

INDOOR BASEBALL.

AN Indoor Baseball League has been arranged between the officers forming the four battalions of the 5th Infantry Brigade. Already two series of games have been played, which were severe and well-contested combats, though fortunately no blood was shed. The Y.M.C.A. kindly allowed the officers to use their ground, and in each series a large gallery was present to applaud their respective representatives. Brig.-General Macdonnell, C.M.G., D.S.O., accompanied by Major McAvity, D.S.O., was present to watch the games on the first day.

So far the 24th Battalion have not been able to carry off the palm; but we should like to adopt the British Premier's famous counsel with regard to the future—"Wait and see." Anyway, it was not through any lack of effort on the part of Colonel Gunn that we failed to win the first series, his pitching being of an excellent quality.

The results of the first series were:—

The 24th officers won from the 22nd officers.

The 26th officers won from the 25th officers.

The 26th officers won from the 24th officers.

The 26th officers thus became possessors of the silver cup presented by Colonel Gunn.

In the second series the games were as follows:—

The 25th officers won from the 24th officers.

The 25th officers won from the 26th officers.

Unfortunately the 22nd officers were not present when the second series was played.

A Challenge Cup has now been donated by the officers of the different battalions in the Brigade, and some interesting games are promised in the near future.

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"BELGIUM, 'TIS OF THEE."

TWAS outside K.I Cookhouse

On a cold December morn,

A Grub-spoiler rustled dixies,

And cursed the day he was born.

He'd been dreaming of Lady Godiva's,

Of a midnight cabaret,

When Heinie slipped over a whiz-bang:

His cookhouse was in the way.

No kitchen, equipment, or rations,

Such was his awful plight;

To have his breakfast ready by "Stand-to"

He'd sweated for half the night.

He'd nearly a blighty from coke fumes,

One lung was outside the door;

Through cutting up bacon by moonlight

One finger went West on the floor.

He had that "Belgium-itch" feeling—

His grey-back had more than one crumb.

The sergeant had just then informed him,

"To-day there's no ration of rum."

All his dopes were under the *débris*,

Playing tag with the Bully and Mac!

'Twas the first day of the tour in, and

No dope issue till they got back.

He strafed all the square-heads in Belgium,

In France, and way back on the Rhine;

And vowed through the next war you'd find him

Corner of Peel and St. Catherine.

Then, addressing the graves of the Gordons,

The salt tears filling his eyes,

He murmured, "Not yet, but soon;

O Lawdy, Sherman was wise!"

Finis—and about time too.



OUR TURKISH MILITARY ATTACHÉ.

YE ANCIENT TALE.

AND it came to pass that a bobagee, a man of grease and smoke, travelling from Zillywilly to the Rattler Dug-outs, which is a three hours' journey, as every good shell-shock knows, met a high official with a crown on his arm and a tin cover on his thatch, who said unto him, "Would'st barter a portion of food in exchange for V.C. Fluid?" And the man of grease and smoke answered him and said, "Can a duck swim?" which meaneth "Yea!" and sometimes "Yea, verily!" Then these twain proceeded to the abode of the bobagee, a place of strange odours and doings. Then the bobagee from a concealed cavity took a box of weird and fantastic design, marked with cabalistic characters thusly, "Macco Nochi," which box contained eatables of divers sorts, namely, fifty-six and one, and they did consume them even unto the uttermost crumb. Then did these two men slake their thirst with shell-shock's joy, and after a while they were attacked with a strange sickness like unto a rolling sea, and their hearts were sore within them, while the earth became covered with the "Macco Nochi" they had consumed. And the bobagee spake to him of the many ribbons and said, "Of a truth that which thou gavest me I have returned"; and thereupon he of the many battles answered and said, "To him that hath shall be given," and straightway did likewise, and departed upon his way, weeping exceeding bitterly.

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DAILY ECHOES AROUND THE CAMP.

THE one that will never die away: "Orderly sergeants on the double!"

Orderly Room: "Halt. Right turn. Right dress."

"Sir: The accused, etc., etc." "Well, sir, it was this way——"

"Twenty-eight days." "Left turn. Quick march."

Nine (or maybe eleven) times a day: "Fall in, the recruits!"

At guard mount: "Fix! 'Zyou were. 'Zyou were."

At the canteen: "We've got no change. What's your name?"

"Say, have a heart. This is only half full." "The more you put

down the more you pick up." "If you won't speculate you won't

accumulate." "Any more for any more?" "That's the lucky old mud-hook!"

PRIVATE INQUIRY BY THE R.Q.M.S.: "Who is the sergeant who always gives gold watches and rings to his lady friends?"