

no mention of it in his work on "Noxious Weeds." Now after long observation, I have succeeded in discovering the ingredient properties of hard tack, but it is almost an impossibility to say in what proportions these are used, to bring it up to that firm unyielding mass, so much resembling the assurance of the Deputy Minister of Agriculture. However, I strongly recommend hard tack as a diet, for the Government has evidently thought, that there is no better nourishing food for the invalid and sick. There that will do."

[Exit 2 L. E.]

Sergt.—"Sick ! Right turn—quick march."

[Exeunt 1 R. E.]

[Enter SERGEANT-MAJOR.]

Sergt.-Maj.—"Bugler, sound the picquet call." (*Bugle sounds and the picquet fall in on the stage near footlights—ONE SERGEANT, A CORPORAL, TWELVE MEN AND A BUGLER. The OFFICER OF THE DAY makes a short examination.*)

Sergt. of the Picquet (*advances to the front and sings*)

#### THE PICQUET SONG AND CHORUS.

AIR.—"The Sergeant's Song." (*Pirates of Penzance.*)

WORDS BY SERGT. JOSEPH TEES.

When the enterprising Indian's not a growling,  
     (*Chorus.*)—Not a growling.  
 And the Half-Breed's not a-fighting for his land,  
     (*Cho.*)—For his land.  
 He loves around the pale-face to be prowling,  
     (*Cho.*)—To be prowling.  
 And listen to the Ninetieth brass band,  
     (*Cho.*)—'eth brass band.  
 When their spies are not on every nightly bother,  
     (*Cho.*)—Nightly bother.  
 He loves to sneak amongst us just for fun ;  
     (*Cho.*)—Just for fun.  
 Taking one consideration with another,  
     (*Cho.*)—With another.  
 A soldier's lot is not a happy one.

(*Chorus.*)—Oh ! When the sentry's pacing forty miles a day with loaded gun,  
 A soldier's lot is not a happy one. Happy one.

Sergt.—"

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