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**GOTT BUY THE SENSER:—
DON'T LET IT ACUR
NO MORE !**

Hell, 13—11—17.

Friend Pete:—

I guess you began to think I was dead; but on the square, Pete, I've been as busy as you soldiers (on pay-day)! We just received a bunch of them "Dutchmen", and believe me, Bo, they sure are a Hell of a bunch to handle.

You guys up there sure have got a snap with them Huns, Bums (or whatever it is you folks call them) compared to what I got. Honest, Pete, I thought them food speculators or middlemen was a tough lot, but I take it all back. They run about D.3. alongside of these Huns.

Pete, I guess you will be surprised to hear that I put in my notice. Well, I did just that. I'm quitting! I ain't yellow, Pete; I'm simply disgusted with this job. It ain't no cinch no more, Pete, not since Kaiser Bill started to raise Hell up there.

Believe me, Pete, that guy sure has got my number. Why, say!—he knows more about tortures, barbarism, and hell in general, than the whole damn Devil family.

On the level, Pete, this Kaiser bloke has got me looking like a has-been and a piker, when it comes to running this place.

Anyhow, before my notice is up I'm going to grab off a couple of them "overseas in three weeks" recruiting officers. They ain't going to slip anything over on our pals and get away with it!

I sure wouldn't want to be in you fellows' shoes, as it must be cold as ice up there—and I know I wouldn't like to be no Esquimos!

Well, Pete, I guess I'll get a nice quiet job after this; like President of Mexico or China. Anyhow, I will close, hoping to hear from you before I leave. I am,

Your Old Pal,
THE DEVIL.

P.S.—When does the next draft leave?"

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER

By H. Saunders.

(Learning P.T. at Montreal.)

"When we got back to barracks at noon, Saturday (November 10th) we were informed that there was a case of chicken-pox in our room, and that we were all to go into Quarantine;—so we packed our kits and moved into the quarantine wards.

"There were 51 men in the room where the case was, so we are quite a large party.

"There are 10 in our party from

St. Johns, and we have two small rooms to ourselves. The rest of the men are in a room close by.

"The Officers of the 1st Quebec Regt. (to which we are attached while in Montreal) are doing their best for us and have sent up a large number of books and magazines.

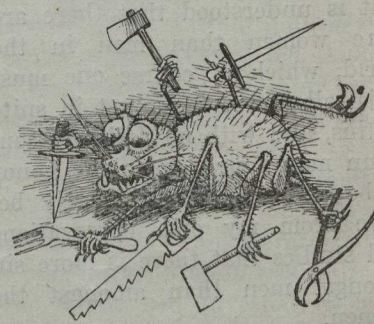
"I like the work here and am glad I came for this instruction, as it is interesting and is doing me a lot of good physically.

"This morning they took us out for a walk up the mountain, but we are not allowed to wander round the barracks, or associate with the rest of the soldiers.

"We had a fine Concert last night, and three boxing bouts, so that the evening passed away quickly."

GOT HIS NUMBER!

A young lady who came to the Band Concert last Sunday to see her soldier brother was being taken round by his chum, who had been excused from Band duty that day. She was of course full of questions. "Who is that person?" she asked, pointing to a sergeant-major. "Oh, he shook hands with the King; that is why he is wearing a crown on his arm, you see!" replied the young man. "And who is that?" she asked, seeing an instructor with a badge of crossed swords. "Oh, he is the barber; do you not see the scissors on his arm?" Seeing yet another man with cuffs decorated with stars, she asked, "And that one?" "Oh, he is the depot astronomer; he guides us on night manoeuvres!" "How interesting!" exclaimed the maiden, when, seeing her companion's badge, that of an ancient stringed instrument, she asked, "And does that thing mean you are the regimental lyre?"



Our impression of the Scabiae.

J. L. PINSONNAULT

PHOTOGRAPHER,

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