

battalion was not adopted with the consent of the Paymaster's staff. No, no. The necessity of travelling around the country to pay men who refuse to be present at the pay parade, but prefer to be out flirting with shrapnel, coal-boxes, and other forms of foreign amusement, does not appeal to him. So much did it affect him that he was constrained to arrange for a conveyance, and finally, after serious cogitation, he selected the Clayton carriage and assinine-equine quadruped belonging to the medical officer. The services of Monsieur Ferrat being commandeered as coachman, behold our gallant corporal gaily driving down the road to dole out the pittance that the poor Forty-niner needs to procure those luxuries which, in the eyes of his stomach, are to be preferred to many things.

The paying of the men is but a detail in the life of the corporal; he it is who makes out the assignments for the men, and upon his head is poured the vials of wrath of the man whose money is delayed a day or two by the Government; and he it is who is expected to give an immediate and correct answer to simple mathematical problems, as, How many dollars may be remitted the end of next week, having an assignment of £3 since June, and drawing 30 francs monthly? or, How much will I have to my credit by the time we may possibly get leave if assignment is increased by 10 dollars from last month? In short, he is expected to know, and to reply to, as many questions as the illustrious and oft-reported cut-up Forty-ninth can figure out in their spare time.

The consolation of the pay office is that there is only one parade that even nearly rivals the "fall-in for pay." You know the one, Mr. Editor, and you also know that we never get any, though they do try to blame us for it sometimes.

R. G. D.

"We were slowly starving to death," remarked the famous explorer at the boarding-house table, "but we cut up our boots and made soup of them, and thus sustained life." "Sh-h-h! Not so loud," exclaimed the dyspeptic boarder. "The landlady might hear you."

Colonel Gruff: "You seem to have a good appetite." Hungry Hawkins: "Ah, sir, that's all I have left in the world that I can call my own."

BOMBS AND GRENADES.

On October 31 Lieutenant E. Livesey, of "Ours," returned from a grenade course lasting seven days. The following N.C.O.s also attended:—Corporal H. A. Page, "A" Company; Corporal P. J. Shearman, "B" Company; Corporal S. J. Millar, "C" Company; Corporal H. Arnold, "D" Company. The course was held at the 2nd Army Grenade School, Terdeghem.

Mr. Livesey reports that this course is not only very full and instructive, but exceptionally interesting. The lectures on the grenades showed that the use of grenadiers in war has been lost sight of for something like 100 years, but that during the war between Russia and Japan their use was revived, and the British Army, seeing their usefulness, adopted the No. 1J pattern hand grenade, which was the only one ready for use at the beginning of hostilities. Since then about a dozen different types were introduced, all makeshifts, but excellent for their purpose. Of these about six have been selected, for universal use. Not least amongst these was the soldiers' "jam-tin" bomb, simply made from an empty jam-tin, with two dry guncotton primers, and filled with scrap-iron, etc. The method of lighting was by means of a match, which was, indeed, crude, until one Noble invented a safety lighter, but this method has now become old, and newer and better methods have taken the place of the one-time safety lighter. In addition to the instruction given, members of this class are also taught how to handle and use the latest French and German grenades, also the best method of handling unexploded German grenades.

A few words culled from "The Life of the Duke of Marlborough," by Edward Thomas, will, no doubt, make interesting reading, although the happenings described took place two hundred years ago; nevertheless, it reads like present-day warfare:—

"Marlborough secured his communications by bridges over the Scheldt and Lys and began the siege of Ghent, while Eugene covered it with the rest of the troops. The weather was cold and foggy, and frost delayed the opening of the trenches and froze the canals. Marlborough got wet feet every day, coupled with a bad cold and sore throat, but he also got Ghent.