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Kronicles of Ye Ancient and Honourable 1st B. C. Rifle-iers,

(Continued)

46.—And for some days they did tarry there for the city was fair to look upon and the inhabitants hospitable and the henchmen did enjoy themselves muchly.

49.—And the band of our O. C. did embark in the dead of night on the chariots that run on the rails of iron and steal out into the darkness as it were into a strange country.

50.—And as the dawn broke they arrived in the midst of a wilderness and did walk many leagues on the soles of their feet and many would fain rest by the wayside for they were weary and foot sore, but they stayed on for would they not soon come unto the promised land where the girls were fair to look upon and in multitudes.

51.—And when the sun was in the high noon they did come to a camp of many tents set out in a field of green and most fair to look upon but many hirelings did murmur, for there was no habitation around and the fair cities of our Mother's Country were many leagues distant and the chariots were few.

52.—And for twelve days and twelve nights did they revel in the sunshine, and on the verdant meadows, and did arise ere the sun appeared and do many curious exercises, and did fight many mighty battles the one band with the other, yet strangely withal, there were no casualties and the M. O. grew weary of looking for one upon whom to try his healing art.

53.—And on the thirteenth night the rains came, and there was much lamentation, for the grass lands became quag-mires, and many of the hirelings did swear mighty oaths and long fervently to be back in their little wooden huts where the sun goeth down.

54.—And there was one amongst the Rangers of the Mountains whom the henchmen of the seventh company had looked favourably upon, and made him to be the Sergeant of the Colours of their company. And he was of a swarthy visage like unto Satan and did swear strange and wondrous oaths with a gusto amazing; for he had lived many moons in the hot countries and partaken not wisely but too well of the curry and the chutney and other strange foods of these savage peoples.

55.—And at this time the S. M. went to the chief city of our Mother's Land to visit his little sister, and the Sgt. of the Colours of the seventh company was appointed to act in his stead.

56.—And at the holding of the Court of Justice of the O. C. on the next day, the madness of the suns of the hot country had come upon the swarthy one, and he removed the shoes from off his feet, and the socks walked voluntarily therefrom; and he profaned the presence of the O. C. by marching in the evil doers with the bare soles of his feet tramping in the mire. And many wondered at this strange scene for such a thing had not before been known in the history of our Mother's Service.

57.—And at this time he who was of a "smart" appearance and had been appointed to be A. A. in our O. C's band, did depart on a journey, and by the pressure of circumstances over which his control was much restricted, did fail to return.

58.—And at this time many amongst the hirelings of our O. C's band did write entreating letters to their kins folk that they might use for them much influence even unto obtaining for them positions as henchmen in our Mother's Service for they were weary of carrying the Oliver equipment of the hireling, and of the guard, and of the parties that labour, and desired that they too might wear the sword of the henchmen and spend the sixth and seventh days of each week in the fair cities where the girls smile sweetly on those of authority. And many were there who departed thus from our O. C's band.

59.—And our O. C. at this time made a speech unto the Chief Councillor and said "Of truth these wild hirelings of mine are tough like unto the western grizzly and will charge through anything like unto the Mad Bull Moose; yet do I much misdoubt me that should we tarry many moons in this place I shall have but the sorry remnants of a band with which to face the King's enemies, for behold even now they disappear daily and with much difficulty are again brought to the light of the day".

(To be continued).

A Thought.

If you think you are beaten, you are.
If you think you dare not, you don't.
If you'd like to win, but you think you can't,
It's almost a cinch you won't.
If you think you'll lose, you're lost;
For out of the world we find
Success begins with a fellow's will.
It's all in the state of mind.

If you think you're outclassed, you are.
You've got to think high to rise.
You've got to be sure of yourself, before
You can ever win a prize.
Life's battle don't always go
To the stronger or faster man!
But so on or late the man that wins
Is the man who thinks he can.

I. G.

GOATS

"Goats", said a Transport man, "are the homeliest looking things that were ever created. I think the Almighty must have been kind of absent minded when He made them. There is something casual and unfinished looking about a goat. It has neither length, nor breadth, nor thickness. It just happens here and there. Yes, the decorative effect of a goat is decidedly limited. Even a young goat is a horrible looking accident, but a big goat looks like a badly worn fur rug to a careful house-keeper, or a section of bald headed prairie to a mountaineer.

I suppose goats have their uses, but it always seems to me that a goat masquerading as a mascot is outside its natural scheme of existence.

On long reflection, the only value that can be truthfully ascribed to a goat, is that it keeps the troops billeted nearby so busy, that they haven't time to brood over the other horrors of this awful war.

After a goat has gone through your pack, tried out your bed, inspected your rations, and eaten your correspondence, you are apt to forget your private worries and concentrate on the goat.

Our goat is a harmless looking occurrence, with a mild eye and an appealing voice, but don't be taken in by these trappings of innocence. That goat can make more trouble than a small cyclone."

"We've got two goats now" I reminded him.

"Oh, it's an awful war!" he moaned tragically and moved off.

"Truthful James".