

## FALLING PLATES.

## Competition 11.

Teams of 7: One leader and six others from any one Platoon.

Targets: Seven iron plates representing one of the opposing team.

Range: Between 150 and 250.

1st.—75th Battalion. Winner of shield and medals. 2nd.—21st Battalion. Winner of medals. 3rd.—5th Canadian Mounted Rifles

## MACHINE GUN COMPETITION.

## Match 12.

Gun team to consist of one N.C.O. and four men.

Possible points, 300.

1st.—1st C.M.M.G. Bde. Points, 178. Winner of shield. 2nd.—4th Division. Points, 139½. Winner of medals.

## RIFLE GRENADIERS COMPETITION.

## Match 13.

Open to teams of four from any one Platoon.

Possible: 180 points.

1st.—42nd Battalion. Points, 44. Winners of shield and medals.

2nd.—75th Battalion. Points, 37. Winners of medals.

Chief Range Officer. — Captain N. A. D. Armstrong.

Range Officers.—Captain Philips — A Range. Lieutenant Harvie—B. Range.

Butts Officers. Major Durrand, Captain Richardson.

The British Officer will live on anything—even down to acorns and blackbeetles, should the occasion demand it. But, gentlemen, the occasion has not yet called for such sacrifice on our part, and until it does, I say live well, and in the Mess Regulations of your regiment let the following formulæ occupy a very prominent position:—

Bully Beef Hard Biscuit Plum and Apple Jam Tea and Virginia Cigarettes	Produce (partaken in silence)  and	{ Stomach Ache Indigestion Irritation of Mind Depression Pessimism and Weak Moral

## A BAD SHOW.

Whereas—

Consomme Saumon Mayonnaise Filet de Boeuf aux Champignons Pêche Melba Sardines au Croute Heidseck. 1906 A Glass of Old Brandy & a Corona	Produce (to the strains of the Battalion Orchestra)	Contentment of Mind Peace with all Men except the Huns Bonnes Histoires Mirth Laughter Optimism and Strong Moral
and		

## A GOOD SHOW.

The above extract from the published lectures of a well-known Military Expert, is reproduced for the benefit of those who have not had the opportunity of hearing or reading the lectures.

## THE SERGEANT.

Who, when Reveille's hateful blare  
Unknits my ravelled sleeve of care,  
Growls at me like a wounded bear?

The Sergeant.

When down at full knees bend I strain  
And upward stretch, who mocks my pain  
And makes me do the thing again?

The Sergeant.

Who sees that all my buttons shine,  
That I preserve a rigid spine,  
And go to bed at half-past nine?

The Sergeant.

Who watches while I clean the swill,  
Parades me when I need a pill,  
And takes my name for extra drill?

The Sergeant.



THE BATMAN.  
Minor Heroes of the War.

Who as I tread my sentry beat  
Beseeches me to "Lift those feet,"  
And calls me names I can't repeat?

The Sergeant.

Who always harshly with me dealt,  
And all around my bayonet felt,  
Then looked for spots upon my belt?

The Sergeant.

Who made me with the bayonet skip,  
And shouted, "Squad, around me nip,"  
Until I got the bloomin' "pip"?

The Sergeant.

And when the pearly gates I spy,  
And try to pass St. Peter by,  
Who'll shout "'Bout turn, leff ri,  
leff ri?"

The Sergeant.