

SLASHINGS.

A weekly paper points out that there are eleven lunatics in the world who imagine they are the Crown Prince. Our fixed opinion is that one of them is right.

It is reported the Kaiser has threatened to degrade the Crown Prince. "First Loot" is of course the rank he is best qualified to hold.

I wonder when Lieut. Johnson intends taking his "quarantine bugs" farther east. Better get in a few more swimming parades before trying the 'pond'.

We understand that some of the chief hot air artists of the quarantine camp are at the present time having their 'flues' attended to. However, we are sure that when they do come back they will bring with them a bigger "come back" than ever.

Bugs, beware!

What is Sergt. Badger going to do with his menagerie. We hear he couldn't catch either rabbit or pigeon and swore there were quite a dozen of each kind.

What about that knee cap Sergeant Badger.—Guess it was K-night caps you went after instead.

We hear the D.S.M. got a calling down for being out against doctor's orders. This will be balm to the souls of some of the senior N.C.O.'s.

Heard at a gargle parade. "I can't never gargle, Sir!"—"How's that?"—"Well I've got so used to swallowing my drinks."

Oh Keith! Did you forget to take your hat off when you came into the Windsor Hotel dining room? And aren't those high boots just a little too heavy for you?

Telephone bell rings.—Lady's voice over the wire:—"I want to speak to the Paymaster." Paymaster dug out of his lair: "Yes!"—"Oh yes, always pleased to oblige a lady.—Yes—that will be alright."—"I am always at my office during hours."—"Oh that's too public, well how about the officers' club?"—"Well about half past."—"What's that?"—"You're a sapper's wife—Oh—Er! Er!—Come right along anyway!"

HORSERY HYMNS.

(With apologies to all but the Mounted Section.)

Sapper, oh Sapper, oh where have you been?

I've been to the stables where a road I have seen.

Did you have a nice walk while you were down there?

An M.P. was watching and I didn't dare.

Little Jack Sapper stood for a minute

Viewing a very fine street:

But along came a Driver, a great wicked Driver,

And poor Jack beat a hasty retreat.

There was a Major who lived in a barn,

For Sappers and Cadets he cared not a darn:

He built him a road as nice as he could,

But he made all but Drivers go round in the mud.

Once I saw a little man come hop, hop, hop;

I said, "Little man, won't you stop, stop, stop?"

And was going to invite him to use my fine road,

When back of the stables the little man goed.

Driver, Driver, quite o'erbearing, How does your avenue suit?

With flower beds and zulu huts, But never the mark of a boot.

Little Cadet has lost his boot, And he doesn't know where to find it;

Don't look on the road in front of the barn,

But carefully search behind it.

Big M.P. come wave your stick And shout as loud as you're able,—

Some Sappers are coming along that road,

And they must go behind the stable.

I've now arrived, thanks to the gods

Through pathways wet and muddy, Which plainly shows that making roads

Is not this people's study, So wrote the famous Bobbie Burns,

But he knew not every Scotchman; For some build roads both high and dry,

But you can't get by the watchman.

—o—

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