

THE CAMP LYRE.

PUBLISHED DAILY AT 11, A.M.

VOL. I. No.

JULY, 1911.

PRICE ONE HALFPENNY.

EDITORIALS

1st. Carrickville

We present our Compliments to all and sundry. It has been a matter of surprise that so large a Camp as that of the Belfast Battalion has so far been without a paper. So, being free from the cares of command, we send forth to an indulgent Camp the dulcet strains of The "Lyre".

If the Journal is to pay its way a circulation of one hundred a day will be necessary.

We request that all matters likely to be of interest to those in Camp be communicated to us at once. Every Boy and Officer in Camp can twang the Lyre, and we hope all the fun of the Camp will find its way to these pages.

Post The Lyre home to keep your friends informed of the Doings at Camp.

LOCAL BREVITIES.

The Canteen will be closed to-morrow, being Sunday. People whose teeth water for sweets on Sunday must therefore purchase to-night.

To-day is a Bank Holiday throughout Ireland.

The uniform which is to be worn at bathing parade to-day includes bare-skirts.

The Adjutant is sober to-day

In three years the Battalion has camped in as many counties; Down, Derry, and Antrim.

LOST AND FOUND.

FOUND. Twenty live Crabs. Owner can have same on proving property and paying expenses. Apply to Lieut. George Ferris.

WITH THE MAIN BODY.

The main body attracted much attention when assembling in White Street this morning. Sisters and cousins and brothers by dozens were there to see the troops depart. The streets swam with the tears of this multitude. After leaving the Northern Metropolis we were soon spinning along, and as the engine-driver appeared to know the way all right it was not necessary for Captain Thom to show him.

Many wild rumours gained currency in Larne as to the object of the Battalion's visit; it is believed in many humble dwellings in Larne that we contemplate a night attack on Glenara, and our numbers are variously put at from fifty to two thousand. Our stay is put at two months.

LOCALITIES.

For the information of Campers we submit the following particulars:

The hills in sight of the Camp, viewed from the flagpole, are:

Long ridge on left;
Hill in centre;
Hill on right;

Sallagh.
Knockhuz
Seaw.

The two islands on the horizon, visible from the road are The Maidens. These are not the maidens who are so friendly with Rev. R. S. Duggan

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WILFRED. You ask us who invented the practice of turning down wedding-card corners. We don't know. The practice of turning down street corners was invented by the man who saw his tailor coming.

QUESTIONOUS. No. We think you are mistaken. It could not have been Mr. Watterson you saw with the young lady.

ANXIOUS TO LEARN. Yes, my boy, you are right. America was not discovered by Robinson Crusoe.

.....

PRIZE COMPETITION.

A prize will be awarded to the boy who submits the best "last line" for the following poem. Editor's decision final. Attempts to be handed in at Canteen before 9 p.m.to-night, written on space below.

Said Billy, the office-boy, why
If sailormen strike, shouldn't I?
So he tried it one day
But I'm sorry to say

.....

CHALLENGE.

The Cooks hereby challenge the rest of the Camp to a football match. Time etc. to be arranged.

ADVANCE PARTY NOTES.

Thursday was a day of hard work and plenty of it. Tinned meat for all meals reminded us forcibly of the tinned tunes we had last year on the gramophone. There was much backbiting in Camp on Thursday night, in spite of the fact that "The Lync" had not made its appearance.

Friday dawned up to time, like a good Friday. Tent-pegging reminded us that this is a hard world. The heat of the day was oppressive, and the language eloquent and enlivening when it was found that there was nothing but dry sweets in the canteen, with never a bottle of lemonade. My! how we blessed unconscious Mr. Platt. But 'nuff sed.

POETS' CORNER

(The subjoined poem is dedicated to Bandmaster Gillies)

A tutor who tottled the flute
Tried to tutor two tooters to toot.
Said the two to the tutor;
Is it harder to toot or
To tutor two tooters to toot?

THE CAMP LYRE.

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VOL. 1. No.....

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EDITOR'S CHAIR.

TOURIST.

The first issue, or should we say "twang" of the Lyre has met with a reception altogether flattering, the first edition having been sold out within a few hours of publishing.

