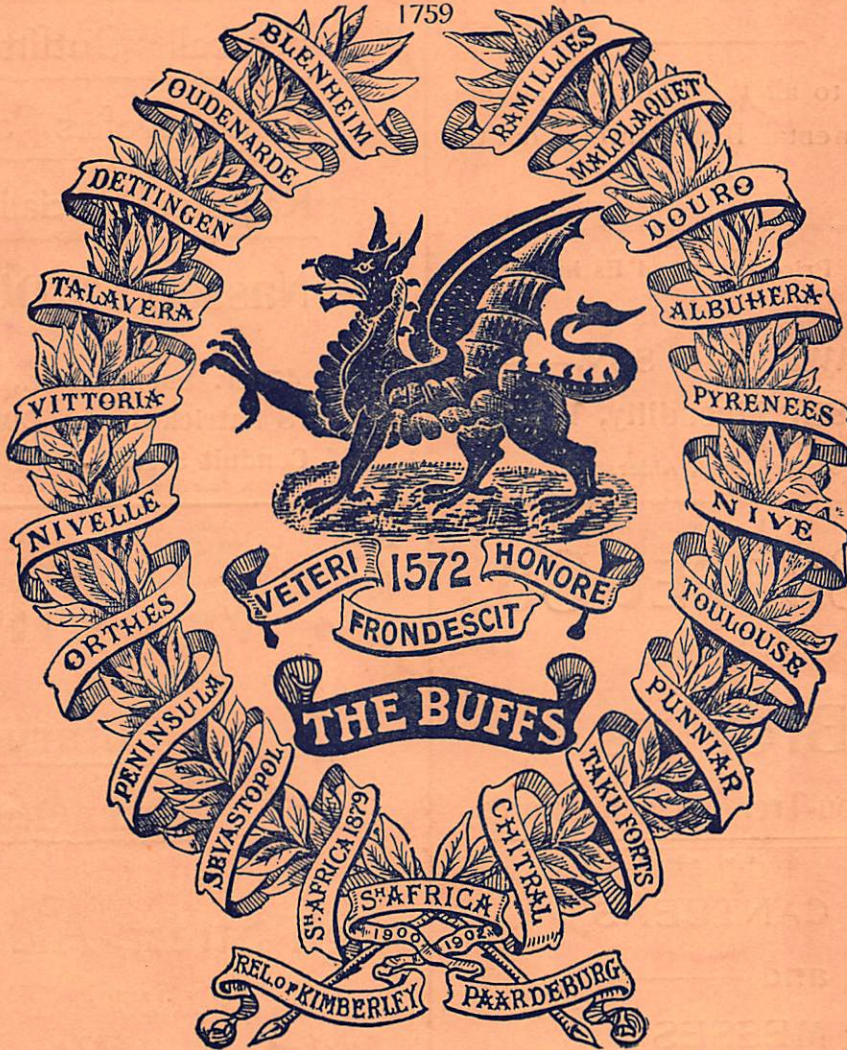


# The Dragon

GUADALOUPE,  
1759



A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS,  
AND MEN OF KENT.

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# F. W. Flight,



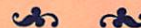
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Battalions of Buffs.

The



A PAPER  
OF THE  
MEN OF



Dragon



FOR MEN  
BUFFS, AND  
KENT.

THE BUFFS (EAST KENT REGIMENT).

"Veteri Frondescit Honore."

"Blenheim," "Ramil ies," "Oudenarde," "Malplaquet," "Dettingen," "Guadaloupe, 1759," "Douro," "Talavera," "Albuhera," "Vittoria," "Pyrenees," "Nivelle," "Nive," "Orthes," "Toulouse," "Peninsula," "Punniar," "Sevastopol," "Taku Forts," "South Africa, 1879," "Chitral," "South Africa, 1900-2," "Relief of Kimberley," "Paardeburg."

1st Battalion } 3rd Foot { Dublin.  
2nd Battalion } Singapore.  
Depot—Canterbury.

3rd Battalion—Canterbury. Record Office—Hounslow.  
Territorial Force Battalions—4th Bn., Dover; 5th Bn., Ashford.

Colonel-in-Chief—H.M. King Frederick VIII., King of Denmark, K.G., G.C.B., G.C.V.O.

Hon.-Colonel—Major-General R. G. Kekewich, C.B.

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Editorial Notes.

The 2nd Battalion are to move from Singapore to Wellington, Madras Presidency, instead of to Lebong, as had been expected. Wellington is said to be a very good station. It is about eleven miles from Ootacamund. This will be, of course, the first time that the 2nd Battalion have been stationed in India. We believe also that the 1st Battalion have never been stationed in the Madras Presidency.

\* \* \*

The 1st Battalion did fairly well in the Irish Command Tournament. The bayonet-fighting

team got into the semi-finals, and the officers' team were only beaten in the odd bout in the final tie by the Connaught Rangers. Captain Trueman won the officers' foils. The tug-of-war team were easily defeated by the Connaught Rangers. The final was won by the Leinster Regiment, who always have a magnificent team. Our team were unaccustomed to the short pull.

\* \* \*

We heartily congratulate Corporal Mills on becoming feather-weight champion of the Army in Ireland. His path to victory was not too easy

a one, as he had to meet on the way Private Lowe (Royal Welsh Fusiliers), last year's champion, and Sergeant Darley (The Queen's Own) Army and Navy feather-weight champion for 1909 and 1910.

\* \* \*

Corporal Mills was sent to Aldershot to compete in the Army Championship, but owing to gross carelessness he presented himself too late to weigh in, and was scratched.

\* \* \*

We hope that more boxing talent will be discovered in the Regiment. Jordan, the instructor, has hopes of Private Pope.

\* \* \*

We stupidly omitted to mention in our last issue the loss to the Regiment of those two excellent fellows, Captain Geoffrey Mairis and Captain H. A. B. Ternan. Mairis has got a Majority in the Yorkshire Regiment, and Captain "Feet" has retired. We wish them both the best of luck.

\* \* \*

The continuation of the interesting article on "A Tour of Service in N. Nigeria" is unavoidably held over to May issue.



### From Canada.

Col. Sir Henry M. Pellatt, C.V.O., from the 2nd Regiment, Queen's Own Rifles of Canada, has been appointed Brigade Commander, 6th Infantry Brigade, and Lieut.-Col. M. S. Mercer has been appointed to succeed Col. Sir Henry Pellatt as Commandant, Queen's Own Rifles of Canada.

At the annual field operations near Toronto, at which Gen. Mackenzie was chief umpire, a most amusing incident occurred. The fight was one of the most successful which has been held by the Militia of Ontario, not only because of the fact that more troops participated, and that the ground was well fitted for the battle, but because both sides were eager to come out victorious, and while it lasted the fighting was fast and furious. In fact, at one time it was so exciting that hand-to-hand fighting occurred, and in order to repel the advance of the enemy a company of the Queen's Own Rifles of Canada, who were occupying a position in a tomato field, used nice, ripe, juicy tomatoes as bullets, and some of the members of the 19th Regiment of St. Catharines will be cleaning their uniforms for the next week or so.

### Bart Kennedy at Belfast.

Tommy Atkins was his name, and, longing for a life of glory and renown, he joined The Buffs. He had the soldier's blood—it was in his family—and the soldier's pluck.

This son of Mars! This Trojan!

Time went on, and he pined for a chance to distinguish himself. His life-blood flowed only for martial glory, and until he got it he could not be content. How he longed for a fight!

A struggle! A battle! The clashing of arms and the bark of the rifle!

A fight!

One day he got orders to proceed along with his battalion to Belfast to assist in quelling the rioters.

Eureka! A fight!

Now was the chance to show what he was made of.

It would be a V.C. at least. His heart-strings might have been piano wires for the music that resounded therein.

Marching from the station at Belfast to the scene of the coming fray, see how the people cower before his approach and that of his comrades.

They stand aghast at this soldier—this man of fighting nature—who will let them feel his iron hand and brain of steel—(or wood! Ed.)—in every check made upon their movements?

But, alas! his dream of carnage fell flat. He stood in a vast puddle all day, and got blue at the end of his nose.

The nearest approach to a fight was a dog chasing Mr. Churchill's motor car, and the weight of his sodden overcoat, coupled with the want of something to do, made him feel sick, and want to go home.

His height by nightfall had decreased by four inches, and the rain put out his spirit of fire, and he got five days C.B. for having a rusty rifle.

This son of Mars!

O. M.



### Subscriptions.

Colonel M. Mace for 1911; C. Duncan-Murton, to December, 1912; C. H. P. O'Hagan, Esq., to December, 1912; Captain G. A. E. Chapman, to February, 1916; B. Draper, to February, 1913; Colonel Vyvyan, to January, 1913; Col. E. T. Buttanshaw, to January, 1913.

By Special Appointment to the Vice-Regal Court  
 — and His Majesty's Officers' Messes. —

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**IMPORTANT.**—Insist upon having all BEWLEY & DRAPER'S MINERAL WATERS  
 in Sanitary Crown Cork Bottles. The Crown Cork is the cleanest  
 and most efficient Stopper known.

### Sale of Relics.

Messrs. Goldbeg and Swindelheim beg to announce their annual sale of real Waterloo relics. (All gathered from the scene of the fiercest of battles.)

Lot 1—Head of French lance, 1s. 6d.; Head of French lance, stained with blood, 1s. 9d.; Head of French lance, stained with French blood, 2s.; Head of French lance, stained with German blood, 2s. 3d.; Head of French lance, stained with English blood, 12s.

Lot 2—Hairs from the tail of Napoleon's horse in bundles of 9, 6d.; Hairs from the tail of Wellington's horse, in bundles of 9, 9d.

Lot 3—Pencil with which Napoleon wrote the order which Grouchy was unable to read, (only a few left), 2s. 2½d.

Lot 4—Cannon Ball which carried away the Marquise of Anglesey's leg and side whiskers (slightly shop-soiled), 4s.; Bullets picked up from the battlefield with patriotic and loving care (only a few left till the Kilbride tram arrives), packets of 3, 7s. 6d.; Bullets flattened against the tunic buttons of the Old Guard, in packets of 6, 8d.

Lot 5—Fragments of the French colour, 1s. 6¾d.; the Whole Colour, 8s. 4½d.; Holes taken from the same (per packet of 13), 3d. each.

Lot 6—Hat which Napoleon lost in the storm on the awful night of battle, with or without dent (as preferred), 2s. 6d.; same hats, stained with mud and blood, 3s.; same hats, torn and tattered, 3s. 6d.

