women who sought the use of the barracks grounds for a wartime moneyraising project, he gave his consent but with the stipulation that all ranks be allowed to participate. As a result certain of our members were assigned to posts at one or other of the booths. A constable, blessed with a line of patter and some skill at cards, who had made a barrack-room reputation as a soothsayer, was allotted to a tent where, for a fee, he forecast the future of those coming to him for advice. For this occasion his face was blackened and his person swathed in improvised robes believed to simulate those of an Arabian sheik.

A shooting gallery was operated by two of his comrades while others took charge of the games of chance. My personal duty was to stand at the barracks gate and exact tribute from those attending. I also found myself, several days before the great event, confronted with a second responsibility, one which was to prove a valuable addition to the proceed-

On his arrival one morning at the Orderly Room over which I presided, Superintendent Routledge called me to his private office.

"You're pretty well acquainted around Prince Albert, corporal," he said. "Do you have any contact with either of the bands in town? I'd like to get one of them for this garden party."

"I don't know them myself, sir," I replied, "but it wouldn't be difficult to get in touch with them. Would you like me to see what I can do?"

"I wish you would," he said. "There's only one thing; hiring a band can cost a lot of money and there's no point in spending all the profits merely to get a band. Maybe if you handled it tactfully we might get them for nothing. After all, it's for the war effort."

Ten minutes and one telephone call later, I headed for the stable, saddled a horse and set out for the city.

