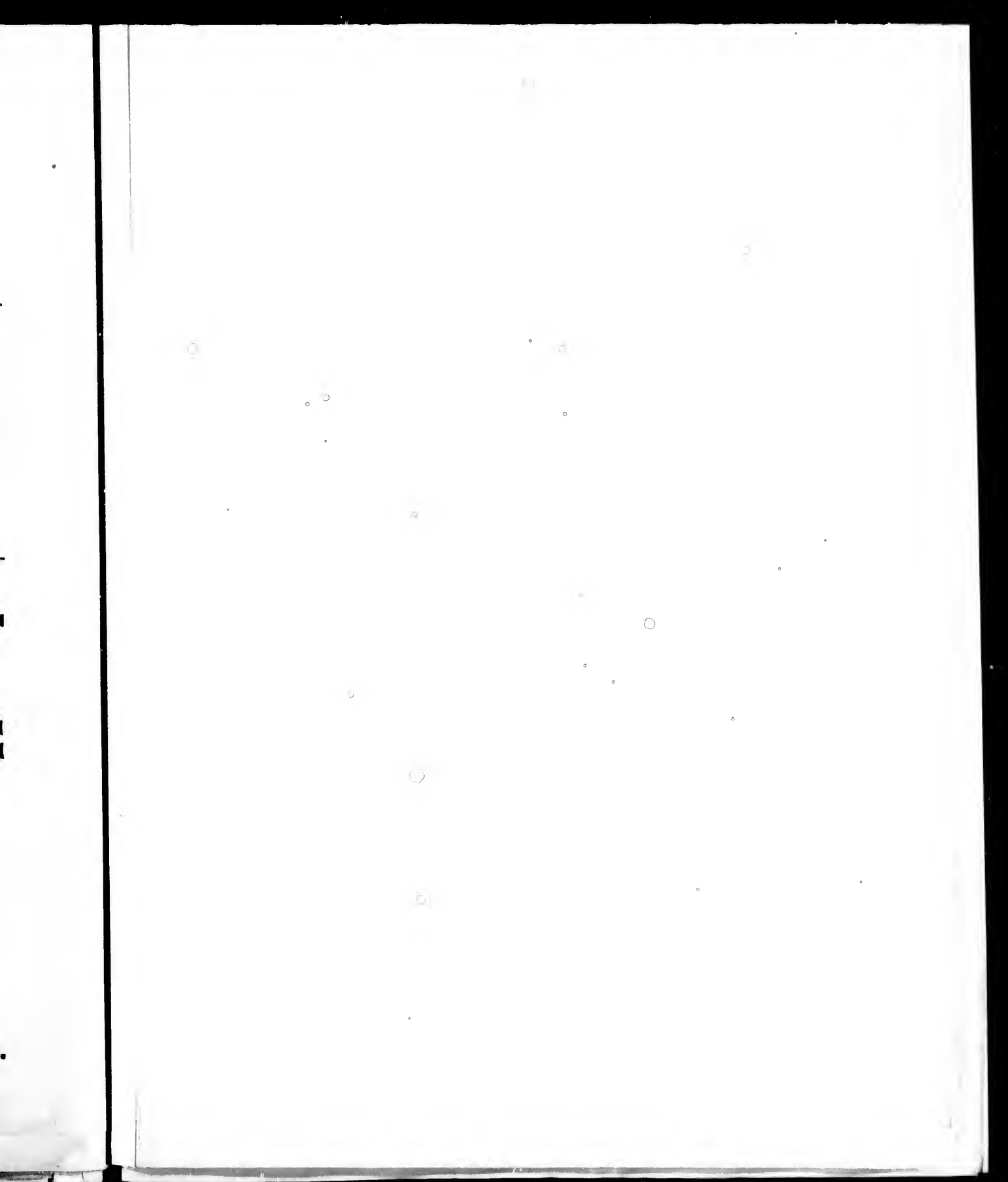
GENTS.—On the morning of Monday, August 3rd, in the great conflagration that threatened to destroy our entire city front, the hottest and most prolonged portion of the fire was centered in our large glucose sugar refinery, foot of Princess street. We had at the time our looks in one of your fire-proof 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 story 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.

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1 Lt Col MILLER 2ND BATT QUEB 2 LIUT HOWARD CANTING BATTERY.
 2 Lt Col DENISON 1ST BATT GREG 3 SUPT. CROZIER N W M P
 3 Lt Col VAN STRAUBENZIE 2A B 4 Lt Col OMMET MP 65TH BATT RIFLES
 5 MAJOR JARVIS WHITBRED F R 6 Lt Col DEACON 4TH BATT INFANTRY
 7 MAJOR McKEAND 30TH BATT RIFLES 8 Lt Col MONTAGNARI, CANADIAN ARTILLERY
 9 Lt Col O BRICH 10TH BATT INFANTRY 10 Lt Col OTTER 12TH BATT RIFLES TORONTO
 11 Lt Col WILLIAMS MP 45TH BATT INFANTRY 12 MAJOR GUN STRANGE, R. A.

MAJOR-GENERAL MIDDLETON
ADJUTANT-GENERAL WALKER POWELL, AND VARIOUS COMMANDING



GENERAL MIDDLETON, C.B.,
VARIOUS COMMANDING OFFICERS OF THE NORTH-WEST FIELD FORCE

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 16 Lt. Col. GRASSBY, 10th BATT. R.G. 22 Lt. Col. SCOTT, 1st BATT. INFANTRY
 17 MAJOR-GEN. MIDDLETON, C.B. 23 Lt. Col. HAUGHTON, 1st BATT. INFANTRY
 18 CAPTAIN WISE, A.D.C. 24 Lt. Col. IRVINE, 1st BATT. INFANTRY
 19 CAPTAIN DOUCET, A.D.C. 25 Lt. Col. LORD MELBURN, 1st BATT. INFANTRY
 20 Lt. Col. TRENHART, M.P. 35th BATT. INFANTRY 26 CAPTAIN TOOD, 1st BATT. INFANTRY
 BY Lt. Col. OSWALD, MONTREAL, Q.A.



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



THE QUEEN'S OWN AT CUT KNIFE CREEK. [See page 38.]

(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 near Edmonton, General Middleton waiting at Fish Creek, and had followed the *Northwest* 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 distance from Swift Current to Battleford are as follows:—

Swift Current.....	0.0
Marshy Lake.....	10.8
Marble.....	21.9
Small creek in Saskatchewan valley.....	31.3
Another small creek.....	31.8
Saskatchewan and south bank.....	32.3
Saskatchewan river, north bank.....	32.5
Top of hill, north side.....	34.2
First water from river.....	39.7
East water, southern edge of dry plain.....	60.2
Cross valley of Devil's Lake (no water).....	58.3
Large swamp (first water).....	66.8
Small creek.....	103.9
Another small creek.....	104.1
Crossed old trail.....	110.6
Marshy creek.....	112.6
Eagle Hill creek.....	112.8
Beginning of bluffs.....	120.3
End of bluffs.....	142.8
Valley of alkaline lakes.....	150.1
Beginning of woods on Eagle Hills.....	185.4
Battleford.....	204.0

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 beseeching 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 160 teams, rations for twenty-five days, and forage for twenty days.

