

WE WANT TO KNOW.

Whether the Postmaster's white sheets are an issue. If so, when is the rest of the Depot going to be issued with them.

Who wrote the card inviting Sgt. Kyle to Montreal. Was it Miss — or a Sgt.?

What attraction is there at Mount Johnson that caused the same Sergeant to want to walk there last Sunday? (Too bad it rained!)

For the benefit of a certain officer, just what books there are in the Windsor Hotel library.

What the "Trunks" thought of Saturday's football results.

Who it was who turned a Somersall-t when he read last week's "Knots and Lashings".

Whether the honing provided by "Knots and Lashings" has improved the edge of his razor.

Whether he will "go easy" with the lawn mower, as it will be needed for next year's lawns.

Whether Sergeant Barr would prefer another staff, or a pair of crutches.

Whether it was a horse, or another C.S.M., who tromped on Barr's foot.

Whether the rumor that Sergt. Henson was bitten on the hand by one of his poulets has any truth in it.

How many editions Boyd's Commentories on Tactics has run into.

If Boyd always finds the tactics reliable, whether he will deliver the usual week-end lecture on same this coming week.

If Sgt. Boyd has lately become a god-father or not, as rumor says he has.

Who gave Base Coy. the order to take a pace to the rear with the front foot and a pace to the front with the rear foot?

Who is the sapper in D. Coy. who unblushingly uses silk pyjamas, a bath robe, and, at meals, a table napkin.

Is the musketry corporal still eating ice-cream cones?



— E. Carol-Jackson-1917 —

Whether he would accept a present of a bib for feeding time from Base Coy.

What the musketry instructor means by saying—"Get your left foot right in front of your right foot."

TOOTS FROM THE TRUMPETERS.

Lost, Stolen or Strayed:—OUR Brass Band. Last seen leaving the barracks early on Thursday morning, November 15th. Owing to the fact that the worthy Band Sergeant Cook borrowed two of the Depot Trumpeters, any information regarding the whereabouts of the above band will be greatly appreciated by Lance-Corporal Trumpeter Davis.

We want you, oh no tongue can tell How much we want you, and how well!

Ottawa wanted you, too, and said with a smile,

"Guess when we get you, we'll keep you a while!"

All friends of "Mike" will be pleased to hear that the operation for Celluloids and Utensils was suc-

cessful and he hopes to be with us again in a short time.

UKULELE BILL HAS WENT!

Alas! Alas!

We have to report with great regret the passing from our midst of Ukulele Nickerson, who left the Depot on Monday last, having received an appointment to the Flying Corps. He will be sadly missed by Section 1 of "C" Coy., the members of which have often had their hearts moved and their thoughts turned to murder by the weird dirges which he extracted from his ukulele. At all events, we all wish him well in his new field, and take this opportunity of extending our sincere condolences to the Flying Corps.

NOW IT'S B. COY'S TURN.

Next week Page 5 beongs to B. Coy. "Copy" must be left in Newsbox by Tuesday noon. Send in plenty of short, snappy "personals", jokes, etc. Make everything short and brilliant. A. Coy. has set a good pace—let's see what "Brilliant B" can do!

HE'S MAD AS H—!

Mister Editor, Dear Sur,

Maybe you and your cleekin o' brainy chiels wha pat yersels on the back every time ye look down the list o' "associate editors", think ye were awfu' funny when you stole a bit oot o' an auld paper and set it up in "Knots and Lashings" as a "Boy's Alleged Es-say on Scotland".

Aye, maybe ye think its real smert like, tae talk in a disrespect-fu' wey aboot Bagpipes, Burns and Whuskey,—but fine I ken that nae-body but a crabbit auld Sassenach wha maist like could'na tell the difference between a cup o' tea and a hauf mutchkin o' Challenger, wid fash his thoom tae occupy sic an awfu' lot o' guid space wi sic awfu' blethers.

Of course, we ken fine you billies wha sneer at oor thrift and oor kilts are jist as eager, every bit, tae get doon on your hunkers and look for a bawbee, only ye've no got the gumption tae admit it!

And fine we ken, ma bonnie laddie, that the maist o' you chaps wha hae a bit lauch at the kilt are guid and thankfu' for the spindle—shankit carakter that providentially invented breeks for ye!

I'd like tae tell ye that ye'll no say it again in my hearin' that Rabbie Burns wrote "Stop yer Ticklin, Joek."

To think, in this enlightened age that we're noo in, that you could haud doon the job o' editor o' a funny paper, that's no worth a tinkers dam, and no be peyed aff for displayin sic ignorance, is awa' beyond me!

I'm no shair but maybe ye wer na serious,—but if ye were, I'd like tae tell ye that if ye'd been under the Hillanman's Umbrelly in the Argyle St. o' Glesca on Saturday and said that—mind, ah'm tellin ye!—gin Monday ye widna be botherin muckle aboot the bonny wey the choir sung the "Nunc Dimittus" on that wae fu' day for you!

Yours maist indignantly,  
CALUM McPHECHLE,  
Section 1, A Coy.

REMEDY FOR SCABIAE.

Rub salt into underwear for three consecutive days. Then go down to the river (ostensibly to bathe!) — undress, (care being taken to leave the undergarments near the water). Hide away and leave them there just long enough to prevent yourself from frost-bite; then steal up while the scabiaes are drinking, swipe the garments and hike for the stables. Try it today.

—M.D.