

Tuesday night, I am just marking time till he goes on leave and watch my smoke with that girl, believe me, Mr. Editor, they can't resist me when I get dolled up. You haven't noticed me in my new straw hat, have you? I was taken for General Villa and I was scared that I might be sent back to Mexico. Well see you next week, Mr. Editor. I am just away for a big one. Cherrio.

Jock.

NOTES FROM THE WORM PATCH.

Mr. Editor:—

I've spoken till I'm tired in the kindest way I knew how, but it aint no good. So I am writing to you.

Here's me a cuttin' of sods, and beautifying as much of the globe as time and space will permit. But what's the use of me a-laying the choicest bits of turf I can find and havin' fellows come and lift them up at night to catch worms. Them worms is mine, everyone of them. Sergt. Locke would kick if you was to pull up his spuds to get worms wouldn't he not. S'pose you was to pull up Sgt. Major Sim's Sweet Peas, wot would happen? In the interests of this here Depot I beg to suggest that worms be in the future sold at the Canteen.

If some of you fellows would only use your brains you'd know where worms is to be found, lift up old buildings, loose planks, such as tent floors, don't mind disturbing a tent full of Cadets, or anything of that kind, old neglected boats usually harbour worms—there's a derelict just below the bank at the Sergeants mess, nice big boat too. I hears you can have it for the taking of it away.

You fellows as sinks worms in the Richelieu why don't you join the Gardening Squad. There's lots of worms where we cut the sods—only I guess you aint had enough P.T. to bend quick enough to catch them. When you feel proficient enough, apply for Sod Cutting and think it's catching worms and you'll be doing good work.

Yours truly,

"Sods".

BAND CONCERT.

Arrangements are being made for another of those splendid open-air recitals to be given by Band-sergeant Cook and his Master players of the E. T. D. Band. It will be held in the Park at the Grand Trunk Station and the crowds who will attend are assured of a real treat next Sunday afternoon.

DRAFT No. 74 EN ROUTE. GOSSIP.

Shortly after mailing our last Epistle we were lost in a fog somewhere in the Atlantic. So dense was it that many who ventured on deck experienced great difficulty in again locating their cabins. It is rumored that Lieut. Heeney with his "Glass Eyes" rather welcomed the camouflage.

Arriving in an Atlantic port, there was keen anxiety to get to shore; many and varied were the excuses which our O.C. received, but only a few silver tongued orators were able to convince him that it was of national or physical importance that they should set foot on Terra Firma. The M.O. is now taking a keen interest in these for the next few days.

There is one Bird on this boat who takes his pleasures on shore, but unfortunately one or two of the permanent conducting staff were in the same Hotel. He was also rather given to playing a 'lone hand' in Quebec. It is certainly wonderful what a lot of visits to town these documents take, and how careful he is not to divulge any addresses. Anyway we don't blame him. Mamie is a nice girl!

There is a C. A. V. C. Bird on board (Mr. Galloway) and as there are no horses he keeps his hand in by assisting Trixie to vaccinate the boys.—Apart from this he is a dark horse and we cannot line him up at all. At the present moment he is giving more than the once over to a bunch of V. A. D.'s who have just come on board.

Saturday Night Concert.

A party of charming young ladies arrived on board under the charge of Mr. Josey and Capt. O'Neil of the local Y.M.C.A. and, dear readers, we were given one great treat. The piano was removed from the music room aft to the promenade deck. The boys were literally piled in the well decks, spreading themselves out over the boats and rigging. They absoutely let themselves go in joining in the choruses, and when it came to applauding the singers their shouts fetched the inhabitants out on both sides of the harbor to see what the commotion was.

After spending a most enjoyable evening, the Party was entertained in the Dining Salon where we all tackled "Low and Fierce" on the eats.

Officers were jockeying for position for table partners, especially married men recently leaving trusting wives. Lieut. Giroux was noticed leaning in a very confidential attitude over some dove-



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