

## And Sweepings.

Anyone giving information as to who pinched a cake in hut 32 some time ago will be the recipient of many thanks from the person who is still under suspicion.

Among those who heard their country's call to do their bit at farming was a retired brakeman. He was plowing up a piece of new land with a team of mules and had the reins fastened around his waist. Presently he saw a stump ahead and instinctively he began giving the railroad "stop" signal with both hands. The plow struck the stump and the brakeman went head over heels. Picking himself up he shook his fist at the mules and roared: "You flop eared fools, don't you ever look back for a signal?"

Pte. George Crawford has been appointed newsy for "Bruce in Khaki," and has the news boys' call down so fine that when he went up the lines the other morning shouting: "Pyo, pyo, all about the bleedin' Canydians," a sergeant came out and asked where the news was?

During the air raid on London, Ptes. E. McVannel and H. E. Eldridge were staying in a hotel where the windows were blown in by a bomb, but no other damage was done. Pte. Eldridge held a flashlight while a policeman examined the street where the bomb fell. He is of the opinion that a big fire cracker on a 24th of May celebration would do about as much damage.

Talking of Russians, how is this for a name: Ivegotanhouse Fourdoorsoff.

Who is the Sergeant in Headquarters Staff who claims to have put his five shots through the one hole in his target.

Who was the man at Stag Park, who when listening to a conversation about the Kennels said "What kennels, deer kennels?"

Pte. Lorne Buckley, of Suningdale, was in Camp on Sunday, visiting his many friends in the One-Six-O.

Two little boys were out gathering nuts and on their way home in the evening they found that one had more than the other. They decided to divide them equally, and going into a cemetery emptied them on the ground and began taking them one at a time, saying as they picked each one up, "I'll take this one," "I'll take that one," "I'll take this one," "I'll take that one." So interested were they in the division that they did not notice it was getting dark.

A private was stepping down the road past the artillery lines towards Milford to see his best girl, and as he neared the cemetery he heard voices. He stopped a moment to listen and when he heard "I'll take this one," "I'll take that one," his hair began to raise and he turned and ran down the road, but had not gone far when he met an officer. "What is the matter?" asked the officer. "Oh, sir," replied the private, "the Lord and the devil are down in the cemetery dividing up the dead." "Nonsense," said the officer, "come back and I will investigate." When they came near the cemetery the voices still continued within, and they say the officer beat the private back to camp.