

# Thufoscope Richelieu St.

SATURDAY

Earl Williams in

## The GRELL MYSTERY

in 5-parts.

SUNDAY and MONDAY

William Farnum in

## The PRICE of SILENCE

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Richelieu St.

St. Johns.



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### CORRESPONDENCE.

Engineer Training Depot,  
St. Johns, P.Q.,  
7th July, 1917.

My Own Dear Trix,—

I have not written you a letter for such a long time, that I am almost ashamed to do so, but I haven't had the chance, and owing to such things as falling off my horse, which I did about three weeks ago, and inoculation, it has been pretty hard to get a chance.

About three weeks ago, one morning about nine o'clock, Class No. 1 to which I belong, and which is the senior Class, was in the Riding School. I was in the centre of the ride, and was getting along nicely, when they ordered us to jump a barrier 8 feet high. I did it all right, and the S. M. thought that I should be in a more advanced Class. He told me to take my feet out of my stirrups and to drop my reins. I did that, and he told me to take the jump. I did that, and got over all right. However, he thought I could do still better, and raised the jump to 10 feet. I started to take it and my horse shied and got rather nervous. I took him back and having my arms folded, I had quite a job to stay on. I took the jump and had just finished when, my horse who is a high strung beast, bolted. I fell off striking my head on the outskirts of the jump and was senseless. Another horse that was following me landed squarely on my left hip, and fell right on top of me. I came to my senses, but could not move. The next thing I knew was, that the whole ride was on top of me and could not stop nor could I move. My horse calmed down and rushed over to where I was. He likes me, and I have two loves now. Somebody and my nice little dark boy horse. He started to kick the other horses away from me, and I think it was he that saved my life. When they picked me up and carried me into the stable he followed me like a dog, and when I did not go to ride him,

and somebody else did, he nearly kicked their brains out. However, when I went over to see him, a battered and bandaged article, he seemed very glad to see me,—and I never got so much pleasure out of cleaning a horse as I did that day.—I am riding him again now, and am riding tomorrow. I may have to return to Halifax, as I broke my right instep and limp somewhat with the left foot due . . . . .

(The above "communique",—held up by the Censor and referred to us for our opinion,—throws a lurid light on certain phases of army life which some of us had already suspected. Indeed, as a matter of fact, most of us have already written our "little Trixies" all about it. From a perusal of "revelations" sent out to "fond ones at home" by members of various Classes, we have reason to believe that "our folks" would now think a mere 10 foot jump scarcely worth mentioning.)

### RUSTLINGS FROM THE HAY MOW.

The Drivers team wishes to thank the Officers for the game tussle they put up at the E. T. D. Field Day, May 24th. We were looking for the Rough Riders among the Officers of the new Classes to step out, instead of leaving it to men who were not doing much riding. Eh, wot?

Although I have a poor bum knee, you fellows need not envy me, for in my little cot I lie, and watch you tough drivers passing by. If I could join your giddy ranks, and watch old Pop pull off some stunts, (like last Wednesday). O, how happy I would be. I hope I'll soon return to thee.

### Hopkins' dream.

On a lovely night, in the mystic light,  
Of the moonlight's silvery glow.  
Across the bridge, to Iberville  
I hie, where the lilacs blow.  
With my little "sweetness" on my arm,  
I gaze in her orbs of gray,  
And as I clasp her slender form,  
I waken, to the trumpets bray.

Oh, Bert, you are a daisy,  
You can crack a merry jest,  
About the things you've seen,  
And heard at Derry West.  
Down there they keep some cattle,  
A breed that's somewhat weird,  
For you know you told old Tommy  
That each one grew a beard.

J. Arnold (506680).

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