

VINAIGRETTES.

Our second-in-command owns a boat.

(The same one that got Simpson's goat)

Travels 'round in a Hup 'Bout the size of a pup, And rides "breakers" ashore and afloat.

There was a young cherub named Len

Who pushed a poetical pen, His splutter and splatter Caused very much clatter, A noise like the scratch of a hen.

A gallant subaltern called Mac Once walked down the old railway track

In spite of his great tact, We must state the sad fact, His ears got a very sound smack.

Our "Quarters" a gay bird was he, Siberia and Germany Once both knew his sweet smile, But now, for a long while, He's favoured our fair Canady. Lance-Jack.

The suggestion is made from Room 72 that a note should be dispatched to the Allied Plenipotentiaries, suggesting that in the event of the actual capture of the Kaiser he should be exiled in St. Johns, P.Q.

Anyone visiting Room 25 lately may have seen Sergeant Hesford deeply engrossed in Milton.

"Grace was in her step, Heaven in her eye. In every gesture, dignity and love."

Is that so?

SOUR PICKLES.

Spr. Nutt says he would have enjoyed his leave of absence in Philadelphia if the Rookies of the U. S. Army hadn't kept him so busy saluting.

Who says Spr. W—— is not a lady killer? The other evening he was seen making strenuous efforts in an endeavour to impress a young lady with his soldierly bearing. When she gave him the cold shoulder all he said was "Stung".

Said Sapper Young to Sapper Younger

For lack of proper food I hunger From eating Canteen ice cream cones

I've shrivelled up to skin and bones,

I'm tired of beer, I'm tired of booze,

Lets try Old Jimmy's famous stews,

So to the Mess Hall they did go. Although their steps were very slow.

Young tried the beef, the cheese and bread,

The pudding and the tea, then said. "You know, old pal, I'm gol darn

sore.

I didn't join this army before."

Since Spr. T— has been making puddings and cakes we notice the boys' appetites have not decreased, in fact they make three round trips now instead of two.

We would like to know what tomorrow morning."

made "Wee Wille" so sleepy the morning after peace was declared.

The boys in the cook house say that little Barrie the French laddie who dishes out the roast beef is getting all the rest he can, goes to bed early every night. He expects to get married soon. Good luck, Barrie. We get the beef. You get the rest.

"A Dill Pickle."

Three Englishmen were drinking at a popular bar in London.

One of the trio, after imbibing a little, suddenly said:

"By gad, I'm going to war," whereupon one of his friends said:

"By gad, I'm going, too. We've been pals for years and I simply must go to war with you."

The fellow who had first made this declaration then turned to the third chappie who was very silent.

"I say, old top," he said, "are you going to war with us?"

"No," the other returned, "I'm not going.'

"But you must come, Gilbert, you must. We're going and you've gotta come."

"No, I won't," the other protested. "There's too much bloomin" war going on, anyway."

"Oh, but you must come." Then, as if hitting upon a brand new idea, "Come as our guest!"

A bland old lady seeking information as to 'bus route numbers at Oxford Circus addressed a gallant Canadian officer formerly of the E. T. D.

"Can you tell me where I can get a Number Nine?''
'Yes, M'am, on the M.O. parade

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