

some distance outside the tent, smelt it. The cat broke the cord that held it in one bound, and in a jiff had pounced on the lizard, the tail falling off in Pit's hand. Pussy's eyes gleamed angrily, for she had tasted blood.

"March Clark's dog in," said Captain Frazerhurst, in a helpless sort of way. This order proved to be a signal for a general offensive by all the waiting animals. Stan Nathan's post donkey allied itself with Dave's "Lembet" and Lonsdale's goat on the side of Pit's lizard, carrying with them as a sort of decoy Randell's dead monkey. Meanwhile, Arthur Judge, who was always anxious for a "dinkum go" secured another mad dog from the desert, and this monster added to the forces of the other "tike," Jacky William's rat, O'Mall's tortoise, and the cat made a very good defence. It was a fight to a finish, and after many attempts to quieten things the parade broke up in disorder, the odds being even.

Next day was spent by Corporal Roche, and a special bandaging party in patching up the ghastly wounds made the previous evening.



The 101st inoculation in the year—The Fluid used is supposed to be a preventative for many diseases one of which is Flyitis.

MUSINGS.

First came the rain, then came the mud,
A deluge first, and then a flood;
Then came the snow with chilling breath
And stillness like the sleep of death.
A fog us then enveloped round;
For four long weeks no sun was found.
Our little creek was frozen o'er,
But worse than that was yet in store;
For a blizzard came up from the Vardar,
Fast fell the snow, the ice froze harder;
And then we longed with all our might
For Egypt's sun, and warmth, and light.

* * *

Under a spreading sky of blue,
The daily roast and daily stew—
Around us spreads the yellow sand
A desert drear, a no man's land.
Mid'st dust and flies we sit and ponder
Of that cool land that lies o'er yonder
And pray again for one long blow
Of breezes cold, and ice, and snow.

MUSICAL NOTES. by "CROTCHET."

Music has naturally enough occupied a place in the affections of the Unit for a long time, but it was really not until the beginning of last month that a representative gathering voiced the opinion that such interest could be fostered, if some kind of club were formed. Hence, in less time than the telling takes a male choir was organised, officers were elected, and funds for the purchase of suitable music were collected. Twice weekly, then, have the reverent followers of St. Cecilia met together in sundry places, and, uniting in vocal harmony, and raised their voices under the direction of a most enthusiastic and imposing wielder of the baton—Pte. V. C. Peters.

Already the Choir has obtained some distinction outside the Unit. A concert was given at the Y. M. C. A. buildings a few evenings ago, and the items rendered were very cordially received by the large audience. The choral work, both in the quartette and the choruses, showed that although the choir is yet in its infancy, very fair balance is maintained, and it is gratifying to have such a pleasing result after so short a time of practice. Members of the Choir should, however, in fairness to the Conductor, remember that only by regular attendance at the practices can genuine improvement be effected; and the better the Choir becomes the more pleasure it can give to others, and the more pleasurable will it become to members themselves.

Programme of the concert given in the Y.M.C.A. Hall.

Overture: Ragtimes Mr. Donnally.
Chorus: O, most Holy One. Male Choir.
Recitation: 11.69 Express. Pte. Dicker.
Song: Asleep in the Deep. Pte. Fawcett.
Part Song: In Absence. Quartette Party.
Recitation: O'Connell's Encounter with
Biddy Moriarty. S. Sgt. Prentice.
Song: Selected Pte. Broom.
Lullaby: Sweet and Low. Male Choir.
Song: The Deathless Army. Pte. Abey.
Song: O, Dry those tears. Pte. Pitkethely.
Song: Selected Capt. Chap. Burrige.
Recitation: Selected Mr. Donnally.
Chorus: Hail Smiling Morn. Male Choir.
Song: Jessie's Dream. Pte. Tennent.
Accompanist—Mr. Donnally.



The Male Choir.
The conductor wields the baton while the members sing their star piece—"Flies Away."

SOME LETTERS FROM GYPPOS.

Sir,

I am Achmed Mohamed, the Interpreter, who comes from Ismailia with reference very good. If you please I was work for British Army, and I give good work for 20 Piastre a day, but I take sick and my missis she ask me come to Port Said, I ask your kindness to give me small sum of money, and I speak four languadges—
Your obedient servant,

ACHMED MOHAMED.

Please to note that Turks and Germans no good.

To the Chief Doctor,

I am Said Aly Sheta, Contractor, come with entire confidence, first to congratulate for coming safe, secondly to remember you when I've been partner with Abdu since we come with you to Alexandria. I forgot to take from you a certificate for having no change that time. And since a long time I've not received my work, so, herewith I beg you for having work to me at anyway, or if it is impossible at the present time, please do me this favour and give a good certificate from you. Should my request meets with your approval be sure sure that your favours put in its way. Thanking you in anticipation.
Yours truly

SAID ALY SHETA.