The Policy of the Journal is thus indicated. The Lyre stands upon the unassailable foundation of public estimation. Confident in the loyalty of its supporters we can afford to ignore alike the blandishments of Mr. Asquith, the wheedlings of Mr. Balfour, and the coaxings of Mr. Deans.

We are pleased to observe that the Powers have taken our advice with regard to Morocco. We know something about Morocco, our second cousin's aunt having been well-preserved (because never overloaded) Morocco leather purse.

If you see it in "The Lyre"
you may see yer boots.

LOCAL NEWS.

We regret having offended Mr. Adjutant by alleging that he was sober on Saturday. We hereby withdraw.

The King entered Dublin on Saturday and received a warm welcome from his subjects. The immortal R.H.K. entered Camp on Saturday evening amidst the plaudits of all.

The Camp Band is a thump-
ing success.

Conclusion for Monday:

Saw yer leg off.

There is a Boy in the 31st Company who deserted to get to Camp. Travelling to Larne by a later train than that which brought the Battalion, he shouldered his heavy kit-bag and rifle, and set off on foot for Cairncastle. After covering two miles, he was overtaken by a lady who drove him the remaining distance.

FIRST NIGHT IN CAMP.

The first night under canvas is rarely a time of sleep, except for old campaigners. Saturday night did not afford much repose, although at 11.30 p.m. all was quiet. The Boys followed the time-honoured practice of getting up at 2.30 a.m. to the disgust of those who wanted to sleep longer. The result was, as usual, drowsiness in church, and a sleepy Sunday afternoon.

SUNDAY'S DOINGS.

Church parades were held in the morning at the Episcopalian and Presbyterian Churches. The different columns looked imposing as they came along the roads in the bright sunshine. It furnished food for thought to see the Presbyterians, with Mr. Adjutant at their head, marching steadily to the strains of:
"See the mighty host advancing
Satan leading on"

If you see it in "The Lyre"

Some visitors entered the Officers' Mess on Saturday unbidden. They took the form of wasps. The efforts of Mr. Fair to escape the attentions of these gentry were highly diverting and instructive to behold. The gallant conduct of our popular medical Officer, Dr. Henry, will be recorded. Viewing the matter in the calm, cold light of a surgical operation, he followed the peregrinations of one of the striped intruders with his table-knife. When the wasp rose, he rose, when it dodged, he dodged; when it went sideways, so did he; At length, with unerring aim, he brought his weapon skilfully down on the central portion of its anatomy ("Waist" is not an adequate description, as a wasp in our Editorial vision appears to be all waist) and effectually terminated its career. May, presto! perseverantia spiritu.

Said Mr. M'Kibbin: "We were marching across a plank bridge, when the bridge broke, and the Boys fell in!"

Said Mr. Legge: "And what did you do?"

Said Mr. M'Kibbin: (airily) Oh! I ordered them to fall-out"

you may hae yer docta.

BATHING GOSSIP

Three of the cookhouse staff went to bathe on Saturday. They dipped their feet in the briny, and then ran for home. We comment to their attention on the following poem

"Mother, may I go out to bathe?
Why, yes, my darling daughter,
Hang your clothes on a hickory bough
And don't go near the water."

Sons of the 31st might please remember that a garment of air is not fashionable in Cairo-castle.

The following alleged joke was inserted by our fool of a sub-editor:

First Boy: Are you goin' to bathe?
Second Boy: Yes.
First Boy: Well, don't forget the soap.

SATURDAY'S PRIZE COMPETITION

This competition was won by

Private William Miller, "H" Company.

A further competition will be announced in next issue.

THE CAMP LYRE.

PUBLISHED DAILY AT 11 A.M.

VOL. 1. No. 3

JULY, 1911.

PRICE ONE HALFPENNY.

The Editor thanks all the Officers who have given him spicy bits of information about the goings-on in Camp. It is impossible to insert all the things we hear, but hope that everybody will persist and persevere in sending us information - we do not wish to again resort to the desperate expedient of inventing news.

Several matters of interest are unavoidably held over until to-morrow.