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

The rebels meanwhile had decamped in the direction of Poundmaker's Reserve, taking their lead 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 only one hundred trees. Poundmaker has about three hundred fighting men alone, not to mention the forces of Red Phasant, Strikim-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 a bow and arrow to a battle-axe and knife to the rifle. The probability is that they occupy every vantage point in the bluffs and fought in Indian style. Nearly all the loaded 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; 5th Battalion, Colonel Tyrwhitt, 2 companies 80; Ottawa Sharpshooters, 40; one half of Winnipeg Field Battery, 50; Queen's Own, Toronto, 20; 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 stockholders 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 1000 horses, badly armed. The flying column, with less than two days' rations, covered about nineteen miles before reaching the enemy. The firing of the machine issued first as if from detached and distributed knots 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 faint to create the impression that white prisoners were being exchanged. Poundmaker had with him about a hundred of his own warriors strengthened by strong forces from "Bowen Green," "Thunder Child" and "Moosehorn's" reserves, although one of these have been proceeding south to the Dominion. It is said that 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 ambushade. 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 scout galloping back towards the column.

The first volley was delivered by the rifles, 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 at about the same time, as also did the Garrison division. The Indians meanwhile appeared in large numbers, and, unaided by their 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, ordered for a charge to be made. Men from the Mounted Police, the batteries, C. Company, and Queen's Own promptly responded, and, with a cheer advanced at the double in their attempts. The onset 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 cover, 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 a level, of great 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; in some instances they were constantly exposed to 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. Local Police of Quebec, while repelling 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 mounted men and the Queen's Own, succeeded in clearing the cover 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 Queen's sharpshooters. During the fight the Indian boys who were too young to handle a gun, used arrows.

Although the guns, which had some admirably good shots, 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 those quarters would be rash. At a quarter to nine, therefore, the order to withdraw was given. The dead and wounded were covered, and the troops crossed the creek and set their faces towards Battleford, being protected in the rear by skirmishers in advance 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 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 general. At the fallow, 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 individually ascertained. 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, Hugler Burke, Queen's Sharpshooters.—Private Taggart, Private Rogers. **C. Company, Infantry School, Toronto.** Private Dohs, Hugler Faulkner.

WOUNDED.—Mounted Police.—Sergeant McLeod, B. Battery, Kingston.—Lieut. Pelletier, Sergeant Rafferty, Corporal Morton, Gunner Reynolds, C. Company, Infantry.—Sergeant Major Jackson, Queen's Sharpshooters.—Colonel Sergeant Winter, Private McQuilken. **Battleford Volunteers.—**Mr. Miller, Queen's Own, B. Battery.—Sergeant Cooper, Private Nary, Private Watts, Private G. E. Lloyd.

Arthur Dohs, 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. Originally from England.

Corporal Sleight, mounted policeman, was one of the men who escaped from Fort Pitt. He was about twenty-seven years of age. Hugler 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 Cox, 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 Varty, 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 employ. 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 Reserve. The police came the artillery, under Major Short, Captains Farley and Rutherford, and Lieutenants Pelletier and Prower. After the column had moved on, the Queen's Own, Infantry School, under Lieut. Wadmore and Lieut. Casella (attached from Q. O. R. during the expedition), Ottawa Cook 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 each and Lieuts. Margold 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 interesting sounds shut out the sight of the camp ground. Rain was falling, 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. Besides or between were crossed in single 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 rickety-skinny fifty yards of us without being seen, despite all the care and sharpness of the scouts, who searched 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 space of ground surrounded with underbrush at a distance of probably 600 yards on all sides. Fires were lit, and the men got twenty-four hours' rations of canned corned beef, hard back and tea. About the first they whistled away the time till eleven o'clock, chatting about the chances of capturing the Indians of 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 starting out in a long column, sending at a quick walk over the trail to Poundmaker's. The men made themselves as comfortable as possible in the wagons, 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, revealed it in all its details. The men, in order to keep themselves warm, walked about in the wagons 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 altitudes ascended to the sun any indication of rising. At length it rose really, and just as it tipped the horizon we came upon the hollow mouth of an Indian 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 the scouts that the remnants of the party they had "skipped out" (to use a familiar expression here) of that portion of the country. There was strong disappointment expressed, for the boys were spelling for a fight.

"The column advanced through this hollow, and the trail then led through a deep gully, several hundred yards wide, densely wooded with poplar and willow underbrush, through which the Cut Knife Creek would 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 no time to wait. Immediately that we got into the gully we could see to the left, on the slope of one of the high-bolling 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 heat of their flight they had left the cattle to graze. The word went along the column, "There they are."

"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 top of the Indians' tepees or wigwags 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 right of 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 Cree of



THE BATTLE OF CUT KNIFE

(From a sketch by Lieut. R. Lyndhurst Wainwright, "C" Company)



TORONTO LITHOGRAPHING CO.

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

Painted by *R. Lyndhurst Wadmore*, "11" Company, Infantry School Corps.

ed to be a party of friendly Saskatchewan farmers, kindly coming out to meet them with spring wagons, 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 vacant stone huts 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 food so necessary for the sick: eggs, milk, butter, rice, bread, tea.

Meanwhile Middleton and his men waited for the arrival of the *Norchoke*. 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 *Norchoke* arrived. She was hailed with delight and unloaded as fast as possible. Not the least of the articles she brought was a field hospital. This was a never-ending source of delight to the troops, and a ludicrous sight it was to see the heavily booted and spurred soldiers running frantically to assist their red-crossed comrades in pursuit of a 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 hot and hard track there were now to be obtained homemade bread, apples and jam, 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 the *Norchoke* at Batoche. The camp was large, and time was spent in throwing up entrenchments, unloading and barricading the *Norchoke*, experimenting with the Gatling, etc.

On the 7th of May the advance was made for Hatoche. The march lay through bushy country on the Batoche trail. It was an exciting walk. The enemy was supposed to be at hand, and at any moment a volley might have been sent into the advancing columns. On the afternoon of the first day a rifle was fired, 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 distance was made to escape the rifle pits, which it was known had been formed on the trail in the region of Hatoche. This brought them within four miles of the village. It was a beautiful day, 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 crowd of Indians were watching them from a distance. The rebels were close, their stronghold was known to be at hand, and every thing 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 ambulances, and behind them a long string of wagons stretching far into the rear.

BATOCHÉ.

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

- Bohlin's Scouts, 75 men.
- Gatling gun, commanded by Capt. Howard.
- Royal Grenadiers, 252, numbers one and two Companies leading.
- 90th, of Winnipeg, 275.
- Midland Battalion, 18.
- "A" Battery, two guns, 35 men.
- French's Scouts, as flankers, 30 men.
- Hospital and ammunition wagons.

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 knew. 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, if not disciplined, yet fanatical, Indians had gathered here to make one last stand. For months the enemy had been busy 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 *Norchoke*, which had been ordered to co-operate with the attacking force, was heard to be heavily engaged 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, thickly wooded, undulating country, very heavily covered in some way 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 Hatoche trail. At the point where they 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 a number of rifle pits, 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 hills and hillsides, and all furnishing excellent shelter for the enemy. At the commencement of one of these hills, 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, stretched now slightly ascending, now 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 bluff, with depression and heights exceeding each other. On the opposite bank of the river came wooded sloping ground, with, behind this, thick woods. The whole first mentioned series of hills were filled with half-bushes. These were rapidly shelled and the enclosed enemy as quickly scattered, and their shelter was soon a mass of splinters, and the firing now ceased. The attacking force, the advancing forces made their way swiftly over the ground towards the village of Hatoche.

Up to 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 carry their way—not, however, without loss, well past the rebel entrenchment, not again made till the fourth and last day of the attack. Indeed, even the ammunition wagons were able to penetrate to within five yards of the church and to be burnt.

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 their attack upon the steamer *Norchoke*. She, as has been remarked, was ordered to co-operate with the attacking force, but being engaged before that force had reached its anticipated destination, she drew upon herself the concentrated fire of the rebels surrounding Batoche. The moment that upon their heavy guns was reached, and the camp pitched half a mile from Dumont's house, the enemy scampered back to their rifle pits to be ready to oppose the newly arrived and now quickly advancing force.

