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April, 1917.

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DINE here amidst cheerful surroundings where quick service, cleanliness and moderate prices are the foremost features.

Clever cooking insures our meals being prepared to your liking.

Teas and Light Snacks at any time. May to-day include you among our satisfied patrons? Note the address, 3, Sandgate Road, through the Provision Shop and upstairs.

— *Where the Diner-out is at ease.* —

Special Smoking Room, Ladies' Cloak Room.

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Outdoor Operators always ready.

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Lambert Weston & Son make specially reduced prices for all Members of His Majesty's Forces.

The Home of High Class Confectionery.

BEVAN & Co., 6, GUILDHALL STREET
FOLKESTONE.

A GIFT FOR HER.

NOTHING delights HER more than a Fancy Box of Chocolates, for it expresses the thought behind the action. And besides, too, she'll enjoy every one of these delicious dainties because they are made with the purest products obtainable and where strict cleanliness prevails.

You'll be surprised at what insignificant cost you can secure such a gift. Let to-day be HER "Sweetmeat Day." Her pleasure means your pleasure.

Toothsome Dainties for Particular People.

THE C.A.S.C. NEWS.

Breezy Bits about the Boys.

Editor Lieut. N. A. Fairhead.
Sub-Editor Pte. D. L. Berwick
Sec.-Treasurer The Hon. Capt. J. Tully.
Cartoonist: Pte. A. Boggs.

*Sensible Tommies learn to laugh at themselves,
Mediocre Soldiers to laugh at others,
Whilst stupid Sons of the Empire learn nothing,
Because they do not read the C.A.S.C. News.*

Editorial.

In editing the 5th number of our magazine, we cannot help but feel that we are at last starting to get on our feet. Confidence engenders success, and the confidence of our readers of our last number has certainly inspired us to try to continue improving our paper.

We do appreciate appreciation.

Since last month's issue we regret that we have lost our cartoonist, Pte. Boggs. His skill was the life of our Paper, and we shall have trouble replacing him; however, he has promised to send in sketches for us from France.

We congratulate Staff Sergts. Cook and Strickland on their promotion. We hope they will not be too much vaunted in their own opinion to continue their subscriptions to our Mag.

This month we are changing our cover and think that it will greatly improve the appearance of our magazine.

We must impress upon our correspondents who have heretofore shown interest in our Paper the necessity of handing in their reports on or before the end of each month to insure against delay in Publishing. Don't be backward in coming forward.

Our thanks to Lieut. Tregillus, Officer i/c Lt. Car Section, for the interest taken in the Magazine.

We again ask our readers to continue to support the Firms advertising with us. These Firms have shown their interest in us. Let us all reciprocate.

THE EDITOR.

Jitney Jolts.

Laughs from The Light Car Section.

Our friend Dudley of Jitney Service Fame, has a hoodoo machine. It only takes a dozen fatigue men to start it in the Park, and a wrecking car to tow it back home again.

We admire Brother Booth's pluck in trying to strafe a Kelly Truck in Folkestone with his side-car outfit, but these "Baby Tanks" take a lot of killing. Better luck next time "Red."

Who was the Ford Driver who swore that someone had let the air out of his tyres every time he pumped them up? Did it not occur to him that a puncture might have been the cause?

Low Gear Charlie still complains at the shortage of low gears, and curses the War vehemently as being the cause of such a state of affairs.

Is it true that "Oh-La-La!" the Hut Orderly, sleeps with all his clothes on?

We wonder how far the Cadillac Joy Riders would have got had they not experienced carburettor trouble at Ashford a few Sundays ago.

Intermediate Willie and High Speed Duggie are out to clean up all Motor Cycle Speed Prizes.

Since the arrival of the Paybooks belonging to the A.W.D. Boys, our section can now claim with just pride as being the wealthiest section hereabouts.

It is rumoured that Uncle Alker was seen down town a few nights ago making arrangements for the purchase of a "Three Balls" Sign.

Kick Starter Joe and Oil Can Sidney have not been seen round the Motor Cycle Park for some time.

Is it true that our journalistic friend generally known as "Mr. Sub-Editor" has become enamoured by the captivat-

ing charm of a certain young Folkestone damsel? If so, we should like to express our heartiest wishes for their future happiness.

In the stillness of a certain Sunday afternoon four of our dippy young drivers commandeered the O.C.'s "Tin Lizzie" which happened to be standing in the Park unattended while the driver was away having dinner.

Without further ado these four joyriders set off for Famous Folkestone and arrived there without mishap or discovery. Three of the occupants alighted and left the remaining one of their number to bring the car back home. On arriving back in camp ill luck dogged his footsteps, for he ran into the Park wall doing considerable damage to poor old Lizzie. Sure enough while he stood viewing the wreckage an officer must appear, who with gentle persuasion extracted the whole story from the victim.

Next morning four despondent joyriders appeared before an unsympathetic O.C. and received due recognition of their valuable services to their Country in the shape of 21 days No. 2. Each now utters to himself those well-known words "Joyriding Nevermore" Yes, that's what they all say.

You sing a little song or two,
And have a little chat,
You make a little candy fudge,
And then you take your hat,
You hold her hand and say good-night,
You kiss her twice, I'll wager,
Now aint that a hell of an evening
For a healthy Sergeant-Major.

I'm sorry for those words I spoke last
night, she said,
Dropped her eyes and blushed, then
turned away her head,
You sending me those flowers proved
that you were right.
Forgive me, and he forgave her,
And as they walked and talked be-
neath the bowers,
He wondered who in hell had sent the
flowers.

Gossip from Hut 12, Room 1.

During the two days' C.B. that came to us with the test mobilization, there were more than a few of the lads in our sanctum sanctorum who were restless. Sunday afternoon and evening was not so bad—that is for most of us. Poor Faulner found it hard to exercise Christian patience and was heard to mutter at intervals: "My goodness gracious!" punctuated with deep sighs. It must be distressing to miss Evening Service as well as Sunday School, not to mention tea and supper—and other delights.

When Monday evening came, however, and the C.B. was not lifted, it seemed to be getting a bit thick. A musical concert was on in the T.D. Mess, but the organisers forgot to send invitations to Hut 12. However, that did not bother us. Our Irishman was in good form. For an hour he entertained the Fireside Pets with song, jig, and story. Sans doute he is the dean of entertainers. Our difficulty was in suppressing our chortles of glee when a rapid transition of repertoire took us from the side-splitting humour of an Irish song to the sublime pathos of high tragedy. Undoubtedly, the doyen of the program was his song of the little girl who prayed the seagull to take a message to her Daddy out on the big, big ship.

When Tommy played out, Mac, the best little tenor in our Church, entertained us with a few songs. After that we Pets—tous ensembles—joined in close harmony to Ye Olde Ballads. It was quite some evening. As Faulner says: "It's so nice to have the boys together for an evening like that."

6.30 in the morning is the hour that tests the soldier. Our Irishman (we have only one real Hibernian left) sets us all an example when he arises—or lies in bed—and pours forth his full soul in profuse strains of unpremeditated art. There might be doubts about the "art," for a few of the boys have been known to throw boots, but that might have been just ordinary jealousy.

Pinky (alias Bill) is not Irish—would to heaven that he were. Pinky invariably rises with a volume of vitriolic

vituperation on his lips—but it doesn't stay there long. He knows our ears are from habit inclined his way to catch the first loud boom that warns us the attack is on. "Who is the long-eared son of a dog-fish that pulled all the windows down?" You might have difficulty in locating this oracle with a voice like Jove if you were not trained to look for two pink little ears against the grey blanket. In a few moments he is up and booming forth "Instructions to young soldiers," or "How to clean a Barrack Room as it should be did." No one, listening to Pinky's didactic dithyrambics, would imagine he was the little seraph who goes to bed singing: "Daddy, will you meet us in the land where the Angels dwell." Pinky's gaff would be a good healthy tonic, if he didn't so frequently interlard it with phrases meant to white-wash his own sepulchre, or is it platter—if not, perhaps it is kit-shelf.

