

remarks with the lance going straight to the point.

The Signalling Sergeant, "Bill" Hazlett, of the Department of the Secretary of State, is making good on his important post; he was pleased to see mention of him in a recent *Civilian*. All of us poor mortals do like to see nice things about ourselves, especially if we feel that we merit them.

CONGRATULATIONS! and many of them, on the formation of the Civil Service Corps in Ottawa and elsewhere. This should display the "esprit de corps" and solidarity of the Service to any jesting Didymus. (Have I mixed my parables?) I put my own name down, but I could not wait for, perhaps, the Third Contingent, so, although it figures in the list, I am "over the fields and far away." Will the Service companies (two I presume) be trained for the Third Contingent?

It is expected that, in the near future, the appointments of non-commissioned officers will be made; at present all N. Co's are all temporary, and digging in to hold their jobs, as "the backbone of the army is the non-commissioned man," *ut canit poeta*. Quite a few of the N. Co's are old Service men, with ribbons telling of wars in South Africa, India and Egypt. I had a most interesting talk with one of the A. M. C. men attached to our battalion the other day, and had side-lights thrown on many campaigns. The modesty of this particular N. C. O. was unaffected, and I venture to say that if all are—and many seem to be—of this fine type of man, we shall keep up the reputation and tradition of the British army,—"nulli secundus."

Curious are the plights in which some find themselves. I think I have mentioned the fine bulldog—"Buster"—mascot of the 43rd and 15th boys of "D" Company (old "H" Company). To proceed,—a ceratin quaffer of the convivial cup returned in a rather moth-eaten state to bar-

racks, and mistook the bunk where Buster was reposing, being chained thereto, for his own. This *lit-tle* (joke) error was perceived by some of his comrades, who crept silently to where the knight of the bottle snored, and, taking off the dog's collar, placed it round the sleeper's neck, taking "Buster" to the empty bunk of the roysterer. Behold, in the morning—*quel tableau!*—here is our friend chained to the bunk, with a dog collar round his neck! Not being of a choleric nature, he took the jest in good part, but all who heard of it smiled broadly.

"Not a nove! Not a nove!" is the watchword on parade, and Heaven aid the foolish prattler who babbles in the ranks; it is 5 days C. B. (confined to barracks) for him. The difference is marked, from what we used to be to what we are, truly may we say "What a change was there, my countrymen!" When some of you Civil Servants begin to drill in your new corps you will appreciate how soldiers have to be forged by the iron hammer of discipline, under the fire of duty. It is a process for which, come what may, we shall all be the better. The discipline comes hard to some, but it must be learnt, for without it we are as useless as a tail without a dog. Anyone who overstays leave, or deserts, finds that the arm of His Majesty is a long one, and that no side-tracks are tolerated in his army, and woe to the persistent drunk or breaker of laws—he finds that Tommy Atkins is required to be a sober gentleman, and that if he oversteps the bounds set by K. R. and O. he will surely suffer by it.

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Breezy Admiral — "How many couples have you spliced on occasion?"

The Bishop—"Oh, as many as twenty in two hours."

Breezy Admiral—"Ha! A speed of ten knots an hour!"