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May, 1917.

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NOTHING delights HER more than a Fancy Box of
Chocolates, for it expresses the thought behind the
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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: Sergt. S. Armitage.

*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.*

No. 6.

Price TWOPENCE.

Editorial.

Since our last issue many changes have taken place in our C.A.S.C. camp, and our newspaper must now support both the R.D. and the D.D. Capt. Tully being a D.D., might favour the old B.D., and R.D. in a signalling sense (read correctly) might, with a stretch of imagination, apply to the editorial staff, but the question that worries us is to what unit our censor will belong to.

We are very glad to welcome Major P. C. McGillivray from Seaford as our new O.C., D.D., he is assured of the hearty co-operation of all those whom he now has under his command.

You will notice in this month's issue several new cuts, which we hope will meet with your approval; also we are not limiting our news to C.A.S.C. alone, but have been requested to print echoes from our friends in the Cavalry and Artillery; we heartily welcome them, and shall embrace them in our pages.

Sergt. Armitage, our new cartoonist, is a splendid acquisition to our staff. He will, we are sure, successfully fill the shoes of his reputed predecessors, Rutherford and Boggs. We are certainly fortunate in procuring such splendid talent for our

paper, for his cartoons are full of humour, and are drawn from original ideas picked up around our depôts.

We have received a letter from our late editor cadet, G. D. Jolly, R.F.C., who kindly favoured us with a tribute to the success of our magazine. He is well and happy. The best of luck, Jolly.

Some time ago we mentioned starting a concert party in our depôt. The entertainers are now in full swing, and meet with success everywhere. Owing to several members leaving on draft, we invite new talent to join the ranks of the entertainers. Hand in your names to the sub-editor and help to carry on this good work. The wounded certainly appreciate our interest in them.

We thank the various section contributors again, their support makes our paper possible. Can't we encourage more contributions, though, anything of interest will be appreciated.

It is our aim to keep on improving. We would welcome criticisms and suggestions.

THE EDITOR.

Our Two O.C.'s.

Our two O.C.'s, Major Scott and Captain Ferguson have left us. The "News," as the official organ of the unit and the only medium for the expression of the opinion of the Corps as a whole desires to express the regret that is felt among all ranks at their departure, and to wish them success in their new work.

Major Scott has not made himself widely known while he has been with us; he has held Orderly Room no oftener than three times, but those who have been privileged to work with him testify to his sterling qualities. And there are not a few men in the Corps who knew Major Scott in Winnipeg as a sportsman, as the Manager of a large sporting goods house, and as a soldier. Many of them bought their first ten-cent. red hockey sticks from his establishment, or had the bullets bored out of their "twenty-tvos." But then, as now, Major (then Mr. Scott) was rarely seen, being securely screened behind glazed windows.

Then came the Great War. Major Scott was O.C. Number Eleven Company, and in his military position there was no screen between himself and his men. He frequently took parades himself, and was quick to see and to reward the men who knew their drill. Then he was appointed A.D. of S. and T.—a position of great importance during the early days of organisation. He came overseas in the spring of 1916, and has held important posts in the Canadian area before coming to Shorncliffe.

Major Scott is a quiet man. He is more of a thinker than a talker, and he has a thinker's dynamic power of concentrating into half-a-dozen words what many men could take all day and not express. Moreover, he has the ability to read men; a "lead-swing" will receive scant courtesy from him, but a

man with a just case can count on having it heard and equitably adjusted. Finally an old soldier who was with Major Scott at Brighton has told me that he was "the finest gentleman he ever met." Among those who have been privileged to know him in this Depôt the same conviction prevails.

Quick march; halt; right turn. Before you is a wooden railing, and behind it a desk, at which sits a man whose daily duty it is to hand out the penalties for infractions of discipline. As the charge is being read and your knees begin to quiver slightly—not altogether with the strain of standing to attention—you look at the man behind the desk. He is not tall, but he has broad shoulders, a well-formed head, inclined to squareness, a chin that is commonly called "determined," above it an aggressive iron-grey moustache, above that, and strongly in contrast with the fighting qualities in the face, a pair of dark eyes in which there shines a gentle benignity that says: "Don't be afraid, old chap, we'll give you a square deal." Let us say the offence is: On such a day, at such an hour, wearing a non-issue (officer's) cap in Folkestone. The man behind the desk speaks: "Have you anything to say?" "Nothing, sir." "Reprimand." Then the R.S.M.: "Right turn, quick march." The scene is over. This is Captain Ferguson in action.

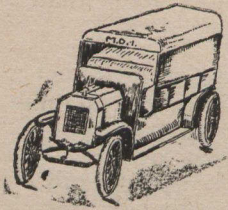
Captain Ferguson has been very popular with the unit, and deservedly so, during his short régime. He is quite approachable, and is always ready to assist a man who has been the victim of circumstances, providing the facts are proved. He has been a strong supporter of sport within the Unit, and the different branches that have just been organised owe much to him. We wish him every success in his new position.



MAJOR SCOTT.

Jitney Jolts.

Laughs from The Light Car Section.



WE understand that "Low Gear Charlie" has changed into high. Now that "Charlie" has taken unto himself a spouse, he certainly will have to go some.

"Charlie" distributed cigars among the boys in honour of the occasion.

Private J. J. (Bobby) Burns will not be seen on Dover Road for some time. Circumstances and certain pressing military duties will not permit.

Our pugilistic friend, "Long Tom," got an awful bump at the last boxing Tournament. "Cheer up, Slim." Other great boxers, such as John J. Jeffries, and even the present champion Jess, have had their batterings in their day.

Pte. Sharp has got the makings of a professional boxer, and we expect to hear great things from him some day.

Our congratulations to Cpl. Grummett, on the new sphere of life adopted. May all his troubles be little ones.

Cpl. H— recently transferred to Hythe, went to London lately to act as "Bridesmaid" to an old pal. We certainly have missed the Corporal's girlish smile around.

A certain D.R. in our Section can be seen daily pushing his side-car up Hospital hill. This fellow hails from the 2nd D.A.P., and always did like physical jerks.

Poor old "Uncle," his B.R. certainly got an awful bump lately. Has he started to follow Tommy's ponies for a change.

The wealthy Cpl. is certainly getting Regimental these days. He is even cutting out his several vices.

The occupants of Hut 3 now serve only Poker and Chips at their regular afternoon teas, owing to the restrictions of the Controller.

Shorty, the tin lizzie expert, held a short conference with the C.O. lately after condemning the rations. A little sign was posted above his bed shortly after. R.I.P. for 14 days. He tells us that he intended to cut out his midnight escapades anyway. Cheer up, Shorty.

The Post Master General of our Section was recently granted 7 days' rest by a kind-hearted O.C. All that he was guilty of was: Chastising three or four M.F.P's., and several other little petty charges. Some people, sure, are lucky.

Owing to the stringency of the speed laws, one of our Ambulance Drivers actually shook hands with the steam roller on a recent convoy.

Jitney Harrison, the Ford Racing Driver, will not be seen joy riding for a period of 14 days. He informs us that the O.C. strongly objects to the use of Government property for purposes other than those called for by regimental orders. The last joy ride was very expensive to this well-known speed artist.

Tenpence a Day.

Yes, sir, I'm a Canadian Soldier,
 And proud of it? Well, guess I am,
 And you'd like me to tell you a story,
 What about, sir? The War or the Jam?
 Why, yes, I was over in Flanders,
 One of the first, I might say,
 Oh! the field pay's all right, what they
 hand us,
 And runs about—Tenpence a day.

However, you asked for a story,
 To publish as true, in the news,
 If its truth you want, ask Max Aitken,
 Or, better still, "Gallant Sam Hughes."
 Don't we like Sam? I won't say we
 don't, sir,
 Old Sam was all right in his way,
 And proud of his boys was Old Sam, sir,
 So we loved him on—Tenpence a day.