REWARD.

For information which will lead to the identification of the Officer who persistently snores at night near "H" Line, a Reward of the first five shillings found floating on a grindstone will be given.

LOCAL BREVITIES.

The Canteen is doing a roaring trade.

Much interest is being taken in that important institution, the Camp Sports. Our congratulations to the capable organiser.

Some people are rapidly becoming hoarse with practising for the sing-song on Friday.

Catchword for Tuesday:
"I don't think"

STRAYED.

Strayed from home on 8th inst. a Steam Roller Information as to its whereabouts thankfully received.

An interesting story is told of a certain staff-sergeant at present in Camp. This staff-sergeant, who acts as drill-instructor in his Company, was last recruiting season faced with the rawest lot of recruits he had ever handled. He drilled them left, and he drilled them right, and he drilled them across and up and down, but after six weeks they didn't know right from left wheel. In despair he drew them up and told them a tale. "When I was a small boy" said he "my mother gave me a box of wooden soldiers, which I drilled and tried to instruct. I worked hard with them, but of course made no impression on them. Afterwards I lost them one by one. And now" he wound up with a snort "and now I have found you again, you wooden duffers!"

ABOUT UNIFORMS.

To a person of sartorial taste a visit to the Camp affords an excellent opportunity for studying variety in martial costumes. In the Officers' Mess the striking uniforms worn at once rivet the attention of the observer by the galaxy of beauty they present. Specially noticeable are--- but we forbear; they may be seen free. Why describe them? 'Baf sed.

If you see it in "The Lyre"

NOTES AND NOTICES.

The Camp Choir, under Mr. Robinson's tuition and leadership, is quite a howling success. Some of the tunes and their rendition remind us of the following little poem, which we respectfully dedicate to the choirmaster.

There was a young girl in the choir
Whose voice rose higher and hoir
Till it reached such a height
It went quite out of sight
And they found it next day in the spoir.

A certain Officer who was very solicitous as to obtaining a straw pillow the other day received a fistful of shavings, with the compliments of an anonymous donor.

Remark of Boy passing Officers' Mess at
Tea-time:

"My! them Affisere gits the quare feeds."

ye may hae yer doots.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MATHEMATICIAN: You ask us, how long a train, travelling at fifty miles an hour, would take to reach the moon. Go away, silly.

MACBETH. You are quite right. William Shakespeare was a son of old Shakespeare.

CURIOUS. No, you are wrong. Ailsa Craig is an island, not a sister of Harry's.

SIRIUS. No, certainly not. You have been misinformed. The Boys' Brigade was not "foundered" by Sir William Smith. He would be the last man to do it.

PRIZE COMPETITION.

A prize will be awarded to the Boy or Staff-Sergeant, submitting the "last line" considered best by The Editor, whose decision is final. Attempts to be handed in at the Canteen before 9 p.m. to-night.

Said a motorist, out for a spree

Speed limits shall not trouble me

So he let the car rip

But half-way through the trip

.....

THE CAMP LYRE.

PUBLISHED DAILY AT 11 A.M.

VOL. I. No. 4

JULY, 1911.

PRICE ONE HALFPENNY.

EDITORIAL.

We desire to apologise to our long-suffering readers for the late publication of to-day's "Lyre". The occasion was the Royal presence in Dublin and the review of 16,000 troops. Anxious that "The Lyre" should take its place with the other great journals of the Empire we attended, but were not admitted to the Press enclosure, having quite enough press where we were.

We will not attempt any description of the great review. We hope however that the staidness shown by the troops on parade will be reflected in the Boys at Camp Inspections tomorrow.

When in Dublin we were very much pleased to observe the Dublin Battalion of the B.B. marching to the Viceregal Lodge to line the avenue.

LOCAL BREVETTES.

The Canteen is sold out of Mineral Waters this morning. Fresh supplies are momentarily expected.

Visitors are very numerous in Camp to-day.

Lieutenant Martin Rutherford was observed, very attentive to certain of the gentler sex to-day. Our eye is upon him.

There is much orange enthusiasm in the neighbourhood of the Camp to-day (12th). The brethren turn out in strong force.

