Twinkles from the Mounted Section

There was a young lady named Wrapper,

As a knitter you surely could back her,

So swift, at a show,
Once her needles did go,
That she punched out the eye of
a Sapper!

We would be much obliged to Corporal Johnson if he would only modify his language while there are lady visitors present in the Stables. I was out with one last night and was astonished to hear her remark, "Jump to it, gosh darn it, jump to it!"

"One of the Piquet."

The subscription to obtain that safety razor for Driver Boler has not yet been closed. Get in on this, boys!

Social Item:—"Driver Luxton has returned from Montreal after a long illness. We are overjoyed at his return."

The New Recruit and Sergt. Major Sims.

New Recruit:—"What is that band around the horse's belly for?"

Sergt. Major:—"To keep the horse from bursting its sides laughing at you greenhorns!"

The Riding Instructor, "Our Sims,"

Sure gives all us riders the jims, You'll be a horse-man, by Heck, Or you'll break-your fool neck. But he's "right there," with all his whims,

"Our Sims!"
"Isn't he?"

Lord is the smallest runt in the tent,

He's making rows, and on mischief bents;

He don't let me sleep, when in blankets I creep.

In his head my shoe'll nake a dent!

Dedicated to Captain Pettigrew.

As down the line one day I went, The conversation in each tent Was all towards one topic bent "When's pay-day?"

Lend me a dime, I heard one say, I'll give it back, when I get my pay;

But quickly the lad to him did say, "When's pay-day?"

But some fine day when you're in the School,

And your horse begins to play the fool:

You'll go to a place where there aint no rule,

About pay-day!

Who was it stood guard over the bread box in the Mess hall, Thursday night? He deserves the V.C.!

Who was the one in the Riding Class that started to sing the old cow-boy's song,—

"Roll your tails, Roll them high, You'll be beefsteak By and by."

Driver Guertin would like to challenge anyone from a driver to sergt.-major to a rough ride in our ring.

Last Wednesday at dinner, one of our drivers overheard three brave sappers from A Company holding the following conversation:—

One Sapper:—"I could ride as well as S.M. Sims."

Other two Sappers, in chorus?—
"If not better!"

We would like to see these Sappers come forward and prove what they say!

Please tell us who was the driver, after borrowing spurs and leather whip from some of his friends, dressed in his best and proceeded down town with his bandolier over his right shoulder. Also, when did this come into fashion?

(Editor's note: Recruits—you'd better get the Big Eight to give you a look-over — and save trouble!)

"Farewell to Leper"

Last Sunday night, down at the fire,

Our Leper we did see, He, with the firemen of St. Johns, Fought fire Right Merrily.

Old Leper is a man of parts, One day, he found a whip And it was sure a dandy, For it cost "a tidy bit".

(He tried so hard to keep it It tore his heart with rents As he offered its real owner, The Sum of Fifty-Cents.)

But now he's gone and left us,
Not on the Draft are we,
So, we'll say, "Farewell, dear
Leper."

"Oh, go to hell!" says he.

A certain Driver, not exactly a



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