You say that has nothing to do with the
 story?
 Perhaps not, but it makes a chap think,
 And thinking is mighty dry work, sir,
 But, if you press me,—I will have a
 drink.
 Here's jolly good health; Ah! that's bet-
 ter,
 My throat was as dry as—as clay.
 I would like to buy a return drink,
 But, can't sir, on—Tenpence a day.

But before I go on with my story,
 I'd like first to tell you a tale,
 You see, I'm a little Black Devil,
 So, quite natural, I should have a tail,
 Yes, sir, I'm a little Black Devil,
 When roused, there's the devil to pay,
 But I think Old Nick would quit business,
 If he only got—Tenpence a day.

You see, there's a rule in our Army,
 And, maybe, they've more rules than
 men,
 So no wonder a fellow goes balmy,
 Or drinks—thanks, I will, same again.
 This rule reads—that if any soldier,
 Overstays leave, or absents anyway,
 They will stop your Dollar and hold yer,
 To soldier on—Tenpence a day.

Things were fine, sir, when first we en-
 listed,
 We could pay our way and our chums,
 But now, well I'm sorry to tell you,
 We can't pay—we're more or less,
 Bums.
 I tell you a fellow feels rotten,
 And I ask, do you think it's fair play,
 When we signed for a dollar and ten
 cents,
 To make us take—Tenpence a day.

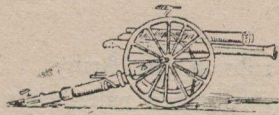
I know times are hard, and quite likely,
 Still harder times maybe to come,
 But tenpence a day here in England,
 That don't keep a fellow in Gum.
 What of Fags, shoe Polish, and Laundry,
 And a hundred of things you've to pay,
 Why, the yarn of the "Five Loaves and
 Fishes,"
 Ain't in it with—Tenpence a day.

I'm sorry but I've got to go, sir,
 And my story p'raps better unsaid,
 But it don't seem quite right, sir, now
 does it?

Why Canadians by Canadians are bled.
 When this War's over we'll corner the
 Blighter,
 So good night, sir, I really can't stay,
 But you can't expect much of a story,
 From a guy getting—Tenpence a day.

C.A.S.C. News

C.F.A. Hits.



Sergeant Mancor's absence has been mourned. He sure will make a popular officer.

Will passes go up when a certain gentleman gets his Commission?

Sgts. who enlisted 3 months ago in Canada are now instructing Gunners with 2 years service in France.

A new draft arrived recently to relieve the Casualty Section of fatigues and guards. We wish them luck.

Who is the Gunner who acted as S.M. for 1 day and then awoke? He eventually received a compromise for his disappointment of 3 chevrons.

Our Former Police Corporal of B13 keeps up the reputation of the Force. He sure can sleep some. We think it was time he became Provost Corporal. The Provost Corporal was recently seen in the Folkestone Cemetery selecting a spot among the illustrious dead. He had the "Spirits" with him anyway.

WITH THE CANADIAN FIELD ARTILLERY AT YPRES, APRIL 15th.

With respectful Apologies to our great Canadian Poet, The Late Sir W. H. Drummond.

By Gunner E. J. Robert, of the 9th Battery, 3rd Brigade.

Intro:—

Here's a shell for you, Kaiser Bill, and we'll send you along some more,
You're a dirty old squarehead, begorra You must be feeling sore.
And when this war is over, you'll admit that it is right,
That you can't beat the Canadians in a good straight man-to-man fight.

I was dreaming of Kitty O'Farrell, back there in old Ganonque,
When the sound of a big shell awoke me, and it dropped just over the way.
And once in awhile a "whizz-bang" came patterning up from above,
That told us our quarrelsome neighbours were sending us over some love.
'Twas a kind of an invitation and written in such a hand,
That a Chinaman couldn't refuse it, not to speak of a Canadian man,
So the field guns sent back answer, "We're coming with right good will,"
And the name of the place is Pilkem, I fancy I can see it still.
"Fall in"! yelled our Major, my boys of the galloping blacks
If you don't see a fight this evening, I'll trade my breeches for slacks;
Sure, Major dear, said our sergeant, you can bet you old jack-knife,
If the boche is as willing as we are, we'll give him the fight of his life.
So we "stood to" and got ready from the Germans to take a fall,
It was a case of do or die, and we didn't intend to stall,

So we loaded our guns and got ready, maybe we didn't sweer,
While the big guns peppered each other over us in the air.
It's strange all the humours and fancies that come to a man like me,
But the smoke of the battle rising, took me across the sea.

'Tis the bay of Toronto I'm seeing, and the pond that we'll cross very soon,
Puts me in mind of Hanlan's Island, sitting on the bank of the lagoon.

I close my eyes for a minute and I hear my sweetheart say;
"Gene, surely you're not going away with the soldiers?"

But the blood in me was strong. If my sire was a "coureur-des-bois"

Sure, where should his son belong?

Like steam from the devil's kettle, that gunpit was boiling hot,

Epr the breeze of Fritz's bullets was the only breeze we got;

And many a fine boy stumbled, and many a fine boy died,

Overcome by that awful gas, there on that dam hillside.

Hark! whisht! What was that? An odd note or two,

While the maxims take breath for a second or so.

Lifting itself on somehow, stealing itself up here, Knowing there's ready to hear it, many a Canadian ear.

Good old Third Brigade, that's the stuff and they charged at the enemy's wire,

And when they got started, they kept on going in the face of a murderous fire.

In the front of their wire they met them, with faces all set and grim,

But our boys were fighting ten to one and their chances were very slim.

So now they are praising Canadians and the slackers are giving three cheers,

And the newspapers are trying to dry up the widows' and orphans' tears

And they'll write a new name on our colours, that is, if there's room for more,

And we'll follow them through the battle, the same as we've done before.

So we fooled you that time Kaiser Bill, and we'll do it again some more;

You're a dirty old squarehead begorra, you must be feeling sore.

And when this war is over, I'm sure you'll admit it's right,

That you can't beat the Canadians, in a good straight man-to-man fight.

"GUNNER."

QUESTIONS THE ORDERLY ROOM CLERK HAS TO ANSWER.

1. Is my pass ready yet?
2. Where is my paybook?
3. Have you got No. 24253647364 Gunner Sidekick on your strength?
4. When is Corporal Legiron due back from leave?
5. Has Sergeant Messtinstrap ever been to France yet?
6. When is the next draft being told off?
7. Is my name on it?
8. Is it true that all "C" class men are going to Canada?



OVERHEARD IN THE M.T. SHOPS.

Sergeant: "There's a car outside - to have the valves ground - the carbon removed - the bearings fitted - the clutch relined - the brakes overhauled - and the O.C. wants it by four O'clock."

Mechanic: "Tell the O.C. to leave it till four thirty, and I'll fit a new rear axle - some new gears - a set of fenders - rebore the cylinders - fit a limousine body - and give it a few coats of paint."

C.A.S.C. News

Bakery Bullets.

WHO are responsible for the rumour that Paddy Cahill had come into a fortune? _____



We know he did have a trip to the Emerald Isle, and also that he was a few hours late

late in returning, and if this rumour be true, that may account for his delay.

When Alf Meade returned from pass he was quite a few hours ahead of time, so by following the above line of argument, we assume that he lost quite a large fortune which accounted for his early return.

With the few days sunshine there has been considerable activity around camp in summer sports.

S.M. Leyland was observed one afternoon struggling along with an armful of cricket bats and appliances, and we have a number of bakers who are pretty hot stuff at the game.

S.-Sgt. Groves once played for the M.C.C., and Pte. Knowles is a wicket-keeper of some repute, whilst Cpl. Worley is said to be a demon bowler. They will have the opportunity to show what they can do, and anyone else who is hiding his light under a bushel will be asked to come forward and help keep up the reputation of the bakery.

Kipling was responsible for the term "flannelled fools" in regard to cricketers, but as he is, or should be, an authority, we won't argue.

