

"On behalf of Mrs. Anderson and myself, I wish to thank the Committee very heartily for the fine bouquet of flowers with which they have presented us.

"I now formally declare the Club open."

A very fine musical programme was presented by the band of the C.E.T.C., under the able bâton of Bandmaster Gorse. During the afternoon tea and refreshments were served in the marquee, and in the Club House.

A well attended dance in the Club House brought this very pleasing function to a close.

### Smoking Concert.

At eight o'clock on Saturday evening, Oct. 5th, the members of the 2nd C.E.R.B. entertained the victorious ball team, winners of the Canadian Baseball Championship.

The Henry Clay Minstrel Troupe, with Sapper O. C. Pritchard officiating at the piano, were in charge of the entertainment. The opening number, "The Minstrel March," composed by Sapper O. C. Pritchard, was very well rendered, and started one of the best entertainments seen in the camp. The management is to be congratulated. The following is the caste:—

Sapper E. Collins, Interlocutor; Sapper H. O. Bourke, Eight Ball; Sapper J. J. McCoughey, Tambo; Sergt. Enson, Pansy; Sapper H. Rountree, Snowball; Sapper E. Gibbons, Rastus; C.S.M. Woods, Sambo; Sapper D. McDonald, Bones; Sapper H. Rondeau, Old Feet; Sapper S. Rodein, Angel Face; Sapper H. Almond, Alex.

As an opening number, Snowball sang "Ka-Ka-a-Tie," in a most creditable manner, the stuttering effect being most realistic. Sambo's rendition of "King George is feeding you," brought the house down. Sambo says that when you are on the home stretch with that plate of mulligan, remember that it's not your ma, but King George that is feeding you. Tambo, in his "Happy, that's all," was much appreciated by all present. "Mother Machree" and "The Trumpeter" were very well sung by Angel Face, and were much enjoyed. Angel Face is a very fine tenor, and we hope to hear more from him in the near future. "Walking the dog," one of those slow, tantalizing, draggy things, was well executed by Alex. (Notes on juggler).

Snowball again favoured us with one of the late Yankee war songs, "Dixie Volunteers." He had us all singing. Old Feet did some queer shuffling for the next five minutes. We feel sure that had the stage been larger, he would absolutely throw himself away. Sambo sang the hit of the evening, "Mason Dixie Line." It was one of those songs you couldn't help singing. Everybody joined in the chorus. The real feature of the night was the presentation of the cup by Col. Anderson, who said it gave him great pleasure to present the Cup to the C.E.T.C. Baseball Team, and hoped that it would be retained here. He congratulated the manager, the captain, and the team.

Lieut. Huyck received the cup on behalf of the team. In handing over the cup to Lieut. Stewart (Dad) he claimed no praise for himself, for the success of the team, and said that it was only the untiring efforts of the players themselves that brought the cup to the C.E.T.C. Lieut. Stewart responded for the team. He thanked them for the support they gave him.

At the conclusion of the speeches, the cup was filled, and passed around, and we drank the health of the greatest baseball aggregation in England. R.S.M. Parker had the chair. He and his staff are to be congratulated on the manner in which the entertainment was conducted.

Among those present were Col. T. V. Anderson, D.S.O., Lieut.-Col. Fell, Major P. Ward, and several Staff Officers.

## After "Lights Out."

OVERHEARD AT THE CANTEN DANCE.

M.P.: "Nah, then, you go off to yer 'ut."

O.R. (member of intellectual aristocracy): "I resent your interference; my appearance here is in absolute decorum and my conduct impeccable."

M.P.: "Nah then, beat it, and none of yer lip."

O.R.: "I consider you are trespassing beyond the circumscribed limits of your authority, and your action might be described as punctilious to the verge of supererogation."

M.P.: "Nah then, 'ook it, 'fore I takes yer name for using bad language."

Exit the Other Rank in lofty resignation.

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The R.S.M. had been instructing some of the last draft on the duties of a sentry.

After explaining to the squad for about an hour that the sentry must turn out the guard at reveille, retreat, and tattoo, to the O.C. once by day, to the Orderly Officer when requested, etc. "Now," said the Sergt.-Major to a bright looking recruit, "Who will you turn the guard out to?" Recruit, after a moment's meditation, "Reveille, retreat," then, after a long pause, "There's another fellow, but I've forgotten his name."

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A druggist, being called from the store for a few moments, left his small son in charge, and on his return was told that a customer had been in and purchased a bottle of hair restorer, whereupon the druggist complimented the young hopeful on his interest in the business.

But a few days later the customer came back, and in an angry voice demanded an explanation of the many little lumps which had been raised on his head by the use of the preparation. Many explanations and apologies on the chemist's part followed, and when the customer, now reconciled, had departed, he called his young son to his side and said: "Edward, in future; you will have to be more careful. You sold that gentleman bust developer."

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One of our corporals received more than his ration the other day, in the form of an identity disc, which he found in the hash. Fishing it out of the camouflaged concoction, he asked, "Where is the man who belongs to this?" He was greeted with a chorus of replies, "In the hash, of course!"

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Lady (to wounded soldier): How did you get wounded, my man?

Soldier: I was leaning up against the barrage when it lifted.

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Recruit (to Instructor): What do you call that movement when you are walking, standing still?

Instructor: You mean marking time all the way home.

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Two lovers were sitting side by side in Battery Park, New York, one evening. "I wonder," he whispered, as he glanced out across the beautiful bay and saw the Statue of Liberty in the shadowy gloom, "why they have its light so small."

"Perhaps," replied the girl as she blushed and tried to slip from his embrace, "the smaller the light the greater the liberty."