The attack was commenced by the Gatling and the batteries. The first rebels were shelled and quickly captured of the rebels. The shells did not do much harm, and indeed, 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 were ordered to leave the church and to be burnt. Fifty rounds were poured into the school-house at a high elevation. No response was made. General Middleton rode up and found five rebels and six muskets in the church for safety against the Indians. The Quebec Battery was ordered up and commenced shelling the rebels on both sides of the river. A Women and child's fire, and the men afterwards, were seen running away. Suddenly a band of rebels rose from the ravine in our very faces and opened fire. In the meantime Company 1 and 2 of the Grenadiers advanced into the bush in the rear of the school-house and on the right corner, where we first felt the fire from the rebel rifle pits. A tremendous shower of bullets came our flank by the rebels in the bush underneath the high river bank, and on the slope and by those across the stream. All were forced by the Gatling, which did splendid work. The *Mattin* 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 present the right centre, which was threatened, and to support the left and left centre, which fired only a little. We were soon surrounded by fire, and our skirmishers had to retreat slightly. The wounded had been placed in the church, but as it was in great range and the fire seemed to threaten them, they were removed further to the rear, as were ammunition wagons, 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 by the rebels. 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, where we first felt the fire from the rebel rifle pits, a detachment of A Battery had to retire, leaving behind them one killed and two wounded. The fire slackened, and the *Mattin* Henry half the Midland Battalion went into the ravine last mentioned, with a stretcher in charge of the *Cold*, of Winnipeg, to drag off Phillips' body. The firing was very hot, but no one was hit.

Capt. French bravely rescued Cook, one of his men, who had been wounded and left behind, together with several others, by the Midland Battalion to clear the *coulees* closed the day's fighting. The casualties were as follows:

Killed—Gunner Wm. Phillips, "A" Battery. Wounded—Gunner T. Stone, "A" Battery, rifle smashed by the wheels of a gun carriage; Driver Nap. Charpentier, "A" Battery, shot in the leg; Gunner "Whitey," "A" Battery, shot in the leg; Capt. Martin, commanding the wounded in the rear; Gunner Fairbanks, "A" Battery, shot in the thigh; Cook, French's Scout, shot in the leg; Curley Allen, of the *Norchoke*, also shot in the leg.

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, and the rebels were placed in the wagons, 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 building, the only way they had of entering, 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.

The solitary candle which dimly glimmered in the hospital tent, shedding its feeble 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 to a darkened tent. No one knew how close the enemy might not be; no one knew whether or not they were covered by the stillness and darkness of the prairie night. The men were all dark and silent, and 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 shots 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 our soldiers, was closely followed by the rebels and yelling Indians. Till far into the night bullets fell thickly in the very corral itself.

No night sleep was had, no other one's self or one's comrades was a matter for care. An uneasy feeling prevailed. Every now and again, a crash would come a hall against the protecting wagons. When the day broke, the sun with a tremor, again Providence could tell. Some, before lying down to snatch such sleep as they could, wrote a few last words to those at home, and undated by the shot 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 our soldiers, was closely followed by the rebels and yelling Indians. Till far into the night bullets fell thickly in the very corral itself.

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On Sunday morning the men stood to their arms at four o'clock, stiff and sore from the fatigues of the previous day, weary 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 bluff 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 commanding 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 heavy fire. As the shadows deepened the dead of the previous day's fighting were consigned to their last resting place.

We have before this mentioned the impressive scene which held not only our men, but also 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 day of Batoche was a 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 attended 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. At any moment an enemy's rifle might be 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 the 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 attend to the services. But as usually happened towards the time of sunset, the rebels, seeing the disadvantages under which our men suffered by the diverse rays of light, made it their business 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 which followed the services. The noise of the bullets and of the repeated and lowering-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; an 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 to allow two guns of the Winnipeg Battery to throw a few shells into Hatoche, a mile or so distant. Again the men lay down, and were being peppered at all the while, and presented an open target for the rebels. The coolness and indifference of our men was most noteworthy. Their self-restraint, under the error of fire of the enemy, is the strongest evidence of the trust discipline in the men. Their one desire was to charge, and the word to charge would not come, they did their duty as it was given them to do, but with a mental reservation that being made a target for bullets with no means of retaliation. Perhaps it was as well, that their fierce enthusiasm, which in the affairs goaded the men into fierceness, and when the moment came each man was possessed with the ferocity of rage and revenge.

Wednesday followed and already historical change—Tuesday's dash that won Batoche and crushed the enemy. Unfortunately, about this decisive moment of the fourth day, it is extremely difficult to obtain such a detailed and accurate information as one would wish. Each person consulted—and pains have been taken to consult many men of all ranks, 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 is done beyond his own horizon. 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 elevated knolls 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 interesting 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 that is universal. It is not surprising, either, that a commander or one regiment, or another, another. Some maintain that such and such a corps bore the brunt of the fight, others think this or that was the most important part of the movement. But what to us is most important is to know that all who were engaged fulfilled to the utmost all that was expected of them, and that no man's duty was neglected. The 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 Hatoche.

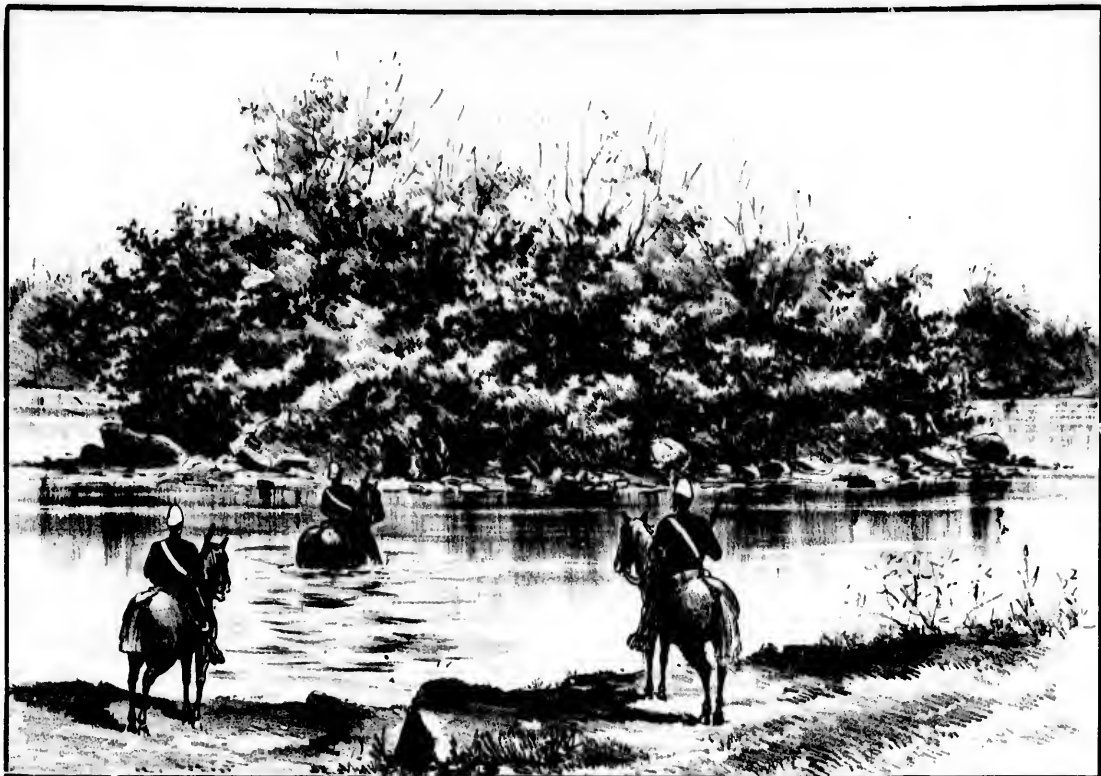
That they were in high spirits could hardly be asserted of them. No lasting impression had been made upon the enemy. Each day brought the same routine of duties: firing at dawn, some to instruct the camp, some to engage in useless, and seemingly useless, attacks upon the rifle-pits. Each morning a line of skirmishers advanced without the corral and fired incessantly at the rebels. Each night they returned, sometimes hotly followed by the foe, to the cheerless, and by no means impregnable, shelter of the corral. The day of Batoche was the day of the same routine in the same rifle-pits, were let for hours, and no appreciable advantage was gained. To-day the church and school-house were again in flames, and the night they were lost. It was truly disheartening work. Each day, too, men fell and were carried away to the hospital tent, and there seemed to be no end to the suffering. The night was so unsatisfactory as the days. From sunrise to sunset there in the pitch darkness, with no sound to relieve the weird silence, stood the pickets. A responsible post was this. Alone, or almost alone, vigilantly to do and march the night. At any moment might there not a rush forward and the whole rebel force be upon them? At any moment might not the night still await that horrible Indian yell? What hindered a sudden night attack? A responsible



