

Corporal going to change that Money Order?

What was it that Sergt. Jessen saw under the bed whilst dressing last Tuesday evening.

O' you submarine party.

What in h—l's the matter with Jimmy Boyd's goose, these days.

Scene: Outside Sergeant's Mess.
Sergt.-Major Evans: — "Now then you fellows who want to volunteer for the Siberian draft, hand in your names to the Sanitary Corporal."

Jimmy Boyd caught another fish last Saturday; each time you ask him about it, that damned fish gets bigger. He now says that he couldn't land it himself, he had to get a tow from one of those barges and tow it ashore, and after he got it landed the river went down two feet.

How is it that nobody wants to go sick in a certain Draft Company. Has it anything to do with Corpl. Marceau's pugilistic propensities?

WHIZZ BANGS FROM No. 2 COMPANY—DRAFT UNIT.

That was a strange remark Parr made the other day. It appears that he was accosted by a homely looking Jane the other evening; she asked him if he would take her to the band concert. Parr said:—"Beat it! I wouldn't spit in your eye if your soul was on fire."

I wonder if that cucumber is the cause of all those Sergeants being sick lately? Like h—l!

Those P.T. fellows have got a good story on Collier but I didn't get all the details yet. I shall have to let you know next week.

We shall have to stop Booth going to Montreal week-ends, he's getting so darned thin. He's thinking of having a washer put round his middle to save himself from falling through and hanging himself.

I notice those four Sergeants haven't put on that quartette at the Movies yet. They had a practice in my tent the other night and almost put the whole draft in quarantine.

I've got to get some dope on Ernie Johnston somehow, he has been snooping around all week for copy for "Knots and Lashings", and I guess he thinks I am getting paid so much per column for this junk.

Did you ever read that story of "The Elusive Pimpernel"? It's got nothing on our typewriter.

Our Corporal says he's going to carry it around with him when he goes down town, he can't keep tab on the darned thing.

Say, does anyone know any dope about Hesford's trip to Montreal? If so, come across with it and we'll have it in next week's "Knots".

Say, Mr. Editor, suppose a feller was promoted on the drill field to a full Colonel, or Major-General, or something, would he be allowed to walk in front of the stables?

Is it also a fact that a certain senior officer was seen taking ukulele lessons in one of those Honolulu huts in front of the stables? What's the idea, anyway?

Some of the birds in our company stay awake all night thinking of the questions they are going to ask me in the morning. A feller has got to be a dream book and Whittaker's Guide combined around here.

When is that big, little feller going to take a tumble to himself? He's going to discover one of these fine days that he can't pull off the stuff he pulled off the other morning.

I haven't heard that mandolin lately; what's up, feller, getting tired of it?

I believe that Corporal is just going over to change that money order, so I'll quit. See you next week.

JOTTINGS.

A Sapper returning from hospital reported to the Orderly tent to complain that he had lost a pair of army boots and a pair of puttees out of his kit bag. Corpl. Davis investigated, and reported that, "after carefully examining the kit bag he had found a hole in the bottom of it."

Kid Badger, the lightweight champion of the noble art of boxing, issues a challenge to anyone of his own weight, viz: 130 pounds. Opponents received day or night. Kid Badger weighs-in in his pyjamas.

"What is a slacker?"

"May be compared to a custard pie—yellow all through and without enough crust to go over the top."

Q.—"What is better than an eagle on a Colonel's shoulder?"

A.—"A chicken on a Sapper's knee."

"Sergt. Hesford, has the Old Guard been relieved?"

"No, Sir, they were doing the job so well I thought that I would let them stay."

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