Lot 7—Nails from the shoes of Wellington's or Napoleon's horse, as preferred, per dozen, 1s. 2½d.

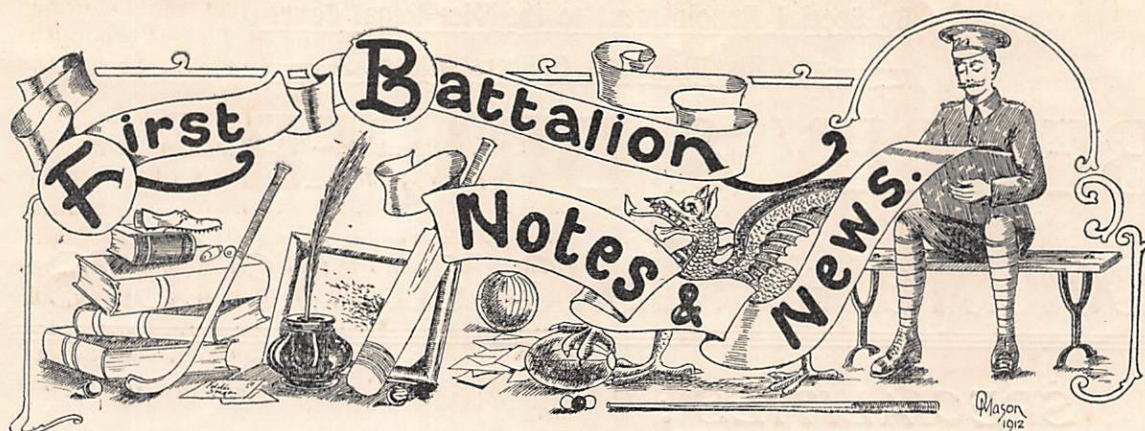


Mother (in a very low voice)—“Tommy your grandfather is very sick. Can't you say something to cheer him up a bit?”

Tommy (in an earnest voice)—“Grandfather, wouldn't you like to have soldiers at your funeral?”

On a very wet day, in the west of Scotland, an English traveller inquired peevishly of a native whether it always rained in that country.

“No,” replied the Highlander, dryly; “it sometimes snows.”



Extract from "London Gazette," dated 19th March, 1912:—

The Buffs (East Kent Regiment) Second Lieutenant L. B. Guy Marden resigns his commission.

We are pleased to note that Lance-Corporals C. Prior, G. Osborne, A. Steele, C. Rixon, and A. Turner have been appointed paid Lance-Corporals.

Sergeant R. Martin proceeds to the School of Musketry, Hythe, for a course of instruction at the end of April.

#### DISCHARGES.

4444 Private A. Hooker, discharged under Para. 390 (XVIII.), K.R., 11-4-12.

9599 Private G. H. Probert, discharged under Para. 390 (XV.a), K.R., 22-4-12.

8857 (Lance-Corporal A. Fraser appointed Paid Lance-Corporal, 5-4-12.

8560 Corporal H. Forwood, we are glad to note, has qualified at Hythe to instruct in the Maxim Gun.

Private H. W. B. Gleeson has transferred from the Royal Irish Fusiliers to The Buffs.

7219 Private F. Nash extended his service to complete seven years with the colours, 13-4-12.

Extract from the "London Gazette," dated 16-4-12:—The Buffs (East Kent Regiment), Capt. Cyril L. Porter to be Major. Dated 16-3-12.

9247 Private J. Arter, granted 1st G.C. Badge, 28-3-12.

9260 Private T. Hart, granted 1st G.C. Badge, 8-4-12.

9298 Private C. Gifford, granted 1st G.C. Badge, 18-4-12.

8695 Private J. Strouts, restored 1st G.C. Badge, 10-3-12.

8627 Pte. T. Foord, restored 1st G.C. Badge, 9-3-12.

4351 Q.M.S. (O.R.S.) A. Corney, awarded the Medal with gratuity for Long Service and Good Conduct, April, 1912. (Army Order 104 of 1912).

4283 C-S. G. Hall, awarded the Medal with gratuity for Long Service and Good Conduct, April, 1912. (Army Order 104 of 1912).

4273 Sergeant W. Ainge, awarded the Medal with gratuity for Long Service and Good Conduct, April, 1912. (Army Order 104 of 1912).

4320 Sergeant J. Gale, awarded the Medal with gratuity for Long Service and Good Conduct, April, 1912. (Army Order 104 of 1912).

4372 Sergeant C. Bishenden, awarded the Medal with gratuity for Long Service and Good Conduct, April, 1912. (Army Order 104 of 1912).

4323 Private A. Warren, awarded the Medal with gratuity for Long Service and Good Conduct, April, 1912. (Army Order 104 of 1912).

4347 Private J. Palmer, awarded the Medal with gratuity for Long Service and Good Conduct, April, 1912. (Army Order 104 of 1912).

4482 Private G. Wanstall, A Coy., discharged under Para. 390 (xviii.) K.R.'s on the 16th April, 1912.

Private G. C. Port attested and joined 1st Battalion, 5-4-12.

Lance-Corporal J. Ward has gone to the School of Signalling, Aldershot, for a course of instruction.

9374 Lance-Corporal Aherne, J., G Coy., discharged under paragraph 320 (xiv.) K.R. on the 4th March, 1912; No. 4444 Pte. Hooker,

A. C. Coy., discharged under paragraph 390 (xxvii.) K.R.'s on the 11th March, 1912.

#### DECREASE.

9552 Private J. Hore, discharged, under paragraph 390 (xvi), K.R. (medically unfit).

9678 Pte. A. Edwards, discharged under paragraph 390 (iiic), K.R. (unfit for service).

9685 Pte. H. Jary, discharged under paragraph 390 (iiic), K.R. (unfit for service).

9508 Pte. C. Lemar, transferred to 1st Battalion, Loyal North Lancashire Regiment.

3463 Corpl. C. F. Catt has left us on discharge on termination of second period of engagement, 25th March, 1912; 6293 Pte. S. G. Smith, ditto, first period of engagement, 26th March, 1912.

#### INCREASE.

Extract from "London Gazette," dated 9-12. "Major and Bt.-Lt.-Col. J. Hasler, to be Bt.-Colonel, dated 11-1-10."

Private S. F. Fletcher, P. Regan, W. Gonge, W. Eggleston, W. Davis, W. Knight, W. Smith, F. Sylvester, F. Grey, and H. Daniels posted and joined 1st Battalion, 13-4-12. A. Fullager joined, 10-3-12.

8682 Private P. Harris posted to the Depot for a tour of duty.

#### GOOD CONDUCT BADGES.

Private F. Jones, J. Webzell, R. Johncock, and A. Harrison, we are glad to note have been granted their first G.C. Badges.

6444 Pte. P. Smith has left for Longmoor to join a class in Railway Signalling, being attached to the 8th Railway Company, R.E.

9256 Pte. R. Webzell, granted 1st G.C. Badge, 31-3-12; Private A. Harrison, ditto; 9446 Lance-Corporal Boswell, T., reverts to Private at his own request.

#### RECRUITS JOINED.

9745 F. M. Murphy.

#### APPOINTMENTS.

9074 W. MacDonough appointed paid Lance-Corporal.

8669 Bandsman MacWalter appointed unpaid Lance-Corporal.

#### RE-ENGAGEMENT.

6300 Pte. W. Dillon, re-engaged to complete 21 years with the colours.

We are pleased to note that the following have been appointed unpaid Lance-Corporals: Ptes. H. Bridgeland, C. Rice, W. Lewis, D. Day, F. McLachlan, and D. Mason.

#### CERTIFICATES OF EDUCATION.

Awarded 2nd Class Certificates of Education—9211 Lance-Corporal Rixon, C.; 9277 Lance-Corporal Stevens, S.; 9517 Lance-Corporal Lewis, W.; 9127 Lance-Corporal Horlock, F.; 9007 Lance-Corporal Wakefield, H.; 9088 Lance-Corporal Howard, H.; 9460 Lance-Corporal Prior, C.; 9446 Lance-Corporal Boswell, T.; 9448 Lance-Corporal Steel, A.; 9483 Pte. Beadel, A.

Awarded 3rd Class Cert. of Education—9257 Private Read, J.; 8808 Private Moffatt, G.; 9731 Private Larkin, A.; 9247 Private Arter, J.; 8671 Private Neale, W.; 9740 Boy Clements, H.; 831 Pte. Attwood, R.

#### THE LAWSON CUP.

This month we publish a splendid photograph of that fine team belonging to "F" Company, who recently won the Lawson Cup by their magnificent performance at Bayonet Fighting.

It is not very often one is treated to such a masterful exhibition of the art as they provided, and we hope that at the first opportunity they will again shine just as brilliantly as they did on the occasion of winning the cup for the Battalion.

#### RUNNING.

At Ballsbridge, on Easter Monday, Privates Cross, Twrell, and Benefield were entered in the Ten Miles Amateur Flat Championship, whilst Lance-Corporal Carrier had entered for the One Mile Steeplechase.

In the Ten Miles Privates Cross and Twrell ran excellently, Private Benefield giving up after twelve laps. Sergeant O'Neill, of the Connaught Rangers, won the race, Private Cross being an excellent second. O'Neill beat the Irish record for the distance, finishing the ten miles in 56 minutes 9 3-5 seconds. Cross finished the distance in 59 minutes 42 seconds, whilst Twrell was fifth in 62 minutes 7 seconds.

A strong wind was blowing, which prevented fast times being accomplished. This is the first time we've attempted anything so big as a championship, but the talent is improving.

Lance-Corporal Carrier was rather outclassed in the One Mile Steeplechase, receiving only

twenty yards start from Lieutenant Harrison (winner), and forty yards from Private Clarke, the Connaught Rangers' crack.

### SERGEANTS' MESS NOTES.

A most enjoyable Bohemian concert took place on 18th March—the final of the series of concerts, when an excellent programme was carried out by the members and visitors. That favourite song, "The Bells of Fate," was splendidly rendered by our Sergeant-Major, and enthusiastically received, while C. S. Nesbitt's song, "Will ye no come back again?" was received with Highland honours, and brought back to our minds our cordial welcome in the K.O.S.B.'s Mess at Belfast. Sergeant-Major Cook proposed the health of the K.O.S.B., from whom he had just returned, and asked the ladies to join in giving, with Highland honours, "Will ye no' come back again," which concluded a most enjoyable evening.

