

was deserved but not granted. Two months' deferred pay is no cinch, eh, Whitie?

Three members of the Engineers' Minstrels, L/Cpl. Tousley and Sappers Thomas and Tough, are by now in France, where they are sure to entertain Fritzie with some rapid fire stuff.

C.Q.M.S. White has purchased a pair of strong binoculars, in order to locate the Seaford Military Laundry Wagon, which is due at 1330 most any day now.

Contributions of old stoves will be received gladly, also a pair of high top rubber boots, for the use of the Company runner.

"F" Company.

We refrain from saying anything about the Battalion football team, as our Company's remarks are unprintable.

We would advise a certain N.C.O. to write his own love letters in future, and see that his address is enclosed. Some think if he were not bald headed he might have made connections.

Great things are expected from our raconteur, relative to his side door Pullman days, once we get comfortably settled down in our new mess.

We would like to say a lot more, but our time is limited; so in view of our new camp, let us all wish a soldier's farewell to Mudford.

"H" Company.

A sapper was drinking in the beer canteen the other night, and when offered a tin of beer by his pal, was heard to say: "I can't (hic) drink any more (hic), pour it over me, I like the smell of it."



Headquarters.

Shades of Vimy Ridge. What is this we hear of a member of the O.T.C., when making a plan of a Brigade Headquarters dugout, put in an indent for 80 bedboards for the sub-staff? Why not go the whole route, old chap, and shove in for palliasses and pillow slips?

The excuse handed in in writing by a member of the O.T.C. (Fieldworks Class) for being late on parade would take a "biscuit" in any "John Bull" competition. One peep at it, and the Editor decided the smell of it was on a par with some of the fish breakfasts. He canned it.

The fuel proposition is a hard one. There are ways and means of evading the restrictions, even though an N.C.O. got real inflated about it.

The "flu" was prevalent among the office staff two weeks ago, several of the staff being placed *hors de combat*. Assistance was rendered by Staff Q.M.S. Douglas, of C.E.T.C.

Some filing system. Little chance of documents going astray, even though the lumber pile has been hard hit by the carpenters.

Demobilization has no terrors for "Slim." This idea of hunting a job "après la guerre" received a rude jolt last week, when the light infantryman (heavy on the light, Mr. Printer) commenced operations on a clothes renovating establishment. A sliding scale of charges has been worked out, officers digging down the

deepest, cadets a medium touch; while the common or garden sapper gets away with an equivalent to a tea and cakes.

This quarantine business has allowed the boys to gather round the stove and fight again the battles in Flanders and Picardy. The Western Front has nothing on some of the stuff related by the "old sweats," tales of Gibraltar, Malta, and Halifax, reminding us that an Army existed before Sam Hughes tossed his hat in the ring.

There are rumours of a move of the office staff. The dope looks good. Make sure of your footgear before you level such a question at some of the W.O.'s.

Eight or ten "social reformers" are about to sail for England, where they will prepare the boys for the peace era. After listening to the whistling and foot stamping stunt carried on by a few at the Sergeants' Mess whenever the piano is in action, one feels tempted to address an invitation to one or more of these "reformers," in order to get the aforementioned individuals climatized to a Pantages or Shea circuit.

Letter from France. Scene: A Boche being escorted to the collecting cage. "Huh! You Canadians think you are going to win this war, but you're not."

One of Currie's men: "And you think you are going to the cage—but you're not."

Fieldworks Wing.

The O.T.C. has taken another wallop at the Fieldworks Instructors, Sergts. J. E. West and P. Curtis putting up the white bands and joining No. 5 Class.

Uncle Joe Morris is watching the mails closely these days, at the same time expressing high hopes of getting in on a batch of twenty Bradburys, which one of the sergeants is asking the War Office to divvy up.

Old home week celebrations were the order of the day early in the month, when representatives from C.E. units in the field arrived to act as instructors. All of them had some tales to tell of the work performed by Currie's men during the past few months.

C.S.M. Brown struck a vein of Palestine in his blood when he salvaged odds and ends of two or three cycles. "J. O." hopes to make a respectable machine out of the junk pile.

Volunteers wanted for the next whist drive at the Barley Mow. Too bad the long-legged fellows picked on "Stumpy" Shanton when hitting the home trail from the last affair over the hill.

Ike Gunnell's thrilling yarns of hunting bear and deer in the Far West are likely to bear fruit. Like the serial story, this para. "will be continued in our next."

The epidemic invaded our territory last week. Lieut. Robert Hill falling a victim to the "flu," and is now an inmate of No. 13 C.G.H., Hastings.

Lieut. Balfour was suddenly called away home, where his wife was suffering from the nation wide scourge. We are looking for better news from the London district.

Daily query at the Fieldworks desk: "When is the leave barrage going to lift?"

Bombing.

We have been informed by the worthy Editor of this periodical that contributions were not forthcoming in the necessary quantities. The aforesaid gentleman is, perhaps, not aware of the burdensome duties imposed on the bombing staff, making it almost impossible at times to think, let alone write up, material which would do our magazine justice. However, a few slack moments are at hand, so we will do our best to win our way back into the good books of the Editor.

Well, the matrimonial bug has bitten one more of our instructors, namely, Corpl. J. F. Brown. It is