

forts? A thirty days' leave would be jake! What do you say boys?

Squad drill becomes automatic in the quarantine camp they will soon be calling us out of bed to do, "on the left form; squad!" Lest we forget.

The bugs are sorry that their contribution regarding their vocal efforts at the last open air concert, has been mislaid, and herewith send you a copy.

The bugs still think they have a good quintet, notwithstanding the poor showing they made in their initial effort. They would like however, to ask, on whose authority their pianist and coach who had practiced them and brought them to a commendable showing, was replaced by one, who, hopelessly balled them up? We understand that any effort along these lines, unless born of, fostered by one particular person, is condemned to death even before it is born, but cannot realize that with the number of men and the amount of real talent there is in this depot, that one man should have absolute control of matters vocal. We don't know, but we make a guess that the "guff" responsible is a very poor sport. Any complaints?

Note.—We hope the Bugs will try again when they will meet with the success they deserve.—
Editor.

ANOTHER LETTER TO "DERE MABLE."

From one of the most interesting and entertaining books published by E. Streeter.

Dere Mable:—

I haven't wrote you for some time because I've been made an officer—a corporal. I admit I deserved it. I didn't apply for it nor nothing though. They just come and told me. Bein' corporal means I don't have nothin' more to do with details. And at the same time I got more to do with details than ever. That's a sort of joke that us military men understand. You couldn't get it probably Mable. Its techinckle.

Yesterday, being Sunday, me an a couple of other officers borrowed a couple of mules from the stable sergeant and went for a ride out in the country. Its gettin' cold. I wish they'd hurry up with those gas works; they'd come in handy these cold nights. The gas fellow said the other day that gas was perfectly safe cause you could always tell when it was comin'. You could hear it escape or see it or smell it. The only trouble was, he said, that when the gas started the machine guns made so much noise that you couldn't hear it and it always came at night so's you couldn't see it, and when you smelled it, it was too late to bother anyhow. I've been thinkin' it over it seems to me there's a joker in the pack somewhere. The sargent told me that I was goin' to do interior guard tonight, I gess I'm lucky to get indoor work this wether. You never saw such a place for roomers, these are army roomers, they ain't got nothin' to do with the kind your mother takes in Mable. We hear that we're goin' next week and that we're not goin' at all, but were goin' to be used to guard the Montreal Stock Yards. Then we hear that all the mounted men are goin' to be dismounted and all the dismounted men are goin' to be mounted and that the rest of us are goin' to be made cooks.

I got your Thanksgiving box two days' ago, it was only 4 or 5 days late, I guess the post offis must have made some mistake things are usually later than that. It was in good shape except that the insides had been squodged out of the mince pie and somebody had set a trunk on the turkey. Of course, I divided it up with my Squad Big harted that's me all over Mable. I'm awfully popular with my men they offen say they wish I'd be made a Majer or somethin'. My men ate up all the stuff, all I saved for myself was the white meat and half a mince pie. It certainly tastes good in the field. Of course, it ain't in nobody's field that's a military expreshun I can't explain it. I got to quit now and post a guard. At the same time I'll post this letter to you. That's a joke Mable, I'm sorry this letter can't be longer, but as a man rises in the army

he gets less and less time to himself.

Olive oil, yours faithfully,
BILL.

It has been said that a soldier has a sweetheart in every town. We would hardly believe this, because there must be a few towns he has not visited.

Tommy to Sammy: "American as you are don't you think you would feel uncomfortable in the presence of a King?"

Sammy: "Not if I held the ace."

THE PICTURES.

At least the first night can claim to be a huge success, as far as numbers go.

Long before the hour announced for starting, men were filling the seats. Content to wait. Satisfied that their forethought had enabled them to witness the pictures comfortably.

When the start was made, the crowd had grown to such dimensions, that the stairway, leading up to the hall, was packed with men, eager to participate in the first night free show, under the new conditions, in spite of the counter attraction in the front of the town hall where an opportunity was offered by the fire department of the city to witness a turn out of the brigade.

However, the pictures claimed their first attention, and the idea of the management in throwing, at frequent intervals, the chorus of a popular song upon the screen, was a good one and it broke the monotony and enabled everybody to join in the singing.

The writer was one of those who the misfortune of coming in late had condemned to a standing seat at the back and there were many such. It was during the early part of the performance that an individual (dressed as a sapper) arrived, took in the situation, and saw the possibility of obtaining a seat was remote. After a few moments he schemed a bluff, (which fortunately did not work).

He had a message for the Sergeant, a most important message for the Sergeant up at the front. "Make way boys, make way, a message for the Sergeant." Some one sized him up and called his hand, "What Sergeant?"

"Oh I don't know his name, but he's up there in the front, make way boys." Then a voice called out. "Bluff, I guess that's his name", and the rear of the hall was made untenable, the top of the stairs was handy and the exit near and the messenger with an important communication for the Sergeant beat a retreat probably to watch the two firemen who by this time had gathered together and were united in their efforts to start the untained steeds in the direction of the nearest fire.

Anyway the pictures were a success.

We respectfully urge the men of the Engineer Training Depot to patronize our advertisers. They are helping us. Let us reciprocate.

A CORNER IN "BLIGHTY."

"On leave in Paris." This is very popular with most Canadians. But unless one is possessed of the wherewithal for a tour of the city it would be a comfortless task to find one's way about.

The Hon. Phillippe Roy, General Commissioner for Canada in Paris has overcome the difficulty by establishing a "Corner in Blighty" at 20 Place Vendome where every Canadian soldier receives the heartiest of welcomes, here he is treated as if he were visiting friends in his own home town, he is entertained at meals, and has cigarettes served gratuitously. There is a music room and writing room at his disposal free of charge.

He has tours planned for him, and is conducted to places of interest (and Paris is full such places) by ladies, of whom there are 45 from England, Scotland, Ireland, Canada, and Australia. So if any of the Canadian Engineers at present in the depot are fortunate enough to be on leave in Paris they will do well to remember the address, 20 Place Vendome, Miss Lilly Butler is the manager of this splendid work.

Get a copy of "Knots and Lashings" to send to the folks back home. You may be sure they will be glad to get it. The postage is one cent.

England had her James, Rome her Nero, Potsdam her Bill, but St. Johns has her M. P.'s