Smoky and Cam are "looking forward" to making their home on Loud Hill. They say Reveille doesn't blow there.

Smoky returned from his Cook's Tour to France just when we were beginning to think that the vacant bed would stay vacant. Somebody started a rumour that he had gone to Mesopotamia to drive a Staff car, and Cam was just preparing to appropriate his spare Kit as compensation for one "British warm" when the gentleman rolled in. He brought back interesting stories of his adventures and a wonderful knowledge of French, considering his short visit. One of his phrases was a puzzler though. It was almost as hard to recognise his "Hotel Dee-vil" as it is to make out what the local bus-drivers mean by "T'an 'All."

There was consternation in the room when Smoky pictured his last sight of the Sergeants whom he had taken over with him. These men, part of a body whom an ex-O.C. termed "the backbone of the Corps," now shorn of their insignia and as crestfallen as roosters robbed of spurs, wandered round the Camp spearing bits of paper on pointed sticks. How have the mighty fallen!

Canada's Inspiring Example Described by Col. Roosevelt.

(From an article entitled "The Lesson Canada Teaches Us," by Theodore Roosevelt, in the March Metropolitan Magazine).

Let our people profit by Canada's example and by the teachings of our own patriots. We are proud of the great past of our land. We cannot afford to have this country, which ought to be, and can be, made the hope and the example for the free peoples of the world, turned into the greatest of the yellow nations.

No nation ever yet achieved greatness through ease and absence of effort; and although material prosperity is an absolutely essential foundation, the lack of which renders hopeless any attempt to raise a worthy superstructure, yet by itself, and to the exclusion of all else, material prosperity, no matter how abounding, means at the very utmost a kind of bastard greatness, more contemptible than any other kind. The flag that commands the respect of other nations and inspires among its own followers the high passion of loyalty must float over a land where there is well-distributed material well-being, but, what is even more important, where there have also been developed the stern and lofty virtues of resolute and adventurous valor, of trained prowess, or readiness for self-sacrifice, of power to render service, and of determined and unshakable patriotism. These are the virtues which during the last two years and a half Canada has pre-eminently shown. She has passed through one of those times which try men's souls, and which sift out the strong and the worthy from the weak and the unworthy. She has stood the test. She has proved her possession of those qualities that mark the people of masterful ability, able to shape their own destinies and to hold their own in the rough world of actual life.

Canada has sent to the front about 250,000 men. She has 150,000 more in training. This means that she has enlisted, all told, about 400,000 men. The casualties up to date are well over 50,000. Meanwhile Canada has faced undauntedly the necessary taxation, and has voluntarily contributed \$40,000,000 to relief funds. Let our people understand what these figures mean by remembering that Canada has only about one-thirteenth of our population and one-thirtieth of our wealth. Her shores were not immediately menaced; the counsels of cold and timid selfishness, had they prevailed, would have bid her take a merely perfunctory part in the war, and rest in safety behind Britain's control of the ocean. But Canada was too proud not to fight. She scorned

the ignoble role of shirking duty and letting others protect her. Her effort in men is relatively as great as if we had raised an army of over five million soldiers—and her troops are as splendid fighting men as their Australasian and South African brothers or as any others among the war-hardened veterans who have fought on both sides of this terrible world war. Her money effort in the single item given above is equivalent to what this nation would have done if it had voluntarily contributed over a billion dollars in relief funds. Unfortunately the Canadians, like ourselves, have not yet overcome the foolish dread of universal obligatory military training in times of peace and universal service in time of war. Hence they have not shown the extraordinary efficiency of Germany and France. But there never has been finer work done under the old volunteer system than by Canada; and the way in which Canada and her sister overseas commonwealths have sprung to the defence of the Empire is something absolutely new in history, and sets a mark in farsighted patriotism and in high-minded ability to sacrifice present ease and safety for a vast and permanent future good which will not soon be passed by any nation. The people who have stayed at home have devoted themselves to the welfare of the men who have gone and of their families. Not only the Governmental bodies, but various patriotic organisations, have taken up the work with equal zeal and knowledge.

Canada can now speak for such a world peace and be entitled to a respectful hearing; because her deeds have made good her words. We ourselves after the Spanish war were able for a decade to take a real and leading part in movements for international peace, and we widened the area in which orderly liberty and the peace of justice obtained. We were able so to act because we were at the time strong in material strength and, above all, in tempered strength of soul and in clearness of vision; and because we were scrupulously careful to keep our promises, to correlate our deeds without words; and because we refused to embark on the sea of making utterly impossible and unworthy promises which could not possibly be kept, and which in the event of crisis it would be damaging and dishonourable to keep and yet only less damaging and dishonourable to break.

Bakery Bullets and Supply Salve.

We get used to seeing old friends around this depot, who hail from the surrounding camps, and we had genuine pleasure in greeting S.-Sgt. Sharp on a visit from Crowborough.

We also have Mr. Ferrier back again from his peregrinations, and as he is responsible for the messing, we are expecting some great feeds.

When Cpl. Sergeant transferred to the Cavalry Depot, this Section lost a good head. He always had an itching to wear spurs, and as spurs and bread do not go well together, he's gone to where they "keep on grooming."

Sergt. Groves had a few days' leave for a most worthy purpose. Bravo! George, Keep the home fires burning. We'll need them all, "Aprés la Guerre."

Hut 13 N.C.O.'s room must have recently suffered a big loss for practically everything, including the Artist (?), has been painted a sombre black. Why the mourning? Was it connected with the morning (no pun intended), that Dombey and Son found them gassed in their sleep. Try sleeping in your gas masks—guys.

Our budding Q.M.S. is certainly a handy man. He was perched on the roof of his domicile the other day repairing the chimney pot; as laid down in K.R. and O. Good job the Engineers did not see him at labour, or we should have been minus a Q.M.S. by this time.

How did Mac enjoy his sick leave, north O' the Tweed? Did he notice that the little warning attached to his pass was headed: Read, Mark, Learn.

To the late Cpl., and the late bombardier (?) Supply Office Staff, we extend our deepest sympathy. The way of the transgressor is hard, so, call me early, mother dear.

Hats off to the new Tank Commander, "Alfred the Great."

Who is the lengthy Corporal who floated into Hut No. 16, singing, "I don't care what becomes of me."

Sergt. Byers took with him our best wishes when he proceeded to Whitley, and we are all sorry to lose his good fellowship.

Who were the two guys who were treated to a sumptuous repast at Hythe and then refused to pay the bus-fare to Folkestone? One of these gentlemen did actually buy seats for the Pictures after. He asked for the cheapest that he could get. Br-r-r.

We'll get him the scallywag. Compré scallywag? Did anyone hear a whisper of someone taking a trip to London for the purpose of bidding his better half farewell prior to her departure to Canada, and then refused to let her go? Was it all because the hard-hearted Government would not take three of them to Western Canada for the enormous sum of £3. Hard times, indeed.

CANADIAN VISITORS TO HYTHE

ARE INVITED TO CALL AT

THE CHOCOLATE HOUSE, HIGH STREET.

FANCY BOXES OUR
SPECIALITY.

OUR SWEETS ALL
HOME MADE.

CLEANLINESS SUPREME.

Tommy's Tommyrotting Ossifers Ossifying and Non-Coms as Non-Competent as Ever.

A PROPHECY.

When the war was concluded in Hanover,
The Allies had exactly one man over;

But their object was gained—

Not one German remained:

So that man over ran over Hanover!

Two little darlings were playing in
the backyard; as it generally happens
among the female sex, a bragging-match
was soon started.

"My father is in the munition fac-
tory," boasted one.

"Oh, is he? My daddy is in the Bap-
tists," retorted the other.

"My father knows Sir Douglas Haig,"
chimed the first.

"Well, my father knows the Lord,"
exclaimed No. 2 triumphantly.

The first was nonplussed for a mo-
ment, but only for a moment.

"Oh, I dare say," she drawled, disdain-
fully, "But not to speak to."

Canteen assistants working among
our Canadian troops wonder at their
liking for sugar, as a great portion of the
amount used is generally found undis-
solved in the bottom of the cups.

