

have more than made good during the past month, and have become a fine live combination.

In a brilliant series of games in the area league, they have up to date won from all their opponents—including the 3rd C.C.D., the 11th R.B., the 18th R.B., the C.M.G.D., the 1st R.B., and the 6th R.B.

In addition to these area games, they visited the Forestry Corps at Tunbridge Wells, where they again produced the goods.

"Dad" Stewart and Lt. Huyek are good managers, and their selection of talent has been justified. We note as we go to press that Joe Breen, one of our lightest men, has been called to France—so our fame as ball players has gone abroad. Good luck, Joe!

Sinbad the Sapper.

[Editor's Note.—We very much regret that our old seafaring friend, "Sinbad," has not sent his monthly letter to his friend Horace. His wanderings, like those of the original Sinbad, have taken him into strange places, and he was in France when last heard of, and that is a place in which one cannot always control one's actions. We extend our sympathy to Mary Smith, because we feel that somehow that bad actor, Bill Simonds, will take advantage of Sinbad's oversight in not writing. We hope, however, it will be all right next month.]

Shooting the Bull.

I am an Englishman, who has accidentally found his innocent way into the Canadian Forces. I admit it without any sense of shame; in fact, I rather glory in it, and I have become quite reconciled to the prefixes, "Dizzy headed," "Crazy," "Out of date," and the like which are tacked onto my patronymic in the course of ordinary conversation.

Every day of my life I sit unobtrusively by and listen to heated discussions which, if I took them seriously, would make me feel that England was a little behind Central Africa in the matter of civilization.

I used to get mad about this. Now I smile. The reason I smile is that I have discovered what is actually the national game of the Canadians. I used to think it was baseball; then someone told me it was lacrosse; later I heard it was hockey; but I know better. It is none of these things, gentlemen, it is a far different, far more strenuous game than any of these.

It is called "Shooting the bull." You can have as many shots as you like, it costs you nothing to miss, and the only way you can score a point is by getting your opponent's "goat." Should he prove able to retain that excitable animal, the game is a draw. Should it happen, however, that by some lucky shot he succeeds in coaxing your own well-trained and carefully groomed angora out of the pasture—why you lose, and everyone laughs.

But it is quite good natured, and the laugh does not hurt you at all; you can always go on again.

One time I was in a hut where a boy from Winnipeg with a nice soft voice—something like an open exhaust—was putting it all over a quiet, soft eyed, retiring little fellow from Toronto. (You know these quiet little fellows from Toronto, don't you?)

"Say," says Winnipeg, "you lop-eared, swivel eyed, knock-kneed, spavined, self-adjusting cripple, you don't call that place a town, do you? Say, boys, I rode into that town just once in an auto, and I came along a place called Young Street, and I didn't see no town, so I asked a fellow where it was. He says 'You haven't come to it yet;' so I goes on and asks again. 'Why, you're through it,' the lad tells me; so I goes back, and sure enough there was a town—but oh, so quiet and peaceful. Dead, gentlemen, dead."

"Well, that's all right," said Toronto, stalling for an opening.

"Sure it's all right. Now you take Winnipeg; say, boys, there's a town, a live town. Why, since 1904 she trebled her size and quadrupled her population; there was 75,000 people in Winnipeg at the last census. We got the biggest railroad depot in Canada, the best surface car system, and the boys, say, those boys live: they're just the swiftest thing there is. And we got—"

At this point Toronto stopped the flowing tide with a gentle remark. Quite a quiet remark, but it won the game, and brought down the big laugh.

"Yes," he said, "it's sure a swift city. I got to admit we can't live up to your style in Toronto. Why, I believe I am right in saying that the biggest lunatic asylum in Canada is right near Winnipeg."

Shooting the bull is a great sport. I am learning to like it, and I even try a round myself occasionally; but I haven't got the true art of it yet—although I keep trying. I am in a good school, and I think that by the time I know the language I shall have mastered most of the important points in the game. The main point is to be able to lie so impressively that at least one guy in the audience will forget himself and fall for it. Then you laugh at him.

The only time the boys quit their national game is when they go after Fritz. There is no bull about that.

J.B.

✓ Stretcher Bearer (going on course): "Reporting to you for movement order, sir."

M.O. (absent minded): "Give this man a number 9, sergt."

There was an old woman of Ypres
Suffered something sublime from the snipers.
The words that she said
Thro' the holes that they made,
Stole a march on the dirge of the Pipers.

There was a young man from the plains,
Spent a fortnight or so near the Janes.
Came an air raid one night—
Man, the Beach was a sight!
What NL do they do when it rains?