

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."

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.

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).

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.

DEATH.

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