Increase in prices and restrictions in
quantity available necessitated
economy, and finally the expedient of
dissolving a reasonable amount of sugar
in the milk supplied was adopted.

The first customer for coffee asked
for milk and then said: "Say, old timer,
got any sugar?" "Sugar's in the
milk," was the reply.

"Sugar in the milk?" "Some cow!"

Speaking of cows reminds me of the
following yarn:—A young chap was
busily milking a cow when a patrioti-
cally-inclined old lady asked him why he
was not at the front. "Because this is
the end you get the milk from," the
lad replied.

TASTES DIFFER.

The bottle of perfume that Willy sent,
Was highly displeasing to Millicent;

Her thanks were so cold

That they quarrelled, I'm told,

Through that silly scent Willy sent Mil-
licent!

"The baker," said the knowing
Tommy, "is the happiest man ever.
Everything he stirs up pans out well.
All he kneads is his, he has dough to
burn, and his stock is still rising. He
certainly takes the cake! He's a stir-
ring chap, and does things up brown.
Though he is well bred and somewhat
of a high roller, he is not above mixing
with his hands. Besides, he is pious,
and cheerfully icing his favours for
everybody. The baker is the original
wise man of the yeast."

ONE POTATO, ONE DRINK.

Bartender had No Change, so Another
Potion was served.

Monroe, Wis., Feb. 23.—A potato
passed as legal tender for two glasses
of beer here to-day.

The customer, having drained his
glass, drew from his pocket a genuine
white potato about the size of a hen's
egg and deposited it regretfully on the
bar. The bar-tender rang up the cash
register, deposited the tuber and then
turned to the customer: "I haven't a
bit of small change; better drink the
rest of it up."

The customer agreed, and thus the
entire potato was squandered.

WHY HE WAS ASSESSED.

Rev. F. J. Day, of North Rosedale
Congregational Church, Toronto, told this
one at a recent meeting of the Rotary
Club:

A resident of an English county town
owned a goat. It was an intelligent
beast, and used its head, but failed to
win the goodwill of the neighbours, and
the borough officials were called in. A
few days later the owner was served
with notice that he must pay two shil-
lings assessment tax on the animal. He
refused and demanded to know under
what statute a goat could be assessed.
The by-laws were hunted up, and sure
enough the provision was there. By-
law 12, subsection 3: "Anything
abutting on the highway," etc.

Officer—Now tell me, Murphy, exactly what transpired between the two."

Murphy—"Well, sorr, I see Doolan atop of the wall. 'Paddy,' sez he, 'What,' sez I, 'Here,' sez he, 'Where,' sez I. 'Whist!' says he. 'Hush!' sez I, and then, begob, we had words."

Maggie had been to an excursion with her sweetheart Macpherson, and on her arrival home she requested her mother to make some tea, as she had nothing to eat all day, and was famished.

"Had nothing to eat!" exclaimed the astonished mother. "You dinna mean tae tell me that Macpherson had taken ye for a trip, and not gaen ye yer dinner?"

"Aye, that I dae," answered the starving Maggie.

"Well, of all the mean beasts," said her mother, as she ministered to Maggie's wants, "Gang awa' round his lodgin's, and gee him back the haulf-crown he paid for yer ticket, and that'll show him up in front o' his landlady."

So, after Maggie had filled the aching void, she donned her bonnet and shawl and set off for Macpherson's lodgings.

"If Macpherson is in, tell him I wad like to speak tae him," she said to the landlady, who answered her knock.

A moment or two later Macpherson made his appearance. Astonished to see who his visitor was, he asked what was the matter.

"There's naething the matter," said Maggie; "I only wanted tae gie ye the maney fur ma ticket."

"Hoots, toots, wumman, there was nae hurry. Saturday wad ha' been soon enough," answered Mac pocketing the coin.

LITERATURE.

By Walt Mason.

Most people who have things to sell now profit from H. C. of L. The farmer's butter, eggs, and oats bring in the plain and fancy groats. The man who sells us shoes and boots, the one who deals in all wool suits, the butcher, with his wholesome meat—all charge the limit, and repeat. But writers, in their

squalid lairs, can't raise the prices of their wares. The poet has to purchase meat, and leather caskets for his feet, and every hour the prices rise on things that threadbare singer buys. The prunes that cost ten cents a ton before this era was begun, now cost him twice as much a pound, and so it goes, the whole list round. But when he sweats in his abode, and grinds a grand and deathless ode, he cannot go around and say, "The price of rhyme's gone up to-day, so many poets have been slain, where armies rage on Europe's plain, that there's a dearth of noble rhyme, and so I've raised the price a dime." He cannot put this scheme across, for art is now a total loss. The men with henfruit, hay or cheese, may charge such prices as they please, but they who make the muses sweat must take whatever they can get.

YIDDISH MATHEMATICS.

A hard-working man asked his Jewish employer for a raise in pay. The following is the Jew's illusive answer to try and prove he did not earn the wages he was getting.

There are 365 days in the year. You work 8 hours a day out of 24, so altogether you work only one-third of the time, or 122 days.

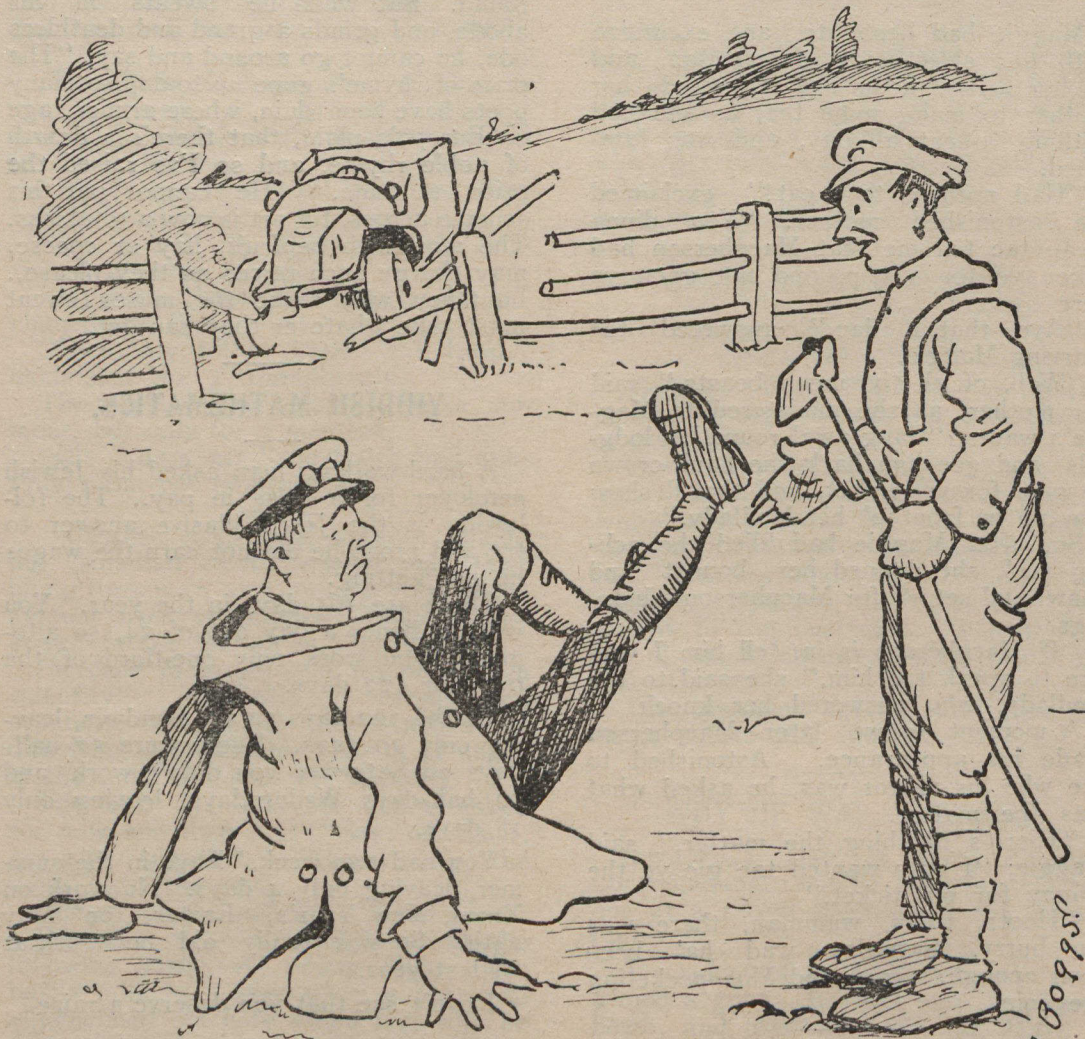
Of the 122 days 52 are Sundays, leaving only 70 days. There were 52 half-days on Saturday you didn't work, and 52 half-days Wednesdays, leaving only 18 days.

