

"NUTS AND RATIONS."

Cheer up, boys, spring is coming.
warm days we had.

We read that the inhabitants of British Columbia are enjoying fine weather. Very little snow and a temperature both pleasant and healthy. The snow is mostly on the mountains. When they were making St. Johns it was a pity they forgot the mountains. Rougemont and Mt. Johnson are hardly enough to hold all the snow we have around here.

The other day we received a letter from Felicia Charming (who has corresponded with us in one or two previous issues) where she says, "If this draft business keeps on I'm afraid there will be no soldiers left for me to play with." (We presume this is in reference to the whist drives). But don't be despondent, Felicia! We can confidently recommend some of our new officers. They are good sports. Try and get an introduction.

The fire department in some of the American States are engaging women, because the men are away to the front. The ladies should be qualified for that kind of a job, as they understand all about Hose.

"And can you manage on your army pay, dear?" asked the sweet damsel. "Hardly," answered the new Lieutenant, "but I do a bit of writing besides." "What kind of writing?" "O a letter to the Guv'nor now and again."

From our own point of view:—Vulgarity is the conduct of others.
—PAT.

SHOES AND SHIPS AND SEALING WAX

We have been assigned, this week to two topics of outstanding interest to our Depôt friends.

The first is by far the more pleasant task as it deals with a subject dear to our heart, namely, "copy".

On this the third week we have exhorted our friends of the Forestry to join us in taking an interest in the Depôt paper, we regret to say, the result has been far from encouraging. We have been favoured by the effort of one of our arboreal associates—and one only. This we published in last week's issue with appropriate comment.

Perhaps our Forestry boys are just a wee bit bashful—but do not be overawed, my friends by the "C. E.'s" you see. We know very well you cannot help being "B.2" and have to wear a uniform distinct from your sapper confreres. We are all in the service, and your extra buttons and different badges cut no ice with us. Be it here recorded with pride that we have always got along nicely with visitors, and have made on occasion, extraordinary preparations to make them feel at home.

We called a meeting the other evening to arrange committees among you to form an Indoor Baseball League. Unfortunately we chose the wrong date as we heard afterwards that a prayer meeting was staged for the same evening in another part of the village. This no doubt accounts for the woeful findings that the chairman of the

evening himself called the meeting to order, moved and seconded the adjournment and declared it carried unanimously. After a while another man came in and put out the lights. That so many shrinking violets are in our midst bucks us up no end, only let us say, do not be so bashful, boys, but come on in, as the old Depôt requires very much the preservation of some of its old features, and you are the ones to supply the material.

Having thus unburdened myself—to order, at that—let me draw your attention to the office mouse trap, which has seven notches on its lid to date.

Most newspaper offices have on their strength the traditional cat, maintained by the "general expense" item and used by the editor as a combined pen wiper and football. Typifying that humanity which is our never ending pride, we refused to concede to our Editor the privilege of a cat, and he had perforce to indent for "Mousetrap Spring, Seven holes, one."

We saw it in action yesterday and it is almost uncanny in its working. Most of the things said about the tanks when they first gained publicity might well be applied to this new pet of our Editor. "Good day," he will say, just as soon as you've gained admittance—"have you seen my mouse trap?" Hardly just what you would expect from the editor, perhaps, but truth to tell, that's about all we have to talk about, having been deprived of so many of our star performers lately.

So now, Foresters, don't be afraid of coming in to see us, as the mice are nearly all 'way 'way.



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