



Major J. M. Rolston's Company.

The tour round the world recently made by the Company resulted in the meeting of many old friends, including Major Vince, "Loftie" Tett, and "Red" Doherty.

The Company heartily endorses the statement that "every house should have a piano." Since we have had one, the desire to spend the "night out" has appreciably decreased.

It is understood that the War Office is about to call for tenders for the construction of a super-bicycle for Lieut. J. A. Ferguson. Completed article must be received by June 15th, as at the present rate the supply of the ordinary article will then be exhausted.

Lieut. A. R. Neelands reports that he assisted in the capture of Nice, undertaken recently by a party of Sapper officers. After a brief resistance, the inhabitants threw open their arms.

Gunner Keogh and Spare-Parts Porter did the Hun airman dirty t'other afternoon. Dear old boys, they can do summat else beside relate experiences in the canteen.

Ragtime Blue, our dear old christian friend and temperance advocate, is the producer of a new concert troupe. The details are, as yet, a secret, and are being worked out in the dark recesses of the cow stable. Slim Emerson is tee-hee-ing for the job as stage carpenter. The troops do not think he will land the job: he is too busy cheating "Ribs" out of his second slice of lance-cpl. bacon.

The original Macginty reports a successful evening. He partook freely—no, dear angel child, it was not of "oofs" that he partook. Chee-wizz, he and Sailor rawther hung it on old Heinie's upper eyelid the night they did the dirty on the bridge—Horatio has nothing on "Rod" and the Sailor-man.

The Jazz Band trio, "Watty," "Ragtime," and the garage man, have Harry Pilcer's brother looking like the leader of the Tillsonburg City Band so far as mixing a little melody on the white and black keys goes.

Why do Bibby and the Downey person always select bunks at opposite ends of the hut we occupy before they start their light and giddy repartee of a lurid hue? Ah, yes indeed, you are quite right. The Irish are a peculiar people; bless 'em, we love 'em.

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Major Lynn's Company.

Look out! "Punch" is out after that "crop."

Sergt. "Jimmie Gliddon" has left us to become an instructor at C.E.T.D. You sure earned a rest and change, duckie.

Congratulations to Purvey, who now has three stripes and Jimmie's old Section.

Would Norman McKay please pay two francs to Sapper Fraser for me?

Will Driver Bollman please slip us the dope on how to cross the pond.

Our football team is going to be a good one this summer. Watch our smoke. See our picture.

Big Dunk got back from Paris a few weeks late; the A.P.M. was so pleased to know him, that he turned out his gallant force to give Dunk a real send off, even giving him letters of credit to Major Lynn.

Driver: Say, Quarter, can I have a sapper's mess tin?

Q.M.: What for?

Dvr.: Skinner says he cannot get a decent mouthful out of it at night.

We notice that there has been quite a change in the culinary staff. Who is the lucky one who has been raised to the dizzy heights of cook's assistant? he will soon be a General (nin).

Truth is stranger than fiction; who is the sapper of No. 3 who had an unruly whizz-bang chase him along a trench for fully three minutes? Where did he go to fool it?

Edward and Jones, Ltd., brass and steel polishers, France, are open to receive tenders for the supply of emery cloth, sandpaper, silver sand, and flannelette.