Cricket, however, has got nothing on a new game which some of our more adventurous spirits have invented. It is played on the principle of the survival of the fittest. In the first place, it is important that all players become pretty well "soused." After that has been successfully accomplished, somebody is required to start an argument, and it is here that the game really begins, by all parties shying bricks at each other.

There was a hotly-contested game the other Sunday, and honours were fairly even until Gibson stopped a regulation size brick with his face. He seemed awfully cut up about it when he floated in the guard room for repairs.

Daniels, however, was not quite so fortunate, for he got in the way of a pretty hot return, and then "took the count" in a ditch. He was dry docked and placed in hospital, and there is great satisfaction in knowing that quite a large portion of his original face can be saved.

This unfortunate episode may take away a lot of the enthusiasm for the game, for they were shown scant sympathy when they paid a visit to Orderly Room afterwards.

It looks as though they might be wasting their talents as bakers. They ought to be bombing instructors, or Zeppelin Swatters, or something after that style.

Sgt. Glass will have to get wise or he will be losing more than his new cap. Just imagine anybody having their cap within arm's reach during a meal and then finding an old one in its place afterwards..

PATRIOTISM.

Patriotism in time of war is the shortest distance between two countries. In time of peace it is what we are not plus what we think we are.

Patriotism is not the love of country so much as the love of an idea. A country by another name would be loved as much if we had but been born in it. Patriotism is therefore an accident of birth. But, in reality, Patriotism is more than this. A patriot who every day might lie and cheat his neighbours, will cheerfully give up his life for his country. Patriotism therefore is greater than life, or home, or village, or city. It is greater than boundaries. It steps out of the flesh and walks hand in hand with the infinite. The sublime folly of all ages, it is the only force that, in spite of creeds and strifes, can always be reckoned supreme.

C.A.S.C. News

Supply Salve B.D.



ALL the best of good wishes to Sgt. Joe Faulkner on the announcement of his proposed plunge into matrimony. We first became aware of the fact by daily orders granting him permission to marry without expense to the public. Of course it was not exactly a surprise, for when a fellow spends the whole of his spare time with his fiasco—pardon, we mean fiancée—well, it looks as tho' there might be something stirring. We are not quite sure, however, what is meant by the term "without expense to the public," when used in connection with permission to marry. Most of the fellows here seem to think that, we, being part of the public, are not to go to any expense **to buy presents or anything like that.** After wasting several nights' good sleep in wading through K.R. and O. in search of information, we are now compelled to seek your advice, Mr. Editor. We have noticed that Joe has become very attentive to Sgt. Wilson, and no doubt it is a wise move, for it stands to reason that Sgt. Wilson could give him a few hints on what to do, and what not to do.

It we can read the signs of the times correctly we will expect a similar announcement in regard to Sgt. MacIntosh pretty soon.

There has been a lot of grumbling of late from a certain 2nd Class W.O. about the weird and wonderful feeds we have in the Mess these days, and by the way of comparison we have to listen to a detailed account of the "feeds" he gets at his "home" down town. We humbly suggest that he get a sleeping out pass and then take his blankets down to his "home from home."

Some time ago, a few of us were treated to a tip-top lecture free gratis, and for nothing. It was entitled "Bombs and how to bomb." There was nothing official about it at all, except the bombs, perhaps, and they, so we were informed, were double-barrelled, extra hot stuff super-dreadnoughts in frightful-ness.

Of course, being only supply men, we were keenly interested at first until we heard what the bombs could do, and now, to see us beat it when S.S.M. Leyland comes along with his bags of bombs, why it would give anyone the idea that we were scared.

We admire enthusiasm all right until it comes to bombs, and then just watch our dust.

About the only man in our crowd who will take chances is our Acting Q.M.S. We were considerably surprised the other day to see him vigorously pedalling a cycle.

It was one of the common or garden variety, usually called a push bike by despatch riders, and it brought back to our minds the time when he once endeavoured to run a "tin lizzie," commonly called a Ford. On that occasion, however, he was riding a real motor cycle, and as he explained afterwards, it was only due to the fact that he failed to retain his seat that the attempt failed. As it was he sailed gracefully over the top of the aforementioned ford, and then volplaned down the other side by a series of marvellous spiral glides. The only trouble was that the ground was not far enough away on the other side, for he didn't have time to control his descent. He doesn't adopt that method in dismounting any more, for he now considers that obsolete.

How is it that two Supply Office men, single at that, require a sleeping out pass Naughty, Naughty.

Supplies-continued.

Dunfrey found that the Town Hall is too expensive a place to sleep in.

S.-Sgt. Wiles has had an operation on his throat. Rumour says he had several fair maids who loved to sit by his bed and hold his hand.

Sgt. Billy Byers came from Witley to find that another guy was taking his place with the girl. That same guy's favourite colour is not "Red."

Can anyone tell us how they make the "War Milk" in the Sgt.s' Mess, B.D.? It's a sort of cross between an ice cream soda, and mutton broth.

Who is the A.-Cpl. in the B.D., who does not use a candle to undress—Barton and Stewart assume the responsibility. Did the S.M. fix it for him.

Andy and Charley are back from the T.D. Hard luck, boys, that you failed to go overseas.

The best way to get leave in this section is to let a quarter of beef fall and hurt your hand.

We hope that R.S.M. Pierce will be with us for a long while.

Since a certain officer pays frequent visits to our Hut, the orderlies are cleaning up right,

H.T. Bits.

Another month gone by, and what wonderful changes in our section. We are getting down to real soldiering at last.

Up at 5.0 a.m., quit when the load is off and horses groomed.

Good-bye, Charlie, Good-bye, Tiny, we hope Bramshott, noted for its long walks to the nearest, lovely hills and vales, will give you treasured thoughts, it is a shame to take boys from a real home like Shorncliffe, to where there are no sea breezes.

Our married men are very afraid of their wives catching cold four nights a week.

The canteen should do more business. Sorrows need drowning.

Our boys pull out a last cigarette, you know, an orphan, instead of a packet now.

Say, Mac, the different yarns you spin about transferring, or some lieut.-colonel requiring your services, makes us tired.

Getting married didn't improve you a bit.

Won't it be grand when we get fixed up as a Duty Depôt. The Orderly Room they say will have Turkish rugs and arm chairs.

One of our 2nd Bgde. drivers has turned jockey, as he rode the team, when they raced through Cheriton, but when a brick wall intervened he left them. After smashing a cart, they gave that peaceful look, as if to say, "Take me home."

C.A.S.C. News

Hythe Hunks.



CONGRATULATIONS to Sgt. Hassell on his promotion to Staff-Sgt. We wish him the best of Luck.

We are also about to lose our Officers, for which we will be sorry; while with us they have shown themselves to be men in the true sense of

the word. We wish them success in their new sphere.

Who said the Hythe shops could not build Tanks? Wait and see.

There is quite a few ball players amongst us, and good games should result. Practice games are played every Sunday at 1.30.

Ganney, our first-class comedian, and jitney short stop, is out of Hospital again. The third time is fatal; be careful, Ganney.

Who was the private that put the teapot in the fire grate and forgot to put water in it; did he not know what solder would melt.

Come on Boys.

To the boys in Canada who have not yet answered the Call.

Come on, Boys!

Ere the strife is over, and you see us back again,

We, who answered, give to you a welcome hand.

Do not shirk, but come and help us, Help us, save the Motherland.

We started on the road, but never guessed

That the struggle would be so hard, Or half as long,

And there's still lots to be a-doing, So come along.

We know you have feelings, same as ours,

To call you quitters it would be a shame, But ask your father, mother, sister, dear ones,

And they will tell you where to make your name.

'Tis not in fairest, Canada, that you are wanted most,

So join up in your thousands, and swell the noble host,

And you will share the Glory, and be welcomed with a song,

When you return to Canada,

So "Come along! Come along."

STANLEY J. BRIARD.

What Well Known People do not say.

Sgt. Oliver.—This A.W.D. category is all right. I like it.

