



"What we needs 'ere, Bill, ain't wire—it's bloomin' torpedo nets!"

Strange—what has become of the two bottles of champagne a certain person promised to the Serpts.' Mess in the event of his leaving for England. We don't mind such things disappearing in the right direction when we have them in our hands, but for them not to appear at all—disappointing, to say the least.

We are afraid that the Editor would not print what Mr. Adam said when he tore his good breeches on the barbed wire one dark night.

Mr. Fraser (inspecting his section): "Did you shave this morning?"

Unf. Sapper (whose beard rather overshadows the rest of his face): "Yes, sir."

Mr. Fraser (with a stony look): "Then don't ever do such a thing again."

Wonder what brand of goulash Curley will mix up for the boys when he gets out of hospital? We think he must have been afraid of the last batch. That is why he got out of the way.

Go to it, Sergt. A. L. Wilson, you are going to show what this unit can do; and we know you will come back soon, and show us that constellation on your sleeves.

Major K. Stuart's Company.

Lieut. Ewart has returned from a five weeks' course at a Base post. There were lots of things to be learned there. We are all of opinion that eh would make a good pupil.

Lieut. Sladen has joined the Company. All the boys of Number 8 Draft were glad to see him again.

Everybody was glad to see Corpl. Johnny Morrison get the Belgian Croix de Guerre. "The" Murray's wet canteen went dry early that evening.

Sergt. W. M. Hewitt, Sergt. J. D. Ross, Corpl. D. Darling, Sappers W. A. Russell, W. Ford, and R. Campbell Fry have left us for a little "rest" at the "Deppoh" and Bexhill. We are hoping to see them back again soon.

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Major W. E. Manhard's Company.

The Major has just gone on a month's leave, and it is strongly rumoured that he has nuptial arrangements in view. The very best wishes of the Company go with him.