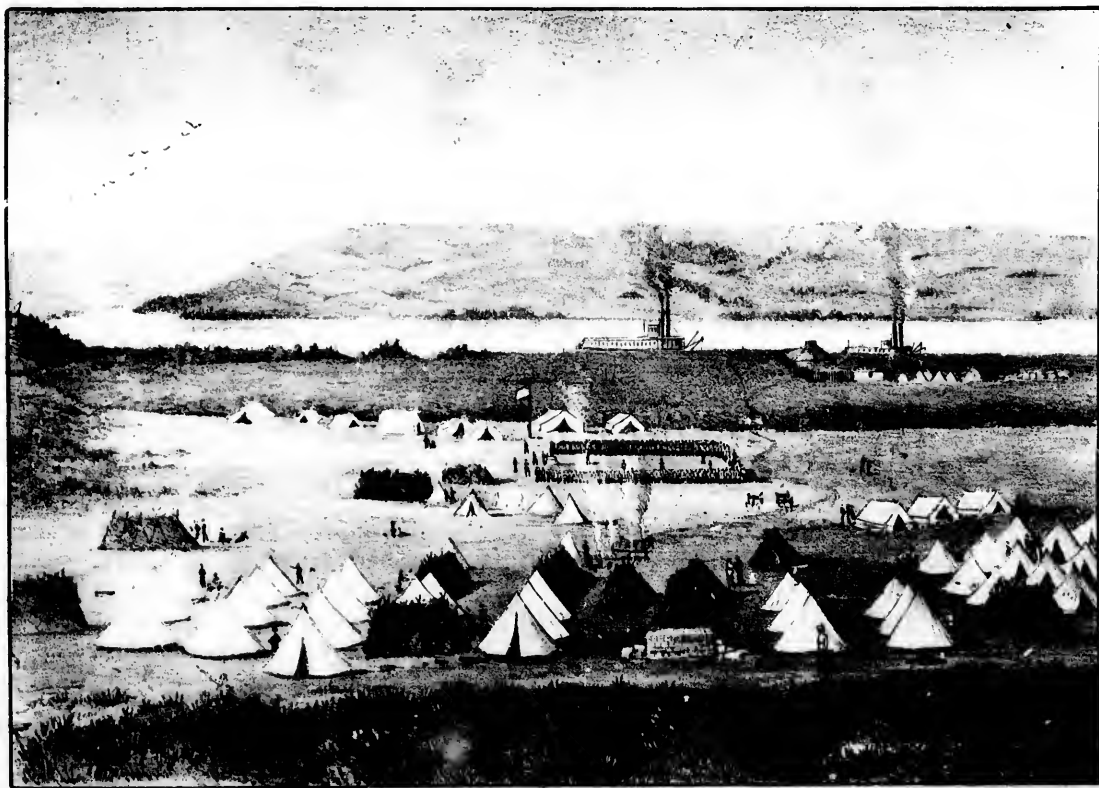
THE STEAMER "NORTHCOTE" RUNNING THE GAUNTLET AT BATOCHÉ, MAY 8TH, 1885. [See page 39.]



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.)

"BATTLE, MAY 13.

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

"(Signed), FERN MIDDLETON,

"Commanding North-West Force."

"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 uncomfortable 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 escape on either side of the river for miles.

"(Signed), FERN MIDDLETON."

THE "NORTHOOTE"

Meanwhile the Northote 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:

"RE BOARD THE STEAMER 'NORTHOOTE'.

"Four miles below the falls of St. Mary's, on the Humboldt, N.W.T., May 13.

"According to General Middleton's preconcerted plan, the steamer Northote, with two heavy laden barges, left Edmonton at 8 a.m., and after anchoring a short time, so as not to anticipate the arranged time of arrival at Kief's headquarters, 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, she starting at daybreak from the camping ground reached on the previous night, and was to be met by the rebels, however, materially interfered with the carrying out of the plan, by opening fire on the steamer at ten minutes past eight, just after she had got under way, the first bullet passing through the pilot house. The rebel shots had watched the steamer the previous night on the banks of the falls, and the sentry could hear them talking and shouting. The first shot was evidently a signal to the rebels of the boat's approach, and as she rounded the last sharp bend, the rebels were 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 rebels were steadily returned by the troops on board, and notwithstanding the rebels being protected by bushes 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 fiercer and hotter. As we approached Batoche's pretty little church of St. Antoine de Padua lifted its cross-covered steeple high above the other buildings on the eastern bank, and stood in its lofty position 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 his neck from a branch of an almost leafless 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 to some strangely balked on the boiler deck, where the soldiers were standing, our casualties consequently were very light. Just above Batoche the rapids commence, and a boulder, covered by a sand bar, juts 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 for safety 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 spare and mast. Our misfortune elicited loud cheers from the Metis, mingled with the howls of the wipers 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 coral 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 narrow chance, for had the cable been cut in the pilot house, which it barely missed, the wheelsman, exposed to the enemy's fire, would have been shot down, and the boat would have utterly helplessly. It was successful, however, in cutting off our communicating with Gen. Middleton by the code of whistling signals previously arranged, the whistles being blown 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 large boulder grazed the bank, and the boat could have been beset 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 he was formally and continuously returned until nine o'clock, when the rebels' firing was silenced, save a stray shot or two. We had on the summit 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 were mainly their weapons, although the rebels were with shotguns, shotguns and Snider Enfield's. 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 to 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 distributed the workmen behind the barricade. Loose fragments of the barricade, which had been displaced by the crushing weight of the falling pipes, were set out in position, and the rebels were made even stronger than before. Afterwards the whistle was repaired, a dangerous task, which two men could only be induced to undertake on promises of fifty dollars each. The men were driven from this also. Signals to Middleton, which had been interrupted altogether since passing Batoche, were resumed; but although we could distinctly hear the sound of the ammunition, no answer to our shrill whistle had been yet given. The scouts evidently could not reach us, owing to the ambush of the rebels erected in the bluffs between us and headquarters. Belson, Smith and Wise had a consultation, and decided to return river, but the Captain temporarily refused to do so, claiming that not only was it certain death to the pilots, but contrary to certain orders by the General. Private Edler, of Company of the 90th, who he 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 kindly offer. Hence we remain out of the fight, only seeing numbers of hostiles skulking down. One gave a parting shot to the steamer, hitting McDonnell, the ship's barber, in the back, but doing inflicting a serious wound. Near by are about fifty Indian ponies, quietly grazing. Their owners have profited by the experience of Batoche, where the steamer was slaughtered by the whites, and removed them to presumed places of safety. Captains Seager and Sheels, who piloted the steamer, remained at the side 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 his position which must overtake us if we were wounded in this vulnerable point. Dozens of bullets pierced the wheelhouse. Seager prevailed on in the cool hours, and in the cabin in which I write a scene of wild disorder reigned. The skylights are smashed, and the flimsy material of which the upper works are constructed, making 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 cabin, and the ace was made fully secure.

