

A Perfect Day.

Dix 'Steenth Battalion boys eating Bully Boeuf,
 One caught the tummy-ache and then there were neuf.
Neuf 'Steenth Battalion boys munching des biscuits,
 One broke his wisdom tooth and then there were huit.
Huit 'Steenth Battalion boys did it for a bet,
 One met an A.P.M. and then there were sept.
Sept 'Steenth Battalion boys called to see Elise,
 One cut his comrades out and then there were six.
Six 'Steenth Battalion boys not heeding what they drank,
 One called for Grenadine and then there were cinq.
Cinq 'Steenth Battalion boys starting to se battre,
 One riled a heavyweight and then there were quatre.
Quatre 'Steenth Battalion boys broke the blinkin' loi,
 One made a job of it and then there were trois.
Trois 'Steenth Battalion boys feeling tres heureux,
 One spoilt the gramophone and then there were deux.
Deux 'Steenth Battalion boys called a man a Hun,
 He proved he wasn't one and then there was un.
Un 'Steenth Battalion boys feeling tres bien,
 He got estaminated, that left rien.

R. M. E., in *The Brazier*.

How I Kissed The Princess Patricia.

Several years ago, when as a young soldier in a hussar regiment, we were stationed at Aldershot, the following little incident occurred. I paid but very little heed to it at the time, but I have thought of it many times during the past two and a half years.

One afternoon a number of our fellows, on the way to witness a cricket match at the brigade cricket ground, had to pass close to the Headquarters Staff buildings, where were quartered at the time T.R.H.'s the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and the little Princess "Pat." Here we met a trim nurse-girl with a go-cart proceeding slowly along the path, while a little girl, dressed all in white, was toddling on the grass, quite oblivious to the fact that some of us were "making eyes" at the good-looking maid. Just then the child tripped and fell on her face. I hastened to pick up the wee girl in my arms, and she looked so pretty that I could not resist the temptation to kiss her before returning her to her guardian. The maid asked me if I knew whose child I had just kissed. On replying that I did not, she informed me that the child was the daughter of the Duchess of Connaught. I, like all soldiers, do not think it a crime to kiss a pretty girl, even if she be only two years old, but that is how I kissed the Princess Patricia.

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