

**AT THE SERGEANTS' MESS.**

An event which was voted "One of the best times I ever had" took place on Sept. 5th, 1916, when the Sergeants' Mess held a dance in the new Hospital Dining Hall.

The dance was opened by Major Wilson, the Supervisor of the Mess of this unit.

The hall was decorated with the Allied flags, Canadian pennants and flowers. Col. and Mrs. D. W. McPherson were present, as were a large number of Officers and Nursing Sisters; also the Sergeants from various hospitals from the London area.

There were games of cards for those who did not dance, but they were greatly in the minority. It was amusing to observe some of the elder and corpulent officers waltzing about with the grace and agility of "Piccadilly Knuts."

Refreshments were provided during the intervals, and the evening came to a close all too soon (about 11 p.m.), with the singing of the National Anthem.

Adjutant: Bugler, get the Orderly Sergeant.

Bugler: Very good, Sir. (Orderly Sergeant enters).

Orderly Sergeant: Sir!  
Adjutant: Where the blankety-blank did that blankety-blank bull-dog come from?

Orderly Sergeant: Well, Sir, he's our new regimental mascot. He's just bitten the Regimental Sergeant-Major, Sir.

Overheard in the Ward:—  
R.S.M.: How many times have you been inoculated, Sister?

Sister: What business is that of yours, I would like to know.  
The R.S.M. explains very carefully that this information is required by the Great High Quip of the Canadian Forces.

Sister: About one hundred times, and I have lots of dressings to do; I'm busy.

Overheard in the Quartermaster's Stores:—  
Private: Please, Q.M.S., would you mind changing these boots for me. I think what you were looking at on the paper was my age, and not the size of my feet.

Something we would like to know:—Has anybody seen Sergt. Doraty's brother?

Why do the Sergeants go to New Cross so much?

What happened to Jones?

What's the matter with the Football team? Strikes us the referee threw the game away for us. Staff-Sergt. Burstow, please notice.

Why is it the R.S.M. has to walk, and his batman rides a motor-cycle?

If Sergeant Bradfield is in need of any nuts for his Ford cars he can have same upon application from us, as we picked up several at Cuffley after the last air-raid.

We regret to announce the departure of Sergt.-Major Dooley. He had been quite ill for some time, and has returned to Canada.

Sergt.-Major Dooley is one of the few old soldiers who was 41 years of age when Noah built the ark; and we are sorry that such a patriotic "Old Scout" could not "stick around" to see the finish. We wish him bon voyage and a speedy recovery.

Congratulations to Sergt.-Major Robertson on his promotion to R.S.M. "I'll have a box of cigars."

The Adjutant stuck a pin in his finger, and in consequence has tonsillitis, pharyngitis, laryngitis, and other diseases too numerous to mention, thereby adding to our great distress and anxiety.

Applications for nine (9) months' leave, with permission to proceed to Canada at the public expense, will be received by the R.S.M. between 7.30 a.m. and the Post Office on November 31st. "It can be done."

Sergeants Whatley and Gammon are in hospital, owing to a slight disagreement about Sergeant Gash. Gammon said that Gash was a mash, and Whatley took his part, and said he wasn't. "An' this is 'ow the row started, guv'nor." Notice.—Some of our readers may be big enough fools to believe this. 'Tis not so, Therese. Sergeant Gammon has psoriasis, and Sergt. Whatley D.A.H. (whatever that is). This for your information and necessary action, please.

We regret to say that Sergt. Doraty has

ceased to say his daily prayers, and his endeavours to convert Kaliel have been a failure.

We congratulate brother Sergt. Jones upon his success in house cleaning. His house is neatly cleaned, and the pictures are artistically hung above his bed, and the side of his bed is neatly decorated with armour of the field, including his golf sticks. His pumps are spotless under his bed, and we regret that the occasions are rare when they can be used.

Who is the Sergeant that carries the Nursing Sisters' baggage from the station, and how is it that he fails to recognize his brother Sergeants?

Cough!

**AT THE MEN'S MESS.**

Who is the Orderly Room Clerk that makes a run to the canteen every morning for his biscuits? Is it because they are Graham?

The following was taken from a letter written by one of our N.C.O.'s to his mother:—"Dear Mother, I am quite well at present. They are treating us like dogs; please send us some bones."

Will that certain M.P. sit at the Corporal's table again? Not if Lewis is around. It sure was a hard one, Man.

Did you notice the look on the faces of some of the Ontario boys when they heard of the long, dry spell that Ontario will have? But some of them got the tip, and had their wives and sweethearts pack away Hiram Nat Johnny Walkers in a good cool place.

Which is the section of our unit that never hears the reveille? Maybe they should be struck with a motor.

Overheard in the Clink:—  
Prisoner: Oh! don't go away from me, policeman.  
Policeman: Why?  
Prisoner: Because it's the first sniff of beer I've had for three weeks.

Who is the policeman who has come to the conclusion that 10s. is not enough on which to spend a week-end in London? His chances of having a good time are rather "slim."

Why is it that the motor drivers sleep so sound? Is it because they get too many draughts at night?

A certain Sergeant to his wife:—"Yes, dear, I have been promoted to Orderly Sergeant." Wife: "Do be good to the other Sergeants, dear."

"After the Jam."  
It was the day after the great Italian victory at Gorizia, and macaroni was being served for supper. "Down with Macaroni and up with Maconachie."

It is rumoured that Stanley M . . . was seen with three plums on his plate the other evening. Is he going to launch out as a pawnbroker?

Roy's mama makes very nice toffee. Book a taste in advance.  
Of home-made toffee there's a lot,  
But S . . . n . . . er's beats it all.  
It beats the penny in the slot  
Right near the booking-stall.

Oh, G . . . ter! and what wast thou before thou joins't the Army? Prithee thou dost savour of the Piccadilly pickpocket.

Who went to London on a week-end pass and came back the same evening?

Oh, Wa . . . "would I were steadfast as thou art!"

What's in a name? Ask Mak Alum.

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