



SHORNCLIFFE
June, 1917.

OPTOMETRIST! *The Man who Guards your
Vision.*

PROPER care and attention to the eyes is essential to good eyesight. Have them examined *to-day* by a qualified expert without charge, and satisfy yourself they are adequate to meet all demands made of them, and that your vision is unimpaired!

**Toric Lenses, Rimless Eyeglasses,
Kryptok Bifocals, and Spectacles.**

Latest American Methods.

WALDON HALL

(From New Oxford Street, London).

10, Guilhall Street (next Town Hall), Folkestone.

WE CATER FOR MESSES.

❖ UPTON BROS., ❖

Contine St. & Sandgate Rd.,

Telephone Nos.

49 &
483.

Folkestone.

Presidents of Messes should make a point of visiting us when ordering Crockery, Table Glasses, and General Furnishings.

Our Prices Defy Competition

We supply Tobacco and Cigarettes Wholesale,
and
Stationery with Regimental Crests Embossed.

All requirements not stated can be procured at short notice if placed on order.

The Oriental Cafe,

3, Sandgate Road, Folkestone.

OPEN TO ALL RANKS!

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.

Telephone 37 Folkestone.

Day and Electric Light Studios. Open 9 till 7.

LAMBERT WESTON & SON, Ltd.

25, SANDGATE ROAD, FOLKESTONE

(Opposite the National Provincial Bank),

ARTIST PHOTOGRAPHERS.

Also at 39, Brompton Square, S.W., & Dover.

MILITARY WORK A SPECIALITY.

Outdoor Operators always ready.

Appointments can be made at shortest possible notice by telephone.

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: 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. 7.

Price TWOPENCE.

Editorial.

The News will no doubt go down in History as the greatest magazine ever issued, despite the drawbacks and bumps which has attended every issue. The First Loss sustained shortly after its appearance in print was the resignation of (the then Editor) Pte. G. D. Jolly. Along with Jolly Pte. Rutherford, whose Cartoons, the humour of which many will never forget, took his exit. At this stage Lieut. Fairhead, whose interest and energy in improving the Magazine generally will always be remembered, came to the rescue, along with Pte. Boggs and the present remaining factor, Pte. D. L. Berwick.

Under this regime the News did not only gain its popularity, but widened its scope of circulation and improvements. Just at this zenith of success we were suddenly struck with another bomb; on awaking one morning Pte. Boggs was reported missing, but has since been heard of safe and sound "somewhere in France." The next problem which con-

fronted us was to find an artist to fill the shoes of this clever cartoonist.

For a while we pondered despairingly, but on the verge of disaster fate again intervened, and presented a great acquisition in the person of Sergt. Armitage, who you will all remember was formally introduced in our May issue.

Lieut. Fairhead, popular with all ranks, and to whom the greater portion of credit this Magazine's advancement is due, has been suddenly snatched away, and along with him the Rev. Capt. Tully, our late Secretary.

To these gentlemen no expression of praise can really be penned to portray the gratitude we harbour for their efforts, which will hereafter be essayed by the Sub-Editor. Come, boys, join in, and support with your talents the foundation so solidly laid.

We congratulate Cpls. Cliffe and Roberts on their well-earned promotion.
D.L.B.

TO OUR LATE SECRETARY.

A TRIBUTE.

The sound of the bugle—the call to duty—has ushered many a friend whom one held with esteem and regard to the Battle Front in Flanders. Thus it is that Capt. Tully, our late Secretary-Treasurer, was snatched from our midst to answer the glorious call which prompted him in the first instance to don His Majesty's uniform. Capt. Tully was not only to us a Minister of the Gospel but a keen sportsman, and the energy exercised by him at all times in uplifting any scheme which would enliven the spirit of a soldier.

He was responsible for many improvements in our Camp life which have come to stay, and which have proved a benefit to our boys mentally and physically.

Not long after his arrival here, the present Magazine was started with this gentleman as its Secretary. He remained with us long enough to see the fruit of this his first seed ripen, and to see the boys in whom he was so much interested express their unanimous appreciation.

Not long after Capt. Tully suggested forming, along with Pte. D. L. Berwick, a Concert Party, which party have done excellent work among the wounded and at Y.M.C.A. Huts and Homes for Soldiers.

He also was responsible for the kindling of the sporting fire which now permeates the Camp air, and our successes achieved in Baseball, Football, and Cricket will stand forth as a crowning feature to his efforts.

In conclusion, the News (while deploring the loss of so able an Officer) wish to tender their hearty appreciation for his labour on behalf of the boys, and trust that the day is not far distant when we will have him among us.

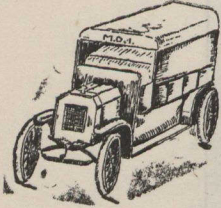


HON. CAPT. J. TULLY, D.D.

C.A.S.C. News

Jitney Jolts.

Laughs from The Light Car Section.



The old saying, "Joy riding chickens and sporty hens certainly will come to a sad end," applies to three of our noted speed artists, who did not only do considerable damage to a valuable piece of Government property to wit—one ambulance—but also received severe injuries.

Glad Hand Joe, our Cadillac Expert (he of the soft cap) expects shortly to go to the R.F.C., Joey was always a high flyer. What will his Dover "War God-mother" do?

They tell us that "Mulligan" is always in a "Stew."

A boxing bout is shortly to be arranged in the Light Car Office, between one Scotch Comedian and a Trained Kangaroo.

The nocturnal escapades of our Benedicts have been cut down to thrice weekly, at this rate it will take "Red," who recently joined this "Noble Army of Martyrs," the duration to get over his honeymoon.

Our Hut Orderlies ought to apply for permission to be paraded before the Food Controller to have the new Ration saving Laws explained. In the meantime summary explanations will be given by the O/C.

