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WHERE HE'S EATEN

"I've eaten at more queer places since I left Canada than I ever did before," a man remarked the other day. This was a list of eating places he furnished:

1. The "glory hole" of the Cassandra, where for a shilling a trip almost anything could be purchased.
2. A "grotto" underneath the station in Edinburgh, where sailors were the only other diners.
3. The free soldiers' buffet in Glasgow.
4. Monico's in London.
5. A monk's cell in Bindon Abbey.
6. A wee whitewashed room in a cottage at Lulworth.

MILITARY VOCABULARY

Some of the boys took a special course in Visual Training. On the examination one of the questions was "Give some examples of military vocabulary," and this is what Corporal Pringle put down:

"Shun."

"Asyewhere."

"Your other right."

"Come on, me lucky lads."

"Drive on to the next pile."

"Stand steady that man.

You're standing at ease."

"If you don't lay 'em down, you can't pick 'em up."

"Recock gun."

THEY WERE INTERRUPTED

The last class on the 6-pounders at Lulworth Camp had a rather thrilling adventure. One noon hour they were sitting in the hut waiting for parade to be called, when Sam A. Grylls, Esq., the champion story-teller of the battalion, told the latest story he had heard. Gibson, of "B" Company, and Favreen, of "A" Company, followed, and soon the conversational pot was boiling merrily. Everybody forgot there was such a thing as a parade until Lieut. Goad burst in and wanted to know what the trouble was. "Parade was called half-an-hour ago," he said. One of Favreen's good ones was spoiled that trip.