

London's Pigeons.

In the heart of mighty London,
I have heard the Pigeons coo,
And I've stood amazed and wondered,
As hundreds round me flew.

I have paused by Westminster Abbey,
Alone in that sacred spot,
And watched the beautiful Pigeons,
And pondered o'er life's strange plot.

I've stood 'midst crowds and wondered,
At the tameness of the dove,
While the chimes of great Westminster
Peeled forth Christ's call above.

There too, in the vast Metropolis,
All hurry, flurry and strife,
Where all tender thought seems throttled,
By the great mad rush for life.

I've watched from my window at Morley's
The doves in Trafalgar square,
And have seen them light on the shoulders
Of people lingering there.

Amidst all the mad whirl of living,
Or in Westminster's peaceful shade,
You will find the wonderful Pigeons
Quite tame and unafraid.

I have seen a maid in a window,
In the City's humblest place,
Caressing those beautiful Pigeons,
With loving tender grace.

And a beautiful thought came to me,
That perhaps each silver dove
Was a "carrier" sent with a message
From the great White World above.

Not all may read the message,
So few have time for thought,
But many the heart has been lightened
By the message the Pigeon's brought.

—L.B.

Echoes from Massage Department.

She used to sit upon his lap,
As happy as could be,
But now it makes her seasick,
He has water on the knee.

WHAT IS A NUT?

When you've cats in your belfry that flut,
When your comprenez-vous rope is cut,
When you've nobody home,
In the top of your dome,
Then your head's not a head, it's a nut.

When one doctor doctors another doctor, does
the doctoring doctor doing the doctoring doctor
the other doctor like the other doctor like the
doctoring doctor to do the doctoring: or does
the other doctor, doctoring the doctor, doctor
him like the doctor doing the doctoring want to
doctor him.

What was the outcry, when the beloved Mascot
of the Massage Dept. was lost. "Satan is loose."

Why do they call the new Mascot "Carpenter?" Ask the Matron.

Why is the corner empty and the boys in
mourning for one month?

Are white sweaters Uniform or Vexatious?

Hotel de Clink,
Cooden Camp,
25th October, 1918.

Dear Editor,

Kindly accept a little spasm from the under-
world, with apologies to the Psalmist:—

1. The Provost Sergeant is my Shepherd, I shall not want another.
2. He maketh me to lie down on the hard side of soft bedboards, he leadeth me past the Wet Canteen.
3. He restoreth my pay, he leadeth me in the paths of usefulness for the Orderly Officers' sake.
4. Yea, though I walk through the valley of brooms and brushes I will scrub under protest, for his friends and his Staff they haunt me.
5. He prepareth a crime sheet before me, in the presence of mine enemies, he anointeth my head with more crimes, my cup of curses runneth over.
6. Surely a lock and key will follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the home of the friendless forever.

—THE ACCUSED.