

*Corpl. of Guard.*—A buckboard with a mail, boys.

*(Party rushes out rear shouting and return carrying Dick and mail bag. Dick exits 2 R. E., party gathers right.)*

*O.-Sergt.*—Hurry up, Dick.

*Scout.*—There's nothing for you this time, general.

*Mac.*—Where is H. V.

*H. V.*—H. V., that's me. I am everywhere.

*Deacon.*—Quite a mistake, Beauty, this is mail time not meal time.

*Beauty.*—No it's not, it's female time.

*Chicken.*—Don't be all night, Jim.

*Jim*—Heer up, Scotty, there may be something for you.

*Chicken.*—It's a cold day when the orphans get left.

*(“Last Post” sounded. Enter right Dick.)*

*Dick.*—Keep cool, boys. I hold in my hand the fate of many a mule. In a few moments some of you will be smiling as broadly as you have seen Beauty when his eye lights on slapjacks and syrup.

*Beauty.*—Come on, Dick serve them out.

*Dick.*—The slapjacks you mean. Quite a mistake; I am not the cook. To continue, the other mules whose girls have gone back on them will feel like going behind the hospital tent and kicking themselves. Take my advice and save the kicks till you get back to Halifax and hunt up the other fellow. With these few remarks I surrender you your tidings of comfort and joy.

*(The mail is then issued and “Lights Out” sounded.)*

*Dick.*—The mail goes at four o'clock, boys

*(Sentry in rear, orders lights out, and dispute ensues light finally extinguished. Deacon enters from tent, Sentry right challenges, after which Deacon goes rear.)*

*H. V.*—Halt! who comes there?

*Deacon.*—Friend.

*H. V.*—Advance friend! throw up your hands!

*Deacon.*—Its all right H. V.

*H. V.*—Throw up your hands.