#### PROGRAMME.

- 1.—Song, "She's never been to Swanee River," Sgt. Mills.
- 2.—Song, "If I catch you bending," Sgt. Inglis.
- 3.—Song, "Dreamland," Miss Seddon.
- 4.—Song, "There's another one out of work," Mr. Byrne.
- 5.—Song, "Out on the deep," Sgt. Pigott.
- 6.—Song, "I wonder if you miss me sometimes," Sgt. Innis.
- 7.—Song, "The old tin can," Sgt. Horton.
- 8.—Song, "Will ye no' come back agen," Col.-Sgt. Nesbitt.
- 9.—Song, "Some like a monkey," Sgt. Stock.
- 10.—Song, "Bells of fate," Sgt.-Maj. Cook.
- 11.—Song, "Roses," Miss Seddon.
- 12.—Song, "Good morning, Mr. Postman," Sgt. Wall.
- 13.—Song, "Snuff it and you're mine," Mr. Byrne.
- 14.—Song, "Joshua," Sgt. Croucher.
- 15.—Song, "My father's picture," Sgt. Holloway.
- 16.—Song, "Aldershot," Sgt. and Mrs. Martin.
- 17.—Song, "Gondola dreams," Sgt.-Maj. Cook.
- 18.—Song, "Tipperary christening," Sgt. Pigott.
- 19.—Song, "They're all single by the seaside," Sgt. Mills.
- 20.—Song, "I didn't know what to say," Sgt. Horton.
- 21.—Song, "Where did you get that hat," Sgt. Gale.
- 22.—Song, "True till death," Col.-Sgt. Ainge.

### YEOMANRY DINNER.

The Folkestone troop of the East Kent Mounted Rifles held their annual dinner at the Queen's Hotel, Folkestone, on Wednesday last. Lieut. Philip Sassoon was in the chair, and amongst those present were the Mayor, Lieut.-Col. S. Penfold, Lieut.-Col. the Earl of Guildford, Officer Commanding, Major Fiennes, Captain Wheeler, Adjutant, Captain Du Pre, 3rd Hussars, etc.

In the open bayonet fighting individual competition we were represented by Corporals Mills,

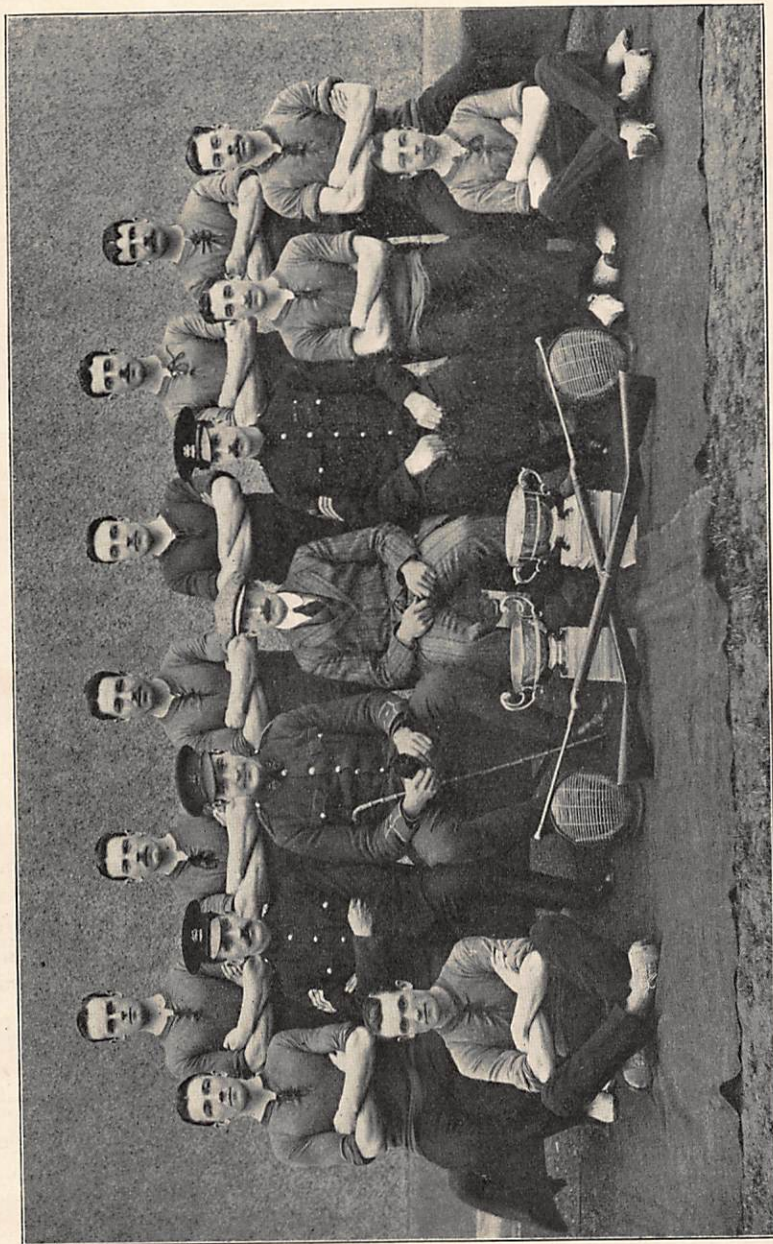
Jones, and Private Diamond. Of these, Corporal Mills and Private Diamond got into the final pool. In the novices' event, Privates Furner, Lancaster, and Lance-Corporal Osborne all succeeded in getting into the final pool, but were all beaten there. In the event for men over three years' service, Private Diamond got into the final pool, and Private Smith won the second prize. The inter-company battalion bayonet-fighting competition has this year been fought on the league system, which has, no doubt, improved the standard of bayonet-fighting throughout the Battalion. The following table gives the result, from which it will be seen that F Company again retain the shield, and C, D, and G Companies have to fight off for second place:—

### COY. BAYONET FIGHTING LEAGUE, 1911-1912.

Coy.	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	Wins	Draws	Points	Order
A		D	L	L	L	L	L	W	1	1	3	4*
B	D		D	L	L	L	L	L	—	2	2	5
C	W	D		W	D	L	W	D	3	3	9	2 <sup>o</sup>
D	W	W	L		W	D	L	W	4	1	9	2 <sup>o</sup>
E	W	W	D	L		L	D	W	3	2	8	3
F	W	W	W	D	W		W	W	6	1	13	1
G	W	W	L	W	D	L		W	4	1	9	2 <sup>o</sup>
H	L	W	D	L	L	L	L		1	1	3	4 <sup>o</sup>

It having been represented that many battalions were in favour of holding the dismounted events of the Bronze Medal Tournament in Dublin, in place of the Curragh, as has lately been done, they were held in Portobello Barracks on April 1st and 2nd. Our Officers' Bayonet Fighting Team, composed of Lieutenants Friend, Cattley, Hamilton, Stronge, and Homan, won their first fight against the East Surrey Regiment by the odd fight. There being five teams entered, and having drawn a bye in the first round, this left us to meet the Connaught Rangers in the final. This they lost by the odd fight, in spite of having won the first two combats. Our congratulations to Captain Trueman on having won the competition in foil v. foil. In the similar event, open to N.C.O.'s and men, Corporal Mills succeeded in getting into the final pool. Our tug-of-war team was knocked out in the first round by the Connaught Rangers. This is the first time that we have ever put in a team for the short pull, and we hope to have learned a little, and do better next time. In the bayonet-fighting our team, consisting of Corporal Mills, Privates Potts, Diamond, Joyner, Smith, Ralph, Strouts, Weaver,





**"F" Company, 1st Battalion The Buffs.**  
Winners of Lawson Challenge Cup, 1911-1912.

and Rolfe, were drawn against the York and Lancaster Regiment, who were the only team out of the sixteen entered not to take the field. In the second round we beat the K.O.Y.L.I., and thus had to meet the Royal Fusiliers in the semi-final. This we lost, and our men did not seem to fight as well as previously. The East Surrey Regiment won the final, which left us to fight the Connaught Rangers for third prize. This we won by 5 fights to 1.

### BOXING.

The Annual Irish Army Boxing Championship took place in the Gymnasium, Portobello Barracks, on the 12th and 13th of April. Only two of the Battalion actually took part in the boxing, which was rather below our expectations. Private Dodd, of F Company, represented the Battalion in the light-weight competition, and in the first round he was drawn to meet Lance-Corporal Dobinson. By the style shown by Dodd, everyone thought he would win his fight, but he was disqualified for hitting his opponent whilst he was on the boards, although a doubt existed as to whether Dobinson was actually down when the blow was delivered.

A contest was then arranged for Dodd with Private Brown of the Dublin Fusiliers. Brown has a good reputation, and an excellent contest ensued, Brown winning on points after going the full six rounds.

Corporal Mills was our other representative. He was entered in the featherweights, and came through a good winner.

In the first round he was drawn against Private Dunne, who scratched. He evidently thought "discretion the better part of valour."

Second Round.—Corporal Mills v. Corporal Lowe.—Mills always had the measure of his man, who could never really extend Mills, and won easily on points.

Third Round.—Corporal Mills v. Dr. Bradshaw.—This was a much tougher task for Mills, who eventually won on points again.

This success left Corporal Mills to meet Sergeant Darley, of the R. W. Kents, who is a much more experienced boxer, having held the title of feather-weight champion of the Army for the past two years. Naturally, although Mills appeared confident, we were rather dubious as to the result. Three of the most interesting rounds of the evening were fought, and it was hard to say who had won, so we held our

breath, and awaited the judge's decision. An extra round was the result, in which Corporal Mills appeared to gain a slight advantage, and after a short consultation Mills was declared the winner, and great was the applause, in which the loser was not forgotten.

Final.—Corporal Mills v. Private Speechlay, R.F.—This was rather tame after the semi-final, Speechlay proving much inferior to Corporal Mills. In the second round Speechlay cried "enough," leaving Corporal Mills the winner, and Irish Army Feather-weight Champion for the year.

A word of praise is due to Corporal Mills. He fought with great pluck and coolness, especially in his fight with Sergeant Darley, the Army Champion. His skill and clean fighting was the admiration of all, and we sincerely hope to see him at it again in the near future.

### A MODERN SOLOMON.

For unalloyed artfulness the following true incident would be hard to beat:—Amongst a certain batch of recruits undergoing their course of musketry at Kilbride, a certain corporal was acting as instructor, and was also in charge of a room.

Someone in that room cracked a lamp-glass, and enquiries made by the corporal failing to bring the culprit's name to light, he determined that someone other than he should bear the cost of replacing the glass.

