

MUSKETRY TRAINING.

The object of Musketry training is to train the soldier to ignore his enemy until he is within striking distance, and then use the bayonet. In its elemental stage, the soldier is taught how to pronounce such words as 'consummate', 'Cholmondley', 'Hurstmonceaux', and the latin equivalents of the "combination-bolt-stop-and-charger-guide sight-base", which, for the benefit of the reader, is 'nil nihil nuts'.

When sufficient retrogression is noticed in the recruit, he is introduced to the 'Bull' and is told that this same bovine wears a wrist-watch on his dial, or a dial on his face, whereon will be found, unless obliterated by the presence of a second hand and figures, a figure six. This 'six o'clock aim', as it is termed, is next explained, and the recruit is urged that this is the best time to do his shooting. His imagination is now drawn upon, in order to approximate a centre of the peep sight. It is essential at this stage to impress upon the soldier, that the best view of the enemy is to be obtained through this little hole; and if he should wish to maintain an uninterrupted view, he should not let the foresight get in the way.

Before any further measures are taken, the recruit should now be sent to the bandmaster to borrow the triangle. It is at this stage that the system known as triangle of error, is introduced. By this system the instructor will be able to find out whether boils on the neck are hereditary or merely Providential; and if a buttercup is placed in the butt trap,—opened for the occasion,—it is a sure indication whether the recruit is fond of butter or not.

Having satisfied himself that the recruit knows how to spell 'idiosyncrasy', he is, with others less fortunate perhaps, taken to a secluded and draughty spot, and taught to stand, kneel, and, unless previously qualified, to lie also.

He is now almost ready to fire his first shot; and in order to give him confidence, a well holed target should be used with five holes through the 'bull', and the recruit issued with five rounds of blank. A horse whip lashed across his flanks at each shot, will produce the sensation caused by the kick of real live stuff.

Further target practice will only be a waste of good ammunition, so the recruit is taught how to extend himself two four, and six paces.—Ordnance should be indented upon for "Rope, Hemp, two inch, 100 feet, one"; "Blocks three sheave



The Old, Old Spirit!

(Courtesy of the World Wide.)

two"; "Holdfasts two"; "Lashings four". At this stage the recruit should be properly fastened and trussed up, until the necessary extensions have been made.

The use of cover is next taught.—Some soldiers never realise how important it is to get in out of the rain. Indication of targets is also explained, and the recruit is placed close to the target pointing to it, while the remainder of his class do their best to hit it. Judging distance is probably the least interesting part of the course. In this department, the recruit usually finds himself at a loss unless he adopts the regulation squint.

The recruit is now ready for transportation to the firing line, having completed his course in musketry training. He is therefore taken over to the men's mess and given the furnace to look after.

STARTLING REVELATION.

Quebec Citadel Now In Hands Of French.

I wonder if the history books Were fooling,—at least it looks, As if they might have been. Don't I remember well Of how they tell,

The Citadel Was captured by the British.

Go to yon frowning arch today, And ask the sentry if you may,

Within the walls a short while stray, You'll say the History's skittish!

ON PARADE

(At Quebec)

Officer, (to Sapper):—"What's the reason you didn't shave this morning?"

Sapper:—"Well, Sir, I had to wait two hours for breakfast, and after I eat, I wasn't strong enough to hold the razor, Sir!"

Officer (to Sapper):—"You didn't polish your shoes this morning!"

Sapper:—"No Sir."

Officer:—"Nor shine your badges and buttons!"

Sapper:—"No, Sir."

Officer:—"Nor shave!"

Sapper:—"No, Sir, and I didn't wash my face either, Sir!"

When Sapper Mickie Dawson, late of St. Johns, P.Q., was being examined by the Doctor, a coughing spell got the better of him.

"You've got a bad cough, my lad," remarked the Doc.

"Yes, Sir," replied Mickie, "and there's many a dead man would be glad to have it."

OBEY THAT IMPULSE!

Get a copy of "Knots and Lashings" to send to the folks back home. You may be sure they will be glad to get it. The postage is one cent.

ON SUNDAY.

I

When you cannot find your tunic,
And your cap is flattened out.
When you've lost your button
polish,
And your razor's up the spout.
When your puttee's wont stay
fastened,
Tho you've coaxed and cried and
prayed,
You can bet your bottom dollar
That you're bound for Church
Parade.

II

Gee! but this was a good one.
But the Censor said—
"NO"!!!

III

In a stiff backed pew they place
you,
There you fidget, doze and fret,
And you wake up disappointed,
For the parson's going yet.
When at last the sermon's over,
And the final hymn is played,
You have lost all the religion,
That you brought on Church
Parade.

IV

They would make you fit for
Heaven,
So it's surely strange to tell,
Getting ready for the journey,
Makes you nearly fit for H——.
Your heart is hot and angry,
When it should be mild and staid,
Sure, you're just a bloomin'
heathen,
When you're out on Church
Parade.

V

When you stop your German
bullet,
And your soul trips blithely
"West",
When you're pushing up the
daisies
Way "Out There" 'mong all the
rest.

When the angel, cross your record
Writes, that all your sins are paid,
I wonder if he'll add a note
"Excused from Church Parade".

"ALI BABA".

Wanted, — Spare parts for
wooden legs.
Apply to:

Sgt. Smart,
M. G. Corps.