

led the Eng. Clk. to pick the same house that Fritz had used on the previous evening for his party? Was it Madame or M'le and the trouble he took to interpret the message Fritz left on the table addressed to "My dear Tommy."

By all accounts, the Headquarters Sergeants' dinner was a success. After all the eats had been finished, and the chicken picked clean, various oils of enjoyment were cracked, and song flowed forth without restraint. Sergt Belz made a hit, as usual, with his YIDDISH songs. C.Q.M.S. Turnbull sang in Gaelic. He is in the camel class—he sang three between drinks. Sergt. Talbot was there with his recitations, and as a pianist he is a wonder. Headquarters officers were represented in the presence of the Adjutant, who told a story about a man who stuttered. All Companies were represented by their senior N.C.O.s. There were a few casualties, but the stretcher bearers did useful work, and only stretchers were needed. The dinner broke up early, with everybody agreeing that it was a well spent night.

Capt. J. Oliver's Company.

Cheer up, boys, there's one more river to cross.

Most people are fond of eggs. Sergt. Hayman is no exception to the rule. Having expended considerable time and money procuring some eggs, he was quite upset at discovering they were of last year's vintage. So were the other N.C.O.s.

The following tit-bit is recorded: Sapper Cook: "Buck, have you any damson jam?"

Buck: "I'll damsoon see."

The one great subject of discussion in the Q.M. Stores these days is Paris leave. The consensus of opinion seems to be that the war will be over before the Quarter gets to the Boulevard des Italiens.

The C.S.M.'s one regret on assuming a war of movement was that it became necessary to abandon his little laundry, and all appertaining thereto. However, he has found some slight consolation with the C.E.M.T.C.

John T. Brown has returned from an eventful trip to England. So has Ben Luther. Their stories of adventure in fair Albion command the undivided attention of the Company.

Corpl. Sam Allen has missed his vocation. He should be a war correspondent. Sergt. Turner proclaims that Mr. Beach Thomas simply wouldn't have a chance.

We are informed on unimpeachable authority, that while on leave the total amount of food consumed by L/Corpl. Walter Watson amounted to one sandwich.

Colonel Bogart's Battalion.

"C" Company.

Corpl. Brad says that life out here at present is one d— canal after another.

Poker's a thing of the past. The favourite pastime now for the officers is bridge or pontoon.

Headquarters won from the officers and senior N.C.O.s in a very interesting game of indoor baseball. The rumour is that Connie Mac. is anxious to get in touch with Lee Apres la Guerre.

Lost, strayed, or stolen, our dear old Hutch.

The Tokio Sub-Section captured this month's honours. Lieut. Hutchinson won the M.C., Sergt Morrison, Corpl. M. Cosker and Sapper A. McIsaac have received the Military Medals. Beaucoup congratulations.

They tell us that the "bridge of sighs" is somewhere in Italy. It's not; ask any sapper of "C" Company.

Can anyone tell us why Stanley prefers York Road to any leave club while in Blighty?

Heard in "C" Company quite often: "Tell Shearer there's a few more saws at B.O.R." Jim's getting an extension for tool cart, so it's quite all right. Keep the good work of salvage up to standard.

The Battalion Canteen has lots of — empty shelves as usual. "Cigarettes for sale" somewhere in Canada.

Hoppy's looking good since his return from Blighty. No doubt beaucoup stimulant.

THE LAST OF THE BARRONS.—This header reminds us of the days when we used to read Lord Lytton's novels. The title has now found a modern application. The Barron brothers, of the Signal Section, have left us, and gone to Brigade. Now the noblemen have left us, the runners have undertaken to look after the tripe-bound.

A SAPPER'S MISFORTUNE.—Does anyone know the name of the Sapper who appeared before the C.O. the other day and said he was an "Unhappy medium." His explanation for not doing certain work was thus: "You see, sir, I am too heavy for light work, and too light for heavy work." He got 14 days just the same.

PESSIMISTS AT HEADQUARTERS.—There are several of the species around Battalion Headquarters. They agree with all the German communiques, and disagree with all of our own. They profess not to believe that we can give Fritz the knock-out blow for another two or three years. We don't know whether they see crooked, or are just pulling our legs, but in any case, Army Orders doesn't make any allowance for eccentricities. A.R.O. 1396, para 2, Subsections (b) and (c) of March last contains a suitable punishment for this unpleasant variety of recruit, and we would like to supplement that Order to the extent of suggesting that such personnel of His Majesty's Forces be labelled back and front for the duration; and as they like the country so much, keep them in it one year after everybody else has gone home.

LEAVE.—Thirty-five pages of promises, instructions, admonitions, and penalties have been received about leave during the past month, and everybody was full of hope. In the meantime, we get about three leaves a week to Blighty for the whole Battalion.

WARNING.—A word to the wise is sufficient. If the Headquarters cook continues to sing that song, "I snapped my fingers" many more times, he is apt to lose his job and get sent up the line.

WHO IS HE?—Can anyone suggest a suitable punishment for the party on Headquarters who plays poker until he loses about a franc, and then says he must hurry back to work?

NAME, PLEASE.—There is another chap around Headquarters who asks questions all the time, and never gives out anything. We don't know whether he is an enemy agent, or whether it's just a habit.

RUM RATION.—A returned Canadian chaplain has told the people in God's country that the boys at the Front need rum as well as cigarettes. Perhaps the B.O.R. will stand a chance now.

PATRIOTISM. Scene: Toronto Armouries.

Registrar: What's your name?

Recruit: 35, sir.

Scene: Bramshott Camp.

Before Medical Board: What's your age?

Same Recruit: 50 next birthday, sir, and got a rupture as well.

No wonder they say the oldsters are the most patriotic.

MICAWBER.