Cpt. Ferguson.—Late Paymaster. Oh, it is great to get away to a spot where the subs. do not exceed 15 francs per—

Sgt. Rust.—I shall now endeavour to see that every soldier going on leave gets his full reward. I had a hard road to travel before.

Typist Record Office.—I think the Sub-Editor C.A.S.C. News a d— nuisance.

Sgt. Armstrong.—Now that my chevrons have returned, watch me exercise my authority on the bunch that laughed at my recent downfall.

Sgt. Sheddon, F.G.H.—I certainly must invite that Editorial Staff to my next "At Home." They certainly are Jolly Boys.

Late Cpl. Mc. H. T.—My long suit was always following the Ponies.

C.S.M. Smith.—That Light Car bunch certainly are noted for the accuracy of their statement.

Private —, C.A.S.C.—My permanent pass cancelled, I am the victim of Fate.

Antoinette.

It was May in "The Garden of England," and May, too, in Dick Bedford's easy stride, in the set of his head and the swing of his cane as he and Antoinette walked towards the westering sun along the Promenade that skirts the Channel. Antoinette watched him wistfully out of the corner of her eye and wondered whether it was this perfect May Day, or the fact that to-morrow he was leaving hospital, that made him seem more than ever boyishly cheerful. The stick which, with Antoinette's firm, strong arm, had done duty as an aid to locomotion during his weeks of convalescence, had now become a baseball bat to knock out long "three-baggers" with the pebbles from the roadside. Antoinette thought she had never seen him look so much the picture of care-free boyhood, and she felt a pang almost of regret that her work was over and he no longer needed to lean on her arm for support, and at the same time, a little piqued that on their last evening together he should seem to ignore her. But Dick's mind had also been busy with thoughts of this last promenade and his cheery whistle was feigned, to hide the restraint that seemed to shroud them, engulfing both in a strange, silent lacuna. Then, realising that his manner seemed selfish, if not rude, he turned quickly to her and asked: "Antoinette, sing 'Au bord de la Riviere.'" At once she began in her light soprano the lilting cadences of that old French lyric, and as she stepped along at his side, seemed to move only on her toes, her head and body swaying in rhythm with her melodies, she was again the old Antoinette.

When the song finished, Dick asked for another and in response she sang selections from the operas as she had heard them in the theatres of Paris and Brussels—first, "La Lettre a Manon" and then "Faust." The low evening notes of the mating birds in the trees along the cliff formed a fitting accompaniment to these passionate love-songs, rendered with the perfect mastery of long acquaintance. Dick could not take his eyes from the singer. He noted the lines of her slender figure beneath the blue, brass-buttoned cape of her uniform, the alabaster column of her neck, the features, clear cut as a Florentine intaglio, and above carmine cheeks, the piles of waving auburn hair, glinting in the sunshine. He could see the sparkle in her hazel eyes and noticed that they came just a little below the level of his own. It was impossible to imagine Antoinette without a song on her lips. Her heart itself seemed to

beat to music. Music was the very soul of her. It revealed itself in every movement. He recalled happy hours in hospital when he had lain watching her flit about the ward, and always she seemed to move in metre. He particularly liked to see her trip down the four steps that led from the ward into the corridor. Nothing resembled more the lighting of a slender English robin on the twig of a tree.

But Antoinette's life had not always been a without the slightest effort, that he liked her. song. It was because she had made it so, and She had seen more of the world, and especially of the world of war, than he. Even now she was an exile from her country and her people. Often during the months that he lay in Hospital she told him of life in Belgium; of the gardens and the parks, and the stately homes of Ghent; of the operas of Brussels, and the "Season" at Ostend; then, of the first awful week of war—a war that had caught Ghent in the middle of its famous Flower Show—when she had been in the trenches with her brothers and had seen the thin lines gradually giving back before oncoming hordes; and, lastly, of those fair cities of Belgium under the rule of the Boches. To Dick it seemed a marvel that she should ever sing—that she never spoke or seemed to think of the havoc that her native cities must endure before they could be redeemed from the vandals' hands.

They had had jolly times together in Hospital. Antoinette had not always done the talking. Dick, usually a careful, somewhat ponderous conversationalist, had grown truly eloquent in his descriptions of Canada. He had told her of his college years and his graduation as an Engineer just prior to enlisting; of the railroads that were building through the virgin forest, lake and mountain country of the West. He had also told her of the little girl in a country town back home, describing enthusiastically a sombre-eyed child with whom he had grown up, of whom he had never asked and never expected more than the companionship of youth, until at the moment of his departure for overseas, they discovered that they loved each other, and a silent compact was sealed with a kiss as the train pulled out. Vividly he described her charms, her mingled naiveté and ladylike dignity, the clear gaze of the prairies that looked out of her eyes, the free wave of her dark brown hair. And because he told her all this, and because there was about him more of the spontaneity of youth than she

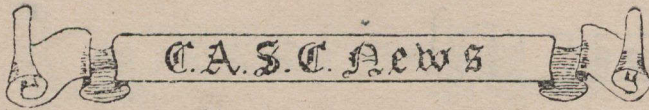
had known in the male half of her grown-up world, she liked him.

As they reached the point on the Promenade from which they knew the sunset could be seen best Antoinette finished the last passionate outburst of Faust to Marguerette and exclaimed: "And now she is dead; love killed her." They lingered to take in the scene before them. It had been raining all day, but now the sky was clear and the crystal drops that clung to the gorse and bramble and willow twigs, along the cliff-side, caught the last rays of the sun and focussed in their tiny mirrors all the glories of the west. Below them in the offing lay a fleet of mine sweepers, sails reefed, masts and hulls reflected on the glassy water—a shadow picture to delight the heart of chiaroscurist. Fragile barks they seemed for such terrible work, more fitting for the delicate brush of a Turner than for the deadly art of war. On their right, hemmed between cliff and sea, straggled a little old-world town, its roofs and spires veiled in a violet haze, with here and there rows of tall Lombardy poplars standing sentry-like in their spring suits of khaki and green. The sky formed a gorgeous background to the picture. Converging V-shaped towards the sun from opposite sides of the horizon's wide parabola were two banks of cloud, deep blue below and tipped with fleecy white and orange where the sun caught their upper fringes. And in the West, just at the apex of the V, a slender bar of gold bridged the narrowing distance, and, with the purple hills beneath, formed a frame for a fiery god. As the declining sun changed from amber to gold and gold to flaming crimson, it gave its changing colours to the delicate bar above it, and to the tips of the billowing clouds that mounted the sky on either side. The two gazed spellbound until the sun had vanished and the fading crimson was transformed once more to amber, and then to palest sapphire, while in the eastern sky the flocculent cloud-banks still held their saffron mantling.

Antoinette had seen in the fading day a prophecy of separation, of an end to their pleasant days, but she was resolved that she would send Dick away, feeling happier than when she had met him. Having reached this conclusion, she seized his arm and the two moved slowly towards the sleeping town below them. Beneath Antoinette's gay exterior Dick's quick eye detected a subdued something that seemed to mark a change in her, he had never seen before. He had known her as a charming girl, who scintillated from

morning till night; he had discovered that she was well read and had retained and could put to use her varied reading; that she had travelled widely and could talk entertainingly of what she had seen. Now he surprised an occasional fugitive smile upon her face—a mysterious, sadly sweet smile—such as he had seen at times on his mother's face and nowhere else. But there was no restraint between them now—that had vanished and in its place was their old time understanding and good fellowship.

