

**LADIES' CORNER.**

BY OUR LADY CORRESPONDENT.

**PERSONAL.**

Our sincere sympathy goes out to Miss Stanley and Family in the recent loss of her brother.



**THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW?**

Has the tall dark young private in R1 C with the piercing blue eyes found his affinity?

And if not, is it because the girls in this Branch have run out of Seymour blouses?

Why does the tall young lady always pull the blind down when the sun is shining so brightly, and is she afraid of being sunburnt, or of soiling her "fair" complexion?

Whether the Civilian Staff will receive their new badges during this war or the next?

If it is true that C. I. Hutchings is being offered the post of Father Confessor to CC 1, and will Mrs. Hutchings approve of it?

Why the dashing brunette mentioned in a recent issue of the "Bulletin" has not since that date been within the precincts of R2?

And has the staff not missed her gracious presence among them?

Will the Ladies' Column be suspended when the Lady in Blue is on leave?

And will Pte. Ferguson still try and keep an eye on her for more news? (Note.—Pte. Ferguson assures the Lady in Blue that he will be on leave the same time as her, and that London and the "Bulletin" will cease to hold any interest for him during that week.)

Whether our Super (pro tem.) finds that her hat still fits the awful responsibility of her office?

And would it not be advisable for her to take voice pastilles to counteract the perpetual strain?



**OUR FAMOUS SAYINGS.**

I don't know what I am doing.—Mrs. Simpson.

The bells are ringing for me and my boy. Miss Hobbs.

Half a mo'.—Miss Bailey.

dash it.—Miss Daley.

Oh! you've got such a good "kind" face.—Miss Marks.

You silly ass.—Miss Seaholme.



LOST.—Wedding ring, 3 carat gold, 30s. reward on return to Lady in Blue.—RIC.



**THE BULLETIN (C)HARMS THE SAVAGE BREAST.**

**MAN. Epigrams thereon.**

A contrary devil from start to finish. Man comes into this world without his consent.

And leaves it against his will.

In his INFANCY he is an angel.

In his BOYHOOD he is a devil.

In his MANHOOD he is everything from a lizard up.

In his DUTIES he is a demn'd fool.

If he raises a small cheque he is a thief, and then the law raises the devil within him.

If he is a poor man, he is no manager and has no sense.

If he is a rich man, he is dishonest and considered smart.

If he is in politics, you cannot place him but feel he is an undesirable citizen.

If he goes to church, he is a hypocrite.

If he does not go to church, he is a sinner and damned.

If he donates to foreign missions, he does it for show.

If he does not subscribe, he is stingy and a tight-wad.

When he arrives into the world, everybody wants to kiss him.

Before he leaves it, everybody wants to kick him.

Should he die young, they say he had a great future before him.

If he reaches a ripe old age, he is simply in the way, and only living to save funeral expenses.

*Correspondence.*

[In addition to the rules already published regarding correspondence it is hardly necessary to state that we reserve the right of publishing the correspondent's FULL name where PERSONAL letters are concerned. Initials and "Nom de Plume" only apply so far as General letters are concerned.]

The "Bulletin" does not necessarily associate itself with the views expressed by our correspondents.]

(We publish the following letter as it was received by Lt. Candy, our Treasurer. It should be noted that correspondence should be addressed to the EDITOR, and NOT the Treasurer, though there are some letters that really are treasures.)

Re Remarks, Current Issue Bulletin, Sir,—

Might I be permitted to give an answer to the marginally noted remarks. They are not many, but I trust that you will in your goodness see fit to publish them.

Firstly, let me say that the individual with the almost superhuman powers of perception who saw the spurs had better take a trip to the eye clinic and get some glasses, as I failed to notice them myself, and I guess I should be the first to see same. They were, had I had them on, an issue at Valcartier, and were worn riding a horse for nearly eighteen months (daily) during 1915-6, which is, I guess, more than a few of our cavalry can say.

Secondly, let me say that the uniform he obviously hints at has been worn by me in this office innumerable times as well as on Muster Parade, and if in his supreme judgment he thinks it less smart than the "Bulgarian" type of pants issued to the troops at present, I am willing to remain a "Hoboe" for the rest of my days.

Finally, let me say that if it is the object of the BULLETIN (through the permission of the Editor) to get individuals into trouble by the insertion of such piffle as this, by holding them up to ridicule, I'm thinking it will not tend to make the circulation nor the prestige of the paper any the stronger through the use of remarks, many of them strongly personal ones, that appear in the BULLETIN at times.

(Signed) CHARLES EDWARD SAVAGE.

The Editor,  
C. R. O. BULLETIN.

Are there not sufficient sportsmen in the office keen enough to provide funds for their own amusements without requiring the funds of the Pierrot Troupe to be encroached upon?

The Party was run by its members entirely voluntarily, without prizes or medals, solely for the benefit of the wounded soldiers.

In the remote possibility of another concert being promoted, would the Athletic Section of the community support it this time?

W. H. RANSOM, R2A2.