

FROM THE REGIMENTAL DEPOT

A certain private, when he saw the aeroplane circling the sky, is said to have exclaimed, "There he goes coming back."

Hello, fellows. How are you? Some one said it was raining. Shut up and play ball.

Mental gymnastics and everybody jumping to conclusions—the pay office, oh how we love it.

"There used to be a little spark of love burning, but it has gradually flickered out."

Who told the North Chapel girl he was not a marrying man? Oh, well, married life is pretty rotten, especially when there are pretty little craft in the offing.

The battle yell of a local unit, "Follow all bonnets not from Dundee."

The latest from the B. B. B.'s:
It's tennis for dinner and tennis for tea,
Tennis and racquets are all you can see;
Love all and forty-five, doubles galore,
Lord, send the winter and tennis no more.

Boys, Venus has come to life again.
Visit the N. S. R. D. barber shop. Adonis
is shown on command to the regions of bliss.

Corporal Wilson, F. R. H. S., S. H. B.
M. B., O. C. Gardens, heard in the dark—
"If I planted spuds, what would come up?"

Innocent bystander—Spuds.

C. W.—And if I planted a bottle, what
would come up?

I. B.—The whole Depot staff.

C. W.—And if I planted myself, what
would come up?

I. B.—The sanitary inspector.

Who was the sergeant who played golf
with the Colonel? Awfully bad form, old
fellow.

A voice came through the air. "Who
the (censored) is that guy, anyway?"

They seek him here, they seek him there,
They seek him everywhere.

He's in the camp and town as well,
This darned elusive—"roast you well."

It is said that Bandsman Lyons and his
piano accompanist make things lively around
the mess on many occasions.

FACT AND FICTION

If we should believe all the rumors that
are going the rounds then we should tell of
a certain employee of the pay office who
went mush room picking—in a store at eight
pence per pound. Stan Taylor knows.

We might also mention that a certain
musketry instructor made a week end trip to
Portsmouth on one and six. Sergt. Farrel
knows the story.

Another rumour says that Sergeant
Blackburn's good advice on the going trip—
but the lad's foot slipped on the way home.

Another story is of a lad who went to
sleep in a reading room in the metropolis
and lost many pounds of good money. The
name, please.

One of our worthy sergeants has a belt
belonging to some member of the fair sex.
Owner unknown but the search still pro-
gresses. Says finding her would rob him
of the pleasures of anticipation of thanks.

"Kiss Me Sergeant" Lanaway is said to
be back in an English hospital suffering from
severe wounds received in action. Word
from him is almost as good as a letter from
home. His bosom companion, Ness, who
reverted to the ranks on going overseas, is
said to have been made a corporal in France.

Nothing to say in baseball this week.
The team is still playing in hard luck and is
still losing games. Even at that, however,
we can still look down on three other teams
in the per centage column. Not so bad,
when everything is taken into consideration.

The painter that stencilled the wheel-
barrow "Incnuator" must have been think-
ing of the morning after the night before
when he made the stencil.

The assistant caterer at the sergeants'
mess has been on escort duty. Nothing to
report at present.

The orderly room is blessed with new
typewriters—and now the fellows are kick-
ing for girls to operate the machines.

It doesn't take fellows long to learn the
short cuts these days, especially when the
M. P. is less than a dozen feet behind.