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GOODBYE "HOOIGANS" GOODBYE.

There's a club in the E. T. D.
Whose members were happy with glee,
The members could all stage their turns
'Twas before they lost Jolly Burns.
With joy to the meetings they come,
Before departed Dear "Eaglesome",
The jovial spirit never did lag
At least, not till we lost Sergt. Wagg.
Many a pleasant hour we've spent at night
Before departed Brother Wright.
And of the Blues we ne'er had a fear on
Till away went Hooligan Heron,
The boy who could dance we often saw
A worthy Hooligan called Kavanaugh.
Our Seafaring friend who likes to mix 'em
Alas has departed, "Poor Brother Dixon"
A worthy Hooligan all did know
King of the kitchen, Bro. Kasino.
For the ones who left we gave a party
And the host "pro tem" was Brother Hartley.
We wished all luck and bade 'em God speed
And we are hoping it soon may be decreed
From St. Johns we may go to palace or hut
Before we may turn to a raving nut.
The girls may be pretty around this town
And also be witty, but I'm a clown.
On their manners and customs I cannot dwell
I'm on my way, I wish to tell
To meet our brave darlings "The ladies frae Hell."
Here's hoping we'll meet "I hope we will"
And by then the Kaiser will have asked his bill.
In St. Helena or Elba, he don't wish to dwell
So give him transportation straight through to Hell.

Happy.

By Pigeon Post.

The pigeon had been fluttering round headquarters for some time, and at last a young officer went out to see if he could capture it. By this time the bird had settled on the roof of the old farm-house, and it required some brain waves to think out a plan to catch it. However, the red-tabs are not lacking in this quality, and after much manoeuvring over the tiles the officer caught it and brought it into the office in triumph. The staff gathered round whilst the message was being untied from the pigeon's leg. Great was the amazement when they realized that this was the message it contained:

"I'm fed up and sick of carrying this blooming bird about."

The Benefits Of Waiting.

Two Highlanders were spending part of their "leave" in "doing" the Metropolis. They had been to the Museum and National Gallery and other inexpensive places of interest and were now standing outside a Tube Station in Oxford Street. Beautiful works of art advertised the places reached by the railway. Suddenly one of them exclaimed:

"Tuppence all the way! My! that's a fine trip. We'll take tickets."

His friend replied:

"Bide a wee, mon, there may be an excursion."

A Night Out.

The regiment was stopping in a fearfully dull village and the officers found life very monotonous. Eventually the people in one of the large houses near got to hear of this and invited some of the officers to come over and dine with them. The walk from the camp was rather a long one and over very rough ground, so the officers decided to take a storm lantern with them so as to help them on their way home.

They had a very jolly evening, and at a very late hour the officers found themselves trudging back to their quarters.

The next morning the gardener came round to the camp with a letter from his master. One of the officers read it out in the Mess:

"I return herewith your stable lamp. Will you kindly send me back my parrot and cage which you took by mistake last night."

ONE FOR THE ORDERLY OFFICER.

Quartermaster (attending Supper Parade to ascertain quality of food served):—"Mr. Orderly Officer, there are stones in this jam."

Orderly Officer:—"Do I understand, Sir, that no one on Subsistence Allowance is permitted to eat here?"

Quartermaster:—"That is so."

Orderly Officer:—"Are you on Subsistence Allowance, Sir?"

Quartermaster:—"Yes."

Orderly Officer:—"Then may I ask, Sir, why you are eating our jam?"

Exit Quartermaster followed by triumphant smiles from Orderly Officer.

ANOTHER FOR THE PAY- MASTER.

One of the brightest things we have heard in the Officers' Club for many days is Petty's summary

of the situation in regard to a certain American gentleman who was extensively advertised during the war as about to invent some marvellous weapons and other accessories of Mars, but who didn't "deliver the goods."

"Well," said one officer, "he certainly invented the talking machine."

"Yes," retorted Petty the Priceless, "and that's the invention which his country needs the least."

Scrutator.

In Everybody's Mouth.

1st. Tommy:—"The Kaiser's a blooming philanthropist!"

2nd. Tommy:—"What's he up to now?"

1st. Tommy:—"He's distributing 50,000,000 toothpicks, free of charge, inscribed "From Wilhelm, conqueror of the world."

2nd. Tommy:—"What's the idea?"

1st. Tommy:—"He wants his name to be in everybody's mouth!"