

CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN.

Under this heading the Editor proposed to reply to anxious enquirers from those who are in any way afflicted in Mind, Body, Estate, or Romantic Situations. Romance will have special attention, as the lady engaged to deal with this has had world-wide experience in all kinds of love in all kinds of countries.

Letters should be addressed to, Aunt Queenie, c/o the Editor, *P.P. Post*.

Many letters have already been received in anticipation of this column being available, and Aunt Queenie, who has been hastily summoned from Vancouver, takes pleasure in replying to them.

SERGEANT, C.A.M.C.—If the lady treated you as you say, I would not have anything more to do with her. Cut off communications. Not a thousand miles from the R.P.O. there is a galaxy of youth and maidenly beauty unsurpassable for charm and loveliness in any country. Get an introduction, George, and may luck go with you.

SUPERINTENDENT.—No, the Editor does not exchange photographs with his correspondent. You are welcome to one of my hatchet cut wood engravings. I'm sending you one by (*P.P.*) *Post*.

V.A.D.—No doubt the villian, taking advantage of the blue uniform, which excites so much sympathy in these days, has torn your poor little heart in shreds by his unseemly attention to the cook on Collingwood Avenue. Don't you mind, dearie. Remember the proverb about the fish in the sea. Your old Aunt has had many such experiences, and yet, at the discreet age of 84, still remains single. There are lots of good-looking corporals whose addresses I'm sending you post free.

OFFICER.—If the girl in the Concert Party at the Y.M.C.A. seemed to sing at you, I wouldn't flatter myself that I had made a great impression were I you. These girls, though exceedingly beautiful, seem to delight in captivating good-looking young fellows, only to flit away again to other pastures, and, alas! never to return. Still, a man of your good-looking attributes may have made a real impression; if so, Auntie will be very glad indeed to note the permission to marry in daily orders.

PATIENT IN BLUE.—You must not be annoyed because the man in Khaki bumped against you. People in hospital blue do not own every path in the hospital grounds, nor in Bexhill either. Your old Aunt has often seen some of you walking three and four abreast, and leaving no room for anyone passing in an opposite direction. Perhaps the man who bumped you has seen just as much service in France as you have, maybe more. Being too impolite to give way a little to another, savours very much of the German. Arrogance is distasteful.

PRO BONO PUBLICHOUSEO.—Thanks for the tip. Bitter of decent taste is difficult to get now. Sorry your Chief will not allow it in the Dormitory. I hear there's some palatable stuff in the Sergeants' Mess, also doubles. Why not have a deputation of you girls attend the next meeting, and get elected Honorary Members.

R.S.M., SIR.—Yes, I quite agree with you. Carry on in the usual way. Sink the Pink every time you can, and sink him too, if you get the chance.

ANOTHER V.A.D.—You little minx. So you have set out to do that, have you? Don't forget that there will be a breach of promise regarding women as well as men "apres la guerre," and if the dining-room Orderly takes action against you, you may lose all your wealth.

Certainly you are far from ugly, like your elderly Aunt used to be. But spare the poor boy's feelings. I believe he's had a dose of shell-shock in France.

PRIVATE X.—Two tablespoonsful three times a day will remove freckles.

CAPTAIN.—If you bogey out in three holes and one to play, I should bunker out in the mashie. Look out for his return and half-volley his leg-breaks, especially when the bases are full, as a sacrifice cleaver will put the tin hat on all the machinations of the devil.

I would rather deal with your romantic efforts. Come, tell your elderly Aunt about your love affairs; it will pay, Master.

TRANSPORT SERGEANT.—No—will you really walk out with me? He-he-he—what a flirt you are. Yes, I'll be there at 2.30 a.m. It will be lovely in the moonlight. We must be careful near the hedges, for I hear that a sergeant wanders round with a gun and a ferocious dog about this time.