One evening the party fell in to have orders read to them, and instantly on the command "Dismiss" the corporal hurried off parade and took up position just inside the entrance to the blocks passage, with the cracked glass in his hand.

The recruits came rushing pell-mell into the passage, as usual, on their way to the room, and the first unfortunate naturally bumped into the corporal, and crash went the glass to the floor.

"Name?" asked the corporal, taking out his note-book.

"One lamp-glass to pay for."

**MITCHELL & SON,**  
**CATERERS and GENERAL CONTRACTORS,**  
 Supplied the following Regimental Luncheons at Punctestown  
 Races last year—  
**Royal Engineers** **Essex Regiment**  
**The Buffs** **Connaught Rangers**  
**Wilts Regiment** **Royal Fusiliers**  
 Besides supplying Complete Equipment to the  
**Cavalry Brigade and Rifle Brigade**  
**10, GRAFTON STREET, DUBLIN.**

## AND YET ANOTHER.

The instructor in charge of a squad of musketry recruits had been dilating upon the great assistance afforded a recruit by the use of his scoring book for upwards of half-an-hour, when he thought the time ripe for questions.

"Well, now, Jones, I have told you how useful a scoring-book is. Now, what is its value?"

"Twopence, Sergeant," he replied.

"Oh, I tried, and I tried, and I tried,"

The young soldier moaned at Kilbride,

"To make a four-inch,

But the gun made me flinch,

And I got a twelve-inch and one wide."

## BISLEY MEETING.

REGULATIONS AS TO POSITIONS  
ALTERED.

It is officially announced that the Bisley Meeting will be held from July 8 to July 20. It has been decided to alter the regulations as to "positions" at the Bisley Meeting so as to provide that no part of the wrist, hand, or rifle may touch the ground.

## COUNTY OF KENT.

The organisation of the National Reserve in Kent has progressed in the most satisfactory manner. The following table shows the centres and strength of the various companies:—

No.	Co. or Bat. Place.	Strength.	
		Officers.	Men.
1	Maidstone .....	4	807
2	Folkestone .....	22	612
3	Tonbridge .....	8	370
4	Bromley .....	10	264
5	Canterbury .....	5	280
6	Chatham .....	5	358
7	Ashford .....	2	199
8	Tunbridge Wells .....	9	74
9	Sittingbourne .....	1	182
10	Margate .....	3	319
11	Dover .....	18	512
12	Gravesend .....	7	333
13	Faversham .....	4	172
14	Deal .....	11	236
15	Sheerness .....	0	46
16	Ramsgate .....	4	103
17	Herne Bay .....	1	42
	Cranbrook .....	0	35
	Edenbridge .....	4	20
	Paddock Wood .....	0	35
	Dartford .....	0	20
	Unallotted .....	0	20
	Total .....	118	5039

The County Association has issued a compact little handbook with the rules and organisation of the National Reserve within the county, in which the objects and duties and organisation of the Reserve are fully set forth, together with the qualifications and privileges of the members. When a company reaches a strength of 400 it will become a battalion.

"Military Mail."

We hear that Sergeant Sayer figured very prominently in the course he fired at Hythe, making a score of 145. He is the first one to make "marskman" since Colour Sergeant Carter, five years ago, although it must be remembered that a few candidates did not fire a full course. We congratulate him.

## Raft Capsized.

SOLDIER DROWNED DESPITE  
OFFICER'S GALLANT EFFORT.

A serious mishap occurred on April 20 at a spot on the River Liffey called Long Meadows, near Chapelizod, Dublin, during some bridging operations which were being carried out by three companies of the Royal West Kent Regiment, stationed at the Richmond Barracks.

Some soldiers were on a raft when one accidentally fell into the water, and in the attempts to rescue him the raft was upset, and a number of other men fell into the water. Most of the men were good swimmers, but Private Sylands, who is said to have been a native of Maidstone, Kent, was seized with cramp, sank, and was drowned before assistance could reach him. His body was recovered half-an-hour afterwards.

Captain Lister (G Company), who went to the rescue in his uniform, was also seized with cramp apparently, and nearly lost his life. He was brought to the bank in a serious condition, and removed in a cab to the military hospital near the Phoenix Park Gates. He was subsequently reported to be quickly recovering from the effects of his immersion.



## Donation.

The Editor begs to acknowledge with many thanks the generous donation shown below towards the upkeep of THE DRAGON:—Colonel E. T. Buttanshaw, 12s.

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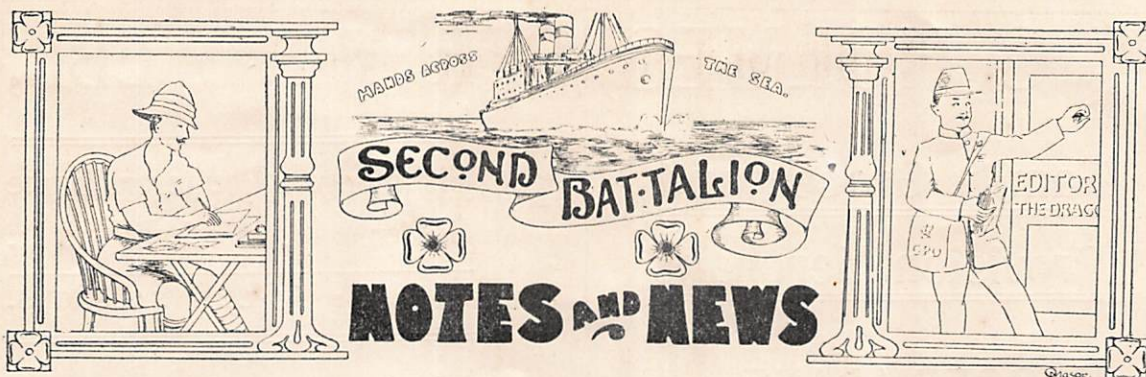
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### PROMOTIONS AND APPOINTMENTS.

6619 Sergt. W. Moor, promoted Colour Sergeant (C Company), 18-12-11.

6455 Sergeant E. Wallis, promoted Colour Sergeant (A Company), 18-12-11.

3858 Sergeant J. Webb, promoted Colour Sergeant (B Company), 10-1-12.

4579 Lce.-Sergeant Comelio promoted Sergeant, 18-12-11.

6748 Lance-Sergeant Skeet, promoted Sergeant, 18-12-11.

4997 Lance-Sergeant Collopy, promoted Sergeant, 18-12-11.

6942 Lance-Sergeant Follett, promoted Sergeant, 10-1-12.

7966 Lance-Sergeant Dray, appointed Paid Lance-Sergeant, 18-12-11.

6005 Corporal Freeman, appointed Paid Lance-Sergeant, 18-12-11.

6992 Corporal Welsh, appointed Paid Lance-Sergeant, 10-1-12.

8225 Lance-Corporal Bradbury, promoted Corporal, 18-12-11.

8328 Lance-Corporal Austin, promoted Corporal, 18-12-11.

6448 Lance-Corporal Bates, promoted Corporal, 18-12-11.

8481 Lance-Corporal Drake, promoted Corporal, 20-12-11.

6961 Lance-Corporal Marchant, promoted Corporal, 20-12-11.

8093 Lance-Corporal Smith, promoted Corporal, 20-12-11.

8417 Lance-Corporal Creed, promoted Corporal, 10-1-12.

8284 Lance-Corporal Bishop, appointed Paid Lance-Corporal, 18-12-11.

8615 Lance-Corporal Deeks, appointed Paid Lance-Corporal, 18-12-11.

8730 Lance-Corporal Weston, appointed Paid Lance-Corporal, 18-12-11.

7206 Lance-Corporal Taylor, appointed Paid Lance-Corporal, 20-12-11.

8158 Lance-Corporal Beeching, appointed Paid Lance-Corporal, 20-12-11.

8842 Lance-Corporal Reeve, appointed Paid Lance-Corporal, 20-12-11.

9041 Pte. C. Hollands, appointed Lance-Corporal, 29-1-12.

8696 Pte. A. Doherty, appointed Lance-Corporal, 12-2-12.

9083 Pte. J. Wilkins, appointed Lance-Corporal, 12-2-12.

9130 Pte. A. Bodiam, appointed Lce.-Corporal 12-2-12.

7145 Lance-Corporal Leaver, appointed Provisional Full Corporal.

### SERVICE.

8958 Drummer J. Stevens and 8453 Bandsman L. Redman, two young Buffs, having attained the age of eighteen years, are brought on man's service.

### MARRIED.

Wife of 4834 Sergeant J. Walsh is brought on the married establishment.

### FURLOUGH.

7051 Sergeant-Drummer A. W. Andrews, 2-2-12 to 29-2-12, with permission to proceed to Manila.

### THE MANILA CARNIVAL.

#### DRUM MAJOR ANDREW'S SUCCESSES.

Drum Major Andrews, the crack sprinter of the Buffs Regiment, called at the "China Mail" office and informed them of his successes in running, at the Manila Carnival. He won both the quarter-mile and the half-mile, and was second in the 220 yards. In the first-named event, he said, Manuel, of Cebu High School, ran him very close, but the half-mile was an easy thing. He was beaten in the 220 yards by Lucas, of Manila High School. This race was, however, run within three quarters of an hour

## Regimental Notabilities.—No. 7.



### TOMMY.

“What, buy encyclopædias  
While Tommy’s here to spout it?  
Tut, tut! my man, it’s waste of cash,  
He’ll tell you all about it.”

of the half-mile and the quarter-mile, and Andrews was very tired. For his achievements Andrews won two gold medals and one silver medal. He did not run in the contemplated match, owing to his late arrival. Asked if he received the gold cup which he won at the first Carnival, Andrews replied in the negative, saying he was told that the officers who were to have put up the cup had now left.

This is the third year in succession in which Andrews has won the quarter-mile and half-mile at the Carnival.

All ranks congratulate our Sergeant-Drummer on his splendid performances.

#### SPORT FOR 1912. (SINGAPORE.)

Hockey League Inter-Coy. to 28th February.

Cricket League Inter-Coy., 1st March to 30th June.

Football, 1st and 2nd XI., Inter-Coy., 1st July to 31st October.

Cross-Country Running—Monthly.

Bayonet-Fighting Competition—Monthly.

Boxing Competition—Monthly.

The Hockey League is now in full swing, teams going up and down the ladder of success. A.G.H. Coy.'s are hot favourites, games being played every evening, weather permitting (the Sumatra Season), wind and rains delaying the games.

Hockey League up-to-date.