To-day's Catchword:

"Five mugs please"

HEARD AFTER "LIGHTS OUT"

There was once upon a time a man, who had two dogs. He wanted to know which was the better fighter, so he put them in a barrel and put the lid on. The following morning he found nothing left but the two tails.

~~OFFICER:~~ OFFICER: (sternly) "That tent must stop talking!"

VOICE FROM WITHIN: "The tent isn't talking, sir"

YARNS%

Some years ago, when the Battalion was encamped at Millisle, Co. Down, a fatigue party was told off the duty-squad to carry a small American organ to the Camp. While so doing they were followed and jeered at by some of the village youths, who were, however, considerably dropped on when one of the squad turned and said:

"We want a monkey for it. Jump up!"

Three staff-sergeants, entering a shop in Larne, found that there were only two bottles of minerals left. One of the staffies, pushing a bottle over to the other two, remarked:
"There's one for you two, and here's one for me too."

CAMP HAPPENINGS.

There was subdued excitement in the Band this morning at "Reveille" On turning out to wake the Camp it was evident that something extraordinary was going to happen. It happened in the shape of "The Boyne Water" and a certain individual who shall be nameless was so enthused by the martial strains that he improvised an orange "swash" and promenaded the Camp in rear of the musicians. The C.O. in his clemency, winked at these proceedings.

Captain Hull was much disturbed by talk in a certain tent which, unknown to him, was occupied by Officers. On warning the occupants that if continued he would report them, a voice with an unmistakable Dublin brogue (you know who) replied:

"All right. Report the hell lot of us"
(Editorial note. Persons desiring to brain somebody for the above pun are respectfully referred to Rev. S.S. Duggan. We accept no responsibility as to the pun or the brains.)

IN THE CAMPERS.

"Is the "Lyre" in yet?"

"Not until Captain Platt arrives"

TUESDAY'S LIMERICK COMPETITION.

1. Winner: "James-Cpl. L. Hesselbert, B Line.

CAMP SPORTS.

There is nothing which attracts more popular interest in Camp than the Sports. Individual, team, and Company competitions are at present being carried on, and it is hoped to give in "The Lyre" a full report of the results in each case. The football knock-out competition is at present nearing conclusion. Each Company has a team entered, and we give below the present position of matters. Although there is no regularly organised cricket competition much cricketing goes on every day amongst scratch teams, and considerable interest results. We give below also the present position of the tug-of-war competition.

FOOTBALL COMPETITION.

E Company has qualified for the Final.

A and D Companies meet this evening in the second round, and the result will decide which shall meet J Company in the semi-final.

TUG-OF-WAR COMPETITION.

A and J Companies have qualified for the final in this Competition. The final will probably be pulled off to-morrow (Thursday)

THE CAMP LYRE.

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JULY, 1911.

PRICE ONE HALFPENNY.

EDITORIAL.

It is a sign of a good Camp that there should be nothing exceptional to record. It is a clear indication that the machinery of the Camp is running smoothly.

This can in truth be said of "Cairncastle 1911". The routine is now very thoroughly grasped by all campers, old and new alike, and the Battalion has settled down to its normal regularity. The result may perhaps be regretted from the point of view of a Camp paper, as the comical side is thus less in evidence, but "The Lyre" is unconcerned by this. Do not fear, dear readers. The Lyre will be true to its name and to you, and if it can't get news it will make it.

LOCAL BREVITIES

The health of the Camp is excellent. No serious cases have called for the attention of the medical officer. One Boy is at present in hospital slightly upset by the hot weather.

A challenge has been issued to the Camp by W.H. Purdy, J. Brown, J.M. Meekin, and H. Anderson of "A" Company, for a Swimming Race, 50 yards per man.

Visitors to Camp can have tea in the large marquee from 1.45 to 4.30 p. at 6d.

Catchword for
Thursday:

"Come amongst us"

CAMP SPORTS. Results.

