

TABLE TALK.

"Doncha think this is punk chow?"

"Naw, it ain't so rotten."

"What, man? If I'd feed it to my dorg he'd leave home."

"Where'd you get any better beef than we get? I suppose you're one of these here 'only sons' wots used to fatted calves."

"Where'd ju get that racket. Do I look like any Silk Hat Harry? I wasn't raised on no calves but I ain't overly fond of this Old Bull Durham."

"You talk like a reg'lar toff, but ju ain't got no table ettiket."

"They sure dealt you a two-spot in that line."

"Thas right, but it don't hurt my digestion none. Look to that galoot hoggin' the shrapnel. Hey bo, them beans ain't your side-dish; have a heart!"

"I didn't join this outfit because I was hungry but I would sure like a change. Comin' down on them beans next, I gotta eat sumpin!"

"Crab about the chuck yer gettin', and yet sit down and stow away enough to feed a squad! Good old Army takes you, feeds you wots good for yuh, clothes yuh and bunks yuh and youse birds grouse about it all the time!"

"Say, I ate, when I was in civil life——"

"Can that 'before the war' stuff. 'Fore you joined the Army yuh was as bare as a boarding house soup bone!"

"Naw, but if it wasn't for the Canteen——"

"Little Percy wouldn't get his Chicklets, hur?"

"You Vancouver wharf-rat, do think I am a Little Lord Fauntelroy?"

"You'r a bit peevish; no hard feelings, old chap; if you ain't careful you'll cut out your palate wit your knife, shoveling in your chow so careless like!"

"Lets cut the comedy or we'll starve. Pipe that jungle buzzard with the Stew! You, with the glasses!—that ain't no leaky boat you've got to bail out."

"Yes, break away from that and give us a chance at the Mystery!"

T. ATKINS.

SPOTS AND SCRATCHINGS.

Sergeant Lowman came to us complaining the other day about the conduct of members of the mounted section in the canteen. He says they are much too lively.

The Butcher the other day remarked, when he saw the drivers blankets going into disinfectant:—"Ah! now I know ze reason why they gif the drivers spurs—to scratch themselves. Eh!"

Who got IT—first.

We hear that the officers connected with the Mounted Section eat at a separate table at mess now, or at least pay a dollar for a place at the regular table with no reservation as to scratching.

We understand there is a proposal to present Major Milne with a case of Bon Ami—he hasn't scratched yet.

It may be a good thing after all that the bathing operation was deferred—a good job can be made of the whole thing now.

All those who have not yet "scratched" please hand their names to the starter, Corpl. Vaughan. It is to be strictly un-

derstood that the race will be run under E. T. D. Hunting Rules.

We know that the Scotch are clannish. Has the O. C. Mounted Section no influence left with the Duke of Argyle? God bless him.

LUCKY MAJOR.

If a major's batman puts money into the bank account of a sergenat, to whom does the money belong?

Regarding the above query in yours of last week, I beg to advise you that the major is entitled to the money for the following reasons.

(a) If the batman was drunk when the lodgment occurred he was, in the eyes of the law, "non compos mentis".

(b) If the batman is a lunatic it would render the transaction void "ab initio".

(c) If the batman has any lucid intervals and employs one of them in making the lodgment by mistake, the law will always remedy a mistake.

Justinian the Second.

There was a very sober meeting of the K. and L. Committee held recently. It was during closing hours and on Sunday afternoon.

OWED—TO THE COOK.

Beneath the shade of mighty Mars
I oftimes sit and wonder
How our cook his meat doth roast,
Or rend its chunks asunder—
This worst of wars!

Six hundred men have fractured
jaws,

Of toothless gums there's scores,
And hors de combat many more;—
When as with full exuding pores
Each man at his scanty ration
claws.

Fair Gem of the Ocean,
Oh, home of the clan!

Has't ever seen aught

Like to his Mulligan?

Mully! a tough thou always hath
been,

But thour't fairly disgraceful in
his soup toureen—

Confound thou my notion!

Now that I'm mouthing and
chewing the cud,

I might as well mention his suc-
culent spud:—

It savours of earth and is terribly
turfy—

A lukewarm disgrace to the land
of the Murphy!

Oh redolent cup!

As for the tea? or the coffee? I'm
quite in a fog,

But believe that the same was
brewed in a bog;

It moves not to mirth and never
once cheers,

And oftimes compels e'en the
drivers to tears!

Comrades, bear up!

My cup with sorrow is filled to the
brim!

You say I'm a grouch that
nothing can please,

For sure you always get jam on
your cheese!

I admit it with candour that such
is the case,

And that all my revilings are woe-
fully base!

'Tis only my fancy, a bumper
to him!

TITUS CULINARIUS.

Two sergeants were discussing a
batch of new recruits whom they
had been drilling.

"I bet you anything," said Ser-
geant Tomkins, "that that chap
Johnson was only a clerk before he
joined, in spite of all his swank!"

"What makes you think that?"
asked Sergeant Jones.

"Well, every time I said 'Stand
at ease!' he tried to put his rifle
behind his ear!"

"Love me, Love my dog!" is a
very old saying. The ladies of St.
Johns seem to be in love with the
fox terrier. He's cute!

THE "SADNESS OF FARE-
WELL" PLEASANTLY
TEMPERED.

We have to record a pleasant in-
cident when Mrs. Stairs, the wife
of one of our most popular officers,
was made the recipient of a hand-
some wedding gift by her hus-
band's old company on the eve of
his departure for the famous old
garrison city of Halifax, N.S.,
there to pursue his military career.

The presentation to Mrs. Stairs
was gracefully made by C. S. M.
McLaren assisted by Corporal
Rylands and most graciously ac-
cepted by her. The gifts consisted
of an easy chair, occasional table,
and two other chairs of handsome
drawing room design.

The occasion, though lacking all
ostentation, would have been an
altogether pleasant one save for the
sense of impending separation, and
while commiserating with "D"
Company and participating in
their feelings of sorrow at the loss
of the enviable couple, we do not
mourn as those without hope—as
we believe that they are not en-
tirely lost to us but merely gone
before.

The Voice of the Depot rings out
on all sides "Here's to them" and
to "our next merry meeting" and
is most sincerely echoed by "Knots
and Lashings".

It is reported that the French
ladies kissed the American troops
to show their appreciation of the
assistance so badly needed, about
to be given by the American army.
To the Britisher this form of ex-
pression would seem strange and
distasteful (perhaps) due to the
natural phlegmatic nature of the
specie. The American did not, as
far as we can gather, object to
this.

Further treat however was in
store for the troops of Uncle Sam,
as we learn through dispatches that
when the first Americans entered
the trenches the poilus fell on their
necks and kissed them.

This is obviously true seeing
that the space in a trench is some-
what limited and the "neck" of
the Sammie admittedly large.

Theatre Royal

Great Show

Every night

Matinee, Sunday only.

Saturday and Sunday—Charlie Chaplin
in 4-reels; Burlesque on Carmen; Sam-
uel Hutchison and Helen Holmes in
The Diamond Runners.

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday—Clare
Kimball Young in Camille in 5-reel
film.