

Chats From Chatham

No. 9—the pill that made Williams pale.

When the writing in your letter home can only be played on a flute it's time to invest in a new pen.

"There's much uneasiness in the German interior over the food shortage" reports a daily paper. We've experienced very much the same kind of feeling when "Cook House" has sounded a few minutes late.

The authorities that be should have a care. We heard a number of blues congregated before the "orders" the other evening discussing that anent heraldry. They decided that it was a new disease and one famous lead-swinger promptly declared that he already felt a new pain near his appendix.

She really looks quite beautiful,

Like ice-cream tutti-fruiful,

The graceful form of Venus she'd eclipse,

But the kitchen laddies wonder,

When they hear her voice of thunder,

If she's ever fought a plate of fish and chips.

When did Ambulance Driver Simonds run over himself? See next week's News.

Who is the clerical orderly who had to redeem his paybook from "Uncle" before he could touch the Paymaster on Tuesday?

They had just become engaged.

"What joy it will be," she exclaimed, "for me to share all your griefs and sorrows!"

"But, darling," the Sergeant protested, "I have none."

The fair one answered: "Perhaps not now, but when we are married you will have."

"I'm Johnny on the spot alright" exclaimed the chesty C.A.M.C. Corporal as he stood rigidly to attention during Sunday night's bombardment. "Yes," growled the C.C.A.C. private (still politely addressing his pet corn), "and you were the spot."

Who's the civilian at Chatham House who declares he is coming to Canada when the war is over if only to see the great fields of waving macaroni and the acres upon acres of luscious spaghetti all agrowing and ablowing? Perhaps one of the Sergeants knows more about this. [We would like to add they are both grown from the same seed, using poorer soil for spaghetti.]