

The crowd commenced to gather at the early hour of 2 p.m., with the sticks and crutches, taking up their position so as to be able to root for their own team. The staff not being fully represented owing to duty, the boys in blue had things their own way in the rooting line.

After a few preliminary kicks, and a lengthy pow-wow, the ball was teed, and the caddy called "Fore" on his whistle. The Shell-shocks drove and easily got the first hole. The ball being teed again, and the caddy looking apprehensively to right and left, blew his whistle for the next drive. The Tigers drove for the second hole but caught a Bunker. The ball was lofted out and again a heavy bombardment commenced, with the boys in blue carrying the ball to the Tigers' goal. The caddy, being in supreme command of field operations, lifted the barrage, thus hindering the Vets. from gaining their objective.

HALF-TIME.

No peanut or crackerjack being available, the pipe of peace was smoked, and for a time the real spirit of warfare was camouflaged, until again the caddy called "Shun." After the command, given in real Risboro style, on the roll of the drum "Right Dress," "Steady," the ball was teed and the offensive proceeded. The Tigers with renewed vigour counter-attacked, and as the Tanks in support failed to stop the mad onslaught, they scored.

With the game at 1-1, the ball was teed again, and the boys in blue drove off, carrying the ball up the field in extended formation, with the Tanks waddling along in support. The Tigers broke up this attack, commencing a severe counter-attack, gaining their objective by making the score 2-1. The barrage was now opened up afresh, and the "Shell-shocks" went over the top, some of them suffering casualties by being sniped in the shins; nevertheless, they gained their objective and tied the score.

C.S.M. Walker now added a final touch to the game. With a flourish on his whistle, he rushed the Veterans from the field, and the Tigers were led back to their cages. It was a great game while it lasted.

(We apologise for the above report, as on this occasion, the reporter has evidently got mixed up with a little "golf" or "whusky."—Ed.)

SPIEL ON GOLF.

In writing about any subject it seems to be a rule to spar for an opening by telling what it is. This, ordinarily, would take three or four pages, and would start one of those "In that he" affairs. We will just state that, as an original 3-ring

Damned Nuisance, it's got any M.P. licked to a standstill. It was invented by a dyspeptic Scotch Presbyterian, after getting a load of BB. shot tangled up in his kilt, followed by his jab of anti-tetanus dope. This history is necessary to clear the Liberal Party, and show that Bill Pugsley and Bob Rogers didn't sink to such depths.

The way it hits you is that some poor wandering child of sin and perdition gets you when you've turned-in about half a chit book, and gold bricks you into taking the fresh air cure on the reservation called a "links." Stranger, it's "all off" right there! In a week you're a raving maniac, and will go thro' life wasting enough good language to run any hospital, or even a convalescent camp properly, and leave some over for any S.M. Likewise, you signed on a job that's guaranteed to get you F.P. No. 1 in Hades for the duration of eternity and six months after.

Well, you wander in to the head-push, with the fool-grin you see accompanying these requests, for four days' leave to visit a sick sister. He wishes a bunch of game tools on to you, with names like those streets leading off the Square at Bailleul, only there ain't any estaminets in it. Then this same gazook tows you out, somewhere in full view of the Eastern command, and starts to show you that there are a few stunts in horribleness that Fritz hasn't thought of yet.

First he starts you off with a thing like a cross between a fishing-rod and the slapstick you used to make butter with on the old farm in Hamilton, Ont. There are 99 wrong things to do with this article, and one right one. You learn how to do ten, of the 99, from him, and go out and pick up the other 89 naturally. It's easy. The right thing is to take it home and hang it up over the family moosehead, and—lie about both. However, this seems to be one of the things that "isn't done" over here.

The other sticks, of timber and iron, are used in the same way, and, in good