

Who was the fellow who got the Pay Corporal's goat the other afternoon? and why did the usually genial Corporal go white? Wasn't it lucky for the patient that the dear old Corp. kept his "Bulldog Spirit" in its kennel?

Is the reason that the Sergeant in charge of the Camp Concert Party wears a black costume instead of green, like the rest of the Troupe, because he has so much green in his eye?

Is the well-dressed, handsome, curly-headed boy in No. 1 Div. Ord. Room aspiring after a Lance-Corporal's Commission? And why does he and the Bombadier frequent the Skating Rink so much these last few dark nights?

If the stripe given to "Red" in the Dining Hall hasn't made him quite amiable to the patients? and whether all the fellows would unanimously vote that the smiling Irish V.A.D. is the kindest-hearted little girl that ever served us with a meal at Cooden?

Where a certain C.S.M. gets all his "pep"? Is it the beans or the soup, and isn't it rather hard on the Government Equipment?

If the 'phone in the Q.M. Office is for business or pleasure?

The Cooden Pilgrims.

The boys in some of the huts find it impossible to fill in the time on these wet, dreary Cooden nights. Someone suggested that we break forth into song, another said let us retire for the night, then a big, brawny half-breed exclaimed, to the delight of the congregation, "Let us pray," and we did so in good old Army style, and I have perused the Good Book through and through, but I failed to find any of the texts that we brought forth from our delightful little congregation. After we had prayed awhile, up jumps old Sandy McDuff, who, by the way, was born in Dublin, reared in Blighty, and educated in Winnipeg, and said, "By heck, boys, I must quit, as I am getting housemaid's knee, through the stalks from this Brussels Carpet, and I've prayed so long that I cannot spit a saxe-pence," and suggested that we all return to the Canteen

for a light refreshment, which was heartily endorsed by the whole of the congregation, including the Parson, whose business it is to see that the men in his hut conduct themselves properly and that they get their full share of "steam" to keep their "spirits" up. After being thrown out of the wet shop into the starry night, we eventually reached our little wooden hut through every imaginable access, including doors, windows, keyholes, etc.; in fact, old Sandy made his entrance through the legs of the Sergeant, who was standing in the doorway, eagerly awaiting the arrival of some poor little "Stay out after Roll Call," and the whole of the hut went into uproars when they discovered Sgt. Petticoat was out looking for Sandy. Bully for Sandy, there was about fifteen minutes left before legal lights out, so we gathered our noble pilgrims together for another little prayer service, but Sandy still complained of housemaid's knee, and suggested that we kneel on the lower portion of our spine, and to avoid a housemaid's spine we fixed Sandy upon a few soft feather pillows which we gathered from the Sergeants' quarters, then when all signified as to their comfort, we opened our service with hymn No. 999, which runs as follows;—

I now belong to the Flying Corps,
Because I have the Flew,
Salts fail to stop my downward flight,
And number nines don't fit me right,
So now they feed me stew.

This we sang to that well-known tune, "When I was a student at Cooden." The full account of this famous hymn will be found on another page in the next issue of *Pat's Post*, so order your copies in advance, so that you will be well acquainted with our little choir, and follow the good work that they are doing amongst the boys. Well, dear friends, to show the earnestness of our boys, I must tell you that they exhausted all the texts in the Good Book in the fifteen minutes which we had at our disposal, and we still had half a candle left in the Vestry, so we carried on our prayer meeting by candle-light; but, of course, as you are aware, only sleep is legal after lights out in the Army, so, not to be done, we all agreed to hold an informal prayer meeting, that is to say, no one was bound to the Good Book for any text which he chose to debate upon, and the following are a few of the sayings of our noble and righteous band;—

Q.—When does a little girl eat music for tea?

A.—When she has a piano-for-te.

Q.—When did Moses sleep five in a bed?

A.—When he slept with his fore-fathers.

Q.—Why is a dirty man like flannel?

A.—Because he shrinks from the wash.