

Please Tell Us

The name of the would-be "Subaltern" who now gets his mail addressed with his "would-be" Rank?

When will the little Black Devil of the Q.M. Stores T.D. change his disposition?

If "Armie" enjoys his meals now-a-days?

The name of the Private who recently saluted a S.M., and on being shown the Crown on his sleeve, promptly presented Arms?

The meaning of A.W.D.?

The name of H.T. Officer who told his men: "I would sooner trust a horse in church than you?"

If old St. Pat would have been proud of his Sgts. on the night of the 17th? The air was filled with Irish.

Who is the S.M. who pulled the "Cork" out of Ireland on the 17th, and by doing so, "Did the river Shannon flood the Mess?"

The name of the Pte. who recently asked the regimental number of his Officer? An ex-cpl. at that.

The name of the C.S.M. who took a lady to the Cottage Café and could not pay for the tea? Some "Sharp(e)" trick.

Who is the Orderly Officer who, when challenged by the Sentry, "Who goes there?" answered "Orderly Corporal."

The name of the Irish Sergt. who is a sore head? C.A.S.C.

The name of the party who returned quite late the other evening with two long golden hairs coyly entwining his collar badge? Oh, Harry, how can you.

The winner of the famous Etching Hill (H) oaks?

If the slow sleeping C.A.S.C Wopp has the mumps, or did someone disagree with him over a ten shilling note?

ODE TO A LADY BANK CASHIER IN ENGLAND.

NINETTE.

As you walk along the Leas,
Or when the sun has set,
You watch the billows roar and heave,
And with spray your hair is wet,
Remember that we crossed the seas,
I hope you'll ne'er forget,
To save you and yours in England,
From Belgium's fate, Ninette!

And if I go across to France,
And climb the parapet,
Flanders my last resting place,
I shall have no regret,
If each morning in the bank,
As your counter scales you set,
You think sometimes of your soldier boy,
Who penned these lines, Ninette!

For men were born for sterner things,
Than merely girls to pet,
I know it's nice to dance and flirt,
With pretty girls I've met,
But first let's give a hand in France,
And pay our little debt,
My welcome then will sweeter be,
Should I return, Ninette!

HAROLD KING.