

**EASILY EXPLAINED.**—A few evenings ago, as our old friend “Bruff” was returning from the Rifle Range, he was fairly surprised when, on turning round a curve in the road, he came face to face with Father C,—and the following dialogue ensued :—Father C—“ Good morning, my son.” Bruff—“ Good morning, Father.” Father C—“ Tell me, my son, do you belong to Dublin?” Bruff—“ No, sir, I belongs to Limerick.” Father C—“ There are a good many Dublin men in your Regiment, are there not?” Bruff—“ Yes, yer Riverance.” Father C—“ I have been given to understand that they are all more or less fond of their beer ; is that right?” Bruff—“ Wisha, faith it is, yer honor.” Father C—“ Can you tell me what the cause of that is, my good man ?” Bruff—“ Father, I don’t know, your honor, except ‘tis because the most of them comes from Cork.”

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**OFF HIS CHUMP.**—We have read some very remarkable cases of absent-mindedness of late, but none more so than that of Sergeant Flagpole of the —th Regiment, who, on entering the Barrack Room about 11.30 p.m. a few nights ago, took off his waist-belt and cap, and placed them together with his stick on the bed, and after carefully covering them with the blankets, hung himself up on his pegs till morning.

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**WHAT HE CALLED IT.**—“ Q ” and “ H ” Companies were on outpost duty recently, and Capt. C— was detailed to post a picquet in the vicinity of Tipperary. As he marched them along the side of Cup-and-Saucer Hill, he was explaining to them the numerous duties of outposts. On reaching the summit of the hill, he espied a visiting patrol at some distance, which caused him to ask :—“ Now then, Private Recko, what would you call that party on your right front ?” (As Captain C—asked the question Colour-Sergeant Patrick Mc—missed his footing, and rolled to the bottom of the hill). “ Well, sir,” replied the witty Recko, “ I would call it Pat rolling” (Patrolling).

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#### BIRTHS.

**MARSH.**—At Fredericton, N.B., on the 16th August, 1895, the wife of No. 2540 Pte. W. H. Marsh, of a daughter.

**FOWLIE.**—At Fredericton, N.B., on the 22nd August, 1895, the wife of No. 2044 Drill Sergeant Fowlie, of a daughter.

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#### DEATH.

**HEWSON.**—At Fredericton, N.B., on the 8th September, 1895, No. 2612 Pte. James Hewson, aged 48 years.