

that I'll presently have my Military Law so jolly well perfect that I'll be able to prove that there really is no war on at all and that "a fortiori" C. E. F. Courts martial are "ex judice". We left him, fearful of countenance, mumbling to himself "Pro bono militi". They really ought not to give him so much macaroni over there.

Hands up everybody who has not yet faced the camera for the sixth time! Seriously speaking, I am beginning to suspect that chap with the camera plus gramophone. I've met one or two boys who have trailed him to his lair lately and they are prepared to bet their morning beans—what a fortitude—that the professor is really a particularly crafty spy who is making photographs to be published in Germany demonstrating the worn out, gloomy and emaciated quality of troops we have on hand.

Did you notice the elements coming to the assistance of the perspiring Cook last Sunday? Just as his band had got well under way with what I imagined was the "1812" Overture by the cornets and "Hitchy Koo" by the trombones, there appeared a rushing mighty wind and blew his music to the four corners of the parade ground.

Mysterious are the ways of nature and it seems there is a providence that looks after those ambitious mortals among us who would walk ere they yet creep.

Never mind, Sousa, it's an ill wind that blows nobody good!

ATHLETIC JOTTINGS.

We sought diligently all week for happenings in the way of sport. Be it known unto all that the net result was the discovery in one room of a quiet game of "Penny ante" and of a noisy session of Push Ha'penny in one of "A" Company's rooms.

This is pretty poor material for a sporting editor to work on you will admit and I am almost wishful for the hockey season to come on, as football now seems as dead as Queen Anne.

The game announced between the Depot XI and "The Rest" did not materialise, due most likely to an alleged bad pitch. We looked over the ground that afternoon and found it quite playable, so I daresay there must have been a few cold footed ones in the bunch. It looks, at the time of writing, as

though we'll have to wait till smiling spring its earliest visit pays ere we tackle soccer again.

Glad to say, however, that there are a few enthusiastic souls in our midst of an athletic turn of mind. We had a letter from Sappers King and Fountain of D Coy telling us of a hike they undertook the other Sunday. They left Barracks at 1.40 p.m. and three hours later were admiring a view from the summit of Mount Johnson, returning to barracks on the dot of '7. That's pretty good work, boys, and we would like to hear of anyone doing better. Fountain ought to be as proud as a King and no doubt King is a firm believer in the waters of the Fountain of Youth.

Another correspondent writes as follows on a very timely topic:—

Sporting Editor,
Knots and Lashings.

Dear Sir:—

Judging from hearsay I take it that sports have not been taken up in this Depot in the way they should.

Of course they have played Ball and Soccer and will no doubt play hockey this winter (if we are here?). But, how about a road race? Say about three miles or even five, there are lots of men here who hold medals and other trophies, so why not keep them in training for competition overseas. Lots of Canadians have won laurels in England, why not the C. E.'s? It would of course not be necessary for a cup to be offered, a certificate would be sufficient or if some one will donate a medal I will donate another.

Now, dear Mr. Editor, will you kindly publish this letter and get things started?

and oblige,
A. J. Yearlsey,
Sapper.

Quite a good idea, old chap; give us a call at Room 54 and lets talk it over. I'm sure you will get some encouragement from the man higher up, provided you can get together enough men to make a race of it.

We wonder if we are to have any Gymnasium this winter, or any bit of a shack suitable for indoor games. My memory fondly dwells on Vancouver with its Badminton and Shuffle Board facilities, while here we haven't room to swing a cat. The only compensation of course is, that down here we are so much nearer the seat of the trouble over the water. That helps some, of course, and then there is the additional winter sport of snow shovelling.

HAMPDEN.

OUR BAND

At last we've got a band, Boys.
One we can call our own!
With cornet, bass and cymbals
Snare drum and slide trombone!
It fills a gap long vacant:—
But now all that has gone:
It makes a great big difference
And beats a gramophone—
(All hollow!)

There was a time inspections
Were dull and tiresome things!
But when the band begins to play
Time seems to put on wings!
We'd stand there by the hour,
Lulled by each sweet refrain,
And when the show is over
Go through with it again!
(Perhaps!)

Each morning on guard mounting
Cook's troupe is there and cheers
The victims looking forward to
Their tour of forty years!
But as they hike off "by the right",
To the "British Grenadiers",
The clouds dispel! the Sun shines on!
And vanish all their fears!
(Poor dears!)

We've heard them now quite often,
On guard and church parade.
To all of us so musical
We wonder how they played
—Such soft sweet soulful symphonies—
And as we heard we prayed
For men who took the awful chance
And weren't a bit afraid!
(Nervy!)

This army life is full of "ups",
And "downs" are near at hand,
Conditions aren't the best there are
In all this promised land!
Our plans have not worked out, perhaps,
Just as we had them planned.
FORGET IT! Stick around and hear
Our Regimental Band.
(It's grand!)

Lieut. D. B. ARMSTRONG.

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