

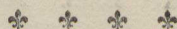
It is said that a certain musketry class recently walked seven miles to the ranges, fired five rounds and returned to camp. You may not have had much time on the ranges, boys, but think of the fun you had going and coming.

One of the greatest compliments ever paid to the men who are doing the actual fighting in this war was paid by the Lord Mayor of London, who, in a recent talk said—"I always think when I stand in the presence of wounded soldiers that I stand in the presence of my betters." Surely a higher appreciation of the sacrifices which are recorded daily could not be expressed.

On every page of the daily papers may be seen news from the front which is favorable to the cause for which we are to fight—but let us not get the idea that the war is over. Many months may yet pass before a suitable peace is declared and thousands of lives are yet to be sacrificed. The only thing we can do is to go ahead as though the battle was just beginning and continue to use every effort to hasten the end.

It is said that a neighboring battalion reverted eighty-six N. C. O's. to the ranks in a single day last week. That is sure going some, but the one with whom we were talking seemed to be delighted with having been reduced—and says that he shall now make every effort to go across to France with the next draft. That is the right way to take things, old man.

While talking with a British Tommy who had done his bit at the front and who was now waiting for a leg to replace the one he left in Flanders we heard a story which seems incredible. A tommy risked his life in bringing a wounded German to the safety of the trenches from No Man's Land. When the Hun had been laid in the bottom of the trench, he seized his rifle and shot his benefactor through the back. Can we wonder that the men who have seen these things and have come home wounded want to go back to help avenge their comrades who have lost their lives in this manner?



Some men blush when they don the kilt,
And are nervous of drafts and cracks
But Bandsman Clack turns the color of a beet
When he has to appear in slacks.

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