Scouts found that Fort Pitt was deserted by the Indians, what remained of it after the soldiers under Dickins, 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 Indian prisoners, and Big Bear was to be seen there 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. 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, and making us disburse our loads of all unnecessary baggage, such as tents, knapsacks, and other camp equipage, leaving them in the hands of the Indians, who were to be guarded by two companies of the 60th. Putting the men on wagons, we began our pursuit of the rebels with renewed vigour. After a three day march we reached a very strong position, which was on a steep hill, 300 feet high, crowned with a thicket of timber. The men were immediately called into ranks, and the order of the day was issued. The order was to skirmish in order. The command to advance was then given, and a booming shot from the cannon impressed upon us the fact that the enemy were not to be trifled with. The coolness of old veterans the skirmishers commenced their difficult advance, and after half an hour's scramble, gained the summit and cleared the rebel line, which they were to be commended and retired. A few volleys were exchanged during the retreat. The Indians advanced, and the rebels were to be seen rapidly around in a circle, waving their guns in the air and shouting. A few braves armed with Winchester came out of ambush and the bush and the sentry called out to them to join us, as there were only a few of us. The command crawling up the hill under cover of the bush lining it; the leader getting within ten feet of the enemy's position, we were to join us. Fielders killed him, and a puff of smoke immediately appeared from clumps of bush all through the bottom and the hill surrounding the enemy's position. The rebels were more running from us, and then fired a volley into the bushes and at the Indians taking to cover, killing one from the bushes. The line then retired 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 followed the left to the bottom, under a strong fire. Sergeant-Major Fury was with the left, and was shot through the breast by the man with sharp rifle up the hill. The scouts were on the brow in a few minutes, and the Indians retired as our men advanced on the run, lying down and firing a volley when the Indians attempted to make a stand, and cleared the whole ridge half an hour after firing had commenced. The right cleared the swamp, killing five and losing none. The left shot and was retiring from the hill, to the foot, 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 the big bluff, the flag being hoisted by 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 taking the hill, and the men to speak with us. We then continued to exchange shots till a buck-brood was fitted to carry Sergeant Fury. The left then moved on the 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 bushes, and burned them with their contents. Mackay collected four horses and two colts, which he 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 resting 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 wretched trail for muskox and bear that that between Vermilion Creek and Sucker Creek. I moved on at 8 a.m. again, meeting an ambulance from Gen. Middleton's camp at 8 a.m., ten miles from your camp at Stand-off Valley (where Big Bear stood off General Strange). I had sent word the previous night to Mackay to meet me with Sergeant Butlin and Fielders, into camp to report and for ambulance for the wounded. 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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, and making us disburse our loads of all unnecessary baggage, such as tents, knapsacks, and other camp equipage, leaving them in the hands of the Indians, who were to be guarded by two companies of the 60th. Putting the men on wagons, we began our pursuit of the rebels with renewed vigour. After a three day march we reached a very strong position, which was on a steep hill, 300 feet high, crowned with a thicket of timber. The men were immediately called into ranks, and the order of the day was issued. The order was to skirmish in order. The command to advance was then given, and a booming shot from the cannon impressed upon us the fact that the enemy were not to be trifled with. The coolness of old veterans the skirmishers commenced their difficult advance, and after half an hour's scramble, gained the summit and cleared the rebel line, which they were to be commended and retired. A few volleys were exchanged during the retreat. The Indians advanced, and the rebels were to be seen rapidly around in a circle, waving their guns in the air and shouting. A few braves armed with Winchester came out of ambush and the bush and the sentry called out to them to join us, as there were only a few of us. The command crawling up the hill under cover of the bush lining it; the leader getting within ten feet of the enemy's position, we were to join us. Fielders killed him, and a puff of smoke immediately appeared from clumps of bush all through the bottom and the hill surrounding the enemy's position. The rebels were more running from us, and then fired a volley into the bushes and at the Indians taking to cover, killing one from the bushes. The line then retired 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 followed the left to the bottom, under a strong fire. Sergeant-Major Fury was with the left, and was shot through the breast by the man with sharp rifle up the hill. The scouts were on the brow in a few minutes, and the Indians retired as our men advanced on the run, lying down and firing a volley when the Indians attempted to make a stand, and cleared the whole ridge half an hour after firing had commenced. The right cleared the swamp, killing five and losing none. The left shot and was retiring from the hill, to the foot, 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 the big bluff, the flag being hoisted by Canon Mackay told them to give up the prisoners. The answer was a volley from the island. 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"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 flying over our heads. In less than a minute we were into a fierce engagement, the musketry keeping up an unintermitted rattle, while the thunder of the big gun echoed and answered among the big bluffs. The day was gone far it became evident that victory could not be achieved unless better ground could be secured, and Mackay, 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 take a forward step. The rebels' rifle-pits would be silenced, but the firing would break out at a new and unexpected 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 manœuvring 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 60th, and Private McKee, 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 and shot from his head. A gunner, who was lying with his face on the ground, had a bullet passing under his ear, coming within a few inches of his head. His orders, first After retiring a safe distance we waited 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 soldier acted 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 valor and coolness of old troops. The messenger, Private Smith, was simply impragable. 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 sent 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 Steele, attack in front, while the remainder of the force was on its way. The non-commissioned officers and men behaved with great steadiness in the light of the campaign would have a fitting end. But Big

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:

- 60th, Montreal..... 315 men.
- Scouts..... 150 "
- Col. Osborne Smith's Light Infantry, Winnipeg..... 250 "
- Inspector Steele, with Scouts..... 60 "
- Mounted Police, fully armed and equipped..... 60 "
- Boultard, Alberta Mounted Rifles 50 "

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

On Monday, 26th April, the first division of the column, consisting of the right wing of the 60th, 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 60th 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, which had been laid out by the rebels, had all disappeared at the outset, caused some blindness among some of the men. The advance guard reached Edmonton about 1st of May, and were warmly received by the inhabitants. It was 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.