As they walked through the town they pointed out to each other the changes in the gardens they had often passed. The daffodils and hyacinths were at their best. Rich, red tulips, pink and white tulips, wallflowers, orange and red, were appearing; the lawns were starred with daisies; May-trees here and there shed their blooms and fragrance on the path; the bell-like buds of the clematis, along the walls were opening. They made their way towards the canal, a silver ribbon showing on its surface the blue of sky between mirrored masses of trees that lined its banks with no evidence about to show that it had been built a hundred years ago for urgent purposes of war. They chose a seat in a sheltered corner of its grassy bank, and for a while silently watched the shadows lengthen and deepen on its surface. Above them in the trees, the birds were sounding their last notes, making the silence echo with their warbling. Somewhere in the distance a deep-toned bell tolled the day's requiem. Suddenly there toddled into the Picture a fair, curly-haired boy, who planted himself on his sturdy, half-bared legs before them and tossed bread to the swans in the Canal with the air of a Roman Praetor feeding the populace. Then both sat up and followed the scene with eager faces and sparkling eyes. Involuntarily their heads drew together; Antoinette felt herself seized in a grip of steel, and for a long moment the boy and his swans were forgotten. To her, infinite eons of time and life and love, seemed to be gathered into that brief embrace. Expectantly she searched Dick's face for the radiant light that must be there, and which she knew was in her own. But she sought in vain. Her heart stood still. She felt faint and weak as she saw that Dick's eyes had fallen, his face displaying only a violent, suppressed struggle. He was thinking of that other kiss. She moved away from him, burning with a strange anger and a desire to wound the boy-man who had done this thing. But recovering herself once more there flitted over her face that mysterious, bitter sweet smile that he had seen his mother wear when as a boy he had involuntarily wounded her. Then it changed to the old brave light, she laid her hand on his arm and, in quaint French accents, she spoke: "Come, Meestaire Deek, we must go, and I shall see that you get Castor Oil to-night for this." "SARGE."



The Song of the M.T. Men on Active Service.

Now this is the song of the M.T. men,
We drive the ambulance cars,
No guiding light is ours by night,
But that of the twinkling stars.

On rough pave we grope our way,
To where the bullets fly,
To the regimental aid posts,
Where the groaning wounded lie.

Past shattered House and Broken
Bridge,
Thro' winding shell-torn lane,
We bear our wounded heroes back
To life and hope again.

Then its "Halt, who goes there? Pass
F.A."

And the watching sentries jest,
"Good night; Good luck,"
And we feel our way to the Hospital
Camp and Rest.

Bushmen Chauffeur, Gentlemen owners,
And Taxi men are we,
But we took the oath
And do our bit as men of the M.T.

Now this is the song of the M.T. men,
Who drive the runbling motor van;
We carry stores, we carry clothes,
And food for the hungry man.

We carry coals, and we carry shells,
And we carry the hand grenade,
And we carry loads of Dynamite,
To where the mines are laid.

We rumble along on greasy roads,
In dark or the pale moonlight,
Our work begins at early dawn, and
sometmes? ends at night.
Then its "Halt, who are you? Pass sup-
ply,"

The watching sentry calls
"Good night; good luck,"
And we rumble by to where the shrapnel
falls;

Bushmen, Chauffeur, Gentlemen owners
And Taxi men are we.
But we took the oath
And do our bit as men of the M.T.

Now this is the song of the M.T. men,
Who stand at the desk and bench.
We do not carry wounded,
Or food supplies to the trench.

We stand at the desk,
We sweat at the forge,
At the vice all day we strain.
We tackle the twisted chassis,
And hammer them straight again.

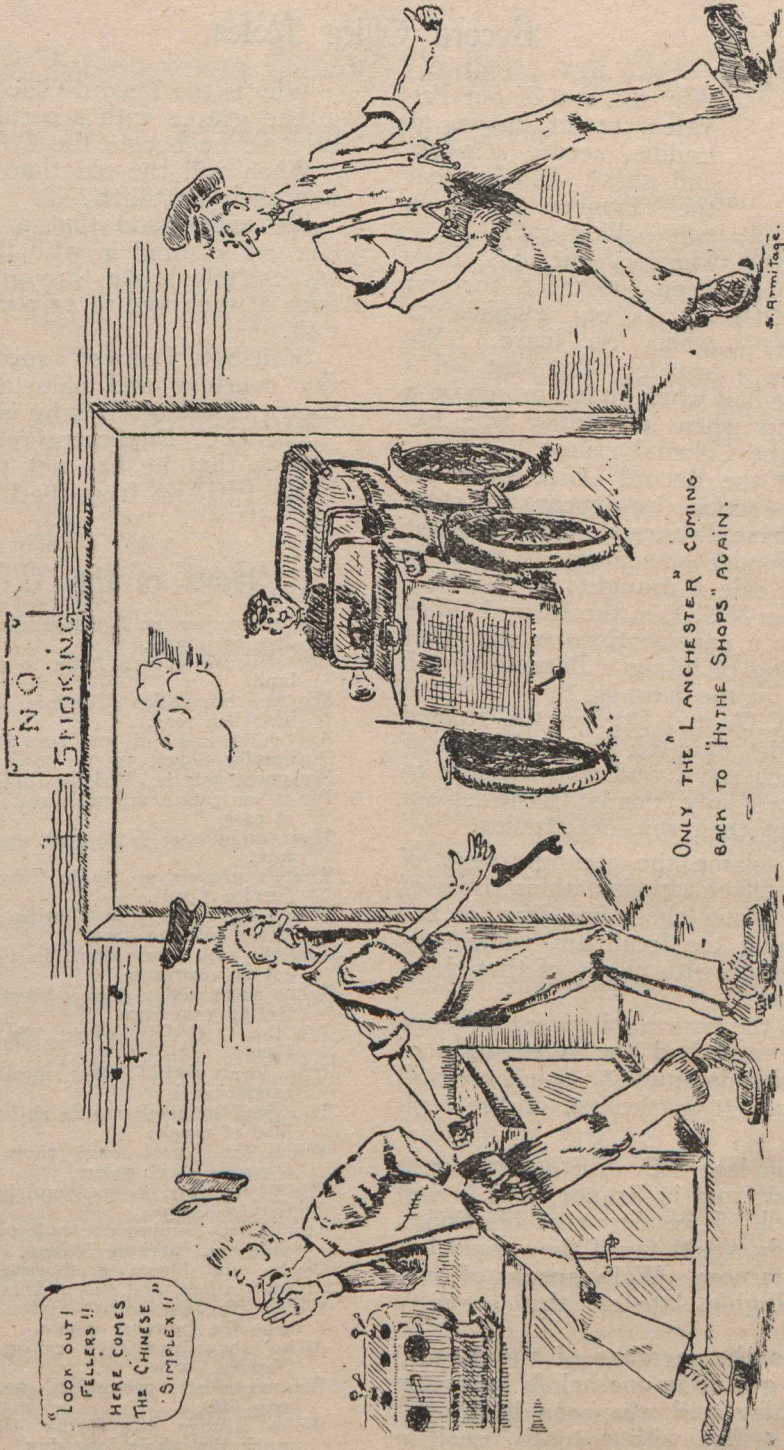
We patch the shot-torn ambulance,
The engines tune and test,
Then trot to our dreary bivouac
To take our food and rest.

Our work all lies behind the scenes,
But we're content, we know,
That we can't all have a leading part
And stand to the footlight glow.

So at desk, bench, forge, and lathe
We sweat till the set of sun,
And it's up to us to do our best
Until the war is won.

Coppersmith, Blacksmiths, Engineers,
Bosses, and Clerks are we,
But we took the oath
And do our bit as men of the M.T.

OLDUN.
SGT. W. A. BLACK,
1st Can. Amm. Sub-Park,
1st Division.



LOOK OUT!
FELLERS!!
HERE COMES
THE CHINESE
SIMPLEX!!

NO
SPINKING

ONLY THE "LANCHESTER" COMING
BACK TO "HYTHE SHOPS" AGAIN.

Armi Page.

Record Office Notes.



Why did one of our Privates, better known as Laddie, secure a week-end pass? Did he hear the Pioneer Battalion was pulling out?

The Irish air must have been too fresh for our O.C. of Duplicators when on leave. We wonder what sort of a

sensation he had when he fell asleep on a Colleen's lap when hospitality was extended to the Colonial visitor.

Who said the Record Office were not a mounted section, by appearance stepping out these days, spurs are quite the order. I wonder how many of them so doing could ride a draught.

