POT-POURRI.

Neville was a devil,
A most persuasive devil,
And Neville in his KILT was very awarm;
Whenever he went walking
The girls outdoors came flocking
To see the wondrous beauty of his form.

We understand that the display of pictures of "Nature Unadorned," in the local Art Galleries, is as popular as ever; and that quite a number of the reproductions have been purchased privately. Indeed, we have been informed that already several officers have a varied collection of these rare works of art.

Prince Rupprecht had held on to Vimy,
Till Byng used Canucks in a scheme he
Had planned. Said the Hun,
"I'm off at a run,
And shan't stop till their 'O.P.'s' can't see
me."

A persistent rumour states that recently many of the officers attending the school have acquired and developed a taste for rare and old books. It is said that soon it will be impossible to obtain copies of many of these unique prints, without which no library is complete.

At mutual instruction: "In the second movement of the 'Present,' strike the rifle smartly with the left-hand so that the thumb of the left-hand is just above the foresight."

The afternoon Teas at Mdlle. Georgette's have become a feature of the social life of our village. Among the guests we noticed frequently Capts. Gibson and Abbott, and Lieuts. Puisey, Walker, J. C., Plant, A. J., Johnstone, Hincksman, Dunlop, Craig, Jackson, J. R., and Seddall, C. G.

The N.C.O.s wish to point out that in a lecture regarding the contents of a soldier's pack, the following essentials were omitted. We are at a loss as to how the lecturer failed to enumerate them, and feel sure it was only an oversight.

The articles are as follows:-

- 2 cans soldiers' friend.
- 2 cans brasso.
- 2 boot brushes.
- I button stick.
- 4 yards cleaning cloth.
- I can black boot polish.
- I can brown boot polish.

Where would we get off without these?—28 days No. 1.

Many are the guesses made at the meaning of the mystic letters on the jars containing the "Elixir of Life." Appended are a few of the interpretations as given in reply to the question, "What do the letters S.R.D. mean?"
S.R.D.—Soldiers' rum diluted.
Sergeants' regimental drink.
Seldom reaches destination.
Slips right down.
Some rotten drink.
Sergeants' repeat dose.
Soon revives depression.
Specially refined Demerara.
Smithy's (4th Bn.) regular drink.
Soon runs dry.

EXCELSIOR.

The shades of night were falling fast,
As into the Estaminet passed
A youth who toved the barmaid nice,
He called for wine at any price.
"I want some more, same as before."

His brow was sad, his eye beneath Flashed like a bayonet from its sheath; And like the S.M.'s voice there rung The accents of that thirsty tongue, "I want Red Wine while yet there's time."

He saw that closing time was near, And yet he called "Another beer?" Above, the clock was striking eight— The order had been given too lute! "You can't have more, so shut the door?"

"Drink not the glass," Old Frenchy cried,
"An M.P.'s watching you outside,
Out the back door you had better slide."
But still the thirsty one replied:
"I want a drink, you old French gink."

"O stay, Q stay," the Maiden said,
"And rest awhile your weary head."
A fear was in the soldier's heart,
But from the Maid he could not part.
"I want some more, so shut the door."

"Beware, the M.P.'s got your name,
"You only have yourself to blame."
This was the Frenchy's last good night:
A voice replied, "Shut up, you're tight.
"I want some more, I must have more."

Orderly Room was held next day, The youth was now no longer gay. He thought of F.P. No. 1. Mam'selles in future he would shun. He'll want no more, same as before.

He's turned teetotaller since, 'tis said,
No more he seeks wine, white or red.
No demoiselles he goes to see.
"No girl is worth seven days' F.P."
"I'll drink no more, those nights are o'er."

Now in the Dry Canteen he's found, Where to his comrades gathered around The 'old soldier' tells his tale of woe: "Into estaminets late don't go, Don't ask for more, but shut the door. Don't ask for more, don't ask for more."

PAT.