100yds Handicap. (Boys over 16)

1. Corpl. Irwin, G. Company.
2. Corpl. King, G.
3. Sergt. H. Cullough, G. Coy.

100yds Handicap (between 14 & 16)

1. Corpl. Walker, G. Company.
2. Pte. Wightman, G
3. Pte. J. Hegan, E

100yds. Handicap (under 14)

1. Pte. W. Brennan, G
2. Pte. H. Irwin, G.
3. Pte. J. Coleman, I Coy.

Siamese Race (Boys over 15)

1. Cpl. Buchanan & Irwin, G. Coy.

Siamese Race (under 16)

1. Pte. J. S. Murdoch, I Coy.
Pte. J. B. Oldham, I Coy.
2. Pte. L. R. Elliott, A Coy.
L. Cpl. W. G. H. Caw, A Coy.

Victoria Cross Race.

1. Sergt. Powell, G. Coy
2. Corpl. Brown, J. Coy.

Full Dress Uniform.

1. Sgt. H. M. Cormack, G. Coy.
2. Pte. H. Nicholl, B Coy.

220yds. Handicap (Boys over 16)

1. Cpl. Irwin, G. Company.
2. Cpl. King, G. Company.
3. L. Cpl. I. Mackin, A Coy.

Camp Sports Results (Continued)

220 yds. Handicap (under 16 and over 14)

1. Corp'l. W. Walker, C. Coy.
2. Pte. J. Hegan, E. Coy.
3. Pte. C. A. H. Valentine J Coy.

220 yds. Handicap (Boys under 14)

1. Pte. W. Brennan, G. Coy.
2. Pte. J. Thompson, H. Coy.

High Jump (Boys over 15)

1. L. Cpl. H. Meekin, A. Coy.
2. Cpl. King, G.
3. Cpl. Buchanan, G.

High Jump (Boys under 15)

1. Pte. Gibson, E. Coy.

Long Jump (Boys over 15)

1. Corp'l. Hughes, G. Comp'y.
2. L. Cpl. H. Meekin, A. Coy.

Long Jump (Boys under 15)

1. Pvt. Valentine, J. Coy.
2. Pte. H. Nicoll, B. Coy.

Throwing the Cricket Ball.

1. Sergt. Hughes, G. Comp'y.
2. Corp'l. Brown, A. Company.

Kicking the football.

1. Sergt. Powell, G. Comp'y.

Kicking the football (Staffs)

1. S. Sgt. Kirkpatrick.

"LAST LINE" COMPETITION.

A prize will be awarded to the Staff-Sergeant or Boy who submits the "last line" for the following, considered by The Editor to be the best sent in. Attempts to be handed in at the Canteen before 9 p.m. this evening. Bearing name rank and company of entrant.

There was a young lady of Niger

Who went for a ride on a tiger

They returned from that ride

With the lady inside

.....

(Advt)

SUPPORT THE CAMP CANTEEN.

Mineral Waters.

Ice Cream.

Confectionery.

Picture Postcards.

BEST QUALITY.

LOWEST PRICES.

THE CAMP LYRE.

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VOL. 1. No.....

JULY, 1911.

PRICE ONE HALFPENNY.

SAD EDITORIAL FAREWELL

To-day The Camp Lyre utters its last expiring
breath, and we take leave in an editorial
capacity of our readers. The Camp breaks
up to-morrow, and our Editorial sanctum will
be rudely shattered with the first fair
glimpse of smiling morn (poetry this, we
believe)

We are aware that the withdrawal of the
powerful tongue of the Lyre may have serious
consequences. We will not be responsible
for the effect in the Balkans, or among the
warlike inhabitants of Ulenaxum, when its
decisive and incisive voice is no longer
heard in the land. But the world, which
was able to stay out all night before the
"Lyre" was born, can, we doubt not, continue
its course. We thank the correspondents
and contributors who have assisted to fill
our pages; any half-crowns borrowed will be
returned on 31st September next.

Farewell all.

LOCAL BREVITIES.

A dog has attached itself to the person of
Mr. Kinahan, and follows him to Camp every day.
We don't say he stole it.

Billy Hunter is feeding the Canteen as we go
to press.

