

as the War Office calls it, the machine-gun section, who use twelve horses to tote the guns and the necessary ammunition.

Officers' horses account of the remainder, and, judging by the time these horses have been tried out by the officers (and sometimes the horse has come out on top), they have the pick of them.

Then we must not forget those all-important animals—the horses which have the honour to be aide-de-camp to the second in command of the company—namely, the two pack horses allotted to each company, and we hope that should the pack of our worthy "seconds" become too heavy, the horses will not have their burden added to.

The harness issued is of the regular Army pattern, with the horses postillion fashion; but it is whispered that Canadian harness is preferred. It is hard to beat Canada and her products.

This article cannot be considered complete without a word of approbation for the way in which those in charge have handled their mounts; all are competent men, and have handled horses from their baby days. Lieutenant Travers and Sergeant Adams are both to be congratulated on the appearance of the transport as a whole. The staff consists of two corporals (Corporal Tuck and Young, G.) and thirty-seven men.

Twelve men on headquarter work.

Three men per company.

Six for the machine guns.

Six for the division train.

One man attached (the smith).

We wish them good luck, and hope that these in charge of the kitchens will dodge all bombs, Jack Johnsons, etc., which may happen to cross their path.

JUNIUS.

DID YOU EVER?

Did you ever go a-camping 'longside the silent silvery sea?

Did you ever eat your food with relish and with glee?

Did you lie with fifteen others feet sticking round the pole?

Did you curse your fifteen brothers when on you they did roll?

Did you wash the greasy dishes in water cold and pure?

Did you ever burn the "mush," and did it make you sore?

Did you ever cook the kippers as black as any hat?

Did you ever make the fire burn with gallons of pure fat?

Did the wasps for ever sting you upon a tender spot?

Did they ever bite you badly on a place you could not swot?

Did you ever have a visit from those beasts they call the ants?

Did they ever draw your life blood way down beneath your pants?

Did you waken in the night with water in your clothes?

Did the tent for ever leak like a concentrated hose?

Did you get up in the morning with your blankets soaking wet?

Did the sergeant say, "You slacker, come, out that bed you get?"

Did you curse the wind and weather, and wish them both in—well?

Did you like that sticky feeling, did you like that musty smell?

Did you like the pungent earth as you your viands ate?

Did it cause your wrath to kindle and your awful temper get?

Did you ever go a-swimming within the briny deep?

Did you all at once remember the date you didn't keep?

Did you ever go a-paddling in that swell canoe,

Just to show the boys the things you couldn't do?

Did you madly curse your luck, and say that nevermore

You would fight for King and Country, and die on foreign shore?

Didn't you say the Army's rotten, needs straightening out a bit,

And that the "mugs" that run it surely think their name is "It"?

But don't you think when England needs you to fight the common foe

You'll be up and going to it with a great big bunch of "go"?

You'll forget about discomforts, your duty you will do,

You'll never be the "quitter"—that would not credit you.

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