

Our Diary.

Officially compiled from perfectly reliable sources. Readers will understand that owing to our tremendous organization and to the fact that we spare no expense in obtaining the latest information, we are in an unique position and can guarantee all facts (if any) appearing below.

April 1st.—Usual Annual Parade of Anti-aircraft guns, with decorated aeroplanes displaying motto "Fooled again."

April 2nd.—Battalion goes out to rest to Paris. Moulin Rouge and Rat Mort re-open doors in expectation of abnormal business.

April 3rd.—Moulin Rouge and Rat Mort close doors. Battalion goes into trenches—evidently a mistake somewhere. Staff of the Morgue doubled in certainty of busy times ahead. Sergeants dream of parade grounds, and privates apply for extra issue of cigarettes.

April 4th.—Beer barred in billets. Corporals go on strike, feebly imitated by Lance-Jacks. Privates place great reliance on continued stout, and officers thank a merciful providence for Champagne.

April 5th.—Battalion goes to Rest Camp at B..l..l. Adjutant telegraphs ahead to secure first option on all available ferrets. Local rats send deputation to Pied Piper of Hamelin. Request refused on the plea that officers must not be deprived of their pleasures. C.O. wires to England for a case of whisky and a stick with a large and heavy knob. Adjutant still relies on ferrets, and Sergeant-major is seen industriously polishing German bayonet.

April 6th.—Battalion still in trenches. Expectations of rest very high. Two privates are observed shaving. Regimental barbers in great request.

April 7th.—Billets; the same old billets! the same d—d old billets!! Also the same beer and mud. Corporals unstrike and Lance-Jacks draw pay.

April 8th.—General inspection of canteens and stolen periscopes (now used as shaving mirrors) by two Brigadiers, three full-blown Generals and a Staff Officer. Enthusiastic praise given to whole Battalion on account of efficient state of canteens, by one Brigadier seconded by one General. Pessimistic address by another General seconded by the rest of the bunch

(excepting the Staff-Officer) owing to the inefficient state of the canteens. Staff-Officer tells senior Major in strict confidence that Battalions shortly going for a rest. Tremendous enthusiasm. N.C.O.'s and men bid tender farewells to local bar-maidens.

April 9th.—Enormous fatigue for whole Battalion, including Subalterns, but excluding Sanitary Police.

April 10th.—Church parade and farewell sermon by Chaplain, who announces that he has just been informed (in strict confidence) that we are going for a rest.

April 11th.—Order issued for parade in full marching order with rifles, gaspirators, and one day's rations. At last we are going to rest.

April 12th.—Battalion back in trenches. Editors start on new issue of *Gazette*. Dismiss whole staff of paper. Double the price of the next issue, and settle down for

another three years of trench we still maintain that his intentions were strictly honourable.

♦ ♦ ♦

Perplexed ("C" Company) writes: "I am a married man, but, I admit, a trifle indiscreet. When the regiment was in Sandling I became acquainted with a waitress and in a fit of intoxication promised to marry her. This has come to the ears of my wife in Toronto, and has not pleased her at all; What do you make of it?"

A.—Trouble

♦ ♦ ♦

Phyllis (Selfridge's, London)—You say the officer blushed to the roots of his hair. Well, pet, who wouldn't? Asking for ferrets, he received a hedge-hog.

♦ ♦ ♦

Jilted ("A" Company) writes:—"My girl in Toronto has, according to a letter written me by a pal,

paid frequent visits to the Exhibition Grounds, where the Umties are training, and is walking out regularly with a sergeant. Should I write her and request her not to do so?"

A.—Please yourself.

Hunting Notes.

By Nimrod.

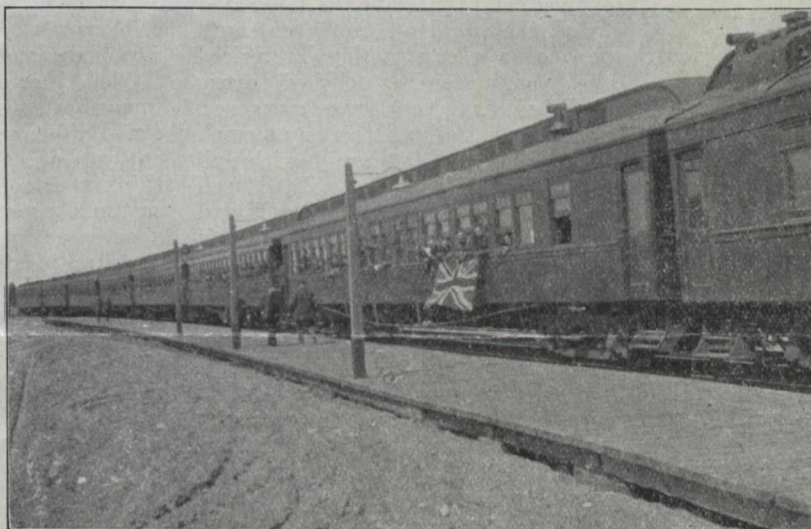
An interesting meet was arranged on Friday last by the Master of the Hunt, Mr. Nobby Clark, Pioneer Section. The *elite* of the Battalion met outside the R.S.-M.'s

dug-out, and after rum had been dispensed, the whole party moved off in great style bent on spending the day on the Sport of Kings. A sharp canter brought the huntsmen to the vicinity of the headquarters, where the ferrets scenting a pernicious rodent dived into the excavation. Excitement became intense when one emaciated rat shot out through the hole to be pinned underneath the expansive foot of the Pay-sergeant. Raising his knob-kerry high in the air, the gallant non-com. brought it down with a terrific thud on his toe.

With a delighted chuckle, the rat winked at him rudely, and after having re-arranged his fur, walked leisurely home.

This *contretemps* served only to add to the sport, for nothing is more enjoyable than to see the other fellow strafing himself.

Tremendous excitement was caused by a plaintive squeak heard to come from the left-hand bottom corner of the C.O.'s window. The mystery was elucidated by the Master of the Hunt, who explained that the ferret



THE JOY TRAIN.

Passing through Smith's Falls, Ont.

warfare. Snipers Barn repaired and Jarvis Street drained. Staff Officer informs Scout Officer (in strictest confidence) that we are going for a rest.

April 13th.—Staff Officer shot by Sniper Street and buried amidst great rejoicings.

Latest News.—The 20th Battalion will, it is reported, shortly leave the firing line for a well-earned rest.

ED.

Aunt Jane's Corner.

Love-knots untied by an Expert. Tottle (Bootle) and Boots (— Hotel, London)—Yes, the private of the Iddy-Unty Club swears that the lady was his wife. Whether we believe the statement or not is, of course, really no concern of yours.

♦ ♦ ♦

Daisy (Brighty)—The sergeant in question is a man whose morals make the Committee of Forty look like back-rankers. Even if the milkman did butt-in that morning