

**THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW**

The name of the sergeant-major who was found idustriously using the mop at reveille one morning last week.

How the devil this water from the taps turns so cold just about the time a fellow decides that his knees need a little washing in the early morning hours.

Where many of the lads of the battalion get some of the stuff they bring into the editorial office to have copied?

Why Captain Howells' face lit up with pleasure when he learned that he was likely to get a pass during the Christmas week.

Was it because he was going to meet his brothers for the first time in fifteen years?

How it came that a postal employee should be found with a one pound note in his pocket just before pay-day. Was it possible that he had been hanging on to the pennies in anticipation of the week-end pass which he secured last week?

Who is Kitty, anyway? We would enjoy a little confidence between now and the next issue, Captain.

The name of the lad who so far forgot himself as to attempt riding a bicycle with his kilt on.

Why the lads in kilts are so careful about stepping suddenly into these nice little puddles of slush.

Why a sergeant has been placed in the colonel's room and an officer in the Orderly Room?

Why the Orderly Room force left the curtains down so long on Sunday evening?

Did they know the two charming young ladies were going to pass that way?

Who was the sergeant who recently went on pass singing "Love me and the World is mine," and came home wondering what he was going to do with the world?

Who was the long, hungry-looking private who recently went to London in the kilt and would not mount to the upper seats of the tram because a lady conductor was on duty?

How would the sergeant cook look in a kilt—especially a short kilt?

Why a bandsman should wash his knees on Sunday and go sick Monday morning?

Why so many of the fellows wanted to borrow *Clansman* wrappers?

What the R.S.M. said to some of the medically unfits last Saturday afternoon?

Who is the P.T. Instructor who cannot do the "hands down" without falling on the floor?

Who was the man who was appointed Orderly Sergeant and served about one hour—then reduced again for failing to salute on being dismissed from parade? The R.S.M. was certainly on the job.

Who is the Captain who exclaimed "Damn fool," on being challenged by the sentry after 10 p.m.?

Who was the Lieutenant who found the music so entrancing that he was compelled to investigate, and made a date for last night?

Did he fill the date?

Why is it that, since the recent reversions, more sergeants are seen on parade?

How hutment No. 2 got their C.B. for not having the windows open?

Where Postal Sergeant Bayley spent his week-end?

Did Capt. Asquith really make a conquest or was the fair lady only bluffing?

And who was it camped on the door-mat and smoked cigarette stubs at the Major's birthday party?

Why someone doesn't censor the language in the ante room of the officers' mess when these five per cent. leave and kindred orders are issued?

Have any of the officers sufficient money left to go on leave, anyway?

Are the mess fees going to be raised, now that the Officers' Mess is the poorer by the loss of the "bell ringer"?

Rather a clever scheme of Captains Inkster and Thomson to be quarantined. Is there any truth in the rumour that they are quite happy now that they have nothing to do?

Where are "Denny" and "Jimsie" going to spend their leave? We wonder!

Is it true that Captain Norquay's leave will be spent in obtaining a new uniform? and that the gallant Captain's increasing rotundity has obliged him to cast all his pants?

If it takes the band twenty minutes to put up the fire screens what are you going to do when we really have a fire, Captain Jardine?

How is it that Mossy hasn't done it by numbers lately?

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