Who is the N.C.O. in the Record Office who is such a conscientious worker that he is thinking of hiring a Batman to roll his puttees in the morning?

What N.C.O. and Pte. in the Record Office are not daunted by the length of time between pays, and who manage to entertain their lady friends, to the serious hindrance of their musical studies.

Can you blame the stenographers of the Record Office envying their rivals of the Orderly Room these fine days, to see them enjoying the fresh air, while they are well blessed with plenty of that thing called "Work."

Who was the person who went on leave to Ireland, and had the misfortune of havin' to use dynamite? Some are still trying to ascertain the use of the high explosive.

Wally, our late O.C. of Stenographers, again heard from in France, and is still keeping well. I wonder what his Folkestone friends would say if they could but only see him now. Wally speaks of having seen Hughie, late of the casualty fame.

Who was the member of the Record Office who got up in one helofa hurry the other morning and was seen beating it down No. 5 Hut with a tooth brush in one hand and a fork in the other?

Is the work in the Part 11, Odrers Dept., getting too much for him?

Why is the Record Office stenographer in bad graces with a certain few? Is it because he boosts the C.A.S.C. NEWS?

When will the old time Pioneers ever join their Battalion?

We understand that a certain Sergt. has got a stand in with the Police. He successfully broke through the enemy lines a week ago at 11 p.m. No pass at that.

Staff-Sgt. Pecover sure is popular. For courtesy and painstaking with his trusty bunch of Ai's he is hard to beat.

The O.C. Duplicator regrets to announce that he has not yet seen the FREE CIGARS from the Lt. Car Section.

Boys of the C.A.S.C.

We never does no fighting; nor in the trenches does we stand,
But still we does a little to defend our native land.

We feed our gallant Tommies, if we don't you'll hear 'em roar,
And shout, and spit, and rave and cuss, the Army Service Corps.

We never gets no Medals, D.C.M., or big V.C.'s,
We never gets a minute's rest; nor sitting down at ease,

If an ambulance is wanted, and we're not to the fore,

There's prayers go up to 'eaven, for the Army Service Corps.

When the winds are blowing wildly, and your 'orses act the goat,

And the rain comes down in torrents, and you've got no overcoat;

When your motor does a breakdown, and you're feeling very sore,

It's the, O God in 'eaven help, the Army Service Corps.

If a lorry should want mending, or a broken cattle truck;

If a load of goods wants shifting, or a stinking load of muck;

When the 'orses want their fodder, and the Gunners shell galore,

It's then they make enquiries for, the Army Service Corps.

Our Corps embrace; tradesmen, wheelwrights, saddlers, furriers, bakers,

Clerks, and blooming shorthand writers, cooks, and tailors, and shoemakers;

We've also got some drivers (Rose Mechanics) who the Infantry ignore,

Altho' they draw their rations from, the Army Service Corps.

We never gets promotion, we never draws big pay (!?).

We're always thundering tired at nights, we work the whole long day,

But when the war is over, and peace is here once more,

Perhaps they'll give some credit to, the Army Service Corps.

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

NECESSITY is the
mother of compulsion.



A Subaltern's dream of
Home. "Leave,"
"Love," "Lingerie."

When singleness is bliss
it is folly to have wives.

The best way to stop
bleeding at the nose: Keep the nasal
organ out of other people's business.

INSCRIPTION.

(For the Door of a Kadaver—Verwertungs—Anstalter).

These were the Hogs of Europe! Being
dead,
'Tis meet that they to other Hogs be fed,
On whom in turn fresh hordes of Hogs
shall feed,
Till Hogs are Huns and Huns are Hogs
indeed.

Jackie: "Mamma, I know the name of
the gentleman who came to see Gracie
last night."

Mamma: Well, what is it? I am sure
I don't know."

Jackie: "It's Fred Dont. I heard
Gracie mention it quite a lot of times
when they were in the drawing-room to-
gether."

There was a young Sergeant called Rust,
These words won't offend him we trust.

Some prudes may pass strictures,
On his beautiful pictures,
Boys, if you've not seen them you must.

If Staff Sergeants have no staff,
Non-coms. non compus mentis,
M.O's. not being money orders,
Do they act in loco parentis?

Why doesn't the Kaiser take off his
boots at night?—Because he smells de-
feat.

In Memoriam.

Plossy had a little lamb, its fleece was
white as snow,
It was a kind remembrance from his old
friend Jimmy Crow.
He brought it in the Mess one day, to
drink some good old brew,
Now that little lamb is missing.—R.I.P.
Stew.

Mrs. William begs to announce that
she will not be responsible for any debts
incurred by her husband prior to his
marriage.

Speaking of the Kaiser, that same
would-be Prussian Deity, was with his
staff near the bank of a river. Some
time elapsed before his staff saw him
again, and when he did appear he was
soaking wet and covered with mud. He
wandered around muttering to himself,
and one of his generals overheard him
saying, "He didn't do it," "He didn't do
it." "Your Majesty, what is the
trouble," asked the general. "He didn't
do it," replied the Kaiser. "He never
walked on the water."

Pat was a witty young recruit, who
was taking instruction in marksmanship.
The squad had finished firing. Pat was
brought to task for his poor shooting,
and told that he must do better at the
next distance; there were to be
seven rounds of quick-firing.

"Now, Pat," the sergeant told him,
"fire at target number five."

Pat banged away, and hit the target
number four seven times in succession.

"What target did you aim at?" asked
the irate officer.

"Number five, sor," answered Pat.

"And you have hit number four every
time."

"Bedad, sor," retorted Pat, "that
would be a grand thing in war. Sure, I
might aim at a private and hit a gin'ral!"

Report of Military Sports.

By Lieut. Docker.

A meeting was held in Supplies T.D. Orderly Room on May 1st, 1917, of Officers and N.C.O.'s interested in the various branches of sports, with a view to forming an organisation which would have the welfare of the Depôt, in so far as the athletic training is concerned, at heart. This meeting was a sequel to one called through the medium of our depôt orders some weeks' previously, when three venturesome spirits turned up in pouring rain one evening. Naturally nothing was accomplished then.

Capt. Tully and myself then approached other officers with a view to stimulating a general interest in sports, and our efforts materialised in the meeting of May 1st.

A motion was, at this meeting, unanimously carried, electing Capt. Tully as Chairman, and Lt. Miller as Secretary of the C.A.S.C. Athletic Association, as this organisation was to be called. In reply to a letter advising Maj. Scott of his election as President, the following reply was received:—

From O.C., C.A.S.C.,
Shorncliffe Area.

To the O.C., C.A.S.C. Athletic Association,
Shorncliffe.

I am in receipt of your letter of the 3rd inst., and desire to thank you for the honour done me in electing me President of the C.A.S.C. Athletic Association. I am of the opinion that such an Association has opportunities of doing splendid work in keeping all ranks actively interested. If there is anything I can do to forward

the interests of your Association, I will be very pleased to do so. I would be glad if you would confer with me as soon as possible regarding some special trophy, which I should like to offer for competition.

C. M. SCOTT,
Major, O.C. C.A.S.C.,
Shorncliffe Area.

Our thanks are due to Major Scott for the most cordial way in which he accepted the Presidency, and for the offer he so generously made, and which has been heartily accepted by the Association. As to what form this trophy shall take, is a matter for very careful deliberation on the part of the Executive Committee. Captain J. L. Ferguson was elected Vice-President. It was further determined by those present that Officers and N.C.O.'s be appointed to represent each department of sport, so that any man could get the necessary information from them regarding the branch of sport in which he was interested.

The following were elected:—

Cricket—Lt. Docker, S.S.M. Leyland.

Baseball—Lt. Fairhead, Sgt. Crossley.

Football—Capt. Tully, C.S.M. Ploss.

Other Sports—Lt. Blake, Lt. Gallagher,
Cpl. Garratt.

Equipment—S.S.M. Leyland, S.S. McIntosh, Pte. Denley.

