TWINKLINGS FROM THE MOUNTED SECTION.

We are pleased to report quite a bunch of material from the mounted men this week, but there is quite a lot too personal for use. Much of it has no name signed and it is our intention to put everything in the W.P.B. unless signed as a guarantee of good faith. So go to it boys:—

Driver Kindly was quite cut up because he could not go to Siberia even as a mascot.

I saw a fellow throw a lump of Coal at a Cat the other day.

Well, what are you going to do about it, are you going to report him to the S.P.C.A.?

I'm going to tell the Fuel Controller!

Who was the Corporal who when the line was in single file gave the command to "form fours"?

If Driver O'C— had brain in proportion to the size boot he wears.—My word!!

Driver B— was having a great ride when he gave the engine too much gas, now he's all blown in. No, I mean he's all blown out. Ha! Ha!

The Boys of the Mounted Section want to know why they cannot be excused attending Church parade. They have a priest—an

Angel—and the Lord always with them. Surely that's enough to go on with.

Take heed drivers how you ride these days for depend upon it the day will come when the Sergt. Major will be with you in the Riding School. Then there will be weeping and gnashing of teeth and longing for the days spent with the Sappers.

Who said no one could drive 82? There is a fellow in hospital who will give you a few wrinkles as to how not.

This week's best laugh:—Squad drill in the Riding School. If they can't make good drivers out of us, they intend to make us good sappers.

The Drivers would like to know when Iberville is to be put in Bounds as they are getting lonesome.

(Not only the Drivers asking this question but numerous Sappers, Corporals, Sergeants, Of—, etc.)

The new arrangements in the mess hall for the comfort of us Drivers is sure working good. Congratulations to our new Officer.

Which Driver was it who went up town, with his spurs turned upside down?

A lady sent a pair of socks to a

driver in the E.T.D. His reply was couched in the following "pom":—

"Dear lady received your sox.
Some fit.

Wear one for a helmet, one for a mit

Glad to know you're doing your bit

But where in the world did you learn to knit?"

Has any one visited the Driver who professed to be quite proficient and undertook to take the Paymaster to his office in a buggy but was eventually taken to Hospital himself?

(This must have happened at some other Depot or perhaps it is a dream.—Ed.)

A Sailor fell of a horse he was riding (or trying to) and yelled: "Heave a line there, man overboard."

Why does that fellow keep his ration of cheese in his boots? No use denying it, for every time he takes them off we are convinced of the fact.

We like to watch these new Drivers. One fellow the other day put his right foot in the left stirrup and we did not know if he was going or coming when he got up. S'pose we were all green once.

Say but we would have enjoyed that extra hour last Sunday morn-



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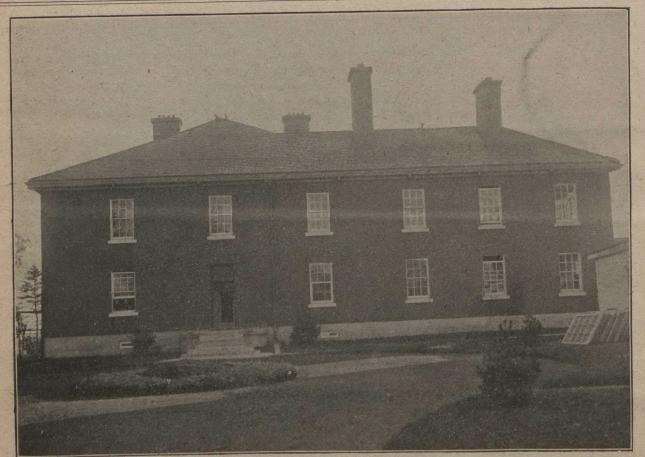
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