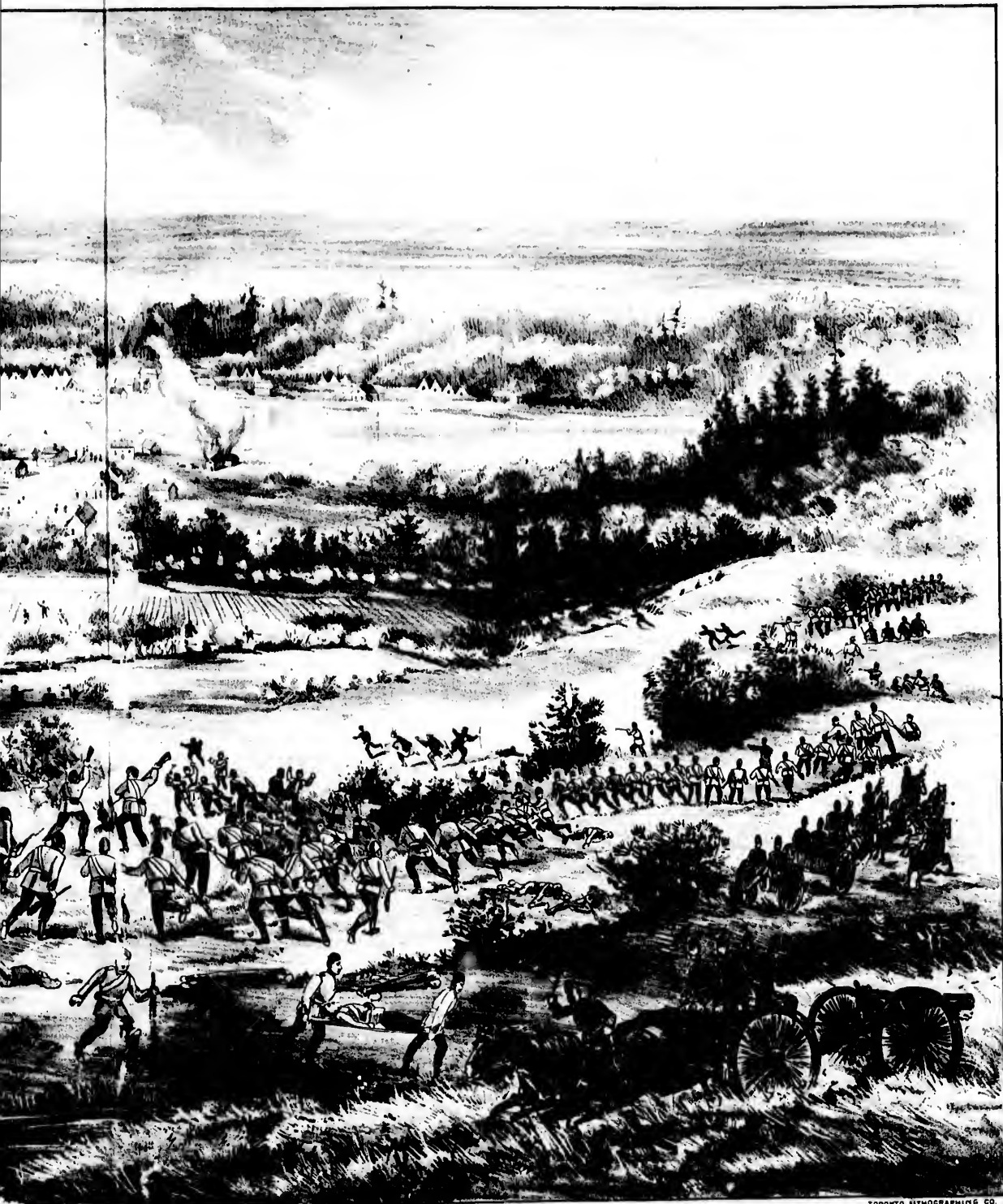
Col. Osborne Smith, with the remainder of the column, arrived on 9th May, having made the whole distance from Calgary, 280 miles, in about ten days. Taking a portion of the Light Infantry, he joined the advance force at Victoria. The remainder of the column was made for Fort Pitt, the Mounted Police and scouts accompanying 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 snows in charge of a detachment of the police.



THE CAPTURE OF BATOCH

(From a topographical map by Messrs. Burrows and Denny, Surveyors' Intelligence Corps; sketches by Mr. F. General Middleton's expedition; and personal information by members of the expedition.)



TORONTO LITHOGRAPHING CO.

ATURE OF BATOOCHE. [See page 30.]

Army's Intelligence Corps; sketches by Mr. F. W. Curran, special artist of the "Illustrated War News" with
dition; and personal information by members of corps which participated.)

by the gallant attack of Major Steele's men. That was the pickiest 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 treatment, and they did not, 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 retreating 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 of sending out the flag?"

"They wanted a parley and, I think, without doubt have passed 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 Otonabee. 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 discussion between the Wood and Plain Cree as to the fate of the prisoners. How was it settled?"

"Yes, and I was trying all along to make the most of that. Their enmities were separate. At first it was the Plain Cree who said so. They were saying anything they could lay their hands on, our horses along with the rest, and I worked it so that I got the Wood Cree to take possession of us. I treated their anger by telling them that the Plain Cree were taking them like children. The Wood Cree greatly outnumbered the others. Big Bear's fighting men did not number more than fifty or fifty, but they were better armed than the Plain Cree, all having Winchester rifles and a considerable quantity of fixed ammunition. The Wood Cree, on the other hand, had only a few 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 Cree as much as possible. I told them the Government would hold them equally responsible with Big Bear's band for the bad they had been committing. The result was that the Wood Cree took possession of us. They gave us a horse to each, our blankets and other stuff, and they gave us an old cow. Of course we 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 Cree think of your being taken into the other camp?"

"I was afraid they were going to have a fight, and if there had been would have been pretty sure to have been killed. They were very jealous about me, because they thought if they got me to fight places 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 Leon Lake, the parties separated. Big Bear going eastward toward Duck Lake. He did not know of Hill's defeat and likely thought he would be safe if he could join Hill."

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

"Yes, he knew all about that. Conifers started to him about Cut Knife while he was going on. Poundmaker wanted him to bring the whole encampment down there. I need all the power I had to dissuade the Wood Cree 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 that I succeeded in stopping them."

"After leaving Big Bear at Leon Lake, where did the Wood Cree take you?"

"Right north across Beaver River. We crossed the river about forty miles east of the Chippewawan Reserve. The crossing was effected in boats made of domestic hides stapled 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 they 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-bred in the camp who could read English, and one no later than I felt was picked up by them, and I was afraid they would kill us on account of it. I did succeed in leaving one at Frenciman'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 impudent 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 on our way. That was the 7th, and during the five days up to yesterday we had to subsist on that small portion of food and whatever game we could get. We had to travel back over that terrible road to Four a Lake, and after a long toil, when we found we had only a poor little

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

"Mr. Nelson, 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. Nelson, and throwing his arms around his neck uttered broken words as if a child."

"Continuing my conversation with Mr. McLean, I inquired with some diffidence, 'What was the treatment of the Indians extended 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 interfere with me otherwise."

"When you 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 press's representative, and if so, I will be glad to have it returned to you.' I meant the calendar or paper of peace. They understood me, and after consulting for some time, they brought out a piece of clean white paper, went through a lot of their ceremonious looking, 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 released the campaign lost interest and a general longing for home took possession of the men. The General was very desirous of getting the prisoners returned to them. 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 destruction of the Wood Cree 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 the latter were contented that Colonel Pitt might be fortunate enough to have a parting brush with him. Col. Pitt had left Battleford on 19th June, and continued marching through the country had reached Turtle Head on 21st June. The next day he took camp on this fine and marshy plain, about five miles from returning to visit Stony Lake and thence started for Pelican Lake 90 miles off, and on arriving at Pelican Lake he sent a party of men to go further. A halt was decided until further orders arrived. Meanwhile, the scouts were kept busy securing the country in all directions for Big Bear and his band.

