

150,000 pairs of socks, and
100,000 pairs of boots.

In ten days the number of fur waistcoats given out amounted to 110,160, while during the same period 315,075 flannel belts were distributed.

The weight of the average weekly issue of vaseline for the feet is five tons, and that of horse shoes 100 tons. Demands have been made as those for bitter aloes—to put on head ropes to prevent horses biting them, and permanganate of potash for dyeing grey horses brown.

Even such things as watercarts are now fitted with an elaborate arrangement of filters.

For the testing and repairs of machinery there is a specially and technically trained staff of officers, warrant officers, and men, and stationary and travelling workshops.

The problem of distribution, whether it be of food, ordnance stores, parcels, or letters, is one of great difficulty. There are two points which make the distribution of ordnance stores less easy than that of food, and that is the variety of the former and the fact that some of them have to a certain extent to meet the requirements of the individual. For instance, it is not sufficient that a soldier who wants a coat and boots should receive a coat and boots of good quality. He must have the particular sizes of these articles which fit him.

So far as the Ordnance is concerned, the base, besides being a depot, includes huge workshops, where all kinds of stores are manufactured and repaired.

There is another side of the work which cannot be neglected, though it is less vital than prompt delivery, and that is the accounting for the stores expended. This entails a vast amount of dull and arduous clerical labor at the various depots, advanced bases, and bases, the latter far away from any possible excitement. This work, however, loses none of its value as an aid to the successful prosecution of the campaign, because it is not in the limelight.

The vocabulary of stores is a perennial source of amusement. The system of nomenclature adopted, though the only one which lends itself to ready reference, is at first sight cumbrous, the actual name of an article invariably preceding any adjective or qualifying description. For instance, no ordnance officer would ever think of referring to a tell-tale clock as such. He would call it clock-tell-tale portable six stations mark two—one.

There are indeed many stories current regarding the addiction of the department to this invented phraseology. According to one, an official is supposed to have asked at a restaurant for a choke-sausage ju. There is no body of officers, non-commissioned officers, and men who work harder and do more for the efficiency and comfort of the whole army than those of the Ordnance Department.

A FIGHTING RACE.

When I read attacks in English newspapers upon the young men of Ireland based upon their alleged reluctance to fight for freedom in Flanders, I lose patience (writes Mr. James Douglas in the *Daily News*). The Irish are a fighting race, and there are Irish soldiers in nearly every British regiment. Mr. Redmond's figures prove that Ireland more than holds its own against England, Scotland, and Wales. Not long ago I spent some weeks in Cork, and in my hotel one day there was a young Irishman who had won the Legion of Honor for valor in action. He was present at a dance, and the Irish girls clustered round him, clamoring to see his Cross. He denied that he was the man. He protested that the real hero was another man of the same name. The Irish girls did not believe him, but I am sure they liked him all the better for him modesty.

Different From Others.

Just as an Irish Rugby team is utterly different in its temper from an English, Welsh, or Scottish Rugby team, so is an Irish regiment utterly different to an English, Welsh, or Scottish regiment. I do not say that its temper is finer. I say it is different. At Lord Roberts' funeral I stood on the Thames Embankment

beside an English war correspondent. As the soldiers went by in the rain we tried to identify the various regiments. One very smart regiment puzzled us. Suddenly we fixed our eyes on a great strapping soldier, with a roguish eye, and a devil-may-care glint in it. His khaki cap was cocked rakishly over one eyebrow. 'Irish, of course,' said the English war correspondent. 'You can't mistake that fellow!' It was the Irish Guards. Even in the mud and rain they looked up-reariously and outrageously Irish. And I remembered how, not many months ago, the Irish Guards cheered John Redmond and John Dillon.

A Live Thing.

In the rain-sodden twilight one evening I stood at the corner of a street in Cork and watched an Irish regiment swinging past on its way back from a long route-march. Were they leg-weary? Not a bit of it. They went up the murky hill to their barracks with a rhythmic dash that sent my heart into my mouth. I have thrilled to the rhythm of the Grenadier Guards at the end of a route-march. But the rhythm of this Irish regiment, though not finer, was different. There is only one word for it—there was more devil in its rhythm. It reminded me of the rhythm of a rush down the field by a pack of Irish forwards. The corporate soul of the regiment was in the rhythm, and the soul was Irish. The drums and flutes were playing a queer wild Irish tune, and at intervals each section barked like a pack of hounds. That fierce bark went down the regiment from front to rear, bark after bark, like a series of volleys. The vocal attack, as a musician would say, being perfect. As I heard it, I knew that I was not listening to a mob, but to a regiment—an Irish regiment, and there were tears of pride in my eyes as the long pulsing line of steel swept like a live thing round the corner up the dark hill.

In connection with the intercessory services, decreed by his Holiness the Pope for peace, it is interesting to record that the Litany of the Saints was recited at one of the Westport churches by four priests kneeling together at the altar, and each of a different nationality—a Britisher, a Frenchman, a Belgian, and a German. This is a comeliness, and it truly demonstrates the Catholicity of the Church of which we have the privilege to be members.

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But the 'movie' that upset me

Was the cough that made me poor.

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