

Yaps From Yarrow

We hear that the authorities have decided that instead of making newcomers pass through the gas chamber at Le Havre Training School, in future they are to be marched through the Yarrow Recreation Room, between the hours of 10 a.m. and noon.

Capt. Hooper our military padre
 Never on soldiers is hard.
 He loves singing a hymn,
 And the boys all love him,
 And call him a regular card.

The following articles were lost on Wednesday in Ward 7: half a bar of common yellow soap, a spoilt razor strop and a worn out pair of army boots. And yet Pte. Giolma of the said ward complained on Tuesday that he was hungry.

There was once a corporal named Doak,
 Who said: "O, I just love a joak.
 I'm Irish by birth,
 So laughter and mirth,
 I inherit from both the ould foak."

Who was the 44th Corporal who came in with a frown on his face last Saturday night at 8:15, after spending two hours in the morning getting a midnight pass. Was he very disappointed?

Chats From Chatham

Who are the two billiard fiends who miss breakfast every morning for a game in the recreation room?

Is't the ex-acting lance-corporal getting reckless since he lost his high office?

How did the police lance-corporal make it right with the officer's wife to whom he denied admittance to Chatham House?

Is the friend of a certain lance-corporal's friend still looking for a clue, and is she likely to find it around the garden?

What has led a certain distinguished patient whose sleeve used to be rich with crossed swords, grenade, sniper's badge, etc., to deprive himself of his *insignia*.

What did the R.P. Sergeant, who had been watching the cemetery for an hour, see that made him rush to the hole in the wall and order two pennyworth of butter scotch? And did the butter slip out?