Some of them were lucky enough to capture four of his tribes, but they always returned without the great chief. The captured Indians, however, told the scouts to the south, where Big Bear camped when they left him, but on reaching the place it was found that Big Bear had got 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 the expedition 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. Pitt reached Battleford about 29th June, having been about 23 days and travelled about 180 miles. The men were ordered to prepare for home at once. Col. Pitt 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 his special 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 numerous, the fatigues and duties were numerous and trying upon your energies, and I am pleased to say that a single company of men on your own showing any grumbling on the part of the soldiers is any unwillingness to perform the duties assigned to you. Our marches have been wearisome, but they have been necessary, and you have performed your duty of every one. Although it has been an misfortune not to have shared in the glories of the campaign, as have befallen other brigades, that the duties which were assigned to you were 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 27th. The troops were reviewed by the General, and a stern march followed by steamers. Here the Queen's Own and the 1st Battalion, 4th Regiment, 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 *Times* correspondent thus describes the capture and subsequent interview:

"The capture of Big Bear and the Council- lers who shared the personal fortunes of the flying monarch was a very tame affair. Sergeant Smart and eleven mounted policemen were on duty at the Carlton ferry, near the river, that Big Bear had come to his (Sergeant Smart) camp, and was then on an island near the ferry. Sergeant Smart and his men made off a passage rather, 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 funny, and hurriedly disavowed his participation in the Frog Lake massacre, saying the whole story was killed against his wishes by young men whom he could not control. Without much delay, Smart took his prisoners to Prince Albert. 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, which was on duty at the Carlton ferry. He was taken to town, being his only companion in a durian. There are thirteen other council prisoners elsewhere, this ill-fated number being taken to the same place as the other and become captives. The Bear is a black Indian, with an enormous head, his face being as long as a four barrel and about as square as a brick. He is dressed in a dirty, ragged, filthy leggings, worn over shakles, and polished steel handlets. His glances were ferocious, his mien humble to servility, and the picture presented as far as possible from that of his fellow chief, Poundmaker, when in similar circumstances. With William McKay, of Battleford, interpreter, Gen. Middleton had an interview with the prisoner. Middleton appears to much advantage in talks of the Bear. He doesn't shake hands with the General, nor does he deign to deliver a message in his own language. He asked him his name and then why he had not on the war path as he was a chief. Big Bear replied that he did not know the whites wanted to kill him. Asked why he kept the McLeans and other prisoners so long, Big Bear replied that they were his prisoners, and he had saved their lives. Big Bear will be sent to Regina for trial, and the captain of the North West Territory proclaimed a very busy but in its judicial importance—criminal jurisprudence entirely. Col. Irvine and his command had returned from Grand Lake when word to Prince Albert, and he was on his trip through the swamps and capstons 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 the mouth of the Red River, and thence to Saskatchewan, and on to Winnipeg by rail. The following account is given by the *Times* correspondent who is interesting—

"GRAND RAPIDS, July 12.

"Since last evening the domain of the Red River voyage has been reached. The North West Coy. Sheela, leading the other three boats and making port nearly twenty-four hours ago, has reached the mouth of the Red River. This is a country of natural phenomena, each one a trifle greater 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 steamer against a bank 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, despite the crowding necessitated after the Queen's Own and other troops boarded the feet 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 steamer was overtaken by a heavy rain, and extending seventeen miles, were entered, and there was enough of excitement in the run down to accomplish less than an hour—and of picturesque interest in the high banks, thickly wooded and crisscrossed as Big Bear's trail, to make the time memorable. Then the forks of the Red River were reached, and the enormous wedge of bluff 600 feet high or more. Here we found the *Alberta* with the wounded from Saskatchewan, in charge of Dr. Bell and his extensive staff of medical 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 it were not for the fact that the attendants and their comfortable quarters at Saskatoon is another of the queer things, and the only reason alleged in the sentimental era that the poor patient wanted to come home with their comrades." According to the doctors, several of the twenty-seven were not well enough to come, but 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 inasmuch as 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 out on flat cars, upon which spring mattresses had been laid, and thus transferred to the lake boat, where a special cabin was provided for them. Below the forks the river, at a high stage at present—narrower for a time, but wider here if it reaches what is known as "the cut" of about 20 miles below Fort a is a peculiar and impassable break of the river, which persistently cut into its banks until it ran into the Sturgeon River, a tributary of Cumberland Lake. There a large portion of the waters of the Saskatchewan now flow, breaking their way out of the lake and back to their former home again, the 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 bed. 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 are as far as La Poudre (a station of the Hudson Bay Co.) are wooded, though there is there a timber of value, the growth being white and black poplar (balm of Gilead), spruce, jack-pine, and larches, with here and there a cedar. Below La Poudre the stream is almost a canal, and on each side are long stretches of lakes and swamps, filled with sedge grass and wild rice, the former and the latter in places of countless millions of waterfowl. In the woods above and around the last fifty miles of the voyage moose are plenty, and if you have never tasted moose and or musk-ox you have a new sensation in store for your palate."

"It was early Friday morning when the *North West* reached Chumawau, the rocky and isolated home of the Swampy Cree, a tribe of the nation, few in numbers, devoted to fishing and hunting, and living in what, to say it as 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. In winter their potatoes and hardihood as drivers of dog-trains is proverbial. At Chumawau the Saskatchewan merges its identity for a time in that of Cedar Lake, a blue sheet of water miles long by forty-five miles, if in the width is included Cross Lake on the west. Our passage was unobstructed, though severe storms compelled the lightly built river boats to seek anchorage, and early in the afternoon we entered the narrow, scarcely fifty yards wide—where the Saskatchewan again finds its route towards its final home in the bosom of Lake Winnipeg. Then came the Bonanza, a rapid not more than one hundred feet long, but strong as any of its grander cousins. 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 narrow gully railway three and a half 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 rapids a York (double-ender) boat or large canoe is well worth the while, and the Indian steersman and rowers (or paddlers) add to the picturesque quality of the affair. The run of two miles is made in twenty-two to twenty-five minutes, and the fall of forty-eight feet 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. When fishing in the eddies along the rocky banks of the sort to suit those whom quantity best pleases. The picketed and sike will bite at anything from a piece of red flannel to a silver 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, or speared, or looked in a somewhat novel way. The Indian who knows the haunts of the algaris arms himself with a long pole, at the end of which are fastened, loosely, several large hooks, the shanks of which are fastened 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 fellow out of the water, with maybe a heavy weight 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 excessive 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 Red rebellion until the steamer *Norfolk* came down, June 7th.

Winnipeg, July 16th.

"We found the *Princess*, a small side-wheeler and the *Valerie*, a two-masted tug, on a pier 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 *Princess* was a large steamer with them, each 175 by 40 and 9 feet in depth of hull, and upon these the troops were quartered in more or less of comfort, the fifteen hundred men finding lodgment on the lower deck and the officers and wounded took quarters on the steamer. By 11 a.m. on Monday we were off waiting for the *Abercrombie* kept us till noon—and the steamer 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 *Valerie* and then the other two barges—all strung on huge hawsers, with sixty fathoms of the line between each craft. Lake Winnipeg—despite its 200 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 chop of a sea. Monday night we had half a gale from the north-west, and boats and barges played patch and toes at a great rate. A good many were sea-sick and both in the hold of one of the barges and in the *Princess*, as *Kristina* and *Valerie* were not describable but on Tuesday came up smiling and the sea men lining the wharves and barges and finally into a placidly like unto that on a vivants' plus when the chase comes on. The *Princess* taking one barge, parted company of twenty *Valerie* 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 army. 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 flows out."

On arriving at Winnipeg the troops were received with unbounded enthusiasm. Business was at a stand-still and the whole city got 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 thousands and thousands of their fellow-countrymen, many weary hearts felt that glory was a battle-the gratification 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 denigrating forces writing on the *Princess*, but less 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 met Riel, 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 charges of treason. The crown were Christopher Robinson, Q.C., of Toronto, B. B. Oiler, Q.C., of Toronto, D. J. Scott, Q.C., of Regina, Mr. Casgrain, and H. W. Hurlbidge, Henry Munster, of Regina. For the defence were F. X. Lemieux, Q.C., of Quebec, Chas Fitzpatrick, of Quebec, and Mr. J. N. Greenleaves, of Montreal. At eleven o'clock counsel took their 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 seized with the 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. The prosecution agreed to assent to the defence in procuring witnesses in Canada, but could not agree to the protection of the court being offered to Hannon, Dumas, or other parties participating in the rebellion if they were brought from a foreign country to testify on behalf of Riel.

