

Table Du Gout

A Canadian Machine Gun Section at the front prepared, according to the *Brasier*, the following elaborate menu for their Thanksgiving Dinner :

SOUP

Puree of Mud.

FISH

Salmon Croquettes a la Hand Grenade.

ENTREE

Macaroni au Pull-Through.

SALAD

A la German Kultur.

GAME

Sniper, potted au Telescopic Sight.

VEGETABLES

Bombardier Fritz, (fried potatoes) ; Shrapnel, (shelled peas)

SWEETS

Belt-fillers with Ammunition Sauce (plum pudding) ;
Bomb Proofs (mince pies.) Jack Johnson (trifle)

We Should Like To Know

Who was the police lance-jack who demanded of the angry patients of a ward that he roused at midnight if they knew to whom they were speaking.

Who is the Granville sergeant who waited for three hours for his girl, and finally met her returning home at 10 p.m. quite happy and unapologetic, in the company of a complacent private.

If two trench feet qualify for one gold stripe.

If the new Minister of Militia will keep the Granville boys under canvas all winter.

Who is the patient who reads Nat Gould all day, and shouts out in his sleep : " Stove Pipe wins by a length. "

If the night corporal who fancies himself the R.S.M. is wright.

Why the "boobs" who feel called on to "accompany" lady soloists at Granville entertainments can't take a tumble.

We print the following contribution, unedited : " Who is the man on the forth floor who profeshes to be a stage electricchion a sercus performer and minstrel peerformer and some what a vocherlist and in reality has a voice like a fog horn, from the boys that are sufferers. "