

The N.C.O. and men's tent pegging was very keenly contested—Sergt. McNutt and C.S.M. Ward being left in the final and running off twice for a decision: Sergt. McNutt finally winning by a chip with the peg set on edge.

The Clowns' Mule Race literally "brought the house down;" the combined exertions of the mules and the clowns in their attempt to do things the wrong way, giving rise to a lot of fun, especially when the clown had to "bob" for a potato while his mount "bobbed" for a carrot.

In winning the officers' "tilting the ring," Major Shergold, M.C., D.C.M., made a very clean and dashing run.

Votes were taken for the best turned out clown, and the decision fell to Pte Shea, of the Machine Gun Depot, for his caricature of an exaggerated staff officer, or super-general (General Nuisance). Prizes were also awarded to Dvr. McEachern and Pte McCoughey for being naturally funny.

The meeting was interesting from start to finish, both socially and as a fine display of Canadian horsemanship.

Results were as follows:—

Best Turned-out 2, 4 or 6 Horse Team, to consist of Wagon and Equipment. 1st prize—1st C.E.R.B. Pontoon Wagon; Corpl. Henson, Drivers E. D. Lester, J. Forristel, J. H. McKeown. 2nd prize—C.A.S.C. G.S. Wagon: Corpl Stephen, Driver A. Dutton.

Potato Race—Dvr. Nixon, 1st C.E.R.B.; Dvr. Hamer, 1st C.E.R.B.; Dvr. Lock, C.A.S.C.

Wrestling on Horseback—1st, 1st Reserve Battalion; 2nd, 1st C.E.R.B.

Officers' Tent Pegging—Capt. Joslin, M.G. Depot, Maresfield.

Aunt Sally Race—1, Sergt. Saunders, 1st C.E.R.B.; 2, Corpl. Voysey.

Balaclava Melée—1st C.E.R.B.

Roman Race—1, Dvr. Harvey, 1st C.E.R.B.; 2, Dvr. Goodfellow, 18th Rev. Battn.; 3, Pte. Robertson, C.M.G.D.

Umbrella and Cigar Race—1, Lieut. Beesley and Miss —, C.M.G., C.T.C.; 2, Lieut. Hicks and Miss Donely.

Tilting the Bucket—Sapper Graham, 1st C.E.R.B.

Tug of War—C.M.G.D. team.

Musical Chairs—1, Dvr. Lock, C.A.S.C.; 2, C.Q.M.S. Stern, 1st C.E.R.B.

Bending Race (Officers)—Lieut.-Col. F. W. Kemp, 3rd C.C.D.

Tent Pegging (N.C.Os. and Men)—1, Sergt McNutt; 2, C.S.M. Ward, D.C.M.

Clowns' Mule Race—1, Sergt. Suttles, as "Uncle Sam," 6th Reserve; 2, Pte McCoughey, as "Casey."

Tilting the Ring (Officers)—1, Major C. Shergold, M.C., D.C.M., 1st C.E.R.B.

Tilting the Ring (N.C.Os and Men)—1, C.S.M. Ward, D.C.M., 1st C.E.R.B.; 2, C.Q.M.S. Stern, 1st C.E.R.B.

Potato Bobbing Race—1, Sapper Graham, 1st C.E.R.B.; 2, Dvr. Tays, 1st C.E.R.B.; 3, Dvr. Nixon, 1st C.E.R.B.

Best Turned-out Clown—1, Pte Shea, C.M.G.D.; 2, Sapper McEachern, 1st C.E.R.B.; 3, Pte McCoughey, 1st Reserve.

Special Cup (Officers' Jumping), presented by Goldsmiths and Silversmiths' Co.—Capt. H. T. May, 1st C.E.R.B.

Grand Aggregate Prize—Sergt. Saunders, 1st C.E.R.B.



Major Robertson's Company.

The Battalion is fortunate in including among its officers two keen sportsmen in Lieuts. Sproule and Baldock, the latter of whom acted as starter at the Divisional Sports.

"Bill Baker," the Battalion big pitcher, has no connection with the notable bar of that name in Paris, which does not mean to say that he has never been connected with a bar. He hails from the "Peg."

Baker, Mucklestone, Shepherd, and Frank Johnson, the Battalion baseball stars, have seldom shown better form than this season.

It is regarded as rather appropriate that "Shep" should be the Police Corporal. He developed his well known fistic abilities in the gentle atmosphere of Naimo, on the Pacific coast, where, it is said, a win, tie, or a wrangle is the termination of every sporting encounter!

Percy Sellim is the star runner of the Battalion, and the Division. He swept everything before him at the Divisional Sports, but youth came into its own at the Corps Sports. Percy is verging on 40 but is wonderfully well preserved. He combines with sprinting an expert knowledge of latrine construction.

Major Earnshaw's Company.

There are no sporting notes this month, but we have to acknowledge that the Corps Signals took a thorough revenge in the second baseball game. The rain spoilt the game. It did not drown the ardour of the numerous supporters, although it most certainly "damped" it. We lost count of the score after the Corps had reached 10.

Lieut. Brickenden's Company.

Baseball is dying a natural death with us. Sergt. Boyd and Dvr. McRae, two of our stalwarts gone, cause vacancies hard to fill. Who will be the next hero?

Volley ball is the rage; anybody, anyway and anytime is the order, and there is every indication that it is thoroughly enjoyed. It is a forlorn hope that we may eventually introduce science, but for the present: "let her rip."

A challenge came to the office for a game of cricket, so we accepted, and although beaten, we had a pleasant game, lack of practice again showing itself. Since, we have been a little more active and hope to do better.

After being disappointed three times, stripped ready for the game, we at last managed a game of football. We finished on the short end of a 2 to 1 score, but the game was full of features, fast and interesting. Two more games, which were slow and lacked the dash, we managed to win. Opportunity was taken to try new blood, but it needs a lot of polish before we can attain the class of the good old days.