

MEMBER OF MEDICAL PROFESSION MAKES WONDERFUL DISCOVERY AT E. T. D.

This news reached us about mid-days Friday, just too late for press, but as inventions, patents, and discoveries submitted to our Expert in these things, amount to several hundreds weekly, we did not immediately grasp the magnitude of this physician's discovery. About noon we paid an official visit to the poultice palace and were met by the Great Physician, shirt sleeved, and covered with iodine up to the elbows, but otherwise cool and not in the least excited over his wonderful discovery.

His pleasant smile, which is a twin to that of the genial Paymaster, made us feel as though we were welcome. Then his "Well, gentlemen" gave us the cue to start. On enquiry as to how he made his discovery, he replied in a casual sort of a way. "For several years I have had the idea constantly before me, particularly so in civil life when I had more time than money, now I have neither so I can think more clearly. I had just finished removing a pound and a half of 1½" nails from one of Sergt. Caddy's men, who was working in the stables and had his mouth full of nails, when a horse kicked him and he swallowed the nails.—This has nothing to do with my discovery, so it doesn't matter—he won't get better anyway. My, these fellows use up such a lot of sick reports!"

"Well, let me see now. Yes, quite so, I had finished the Carpenter when Doc. McCrea came to me to have a bandage put round the rubber tube of the pump on his car. While doing this, the idea I had in my head, as I said before, I had it always before me. Yes, I said, 'I've got it!' and really got excited, a thing I very seldom do. Doc. McCrea said, 'All right, hold it and I'll give you the pincers and a piece of haywire.' Little did he think that I had made the greatest discovery of any dead or living physician. I should really say 'Surgeon', but damnit I'm so modest. Anyway the engine in the Doc's car did it. I left him to fix the pump; just as I got back to my consulting room, excuse me, the medical room, a Farrier was admitted, a Farrier Corporal, nice quiet sort of a chap. I decided to carry out my idea. You will excuse not going into detail I know, Lang old chap, but I will have to send in a full report to the Faculty before I can give anything away. You know you editor chaps would spill the beans, anyway I sent my

staff to buy ice cream cones or something, and set to work—in 30 minutes I had finished.

"Yes, gentlemen, I had perfected my idea.—I have rendered it possible, fancy July 18th, 1918, yes, one thousand nine hundred and eighteen years and no one discovered it—(here he got a little excited and shook hands with us, drank some horrible looking mixture which gave off a violent odor and a purple flame.)—Yes, gentlemen, I have made it possible for the human being to remain as cool as the Doc's motor car, in fact cooler! Perspiration is a thing of the past! **I have made man perfect** by a mere application of a certain stuff which I will put on the market at a ridiculously low price, and man may become water cooled—the same as the Farrier Corporal."

We rose, saluted the Famous Physician, and hoped he would remember us when he rose to Surgeon General. He did not reply but his smile assured us, and we beat it to see the Farrier Corporal, whom we find in horrible pain, applying for sick leave, because of a water blister the M.O. had raised from his chest downwards. On being questioned as to the advantages of the water cooled system, the Farrier Corporal informed us that the M.O.'s discovery would no doubt make him famous, and he saw yeast, self-raising powders, etc., becoming a thing of the past, as a drop of the M.O.'s mixture would raise hell leave alone a Farrier.

Congratulations, Doc. G. Sympathies, Corp. F.

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Short sighted M.O.
!! Chest 36!!

WE HEAR—

That a certain alderman of St. Johns who was forcibly ejected from the scene of the fire has shown his true colors and is ready to do his best for the boys. **Hats off!**

That a certain Officer is taking steps to make himself permanent Orderly Officer. We wish him every success.

Much commotion in the Paymaster's Office, but our pay books still remain blank. Patience is a great virtue.

That some of the Officers are having a delightful time when the day's work is o'er at the Yacht Club. They play at pushing bright eyed damsels into the River, and on occasion wrapped in the close embrace of a wriggling nymph they take the depths together.

That two young Officers were seen a few nights ago chasing a cab in St. Johns. We wonder why that particular cab was so essential for their night's enjoyment.

That a certain Senior Officer with an audience of interested troopers in his rear displayed his vocabularie powers upon two 'Twin Stars' who had not thought it necessary to salute his back. Enough said!

That we are leaving some time and we wonder when.

That Grandmothers, Aunts, Sisters and Cousins are on the verge of dying in great numbers again. Well, they are doing their best, anyway.

That Sergeant D— has been suspended for fourteen days. The reunion, dear Sergeant, will be all the sweeter as your past experiences will no doubt have made you fully aware.

That Lieut. A— has produced a new form of dance. And we wonder what he is going to christen it. From information received as

to its movements we would suggest the "Jiggling Slacks" dance. For apparently the eccentric movement made with that most necessary article of apparel is the pith of the dance.

That Sergt. Major Y— beams encouragingly on any of his young recruits who happen to have sisters on their way to pay a visit.

That C.S.M. Gibson manages to find a few spare minutes to play tennis. If he works as hard at tennis as he does in his official capacity we predict a great future for this worthy C.S.M. in tennis circles.

Many things—but we know too much to tell them!

"Barbwire" to unshaven recruit:—"And why didn't ye shave this mornin'. The little bit of fuzz that ye have on your mug, you could rub off wi' yer knuckles."

LAW OFFICE

of

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