

a mile from the ponies, but I thought I must have gone about twenty miles. Talk about "skeeters," well, there were some, and the bloodthirstiest brutes I ever encountered. We each had a guide and gun bearer with us, and mine posted me a little back from where the trail branched off in three different directions. I was armed with an express rifle, and my bearer had a large bore rifle ready for me. I had strict injunctions not to smoke or move about, so I sat down at the foot of a tree and occupied the time killing insects. By and by I observed my bearer lying fast asleep with a cloud of flies round his open mouth. How he could sleep, beats me. I had been in position over two hours, and was beginning to feel good and miserable, and cursing deer-hunts generally and this one in particular, when some feeling caused me to look at the cross trail. Holy smoke! there stood a big tiger watching me. I could feel every separate hair of my head rising. A cold sweat broke out all over me, and I could not move or even call the bearer. There he stood, his tail moving from side to side, and, I swear, he grew bigger and bigger all the time. How long this lasted I don't know; then he turned sideways into the jungle and moved slowly off. Now comes the silliest thing I ever did in my life; I raised the large bore rifle and sent a shot where I thought his foreshoulder should be. Then I bolted back over the trail and never looked to see if the bearer was awake and following. It was a bad case of funk. I met my Host and the "Old Man" near the end of the trail, and I was gasping and shaking from want of breath and fright. I could not speak to them, could only point back over the trail. Then comes my bearer running and jabbering away like mad. I thought he was telling them about my running away after I had fired, and leaving him; but it seemed he was telling them that I had shot at a tiger and was chasing him along the wrong trail! and he was pointing to the "pad" marks on the trail, showing that the tiger had gone up that way towards my post. He said when I fired he wakened and heard the tiger scream, so that he must be hard hit, and the "Brave Sahib" had made a mistake and followed the wrong trail. The "Old Man" and my Host urged me to "Come on, we'll get him yet!" I pleaded fatigue, and said I was blown and could not go back. They started themselves, and rather than be left alone I followed. When we reached the cross trails my bearer was examining the place where the tiger was when I fired. He was awfully excited, and jabbered and cracked his fingers in the air. There was a lot of blood, and evidently I had hit the tiger hard. The bearer was for following the trail at once, but my Host said it was too dangerous, and sent for the headman who had some trackers go off on the trail, which was very plainly marked with blood. We then made for the ponies

and back to the bungalow, for which I was mighty thankful. I was the "Hero" of the day, and having quite recovered from my fright, I carried myself accordingly. Next day the coolies brought in the tiger, they found him lying dead three or four miles from where I had shot him. I was some proud about it, but thought if the rest knew what a fright I had got it would be all up with me, and I quietly gave my bearer a good tip and told him to hold his tongue. I don't think he understood. Anyhow it doesn't matter now, no one tumbled to it at the time, everybody was too excited to observe me closely, and "all's well that ends well."

MARINE.

Odds and Ends.

BULLOO.

A saucy Canuck at Bailleul
Once attempted a lady to weul,
She remarked to him straight
I'm afraid you must wait
Till I'm fonder and fonder of yeul.

* * *

We refuse to reveal the identity
of the Battalion scout who preferred
"Standing to!" to sitting down.
He gets *boil-ing* hot whenever this is
mentioned.

* * *

THE NO-TREATING ACT.

Our sympathy to all Scottish
members of the regiment going on
leave!

* * *

CURIOUS.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Times*.
Sir,—The following notice was
found near billets in France, on a
pump:—
"No water is to be drunk un'ess
passed by the Adjutant." H. G.
—The *Sporting Times*.

* * *

The Regimental Gallery.

By H. M. N.

THE SECOND-IN-COMMAND.

"Now why is this?" "Has that been
done?" "On whose authority?"
His questions, most confusing, cause
a feeling of calamity.

But he, who asks them, does not
see the trembling hand and knocking
knee.

Now "how?" and "Why?" and
"When?" and "Where?"

Such rapid questions burn the air,
And he, who asks them, wants to
know

The ins-and-outs, the con. and pro.
He cannot know our sorry plight;
Our spirits almost taking flight.
We're soon "up in the air" and then
He brings us down to earth again,
But, with our troubles (small and
few),

We take to him, *he sees us through*.

THE ADJUTANT.

"For your information and action,
please," we grind our teeth with
rage,
As with a scowl we scan the lines and
wish to burn the page.
We don't mind "information," but
"action" makes us sick,
But none the less we take the hint; it
is no use to kick.

* * *

THE PAYMASTER.

Where in *Blank's* your pay-book? a
question such as this
Would call for some ill-feeling, but on
pay-day gives us bliss.
For though his words are hot and fast,
he pays us just the same,
So we accept the French and francs
and gladly sign our name.

* * *

THE M.G. OFFICER.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit! and hail
thy bullets, too;
Yes, hail thy bullets on the foe, as
bolts from out the blue.
Thou, and thy guns, a tower of
strength to us down here below,
Thy guns provide the strength, and
thou art tower enough I trow.

* * *

SIGNALLING OFFICER.

Our Ackety-Emma (busy man) has
scarce the time to laugh,
Devotes a part of each short day
beside the phonograph;
But as a rule his days are full with
work of many kinds,
For to the ladies and the front he's
always sending lines.

The Muff.

It came about in this way. Andrew
and I decided to give Mother a muff for
Christmas, and as I was not sure of
her taste I had two sent up for
myself so as to get the family's
opinion. I was to keep the one
Mother advised and give it to her
for Christmas, returning the other
one. Picture my horror when, after
it had all been settled, Mother says
she will purchase the other one and
immediately proceeds to wear it
to some social affair. Well, the only
thing we could see to do, was to give
her the bill for Christmas.

Just then, as you know, she broke
her leg and will not be able to leave
the house for some time. So herein
lay the mystery. I put the envelope
containing the bill in the small tub
which (the doctor having cut up her
stocking) had to do justice as a
Christmas receptacle, and then, having
a headache, I went to bed. I had
no sooner disappeared from the scene
of action than Mother in mysterious
tones called Andrew to her couch
and asked him to parcel up the muff
and give it to *me* for Christmas.
When Andrew came up and with
bated breath told me the news that
I was getting his and my muff for a
present I had an hysterical fit.
Mother was mad, and we would not
tell her the joke.