

have race. *Arf crown winner.* With uncertain gestures he indicated the course and lined them up. Then he noticed a little fellow, the smallest of them all, who was standing to one side, sobbing bitterly, because he was too small to have a chance to get in on the money. "You gotta run too kid, c'mon' he said and he leered encouragement. The race started but it had a most unorthodox finish for as soon as the bigger fellows had taken the lead the man grabbed the little fellow, pressed the half crown into his grimy little paw and, assuring him that he would some day be a great runner, lurches back into the "Blue Lion." Then and there this little boy swore he would make good. He would not drink, smoke or chew tobacco. Some day he would be a champion runner and win oodles of prizes. Just then his mother called, "Freddie!, and Freddie ran. Good Lord, how he did run! He's still running.

TENNIS

Unfortunately for the men the officers and sergeants have a monopoly on the tennis. They each have a clay court in use, on which they did most of the work themselves. The officers reserved space for two courts but they don't seem to be in a hurry

to go ahead with the second and moreover, the first is rapidly becoming grass-grown through lack of attention. The sergeants owe thanks to S.M. Walsh, of the R.E. 's, whose engineering skill enabled them to transform a poorly - promising piece of ground into a splendid court. The social end of the game is well attended to specially by the sergeants who are very often to be seen entertaining friends, civilian or military, at a game on their court.

GROUNDS IN PLENTY

One of the beauties of this country is the fact that is no lack of good grounds for sports. A baseball diamond, quarter mile track, tennis courts, etc. , have been laid out at absolutely no expense beyond the comparatively little labor involved and, in view of this, the wonder is that the cricketers have selected such a poor pitch.