#### RESULTS OF HOCKEY LEAGUE.—1st ROUND.

Coy.	Matches played				Goals		Total points
	Won	Lost	Drawn	For	Against		
"H" ...	8	5	1	2	21	10	12
"A" ...	7	4	0	3	6	0	11
"G" ...	8	4	1	3	16	6	11
"F" ...	7	4	3	0	10	7	8
"C" ...	7	3	3	1	9	7	7
"E" ...	7	2	4	1	11	13	5
"D" ...	8	2	5	1	7	15	5
"B" ...	8	0	7	1	1	19	1

#### CROSS-COUNTRY RUN.—DISTANCE, 6½ MILES.

- 1st—Pte. Packman, E Coy., \$5.  
 2nd—Pte. Beach, E Coy., \$4.  
 3rd—Lce.Cpl. Marsh, F Coy., \$2.  
 4th—Pte. Todd, H Coy., \$2.  
 5th—Boy May, A Coy., \$2.

#### POINTS ALLOTTED TO COMPANIES.

H—57.	D—31.
E—39.	B—18.
F—32.	C—Nil.
A—31.	G—Nil.

#### BAYONET FIGHTING COMPETITION.

1st D Coy.—Lance-Sergeant Sangar, Lce.-Cpl. Goodwin.

2nd A Coy.—Lce.-Cpl. McAlpine, Pte. Solley.

#### HOCKEY.

G COY. v. R.E.

Played on Pulo Brani Island.

Result—G, 1; R.E., 0.

A very pleasant time was spent after this match, the R.E. entertaining G Coy. in the good old sporting way.

#### CRICKET.

B Coy. v. R.E., played at Pulo Brani. B Coy. put up a good match, only losing by 7 runs.

#### ANNUAL MATCH.

Officers v. Sergeants, played at Tanglin, on the 8th February.

Officers' Team—Colonel Geddes, Captain Greenway, Captain Tomlinson, Captain Norman, Lt. Anderson, Lt. Sill, Lt. Buttanshaw, Lt. Wilkins, Captain Stainforth, Lt. Peareth, Lt. Sharpe.

Sergeants' Team—Bandmaster Hewitt, Col.-Sgt. Wallis, Col.-Sgt. Jeffery, Col.-Sgt. Dray, Sergeant Hill, Sergeant Collopy, Sergeant Link, Sergeant Dines, Armour-Sergeant Trewinard, A.D.C.

Umpires—2nd Lt. Pinhey, Sergt.-Major Birrell.

The Sergeants commenced to bat first, making a total of 115 runs. The match had to be postponed owing to bad weather. (Another tomato. No, no, Sumatra.)

The match was resumed on 14th February, a beautiful day, dry wicket, and the Officers kept the Sergeants leather hunting, making 181 runs; the Sergeants' 2nd innings, all out, for 48 runs. Thus the Officers won by an innings and 18 runs. A splendid afternoon was spent, the band being in attendance.

#### OFFICERS THE BUFFS v. OFFICERS 3rd BRAHMINS.

This was the opening match of our new Cricket Ground made by the Battalion, result

BY ROYAL



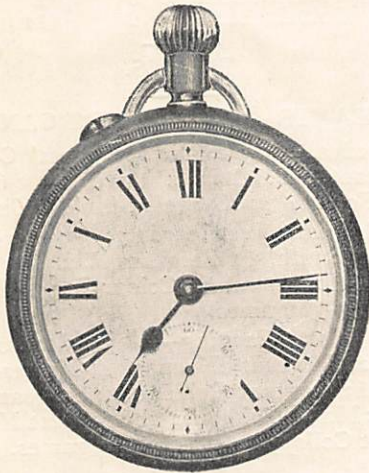
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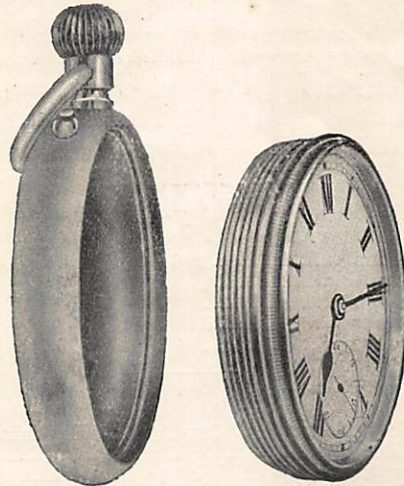


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being a win for the Officers, The Buffs, by 59 runs, the scores, etc., being as under:—

OFFICERS THE BUFFS v. OFFICERS  
3rd BRAHMANS.

Officers The Buffs 1st Innings.

Major Cobbe run out .....	7
Capt. Norman et Col. White b Lt. Brickman .....	0
Mr. Thewles et Major Bagglely b Capt. McTavish .....	23
Mr. Sharp b Capt. W. Hutchinson .....	1
Mr. Morgan not out .....	36
Mr. Anderson et Col. White b Capt. McTavish .....	21
Mr. Peareth b Col. White .....	18
Capt. Greenway b Col. White .....	0
Capt. Worthington b Col. White .....	0
Mr. Wilkins b Col. White .....	0
Mr. Sill b Capt. W. Hutchinson .....	0
Extras .....	14
Total .....	120

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	No. of overs.	Total runs.	No. of wickets.
Capt. W. Hutchinson .....	10	29	2
Lt. Brickman .....	4	19	1
Capt. McTavish .....	5	38	2
Lt. Strover .....	2	15	—
Col. White .....	2	5	4

Officers The Brahmans 1st Innings.

Col. White b Mr. Wilkins .....	2
Capt. McTavish et Mr. Wilkins b Mr. Sharp .....	8
Lt. Brickman b Mr. Wilkins .....	0
Capt. W. Hutchinson et Mr. Wilkins b Mr. Sharp .....	0
Lt. Strover et Capt. Norman b Mr. Wilkins .....	3
Capt. Maxwell et Mr. Sharp b Mr. Peareth .....	0
Lt. King b Mr. Thewles .....	2
Capt. S. Hutchinson b Mr. Peareth .....	2
Major Bagglely not out .....	1
Capt. Hogg b Mr. Thewles .....	0
Major Hawkes et Capt. Greenway b Mr. Thewles .....	9
Extras .....	3
Total .....	30

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	No. of overs.	Total runs.	No. of wickets.
Mr. Wilkins .....	6.4	15	9
Mr. Sharp .....	5	7	2
Mr. Peareth .....	2	2	2
Mr. Thewles .....	1	0	3
Major Cobbe .....	1	10	0

Officers The Buffs, 2nd Innings.

Capt. Worthington et Capt. W. Hutchinson b Col. White .....	22
Capt. Greenway b Col. White .....	8
Mr. Sill not out .....	6
Mr. Wilkins b Col. White .....	4
Mr. Sharp not out .....	1
Extras .....	10
Total .....	51

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	No. of overs.	Total runs.	No. of wickets.
Col. White .....	2	9	3
Capt. W. Hutchinson .....	6	12	—
Capt. Maxwell .....	6	20	—

Officers The Brahmans, 2nd Innings.

Col. White et Mr. Anderson b Mr. Wilkins .....	3
Lt. Brickman et and b Mr. Wilkins .....	9
Capt. W. Hutchinson b Mr. Wilkins .....	31
Capt. McTavish et Capt. Worthington b Mr. Wilkins .....	0
Lt. Strover et Mr. Sharp b Mr. Wilkins .....	22
Capt. Maxwell et Major Cobbe b Mr. Wilkins .....	0
Lt. King b Mr. Wilkins .....	4
Capt. S. Hutchinson et Capt. Norman b Mr. Peareth .....	2
Major Bagglely b Mr. Wilkins .....	1
Capt. Hogg b Mr. Wilkins .....	0
Major Hawkes not out .....	0
Extras .....	10
Total .....	82

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	No. of overs.	Total runs.	No. of wickets.
Mr. Wilkins .....	64	15	9
Mr. Peareth .....	3	8	1
Mr. Thewles .....	3	14	—
Mr. Sharp .....	3	21	—
Mr. Sill .....	2	14	—

TENNIS.

SERGEANTS v. STAFF FORT CANNING

Played at Tanglin on Sergeants' Court.

Sergeants—Bandmaster Hewitt, 6; Sergeant Follett, 2; Sergeant-Major Birrell, 5; Staff-Sergeant Trewinard, 3; Quarter-Master-Sergeant Smith, 6; Sergeant Link, 4; Colour-Sergeant Johnston, 6; Colour-Sergeant Dray, 4. Total—36 games.

Staff, Fort Canning—Major-General Armstrong, 2; Sergeant eNwman, 4; Master-Gunner Glasby, 6; Sergeant Gullidge, 4; Sergeant-Major Riley, 2; Major Goldfinch, 1; Sergeant Moore, 3; eSergeant Collopy, 2.—Total, 24 games.

RETURN MATCH.

(Played at Fort Canning.)

Sergeants—Sergeant-Major Birrell, 3; Sergeant Follett, 3; Colour-Sergeant Wallis, 5; Staff-Sergeant Trewinard, 3; Quarter-Master-Sergeant Smith, 6; Sergeant Link, 1; Colour-Sergeant Dray, 3; Sergeant McLean, 3. Total,—27 games.

Staff, Fort Canning—Master-Gunner Armstrong, 6; Sergeant Newman, 4; Master-Gunner Glasby, 6; Sergeant Gullidge, 4; Sergeant-Major Riley, 5; Major Goldfinch, 4; Sergeant Collopy, 6; Sergeant Moore, 4. Total—39. Result—Draw on the two games.

THE STRAITS.

Since the trouble in China the Chinese have discarded the queues, and adopted European clothes.

The following is an order received by Messrs. Lane and Crawfords, Clothiers and Outfitters, Hong-Kong:—"Dear Mrs. Lane Crawfords,—

Please send me a suit of English clothes.—I remain, with love, you truly,

“ AH SIN.”

The Chinese New Year Day, 18th February, passed off quietly, so they say in Singapore.

3 cases of armed gang robbing.  
5 stabbing cases.  
2 murders.  
2 suicides.

Nice and quiet. Eh?

#### LATEST FROM OUR SANDHURST PUPILS.

— meets the Gymnastic Instructor (Scrubby) and asks if he is the master barber, apparently mistaking his badge of office for scissors. The armourer was introduced likewise as the Battalion Dentist. (Poor Lighting!)

Why was Leo, Dry Then, after calling for a Shandy Gaff in the Officers' Mess?

#### DEATH OF BILLIE.

(Mineral Water Factory Bullock.)

