

## My First Day in "Civies."

After hanging about camp for several weeks, awaiting my discharge in England, the powers that be, after a considerable amount of pow wowing, allowed me to proceed on indefinite leave.

As I was to start work at once, it was necessary for me to procure a suit of civies at the shortest notice. I take me to a departmental store, where they sell everything from a flea to an elephant, to get me a hand-me-down. "Good morning, sir," says the man inside the store, who walks like a duck, "what can I do for you?" "I want a suit of civies," I said. "Walk this way," he said. Well, I tried to, but as I had only learnt the goose step, I found it rather hard to do the duck waddle, which I had been requested to do.

However, at last, after mounting several sets of stairs, we arrived at the top of the building, where I was left with a little fat man, who wore pince-nez on the end of his nose, and looked over the top.

"Yes, sir, what kind of suit would you like?"

I nearly fainted. I had forgotten it was now my choice, and not the choice of the Q.M., who would have thrown a coat and a pair of trousers at me, and said "Sign here."

After trying on several suits, which fitted me better than any I had been issued with, I decided on a suit which made me look like a Sporté Boyee (apologies to the boy).

Having found the coat and vest a splendid fit, the little fat gentleman assured me that the measurements of the trousers were quite all right.

Feeling very satisfied with myself, except that my Bradburys had been reduced by five, I went to buy collars, etc.

Here I was served by a damsel who blushed worse than I did.

"I want some collars."

"Yes, sir, what size?"

"You've got me there," said I.

Then, after another little blush, she put a tape round my neck and said 15½.

At this I began to wonder what would happen when I asked for shirts. However, she seemed to know more about shirts than I did, and declared they would fit me, as the collars were 15½.

My next adventure was in the hat department, where an Irishman served me. I must have tried on every hat in the place, and after thinking what a fool I looked in all of them I took his word for it that the first one I tried on suited me best.

On my way home, with parcels hanging all over me like a pack mule, I carefully studied every man who was wearing a hat like the one I have bought, to enable me to get the correct angle, etc.

No sooner did I get inside my house than the wife had all my parcels undone and commented on my various articles of clothing. Nothing would satisfy her until I dressed up in them.

Now, I could have broken that little fat man's neck, because he had vowed the trousers would fit me. So they did in a way, except that there was no room to sit down. I was then advised by my wife to let out the braces a bit, which I did, and success followed, except that there was too much on the end. Feeling more or less satisfied with everything except the trousers, I went to bed wondering what people would say next day when I went out in my new outfit.

About midnight I woke, after a most awful dream. I am not sure that I can describe it, but I will try.

There seemed to be a lot of little imps dancing about with suits for me to try on, which I did. After trying on about a thousand, and every one having trousers of

the sailor type, I took one. Then thousands of collars and hats came in on legs. When I put the collars on I felt as if I was looking over a high wall. The hats either covered the whole of my body, or sat on my head like a pea on a drum. And to finish the dream I was at work in overalls, with the same trousers on underneath. On taking off my overalls, the knees of my beloved trousers were in holes, and the part which had worried me so much had a six inch split right across.

On rising I got my wife busy with needle and thread, and she made my trousers comfortable and decent looking at last. So off I go for inspection by the public in general. The first person I come in contact with says: "Good morning, why I didn't know you." If she had left it at that I should have thought nothing, but she finished by saying: "You do look funny." Personally I expect I did, but it was not making me feel very happy, for everyone I met had the same thing to say, except my old grandmother, who said the same as the rest, but added she liked me in a white collar. So, of course, I began to think I did look all right, after all.

After parading the streets for about an hour I returned home, to be told I still had the ticket hanging from my coat. So now, I don't wonder why "I looked funny."

ONE OF THE BHOYS.



## The Canadian Permanent Force.

The Canadian Permanent Force is to be re-organised on a peace basis with a force of 5000 of all ranks. As reconstituted, it will consist as follows:—

**CAVALRY.**—The Royal Canadian Dragoons, with headquarters and two squadrons (Toronto); the Lord Strathcona Horse (Royal Canadians), headquarters and two squadrons (Calgary).

**ARTILLERY.**—Royal Canadian Horse Artillery, brigade headquarters and three batteries (Kingston); Royal Canadian Garrison Artillery, regimental headquarters and five companies, with four coast defence companies and one heavy battery (Halifax, Quebec, and Victoria).

**ROYAL CANADIAN ENGINEERS.**—Two companies (Halifax and Victoria).

**INFANTRY.**—Royal Canadian Regiment, regimental headquarters and five companies (Halifax); Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, regimental headquarters and four companies (Toronto).

In addition to these there will be the regular departmental services, with headquarters at Ottawa.



Owing to the vicissitudes of life, I am liable to lose my equilibrium, but due to my recuperative powers, although feeling somewhat unsophisticated, I regain my equilibrium in a rather characteristic manner, but this also refers to the stupendous momentary and voluptuous circumstances surrounding the aforesaid epistle, concerning hereditary facts, stating verbal circumstantial evidence. I may be a little grammatical in my consolidated opinions, if not emphatic, but that is due to the ecstasies of redeemed power, gifted through democratic upheavals. Well, nevertheless, all my grace and power surround the ecclesiastical action undertaken by authoritative committees, and sanctioned by church disestablishment—areaism this is quite feasible, if not anologically practicable.