

YOU CAN'T DO BETTER, BOYS!

JAMES L. FRENCH & Co., 36 & 38, Devonshire Road, have a great line of articles that should especially appeal to you chaps in camp; and if you require anything in the shaving line, electric lamps, batteries, etc., "You can't do better" on pay-day, than look over their stock—it is certainly up-to-date.

Mr. ASH, the genial proprietor of the St. George's Cinema Theatre, has made a most tempting offer to our "Boys in Blue," and you can't do better than to take him up on it, and visit his show frequently. If the house were larger, there is no doubt that the "free list" would be extended to the Boys in Blue for the evening show as well as the afternoon; but under present conditions this is impossible. Free in the afternoon, less War Tax in the evening; best of pictures and daintiest of music and most comfortable of seats—Boys! what more can you want!

Wm. R. LYE, 42, St. Leonard's Road, is the man to see, if you want a really well-fitting Tunic, or anything "special" in the Officers' Outfitting line. You can't do better than to consult him about that new pair of breeches you need.

If there is one thing that F. WINISHURST, the Devonshire Road Chemist excels in, it is his stock of Toilet Supplies. Take this tip! Go to the Devonshire Road Pharmacy for all you want along these lines—you can't do better.

Then have a look in at COLBRAN'S, Jeweller, St. Leonard's Road, the next time you go into Bexhill, and have a look at his fascinating stock. You'll not have the slightest difficulty in finding just the thing you want for her. Those Service Watches are especially 'nifty.'

If you are at a loose-end and don't know how to spend your evening, you can't do better than to invest your 'limit' at the CINEMA DE LUXE, where everything in the 'Movie' line is of the best—and the seats are so comfortable.

Say Boys! Take this Tip!! You can't do better than to see CHAPMAN, and have your 'physog' taken, the next time he comes to camp. Or better still, make an appointment to meet him at 63, Station Road, and see what he can do in the Enlargement line. Just the thing to please the folks at home.

Promptness in collecting and delivering "The Goods" as well as good work, is the "sine qua non" of a successful laundry, and in this respect you can't beat the SACKVILLE. You can't do better than to tell the van to call every week.

A word to the wise. Those Badges and Wound Bars are beginning to look kind o' shabby, and it is about time you called on WATSON & Co., about new ones. You can't do better than have a look at the Stock, as this firm has everything in Military Outfitting—and what they haven't got, they will get for you.

Who said that they didn't know the location of THE MODEL DAIRY? Why, it is the best place to get a Light Lunch or Afternoon Tea in town. You can't do better than to try it, and if, perchance, you want a Taxi to take you and your pardner home, you can get one on the premises.

Lastly, "You can't do better, Boys," than to carefully read the advertisements in this issue—it means a lot to you.

LAST POST PAINTER EXECUTED.

By RED VENEER.

Only a short time ago the Bramshott Souvenir set an enquiry on foot, regarding the whereabouts of the felon, who had so audaciously painted the last post. No sooner did word of the matter reach the Cooden Whitewash Agency, than it took the case in hand, and felt positively sure to bring it to a happy "denouement" by entrusting it to Pte. F. B. . . , reputed member of the Agency.

After several days of elaborate scheming and drag-netting, the clever sleuth, having struck on different obvious clues, made ready for the final blow, trapping the villain "en flagrant delit."

Early on the morning of May 15th, whitewash bucket and brush in hand, he set to work and painted every post of the fence but the last one, and this he left untouched. This done, he stealthily crept into the low brush hard by, and lay in wait. Everything was quiet about him, and nothing disturbed the peaceful morning, except the stray note of a feathered warbler, and the occasional footfall of a passer-by. Suddenly, however, a faint sniff caught the trained ear of the sleuth, followed by the downy patter of feet, furtively approaching his hiding place. B. . . . lay low and still, weapon in hand, and eye keenly peeled. The culprit soon made his appearance and made his way to the foot of the last post "a pas de loup." The psychological moment had arrived. With hue and cry, B. . . . sprang forward, brandishing his weapon; and before the villain had time to think of resistance he was felled and dragged in shackles to the seat of justice. The case was heard "in camera," and in spite of an eloquent defence by the prisoner's counsel, the inexorable judge pronounced the death sentence, which was carried out "sur le carreau."

On examining criminal records and finger prints, the prisoner was discovered to be the notorious Mongrel, alias Cur, alias Sooner, who had been the El Capitan of the neighbourhood in the past, and who had baffled the "peelers" so often in their efforts to effect his arrest.

Pte. B. . . . , though now recognized as the official Whitewasher of the Agency, is booked for further preferment.

Would the above account for our having a "sausage and a half" for a ration, the following day.

What about the bally Baillie pup?