

THE "BEAUTY" FOUND.

THE C.R.O.

CANADA.

BULLETIN

VOL. I, No. 7.]

FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION ONLY.

[WEDNESDAY, JULY 31, 1918

EDITORIAL.

"ESPRIT DE CORPS."

We know that no man, however good he is as an individual, in sports which require more than one player on each side can be a successful sportsman unless he plays for and with his side. For his side in that the good of his side has his first consideration. With his side in that he backs up the good player and helps along the lesser light. So in the game of life as played in the business world.

Of which individual, when he has played his game and retired from the field, do we hear "he played cricket," the man who rising himself did so at the expense and hardship of others, in other words played for himself only, or, the man who through merit outshone his fellow-players, but at the same time put out a helping hand, thinking nothing of his own, possibly numerous, acts of self-sacrifice in so doing.

In this office, as in all big houses of business, we have men of both categories, but the man who works and plays for the benefit of the C.R.O. in general is the fellow to be remembered by his old comrades when he has left Green Harbour House. We would all prefer the hand of friendship than that of cold convention on saying our farewells.

During our sojourn here we get disappointments and at the first smart want to get back to where we think our services will be better judged and rewarded, but after a few minutes of self-communion we put on a stiff lip and pull our weight again. Let our creed be—

" 'Twere better starve
 than live by others' loss or dole,
 And better fail than pathway carve
 through fraud and wrong to wished
 for goal."

Remembering:—

" That soon or late the right shall win,
 The weak grow strong, the mighty
 fall,
 The wicked perish in their sin,
 The wronged on God not vainly call."

CURRENT WIT.

The Musical Comedy "The Girl in the Bath" ought to make a splash, it must be another effort at Clean-Comedy.

Marriage is the harbour of true love, but Passion knows no anchor.

Love in a Cottage is quite possible for those who have no objection to a tight squeeze.

A girl with a man at the front at least has the joy of knowing he is a man.

Just as the stars began to peep,
 Just as the daylight went to sleep,
 Just as the shades commenced to creep,

I kissed her.

Just as the flowers ceased to bloom,
 Just as the night put on its gloom,
 Just as her husband left the room,

I kissed her.

AN EXTRA YELL.

Blackberry, Bluberry, Huckleberry Pie.
 V.I.C-T-O-R-Y.

Can we beat them? well I guess.
 Record Office, Record Office, Yes, Yes,
 YES.

FAMOUS SAYINGS.

Ledger clerks are held responsible.—
 S.M.S. Lane, R.I.F.

Got a cigarette, Jim?—Pte. Chapman,
 R2A3.

You Parasites from H— . S./Sgt.
 Rouse.

I do like my 9's and 25's.—Miss Bur-
 ness.

My Harold says.—Miss Nice.
 Emma 2596 on the double.—S./Sgt.
 Seggie.

Let me tie it up for you.—Cpl. Cuxton.
 Old soldiers never die.—Pte. Turner.
 Come and see Kathleen at Henekeys.—
 Pte. Weaver.

There is not enough substance in it.—
 Mr. Low.

I know he's holding something back.—
 Lieut. Candy.

I don't need a sword.—S./Sgt. Ander-
 son.

How much for a three-year subscription
 to the "Bulletin"?—Cpl. Wallace.

Cut the Comedy.—Ferguson.
 Sneeze, your brains are rusty.—Corpl.
 Bennett.

Not so much noise there.—Mrs. Payne.

CHEVRONS.

We beg to remind our readers once again that if they require any back numbers of the "Bulletin" they had better make sure of them *now*, as they are rapidly running out and *cannot be reprinted*.

We have heard a number of our readers remark that it is a pity that our first number is larger than the present size. We admit it is a pity, but when enough copies have been issued to make a volume our printers have agreed to bind us a sample volume for your inspection, and it will be found that the first edition will just manage to work in alright after being trimmed.

Our circulation is still making a steady increase, and we hope to have a nice balance for the "Prisoners of War Fund" this month.

Captain Langmaid, the popular M.O. of the Record Office, has left us after a continual sojourn of over two years. We are sure our readers will wish him the best of luck in his new appointment. What is their gain is our loss.

The following is a farewell letter we have received from him:—

Through the kindness of the editor of our popular paper I wish to bid Good-bye and God-speed to all the boys of the Office.

On account of my short notice on going to France I did not have time to shake hands with all of you, who have been so thoroughly good and considerate to me during the many months it has been my privilege and pleasure to be associated with you at the C.R.C. as your M.O. I wish you one and all the very best of luck now as well as after the War when you return to your homes and civil life again.

(Signed) C. A. LANGMAID,
 Capt. C.A.M.C.

WORTHINGTON'S (T)ALE.
 A Copy of the "Bulletin" given
 with each Bottle.