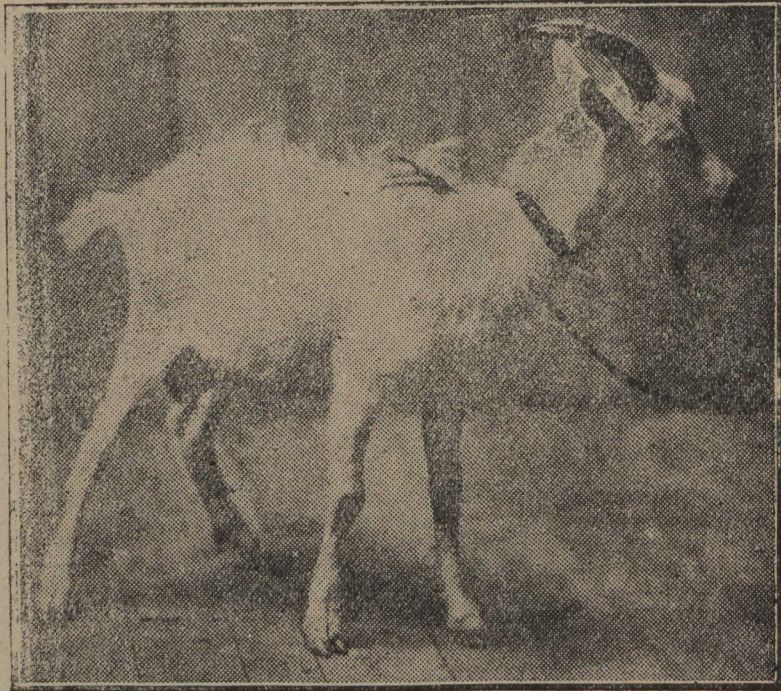


The Tale of a Goat

-- Well Known Story



The past is no more, but happily or unhappily memory gives us a panoramic view of the things which are gone forever. That is a sad beginning for the "tale of a goat," but we warrant there are some men here or somewhere else who wish that creature had never been invented. No doubt none of you will recognize the accompanying picture as that of the "goat" of the junior battalion of the Highland Brigade. Many can recall to mind the title given to it, and deserved we believe. But the man that was detailed to attend that animal will always claim that any titles or any epitaph he slung at it were deserved.



The patience of the job was beyond comprehension, but the patience of that man exceeds that ten fold. Shall we ever forget when our brave goat first joined the ranks of a militant army. If our memory serves us correctly it was in the glorious month of August that the attestation papers were made out and the M. O. said "Fit." Then the trouble started. The new recruit was given a tent to himself, was excused off all parades, except one hour physical jerks, a batman was detailed to attend to its material needs, but we do not recollect whether the Chaplain was given special instructions regarding food for the spirit or not, jealousy took a hold of every man to think that this recruit should be favored; and they refused to have anything to do with it; the goat for awhile remained obdurate and held his head high, disregarding the slurs passed on him, and treating with contempt the hilarity of some of its comrades, thinking that they

were only jealous of the privileges granted to it. But on the other hand poor thing had "C. B." all the time. The C. O. no doubt when it first signed up, informed it that it could not leave camp. Time is a great healer and soon all were on friendly terms; and as we left one lad was heard to exclaim in a muffled tone. "The goat, the goat, my kingdom for the goat", but it availed him nothing and the goat was transferred to the reinforcing unit as inefficiently trained for active service in the field. Such readeth the tale and now, like a stroke from the clouds come the news that a Medical Board has decided it is unfit for service in the field owing to lack of brains, and much be discharged forthwith. What vindictive measures the goat will take to get back at the learned specialists who have so decided, we are not prepared to say; but probably in many moons it will get an opportunity of serving its King and Country.