

hundred officers will reinforce the St. Johns' Garrison, on or about May 15th. Many of us know some of them. It will be a friendly act, much appreciated by them, if we can secure quarters for them temporarily. Just recall your first bewilderment in reaching this large community and try to alleviate matters for your friends. Make it a point to meet them, if possible. Take them around. Tell them not to carry their sticks to the Barracks. Take the rank badges off their trench coats. Above all, show them the Colonel's picture at once.

In the near future, the members of Class 38 are looking forward to their first session in the riding school, and that schooner of ale afterwards. For some, it may mean an alcoholic bath.

**OBEY THAT IMPULSE!**

Get a copy of "Knots and Lashings" to send to the folks back home. You may be sure they will be glad to get it. The postage is one cent.

**SHOES AND SHIPS AND SEALING WAX.**

Once again an outsider has to take up the pen, and keep this column alive while the originator and perpetrator, straightens out his domestic troubles.

Modesty, and a wish to avoid the usual shower of bricks, make us anxious to disclose our identity; but we feel that something must be done to help fill the columns of our beloved weekly, so that, with or without apology,—take it as you will,—we are making an attempt to produce a scenario cum grano salis out of the nothingness of despair and the tragedy of an unbroken heart.

Let it be said that this column is now, and has been for the past month, written in Quebec. We hear groans and expressions of those more able writers at St. Johns for stealing some of the credit they were jealously taking unto themselves. It is a cold fact, however, and it should have been perfectly obscure in its clarity to any person with an unusual amount of unsophisticated gall sea-

soned with a percentage of human intelligence.

The battle royal of Quebec is over, and in the spring the young man's fancies lightly turn to thoughts of love. Even the canine specie are sufferers too in this respect. This last remark has nothing to do with the revelation we are about to make, but it had something to do with a temporary state of disorderliness on a route march the other day.

Our old friends who wear many chevrons, and one adorned with a distinctive badge in his hat, are still framing things up. This time the "biter is bit", though, and if anyone mentions a telephone call to C.S.M. Estey, there is liable to be trouble, preceded by a blush. We also hear the C.S.M. has given out his intention to refuse all further invitations to dances.

**WHO?**

Who was the member of Class 38 who exclaimed "Hells Judge," to the Colonel, and then sprang sharply to attention to salute,—the batman?

A young soldier from New Brunswick coming before his C. O. for a minor offence was given 7 days "C. B.". Leaving the Orderly Room he said to the escort "What's C. B.," where are they going to send me. The escort explained that 7 days C. B. meant confinement to barracks for that period. "Oh," the young soldier said, "I was afraid they were going to send me to Cape Breton. I was there once and nearly starved to death."

Orderly Clerk to Sapper filling out form of will:—"Any Real Estate?"

Sapper:—"You mean land?"

O. C.:—"Yes!"

Sapper:—"Yes, I've lots of it, —do you want to buy any? Four doll—"

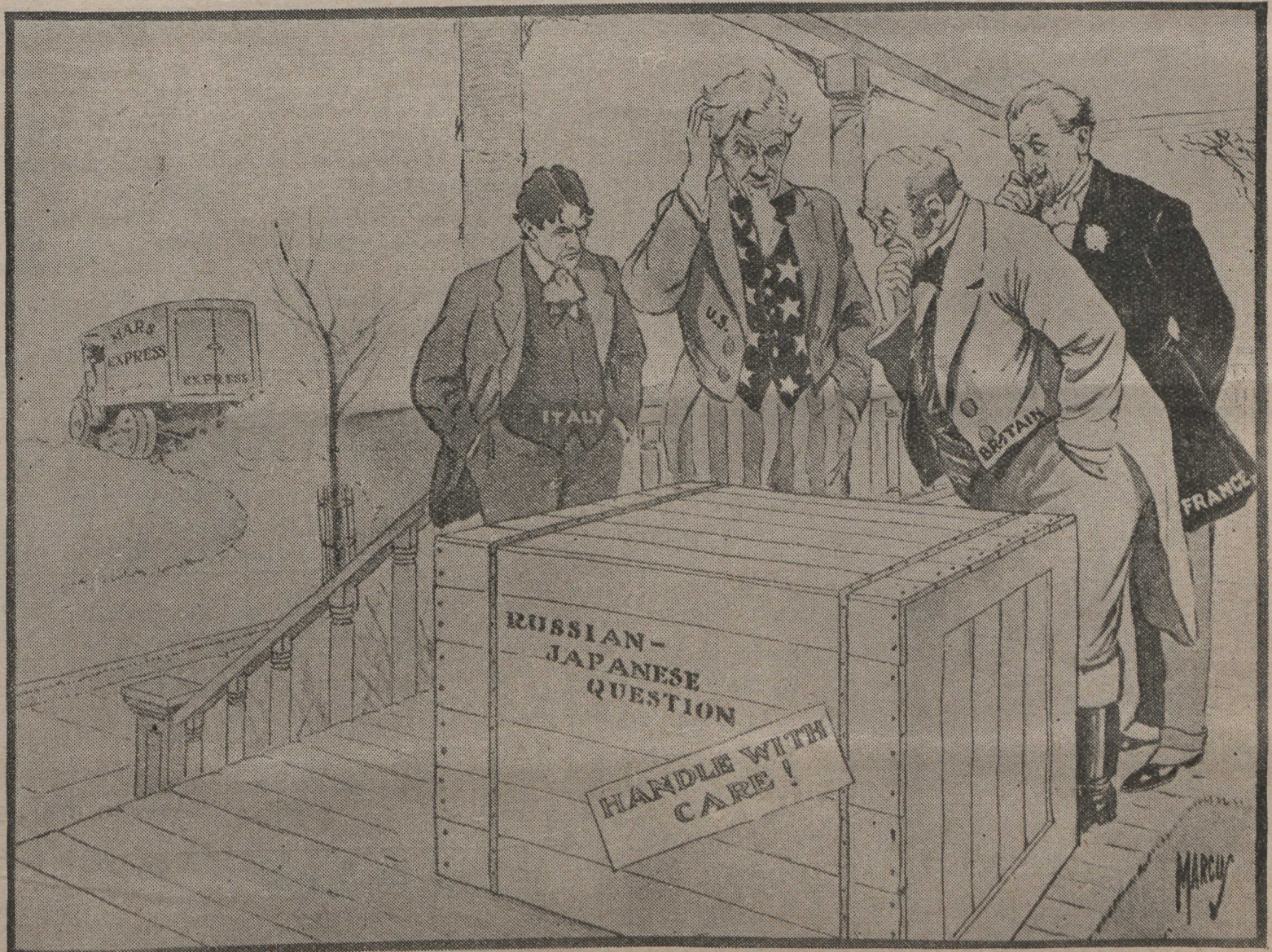
**Heard on the Parade Ground at the O.C.'s Inspection.**

Officer to recruit:—"Did you shave this morning?"

Recruit:—"No."

Officer:—"No what?"

Recruit:—"No Razor."



"OH, SEE WHAT THE EXPRESSMAN LEFT!"