

the school under the conditions herein mentioned, I will be greatly obliged.

I have the honor to be, sir,  
Most respectfully yours.

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P.S.—This letter was actually received at this Depot.

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The captain of a company was walking round the recruits the other day, and while going along the ranks he stopped short at one very simple-looking joskin, who was fresh from the Highlands, and who likewise was deficient of a haversack. The captain, after having the usual chat with the colour-sergeant of Donald's company about it, said to the "flag," in a not very distinct voice, that he had better get the man a haversack; but Donald, mistaking it for something he thought better suited to him, exclaimed, in a very surly voice, greatly to the amazement of his comrades, and to the thorough extinction of the captain:

"Yes, she'll better have her sacked, for she'll sodger nae langer!"

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A member of the military band at a certain barrack came to the surgeon recently with a long face and a plaintive story about a sore throat. "Sore throat, eh?" said the surgeon, pleasantly. "Let me see. Oh, that's not so bad. A slight irritation, nothing more. You'll be all right in a day or two. I think you had better take no risk of renewing the trouble by using your throat, though, so I will recommend you for a fortnight's sick leave." Armed with the surgeon's certificate, the bandsman obtained his two weeks' sick leave. The two weeks had just come to an end when he met the surgeon on the parade-ground. The bandsman saluted. The surgeon recognized the face and stopped. "How's the throat?" he asked, pleasantly. "It's quite well, sir," was the reply. "That's good," said the surgeon. "You can get back to your duty now without fear. By the way, what instrument do you handle in the band?" "The small drum, sir," said the musician.