

H. Madgewick

Grayshott

Dairyman

Milk, Cream, Butter, Cheese

Fresh Ranch Eggs

Special Attention to messes and families. Direct motor delivery

Inquiries invited

STANFIELD & CO.,

Grayshott

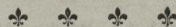
Greengrocers & Fruiterers

Special Attention to the needs of officers' and sergeants' messes

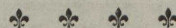
Three deliveries daily to the camps. Estimates furnished

Rather Romantic

A rather peculiar incident took place at a near-by town a few days ago. One of the heroes (a winner of the D.C.M.) out of the trenches on leave went to a certain camp to see his old chum. To town they went. The friend of the chap from the front imbibed too freely, and he had to secure the assistance of the first man he met to get his chum back to camp. By chance it was a well known sergeant. Neither one knew the other, but as they walked along and talked of Canada they found they both came from the same place. And now the interesting part, the girl, comes in. It became apparent to the "sarge" that the chap from the front was a brother of the girl—well, you know what you feel like when you say goodbye to cross the briny deep. So this reminds us that the world is not so big after all. The sergeant was glad to meet the brother, but the next day he remarked: "Gall darn it, I wish it had been the dearest girl in the world—" (Censored.) This is no imaginary story. It is true to life. Quite romantic, is it not?



We received a letter from Billy Adams the other day. Most of the boys, especially of old A company, will probably remember him as the man who was the most prominent corporal in one of the absorbed units. He is now out of hospital and is travelling for a Montreal firm.



A little incident occurred the other day which caused some amusement to those present! A few of our boys were going down town. A little girl was sitting on the fence. Her guardian took her down, but she was determined to regain her high pinnacle. Her nurse, to appease her, told her to wait until the gentlemen had passed. The little girl turned to her and said in deliberate tones, "Those ain't gentlemen; they're soldiers." Remember, boys, that you are never to let anyone call you gentlemen.



First Private—What is the difference between a mouse and a pretty girl?

Second ditto—I can't say.

First Private—Well, a mouse harms the cheese and a girl charms the he's.

The second private had just lost out with the fair sex and the fight started.