

I sittin' 'ere might say 'you be damned' comfortable an' by way c' makin' talk like, but reg'lar damned — why, naturally, I ain't pleased. Now when a Blue Light ain't sayin' that 'e's throwin' out a forty-seven inch chest hin-side of 'isself as it was, an' letting you see 'e thinks it. I hate a Blue Light. But there's some is good, better than ord'nary, and them I has nothing to say against. What I sez is, too much bloomin' 'oliness ain't proper, nor fit for man or beast." He threw himself back on the ground and drove his boot-heels into the mould. Evidently, Gunner Barnabas had suffered from the "Blue Lights" at some portion of his career. I suggested mildly that the Order to which he objected was doing good work, and quoted statistics to prove this, but the great Gunner remained unconvinced. "Look 'ere," said he, "if you knows anything o' the likes o' us, you knows that the Blue Lights sez when a man drinks he drinks for the purpose of meanin' to be bloomin' drunk, and there ain't no safety 'cept in not drinking at all. Now that ain't all true. There's men as can drink their whack and be no worse for it. Them's grown men, for the boys drink for honour and glory — Lord 'elp 'em — an' *they* should be dealt with diff'rent.

"But the Blue Light 'e sez to us: 'You drink mod'rate? You ain't got it in you, an' you don't come into our nice rooms no more. You go to the Canteen an' hog your liquor there.' Now I put to you, Sir, as a friend, are that the sort of manners to projuce good feelin' in a rig'ment or anywhere else? And when 'Im that lives over yonder" — out went the black-bristled hand once more towards Snowden — "sez in a — in a — pamphlick which it is likely you 'ave seen" — Barnabas was talk-