Poor old Billie passed peacefully away on the 24th inst., having served for about 37 years drawing the POP. Cart. This noble animal was the pet of all, having a right to roam all round the cantonments, and making his daily visits to the Company Dining Rooms for his favourite ration of bread and mustard. Billie was last seen strolling towards the mortuary. This being locked, he entered a stable near the Hospital, rolled up and died. (Instinct.) R.I.P. Billie was cremated on the 25th inst.

“ Micky ” is going strong again, having sprained his wrist playing “ Macaroon.”

#### THE SIMPLIFIED SPELING.

DEER EDITUR,—Wud it be eny yewce, I wonder, if sumbody hi up yud sujest tu the orthoritis that the fonetic speling be introduced into the servis?

I heer it is kuiet eese, and I miself think it is.

Think how mutch eesier it wul be for thoes hoo carnt get their skool certificats.

It's mi ferm opinyun that atey per sent fale in speling, just becos sum demun or hord of demuns tuk it into ther wuden heds to maik the English langwidge so hard to lern, with wot yewsful or sensiby object I have yet to discover.

Here am I, and gudnes noes how many mor, lusing umpteen pounds a yer just becows we carnt spel in the sile wa the big pots and the skulmarster say we shal.

It's a crying shaim, and so sa orl ov us.

I think if the DRAGON tuk the matter up there wud shooerly be sum suksess.

Yorst hoapful,

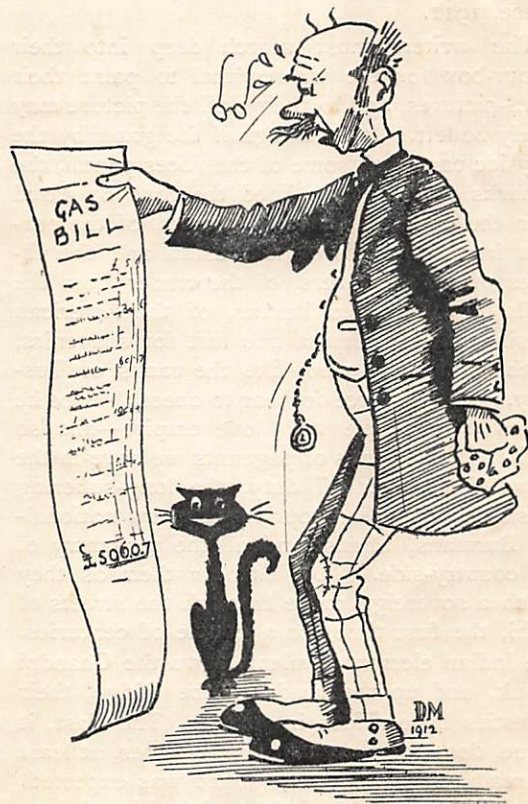
“ DASHIT.”

The Editur inviets corespondence on this subjekt. Let him no yur opinyun.

#### CHINESE NEW YEAR.

The cunning Chinese thieves were at work as usual to raise the wind. Funglin was visited, and many of the married families' chicken runs were raided, leaving in some cases one poor old rooster. Skipper's lot was cleared, suspicions on “ Spud.”

Smudger's lot followed, and the one left has now become a pet, and has been taught to crow, on the drum beating the “ fall in.”



The Charge of the “ Light ” Brigade.

# The Durbar, from the Crowd.

(From "Blackwood's Magazine.")

"Here as I sit by the Jumna bank,  
Watching the flow of the sacred stream,  
Pass me the legions, rank on rank,  
And the cannon roar, and the bayonets gleam."  
—Delhi, 1876.

The journalist, the newswriter, and the stately historian have had, and will have, much to say of the Imperial Durbar at Delhi, when for the first time since the days of Aurangzeb a real Badshah has been seen to ride coram publico, for all who willed to gaze on. The Maratha leaders of horse, the rebellious Afghan governors, and even the Abulli himself, or the later-day titular holders of the Delhi sceptre, never bulked to the people as the all-powerful ruler that so appeals to the imagination of the East. Power, might, majesty, and dominion appeal to all who need support and protection, and never did any field of the cloth of gold appear more emblematic of empire than did this wonderful assemblage in the late fall of the year of grace, 1911.

The writers must search deep into their colour-box for the wherewithal to paint their word pictures, and to their skill the picture may safely be left. It is enough if the gazer by the wayside can recall some of the voces populi, the remarks of those who lined the road or gazed over the ranks of serried bayonets, of the peasant from the fields of Hindustan and the villages of the five rivers, of the trader from the stalls in the packed bazaar, of the American cousin with his camera and lust for souvenirs, of the Dutchman who, like the ranks of Tuscany, "could scarce forbear to cheer," since he comes of a people who love empire—and so forth. In the series of pageants we have in the crowd the soldier off duty, the long-suffering constable, European tourists of every nationality, Burmans, Shans, and all the peasantry of the country-side. Let us hear them as they watch a sovereign move through the streets of Delhi, the first time for a couple of centuries. The Indian element is silent; down the Chandni Chouk, and up the roads to the Ridge, their Majesties have ridden in silence. The East, it is true, does not cheer as the West does, at least not readily, but still some sound was expected. But the East forgets little, and in Mogul days he who lifted up his voice as the king passed

would have been cut down by the guards. Some evil spirits have reminded the crowd of this, and whispered that the police had orders to beat down the first to raise a cheer. Not till the procession reaches the Ridge where the British are standing does the real cheer begin. Here are the rulers of state, the high officials and the officers not on duty, the judges of the High Court and the like in wig and crimson gowns. Once upon a time in his early days Mr. Kipling described a Governor-General's Levee as seen by the Irish sentry at the door, and a verse of it ran—

"Oh the dignity, and the moild benignity,  
Whin the Hoigh Coort judges tuk the floor,  
And the shoobedars, wid their midals and shtars,  
Stood up to attintion aginst the door."

The "moild benignity" and the "shoobedars" were all waiting the King on the Ridge, while all along its line from the Memorial, past Hindoo Rao's house, and the Observatory, and the Flagstaff Tower, battery on battery of artillery stood ready to roar forth a hundred and one salvos to the glory of the Empire and the memory of the dead that died where the trails lay on the ground.

Two Muhammadan soldiers are discussing what the King will look like. "Has he a beard?" "He had a beard when I saw him and Kitchener Sahib ride round our camps in Rawalpindi. All kings that I ever heard of have beards." "Ho," chimes in a native officer, "wht do you know about it; he is king man, a real Badshah, and he always rides a double gora (a "double" or large-size horse), and I saw him every day in Belaiat (England)," and so forth, telling of homely curiosity. "Ah," say another, "only only sees a badshah once in lifetime; I never saw one, nor did my father, and he was over ninety."

"I have come a hundred miles to see the Badshah," says an old Sikh peasant. "If I see him I die happy." For the King to the Eastern peasantry is a name to conjure with, and the sight of him a marvel in the life of a man who usually cares for nothing but the sun and the rain and the ripening corn, each in its due season, and has no other distractions. And so they chatter and wait, for all the roads have been

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All orders receive personal  
and careful attention. - - -

thronged for days with the villagers coming to town, each in his best wadded coat covered in flowered calico, with an iron-shod lathi on his shoulder. Flip-flop have they jogged in their old sabots along the grand trunk road that the English have made for them. Simple, kindly folk in the main, each unto his light. Hark to one passing a bungalow, flip-flop on the metalled road. A sahib has a two-year-old son in his arms, just down from the Simla hills, rosy and plump as a tomato. The old villager stops and watches father and child, and then says wistfully, "Bahut hi, piyari chiz hai sahib" (they are very dead things, sir, and half frightened hurries on. The fall had been a feverish one, and his own or his grandchild may have died, but the brave old heart hurries on to town to see the King.

A bheestie jogs down the road, giving a final sprinkle to lay the dust before the royal cortege comes along. A bheestie, a common enough object of the roadside, and the hardest working of all the Indian menials, and the bearer of the most beautiful and most expressive name in all the expressive Orient. Who thinks of the name, as they call for the water-carrier. "Oh, bheestie! Oh, man of Paradise! bring water." You may hear it all down the desert fighting-line, and day in day out, along the sweltering railway platform. "Oh, man of Paradise!" You hear the call of Dives to Lazarus in the very name. Yet he jogs down the road to the stand-pipe unnoticed, though one may remember that a British regiment during the Mutiny unanimously awarded the Victoria Cross allotted to the corps to the regimental bheestie. So the bi-histi or bheestie passes on, putting off those who would drink, since to-day he only caters for the barshahi sharak or royal road. His brother menial comes after him, giving a finishing touch to the roadway, addressed by his fellows in the desire for euphemy as Maharaj or prince, lest the more direct address bring ill-fortune. He, too, is bent on his enhanced mission in a new municipal livery.

An Italian hairdresser has run out from his tent on the route to gaze, and is talking politics. "English say got too many Muhammadan subjects. Italy no avanti in Tripoli. Poof! You see! English very clever politic. Kink Cheorge make visit Turkey, I tink all come right. Italy very poor country, all big country she take Africa, Italy she try pull out only one fish, you

see. That fore I come see King Cheorge, very goot king."

Then at last the guns roar and King "Cheorge" has passed, and the people know that a king has come again in person, and after him, in seven mile of procession, all the feudatory chiefs, the borrowed trappings of Europe, and the ancient arms and emblems of an ancient regime. "Oh, my dear, do look at those emeralds!" "Those are all diamonds. Why, they say Jaipur has a hundred thousand pounds of jewels on his coat." "All strung on cotton, I expect; why, once when we were being shown the Kashmir regalia, a string of pearls burst and scattered all over the room, as big as pigeons' eggs, all on a rotten piece of string." "Oh, look at that Burman's silk; isn't it a sweet colour. Ah, look, that is Oodeypoor; I know it is. No, no, it's Jodhpur; well, I know it's one of the Rajputana princes. Oh, do look at those men in chain armour." "Hullo, why does that Resident sit on the right of his prince? Surely he ought to be on the left." And such-like and so forth, as crowds in general, and the feminine in particular, are wont to do.

