

LADIES' CORNER.

BY OUR LADY CORRESPONDENT.

THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW?

Are the flowers that a certain lady in C.I. receives each morning sent direct from France?

Or has hubby left a deputy behind?

Will Miss Beasley give her friends a copy of the picture she had taken at Brighton?

And would it not take the first prize at the Royal Art Society under the title, "Two Little Elfs"?

If a certain young lady in this branch is bewailing the fact that the one she really loves is a cousin?

And is it making any difference?

OUR FAMOUS SAYINGS.

"Op it, you."—Mrs. Payne.

"Don't be so rude."—Miss Massey.

"Then you would wake up."—Miss George.

"That's my ear when you have finished with it."—Miss Perrett.

"Oh, Polly, stop it."—Miss Burnham.

CURRENT WIT OF THE OFFICE.

W.A.A.C.

A flapper well under the W.A.A.C. age limit fought her way into a crowded tram-car, and a pale young fellow in "civvies" offered her his seat.

"Oh," she murmured, "I never take advantage of a 'slacker.'"

"Young woman," he replied quietly, "if we'd had in Gallipoli half as much powder as you've on your nose we'd be in Constantinople in a week."

"What does W.A.A.C. mean," asked the munition worker.

"Ain't you iggerant," retorted her friend. "It stands for 'Warned against all Colonials,' o' course."

DISTRESSFUL.

Terry O'Callaghan was reading his "Star," and a paragraph headed "Another Irish Outrage." As he ploughed through it, his face grew clouded.

"Bless me sowl," he roared, "It says here a bomb exploded in a police-barrack, but all the police *escaped injury*. If that isn't an outrage will ye tell me what would be, begorra?"

Scene: The mess of Naval Barracks Officers.

Facts: Lobster had been ordered for dinner.

After a rather tedious waiting, the lobster arrived minus one large claw.

A lieutenant, who had fondly visualised particular portion for his whack, asked servant What the — he meant by serving a lobster in this disintegrated condition?

"It's like this, sir," wailed the sailor.

"There was two of them beasts in the kitchen. No sooner was my back turned than they had a 'ell of a fight, and this poor blighter lost his claw."

"Take it back and bring us the winner," said the lieutenant dryly.

Imaginary Interviews with well-known Men.

By Our Special Correspondent.

MR. CUTLER.

After wading through miles of mud, and clambering over numerous cliffs, I succeeded in obtaining an interview with our popular geologist, Mr. Cutler, last Saturday afternoon.

He was digging very furiously when I arrived on the scene of his operations, and it was only after I had bawled in his ear for the fifth time that he became aware of an intrusion to his tranquil surroundings. If I had been a resurrected five million year old specimen of a fossil, Mr. Cutler would have welcomed me like the father welcomed the prodigal son, but being a twentieth century human being, I felt more like the snake at the garden party. However, being of a rather courteous disposition, Mr. Cutler very kindly related a few interesting anecdotes. Asked whether he believed in the Darwin theory that men descended from monkeys, he promptly replied, "Well, when I look at some of the men around me, I would decidedly answer in the affirmative." As I was the only other man in the vicinity, I am still wondering exactly what he meant. He then continued to tell me that he had just discovered a perfect specimen of an *Ichthyosaurus*, "and embedded in the rock in which I am digging," he informed me, "is his head." Asked where his tail was, he replied, "Oh, about five miles away." It must have been some *bird* when it was alive. "Yes, he continued, "things have changed considerably during the last seven million years. Now take marriage as an example; that has seen the greatest change of all. You would never ask a girl to marry you seven million years ago. You would just hit her across the head and drag her off to your cave, and if you succeeded in getting her to your cave before somebody else hit you across the head, the girl was yours." This sounded rather interesting, so I asked him to proceed—"and the animals, why there was one of them so big that when he stretched himself out to his full length, he could touch the moon with his nose. And fishing was quite a fascinating kind of sport in those days too." (Here I suggested that I supposed they fished for whales.) "Whales," he remarked scornfully, pitying my ignorance, "Why, they used to use whales for bait." I then asked Mr. Cutler if he thought I was a fish, and he replied, "No, fish have brains." Mr. Cutler then resumed his digging. "I would like to ask you one more thing before taking my departure," I then ventured. "Whom do you consider was the greater man, 'George Washington,' or 'Sergt. Logan'?" Something then hit me—whether it was a piece of brick or a fossil I don't know, but that terminated the interview.

"THE BETTER 'OLE"

BY

CPL. PERRY.

Correspondence.

The "Bulletin" does not necessarily associate itself with the views expressed by our correspondents.]

The Editor,

C. R. O. BULLETIN.

Sir,—In the last few editions of the "Bulletin" letters concerning the subject of sports have appeared.

The attitude of all ranks in the C.R.O. toward sports has been subjected to some very scathing criticism, whether justly or otherwise is a matter upon which I do not propose to dwell.

Assuming for a moment, however, that the majority of the military staff employed in this office are interested in and enthusiastic about sports, it is surely a remarkable thing that they have not demonstrated the fact in any material manner, such as a desire to participate in the recent sports meet or even to attend as spectators.

There are a number, however, who have been keen on all occasions, and I wish to take this opportunity to thank them for their support. There is another chance for every man in the office to show his mettle. A Championship Meet of C.M.A.A., London Area, is to be held at the Polytechnic Sports Grounds, Grove Park, Chiswick, on Saturday, July 27th, 1918, commencing at 2 p.m.

The object is to select representatives from this area to compete in the Canadian Championship of the British Isles to be held at Stamford Bridge Grounds, Chelsea, on August 14th, 1918, and every possible facility for training will be provided.

Let every one give their whole-hearted support and remember that if the Record Office falls down on the 27th the critics will be justified.

(Signed) R. C. GILPIN, Lieut.,

Officer i/C. Sports, C.R.O.

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The Editor,

C. R. O. BULLETIN.

Sir,—Being deeply interested in compiling records of events relating to all the various units which comprised the 1st Canadian Contingent from the date of their arrival at Valcartier in 1914 until their departure for France, 1915, and after, I would be very grateful if you could induce your correspondent of last week, who was so ably depicted as a mounted man in the cartoon, to give me the date of the "Secret Issue of Spurs" to the 5th Battalion or any unit of the 2nd Brigade 1st C.E.F.

I have always cherished the idea that only Artillery, Cavalry and C.A.S.C. units were really issued with spurs. So I await the correction, please.

Will he also inform me and give me the inside knowledge of how, when and where a Canadian Military Policeman really managed to ride a horse (poor dumb thing) for over eighteen months, seeing that the C.M.P. is a dismounted force, excepting in a few certain cases (not in London); and will he tell me just how he managed to