

DRUNKENNESS.

What is meant by being drunk is not always understood by those who, up to the present, have been in civil life.

A man in the Army is either drunk or sober. There is no such thing as being intoxicated or under the influence of liquor. A soldier is drunk when he is in such a condition as to be unfit for duty. I have heard men say, "Oh, I did not consider him drunk; he went to bed quietly." That is not the point. The point is, was he fit to be put on sentry or some other such duty?

Do not wait till a man is dead drunk or fighting or creating a disturbance before considering him drunk.

MEANS OF REDRESS.

I told you just now I would tell you how to obtain redress when you have been given an order which you do not consider fair.

When you think that you have been unfairly treated, do not mumble or grouse about it, but tell your Company Sergeant-Major or Company Orderly Sergeant that you wish to parade before your Company Officer. When you see the latter tell him your troubles, and I am sure he will be able to settle the matter satisfactorily. If you do not think you are being fairly treated by him, ask to be paraded before the C.O. By this means you can have any misunderstanding settled. Remember the Officers want to do everything they can for you, and they are only too anxious to hear any legitimate complaint you have to make.

WASTE.

There are two things I want to particularly impress upon you. One is the prevention of waste; the other is care and cleanliness of your arms, ammunition, and equipment.

With regard to the first, the waste which exists is far too great, and must be stopped.

The best way to check it is for each man to take a personal interest in being economical with everything which is issued to him. Return to stores anything you do not require—do not throw it away. Returning it to stores means only a little more trouble, but it is worth while. Salvage all the various articles of kit you find. A Battalion, next to its fighting qualities, cannot have a better reputation than of economy in Government property.

Think of the millions this war is costing the Empire, and think how each one of you can help to reduce that cost. Every little helps.

When you see ammunition lying in the mud, do not leave it there. Every bullet may mean a German life. So pick it up, clean it, and hand it in to your Platoon Sergeant or Company Sergeant-Major.

CARE OF ARMS.

With regard to the care of your arms and ammunition, you will find it is only a matter of a few hours for your rifle and ammunition to become dirty. When they are dirty they are practically useless—in fact, a source of danger.

The only way to avoid this is to clean your rifle at least three times a day, and occasions will arise when it will require to be cleaned more frequently.

Never make it necessary for an Officer to check you for a dirty rifle.

Your ammunition must be cleaned at least once a day.

Remember your rifle is your best friend.

TRENCH STANDING ORDERS.

You have a number of new things to learn out here. We are all learning every day. Amongst the first things you must learn are Trench Standing Orders. They have been framed as the result of experience and careful thought, and they must be implicitly obeyed.

Remember, by disobeying them you endanger not only the lives of your comrades, but the safety of the Canadian Corps and the British Army.

YOUR REGIMENT.

Finally, there is one thing you must never forget, and that is *esprit de corps*. You are wearing the badge of the Victoria Rifles of Canada—a Regiment which has been in existence for nearly sixty-five years, whose records represent the best in Canadian military life.

Your former Honorary Colonel was Lord Strathcona; your present one is H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught. Try to make yourselves worthy of your Regiment.

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"STAND TO!"

WHAT memories—ah! what memories
These words bring back to me
Of camping out at (censored)
With the dear old V.R.C.
How oft I've laid me down upon
My downy couch to rest,
And suddenly awakened
With a thumping on my chest.

"Comrade, I hear the sound of feet;
O say, what can it be?"
But my comrade answers never a word,
For fast asleep is he.
A figure bursts into my tent
And grabs me by the arm:
"Get up! Stand to! March off at once!"
He shrieks in wild alarm.

I seize my helmet, rations, kit,
Fall in without delay,
Number, form fours, right turn, quick march,
And beat it for Camp "A"—
Returning, as per usual,
About the break of day.

V. W.

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A PARODY.

SING a song of "'arf a mo's"
Coming through the mail
To the boys in khaki clothes
Who've cut the Kaiser's tail.
They're only doing their little bit,
The same as other blokes;
And while they give the final hit,
The Gazette will send the smokes.
Every night at half-past eight
Our S.M. issues rum;
Though some of you are awful late,
You never fail to come.
You all fall in for your little tot
Of that small cup that cheers;
And while you wish you'd get a lot,
You'd rather have ten beers.