You had two weeks' leave in the summer, leaving only 4 days. No work on Xmas, New Year's, Easter, or May 24th. So you really did no work at all last year.

I can't see that you deserve a raise.

The east-end doctor was attending an injured woman who came to his surgery with her arm severely bitten. He dressed the wound, and as he did so he remarked: "I cannot quite make out what sort of animal bit you. The wound is too small for a horse's bite, and too big for a dog's."

"Oh, it wasn't an animal!" exclaimed the patient. "It was another lady."



SUPPLY MAN = DID YOU HAVE AN ACCIDENT?
M.T DRIVER = CERTAINLY NOT I' ALWAYS STOP THIS WAY.

WANTED COLUMN.

BATMAN.—Category "C" preferred. Must be sober, honest, and tidy. Exempt from all parades excepting Saturday morning inspections.—Apply at once to Cpl. Cameron, C/O C.A.S.C. News.

NURSE.—For my baby God Son. Also secondhand Perambulator in good order. Apply Manager, Bone's Famous Shoe Polish, Box 9, C.A.S.C. News.

A WIFE. By a tall, handsome soldier with private income. One possessing a warm loving disposition and refined temperament, desired. Photographs must accompany all replies. Strictest confidence kept. None but the fair need apply. Address "Would Be Sub-Lieut.," C/O C.A.S.C. News.

COMPANION. By a feeble-minded gentleman. Good-looking young lady of 18 summers preferred. Board and lodging found, liberal remuneration. Paint and powder on application. Apply "Harmless," Box 12, C.A.S.C. News.

WAR GODMOTHER. To take a kindly interest in a lonely soldier, who has neither kith nor kin in this country. A friendly letter, old magazines, or smokes, would considerably brighten the existence of this young man. Fuller particulars on application to "Lonely," Box 5, C.A.S.C. News.

DISCHARGE TICKET TO CANADA.

Generous reward offered for the recovery of same. Bearing No. E. 2. Address A. W. D., C/O C.A.S.C. News.

ISHGABIBBLE.

You are in the army or you are not in the army; if not, why worry. If you are in the army either you are in the trenches or you are not in the trenches; if you are not in the trenches, why worry. If you are in the trenches one of two things is certain, either you are in danger or you are not in danger; if you are not in danger don't worry. If you are in danger one of two things is certain, either you are wounded or you are not wounded; if you are not wounded there is no need to worry. If you are wounded you are wounded seriously or slightly; if you are wounded slightly why worry. If you are wounded seriously one of two things is certain, either you will recover or you will not recover; if you will recover, why should you worry. If you do not recover there is no need to worry.

"Hail, Columbia," we greet thee,
"Come in the water's fine,"

On the side of right and justice, the
Stars and Stripes now shine,
And Hohenzollern dynasty and military
caste abhorred,
Shall be hurled to hell, like Lucifer and
truth again adored.

HAROLD KING,
2549 Pond Hill Camp.

"BONE'S FAMOUS SHOE SHINE."
Can be procured from Pte. Bone., Q.M.
Stores, B.D.

B. H. HODGSON,

The "Red Key," 44, High Street, Hythe.

HARDWARE.

TOOLS.

CUTLERY.

All Hardware requirements for Military Messes supplied.

SAFETY RAZORS

STROPS.

POCKET KNIVES.

LOOK FOR THE "RED KEY" SIGN.

Workshop Wrinkles.

Who is the N.C.O. that prefers a medical inspection to a pay parade.

It's kind of hard luck for the boys, though, that the same N.C.O. should be Orderly Sgt. on pay day, for although they are not afraid of the M.O.'s inspection, they do not like to be held up in front of the M.O.'s when they should be drawing their £1 os. od.

We know of a man, who, under the new orders, is drawing \$1.00 dollars a day working pay, and who, when given a Ford rear end to assemble, puts it together two speeds reverse, and one forward; a man not drawing working pay, had to tear down and re-assemble.

We are pleased to congratulate L.-Cpl. Barford on his early promotion to Cpl., and we are also pleased to see Stoney carrying three stripes in our section, in charge of the Cycle Shop.

James is a happy one. It is said that he actually hugged Joe on his return from Hospital. By the way, Frank has signed the pledge, and has been teetotal for two days; some record, believe me.

An Orderly Sgt. one day,
With a pay parade he went astray,
On the square he did go,
Stopped in front of the M.O.,
And I may tell you, he looked like a Jay.

TRUCK TROUBLES.

Is it true that a lance jack in No. 1 section receives sheafs of poems by young ladies in Sandgate. A piece of paper he dropped had some affecting lines on it, of which the following is an extract:—

"I wonder would you pity me,
Or would you bid me go,
If I should dare to ask your love,
Because I love you so."

Where's the kid that drives No. 80?

Apropos of a snap of the occupants of Room No. 10, White Block, being sent home by one of the boys, a rather neat reference was made in his wife's reply to

the big boy's "dimple." We understand on good authority that an interesting christening ceremony took place in the room after the letter was read, the only important item omitted being the kissing of the infant "Tiny," though there is every reason to believe that the "Big Boy" will from now on answer to the name he was given on that occasion. "Dimples."

Shortly after the operation was pronounced a success by those present, Dimples was seen gazing into a mirror, also heard to remark, "D—— that dimple, anyway. I wonder if they could take it out at the Cheriton Laundry?" We wonder if they could.

THINGS WELL KNOWN MEN DO NOT SAY.

Pte. Jolly (Night of Zepp Raid).—
D——n, it, I lost another chance to be a hero!

Editor C.A.S.C. News.—O how I love to be Chairman of a Concert Party with —Girls! Girls!! Girls!!!

Sect. Sgt. Lt. Car Sect.—If my London sister does not answer my letter, I shall class her among the foolish Virgins. She evidently did not appreciate my eloquence.

Lieut. Harris.—Now that the summer is coming, I think I shall start a race track of my own at Pond Hill!

Capt. Fisher, Y.M.C.A.—I wish those Methodist people would get the Mumps for a change.

Sgt. Casey.—I think the C.A.S.C. News the finest publication ever put on the market. That was the best 2d. I ever spent!

Pte. Hall Harries.—Just when my ambition was about to be realised I got a bump. Now I am not only ex-Mgr. of our famous concert party, but have lost my fair one to my successor. It's a hard o "Hill" to climb.

R.S.M. Murray—An Appreciation.

"Won't your feet of yours come together? Well, try and make them." There isn't much that the R.S.M. misses as his eye runs down a parade. I think it is Emerson who says that a man cannot see too much—meaning, of course, of the things that count. In the case of an R.S.M. looking over a parade everything counts—the shine of brass and leather, the cleanliness of a great-coat or a face, the cut of the hair, the drooping even of an eyelid. And when a man is discovered who has offended or slacked in the matter of one of the least of these seemingly little things, it becomes the duty of the R.S.M. to deal with the case in such a way that the offence will not be repeated. Here is where discipline comes in and the point at which the character of an R.S.M. is tested. Watch our Senior N.C.O. when he spies a pair of dirty boots. You will not hear him ask the victim whether his ancestors lived in the gutter—there will be no brow-beating nor taunting—but a crisp sentence uttered in an abstract, impersonal tone of voice, will make it abundantly clear that a second similar offence would be unhealthy.

