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E.T.D.**

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Virginia Ovals, 15c
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"—not only the flavour,
old chap!—tho that is
remarkably good!—but,
er, they're so dashing-
ly smart, y' know!"

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**Clothing and Gents'
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**10 p.c. off
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BEAT THIS IF YOU CAN.

There has been considerable elation accompanying some of the Engineers who were so fortunate as to spend a leave of absence to their home town in the U.S.A. such as having been distinguished as army officers as their classy uniforms were quite unknown to their homefolk as being a everyday Sapper's attire. The following clippings from the Easton, Pa., newspapers give an idea.

**Sergeant Ralph W. Emmerson of
Canadian Engineers Here.**

Sgt. Ralph Waldo Emmerson, a former newspaper man, of this city, now with the Canadian Army Engineers in Canada, is spending a six days leave of absence with his wife here.

Sgt. Emmerson called on his former associates in the Newspaper game, at the Free Press Office today, and it might be said that he looks fine in that Natty Canadian Officers' Uniform.

**Sergeant Emmerson Will Take His
Family to Canada.**

O.R.S. Ralph Waldo Emmerson, a former Easton Reporter, who is now in the Canadian Army, at the Engineers' Training Camp, at St. Johns, Que., and who is spending a short furlough in Easton, will leave again on Friday. He will be accompanied to Canada by his wife and son, Herbert.

After completing his work at St. Johns, Sergeant Emmerson expects to be transferred to Montreal to assist in the demobilization of the men returning from Overseas Service. He expects to be in the Service for at least six months more.

AN EYE FOR COLOR.

The Canadian soldier strolled into a first-class compartment of a L. & N. W. train, and made himself comfortable in a corner seat. The only other occupants were two elderly ladies.

The Canadian took out a cigarette case, then noticing that it was not a smoking compartment, said:

"Say, I guess I got the wrong box! Do you ladies object to my smoking?"

Both ladies beamed affably and assured him they didn't mind a bit, whereat he lighted a cigarette and was happy. Two minutes later an austere looking old gentleman

entered. He took the seat opposite the Canadian, and, as he sat down, dropped his ticket on the floor. The soldier dived down and rescued it, smiling enigmatically at the owner as he handed it to him.

A little later the old gentleman began to sniff and look around him. It wasn't long before he discovered the cause of the smell.

"This is not a smoking compartment," he said significantly.

"I know that, but I got the ladies' permission," replied the Canadian.

"Nevertheless, I object, and although you were kind enough to rescue my ticket, I must ask you to cease smoking.

The Canadian took not the slightest notice but went on puffing away serenely.

The old gentleman got very excited and called the guard.

"Guard, I object to this gentleman smoking in a non-smoking carriage."

"Sorry, sir," said the guard to the soldier, "I must ask you either to stop smoking or find a smoking compartment."

"First of all," said the soldier, "I should like you to examine that gentleman's ticket."

The old gentleman stammered a refusal, and blushed crimson. The guard began to get suspicious.

"May I trouble you, sir?" he said.

"What right has that gentleman to—"

"I must insist, sir," interrupted the guard sternly.

Finding further protest useless, the ticket was produced, and proved to be a third-class one.

The old gentleman was bundled out bag and baggage into a third-class compartment, and the Canadian went on smoking. The two ladies were highly amused.

"Excuse me," said one of them, "but how did you know he had a third-class ticket?"

The Canadians grinned broadly.

"Snakes! It was like stealing candy from a baby. I saw the color of it—it was the same as mine!"

W'en 'e Did Say Somethin'—

A delightfully humorous summing up of Sir Douglas Haig's character comes from a wounded Tommy.

"'E don't say much, 'Aig don't," observed the critic. "'Ee don't, so to say, say nuffin; ne 'alf. But if 'e do say somethin'—blimy!"

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