

("C" Coy.)

PRESENTATION CEREMONY.

The room of Section 1, "C" Coy, was the scene of an impressive presentation ceremony the other evening, when Sapper Horsbrugh was presented with a fine pie, the task of making the presentation speech being ably handled by Sapper Bell (as Chairman of the Presentation Committee), whose oratorical prowess, particularly on pay nights, is well known throughout the barracks. Sapper Horsbrugh, although taken entirely by surprise, responded in a few well-chosen words, expressing his gratitude at being made the recipient of such a handsome gift. This was the third attempt to make the presentation to Sapper Horsbrugh, it having unfortunately been found necessary to abandon the first two attempts, through circumstances over which Sapper Bell had absolutely no control.

"Where in H— is Brown?"

C.S.M. Lear (on parade):—"Have all the men of Section 1 fallen in now, Corporal Rice?"

Corporal Rice:—"I haven't called the roll yet, but I think they must have, Sergeant-Major, because Brown just fell in!"

PSALM 23.

(With apologies to David.)

P.T. and B.F. is what I do not want;
It maketh me to go sick to evade it;
It maketh me sore;
It causeth me to love Men's Mess for its name's sake;
(Yea, I would rather pearl dive or sling hash);
It fills me with evil;
My thoughts, and my back, they trouble me;
I enter after a spell into the barracks together with my brethren;
I anoint my sore limbs with Dubbin; my rage runneth over;
Surely to goodness and mercy, if this fatigue shall follow me much longer
I will dwell in the bug-house for ever.

—S. A. MALLETT.

AN IDYLL OF THE NIGHT.

It was midnight, and the silence of death hung like a pall over the barracks — a silence suddenly broken by a terrific crashing, rending noise, which shook the buildings of St. Johns to their

foundations and even rattled the windows in Iberville. Instantly all was confusion. The guard hastily turned out and remained under arms. The orderly officer, disturbed at his nightly task of awakening the sentries, rushed back to his office.

In the town the officers, rudely disturbed at their various diversions, were making anxious inquiries as well as they could for the thunderous noise. Had a German submarine penetrated this far, and was it even now bombarding the sleeping town? Had a German spy placed dynamite under the barracks? Was the river in flood, and preparing to sweep all in its path to inevitable destruction? Was it already too late to save the women and children?

And then, as suddenly as it had begun, the noise ceased. The Colonel finally succeeded in getting the orderly room on the telephone, in response to his frantic appeals for information.

"Yes, sir", the orderly officer replied, his voice still shaking from the recent shock, "it's all right, sir. Finniston was lying on his back, but we've turned him over and he's stopped snoring now, sir."

And again silence descended

upon the scene, as the guard dismissed and the sentries resumed their interrupted naps.

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