It is precisely this sense of Cromwellian justice, impersonal and impartial, which Mr. Murray manages to convey with a reprimand, that makes the reprimand of value. And once again, it is in the eyes—the organs where most men's secrets can be read—that his honesty of purpose may be seen. On parade those eyes see everything—not because they are naturally of a searching kind, but because a life of soldiering has made them so. But see him in the Mess, at the head of the table, when a fun-loving Irishman, who sits on his right, is pouring a story into his ears; you will notice that he is not missing any of it, but you will see also that his eyes are fixed on the opposite wall with the look of a visionary who sees beyond and through the trivialities of the moment. It occurs to you that if he had not been a soldier he would have been a philosopher.

Mr. Murray did not begin life as a soldier, though he enlisted at the age of 14—just sixteen years ago the 8th of

this month—with the Royal Engineers. In those days the Engineers had charge of the Submarine Department, and the youthful Jock was posted to a submarine minelayer with base at Chatham. He served a year in Home waters, and was then sent to Nova Scotia. In 1905, when the Royal Engineers stationed in Canada were given the option of transferring to the Canadian Forces, he seized the opportunity of becoming a full-fledged Canadian. Three years later he transferred to the C.A.S.C. On the outbreak of war he assisted Major (now Colonel) Bell, of Toronto, in organising the 1st Divisional Ammunition Park, came over with that Unit, and went to France with it. He spent ten months in France, returning at the end of that time to Shorncliffe. He received the appointment to his present position several months ago.

Last of all, there is a Jock Junior at the R.M.S.'s home who is just at the age where he wants to learn Army Service drill.

 MISCELLANEOUS.

Sunday evening, April 1st, an innovation was begun in Hut 5, Room 1, that speaks well for the members of the Hut. A sacred service was held, Mr. Docker in the chair, and Pte. Greville-Sedon in the pulpit. An harmonium requisitioned from the Wesleyan Home, supplied the music. The boys say the service was a humdinger.

A young lady, formerly stenographer in-chief for the Repayments Department, has recently been transferred to another Office. Now the Officers of that establishment hold a daily parade at 9.30 a.m.—one that does not appear in Orders, but which is as inevitable as the striking of the hour and the entrance of a smiling feminine face. The senior Officer calls the room to attention and salutes, and all receive a smile and a "Carry on, boys."



S.M.: "You're down for a draft next week."
Private: "Sorry, but I can't go."
S.M.: "Can't go! What do you mean?"
Private: "Well, a fortnight before I joined up I was bound over to keep the peace for six months, so how can I go?"

Postings from the Record Office.

Our office was certainly a busy looking place on the evenings of March 25th and 26th. Is it possible that the fact that the camp was C.B. had anything to do with the apparent activity.

Did the O.C. Duplicator have any special reason for spending all his available funds for two seats at the theatre on a certain evening not so long ago, and, if so, did the "special reason" materialize? We don't think it did.

Two of our staff are anxiously (?) waiting for confirmation of the rumour that this depot is raising a Pioneer Battalion.

We regret that we have to announce the separation of our Twins, Louis and Freddie, the former having departed hence (hence, being the Depot Orderly Room across the road). We wish him the same success in his new position that he has always had at a certain place of amusement in the neighbouring city of Folkestone.

Is Napier Barracks Haunted? If not, what causes the beds in Hut 14 to suddenly collapse when we try to go to bed at night.

Surely Cox doesn't think that he has a better chance of getting to Heaven (or Hospital) by sleeping on a bed almost as high as he himself. Burriss would stand a better chance by almost three feet.

To the N.C.O. i/c Discharges; Congratulations.

Is it true that a certain number of our Staff (whom everyone knows owing to his being a friend (?) of the man who is fed up with camp life) has called upon

the Q.M. three times lately trying to have his Web Equipment (for the Pioneer Bn.) issued to him, so he can become accustomed to wearing it?

What does a certain Corporal know about Category "Aiv?" Is this a new way of designating a "Flapper?"

Congratulations to our new sergeant "Pat."

Although this may not be the place to do so, the N.C.O. i/c Parade States wishes to announce that there is trouble in store for any section whose Parade State arrives at this Office later than 7.30 a.m.

Our official artist claims that it is far easier to paint a person when he is asleep than when he is awake, it is also safer. Other artists in the depot might take notice of this fact. Indelible printing ink does very good work, and, besides, is very hard to wash off.

We wonder if one of our typists would not find it more comfortable to sleep in his bed at night than on a chair after dinner. It might also save him washing his face in the middle of the day.

NEW PUBLICATIONS shortly to be printed by the O.C. Duplicator:

Satan Sanderson, or The Barbers' Enemy.

A Young Girl's Gain.

Gaulop, or The Roneo Revenge.

A Week of Anxiety, or Freddie's Fright.

A certain Private has got a fine pet in the form of a pussy cat. He can be seen every night tucking pussy in bed, before retiring. We can't help admiring any man who shows kindness to dumb animals. Girls, here is an ideal man.

Please Tell Us

The name of the would-be "Subaltern" who now gets his mail addressed with his "would-be" Rank?

When will the little Black Devil of the Q.M. Stores T.D. change his disposition?

If "Armie" enjoys his meals now-a-days?

The name of the Private who recently saluted a S.M., and on being shown the Crown on his sleeve, promptly presented Arms?

The meaning of A.W.D.?

The name of H.T. Officer who told his men: "I would sooner trust a horse in church than you?"

If old St. Pat would have been proud of his Sgts. on the night of the 17th? The air was filled with Irish.

Who is the S.M. who pulled the "Cork" out of Ireland on the 17th, and by doing so, "Did the river Shannon flood the Mess?"

The name of the Pte. who recently asked the regimental number of his Officer? An ex-cpl. at that.

The name of the C.S.M. who took a lady to the Cottage Café and could not pay for the tea? Some "Sharp(e)" trick.

Who is the Orderly Officer who, when challenged by the Sentry, "Who goes there?" answered "Orderly Corporal."

The name of the Irish Sergt. who is a sore head? C.A.S.C.

The name of the party who returned quite late the other evening with two long golden hairs coyly entwining his collar badge? Oh, Harry, how can you.

The winner of the famous Etching Hill (H) oaks?

If the slow sleeping C.A.S.C Wopp has the mumps, or did someone disagree with him over a ten shilling note?

ODE TO A LADY BANK CASHIER IN ENGLAND.

NINETTE.

As you walk along the Leas,
Or when the sun has set,
You watch the billows roar and heave,
And with spray your hair is wet,
Remember that we crossed the seas,
I hope you'll ne'er forget,
To save you and yours in England,
From Belgium's fate, Ninette!

And if I go across to France,
And climb the parapet,
Flanders my last resting place,
I shall have no regret,
If each morning in the bank,
As your counter scales you set,
You think sometimes of your soldier boy,
Who penned these lines, Ninette!

For men were born for sterner things,
Than merely girls to pet,
I know it's nice to dance and flirt,
With pretty girls I've met,
But first let's give a hand in France,
And pay our little debt,
My welcome then will sweeter be,
Should I return, Ninette!

HAROLD KING.

Hythe Bunks.

The O.C. Chips has entered into a state of Matrimonial Bliss. We wish him the best of luck; and may his troubles be (Little Ones).

The Boys presented the Corporal with a case of knives and forks, as a token of the esteem in which they hold him.

Anyway, I believe marriage is like the measles. No matter what the Wise Guys say; you can get it more than once.

Pte. Mutton is opening a canteen in the paint shop. Donations of old pots will be very acceptable.

That a certain Pte. of the Bedfords is about to present the paint shop staff with a new flag, as he objects to the Union Jack flying backwards.

Who was the private that bought some wrenches down at Folkestone, maybe he did not find the taylor made, good enough.

Tell us, was it a German who introduced Hamburg Steak, if so lets hope he's got his.

Who were the boys that got fooled looking for the Silver Queen? Did they forget it was the first of April, or did they think it was September Morn?

Our Soccer Team met their Waterloo at the hands of the School of Musketry team, in a well-contested match played on the school grounds.

