

ON RABBIT

The rabbit is a fur-clad quadruped of a mild and gentle disposition; familiarly known as "Bunny." He is beloved by sportsmen, poets and children, his worst enemies being farmers and soldiers.

There are many varieties of rabbits, among them being the Jack, the Bush, the Welsh and the Granville Special. With regard to the latter variety a matter of deep interest has arisen which bids fair to develop into a wide and learned controversy—I refer to the question of its head or heads.

The writer must plead ignorance of the animal in its live state and its native lair, wherever that may be, having only become acquainted after it has undergone the processes of devitalization, dismemberment and ebullition. Even in the latter state, however, the preponderance of heads is amazing, and during a two-months acquaintance the writer has never partaken of the dainty fare without at least one head being present. On a recent occasion he observed eleven patients served with rabbit, and on each plate reposed either a toothsome forequarter—and a head, or a luscious hindquarter—and a head.

Here, then, we have a problem—a profound problem. Is the Granville rabbit a single-headed monopod or a multi-headed quadruped? If the latter, is the number of heads a fixed or a variable one? Are the animals born that way, or do extra heads develop with the passing years?

Having brought the question to a head, we can go ahead! The medical profession will doubtless be deeply interested in this modern anatomical wonder. Students of natural history will naturally be deeply concerned. Mythologists will endeavour to trace a descent from Hydra, the many-headed monster. Archaeologists will search for remains of fossilized progenitors. Theologians will bring forward comparisons and parallels; and Granville gastronomists will follow the researches with deep interest and increased appetite. We would suggest that a learned committee be appointed to sit on the subject—preferably on its head!

KRITICOS.

MY PAL

No friend was there to sooth his pain,
To ease him to his rest;
No Padre to pray the prayer for him,
No warning hand to press.

His eyes turned upward from the dark
And reeking field, are eager—wide
With the wonder they behold on yonder bank
Of this life's stream; — so ebbs his tide!

A sigh, a smile; — and lo! beside,
Gray death "stands to"—at s'lute the hand
That reaps the harvest grim and wide—
And so you've passed, my pal! — good man!

The Passing Hour

Orderly Officer—"Shun!" Any complaints?"—
dead silence. "All right, carry on!"—and then the
grumbling starts afresh.

Did the bakers' shop, recently bombed by a Zepp.,
belong to the Air-raided Bread Company?

Is it true that some of the patients wish the "no
treatment" order applied to the hospital as well as the
town?

Is a medical "board" always a "square deal?"

RETURN OF THE LEGION

[Acknowledgments to R.M.]

When we grew to years of manhood
(Or what we thought the same),
Fresh from college or the workshop,—in a scrape;
We had cursed the cuffs and collars,
(And, perhaps, the Family Name)
We've voted teas and politics "a jape"
We longed for broader atmosperes: we heard the desert
call:

So packed our trunks and vanished in a day,
With a fare to Buenos Ayres, Mandalay, or Montreal
And the Little Mother sent her sons away.

So we fought; and worked, and plundered
In the desert and the bush.

Or drifted, hobo-like, the Beach to comb,
We peraled and mined and ranched it—
Gave the Empire bounds a push,
And occassionally thought a bit of home
Till a vague and startling message came!
Upon a camels back:

Behind a dog-team, by the weekly train.

"The war is on" was shouted

And the whisper down the track—

Was the Little Mother calling us again?

Well, we leased the mines and ranches:

And we sold the dust and steers:

Abandoned tender memories in a shack:

We said good-bye to pals we'd made,

Left sundry girls in tears.

We "soaked" our shirts to make the passage back.

The call of blood was on us—we, who never count the
cost

The needs of Empire set our hearts aflame:

The wander-lusting brotherhood—the Legion of the Lost,

The Little Mother called us—and we came.

KRITICOS.

Sports and Entertainments

SHOOTING

PRESENTATION OF PRIZES BY LT.-COL. WATT.

GRANVILLE RIFLE CLUB

LIEUT.-COL. WATT CUP—Winners: Second Floor Team
for third time in succession. Highest individual score
Pte. Fordham, Donegal badge, First Prize; Mr. Thomson
R.M.R.C., Second Prize.

PRIZES BY RAMSGATE RIFLE CLUB—Mr. Reg. V. Pay,
First Prize; Cpl. Porter, Second Prize.

DAILY MAIL CERTIFICATE—H. Smith, First Prize, Pte.
Meyer, Second Prize.

PRIZES GIVEN BY MEMBERS—Pte. Jack Frost, First
Prize, by Mr. Thomson; Mr. Mockridge, Second Prize,
by Blundell Clark; Cpl. Porter, Third Prize, by Mr.
Mockridge.

OPEN SIGHT CONTEST—Sergt. H. Hye, First Prize, by
Capt. Pequegnet; Pte. Frost, Second Prize, by Cpl.
Porter; Pte. Smith, Third Prize, by Capt. Thomas.

On Tuesday, May 16th, the Sixth Match for Gen. Sir
Charles Warren's Shield was shot off, our team winning
by 69 points. There are two matches still to be con-
tested for this Trophy. In the event of winning both of
these the Canadian Rifle Team secures this splendid
shield.

Col. Watt very kindly promised a new rifle and Capt.
Campbell is supplying us with first-class shooting trous
which will greatly add to our competitiveness.

There is still room for a few good shots on the team
so anybody with an idea that he can shoot had better
come down for practice.