

FROM THE SAD SEA WAVE.

Did you hear the tale of the sea-bird? Well, "Knots and Lashings" did and we will let the "eat out of the bag" for the amusement of our readers.

The sad sea bird was captured as he sat moping on the waters of the mighty Richelieu. Not one amongst us knew what kind of bird we had found. Then someone suggested, "Adney"! "Oh yes!" everybody called, "Adney! let us take it to Adney! He's the man who knows and who is always glad to tell what he knows. Hurrah for Adney!"

So off we went. Depositing the captive in the room of the learned man and locking the door, we raided the Model Trenches and brought our obliging friend along with us to solve the mystery. With palpitating expectancy, we trooped to the Officers' Club, climbed the stairs and reached the haunt of this man of wisdom and weighty words.

The door was flung open and a mighty and intangible smell of "something" reached out at us, and for a moment we wavered in our determination. It was the almost overpowering odor of a shell-covered, clammy sea-weed-laden ocean beach. It reminded us also of oil and of mayonnaise. Wavering a moment, we dashed forward into the haze of gas with the cry,—"What is it! Oh Adney, tell us what is it!"

"Gentlemen, don't you know," said he calmly, "that bird is a cormorant; it's habitat is—well, wait a minute, let us see! I'll show you what food it eats."

A de luxe volumn of Natural History was withdrawn from among many of its kind. With his knowing look, the great man opened the book at a highly colored plate representing a certain fish, a favorite food of the cormorant. Holding the page aloft, Mr. Adney said slowly and dramatically,—"There, gentlemen, is the food of the cormorant." And so it seemed! With a squack of joy the hungry bird flew at the representation of the fish, attacked it hammer and tongs and tore the work of art to shreds. The great Adney was right—it was a cormorant!

Was it this conclusive proof that made us feel so faint? Or, was it the heavy air stirred up about us? No! We could stand that, even the gas of the trenches; but not the "language" which then flowed from the lips of the great man of wisdom! And all hurled at a poor, sad sea bird! We felt faint; our knees began to sink. At last we fled!

We hope, later, to hear how the cormorant came through that awful scene.

"Dot and Carry One".

LITTLE JOTTINGS BY THE WAY.

The Officers' Club wonders why a Pay master should object to a guinea fowl.

Why his strange lapse of memory when our genial friend was asked at mess if he were "Orderly Officer" or not earlier in the day!

"Breakfast is not a parade anyway." Someone suggests that our Paymaster thought it was a "five-o'clock-tea"!

Sapper (standing entranced watching our Cook flip the pancakes):—"My! but that must be hard work."

The Cook:—"Oh run along! It's only Child's play."

The large number of friends and relatives who have visited the Depot of late is quite noticeable. An interesting story can be told of a little girl of four years who enjoyed leaving Montreal and visiting the Depot in the company of her two aunties.

While here, they saw some of the men at mess and this amused the little girl most of all. Shortly afterwards, two cousins of hers, men of a Toronto draft to the Depot were on leave to Montreal and were having supper at her mother's place. The little one eyed the men in khaki in wonder for a long time.

"Mummy," said she, "can I be a soldier?"

"Yes, my dear," said her mother, "of course you can be a soldier."

"Yes, but are you sure I can be a soldier?"

"Yes, dear, you can really be a soldier if you want to."

The little girl leaned over the table towards her soldier-friends and called, "Say, Mates! Shove along them dam pork and beans."

NOT AT ALL, AT ALL!

A sergeant of short stature went up to one of his men on parade who stood six feet six in his stockinged feet, and told him to lift his chin up and look straight to the front.

The tall gink took a pace forward, holding out his right hand. "What are you doing?" asked the Sergeant. The tall one answered: "I wanted to shake hands with you, Sergeant, for if I keep my head up I'll never see you again."

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