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tion to an apparent stranger in the stables:—"Here, what are you doing? Are you a driver?"

"No, Sir; I'm in the Mounted

The Scene—O.C.'s office, 9.30 a.m.

The Prisoner—a Sapper charged with Drunkenness.

"Well, Sapper 000001, you are charged with being drunk last night. Have you anything to say in answer to this charge."

"Yes, Sir,—IIIIII—"

O.C.:—"That's enough, seven days C.B.—Next."

On the train carrying a certain draft of Engineers from Toronto to St. John's, a Sapper was charged with obtaining a bottle of Beer from a Civilian and with having same in possession on the train. A Court Martial was held, but after hearing the evidence, the charge against the Sapper was dismissed. It was learned that the beer was only 2%.

Driver C. G. M.

The Horses were fresh, so they made a break,

On just two wheels, the corner they'll take;

Then out comes the Mounted, and on goes the brake,

And the S.M. keeps on smiling.

A Timely Rescue.

Scene — Dining-Room, (known to us as a Mess-Hall).

Time—5 o'clock Tea, last Sunday.

Being on my way out after having partaken of the above mentioned meal, my Eagle Eye caught sight of a defenceless looking Orange, resting comfortably on one of our well known Silver dishes, and surrounded closely by three hungry looking Sappers. (They always look hungry to me!) I, at once, decided upon my plan of attack, at the same time to deprive those sufferers of such a delicious fruit and approaching the scene very quietly with my famous and trusty trench knife in one hand, and the dazzling brightness of my Cap-Badge holding those three Sappers in awe, I courageously placed myself between them and their victim and at the same time barely piercing the outer covering of that appetizing little fruit, I drew it snugly to myself and prepared to retreat to my canvas abode. I was then satisfied that I had succeeded in frustrating the attempt of those three desperate looking Sappers of deyouring their unprotected victim. I dare not print the volley of musical words which followed my departure.

Note:—Who was the mean and unworthy Sapper who left this little fruit alone and unprotected, to be devoured as had been planned, by those three villians who were in the vicinity?

"Score another for the Mounted Section."

ECHOES FROM THE EM-PLOYED SECTION.

Drafts may come and drafts may go, but we stay here forever.

Please tell us:

Why should a certain young lady friend of an Employed Section may say that—"Drinking 2% beer is like kissing your sister—There is no kick in either"?

What does she know about it? She hasn't any brother!

Dear Editor:—Hoping my small contribution will find a place and also help to get the Employed Section to respond to the good cause of "Knots and Lashings".

OVERHEARD AT MEDICAL BOARD.

"Say, Bill, what's all that on your chest?"

"Can't you read! It says 'murmurring arteries'!"

"Murmuring, hell! Why you are always 'shouting' in the ranks!"

Submitted "with apologies" to "Knots and Lashings".

Spr. J. A. MacCosham.

When one of my Tent mates says that he is not a "Skintifie" man, he does not claim that he has not knowledge of skin diseases; but merely that he is not a scientific man.

Three guesses as to his nationality.

Spr. J. A. MacCosham.

Promotion!

A Soldier With An Unclean Mouth Makes

A BAD IMPRESSION

Both By His Appearance And Offensive Breath.

BUT

A Soldier With A Clean Mouth Makes

A GOOD IMPRESSION

Because He Both Looks Clean and Feels Clean. Which Man Stands The Better Chance In The Army?

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