THE RUM GARAGE.

Some fellows came to England fair,
To drive away the Germans there,
And when they found the cupboard bare,
They thought to start a Garage there.
So down to Hythe the wise guys went,
And Canadian money there they spent,
To fit the place they did contrive,
Till some brave Scotchman did arrive,
Then everything went smooth and well;
We wish the Garage was now in Hell.

The cars come in, the tires all flat;
The bodies bent, but what of that,
If we could give them Engines new,
Why no more work we'd have to do,
The trouble is when they're apart,
The blessed Engines never start,
The Gasolene all mixed with oil,
Makes many a Radiator boil.
The O.C. said when he was fainting—
Oh what are cars without the painting.

ECHOES FROM THE CAVALRY CAMP.

We understand that every trooper has now got to report the name of lady friend and address that he meets each night when out. Some of the boys hail from Montreal at that.

Tr.-Major Smart has become very popular with the C.A.S.C. concert party. Keep up the good work, Major.

Who is the little Sergt. who swanks about his riding? He certainly falls all over his charger.

Two latest definitions handed in for C.L.H.

"Can't leave home,"
"Canada's last Hope."

Has Richie got over his honeymoon yet. We still hear him harping on "My wife."

The Sergts' Mess held an Irish concert on the 17th. It was a "Smart" affair. Who were the Sergts. who mistook their huts after the concert, and did one really sleep among the Privates.

The drafts going out remind us of that old book, "The mighty fallen." One Ex-Sergt. intends writing a song entitled, "The Uncertainty of the Chevron."

An Irish Sergt. relating the result of his interview with the O.C. expressed himself as follows: "Will you revert, says he," "I won't, says I." "Come down, says he." "They can't, says I." "I'll break you, says he." "I confirmed, says I." At this moment the band played.



ON LEAVE.

Current Events.

C.B., by——

An Episode. Only too true.

Scene—C.A.S.C. Camp, Shorncliffe.

2 p.m.—Sunday. C.B. throughout Camp. "Casey" has appointment with Fair Damsel at 6.30 p.m.

4 p.m.—Casey tries to break C.B., but finds every exit blocked by the Strong Arm of the Law.

5 p.m. Casey struts around pulling at his blonde locks like a raving lunatic. He exclaims:

"What will my fair one think? Will 'she class me with other Canadians? "Ships that pass in the night."

6.30 p.m. Casey can stand the strain no longer, he takes refuge among the hilarious bunch of merry-makers in his Mess. Here he drowns his disappointment, and by

9.30 p.m. There was a sound of revelry by night for "Casey was in action."

We must apologise for the statement in last month's issue, with reference to our Wealthy Corpl. of Hut No. 3. being a poker friend. He informed us, "Alas! Wine, Women, and Song were responsible for my late hours. I have since cut out Singing."

We understand that Paderuski (Chalmers) captured the "Hill" in the final battle with Larry. The last we heard of Larry he was seen running through Camp yelling: "Stop Thief."

Ohio, Columbus,

October de twiced.

Dear Old Fat Head,—

As I have nothing to do, and wish to do it, I tout I would took my pen and bottle of ink in mine handt and typewrite vou a few ladders, blease excuse dis lead pencil.

We are all well ad present, except my brudder; he was kicked in the subar-

bans last night by a mule—the mule is not expected to live.

Your rich aunty who died from patpitation of the heart when you was here is still deadt and doing nicely. Hope dis will find you de same. After she diadt day found fifteen thousand dollars sewed up in an old bussell that she left behindt, so you are therefore no longer a poor man, but a dutchman.

Your brudder will went to work diss morning; de job will last about six months, but might get out sooner on good behaviour.

Business has been dull since you lefted—especially the saloon business. Your wife was took to de insanity asylum yesterday—she was crazy to see you.

I saw your little boy this morning fur de first time. I think he looks just like you, but he is all right otherwise, so I would not worry aboutt that if I wus you.

I am sending you by Adams Express your overcoat, and as day charge so much a pound to send it. I cut de buttons off. Hoping dis will prove satisfaction. You will find de buttons in the inside pocket.

I almost forgot to tell you I got married last week. I got a pretty good wife. She is from Milo, but I think I could have got a better one at Westerville, as they have a larger stock to select from.

As diss is all I got to say, I will kloss my face and expect you to do the same. Hoping this will reach you before you get it, and that you will answer before dat.

I remain, your confectionary second to de last kousin,

OTTO MOBILE.

P.S.—In case you do not get this letter, write me and let me know and I will sendt it to your at onced.

The world loves a lover, the probe wants looking into. What is that other bromide about what love's akin to.

An G.I. Tommy's Letter to a Pal.

Dear Bill,

John Reilly says that it's nemeesis or something like that, but I don't know whv they'd call it such a foolish name, because it hurts more other places than it does the knees. Honest, Bill, I wouldn't be sitting down now if I could find a place to write standing up. I always heard that the horse was the friend of man. Perhaps he is, but I bet you got to know him a long time before his stirling qualities show theirselves. I ain't felt like this for years, Bill, not since the old man and me had the last session, him using the back of a hair brush to let me know how much more it hurt him than me. You get me, eh, Bill.?

Johnny says the O.C. suspects it is one of our Section what sold his dog, and he's handing this horse riding to all of us so to be sure to get the right one. He says that if it wasn't horse riding it would be something else as bad, so that's why its nemeesis.

The riding school ain't like no school you ever seen, Bill. It's just a corner fenced off in a field, with white-washed stone, making a oval in the center, and you ride around between the stones and the fence, that is, when you ride. The Sergeant Major stands in the center and says things in a loud voice.

I was on fatigue yesterday, so I didn't go out. I had the laugh on the bunch last night, Bill, cause they was all stiff and sore, but I couldn't laugh at Charlie Chaplin to-night, Bill, if he walked in the hut there, which there ain't no chance of. But maybe I'll be workin' with him after the war, Bill, because there ain't no one can do falls from a horse like I can. Just get on and fall off, I mean.

The sergeant-major said he never seen anything like it. He says, "Ain't you afraid you'll hurt yourself, fallin' off."

"Not so much as it hurts to stay on," I says.

"Well, get on and hurt yourself some more," he says in his kindest tone. "And if you have to fall, don't hit your head on any of them stones," he says. "We don't want them broken."

I had a swell come back, Bill, but kidding the sergeant major don't get you nothing, but about fourteen days in the clink so I swallows it.

Next time you get a chance, Bill, you give a horse the once over. Maybe you think you know something about them. But no one don't know anything about horses until they tried to ride one. Just to look at one, it looks easy to sit on his back and roll along. You see guys and ladies, too, in circuses, doing all kinds of fancy stunts. You can bet they was born in a stable, Bill, and bent their legs round a horse first when their bones was soft. I never wish I was bowlegged till to-day.

We fell in as usual this morning, and the riding school sergeant major marched us over the stables. He told me to take a big bay horse, about eight feet high. It would of been a camel Bill, if it had a hump. We drags the ponies out, everybody looking glum but me. I had a feeling, Bill, that I would show them all up. Gee whiz, you learn something new in the Army every day, Bill.

Of course, you got to get on a horse by numbers, Bill, and when you get on you got to sit just so and hold your reins in a certain way. But first, we took our spurs off. Some fellows, when they gits on a horse, digs in their spurs, and hang on that way. So they don't give no one spurs at first.

I tried and tried with no success to get up that horse, but at last I made it, and everything was jake. The sergeant major was getting at somebody, but I knew I was alright. But it was me, Bill. He wanted to know if I didn't know how to mount. That got my angora, Bill, but I just smiled serene like, and says "Well, I'm here." "Yes," says he, "And how did you get there." "The elevator wasn't running, so I walked," I says, "Well, walk down," he says, "And mount from the right side."

"I did mount on the right side," I says.

"It happens the right side is the wrong side," says he. "You never mount a horse from the off or right side."

"O," I says, "If it was off side, you had a kick coming alright." But that guy couldn't see it, Bill. All he says was, "None of your lip, young fellow, or you'll go to the guard room. Just get off that horse."

