TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

During the month a Tennis Tournament took place. Unfortunately, the weather interfered with the games somewhat, lengthening out the time required for the different rounds. The results were as follows:

First Round.	Winner.
Pte. Large v. Pte. Wass	Pte. Large.
O.M.S. Roy v. Pte. Pattinson	Q.M.S. Roy.
S/Sgt. Beck v. Pte. Coyne	S/Sgt. Beck.
Sgt. Martin v. L/Cpl. Luckraft	Sgt. Martin.
Sgt. Wood v. Sgt. Roberts	Sgt. Wood.
L/Cpl. Scrimgeour v. L/Cpl. Sheen	L/Cpl. Sheen
C ID I	

Second Round. O.M.S. Roy v. Sgt. Martin ... S/Sgt. Beck v. Pte. Large ... L/Cpl. Sheen v. Sgt. Wood ...

Sgt. Martin. S/Sgt. Beck. Sgt. Wood.

Third Round.

Sgt. Martin v. S/Sgt. Beck ... Sgt. Martin. Sgt. Wood.

Finals.

Sgt. Wood v. Sgt. Martin ... Sgt. Martin. Sgt. Martin winning first prize in the tournament.

DRIVES FOR THE CRIPPLES.

During the month several drives were arranged for patients who are temporarily compelled to make use of crutches and sticks for getting about. A horse team char-a-banc was hired in town, and the first trips were made to Pevensey Castle. After a look over the old Castle and grounds, the party had tea in the shady, cool tea garden at the west end of the Castle, returning to camp in time for supper.

PHOOLOSOPHY.

By Houda Dickens.

Those who say "Music hath charms, etc.," have never heard the patient Sergeant singing in the C.A.H., or they would have changed their minds.

Those who say "Early to bed, early to rise, etc.," evidently existed in pre-soldier days.

Those who say "It's a long road that has no turning" never came home along the Cooden

and Bexhill road on paynight.

Those who say "A stitch in time, etc.," didn't propagate his propaganda—our tailor has never

Those who say "All's well that ends well"

have evidently never suffered on the morning after the night before. (Pay night).

Those who say "There's no fool like an old fool" did not take into consideration that some reached the adept age very young.

FOR HONOUR AND FOR HER.

Somewhere a woman, thrusting fear away, Faces the future bravely for your sake, Toils on from dawn to dark; from day to day, Fights back her tears, nor heeds the bitter ache; She loves you, trusts you, breathes in prayer your

Soil not her faith in you by sin or shame. Somewhere a woman-mother, sweetheart, wife, Waits betwixt hopes and fears for your return. Her kiss, her words, will cheer you in the strife, When death itself confronts you, grim and stern: But let her image all your reverence claim, When base temptations scorch you with their

Somewhere a woman watches-thrilled with

Shrined in her heart you share a place with none; She toils, she waits, she prays, till side by side You stand together when the battle's done. O keep for her dear sake a stainless name, Bring back to her a manhood free from shame!

Some scribe of Cooden Camp once said, "Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day." Verily, verily he was wise, he referred to our Paymaster.

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