

Also, in and among the company, were divers youths who upon brazen trumpets did sound tuckets and alarums to the joy of all who did behold.

Now the way of the company to the Royal Oak was by way of the hill which is called Cedar, the which is a very perilous height of frowning aspect. And the hearts of sundry misgave them and they did fall out upon the wayside, making a great lamentation, calling on all to witness that their shoon were ill made, that they had bones in their legs, and divers like foolish tales. But the most of the assembly did press forward, and having surmounted the hill did presently discover a spring of fair water. Here they did halt and refresh themselves and sundry of the leaders did dismount from their steeds, for they were a-weary of checking these furious beasts. Here, too, many did cast aside their outer raiment, vowing that the need for it did no longer exist. And there was much talk among the company as to the minstrels, some saying that they did play right well, others that only that fierce beast the centipede could march with them; no poor wight could. Nathless the leaders quelled the growing tumult and on the alarum they all set forth again on their journey.

And so it happened that in due course they did arrive at the Royal Oak, where dwelleth the man yclept Harry Morton, the which, being of an exceedingly pleasant disposition, had many viands and much provender at the disposal of the wayfarers. And so a halt was made, and each one did as seemed best in his own eyes save certain, who, carrying small jacks, did brandish these to and fro as it were beating the air, to the wonder of all those standing by, and did also state that by these same jacks they did talk the one with the other, but this is no doubt a lie, being against the brain of any man to talk save he use his tongue.

At this same place also dwelt one by the name of Pimlott, being a huckster, a vendor of cakes and comfits, a right hearty fellow; to him many of the company did right speedily repair and did lay up a store of good things to eat.

Anon cometh a wain laden with meats and other comestibles which by the frugal providence of one of the leaders had been appointed to minister to the wants of the wayfarers, and so between one manner of feeding and another, they did fare right heartily and were much refreshed.

It did please them presently to espy certain fellows of their company which upon one specious pretext or the other had evaded the order to march forth, and had secretly lurked behind. These being discovered in the Citadel by the crafty discernment of the person therefor appointed, had been forthwith commanded to make their way with all speed to the Place of the Tree, taking with them sundry fleas in their ears.

So when these fellows were discovered approaching the Place the company with one accord raised a great cry of welcome and there was much joy at the meeting; but the fellows were abashed and hung their heads for shame.

And it now being past the hour of noon and all the viands and potions being consumed to the last crumb and uttermost drop, an alarum was sounded, the company assembled, the fiery coursers were again mounted, and as one man they set forth to return to the Citadel.

And now, cheered by a broken fast, and the leaders, of their mercy, having decreed a lesser distance to travel, with jovial hearts all moved forward, cheered by the blasts from the lips of the youths and the communings of the minstrels with their conceits of brass and silver, and as to these latter, all marvelled how a small minstrel would valiantly wrestle with a brazen monster the while a larger one would toy with a paltry reed of wood. Verily the ways of minstrels be passing strange.

And so they passed onward, none now falling by the wayside, but each playing the man, so that the outer wards of the Citadel being reached the inhabitants were fain to cry: "Truly, friends, these be indeed men, though it is said they be in truth were—wolves."

BATHROOM BURBLINGS

Some of No. 3 had a speed try-out and set a time better than any yet put up. They will certainly take some beating, but as the other Companies have not been properly tested it is quite likely that their time will be improved on.

They say that No. 2 has a man who will do the whole length of pool under water. How's that, boys?

DIGGONISMS—"A man and his wife are one; but that doesn't always prove there is luck in odd numbers." Diggon Printing Co., 706 Yates St. Notepaper for soldiers.

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AN IMPOSSIBLE IDEAL

["Care for your rifle as if it were a baby."—Hint to recruits.]

I will treat my rifle kindly,
Give it all my loving care;
I will clean the thing (twice nightly)
When I've any time to spare;
For I grant you that the gaby
Who neglects it is no good—
But to treat it as a baby!
Ah! I only wish I could.

If the rifle were a baby
And I suffered from its weight,
At the end of lengthy marching
Far from any hostel's gate,
'Stead of vain attempts to smother
The consolatory damn,
I could hand it to its mother
Or insert it in a pram.

If the rifle were a baby
I would spare the darling pains,
And rejoice that I need never
Take it with me when it rains.
And if, taken from its rack site,
It, as happened once at least,
Tore my finger with its back sight,
I could spank the little beast.

P.S.—

"Treat the rifle as a baby!"
What if, when the war is won,
Every warrior returning
Treats his baby as a gun?
Won't papa appear a silly,
Won't mamma begin to wail,
When he carries little Willy
By his waist-band at the trail?

—THETA.

Raw Recruit: "Halt! Who goes there?"
Officer: "General Rounds."
Raw Recruit (awestruck): "Pass, General!"

A wounded Tommy was travelling back home by train from Somewhere in France. The train stopped, and he put out his bandaged head and saw a brand-new battalion of Territorials marching in fine array towards the front.

"Are you dahn-hearted?" the Tommy shouted from his carriage, and all the regiment, from the colonel down, shouted back a gay and thunderous "No!"

The Tommy, as he drew his bandaged head in again, yelled: "Well, ye dashed soon will be when ye get in them trenches!"

Real Sport

It's nice to sit and think and fish,
And fish and sit and think,
And think and fish and sit and wish
That you could get a drink.