

CORRESPONDENCE.

Dere Koronel

I think I like dis my job now in de farmers section of dis depot same as I tell you before I shall like to change from de Mountain section. I think I wish dis fine weather with de sun so shiny to quit as it makes me work all time an no rest for rainings at all. The Surgent Locke she is nice man with lovely voice like my rosie when he sing an she show me to hoe de patat with de hoe but she don't get no patat when she work de hoe just scratch de ground an when she see I hoe up de spud as she call him she get mad an tear him hair an talk the swear langwidge same as de Surgent Majer Simms. This Surgent Locke is ver good to me better nor worse than Surgent Boyed sometimes always but I think I have to quit dis farm business if de rain don't come an I get a rest my back she ache worse than before an I think dis hoe business not necessaire if she don't want patat for dinner. The Surgent Locke she look me out de corner of her eye an tell me got to working an I try hide me behind de cucumber frame in out of de sun an she tell me get out or she put me once more again in dat clinic. Now dere Koronel is it so I am threat with dat clinic so dat I want to go oversea from my rosie. I think I won't live long in dis farmer job she is too much hard work for me an I think I don't see de job I like in dis depot for me to suit me so I want to be on the next draft to be out of my sorrows.

Is it not so dere Koronel dat I complaint to you before to go fight de Hun or you put me as de sleek-man at your door with other sapper to run message for me as I am tired like hell. The Surgent Locke she say she is sore to lose me if I go but she laugh when she say so an I am not believe her.

Joe Jacquette.

MORE WHIZZ BANGS FROM  
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DRAFT UNIT.

Dear Editor:—

It's nice to be able to talk to someone and you always lend a willing ear to my stories, but that's about as much as you will lend, these days. I've never been so short in my life, I've been smoking the same old piece of rope for the last ten days and I'm getting fed up. I keep on handing the glad eye to old Teddy Lowman, but nothing doing, he always seems to be looking the other way. It was Jimmy Boyd's birthday the other day; say this is awfully dry

weather, he didn't buy the first instalment on an ice cream cone. That was a big fish he caught last Monday, it's growing all the time; he'd better cook it soon, or there won't be enough water left in the Richelieu for it to swim in.

Say, wasn't old Henesy sore last Friday at that boxing match, there he sat judging the contests, and everything was going fine until Major Powell said,—“Come to me afterwards you fellows and get your prizes.” Old Henesy says to me,—“Blimy, if I'd only known there was money in this thing I'd have fought all night for a dime, they'll never get me on that stuff again.” I thought he was going to commit suicide when he had a decko at Major Powell's roll. He walked towards the river, and I beat it for the P.T. boat in case of accidents. He had no further interest in anything that night. I asked him to come along and have one of Teddy Lowman's two per cents and he never heard me, so I am just ten cents in.

Old Harry Evans is happy this week, do you notice the way he beats it down town every evening; that's a fine pair of slacks he's wearing these days, he's some bird is Harry.

Have you ever met old Sergt. Pelletier, the fellow who pulls teeth in his spare time? He's another bird, he's the limit; get him to tell you some of his stories.

Old Henesy is some boatman, he pulled a good one off the other day in midstream. He wanted to change places with Alec who was rowing; well, he started to row and there he sat, working like —l and after about three quarters of an hour of Irish exertion, he happened to look over his shoulder and found that he was still opposite the same bunch of weeds where he started at. Old Alec had carelessly dropped the anchor when he handed over his job.

A fellow has got to be careful these days, especially when he's out rowing, he's liable to bump into a bunch of chicken on these river banks, they don't seem to care what sort of bathing suits they wear either. Say? that Corporal Dagenois is close with his girl, he won't give a fellow an introduction, ever since that handsome young officer, Mr. — gave her the glad eye at the fire, he's too darned careful for anything. One of these days I am going to clink him and then go down town and pinch his ruddy girl.

Did you ever notice old Hughie's feet, believe me, he's got some flappers; that fellow will never fall

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