

Snipers' Corner.

The most interesting part of the plant of the school is the snipers' trenches and equipment. The commanding officers who visited the school during the progress of the course were intensely interested in the camouflage material and its uses. The demonstration put on for the school at large, the second last morning of the course, was the most talked-of event of the entire course.

In an officer's note-book, the following appears as a note made during the course of one of Mr. Balfour's lectures: "A telescopic sight does not improve the shooting very much. It will not make a bad shot out of a marksman."

Sniper (building demonstration trench, to his mate): "Hey, Bill, look at the Highlander officer digging the hole. He's a good subject for a picture in the *Mirror* of Harry Lauder digging himself in, 'Somewhere in France.'"

Hints to Scouts and Snipers.

Before shooting from No Man's Land in daylight, pour the contents of a bottle of invisible ink over yourself. This has proved to be a most satisfactory device.

To Decoy the Wily Bosche.

First get an empty barrel, and place in "No Man's Land" just before daylight. Crawl inside with an automatic, and make a noise like sauerkraut. This never fails to attract the starving Hun, who, as he approaches, can be shot through the bunghole of the barrel, causing him great inconvenience.

A WELL-TRAINED SCOUT should be able to jump from his blankets at 3 a.m., break the ice in the shell hole, plunge in, and to dry himself, run a jack-rabbit down, and seizing it by its listening posts with a quick jerk of the wrist, separate the skin and internal organs from the meat, afterwards frying it in candle grease in the lid of his mess tin, to the admiration and envy of his less accomplished comrades.

HEARD IN THE MESS.

Some of the chestnuts issued as a ration under the new Army order, and as a substitute for potatoes, deserve the name.

First Tommy: "Say, Bill, did yer hear Jack had gone to hospital with a bleeding lung?"

Second Tommy: "Blimey! I've got two bleedin' lungs, and they're keeping me 'ere doing P.B. fatigue."

HEARD ON PARADE.

Instructor to Squad (after having given the order to trail arms): "Now see to it that you keep these rifles perpendicular to the ground."

M.O.: "What's your trouble, my man?"

Sick One: "Sore toe, sir."

M.O. (to Orderly): "Give this man a No. 9."

Orderly: "We haven't any, sir; I can give him two fours and owe him one."

Instructor (to class doing "on the hands down"): "Now then, gentlemen, keep those Marble Awches down a little bit; that's better. Here, you sir; I didn't awsk you to make a bloomin' suspension bridge of yourself."

Commandant (inspecting No. 6 platoon): "If this platoon would follow No. 7 in the matter of dress there would be a decided improvement."

N.C.O. (seized with an idea after parade): "The Commandant this morning ignored the fact that No. 7 takes its dressing from No. 6."

The newest and latest dance, "The Orderly-Room Shuffle," as demonstrated by four instructors.

One-step pace—back-march.