

YAPS FROM YARROW

Wanted—Patience and Patients.

Just watch our baseball team—they all walk.

A Private has space *and* a kit-bag but no magnitude.

Corp. M'Farlane, in his wee dispensary, is our bit of buried "Scotch." Don't whisper this to the Excise men.

Everybody works at Yarrow,
Nobody loafs all day—
Putting in the seeds with care. Oh!
What a beautiful place to stay.

Ask Private Smith (not Trombone), how he enjoyed his encounter with the *German* measles.

How do you like our beds? That warm, rich, ruddy covering would have been invaluable in the winter.

Corp. Cross is inquiring for some kind of glass that won't break when an enthusiastic Canadian falls on it.

A Ruthless Rhyme

She left the probe inside the dressing;
The patient's pain was quite distressing;
But though his cries grew loud and grating,
She couldn't keep the M.O. waiting.

Yes, Private Cram, we are able to tell you why the *Canadian Hospital News* is such a *rattling* good paper.—Because the compositor is a *Ford*.

Horace (not the ancient celebrity), but our very own Pte. Tyler, says he dotes on "Yaps." Well done, Horace! So would your Roman namesake if he were here.

There isn't a personnel mess in the world can beat ours, decorated with the freshest flowers and cleaner than the proverbial new pin. You should see Private Larby's smile on the weekly inspection day.