

SLAP-DABBERS WOLLOP STIBLES AT INDOOR BASEBALL.

We asked C.S.M. Sims to report this game but unfortunately he was busy figgering how much sixty hogs weighing approximately 400 pounds each, would fetch at \$16.00 a hundred. All he would say for publication was 'Get to 'Ell out of 'ere. Didn't I tell you it was an 'ell of a game.'

The representatives of the stables have for quite a while taunted the white-wash gang with bets threats and challenges to a game of baseball, with no avail; but one of the drivers suggested they were off colour. This soft impeachment they could not admit so off things popped.

Sunday afternoon saw Drs. Loyer, Ham, McSweaney, Wallace, Budd, Wells, Irwin, Haskins and Corp. Postell lined up for the Slap-dabbers while the 'stibles' was represented by Drs. Wright, Crosby, Johnston, Wallace, McPherson, Boler, Ashby, Corp. Priest and Finnie.

The 'Stibles' won the toss but could do nothing against the white wash pitcher. The artists however batted with the usual courage of their trade leaving many marks on the walls and roof of the Old Fort. After the first innings the 'curry combers' livened things up owing to some excellent advice from the side lines being acted upon.

The score at the close of a very exciting game was 16 to 10 in favour of the 'Brothers of the Brush'.

Stable Picquet.

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SOLVED THE PROBLEM.

A little girl aged three had been left in the nursery alone, and her brother arrived to find the door closed. The following conversation took place:—

"I wants to come in Cissie."
"But you tan't tum in Tom."
"But I wants to."

"Well, I'se in my nightie an' nurse says little boys mustn't see little girls in their nighties."

After an astonished and reflective silence on Tom's side of the door the miniature Eve announced triumphantly:

"You tan tum in now, Tom; I've tooked it off!"

E. T. D. Makes Largest Donation In List To Prisoners of War Fund.

Quoting from the report of the Prisoners of War Committee just issued we are proud to print the following:—

'Just at the last moment there has come a most wonderful contribution from the Engineers Training Depot, St. Johns, Que., for which the committee is grateful.'

The donation referred to was \$437.50 which was collected around the barracks during last fall.

A Sapper who eats three raw steaks on a Saturday afternoon is certainly a fit relic of barbarism. This is no Child's job.

That Troublesome H.

A certain English foreman in one of the Kensington textile factories is in the habit of having an apprentice heat his luncheon for him. The other day he called a new apprentice.

"Go down stairs and 'eat up my lunch for me," order the foreman.

The boy—a typical young American, with no knowledge of cockney English—obeyed with alacrity. He was hungry.

Ten minutes later the foreman came down. He also was hungry. "Where's my lunch?" he demanded.

The boy gazed at him in amazement.

"You told me to eat it up—and I ate it," he stated.

"I didn't tell you to heat it up!" roared the irate foreman. "I told you to 'eat it up."

"Well, I didn't heat it up," maintained the youngster, stoutly. "I ate it cold."—Youth's Companion.

Dennis O'Brien had come into the job of his life. He had left the land of his birth to seek fame and fortune in the Golden West. This is what he wrote to his old home:

"Shure, this is great! All that I hev to do is to climb up and down a forty-bar ladder with bricks and mortar, and, bedad, the men on top do all the work."



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