

pull the Maltese cart, was named Ginger. This was no doubt on account of his associations; certainly his somnolent efforts in the advancement of the medical adjuncts of the battalion along the *pavé* roads hardly justified the choice of name. The Quartermaster's stud—for, despite establishment, he never descended to less than two chargers—he christened appropriately Mulligan and Jam-pot.

We must have been getting suspicious these days, or perhaps it was because of a tale which was going around. A certain battalion was said to have a horse of ill omen, and each officer in turn, who had him as a mount, came to a violent end. So certain was this that four of his unfortunate riders had already met the same fate. In the Pompadours we could only notice that at Misere our late Colonel's horse had sickened and died, and just before going in to St. Albert to attack, Grosvenor's horse was killed by a shell. The Quartermaster used to regard Jampot and Mulligan with grave solicitude. He was always sending urgent messages to the Medical Officer to come to the horse-lines to examine their pulses and take their temperatures, if he thought them a trifle distrait or dejected! Not that the Medical Officer knew anything about horses, but there is no doubt that had he professed to recognize any untoward signs of approaching dissolution in either charger, the Quartermaster would have gone sick instantly.