

SOME PICKLES WITHOUT VINEGAR.

Some More Peace Terms.

Oh! recent happy days have seen,
The end of "Bill" and all his gang,
They're tearing from him all his
sheen,
And raising Cain in dear Berlin.

It is with feeling we express,
Our grief for those that stay o'er
there,
They won't be back to wave the
flags,
And in our gladness justly share.

After all it is not mete,
That we should forget their
wondrous feat,
But when the day of reckoning
comes,
Put an end to all these bums.
So that at some future time,
Our children,
Will not have to 'toe the line'.

To "Pickle-dilly"

It was a dark and dreary night,
And Sergt. Johnson went to meet
A little Jane on Richelieu Street,
But alas! he had not thought,
Of other non-coms straight and
taught,
With shining brass and sword belt
slung,
That were 'hanging at his feet'.

It is strange that men of Johnson's
mien,
Should so be put behind the screen,
In everything they try to do,
Why don't they try to 'tie the can'
To such an awful, rotten, plan.

These letters that appear in press,
Of rugged taste and tardy jest,
Are too blasé and rather chesty,
To make impression on C.S.M.
Est-y.

So we advise you to get wise,
And before you fall from grace,
Try to imitate that soldier,
"With the boyish face".

Rumours Heard At The Vinegar This Week.

"1500 Civie Suits are in the Q.M.
Stores."

"They are going to send all the
Vancouver men away first."

"A draft of A-2 men are going
over-seas."

"The French draft will be
turned into the Siberian outfit."

"I want a pass to the States to
see my mother-in-law."

"I want a pass to see my Mother,
I have not seen her for 22 years."

"I am going to report sick in
the morning, can I be excused

guard?"

"We are going to get oyster stew
and chicken when "Peace" is
signed."

Sayings We Used To Hear In The Riding School, From The R.M.

"Sit up sit down and keep your
blooming 'ands down."

"Who told you to dismount with-
out orders."

"You could not ride in a cab
with the door shut."

"Keep your arms in, do you
think you are playing the bag-
pipes?"

"Look at the Cavalry of the
Line, arn't they beautiful?"

Heard At The Vinegar.

Sapper:—"What does the bunch
think about L/Corp. Spar—w?"

Bunch:—"He's alright!"

Sapper:—"Well what does the
gang say?"

Gang:—" ? ; x ' (-) / ' ' .

Young lady on the telephone:—
"I want to speak to that little
Sergeant with a big knob on his
stick."

(Exit Orderly Room Corporal.)
"Vinegar Scribe."

Dripping.

During the battle of Arras a
9.2 British battery was having a
lively time. For days they had
had no rest and it was as much as
they could do to keep the guns in
action. The telephone lines were
being broken every few minutes,
and telephonists were working
themselves to skeletons in order to
keep communications established.

One morning a message came
from headquarters. The tele-
phonists got the words "Report at
once," when the line broke again.
Linesmen went scurrying out to
find the break. It took an hour to
locate, and was in one of the buried
sections, which meant a consider-
able amount of digging.

At last the operator in the bat-
tery got through to headquarters.
"Can you hear me?" he yelled.
"Yes."

"Repeat your message of 10.20
a.m."

The message came:

"Report at once amount of drip-
ping you will have for collection
to-morrow morning!"

And the battery had lived on
bully beef and biscuits for the last
ten days!

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