

Current Events.

C.B., by——

An Episode. Only too true.

Scene—C.A.S.C. Camp, Shorncliffe.

2 p.m.—Sunday. C.B. throughout Camp.
 "Casey" has appointment with Fair Damsel at 6.30 p.m.

4 p.m.—Casey tries to break C.B., but finds every exit blocked by the Strong Arm of the Law.

5 p.m. Casey struts around pulling at his blonde locks like a raving lunatic. He exclaims:

"What will my fair one think? Will 'she class me with other Canadians? 'Ships that pass in the night."

6.30 p.m. Casey can stand the strain no longer, he takes refuge among the hilarious bunch of merry-makers in his Mess. Here he drowns his disappointment, and by

9.30 p.m. There was a sound of revelry by night for "Casey was in action."

—————
 We must apologise for the statement in last month's issue, with reference to our Wealthy Corpl. of Hut No. 3. being a poker friend. He informed us, "Alas! Wine, Women, and Song were responsible for my late hours. I have since cut out Singing."

—————
 We understand that Paderuski (Chalmers) captured the "Hill" in the final battle with Larry. The last we heard of Larry he was seen running through Camp yelling: "Stop Thief."

—————
 Ohio, Columbus,

October de twiced.

Dear Old Fat Head,—

As I have nothing to do, and wish to do it, I tout I would took my pen and bottle of ink in mine handt and typewrite vou a few ladders, blease excuse dis lead pencil.

We are all well ad present, except my brudder; he was kicked in the subar-

bans last night by a mule—the mule is not expected to live.

Your rich aunty who died from patpitation of the heart when you was here is still deadt and doing nicely. Hope dis will find you de same. After she diadt day found fifteen tousand dollars sewed up in an old bussell that she left behindt, so you are therefore no longer a poor man, but a dutchman.

Your brudder will went to work diss morning; de job will last about six months, but might get out sooner on good behaviour.

Business has been dull since you lefted—especially the saloon business. Your wife was took to de insanity asylum yesterday—she was crazy to see you.

I saw your little boy this morning fur de first time. I think he looks just like you, but he is all right otherwise, so I would not worry aboutt that if I wus you.

I am sending you by Adams Express your overcoat, and as day charge so much a pound to send it. I cut de buttons off. Hoping dis will prove satisfaction. You will find de buttons in the inside pocket.

I almost forgot to tell you I got married last week. I got a pretty good wife. She is from Milo, but I think I could have got a better one at Westerville, as they have a larger stock to select from.

As diss is all I got to say, I will kloss my face and expect you to do the same. Hoping this will reach you before you get it, and that you will answer before dat.

I remain, your confectionary second to de last kousin,

OTTO MOBILE.

P.S.—In case you do not get this letter, write me and let me know and I will sendt it to your at onced.

—————
 The world loves a lover, the probe wants looking into.

What is that other bromide about what love's akin to.