

BAKERY BULLETS AND SUPPLY SALVE.

In a provincial town not a hundred miles from London, some time ago, a preacher was lying sick. His condition became critical and his medicos caused bulletins to be published and hung on the door of the house. The first one to be read by the solicitous inhabitants ran as follows:—

"Minister Smith is sinking slowly."

The next one was more ominous for it read,—

"Minister Smith is sinking rapidly."

The next one was published late at night, and contained these words:—

"Minister Smith has passed peacefully away—Gone to Heaven."

The next morning to the horror of the people another bulletin had been added by some misguided wag which stated:—

"Great excitement in Heaven—Minister Smith not arrived."

Time: Two minutes after Reveille (Conversation overheard between Alf Mead and the "Tomato King"):—

Alf: "Last night I dreamt I was in Heaven."

Chas: (Yawning) "Dreams go by contraries."

"So I thought when I woke up" observed Alf, thoughtfully.

"Enery "Sarge" is responsible for the remark that "It's a poor tart that never gets paid for."

Conductor to Soldier attempting to enter crowded bus:

"Full inside, Sir."

Dan Kackett (Sotto) "Wish I was a bus."

An Overseas Canadian had occasion to take his wife to the doctor the other day, as she had been complaining of sickness. The Doctor placed a thermometer in her mouth, and requested her to keep her mouth shut for five minutes. After the medical advice had been given and complied with, the Canuck, looking longingly at the instrument, startled the Doctor by asking eagerly, "Say Doc, how much will you take for that thing?"

Our sympathies are extended to Private Cope who was unfortunate enough to sustain a broken leg whilst attempting to board a 'bus.

Owing to Wilson's emphatic denial, it is only fair that we should apologise for a mis-statement last month. He did not sleep on that piece of wedding cake. (B.C. papers please copy).

We suggest that a certain Supply Sergeant, closely connected with Transport, should take advantage of a course of memory culture. If he forgets one man out of ten, what would he do with a real section?

There is a rumour that "Buck" has a tame bird. We always thought "chicken" was more in his line.

What were Corporal Camm's feelings when he was introduced to "Porky"? It is said that he had to go outside for a whole five minutes to give vent to his indignation.

What Supply B.D. Sergeant was asked to accompany two fair maids to a prayer meeting.

It's a great sight to see some of our supermen "sprucing up" prior to going down town. Our friend "Rip" is undoubtedly the pink of masculine smartness, whilst Betts is bracketted with Coleman, and Fergy must not be forgotten when mention is made of our "Don Juans." They're a great bunch and it's small wonder that they take the susceptible feminine hearts by storm, but the best effects are made when they come home and retail all the sweet nothings that have passed between themselves and the respective objects of their adoration. Even Wilson has to retire to the pigeon house to seek solace in tears.

All cribbage players in the section are requested to hand in their names to Private Mead so that a tournament schedule can be arranged.