The court resumed on 28th July, after a week's adjournment. Six jurors were chosen and Mr. Oiler 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 possible for simple precautionary reasons to avoid technical objections. The case was tried 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 the 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 Cruiser, in which Riel threatened a war of extermination against the whites, and traced the prisoner's conduct afterwards to show that he had tried to carry out that threat. It was in constructive treason that was sought to be proved, but treason involving the shedding of human blood. The evidence 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 Judge Richardson to allow the testimony of John 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 he should be tried as sane. After considerable argument had taken place between the prisoner and his counsel, the Judge 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 recital of the campaign he recalled the particulars of 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 Greenleaves, 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 Ashley 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 unrivaled. The enthusiasm exhibited on their arrival quickly melted away. Canada really seemed beside itself with joy. Nothing was too good for "our boys," as they were exuberantly termed. Everything that could possibly be done to show the belongings of these home-ward-bound—banners, boxes, flags, provisions, clothing, etc.—never did the streets of Winnipeg, Toronto, Montreal, Ottawa, of every town and city, large and small, resound with such cheering. Winnipeg was hilariously delighted, as was Toronto, and 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 have been hoarse for days after such cheering.

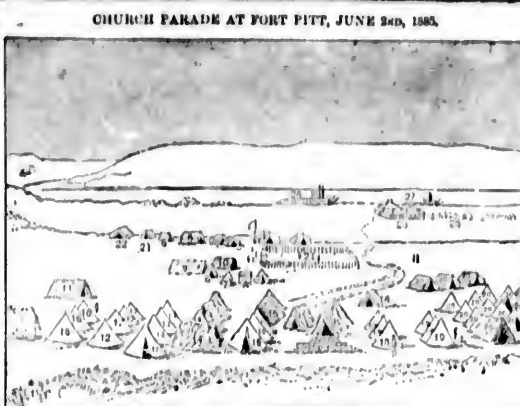
Well, the troops deserved it. It was all over now, and it was through them that it was safely over. The only remaining matter was the question of what to do with Riel and the rest of the prisoners. The tedious trial of the leader of the rebellion, the plea of insanity, the verdict, the recommendation 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 Northwest evening without expressing my thanks, my very sincere thanks, to the many friends who, at no little trouble to themselves, so kindly and courteously 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. Denton, 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 Fort Middleton's crew 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 it is their duty to answer. 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.



Key to illustration on page 33.

1. The General.
2. The Anst. I. A. G. and Brigade Major.
3. Chief Transport Officer.
4. Brigade Major, Lt. Col. Straubenzos.
5. Staff Mess.
6. Staff.
7. Officers.
8. Lt. Col. Grassett.
9. The Chaplain.
10. R. G. Underly Room.
11. Lt. Officers Mess.
12. R. G. Reading Room.
13. No. 1 Company, Royal Grenadiers.
14. " " " " " "
15. " " " " " "
16. " " " " " "
17. Guard.
18. "A" Battery, Canadian Artillery.
19. "B" Battery, Canadian Artillery.
20. 10th Battalion Rifles.
21. Field Post Office.
22. Field Hospital.
23. Ammunition.
24. Troops drawn up for divine service.
25. Indian Encampment.
26. Steamer *Marquette*.
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 Mounted were entitled to the right of the tents of the 26th as shown in the picture.

THE STEAMER "NORTHCOTE" RUNNING THE GAULETT AT BATOCHE, MAY 26th, 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 endeavor 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, not without the hail of bullets through which she passed, many by which she was wounded on both sides of the river.

BATTLE OF CUT KNIFE CREEK.

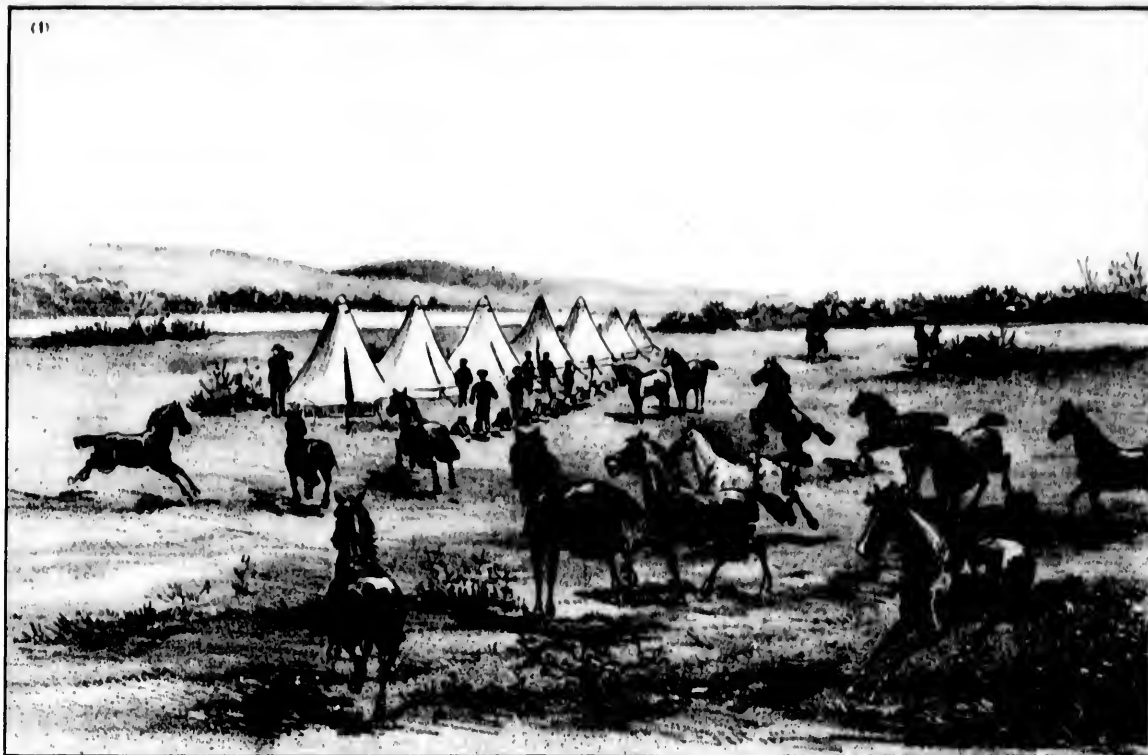
Mr. Watson has placed us under deep obligations in sending so comprehensive a sketch of a battleground of historic interest. The relative situations of the various troops will, however, be better understood by regard being paid to the following references:

1. Indian encampment partially hidden by woods, with shell bursting over.
2. Major Shon, 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 men 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 O.L.W.a Sharpshooters.
8. Seven-pounder gun, with men of "B" Battery.
9. Some of the Battledore 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 O.L.W.a 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. Through the close of the engagement at Cut Knife Creek, which lasted about seven hours, the Battledore volunteers were ordered to re-

turn from their position in a gully where they had been maintaining a fire against some of the enemy concealed 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 activity, 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, where 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 unswerving 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, and 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. The 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, whereas a half-breed, with an expression of implacable 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 lung. Sergeant 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 wounds, was appointed chaplain to his battalion while still in the field, and has since been ordained. He was recently married to a lady in 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 endeavored to relate accurately 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. Ouseon, 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."





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Major-General Sir H. ...

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Major-General Sir H. ...
Major-General Sir J. ...

COL. OFFICERS' MOUNTS
Major-General Sir G. ...
Major-General Sir H. ...
Major-General Sir J. ...

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