

Scene : The Central Training Camp.

Imperial officer, after lecturing strenuously for one hour and fifty minutes to 200 Canadians :

"Now, men, is there anyone here who would like to ask any questions? If there is any point that you don't quite understand, please speak up!" (No response.)

"Surely men, there must be some among you who take sufficient interest in this subject to ask questions. Come, come, speak up."

After a long pause a man gets up : "Please, sir, these men are all French Canadians. I am the only English-speaking Canadian here."

Collapse of Imperial officer!

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A new but painful idea to get a good swerve on when pitching is to have a finger broken. For particulars enquire of the R.S.M.

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Any V.A.D. or W.A.A.C. desirous of taking a course of golf can find a tutor at the Canadian General Base Depot who is not a bogey man.

THE GREAT EVENT.

Last Saturday great excitement prevailed in the orderly room, work was practically at a standstill. The staff, white faced and trembling, sat at their desks, or walked around quietly, talking in whispers. Even the orderlies were quiet, which in itself is a remarkable occurrence.

The whole hut seemed to vibrate with the tension, even those passing by on the road seemed to sense it and cast enquiring glances at the door. Each time a figure appeared in the door-way the tension would increase, only to subside again. New arrivals caught the infection and wondered. "What was the matter?" they asked. Were the enemy nearing the coast? Was the war over? Had one of the orderlies received a registered letter? Had the cheese broke away from its chains at the ration stores and was it roaming at large? Had "Gus" won another half-crown?

Suddenly, every one seemed for a moment to stop breathing and all eyes turned to the door. At last! The tension was relieved. Strained faces broke into smiles and laughter once more. "The 'Fag' issue had arrived."

W. C. BROOKES.