Well, I started to get off, Bill, and I thought he would have a fit. He started

to foam at the mouth. Somebody's been feeding you meat again, I says, only I says it to myself.

"What do you mean dismounting on that side," he says.

"Don't you get off on the off side," I says.

I won't put down what he said, Bill, because the censor might see it, and then he'd get into trouble, for using that langwidge on parade. By sifting his words carefully I learnt that a horse's right side is his offside, and his left side is his near side, and you get on and off on the near side.

Of course, Bill, that's only when a horse is willing. The horse ain't so particular as the sergeant major.

Well, we started away alright; we just walked the horses over to the riding school, and for a while we walked them around the circle, then the S.M. cracks his whip and yells, "Ter-r-rot," and the horses started to do as he said. That's when I begin to lose my confidence, Bill. The S.M. says: "Hurry in with your horses," which was all very well, but your muscles will get sore and numb and you just bounce around like riding in a Toronto street car.

Then he yells "Halt," and "Dismount," which was the kindest words I'd heard that morning. But we were hardly off before he says "Cross stirrups." That's just the same, Bill, as in the old days when they used to say, "Bring on the thumb-screws." You put the stirrups across the horse's back, and when you get on you got no place to put your feet. They just dangle.

"Well, Bill, we hadn't been going more than five minutes when I felt like my cap was hanging on the top end of my spine, and all my insides was churned and turned over, and, I knew I'd never get my stomach and lungs, etc., straightened out again. You hear people say, Bill, their heart was in their mouth, but, gee Bill, there wasn't nothing in me that wasn't hitting the back of my teeth. Sometimes I was behind the horse's neck, and then I would work my passage back behind the saddle. It was a stormy voyage. If that horse is as sore where I hit him as I am, he should have a poultice from his ears back.

I went overboard at the first turn, Bill.

Maybe it was because the track wasn't banked. Gee, it was good to have something solid to put your feet on, and not have to sit. And the fool horse, instead of running away and letting me chase it and get some rest running, he stands there and looks at me like he was saying, "Why did you leave me so soon." For the rest of the morning I was like the electric light here, on and off all the time. I ain't been to France, Bill, but I do know something about the horrors of war.

When we were going back to the stables we met a traction engine. I ain't quite clear about what happened, Bill, but before long I found myself in the village. I got a confused recollection of automobiles trying to jump ditches and nursemaids pulling perambulators over hedges and a crowd yelling. Only maybe it wasn't a crowd but the people strung out over about two miles of road.

I don't know how I stayed on the horse's back, Bill. I guess I did because I had to. Anyway, we came back quiet, and the sergeant-major says he thought I said I couldn't ride.

"I've a mind to have you up for office," he says, "for breaking parade." He said he thought I done it on purpose. Ain't some people suspicious, Bill?

It reminded me of Limpy Harper what came back from France. About four days after they went in the trenches a whizz-bang hit the trench and Limpy helped carry back some of the guys what had got it bad. When they got back to the dressing station Limpy was all over blood and was all in. He says they grabbed him and put him in the ambulance and sent him down the line, thinking he was wounded. It was done so quick he didn't know where he was going.

He didn't get back for some days, and when he reported they gave him twenty days' detention for being absent without leave. Of course, Bill, I only know what Limpy says, and if you believe him he should have got the V.C. about every day he was there.

Well, Bill, I guess I'll go to bed now and rest. We got to ride again to-morrow and I got a hunch that that sergeant major is going to try and get me. Don't take any wooden money, Bill.

BERT.

THE GHOST OF ST. HELENA.

A ghost in St. Helena
 Sat on the rocky shore,
 "Oh! cursed, cursed England!"
 The winds the burden bore.

"And yet I quelled the anarchy,
 To France new grace I gave;
 It was my mad ambition
 That here I found my grave.

"Too long I've been immortal,
 Too long released from dust,
 Though say I 'cursed England,'
 I know that she was just."

A war-craft in the offing!
 "Who cometh?" muttered he,
 "Another poor world-helper,
 Who may companion me?"

"I bring a British Captain,
 With bowing deference, said,
 "Another 'martyred' madman
 To share your board and bed.

The new arrival, sneering,
 "Gott strafe England!" said
 "Napoleon, blood brother,
 I'll share your board and bed."

The ghost of St. Helena,
 Looked in the Kaiser's face;
 Then to the British Captain:
 "Now spare me this disgrace."

"I cursed the name of England—
 A ghost, I curse it yet,
 For, heed ye, though immortal,
 I never can forget.

"But ne'er with such companion
 I'll share my board and bed,
 I'll hie me back to Hades;
 "'Tis safer there!" he said.

"Mine was a well-earned glory—
 'Tis well your bubble's blown!
 I lived to serve my country;
 You, for yourself, alone."

WILLIAM J. ROE.

"EVERY LITTLE MILE."

(With apologies to Mr. Clifford Harris,
 the author of the famous song).

Dedicated Respectfully to Heavy Lorries
 in France.

I count up your mileage when you are
 away,
 I find myself dreaming of miles night
 and day;
 I've lost all my appetite, still, never
 mind!
 When I reckon the petrol you've used,
 then I find.

Refrain:—

Every little mile, I cannot bear it,
 Every little mile means pain for me;
 I'm always dreaming, I'm always
 scheming,

How I can wangle your M.P.G.
 Every little mile your tanks get empty,
 Every little mile become a trial;
 For all the time you have to draw, dear,
 Half a gallon, sometimes more, dear,
 Every, every, every little mile.

There's nothing but petrol to live in your
 heart,
 You're needing it always before you can
 start;
 You can't do without it like some of the
 rest,
 But I can't fake returns unless you do
 your best.

Refrain:—Every little mile, etc.

The Food Control system is a good
 thing as recently applied to our Messes,
 Officers', Sergts', and Men's. It was
 received with some misgivings. Of
 course as much depends on the personal
 equation—in other words, the cooks—as
 on the ration issues or the intricate
 formulæ sent down from London weekly,
 and meant to be menus. Speaking for
 the T.D. Sergts' Mess, great improve-
 ment has been noticed since a certain
 popular Irishman took over as a caterer.
 Of course, owing to the complexity of
 human tastes, it is impossible to elimin-
 ate all complaints—witness the Sergt.
 who was going to put the cook under
 arrest for breaking the yoke of his egg.

Horse Transport Base Depot,

"H.T. BITS."

The boys would like to know if Cpl. Smith, our new "Veterinary Doctor," has entirely recovered from his "You can't have a horse" attitude, and has his chest measure subsided accordingly.

Cpl. Thompson round Sandling will roam, poor chap, for he has lost a home, Rumour says, with much glee, O.C. Farmers, he will be.

The old yarn about Americans being the last to look for trouble is wrong.

Our American Sergeant was spliced last Saturday, and had heaps of friends wanting to wish him luck, but only two were invited.

Why was the trumpeter invited, Mac? Did he have to blow "Lights out?"

If that proposed order "Soldiers can't buy food" comes off, it will certainly make Folkestone sit up and take notice.

What new names we get in war time. For instance, "Mutton Chowder" means odd pieces of mutton swimming in a sea of greasy water.

What happened to the night cook about end of March?

The Police are increasing their strength from our section; what a fine advertisement for discipline to other sections.

The Resolution of No. 2 Section to cut our beer owing to the rise of that beverage, was carried through until the Canteen opened Sunday noon.

The Corporal in that room might keep to the resolution.

Does the Corporal in No. 1 Barrack room hear reveille often?

Seven sad soldiers sat at a table in one of the Folkestone hotels (excuse me, pubs) with glasses of the precious life fluid in front of them and discussed the tragedy of the day. It's a terrible thing, said one of them, for an old soldier who served in S.A. to have to turn his mind to cocoa. Wealthy N.C.O.'s entered the bar and ordered half pints (at fivepence). The seven sad men (who were reduced to mild ale) thought that the wealthy ones raised their voices in ordering.

"He's sold a load of coal," said one in a stage whisper. "Profiteers," said another.

