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CHATS FROM CHATHAM

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How far is Canterbury from Heaven, Scout ?

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What's in a name.—Private Short has been officially detailed to check up any shortage in the Linen Stores.

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What did the down-town Patient Policeman find in his bed the other night ? Or was it his vivid imagination ?

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Has Blacksmith Creighton's friend left town again ? We noticed he was Johnnie on the Spot for two weeks.

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Who is the orderly that boasts of having round corners in his wards. Now then, Curly, get busy and clean them out.

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Who is the member of the personnel that is practising Legerdemain ? Else why does he keep young sea monsters up his sleeve ?

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What smell are you talking about—the odour around the boiler-room ? Why that was not gas at all ; it was Sergt. Slater's new corn-cob pipe !

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We understand that ten men cleaned up thirty men's tea at Townley Castle while the Sister was absent. Have a heart, fellows, there's a war on—think of your chums !

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A novel use has been found for old newspapers. The other evening, a certain Staff-Sergeant, while seated with his best girl, had handed to him an evening paper to spread over his lap. We would like "more" light on the subject.

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On Monday night last a certain Aberdonian came to the Main Gate, round 10 o'clock, and asked :—"Say—hic—is Corp. M—in yet ?" "Oh, yes," was the reply of the R.P. on duty. "He came in over half-an-hour ago. "Well," inquired the former, "Did—hic—did I come in with him ?"

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Heard in Patients' Mess :—"Peggy" Houlton—"Look here, Corp., is this tea or coffee ?"

Corp. Perry—"Can't you tell from the taste ?"

"Peggy"—"No I can't."

Corp.—"Well then, what difference does it make ?"