

Up again we started off for Cowdray Park, well known to the boys, and the Midhurst people welcomed us. This was the only bad spell of weather we had and at a rather inconvenient time, between 6 and 10, but it would take more than that to dampen the spirits of the boys who were just getting so seasoned that they didn't care if they ever went "home."

Some of the boys have no special affection for Midhurst as the price in some places was a bit too hot, but we shall know what to do when we go there again. The next day's hike brought us to Stag Park, a beautiful place owned by Lord Leconfield. Here the boys had a chance of seeing some rare sights. Deer were there in hundreds all around us, and hare and rabbits kept up the excitement all day. The Foxhound kennels were the real source of interest, and though being no judge of that particular breed, I should say that the pack were all that could be desired. This was our last bivouac for the trip and Petworth was well patronized that evening. Some of the boys "explored" the church and could be seen standing on the steps in the spire, from where they had a pretty good view of the country around.

Next morning we moved off for the home stretch and I think Witley looked real good to some of the boys. Dinner was the meal of the trip, everyone in high spirits and glad at what they had accomplished, as it was no mean task to set a bunch of boys who really don't profess to be soldiers, but can show a soldier a few things when it comes down to the fine point. Witley safely reached and at the parade ground, congratulated by the Colonel on not having a casualty the whole trip, what could be better or more encouraging for the boys? I am sure the people at home will be proud when they read of the achievement as it stands good on their physical standing. There are people at home who have nothing better to do than talk about the health of the boys over here, let them read this and take their own lesson from it.

The outstanding feature of the trip was the way in which the people of every little village or town we passed through treated us. Fruit in abundance, and in one place cigarettes were there for the boys. Even when you are weary of the routine of soldiering these little things help to make you look at things and say "Well, it is not too bad after all."



Heard in The Tailor Shop

CROSS QUESTIONS AND CROOKED ANSWERS

When will we get the next Canadian mail? When are they going to issue more passes? Yes, I have noticed that Maj. Moffatt looks like Teddy Roosevelt? What time is it? No, I haven't got a match. Have you any cigarettes? I ate all the last cake mother sent me. How's your tobacco? He was only twenty minutes late. What time did you get in last night? We'll go to the concert in the Y.M.C.A. to-night. What is there for breakfast? It's just five and twenty past six. Did you shave to-day? Your tunic will be ready to-night.



Twelve men were in a field hospital in France. One was a Scotchman who became so very ill that the doctor asked him if there was any request he wished to make. He said "If someone would play the bagpipes it might help me." The piper played all night and in the morning when the doctor asked the nurse how the Scotchman was she answered "That he was so much better he was walking around. The pipes cured him all right, but the other eleven are dead."



Who is the musketry instructor who gave the order, "After taking the first pressure be sure and draw your last breath."