Not far from the Royal camp, just off the main road, are camped the veterans of all races, men who have carried the flag from the Great Wall of China to the snows of the Hindoo Kush, and back to the wastes of the Soudan and the Burmese fens. They have not yet been seen by the King, and are in some excitement, the Indian soldiers looking eagerly for their old officers, and the sympathetic soldier's visitors, who will find them out. Along the front railing sit a few old white faces on the benches under the babul trees. A few, just a few of the Mutiny men, and here and there a Crimean Medal. Sitting under the trees are the same old faces that you may see in the piazza of the long quadrangle at Chelsea, waiting bravely for the "Adeste Fideles" and the closing wail of the fife. An ex-trumpeter of Money's troop of Horse Artillery, that helped to keep the Ridge hard by the veteran camp. He is chatting to a rather sceptical young provost of the Rifles, who has had a "grouse" to make; "I tell you, young man, that if they treated us in my day one quarter as well as they treat you, it's serving to-day I'd be, if they'd let me." The Company's artillery were mostly Irish, and our trumpeter is no exception. "Was Oi at Dilhi thin? I was so, sorr; faith I was wounded up by the Sammy House there, whin I was riding behind the Me-

gor. We lay close to the General's mound over there, to keep them saypoy from coming round behind us." "I left the army, sorr, to thrain a rajah's stables." Many of the European veterans who have settled in India have gone to rajah's stables, and of later days to employment on the railways. The artillery have always been in request in the state stables, and the story of the driver who, after retiring, met his old commanding officer is well known. After conversation the officer asked what amusement he got in his isolated life in a native state. "Oh, lots to do, sir, lots to do. In the evenings me and the other nobles plays lawn tennis."

Among the most notable of the Indian veterans are the men of the Guides, with a considerable number of Mutiny men among them still. To worship at their shrine went some of the modern generation of native officers from the famous old Coke pultan—i.e., the 1st Coke's Rifles, Punjab Irregular Force, now known since Lord Kitchener's numbering as the 55th. To the old men of the Guides the young men repaired, and were received courteously enough. "Oh, yes, the pachwanja (55th) pultan. Very good of you to come, we're sure; won't you sit down?" And then when in the course of conversation some mention of Coke pultan was made, "Oh, yes, of course we know the Coke pultan; I should think we did; why did you not say so before? What do we know of the new numbers or new anything." And then and there, as an Afridi put it, Bahut hi buddhe buddhe admi, who could hardly crawl, had clambered up on to the Ridge and shown them all the glory that had been shared by the Guides and the Coke pultan. Among all, however, there was only one real matter of interest—the real Balshah that was to be seen, that their fathers and their fathers' father had never seen, and that no man would see twice in his life.

Four old men remained of those who had been to the "Bailey Guard," as the Relief of Lucknow is called in India. But when a visitor would photograph them, a dozen more swore roundly that they, too, had Bailey Guard gya, and insisted on being included.

The day of the great Durbar itself was the culminating point in the popular enthusiasm, and after that wonderful pageant tens of thousands flocked to the now vacant throne to worship at it, to throw dust on their heads, and to lay their foreheads on the steps of its plinth in

a fervour of exaltation. Under the canopy of the lower throne the feudatory princes of India, in front of massed troops and packed stands, had publicly and fully made homage and obeisance more freely and willingly than ever they had made it of yore,—Rajput and Maratha, Baluch and Sikh and Pathan, laying their swords at the foot of the Badshah for all the world to see. Kincoab and silk and velvet, diamonds and pearls and emeralds, some in the setting of princes, some clothed like a Carlsbad plum, while, lest men should say that the Anglo-Saxon is devoid of romance, it was the little veiled Begum of Bhopal that drew the cheers from the English benches.

When the Badshah had ascended the higher throne for all his people to see, and the Herald had proclaimed his address, and the last gun had died away as the departing cortege passed, then the people burst the barriers and spread over the country, and streamed back over the roads, and spoke one with another. "Had ever India seen the like before, oh brother." "Who in the villages at home would believe all that there was to tell?" "Once in a lifetime,

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once in a lifetime, God sends the sun and the rain, and he used to send the spear, and now the land has seen their king." Enthusiasm, real genuine enthusiasm, was moving the crowd as no man had ever seen them moved before. The German Consul-General, when asked his views, summed up the situation, "There are no words"; and all in the crowd, from the Gujar peasant to the pro-consul, and back again to the British subaltern, had felt the throat catch and the blood course.

At the commencement, when all were in their places waiting for the supreme arrival, there had been also one special and separate ovation. Before the Imperial cortege could possibly be due, a cheer had risen and roared round the arena, as a slow yet proud procession wound up the sweep. The veterans were marching to their appointed places to the "Conquering Hero," amid deep enthusiasm. To the glory that was England's was added the pathos of the days "when the strong men shall bow themselves, and the keepers of the house shall tremble, and they that look out of the windows be darkened."

From the slow promenade of the veterans to the pomp and circumstance of the great review is a natural sequence. Of the great war divisions and brigades there is little to be said. The close formations and the forest of bayonets give a fine impression of power. The comments of the many spectators made entirely for admiration, from the American who had "served in the cavalry service in our war," lost in admiration of what he was pleased to call "your coloured troops," to the old Frenchman, full of the *entente cordiale* and his own memories of war: "Oui, monsieur, j'étais brigadier d'hussards dans le division Faidherbe, je suis resté à cheval en vedette au pres de Froeschweiler, pendant douze heures, monsieur, pendant douze heures. J'ai vu passer l'armée rompue du Marechal MacMahon, canons, fourgons, blessés tous mêlés," . . . and so forth—the burden being that he knew war and he knew troops when he saw them. Among the benches where the British officers not on parade with the troops were congregated, the remarks were ribald and colloquial. "My chapeau! look at all those Chinese." This to a brigade with three battalions of Gurkhas in it. "Why, they've cut their pigtails off." This for the benefit of a Gurkha friend near by. In Eng-

land you may hear the rifle battalions spoken of in all friendliness as the "Black plague," and, indeed, in this parade the rifle green of the Gurkhas and Rifle battalions largely predominated. Then as the composite British brigade came along, with four battalions in it that were Royal regiments, and half the history of the British Line behind them, swinging past with 3,000 bayonets moving like one, "Why, look at those two battalions of barbarians" (the 42nd and the 93rd be it noted); "thank goodness they are not allowed to play their pipes." (They were being played past by the massed brass bands.) The army is nothing if not ribald and critical. May the British subaltern ever feel equal to treating the world as a jest! But when the great masses wheeled round, and the thunder of the galloping artillery died away, and the great columns advanced in line, one forest of bayonets, straight towards the spectator, even the ribald ones were silent, and the presentment of might was borne in on all. The Frenchman even ceased from his reminiscences, and cheered in frenzy with his neighbours. Then the seamen and the "fish" gunner *gurad* from the "Medina" came to the present, and their Majesties rolled away, and troops and crowds broke off, every corps to its tents, its own quickstep playing, "My Love is like a Red, Red Rose" and "Scotland for Ever," striving to beat down "The Double Eagle" and "Garryowen," till the pipes took up the tale, and the sheepskins banged on all quarters of the horseshoe jheel.

And Dumbri, of course, was there in the crowd. Who is Dumbri? Why! half Upper India know the mad beggar who mounts guard outside your house from time to time, with a great wooden harquebuss covered with regimental badges and bad coins, and a beggar's gourd slung like a cartouch-box over his shoulders. Dumbri may be a madman, or he may only be a clever beggar, or he may be an agent of some of the underground workings that rumble under the Indian volcano. Only the Thuggi and Dacoity know that; but anyway, if you are a wise man you will keep in his good books. Not long ago a colonel of a regiment had refused to pay blackmail, and sent the indignant Dumbri away; but the next day, at the polo tournament, as the said colonel tried to make his way through the crowd, lo! there was Dumbri presenting arms with his harquebuss, and shouting, "Make way! make way! for the mighty colonel of the

—th, who wouldn't give me a rupee though I had mounted guard at his door for two whole days. Make way! make way!"

However, there was Dumbri presenting arms to his Majesty, and vowing he would never present arms again to ordinary sahibs, not for all the rupees in India. Which was very much what the British soldier had said, in the spirit so close on republicanism that it abhors lesser stars. It was on the King's guard at Delhi, and a pro-consul and escort drove by. "Ho! we don't take no notice of these 'ere governors now."

So after the King, and past old mad Dumbri, the crowd surged home, talking always in the same strain of the Badshah and the great Tomasha,\* that never the world had known before. One other topic, too, was a common one, and showing, perhaps, how the great machinery of government pinches as it grinds. Never, said the old country folk, had the police been so mihrban, so kind. It was no longer "Hut jao," and "Get away out of this," and "Serve you right if you do get run over!" but "Would you be so good as to move along," and "Grandfer, mind the motor," and the like. "No doubt," as one old farmer said, "the Badshah had given orders to the police to treat his subjects properly; it was only real Badshahs who thought of poor folk in the streets." *Il faut s'adresser au bon Dieu et pas aux saints*, as other philosophers in other lands have said. And a ragged leper by the roadside waving the flies from its (you could hardly say his) face, with fingerless stumps, cried in a voice forged on anvils hot with pain that the Queen herself had heard and ordered relief. Wherever one went, wherever one listened, was the same chorus of contentment that the Badshah had come and been seen by his people, and stirred the pride of other days.

At the Badshahi Mela, the royal fair, in the bezla of the Jumna, the whole people from far and near marched by sept and clan and religion past their Majesties, who sat for them, in their crowns and robes, on the Masamman Tower on the walls of the Mogul Palace, so that all the folk from the country might "see the king in his golden crown," which they did to their hearts' great content, and cheered as never the East had dared do before. Then in the palace

above roamed what the reception babu in a native state would call "the illustrated guests," the royal suite and all the officers of the services there assembled, with many a foreign visitor, over the grounds that had seen half the glory and the tragedy of the old empire, under the Hall of Audience, round the peacock throne with its world-famed boasted motto, and the marble fretwork of the Diwan-i-am, whose maker never dreamed of the fairy voice that should describe it as "too cunning for words." By the gateway whence poor Douglas of the King's Guard had ordered away the first of the mutineers from Meerut who clamoured to see the Mogus, a Fusilier guard waited to present arms to such of "them rajahs" and others as might be so entitled, and cinematographers reeled their spools in readiness. What if, by the working of some old law of nature, these same spools had reproduced a procession of Shah Jehan in all his glory, printed from some negative of time; or, perhaps, the procession of Hodson bringing in the old king from the Tomb of Humayun! And then over it all the biggest portent of any in Del—that day, . . . the six great wireless masts within the palace, that some men call the last word of the English. . . . The wireless system that now rings India, on its way to reach round the world, following the British drums, which follow the sunset round the world each even.

