

The Signals At Home

Many months ago two rather unimportant portions of the "brains of this battalion" decided to make a written sketch of that worthy body, but owing to the strong dislike for exertion so noticeable among all signallers, it was left undone until a rainy day and unutterable boredom forced them to the conclusion that time would pass more quickly were they busy at the afore-mentioned sketch. So they began. The worthy signal officer came first, and this is how it ran:

Mr. Cameron—An energetic young man with blue eyes, timid moustache and a loud voice. The ladies say he is a nice boy, the boys think him a good head and his confreres call him "Texas." His is no mean ability as a leader in song, and the signallers owe much to him for the artistic way in which they are able to render "Round her hair she wore a yellow ribbon," etc., etc. He would rather live in London than anywhere else on earth except Lucknow; has a paternal feeling towards nurses, and is very partial towards Brighton girls.

Sergt. T. G. Connell—T is for Tommy. Age—increasing. Born—not yesterday. Business—good. Home—not with us. In short, a regular fellow.

Sergt. Garland—Alias Darby, alias Little Aldershot. Irish descent, perhaps that is enough to say about him. Can see so much from one eye he wears his cap over the other. When feeling particularly Irish is addicted to chewing the rag, tobacco, or anything else that comes to hand. Favourite recreation—hunting squirrels. His appearance at or after reveille is the signal for a violent outburst on the part of the lesser lights of the outfit. Aided and abetted by flag drill, he contrives to make life miserable for the afore-mentioned lesser lights.

L.-C. McLean—Commonly called

Lady. Her chief hobby is "Old Chum" and strong pipes. Chief ambition in life is to sleep undisturbed to which end she is having a sign painted, bearing the caution, "Don't wake me while I sleep." At present a grass widow, due to the absence of her better half on leave. Hails from Port Elgin but is honest.

L.-C. McEachern—Has red hair. Is a booster for Bruce County's only city, Wiarton. A Tinker, Chauffer, Sailor, Soldier. Fond of after-lights-out arguments. His clear complexion he owes to the fact that he takes a beauty sleep after reveille, with his head beneath the blankets. Is an ardent exponent of the principle "The bigger they are the harder they fall." Has a strong dislike for shinning buttons, etc., and always makes it a point to be late on parade.

L.-C. Channing—Born in England of Welsh parents. Worked hardest on the western prairies and firmly believes that this absolves him from all work in the army. His boots, buttons and face are the shiniest in the battalion, while his cheeks and neck are of that rudy hue supposed to belong only to cartoons of John Bull. He pretends to be a confirmed woman-hater, but we believe this attitude is adopted for our benefit, as he and the Lady are always together and have frequent arguments about the latters dirty old pipe.

L.-C. Kirvan F. S.—When you have known him a little you call him Kirve, when you know him as well as we do you call him late for breakfast. His christened name is Frederic Sylvester, but, as he is a good head, we don't hold that against him. He enlisted in Car-gill and from all accounts was glad to get away. The girls used to wonder who the good looking bank clerk was, but since his departure spend their time knitting socks with vari-coloured tops. These he airs on P. T. parades. His powers of repartee are good but he quails before the redoubtable "Toots." Has worn out several brooms sweeping