Burns says "O wad some power the giftie gie us,
to see ourselves as others see us" It is
therefore refreshing to receive from an anony-
mous correspondent the following poem, which we
take as reflecting public opinion of "The Lyre"

1

We call our paper the Lyre
And a Lyre it is to be sure
You have only to read its pages
And you'll say the Editor's Ure.

2

We have jokes galore on our Adjutant
It would do you good to see
The Boys examine him closely
Is there anything stronger than tea?

3

And you should have read of the duel
Which our physician had
With a wasp which tried to sting him
And met with a fate so sad.

4

But no matter what's in The Lyre
We all enjoyed the jokes
And one is highly honoured
When the Editor gives him a poke.

A hae na doots.

The "Last Line" competition announced in No.
5 has been won by Lance-Corpl. Hesselberg, B Company
for

"To the B.B. Canteen for a cider"

CAMP SPORTS RESULTS (2nd list)

Putting the weight (Staff-Sergts)

- 1 Staff-Sgt. Deeward.
- 2 Staff-Sgt. Cairns.

220 yds (Staffs)

- 1 Staff-Sgt. Lewis.
- 2 .. Kirkpatrick.
- 3 .. Ogle.

440yds Championship.

- 1 Sgt. Hughes, G. Coy.
- 2 L. Cpl. H'Clung, H. Coy
- 3 L. Cpl. H'Meekin, A Coy.

Tug-of-War (Inter-Line)

Won by J Line.

Football Championship.

A Company, by beating D, qualified for the semi-final, which was played last night and resulted in a win for J Company by 4-1. J and E meet to-night in the final.

A correspondent suggests that at the Sing-Song this evening a special choir should be formed amongst the Junior Officers and Staff-Sergeants to sing:

"Put me amongst the girls"
Entirely needless. They know very well how to put themselves there.

Y. STUNDAY'S CAMP INSPECTION.

The Battalion was inspected in Camp yesterday by Mr. Hazard Coey, J.P. Battalion Vice-President (Hon) - There was a large attendance of guests, which Lady Smiley.

The tents were first inspected, the Boys standing in squads in front, while the band discoursed in the centre of the square. Afterwards the Battalion marched to the parade-ground, where the General Salute was rendered with musical honours and a careful inspection made of the lines. The Battalion then marched past in column and in quarter-column. Our special correspondent, who was present, observed with alarm the large number of stiff necks in the Battalion, as evidenced by the Boys being unable to turn their heads and eyes to the right when the command "Eyes Right" was given on passing the flag. The "Lyon" calls for the immediate attention of the medical Officer to this serious complaint. The march-past in fours to the strains of "Men of Harlech" was very effective. The Battalion afterwards advanced in echelon and performed physical exercises 1 to 3 inclusive. Reforming on original alignment, the advance in review order was carried out, the dressing and rhythm very good. Mr. Coey, in addressing the Boys, complimented all upon the efficiency shown, and gave them some sound advice. On the call of Col. M'Calmont, M.P. three cheers were given for the I.O. and the proceedings concluded. The guests were afterwards entertained to tea.

OFFICER: (in muddy field) Form two-deep!

BOYS IN CHORUS: We're too deep already sir.
We're up to the knees.

THE CAMP LYRE.

PUBLISHED DAILY AT 11 A.M.

VOL. I. No. 7.....

JULY, 1911.

PRICE ONE HALFPENNY.

EDITORIAL.

Yesterday we uttered our despairing twang. To-day we are resurrected. The fact is, that when reposing in our journalistic grave we thought we heard someone remarking that they would not mind if there was a Saturday "Lyre". It was impossible for us to remain entombed in face of this frenzied public demand, and so we emerge, not like Lazarus, bound, but free to criticise and remark upon the doings of all and sundry.

Ulster proverb: "It's hard to kill bad things"
(remark of The Adjutant)

Greek proverb: "The good die young"
(Editorial comment.)

Notes. We are only seven days old.

LOCAL BREVITIES.

The large number of bouquets sent to the Officers' Mess is a striking tribute to the popularity of the chef, Mr. J. Boyle.

Clearance Sale.