In the streets all the school children had been provided with a medal bearing the heads of their Majesties, and showed them off eagerly, and even away in the village schools a similar distribution had been made. In all the streets the veterans paraded their intense satisfaction—for had not his Majesty actually spent over an hour going down their ranks, speaking to almost every one, and making kindly remarks in their own language? It is good to cherish the men who have carried the eagles, and the Badshah had not forgotten. "When," said one triumphant old man, who had been serving as a mace-bearer, "did a king in the Mogul days ever allow such as me to come within a hundred feet of him, but this Badshah has shaken hands with me, and called me faithful, and the Queen has given me a medal; was ever such a Raj before?"

Then quietly in the corners the other party, or rather parties, sad enough, too, some of them. Here, perhaps, the fanatical genuine child of Islam, grieving over the glory of past dynasties, horror-struck that the cross should flourish

\* Spectacle.



where the crescent had failed. Learned, benevolent, respectable, but bitter at heart always, Sir Alfred Lyall saw and felt it clearly at the earlier celebration when the Queen of England became Empress of India.

"Near me a Musalman, civil and mild,  
Watched as the shuttlecocks rose and fell,  
And he said, as he counted his beads and smiled  
God smite their souls to the depths of hell!"

Or utterly distinct in feelings and aspiration, the true fanatical Brahmin, who has really and truly brought himself to believe that the English are the ruin of everything good and great in Hindostan. Such are the men that the gurus are aiming at turning out—men after the discipline of Ignatius Loyola, with their wills sunk in one great wrong-spirited cause. Such are the fanatics whom none can lead, and from whom there is no protection for the English official. Happily such spirit as yet permeates but the few. Its worst feature is that it is absolutely genuine. To them the great Raj and its high aims and the enthusiasm inspired in the crowd are anathema.

Yet another party looks on with mixed feelings—viz., the leaders of that clever, well-educated party who demand self-government for India and India for the Indians, and even dream of so frightening the English that fear shall grant what reason withholds. Clever, often well-meaning people enough, versed in the talk of the political meeting-hall, and possibly really believing that they and their fellows could control the forces they would conjure up. Possibly, too, they really forget that their hand has never kept their head for a thousand years, and that the northern hordes eagerly look for the day when once again the plains of Hindostan shall lie bare to the raider. But the English know it well, and wait patiently till in the fulness of time they shall have educated a better and sterner people to the difficult task of self-government. At any rate, they, the Bengali and the Maratha Brahmin, may have realised that to tip over the British Raj is a big proposition, and not to be lightly entered on. They have, too, perhaps realised how real is the security that the great police provides for them as they kept the roads at Delhi for high and low, and behind whom the British bayonets keep the ring.

Here in their chagrin we may leave them, and the crowd that stood to watch the English King come to imperial Delhi and its rose-red palace, to mark one more stage in the appointed task of nursing the East to prosperity and self-reliance.

"O men of the wandering sea-borne race,  
Your venture was high, but your wars are done,  
Ye have rent my veil, ye behold my face;  
What is the land that your arms have won?"

## Contemporaries.

The following contemporaries have been received, for which the Editor begs to thank the senders:—

"Military Mail," March 22nd-29th, April 5th.

"Canadian Mail," March 23rd-30th, April 6th.

"Aldershot News," March 22nd, 29th, April 5th and 12th.

X.X.X." (1st Battalion East Lanc. Regt., March.

"XI. Husars Journal," for April, 1912.

"Light Bob Gazette" (Somerset Light Infantry) for April.

"St. George's Gazette" (Northumberland Fusilers) for March.



## Notice.

Will any readers who happen to be in possession of back numbers of THE DRAGON for November and December, 1910, and January, February, April, or September, 1911, kindly communicate with the Editor. We are in want of copies to enable us to complete the bound volumes. Readers who are good enough to send copies will have all expenses refunded.

THE EDITOR.



## Answers to Correspondents

"R.H.W.B." (Birchington)—Our best thanks for your goodness and your kind wishes for the DRAGON.

"J.H." (Ware, Herts).—We heartily thank you.

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The rumour is again about that singing choruses while route-marching is to be encouraged.

Why not extend the idea, and apply songs or music on such occasions as these, for example—

Medical Inspection :—"Salome."

A.T.A. Meeting :—"The Chocolate Soldier."

Church duty :—"There was I, waiting at the church."

Canteen duty :—"Beer, beer, glorious beer."

Square-pushing :—"In the shadows."

Parade before C.O. for extension of service :—"Just like the ivy, on the old garden wall."

Registering for the strength :—"There's a girl wanted there."

A certain regiment, not a hundred miles from Portobello, owns a gong, which is placed outside the guardroom.

One day the sergeant of the guard wanted to know the time, and shouted to the sentry to inquire.

Not getting an immediate reply, he called again somewhat sharply, and was staggered to see the sentry (a recruit on his first guard) come stumbling into the guardroom, carrying the gong, and remarking, "He couldn't tell the time on that blessed thing!"

#### STOPPED THE HECKLER.

Having done his best by every fair and unfair means during the last election to catch the candidate tripping, the heckler grew offensively personal.

"Is it true that your mother washes——" he began, but before he could add the word "clothes," the witty candidate called out smartly :

"Of course, she does. Why don't you?"

This raised a loud laugh at the heckler's expense, but, still undaunted, he returned to the attack.

"You can't deny," he said, "that your father was a rag and bone man. I bought some clothes of him thirty years ago."

"And I see you're still wearing them," was the candidate's lightning retort.

There was no more heckling that night.

"Pa," said little Willie, "can a rope walk?"  
"I don't know," said he, "but it might if it were taut."

#### EXCELSIOR!

(A Parody.)

The shades of night were falling fast,  
As through a Kentish village passed  
A youth who bore a strong desire  
To join the Corps his soldier sire  
Exceeded within.

His jaw determined—stand or fall,  
He'd join the Buffs or none at all,  
Though voice alluring tried to swerve  
This youth in other corps to serve.  
Excelsior!

The sergeant said : "I see the light  
Of fame for you, and prospects bright.  
In the Hussars you're bound to shine;  
But from his lips escaped a groan,  
"I want the Buffs."

"Join not the Buffs," his tempter said,  
"Try something grander, lad," instead,  
In other Corps the scope is wide,"  
But loud that clarion voice replied,  
"I'll join the Buffs."

"Oh! stay, oh! stay," his sweetheart cried,  
"Do what he says; he knows what's best for  
you."

A tear stood in his bright blue eye,  
But still he answered with a sigh,  
"The Buffs for me."

"Beware the beetle-crushing crowd,  
Where riding nags is not allowed."  
That was the Sergeant's last good-night.  
His voice replied : "I know I'm right."  
"The Buffs beat all."

At break of day as barrackward  
He went his way, he saw the fraud  
Offered to him by dodges bare,  
His voice it rent the startled air,  
"Now I'm a Buff."

There in the Buffs,  
Quite happy and gay,  
Thankful he passes the years away,  
And from his heart that no trouble mars  
His voice sings out, "My lucky stars!"  
Excelsior! Excelsior!

O. M.

Tourist (doing Co. Dublin on jaunting car) :  
"I say, driver, what a shocking thing to see a  
man in such rags as that!"

"Begorra, thin, yer honour, and that's not  
from poverty at all, at all, but 'tis this way.  
Shure, he's so ticklish, that devil a tailor at all,  
at all can attempt to take his measurement!"

Scene : Barrack square. Communication drill in progress.

Senior N.C.O. in Charge : "Now, come along, Corporal; put a bit of go into it. Shout and let him hear you. Open your mouth and throw yourself into it."

#### THE SURGICAL OPERATION.

The victim in the chair round at the barber's shop winced as the razor steplechased over his skin.

"Does it hurt?" asked the barber.

"Hurt? Say, old man, give me gas, and say no more about it."

During the army manœuvres, the subject of rifle shooting frequently cropped up at one of the officers' messes.

"I'll bet anyone here a box of cigars," said Lieutenant A., "that I can fire 20 shots at 200 yards and tell, without waiting for the marker, the result of each one correctly."

"Done," cried Major B. And the whole mess turned out early next morning to witness the experiment.

The lieutenant fired.

"Miss!" he announced calmly.

Another shot.

"Miss!" he repeated.

A third shot.

"Miss!"

"Here, hold on," put in Major B. "What are you trying to do? You're not firing at the target."

"Of course not," was the cool response. "I'm firing for those cigars."

And he got them.

#### A NEAR RELATION.

"Excuse me," said the professor, "but your face seems familiar. Are you not a brother or some other relative of Captain Tyler?"

"Why, I am Captain Tyler."

"Ah, that explains the very striking resemblance."

#### DEEP-SEATED.

Paddy Flynn went to have a tooth extracted. The medical officer told his assistant to get behind the chair, and, at the proper moment, stick a pin into the Irishman's leg, so that the pain there would distract attention from the greater agony in the jaw. Tooth-pull and pin-stab came together, and Paddy, with a howl of anguish, yelled : "Och, murther ! I didn't know the roots was so fur down !"

Physician : "I don't understand your case at all. We must wait for the post-mortem examination."

#### MIGHT HAVE GUESSED.

"Is there a stone quarry being worked in the vicinity?" inquired the traveller, as he stood waiting to board his train at the country station. "I thought I heard loud reports, like the explosion of dynamite in the blasting of rocks."

"No," rejoined the porter, with a chuckle; "those noises come from that little structure off the ticket office over there. It's the luggage-room."

#### IN THE DARK.

Mary : "Mrs. Talkem detained me for fifteen minutes on the telephone just as I started out."

Alice : "What did she want?"

Mary : "She didn't say."

#### NATURALLY.

Verbosity is the besetting sin of all official correspondence, so that a laconic despatch is somewhat refreshing.

The Secretary of the Treasury wrote to the Collector at the Port of Mobile :—"Sir,—This Department is desirous of knowing how far the Tombighee River runs up. You will please communicate the information."

The reply reads :—"Sir,—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 15th inst., and of informing you in reply that the Tombighee River does not run up at all."

A certain Reverend Sayer was at one time the Army Chaplain in charge of the spiritual interests of the soldiers in a certain garrison, and he liked to tell "his lads" occasionally a piece of his mind in the plainest terms possible from the pulpit.

So he closed up one of his sermons with the following words :—"Now, comrades, this is a charity sermon I am preaching, and remember I want cash and not dirty pieces of paper in the bag, having written on them, 'Sayers, old cock, how are you?' I won't have it, mind you—won't. I've stood it long enough."



#### Things We Hear.

That a certain sergeant told his section that any man putting his putty on properly would receive a medal made of it.

That a defeated fencer in the recent competitions said the other man "foiled" him.

An of-"fence"-ive remark which, like the foil, has a very poor point.



### Editorial Staff.

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