

W.—And, Eight-ball, she is worth \$20,000.

B.—Boss, doggon you, you just go right away and fix it up foah me, 'cause—

W.—But she has a wooden leg.

B.—Dat ain't nothin, atall, I would marry a whole lumber yard, for \$20,000.

W.—Say, Eight-ball, when you are at the Empress Theatre, do you ever go out between acts for a drink?

B.—No, indeed, Boss! I comes in between drinks.

B.—Say, Boss, that jes puts me in mind of the last time I was in the Empress Theatre. A great big lady came in and sat right down on my hat.

W.—And what did you say to her?

B.—Well, Boss, I says, "Lady, do you know what you is sittin' on?"

W.—And what did she say?

B.—She says, "I certainly does. I've been sitting on it for 30 years."

W.—Say, Eight-ball, do you see that uniform on that soldier over there?

B.—Yes, yes, Boss, I sees that.

W.—Do you know what that reminds me of?

B.—No, Boss, what does it remind you all of?

W.—Why it reminds me of that one over there.

B.—Say, Boss, does you know that you has to have a license here in Amherst to wheel a baby carriage down the street.

W.—Well, Eight-ball, I did not know that! What kind of a license must I have to wheel a baby carriage down the street?

B.—A marriage license, ha, ha, ha.

W.—Say, Eight-ball, to what do you owe your dramatic success?

B.—To what do you all owe your dramatic disease?

W.—I presume to my hair brush, it gave me the best part I ever had.

B.—Say, Boss, I think Amherst is the windiest town I was ever in.

W.—You ought to be in Chicago, if you think it is windy here.

B.—Well, Boss, as I was standing at Fuller's Corner the other evening I saw two young ladies coming, one up the street and the other down.

W.—Well, that has nothing to do with the wind in this town.

B.—Yes, it has, 'cause one of these girls had on a pair of light green stockings, with a little lighter green dots in them.

W.—And what about the other one?

B.—Boss, she had on a pair of red white and blue stockings.

W.—Yes, yes, go on! What did

you do?

B.—Well, Boss, me being a soldier and so fussed up that I would see! America first and show my patriotism.

B.—Say, Boss, what was the greatest war song ever written?

W.—I do not know, Eight-ball, what was the greatest war song ever written?

B.—Here comes the Bride, here comes the Bride.

Together we will endeavor to sing a little song entitled:

As long as we are in Amherst,
We will not be in France!
All together boys!

ENGINEERS WIN CLOSE GAME FROM SPRING HILL.

The Engineers Base Ball Club under the leadership of Mr. Body and Mr. Williamson journeyed to Spring Hill and gave the mining town people a surprise of their lives by trimming their favorites 10 to 8, in a closely played contest. And the credit for the Engineers' "victory" must be given to Big Abercrombie who had the home towners eating out of his hands at all stages of the game and only for a few costly errors, the fighting 56th would have had a much bigger lead.

The feature of the game was the hitting of Catcher Dodson, who looks more like "Hank" Gowdy every day.

The fans sure like Sgt. Riley, they threw every thing at him from clinkers to cotton tomatoes. But the big Sergeant don't care how many tomatoes they throw as long as they take the cans off.

Mr. Gibson is Chairman of the Engineers Sport Committee, and Mr. Robins and Mr. Body are working on a triangle league with Spring Hill, Amherst and the Engineers, which will be a decided success if it goes through. More Power to the Engineers Committee.

The line up of the Engineers was as follows:—Spr. Dodson, catcher; Spr. Riley, 1st base; Spr. Racker, 2nd base; Spr. Fahrner, 3rd base; Spr. McDonald, short stop; Davis, McGinnis and Cummings, outfield.

The Engineers have their work cut out for the coming week with two games coming off, the return games with Amherst and Spring Hill. As the Engineers are just beginning to find themselves they will find out that the Boys in khaki are in the game all the time till the last man is out!

Company Sgt. Maj. Turver says that the Boys must quit picking on D. Company, it's not ukuleley.

NAUGHTY SLASHINGS.

Heard in the Sergeant's Mess one day last week. Voice sounded like "Gladys" of the Dental Corps.

"Kidney stew,
I love you;
Yes like h—
I do."

Things we would like to know:—

1. What made a certain P.T. Instructor returning off week end leave spend an extra half hour on the train, taking the longest way around instead of changing at the Junction and coming straight through. Was it the beautiful scenery on the longest route that did it?

2. Why C.S.M. York did not keep that appointment the other night?

3. Who was the C.S.M. who was seen leaving Barracks the other night at 10 o'clock. Did he have a date or was he following some clue as in the old M.P. days?

4. Where Corpl. Courtenay was last Sunday.

We hear that Sergt. Harris is getting to be quite a favorite with the women of St. Johns. Is he a pupil of a certain C.S.M.?

What did Corpl. Woolecock mean when he said that he would sooner be "stewed than boiled."

IMPRESSIONS OF A BANDSMAN.

That Phantom Draft.

Said Orderly, "Where's Sergt. Cook? Cook? Here's message from the D.S.M.;

The band is wanted right away, to meet a Draft:—Vancouver men.

They're coming on the C.P.R., 10.25, the usual hour."

The Band turned out with cheerful hearts, to find that they'd been fooled again.

Elusive Draft, so often met by Depot band:—But rarely seen,

Of course there may be reasons why at sundry times, no Draft is seen.

Connections sometimes may be missed when coming through from Montreal,

But surely 'tis a little thing to give the telephone a ring,

Or send a wire to our O.C., 'tis only common courtesy

Thus to acquaint the Depot Staff and thereby save the usual laugh

When we go to meet "Vancouver Draft."

"B.2"

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MONTREAL
STAY AT THE

PLACE VIGER HOTEL

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Now you can get
Philip Morris Cigarettes
in the Canteen

Virginia Ovals, 15c
Navy Cut, 3 for 20c

"—not only the flavour, old chap!—tho that is remarkably good!—but, er, they're so dashingly smart, y' know!"

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SERVICE

Toilet Laundry