

Has "Mone Lisa" anything to do with the visits ?

Can anyone around the Pay Office point out the man who recently failed to salute the Brigadier-General ?

If Lieut. McKenzie has yet returned the lady's spat ?

Did he fit it on for her ?

The name of a sergeant in the general Pay Office at Sandgate who was sent five pounds by his father for the purchase of cheese.

What became of the five pounds ?

If some of the 101st Battalion will recognise the name when we mention it ?

Could it have been Sergt. F. H. Brown ?

Why a man should deliberately put his feet against a cold iron safe to get them warm ?

Who got stung at the finish of the N.C.O.'s passes being turned down ? Can the R. S. M. tell us ?

How Charley, the barber, enjoyed his recent trip to Margate. Is she a fair lady, Charlie ?

How Sergts. Wile and Bale enjoyed their session on the square recently when they were called out for a short time to teach the soldiers to salute and do other parts of the drill ?

Why Sergt. Pye, of the P. T. instructors, finds it so convenient to call at a certain hotel at Folkestone before going on to the dances which he attends so regularly ?

Why should he not be satisfied with one at a time ?

My aching soul is racked with pain,
This sunny April day.
From this camp's lovely hut-strewn plain
I needs must go away.

The edict has gone forth that I
Must quit this spot sublime.
'Twere better far that I should die,
Than exiled spend my time.

Ah! woe is me! To see no more
These placid pools of slush;
To never know the pipe's weird roar
At daylight's earliest flush.

No more this life of cultured pomp,
And pleasure-strewn environs;
No more I'll see the young goats
romp,
Nor flirt with Laundry sirens.

No more for me the wild fierce joy
Of stamping all the letters.
No more with pins and gum I'll toy;
These things are for my betters.

Not mine the sweet foretaste of
Heaven,
That Orderly-Room men know;
To stew from eight until eleven!
My God! 'Tis hard to go.

No longer will my taste be tickled
With Sam Hughes' high-flavoured
fish;
No more herrings (fried or pickled)
Eaten from a dirty dish.

No more cosy boards and trestles;
No more blankets thick with fleas.
Alas, with spring beds I must
wrestle,
Between clean sheets I'll take my
ease.

Byron.

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