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regiment. In continental armies you find a number of units forming a cohesive whole; with Canadians you find a number of individuals forming a regiment but still at all times retaining their own individuality, and perfectly capable of maintaining it also. This quality, combined with their physique and high mental qualities, warrants me in repeating that as fighting material they have no equal."

I wonder if we can maintain the good opinion Sir Arthur has of us? I don't think he has cause to complain of the conduct of the fellows who have preceded us. And I don't think the Western Scots will earn an adverse comment when we get there. That when through.

To get on to something lighter, I happened to see a couple of chaps being marched over to the Battalion orderly room today, and it put me in mind of the army malingering, just about the worst pest a company can get afflicted with. I don't think we have many, or maybe he has not had sufficient time to incubate, but he will be due one of these days. He is the chronic shirker, the fellow who won't do his bit, the fellow who by little, mean, cunning artifices, shoulders his end of the work on to somebody else. I'll tell you a story as to how one of these parasites was cured, for the time anyway. No. 13 Troop S.A.C., some time during 1901, were in garrison at a place on the Vaal River called Christiana. This town or village is only about twenty miles from the Bechuanaland border, and for the last thirty years has been known as a great centre for alluvial diamond diggings. In fact, the lower Vaal all through German South-West Africa carries gravel which is more or less diamondiferous. The majority of the troop occupied quarters in the Town Hall, but they had two forts, one east and one west of the dorp. The west fort was equipped with helio and lamps, and the town was in communication with either Kimberley or Klerksdorp, of course, by relay. At this signalling station was a corporal and seven men, exclusive of the signallers. A guard was maintained night and day continuously, and naturally it became a bit monotonous. About this time one of the men became affected with a peculiar nervous disease. He couldn't stand the darkness. As long as daylight lasted he was all right, but as soon as the sun went down he would begin to shiver, his whole body would quiver, and to look at him you had to pity him. After shooting his rifle off several times in the middle of the night, thereby causing the whole garrison to stand to arms till morning, it was decided that the other fellows should do his night guards, the corporal taking his turn with the men. Everything was lovely after that. My man had all night in his blankets, and as he was perfectly normal in the daytime it became a matter of course. About this time one of the fellows became ill, and Jim McCutcheon was sent up to take his place. A rough, good and bad-tempered Canadian, he was a character in a way. The last I heard of him he was running a shooting gallery in Delagoa Bay, at least, two dusky-looking damsels were running it for him and Jim was whipping little Portuguese gendarmes whenever he took a notion. Anyhow, when Jim reported at the fort, the corporal told him about the nervous fellow. He said: "You know, Jim, we didn't want to report him, and we are simply doing his night guard when his turn comes around." Jim called the man over and said: "So you are the fellow who gets them spasms, are you?" "Yes, Jim," he said, "I'm sorry, but I can't seem to help it." "Humph!" says Jim, "you're just about the poorest specimen of God's carelessness I've seen hanging around for some time; go out and get me the top of that bully beef box." The lad

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went out and got it and Jim sat down and whittled it into a sort of a paddle. When he had it fixed he grabbed the fellow, turned him over on his knee, and applied the paddle where it would do most good. About once a minute Jim would say: "Are you going to shiver?" "No, Jim," he would yell. After a bit Jim let up on him and he slunk away on his blankets and sulked for the rest of the day. But that night he did his guard and forgot to shiver.

H. M. CAMPBELL.