The seven sad ones had only one flicker of mirth; it was when the barmaid said warningly and hesitatingly to one of the orderers of bitter, "Remember, it's fivepence a glass."

We hear that Lord Hillier has been called away, and that the Q.M. Stores Corporal is a frequent visitor to Lady Hillier. Is it eats or sweets?

What's the use of havin' luck if there's no one to be glad, or of gettin' things if there's no one to divide with.

One Way Out.—"Wafter," he said indulgently, and yet withal firmly, "I ordered one dozen oysters. Now, in my young days, one dozen comprised precisely twelve. Why, then, varlet, dost always bring but a paltry eleven?"

The waiter adjusted his serviette to the required position on his forearm and bowed elegantly. Likewise he went "Ahem!"

"Sir," he said calmly and evenly, "none of our patrons care to sit thirteen at table."

It was just then that the explosion occurred.—New York Telegraph.

Improvements ?

The American Society of Phrenologists at its recent meeting in Philadelphia prepared for general circulation a list of terms that may be used as synonymous for "hit on the head," thus conferring a great favor on those who are always looking for something new. Here they are:

Drubbed on the dome.
 Bammed on the bean.
 Tapped on the conk.
 Bumped on the beezee.
 Biffed on the coco.
 Busted on the cranium.
 Whiffed on the skull.
 Cracked on the nut.
 Nailed on the knob.
 Slugged in the belfry.
 Lammed on the peak.
 Dinged on the brain-box.

—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Proof ???

Colonel—(To M.P. who has arrested a man on a charge of Drunkenness).—And are you quite sure Corpl. . . . the prisoner was drunk ?

M.P.—Well, I am not certain Sir, but when I found him in Trafalgar Square, he was throwing his Swagger Stick into one of the fountains and trying to induce one of the stone lions to go in and fetch it for him.

You little folk who weep at little things,
 And freight the air with moaning and complaint,
 Who treat the slightest pangs as deadly stings,
 And 'neath a feather's weight appear to faint—
 Think you of those brave millions who endure,

The bitter curse of war without a cry,
 Think you of that you epicure,
 Who rage when brought a cocktail over-dry,
 And you who being jostled in a crowd,
 Give vent to howls of petulance and hate,
 And you whose words are violent and loud,
 When for a moment someone makes you wait.

Think, if you have the power or the will,
 Think, little folk and let your tongues be still.

M. 64.

Dudley.—Say, Higgins, have you noticed M.-64 lately, it seems all in.

Higgins.—Why ?

Dudley.—Oh, it was tired when I saw it this morning.

Higgins.—Pretty good, and do you know Dud, it reminds me of the driver, too.

Dudley.—How's that ?

Higgins.—Oh, it being (Olover).

Tit-Bits.

Pretty touch on a certain Sergeant who asked a chic little Girl one night on the Leas, if he could see her home. "Sure," was the rejoinder, "I'll send you a picture of it." How about it Jimmy.

And if it was the same Sergeant who was asked by another Girl, if he likes moving pictures, and answering in the affirmative, was told to come to her home on Monday morning, as her mother was moving.

Who's the private who is often termed the "Poor Fish," and was sent to Pond Hill a while ago ?

 SPRING.

There are a good many signs that spring is on the way, tho' we are getting periodic snow flurries and much more sleet than we could wish for. Tiny snowdrops and bright orange crocuses are abloom in the gardens; pussy-millions are showing along the Leas Cliff, and the birds on the trees are getting browner and plumper each day. But have you noticed how curiously the spring makes her debut over here. The holm-oak, the ivy, and the border-hedges that were green all winter are now turning to browns, yellows, and reds. And as a result of this curious anomaly you are puzzled to know whether it is spring or autumn.

 TWO JOBS.

An amusing story was told in connection with the appointment of the Emperor of Russia as Colonel-in-Chief of the Scots Greys, who, it may be mentioned, fought in the Crimea during the war. After the appointment had been duly promulgated an enthusiastic subaltern of the regiment communicated the information to his soldier servant.

"Donald," he said, "have you heard that the Emperor of Russia has been appointed Colonel of the regiment?"

"Indeed, sir," said Donald, "it's a verra gran' thing for him." Then, after a pause, he inquired: "Beg pardon, sir, but will he be able to keep baith jobs?"

 REASON WHY.

The young private had been posted on sentry on "C" squadron stables. But, lo! when the sergeant of the guard came round on his visits he was nowhere to be seen. The sergeant was about to depart to make inquiries, when there came a rustling noise from a heap of straw, and the sentry stood before him minus his boots, and looking very sleepy.

"Hullo!" cried the sergeant. "Here you are, eh? Where were you when I came round just now?"

"Marchin' round," was the sentry's reply, given in tones of conscious virtue.

Marchin' round, were you? Why, you've got your boots off!"

"Yes, sergeant, I took 'em off so's I shouldn't wake the 'osses!"

 Training Depot "At-Home"

Can anybody tell us what time the party at the home of Mrs. Sheddon and Mrs. Duggan, the popular T.D. stenogs, broke up? From the appearances of Staff-Sergeant Cook, Sergeants Oliver, Sheddon, Ferguson, Armstrong, and others, it would appear to have been at a rather early hour (in the morning). Those present have not yet ceased to refer to the excellent character of the entertainment, and the hospitality of the hostesses. Various people, among whom are the Editorial Staff of this famous sheet, want to know the date of the next one. "I could say something."

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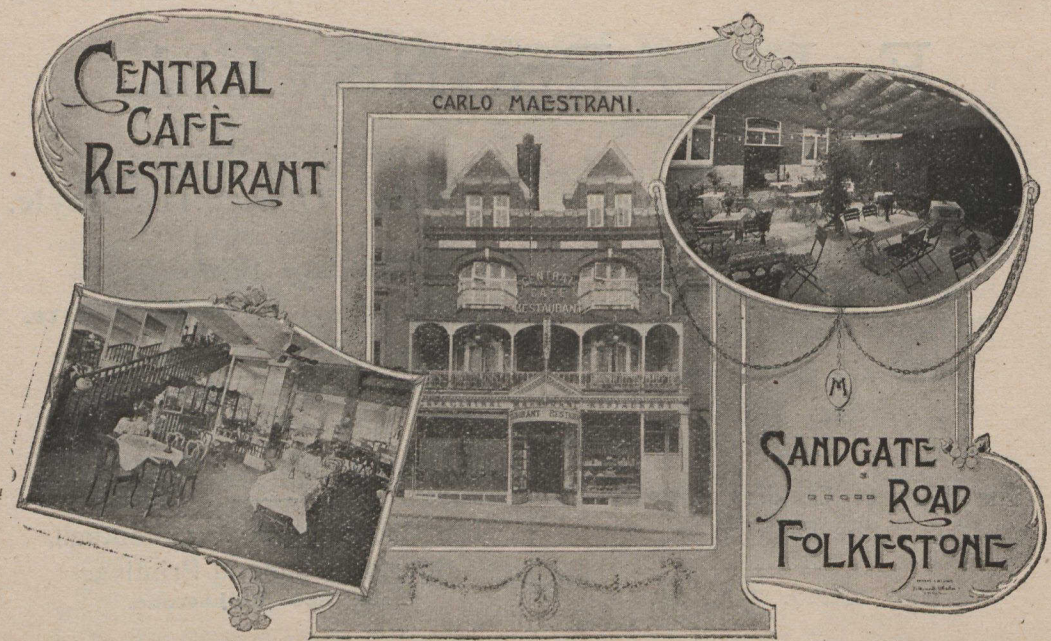
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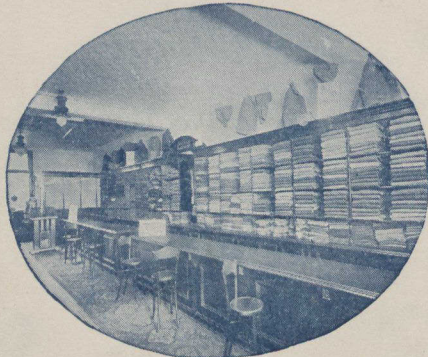
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