

# The "Studington" Valise

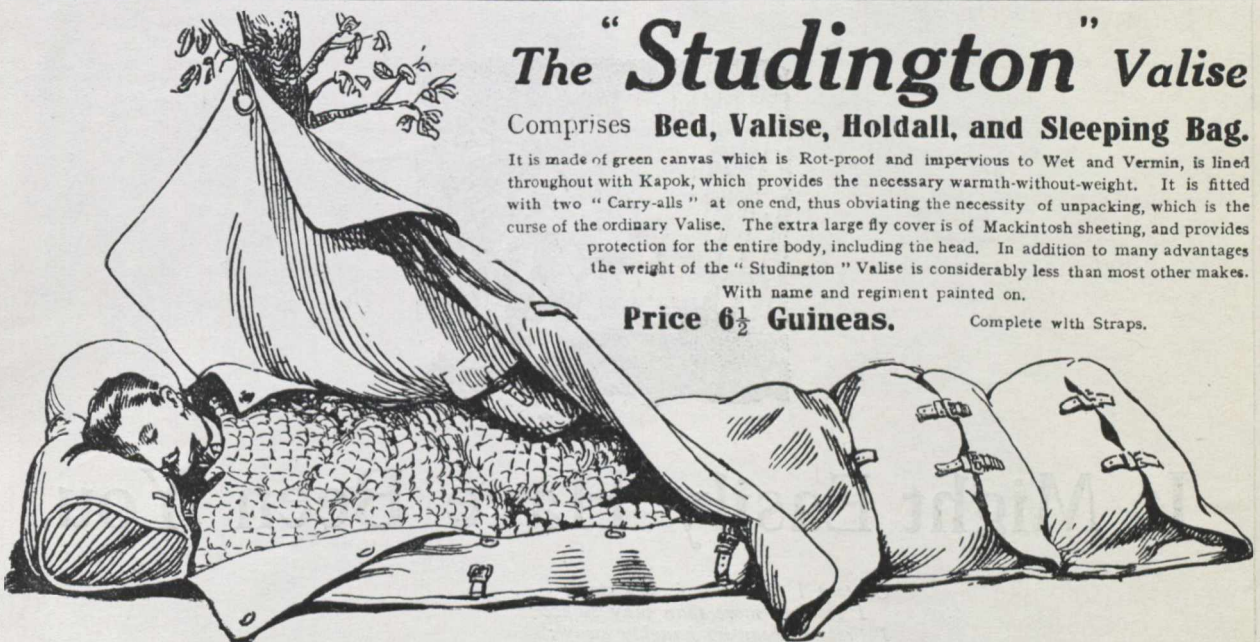
Comprises **Bed, Valise, Holdall, and Sleeping Bag.**

It is made of green canvas which is Rot-proof and impervious to Wet and Vermin, is lined throughout with Kapok, which provides the necessary warmth-without-weight. It is fitted with two "Carry-alls" at one end, thus obviating the necessity of unpacking, which is the curse of the ordinary Valise. The extra large fly cover is of Mackintosh sheeting, and provides protection for the entire body, including the head. In addition to many advantages the weight of the "Studington" Valise is considerably less than most other makes.

With name and regiment painted on.

**Price 6½ Guineas.**

Complete with Straps.



**STUDD & MILLINGTON**  
LIMITED  
CIVIL AND MILITARY TAILORS

51, CONDUIT STREET, BOND STREET, W.  
67-69, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON, W.C.

## BATMEN AND COOKS PLAY BALL.

**They didn't win but they gave the Depot a close game.**

To Monsieur 'Gene Lanthier, goes the Grand Prix for sheer nerve, consummate skill and daring, ability to put it over, etc. He wouldn't be afraid to wear a green necktie to the Orange Celebration in Toronto on July 12th. He could challenge J. Wesley Allison to a grafting contest and he'd find a way to win.

The Venetians laughed at Columbus when he said he could sail around the world. "It couldn't be done," they said. If Monsieur 'Gene Lanthier had come to us before he did what he did on Sunday, October 27, and told us what he intended to do we wouldn't have laughed at him. We would have sympathised with him and telephoned for a padded cell.

This is the tale of a bluff that worked, and of a baseball team that won—almost.

'Gene's regular life-work is looking after the buttons and hot water of the M.O. and the paymaster. This wasn't enough to keep him busy so he hunted up his old friend, Monsieur Caisse, assistant boss of the orderly room and said "Let's start something."

"What'll we start?" asks Caisse.

"Why not get up a ball team and challenge somebody to a game?"

"Who'll we challenge?"

"It doesn't make any difference. Why not challenge the Tank Depot?"

Forth went 'Gene to gather up his ball team. There wasn't a ball player in camp but that didn't make any difference. He went through the officer's quarters, and routed out all the batmen, went into the mess and gathered up a cook or two and in "A" lines he found Clark, once star of the Centre Island (Toronto) pill slingers.

Negotiations for the game were soon completed. The Tank Depot was informed that the ball-team of the First Canadian Battalion was of the opinion that it could lick the Tank Depot, and wished an opportunity to prove it. The challenge was accepted.

There were eleven players on the Depot team, including two umpires. Despite this handicap, the Tank Battalion's alleged baseball team held the Depot to a score of three to two. Of course, the Depot held the odd run on their side of the score book, but they had a ball team to start with.

The Grand and Stupendous Aggregation of Amateur Slingers of the Speroid Horsehide who represented the Battalion were as follows:—

Clark p.	Caisse 2b.	Bastien r.f.
LaBelle c.	Lanthier 3b.	Sigurdson c.f.
Giroux 1b.	Rowley ss.	Jauvin 1f.