

BRIGADE SPORTS.



LYING machines were flying overhead, sentinels of the air, the rapid pulse of the machine gun could be heard in the distance, while the staccato of the rifle fire of warring nations was ever present, only at times drowned by the dull crash of a bursting shell as our enemies tried to "land" one, and here we were enjoying the sports of the — Brigade as if peace instead of war was in the air, and the sun, seeing that our minds were made up to enjoy ourselves, came out in all its brightness, and we were favoured with the best day that we have seen for a long while.

Punctually at 2.25 p.m. General **MERCER**, accompanied by General **MCDONNELL**, arrived on the field, and five minutes afterwards everything was in full swing. The programme was divided into two parts—one the field sports and the other the horse events—both taking place at the same time in different parts of the field, and as that is the case we must report each one separately, beginning with the horse events.

But, before we go any further, let us see what was happening prior to the commencement of the sports. The first battalion to arrive on the field were the P.P.C.L.I., who with pipes playing marched in column of route to their allotted place, where, piling arms, they dismiss and wander over the field; they were quickly followed by the 42nd, making the air resound to their tuneful pipes—pipes we have heard and admired on so many occasions. Next came "ours," however, not with the band playing, as they were saving their efforts for later, as they played during the afternoon (and, of course, there had to be a laughable incident just as the 49th transport left their quarters. The teamster must have been in a very great hurry, as, in leaving the yard, his hind limber coming unhooked dumps his passengers into the **YOUNG** stream **FLOEN** alongside the **PARKES**, but we are able to report that no damage was done, and that the three survived the ordeal). We were followed by the R.C.R.'s, who arrived at 2 o'clock, but preceding all the battalions came the grenade school, who had marched down early determined to be there in time to get a front seat (in the mud). There were some four thou-

sand spectators on the field, all there determined on having the best possible time, and again was noticed the good feeling that exists amongst the Canadians, for it mattered not, officers and men were for the few hours on equal footing, and the last lance private was, one might almost say, "hobnobbing" with the senior officers present; such is the spirit that has won for Britain her battles in the present war.

The first of the horse events was a competition for the best gotten up general service wagon. In this event there were three entries—the 42nd, the P.P.C.L.I., and "ours." The horses were good all round, the harness was as bright as a new pin, and the wagons aglow with fresh paint. After parading before the judges, and one could not have picked fairer or better men for the job, the final decision was: First, 49th Battalion, with Driver **IRONS** and his sorrel and bay; second, the P.P.C.L.I., with Driver **SKEEN** and a pair of splendid bays; and third, the 42nd, with a very pretty team of greys.

The second event was for the best turned out limbered wagon. This always is a more interesting event than most, for the drivers are mounted postillion fashion with "four up," and as anyone knows the G.S. limber is not a toy. The first to parade before the judges were the P.P.C.L.I., with four bays attached to limber, on which had been expended a great amount of elbow grease; second comes the 49th, with a mixed team of greys and bays, and their limber also showed recent acquaintance with the paint-pot; third, we see the R.C.R.'s, with four very fair blacks and a good clean limber; and last, but not least, the 42nd, with a very mixed four of three colours, but, in spite of their mixture, they were able to pull down second prize, the first falling to the P.P.C.L.I., with Drivers **WALSH** and **BAKER** up.

The third event was the most "classic and classy" of all, it being the "class for officers' chargers." There were entries from all the battalions, and also from Brigade Headquarters. The horse-flesh showed that our officers not only know men but also horse-flesh when they see it, for there were some splendid mounts, and the riding showed that most of them had also been through the mill on the back of a "cayuse." After much manœuvring the first prize fell to Major