We boldly started to talk of money for equipment, and some of the more venturesome spirits suggested that S.S.M. Leyland—O.C. Equipment—should inform Lt. Miller of the amounts needed by each department. We or-

dained that this officer should beard the O.C. in his den and respectfully ask for money from Regimental funds for this necessary and extremely (would be, and now is) prosperous Club.

On the principle of nothing venture, nothing win. Lt. Miller exceeded all our expectations, even coming from the interview smiling. And so we started—with cash in hand.

Our football team has done wonderfully well, winning five games out of seven played. Their goal average is splendid. Even our stalwart goalkeeper has scored.

In cricket we have won one and lost 2 matches. We have discovered a mine of talent in the Depôt, both in batsmen and bowlers. Modesty forbids the writer to do more than mention the fact that the first century of the season stands to the credit of the C.A.S.C. T.D.

Baseball is only now starting, owing to the scarcity of equipment in this country due to shipments from America being held up. Inter-section football matches are being played, but owing to the fact that Supplies T.D. is the only section that can apparently turn out a cricket team, inter-section games in this branch of sport have not yet been arranged—Though “we ’as ’opes!”

Just one word about a loss sustained by the Depôt Athletic Association, in the person of Lt. Blake. He was very enthusiastic and cheery, and nothing was too much trouble to him when sport was concerned. We wish him every success at Shoreham, and hope to hear of great doings by his men in that vicinity.

P. M. DOCKER, Lt.
A.S.C. Barracks,
Shorncliffe, Kent,

4th May, 1917.

Football Items.

In a tightly contested game the M.T.B.D. won from the Supply B.D. the opening game of the Inter-sectional League by a score of 1-0.

R.S.M. Murray, C.S.M. Ploss, and S.Q.M.S. Stead, deserve the hearty support of all interested in football, and the welfare of the men of the Depôt for their indefatigable efforts in organising and fathering the football sport.

The practical support and interest of the O.C. cannot be overlooked. We are glad that Capt. Ferguson and many other Officers are sports proper.

The football fever has infested the camp—it is contagious, and contacts can be easily made. Turn out to the sectional practices and learn to play. If you are already a player, turn out and teach others the game. Turn out, anyway.

A solon recently remarked that an interested player derived as much good from one game of football as a week of physical jerks. Here is a receipt for old age: Don't be a noisy knocker, but a pigskin kicker.

John Thompson had a grievous cold—
His voice was low and husky—
Wherefore one evening (I am told)
As it was growing dusky.

He journeyed over to demand
Advice of Dr. Brown,
Who had the fattest practice and
The fairest wife in town.

Arrived before the doctor's house,
His oft-repeated knockings
Brought to the door the doctor's spouse
In lingerie and stockings.

With vocal chords that seemed to strain
Upon the slightest sound,
He somehow managed, under pain,
To croak: “Is Doc. around?”

Then what was his surprise and doubt—
I'd hardly say, chagrin—
When, having slyly peered without,
She whispered: “No—come in!”

Please Tell Us

If the C.A.S.C. News was responsible for Armie being put on Special Diet once more?

The names of the 3 Lieuts. who held front seats at the Leas Pavilion on the night of April 24th and looked at each other in disgust when the curtain went up?

Did one of these officers actually say No chickens! No legs on display to-night! My word!

When is little Jimmie going to start that race track going?

Does a certain healthy-looking—young—S.A.S.C. Officer still pose as Checker Champion. Gallant Sam ought to be proud of his namesake. I guess Jacko carries all the laurels now?

If the secret roll is still kept by our friends in the Cavalry Depôt?

If uncle has given up the idea of his "Three Balls Sign" since Tommy relieved him of his Bank Roll?

The name of the C.S.M. who now has a pet lamb?

Does the same C.S.M. pay regular nocturnal visits to the Westcliffe Hospital, and for what reason?

To what fund will our Barrack Room Damages be placed when the great war is all over?

What will certain noted soldiers do when the Restaurants are placed out of bounds?

Who is the Cpl. in the Truck Section, who was greeted by the news boy not long ago as follows:—

Ah, Cpl., I know that Jane of yours much better than you do yourself."

This keeps us guessing as to how much the news boys knows.

He who laughs last—laughs last.

Who is the Staff Sgt. who revised the Alphabet on a Pay Parade recently?

Why does the Cpl. of the Q.M.S. still continue in his dissipation, after our sound advice in last month's issue. He tells us. Edison says, 4 hours's sleep is enough for any man?

Does our friend, Cpl. —, still serenade the famous Lady Hillier?

Does Joe get many "trips" to Dover these days in his ambulance?

Who is the C.Q.M.S. that takes the nickle out of spurs, that are turned in by men proceeding on Draft to the Infantry?

What did the R.Q.M.S. say when a fatigue party refused to work, because they were C.Bd. pending Transfer to the Infi?

We presume that they will refuse to carry rations to the line when their turn comes?

Homeless

The blinds are down, windows closed, doors bolted. No smoke curls from the chimney. The porches unswept, are strewn with newspapers and circulars. The place reeks of desertion.

A cat crouches on the steps bewildered and unclean, ordinarily the neatest of animals, the change has worked havoc with her habits.

A boy passes, a small, ordinary, mischievous boy, and a stone flies from his fingers. A dog makes a fierce dash to stop with braced legs at the cat's very feet, amazed at her immovability, she slinks with piteous meow around the house, where she leaps to one of the blank windows and stares hopelessly into the distance. Homeless, hungry, and forlorn, pussy waits—forgotten.

Echoes from the Cavalry Camp.

The Black muzzle is still with us, and has not changed a bit. Some people sure have mean dispositions.

Did Ritchie chuck the marriage question before leaving for France, or was it a case of had to?

We wonder if the Sergt. who imbibed too freely recently, still blames his **down fall** on the innocent dumb animals.

Do the men still fill out their regular morning reports on their nocturnal associations in Folkestone.—P.T.A.

The Battalion of Kaffirs visit our Canteen daily and afford us great amusement.

Pte. Steer, the Manager of the Gas Works, expects some day to recover the lost chevrons. Silence is golden, they say.

A certain officer who recently was on our Roll as a Private refused to taste the fish when a complaint was made.

The new draft will hereafter be seen doing all the guards and piquets.

Has Tr.-Major Smart given up the Concert parties?

Hurray! Our Canteen hours have actually been extended one hour.

The report that a certain S.M. is at last about to make the trip across is not true.

Short Stories from G.F.A.

A bunch of the boys were having their dinner, and instead of the usual subject being under discussion, girls, they were listening to two ex-cavalrymen discussing the relative merits of the old sabre and that of its modern successor, the straight blade. The recruits listened intently and offered no comments, but suddenly there was a sudden commotion amongst the party and one of the ex-cavalrymen was laying on the floor in hysterics. The whole cause of the trouble was occasioned by one of these recruits meekly asking if it were not allowed to use a sword with the left hand in the case of your adversary managing to get on your near-side in the case of an encounter. The cavalryman in question has since been dropped to permanent "C3." from "A1." as the result of the shock he got from this apparently harmless question.

What's Yours?

The Sensualist's Ideal.

The mystery of sex, the thrill of flesh,
The quivering throb of soul to soul.
The exquisite allure of soft round curves,
The yearning scarlet lips, the melting eyes.

The whisper of rustling silk and delicate linen,

All the sweet warm charms of woman.
Now cold, now flaming hot—
The eternal chase.

The Idealist's Ideal.

Eyes wise with the wisdom of life,
Yet innocent as a little child's;
A smile tender sweet, and gay,
Yet somehow sorrowful as a winter wood,

Warmly domestic, the mother instinct dominant,

Yet lover like and not too distant;
Lover of home, the open hearth and laughing babies—
The divine Madonna.

The Realist's Ideal.

She's fat and blonde, with watery eyes,
And she gets overheated when she dances.

She likes to talk of Iowa and the rare time

The old gang used to have.

