

enemy. A signal suggested is that of placing one's hat on the end of the rifle and waving same violently to and fro.

7. Recreation rooms are provided in the advanced sap, and a demonstration of the pyrotechnical art will be given at frequent intervals, attendance at these is optional.

8. Men while on duty in the trenches will always appear at the dinner-table in a clean and shaven condition, and will supply their own food.

WHAT'S IN A NAME.

Scene: Dugout Town HALL, by the Cook House near the HILL.



SURE it BATES me intoirely, ye MAIN spalpeen," said Paddy O'DOHERTY when the MARSHALL (of course, the CRAFTY one was only KIDDING) asked him: "Can you tell me why a WISEMAN, after TRAVERSING a DERBYSHIRE LANE for several MILES, sits on a WALL built by an ancient STONE-MASON, where the MOSS is GREEN and BUTTERS LITTLE FIGGS with a long CAINE, then gives them away in a CANTIN, with HEAPS of CANDY, also a bar of BROWNE WINSER soap to the TAYLOR, telling him to clean the girl's BONNET properly and to WARNER not to make it so BLACK again, but to keep it nice and WHITE ready for the next BALL game on MUNDY, when the BAND will play "The Jolly MILLAR" and "The Village BLACK-SMITH"—(v. DALY SKITCH)?

By the way, the last THIEME raised got lost in the DALE down by the MARSH where the cattle BROWSE, near those GOODLANDS where the FOX BURROWS in the HEATH, and that, despite the fact that he had PINDER label on every player (all BETTS off). Then when he discovered them we had to WAITE till he found the whistle and BLEWITT.

N.B.—It's enough to TURNER fellow's hair GRAY REIDING a yarn like this. HOPE none will try to WEAVER nother like it. We think a DIAMOND pin a suitable reWARD to anyone who will HUNT for and find CLOWES that will lead to the discovery of the perpetrator.

TRANSPORT SECTION NOTES.

By "FRIAR."



WING to Lieut. Travers having been appointed to the position of Quartermaster the transport is now under the command of Lieut. Hudson, late of "A" company.

It was an evening of January, the shades of night were falling fast, and the transport was in a buzz, someone of importance had lost his pass, and it was up to the transport to locate it. Sergeant Adams on his faithful steed careered frantically uphill and down dale, whirling round corners and leaping mudholes with a reckless disregard for death that merited the D.C.M at least; here and there signallers dashed, motor-cycles honked, bumped, and rattled, telegraph wires were red hot, and on every wire and on every lip was the same question, "Has anyone here seen Riley?" Gasoline, horse flesh and cuss words were almost exhausted when the gentleman in question was located, also the pass, and everyone heaved a sigh of relief.

From late advices from our special correspondent we learn that the owner of the pass was also greatly relieved, so much so in fact he forgot his night apparel, greatly to his embarrassment on reaching home.

It was rumoured in the early part of January that a few Stetson hats were to be issued amongst the transport. We haven't seen any yet, but we still have hopes.

The great "get-rich-schemes" of the Westerners are as nothing compared to the "polish-'em-up" quick schemes of the transport lately. Of all the weird and wonderful concoctions that were ever compounded we surely have them; whale oil, brickbats, bathbrick, coal oil, vitrol, emery paper, sand, mud, gunny sacks, hay, wire, and elbow grease; all these have been tried, and in every possible form and combination, and the smells coming from some of the cans around stables would make a skunk turn pale with envy. Elbow grease accomplished as much as anything, and the harness outfit looked fine in the end.