
CHATS FROM CHATHAM

"Redcapitis" is the latest Disease discovered in Ramsgate. Wait for it!

Owing to the scarcity of potatoes, Lc.-Corp. Sugg is now calling his "Murphys" "Rothschilds."

"Gold Stripe Pain Killer" is now being advertised. That should be good dope for Lc.-Corp. Taylor.

Why did Private Levick order a box of matches when asked what he would have to drink. Couldn't he see?

Captain P. P. Hartt called on Major W. M. Hart, M.C., the other day. Just for a Hartt to Hart talk perhaps.

Rumour has it that at least one member of the Palace chorus was treated to a joy-ride in a government car the other night. Who paid for the "gas"?

We all want to know the name of the Lc.-Jack who is known as "The Splinter from the Medical Board." Then we will be satisfied. Will we?

Is it because Pte. Harrison has fallen deeply in love that he has assassinated his upper lip adornment, or just another form of Police Frightfulness?

Who is the gink in No. 11 tent who declares that he saw one of the new invisible airships this week. We wonder if he heard any noiseless bombs dropped.

"Fire-water" is great dope; but Pte. Purkis is now convinced that there isn't enough kick to the water in our fire buckets. Can anyone suggest a good flavouring?

Private M'Ghee rushed into our office the other morning with the startling information that two German submarines had been sunk on Vimy Ridge. The previous day was payday.

Private Boddy, C.A.S.C., the great food expert, rushed into the Q.-M. Store. "Make that beef mutton," said he. "Do you mean to tell us we can make a cow a sheep?" retorted Sergt. Moore.