

DRAFT 56 IN ALDERSHOT CAMP.

(Sergt.-Major Slack, Aldershot, England.)

We had a very pleasant voyage in favorable weather, with but little sea-sickness but La Grippe played considerable havoc especially amongst the officers. Located in a beautiful camp on rolling hills four miles from Aldershot the health of the troops is improving, as evidenced by the wonderful appetites possessed. It is just warm enough to make sleeping outside the tents, (which is done on orders by all officers and men) very comfortable and healthful. We are getting down to real training and athletics now. Draft 56 won one game of baseball and lost one by the close margin of one run in the eleventh inning.

Contrary to expectations the men are well pleased with the rations and the corps of instructors, being chiefly returned men, are very thorough and patient to give every man a chance to learn what is required.

Crime has been practically nil and the cheering war news in the papers which are sold both morning and evening in the camps makes for putting everybody in fine humor.

There is a great scarcity of some articles but others are cheaper than in Canada.

The men received \$5 each on board and have had an additional £1 since arrival. There is a canteen for each two blocks with wet and dry departments in separate tents and a number of Y.M.C.A.'s

scattered around at which a concert or lecture takes place every evening.

We will be in segregation for a period of at least 28 days.

OUT AND ABOUT.

Well, boys, the "Boy Scout Sergeant" has returned from his leave and the story of his visit across the border is very interesting.

Disappointed at not being allowed to wear his uniform and decorations, he took along his collection of pictures, and those in Barracks who have seen them know well what a fine picture gallery he possesses, as anyone with a camera in the Depot can always get the "Scout" to pose for them.

His former comrades greeted him, but were disappointed to see their hero in civilian clothes. However, before he started on his return journey his identity was known to all, and judging from the crowd assembled at the Grand Central, he kept up his reputation of popularity. The send-off must have disturbed him, as, when the train started en route for St. Johns, he was a little restless, so began to look for a little company. Thinking of C.S.M.'s York, Boyd, Sergts. Henessy, Badger and how popular they are with the ladies, he at once approached a lady and soon made her acquaintance. Being in civilian clothes he had a hard time in convincing the lady he was a Sergeant, stationed in St. Johns, but, after explaining that there is quite a distinction between a Sapper and a Sergeant, chiefly the chevrons and grenade, then the

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size of the cane. Yes, she was surprised to know that a Sergeant has a long cane whereas the Sapper has a swagger stick. Then, of course, there is the bayonet, and from latest reports, Sergt. Vrooman will have to hand it to the "Boy Scout" as the parts of the bayonet are his speciality.

Learning that the lady was travelling to St. Johns to visit her husband who was in camp here, he told of what position the Sergeant held, also the influence he had around the Depot, and she saw visions of her husband parading around with stripes on.

Stopping over at Troy the lady was afraid she would lose her escort, but the "Scout" stood by, only to discover on boarding the train, that the lady had boarded a Pullman.

It is rumored in Camp here that several of the Sergeants in Camp are using canes not of regulation size. Now, boys, if you don't know the size, ask the "Scout" and he will gladly tell you, and those Sappers,—well they had better get wise too.

CADETTISMS.

"And what were you in civilian life?" asked the Captain.

"I was a travelling salesman, Sir," replied the recruit.

"That's all right, then. You'll get plenty of orders around here."

Let 'er alone!

Papa:—"Daughter, daughter, isn't that young man gone yet?"

Daughter:—"No, Father, but I've got him going."

Speaking of leather shortage:—Why do the R. A. F. Cadets wear riding shields of leather? They surely have no stables around their airdromes.

THE CROWN PRINCE.

His nose is red;

His eyes are blue;

His chin recedes;

His armies too.

"This can't be hell—there are no Germans here."

"Yes, your honor, it is. But the regular people put up such a kick, we built this annex for them."

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