The Boys have drunk 4 quarts of "black draught" since coming to Camp. vide M.O.

CONCLUSION OF CAMP SPORTS.

The Sports item which always attracts a specially large share of popular attention came off last night in the shape of the final of the Football Competition. The contestants were B Line (2nd, 17th, 18th, 22nd, and 27th Belfast Coy's) and J. Line (19th, 30th, and 33rd Belfast Companies). After a close and exciting match in which some good play was shown by both sides, the match ended in a win for J Line by 4 goals to 1. J's Team consisted of T. Fleming (39) J. Allen (39) W. Bolton (39) C. Valentine (30) R. M'Donnell (19) G. Whittley (19) J. Moorhead (19) D. M'Kenna (39) G. Mitchell (19) J. Clarke (39) and R. Hamilton (19) Mitchell scored three goals, and M'Kenna one.

The Relay Race (inter-Company) won by G. Line.

100 yards Cocks' race won by George Arthur.

2nd place. Anderson. 3rd place, Milligan.

CAPTAIN OF THE DAY: "Any Complaints?"

BOYS IN CHARGE: "Yes sir, we can't drink this"

CAPTAIN OF THE DAY (after tasting): "Oh, that's all right. By the way, is it tea or Coffee?"

A gentleman who visited the Camp last night paid 2/6 for four half-copies of the Lyre, (first and last pages only) This works out at 1/6 for each complete "Lyre" Fact.

THE CAMP SING-SONG.

The Camp Sing-Song, an eagerly anticipated event of every Camp-week, was held last night in the large dining marquee, and attracted a crowded attendance of the inhabitants of the surrounding neighbour-hood, to whom a hearty welcome was extended in the name of the Battalion by the Commanding Officer.

There was great and growing excitement among the "staffies" which culminated in an "orchestra" which must be seen to be appreciated. It is beyond our powers to describe it even by the exercise of the utmost mendacity. . . Combs, bits of paper, and strings of wire were amongst the instruments of tor—we mean music. The result was heart-rending in a high degree.

But can we describe all the proceedings of the wonderful evening? Can we go on to speak of the Irish Schoolmaster, of the South Down Milkeny, of the Bakana-man, and of the man who stood "at the corner of the street? Can we tell of the bugle calls, the flute solos, the ship Ahoy, and, last but by no means least of Andy K'Elrow? No! Speech fails us. We leave the task to some abler scribe. We will only mention that the following contributed: Captains Fair, Kinahan, Platt. Lieutenants Logge, J. King, F. King. Staff-Serjts. Lewis & Howard. Sgt. J. Allen. Lance-Cpls. Douglas, Mitchell, and Clarke. Privates E. Gibson, Flack, Thompson, Gillan, Miller, Bergison, E. Boys, and R. Heall. Lieut. Faulkner. Bandmaster Hillies. Mrs. Brazier rendered a pianoforte solo. The proceedings ended with "Auld Lang Syne" sung by Boys and visitors, the Battalion President expressing the hope, which was applauded by all that this would not be the B.B.'s last visit to Gairncastle.

CAMP DOINGS

Yesterday (Friday) a Route March took the place of the customary morning drill parade. The Battalion mustered at 10.30 a.m. and headed by the fifes, drums, and bugles, marched through the hamlet of Cairncastle and thence skirted the hills for several miles, returning to Camp at 1.30. The distance (8 miles in all) was covered in very good time when the great heat of the day is considered. The G.O. was in command, and the Battalion President (Rev. R.H.S. Cooper M.A.) accompanied the Battalion on its march.

The Officers were photographed on Thursday evening amid much excitement. Just when the group had been satisfactorily adjusted and the operators were about to "let go" a large notice was hoisted just behind by some person or persons unknown, bearing the words "Camp Lyres".

THE MAN OF WICKED WORKS IN CAMP.

He has been found out. He is Mr. Moody, who supplies the candles required at night for "turning in". But be sure, Mr. Moody, your wicked works will be brought to light. With this sage remark "The Lyre" returns to Limbo. The remains will be conveyed to Belfast to-morrow per 4 p.m. train. Friends will please accept this (the only) intimation.