But beer's the same as wine to her when the money's low,

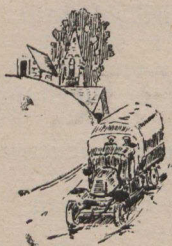
And she can make a rarebit at two a.m.,

That doesn't taste like castor oil and mothersills soothing syrup,

And she's mine.

One of our boys out in France was learning to talk French and in his opinion he had almost mastered that language. Amongst other things he had learnt that milk is known as "du lait" in that country. One day as he was passing the farmers house he noticed that the gate of the pasture was opened and that the cow was wandering up the road. He wanted to do the farmer a good turn and inform him of his cow's misbehaviour, but could not at the moment think of the right thing to say, but as he was from Hamilton, he was not very long stuck for a word that would suit, so he yelled to Monsieur the farmer at the top of his voice: "Monsieur! Monsieur! Du Lait promenade."

Workshop Wrinkles and Truck Tales



Any N.C.O. or man wishing to take a course in laundry work, please apply to Sgt. Ah. Leo.

It has been suggested that the members of the Sergeants' Mess B.D. shall in future be assessed monthly dues in accordance with their capacity. "Oh, you Furgie."

It is announced that the Jeffs are shortly to bid the B.D. a long farewell. God speed them (because they need it).

C.Q.M.S. Mackie says he is "Fed up." We wonder what the "Bone" of contention is.

We wonder why the Folkestone girls are looking so downcast since the P.P.'s have been held up.

Who was the nice country lass whom Dimples proudly escorted up and down the Leas on Sunday, the 13th?

Who is the "Fair" Officer who made a hasty retreat from the Leas Pavilion on Saturday night, the 12th. Did she show up?

Pte. Bone, "The Shoe Shine King," wishes to announce, through this medium, that he has got no Agents.

We wish to congratulate Sgt. Thompson on his ability at playing 500. "Figures" were always his speciality. Now for the famous German lead, Sid.

A certain Cpl. in the Truck Section expects to go into the grocery business shortly. We congratulate him, and feel sure that the partner selected will be a material help to him in his venture.

It is supposed to be a sin to wish one's time away, so Melse and Mac must be great sinners. They are as anxious as can be for the next 5½ months to pass to get that permanent midnight pass.

We are mighty sorry to lose Mr. Hayward from our section, but he has our most hearty best wishes for success in his new appointment. It is too bad he should be so sick just at this time, and this section wish him a very speedy recovery.

Now, boys, you are getting your passes. It's up to you to show your appreciation by practical results.

The best way to get anything in the army is to show you deserve it.

We were tickled to death to see the way the M.T. football team started in the league. Keep it up, boys, we must have that cup and these medals.

Sorry Goddy got hurt in the first game, but hope he will soon be fit again.

THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW.

1. When will this—war be over?
2. What is a good excuse to get a furlough to Canada.
3. Will the Americans in our ranks be allowed to transfer to the U.S. Army?
4. What does Kaiser Bill think of the Canadians since that little argument they had with his pets at Vimy?
- 5.—Who was the young Sub who played the Deuce with his batman for writing notes to the aforesaid Sub's sweetheart?
6. And didn't the gunner have it all over his officer like a tent?
7. Why are the first contingent men not allowed to wear their coloured shoulder straps, when all the other units are doing it?
8. What is a good excuse to give a pretty girl when you have to leave her on the Leas at 4.30 p.m. because you are broke?
9. Who is the Sergeant-Major who told a lady in Folkestone that the cap-badge that he wore had been presented to him personally by the Duke of Connaught? And did he give this lady the said badge. He must be marked "A1" on Annanias's list?

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Hawkinge School	0	10	6	0	15	0
Lyminge	0	5	0	0	7	6
Naval Air Station, Dover Road	0	14	0	0	18	0
Otterpool Camp	0	4	6	0	6	0
St. Martin's Plain, Y.M.C.A. Hut	0	3	6	0	5	0
Shorncliffe Camp (Any Barracks)	0	10	6	0	15	0
Saltwood	0	9	0	0	12	0
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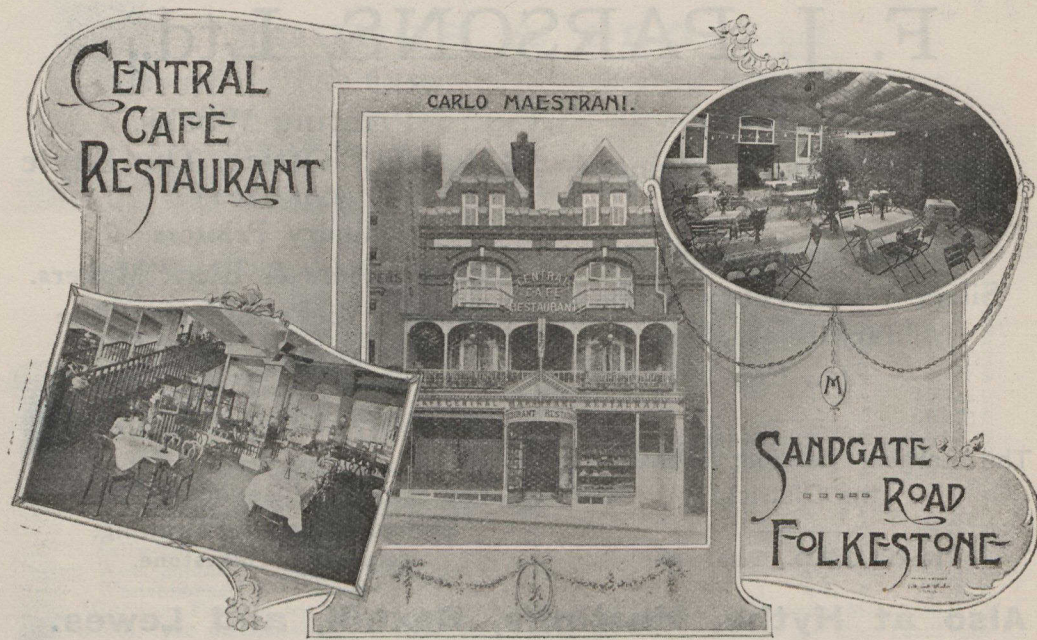
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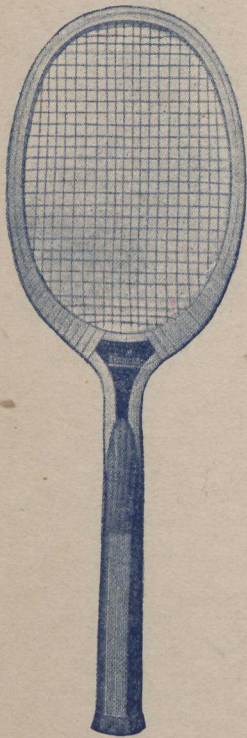
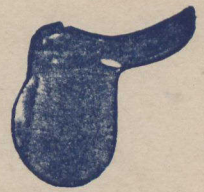
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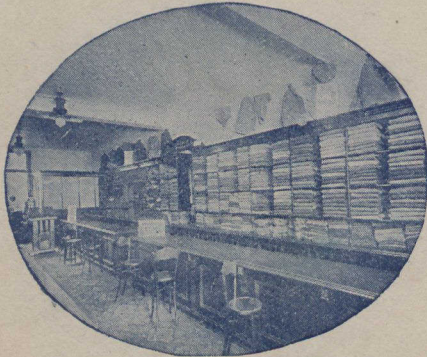
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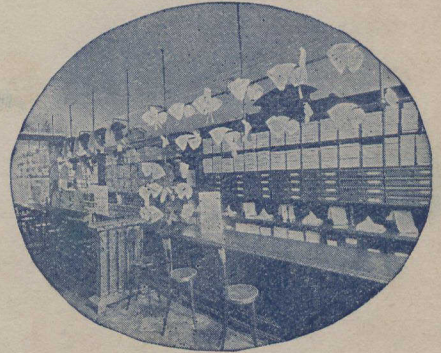
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