



Dinke. Secundus wants a new groom. Apply Q.M.s Store.

The Sergt-Major should know that "At homes" are not pulled off in the morning. Does he have them on the first of each month, or are they just annual affairs?

Our esteemed friend, who visits this office each morning with the remark "Extreme honour, gentlemen," should be aware of the fact that it is not necessary for a soldier to raise his cap when he meets a lady.

The rumour that this office is to be removed to Lewes is unfounded.

A member of our staff shows that he has a wonderful memory *re* appointments when a special parade is called. Are his appointments mostly on the beach?

We hear that the L/C is about to sell his side-saddle.

The King is to confer the "No come back" decoration on the Corporal in charge of the mess hut, on his next visit.

Cannot our Orderly Sergt. purchase a season ticket to Godalming?

Is it a fact that the rations in London have had to be reduced considerably since our stenographer visited that town?

Do we understand that the new Aldershot training calls for the driver to ride on the off-side horse? Ask Corporal Knox.

It is denied that "A" ride is to report at Brighton every morning for training purposes.

It is rumoured that several members of the Company only just failed to rescue two fair maidens from the briny. Never mind, they were only visitors.

Our hopes of "tall" times are now over. Lieut. Tett has left us.

We have no evidence to prove that meat or bones of any kind are used in the making of the soup issued to this Company. Instances have been known, however, where these substances have been used, but in such an infinitesimal quantity as to cause unnecessary alarm to the Sergt. Cooks responsible.

"ROUGH RIDER."

Observations by "Bax."

With the opening of the spring house cleaning season in France, a large number of the Signal Company are preparing to cross the Channel, and take their part in the general clean up. The vermin of Germany (as is the habit of vermin) are spreading all over Europe, and if the old world is going to be a fit place to live in, we've simply got to exterminate Fritz now.

The Officers' Mess has been one happy family during the long dreary winter months in Seaford, and when the smoke clears away and Fritz sounds "Lights out," the good fellowship and good sportsmanship we have all enjoyed will be a treasured memory.

The men are as keen as mustard to make the draft, and great joy is being shown by the ——— Division bunch, whose long sojourn in England is coming to an end. It's rough on the chaps who are left behind, but by the look of things they will soon be in it too. So "it's up to the ditches, and the best of luck—and to hell with the Hun!"

THE CANADIAN SAPPER is unearthing some real talent among the Signals. Sapper O'Leary looks to be one of the most promising pen-and-ink men we have seen for some time, and Sapper Ketchum has a fine gift of language. A dark horse is Sapper Perry, who submitted a sketch of the occupants of his hut, which was too long and a little too wordy, but showed a genuine talent for observation and expression.

What editors want now-a-days is red blood and brevity in writing. Come on, you Signallers; even if the Editor doesn't publish all your stuff, it encourages him to get it. The whole world is suffering from an epidemic of the commonplace in literature. There's a fortune in it for the man who can be original.

It's pretty hard to write nonsense this month, with the news that brave little England is once more gathering the spearpoints of the enemy into her breast, that civilization may still live. We all laugh at England at times, but when she has her back to the wall, there's no country like her.