

Major A. A. Anderson's Signal Company.

This is an actual notice which appeared outside the Company's cook house—and the Main Mulligan Mixer's name is Moody!!

Your "BREAD ISSUE"

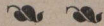
IS FOR

TO-NIGHT & TO-MORROW.

ONE PIECE to be kept for LUNCH
ON TREK.

COMPREE?

If you eat the lot, it's your own
funeral! so don't flirt with the
"Burial Party."



In the Land of the Maple Leaf.

A few of the boys who were out in the early stages are now back home, and appear to have settled down to their new jobs. Lieut. "Fat" Rutherford and Corpl. W. Ord are with the Munitions Board. Lieut. "Boney" Mathieson is in Toronto as Inspector of Hospitals. Sergt. McJannett is Sergt.-Major of Spadina Hospital. "Shoeie" Dick and Big Bill MacKenzie got their ticket. "Big" Turriff and Stanley Fenwick are also at Spadina Military Hospital.

C.Q.M.S. Downie is in Quebec City; even so, don't blame him for all the disturbance, although he is good for some. Speaking of Downie brings back to our memory a little verse which appeared in *Sham News*, October, 1914. 'Tis said:—

Mans inhumanity to man

Makes countless thousands mourn;

But the worst of sights, it seems to me,

Is a swabber's face when sick at sea.

Has anyone seen Corporal Downie?

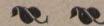
C.S.M. "Geordie" Law is in Toronto, and it's fairly probable he will be back again sometime.

Leave Impressions.

The fellow who invented that phrase, "Every man has his price," should have lived in these times in France, and should have tried to beguile an old-timer into selling his leave. "When are you going on leave?" they ask you persistently until you start, and the same question even more persistently when you come back. And between the two of them, what a crowded fortnight!

Some go to Blighty, some get French leave, and some get delayed leave. But wherever we go, we're all tickled to death to be away from discipline, and mess tins, and military etiquette; to get change of scene and a new line of talk; to see fresh faces and fair complexions, or new places and new fashions in dresses, etc. And some of us are lucky enough to be able to pick up the threads of the story with wives, sisters, and cousins, without the intervention of the "Great Divide," the censor. Then back we come with impressions. And lately they have been a little mixed.

First, we were told that there was no war on in Blighty; that there were so many earning so much that they had no wish for it to end—horrible thought! Then we were told of long queues and short rations, of money in abundance but nothing to buy with it. And then arrived an optimist who had it all figured out, from what he had seen, that the war would be over in two months because—(deleted by censor). Lastly came some cheery spirits. Two of them told how, without the slightest difficulty, they spent 19/- on one meal in London. "Of course," they explained, "the food itself cost only 2/-; we had no idea that the sauce and the condiments had risen so alarmingly in price." The third spent his time in "Good ould Oireland," bringing news that just now the Green Isle is a land flowing with milk and honey; while the fourth spent his time in a country district in England, and told us of the gigantic repasts of fish and fowl that could be obtained. "For instance," he said, "if you could eat a whole chicken—" but we couldn't: the thought of it was too much for us, and we beat it.



If you can't get a girl, buy a camera and "take" one. F. E. Packer, the chemist, 9, Clinton Place, can supply all the photograph materials you require.