

NOTES BY OUR SPECIAL
CORRESPONDENTE, —

OKAY YEM.

The dance at the Yacht Club on Monday night was a festive occasion, and very gay were the young people who gathered there to indulge in frivolous pastime. Since the opening of the Yacht Club, it has been a popular spot indeed. Every evening finds someone there either dancing upstairs or sitting out on the pier, feasting their eyes on the beauty of the scene. The wonderfully good music which is such a rare treat, helped to make Monday night a gala affair. It was irresistibly appealing to those who are so fond of gaily tripping, lightly skipping, and merrily flitting across the polished surface of the floor.

Captain Powell, arrayed in holiday attire, was easily the belle of the ball. One or two others endeavored to compete with the Captain for this distinction, but succeeded in being worthy of honorable mention only in regard to popularity. The exhibition dance presented by Captain Powell and the dainty Lieut. Smith, was a decided hit. They displayed a remarkable agility and grace in the performance of the intricate mazes of their dance, and won much applause from the admiring but envying onlookers.

Dainty refreshments were served during the evening, and although the weather had become suddenly chilled, the ice cream was much enjoyed and appreciated. In fact one man was heard to say, that he had mentioned ice cream as an inducement when trying to persuade a young lady to accompany him to the dance, with apparently the desired effect.

Soon after midnight, the strains of the Home Sweet Home waltz floated forth to end the evening's pleasure, and the rendition of God Save The King brought to a fitting close another "perfect day".

It is rumored that the E. T. D. Menagerie is steadily growing, and that, as well as a lap dog there are two skunks in captivity. This information leads to a curiosity as to who may be the keeper. The Laird of Bridoon being already busy with the responsibility of the Tan Bark Emporium, perhaps the Paymaster might be placed in charge of the Menagerie.

Lt. M.:—"Are you engaged to that young lady I've seen you with so often lately?"

Lt. Me.:—"Oh no, we're not engaged, but let me tell you I've had

six weeks of the best courting I've ever had in my life."

Lt. H. to O.C.:—"Yes sir, I should like to get married before going overseas, and hope to get permission to do so. What do you think of it, sir?"

O.C. (with a searching and a quizzical glance):—"Well, young man, I'd say 'carry on'. You have as much right as any other man to starve a woman."

EN ROUTE TO MONTREAL.

The two girls in the seat behind, were returning to Montreal after spending a gay week end in St. Johns, where they had gone to gladden the hearts of two lonely soldiers, and to cast a little sunshine into their otherwise dreary lives. The girls were enthusiastically discussing their visit, which they had apparently enjoyed judging from scraps of conversation which fell upon the listening ears in the seat ahead. "Do you know Cpl. R.?" asked one girl. "Well he's awful nice, he's just swell, only he takes a glass now and then. It's his one fault. We were talkin' and I says to him, 'What makes you do it, Pete? you know it aint right, and your folks wouldn't like it if they knew it.' He says he wouldn't if Helen had've treated him white. Y'know she treats him something fierce all the time, and he's just crazy about her. So I says to Helen, when I had a chance,—'Helen, Pete thinks a lot o' you, and you oughta treat him better. Who knows, it may be the makin' of him if you treat him fair and square and give him half a chance. You got no right to use a fella like you do anyway, specially when he thinks a lot o' you. He's a nice fella, treat him white.' I talked straight to her and she took it good too, and she says she would use him better, but I dunno."

As the train neared Bonaventure Station, an officer appeared upon the scene, strolling leisurely and harmlessly up and down the platform. The girls in the seat behind observed him at once and cast disapproving eyes in his direction. Being critical as well as observant, the more loquacious of the two, as she rose from her seat to leave the car, burst forth in disgusted tones, "Oh gee but them officers make me sick. Don't they think they're just about I-T? Look at him would you. Gosh!"

OKAY YEM.

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