Our new name D.D. very appropriately explained the Jitney Expert, "Dare Devils," or "Duty for Duration."

The following Publications will be put on the market after the great war is over:—

Joy rides and results, by Jitney Harrison.

The Old man pays again, by "The two Warrens."

The Lead, and how to Swing it, with Poems, by Bobby Burns, by One Who Knows.

How I made a Fortnue on the Crown, by Baker.

Many are called but few get up, by Pte. L. Braird.

Oh-La-La is with us again, after his long and expensive vacation.

One of our noted Jitney drivers told the O/I/C Lt. Car Section in answer to his question: What car are you driving? I'm driving the tin lizzie at night, Sir.

Our friend from the Lt. Car Office and his millionaire friend, Jay "Gould," were in a nice mix up recently. Jay had an appointment with two fair damsels from a local Hospital and took his friend along. In the meantime two flashy-looking damsels appeared on the scene.

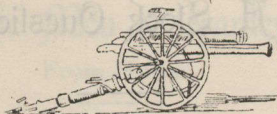
Our Romeos immediately took charge, but on the appearance of their original appointment, they found themselves in an awful mess. Gee its h—to be popular.

Our Section Stock has fallen since we bade good-bye to the wealthy Cpl. He left us to do "missionary" work at Bramshott.

We are pleased to state that Pte. V. Dobro, L.C. and A. Section, stationed at Ramsgate, is now a proud father. Congrats old Top! from all your M.T. Friends.

Big Slim was rather proud of his spats issued to him by the Q.M. He will be some sport when he gets to the R.F.C.—Swank.

Our Section stock has fallen considerably since we lost the Pawnbroker and the Gambling Gent.



Time does work changes; once upon a time you could hardly tell the difference between a Canadian Gunner or an Officer. Now, square pushing has been done away with, and we all appreciate the change which gives the Artillery credit for discipline, and good taste. Here's a Gunner that hopes it will keep up. We used to load the gun through the muzzle, but that is done away with also. Hope the censor will not delete our last sentence, as it is not intended to give away secrets.

Congratulations to five of our Rank and File who were decorated on Empire Day. May their shadows never grow whiskers.

Our sports on Empire Day were a huge success. We were favoured with ideal weather, and many ladies. And on the whole it was a great day for the "Right o' the line." Much skill and nerve was displayed by all the contestants, and everyone was satisfied that the sports were well worth watching. The horses

C.F.A. Hits.

By Gunner.

were the cause of much comment and admiration, and showed that they were well handled.

Now that June is with us, there is bound to be a large increase in the number of applications for "sleeping out passes." Many of the boys are contemplating settling down and forsaking their bachelor habits. Good Luck, may their worse troubles be little ones.

"QUERIES AND QUIBS BY GUNNER."

- 1.—Is an air raid as bad as a bombardment?
- 2.—How much money will we have after the war?
- 3.—How would we like to go in for farming, providing they lift Local Option?
- 4.—Where does a yellow dog get its dislike for a nigger?
- 5.—Does Mac really love the little girl at the Post Office?
- 6.—Who is the man that thinks the lightships are 21 miles out?
- 7.—Why does a certain man like the green fields at Folkestone? Naughty!

A Common Occurrence.

The tall gunner from Manitoba was escorting his Kentish lady-love over the Leas one sultry evening in June. The contrast between the two was exceptionally noticeable, as the fair damsel was much shorter than her husky companion. He walked with his head slightly bowed so as to hear better what the girl was saying. The girl ceased speaking (they do sometimes), but he made no attempt to answer, but gazed intently over the blue expanse of the Channel where lay France, where his pal was gone, never to return. The young lady eyed him wonderingly, conscious that he had something in his mind, but did not offer to disturb his reverie. She felt a strange apprehension of some impending catastrophe, and somewhat unconsciously sighed and gripped his strong arm ner-

ously. The touch of her little hand seemed to act as an electric shock to the man, and he turned to his pretty friend. He was smiling slightly, which somewhat restored the girl's pulse to its normal beat. He looked at her long and searchingly, and then he started in his drawing voice to transmit to his sweetheart the subject of his thoughts. "Mabel, I'm tired of being just an ordinary common gunner; I want to start a Battery of my own, and I want you to be the adjutant." She looked at him astonished for a brief moment, and then her face seemed as if to be lit up with a sudden inspiration. No, thank you, she said, "I don't want any acting rank." "Oh, you'll be confirmed in rank right away if you want to come to my outfit." "Well," she answered softly raising her angle of

A Common Occurrence—continued.

sight 10 minutes and switching round about 2 degrees more right, "I'll let you know later what I will do, but, then, what will we do for gunners and drivers. We can run a depot battery unless we have a rank and file, can we?" "They'll come to us all right in due time," he confidently assured her. They were both so intent on discussing the various phases of their intended project that they failed to notice the approach of another gunner. He stopped short when he sighted the two lovers, but he quickly made up his mind and walked straight over to them. The girl's heart was almost stopped at the sight of the second gentleman, but she was equal to the occasion. She introduced the two men to each other, who reluctantly shook hands, the look in their eyes openly declaring hostilities. The first gunner was so pleased with himself that he immediately forgot that he was speaking to a rival, and proudly explained to him his proposed venture. The other fellow took in everything that his adversary was saying, and at the completion of the short speech, his tongue loosened and he opened his pent up wrath on the poor girl. "Look here, Mabel," he started, "Haven't I been your No. 1 for the last six months? Haven't I paid your way into the shelter every Saturday afternoon? Haven't I bought some fish and chips every night I was out with you? Now, tell me honestly, haven't I used you right. And now here you are going to give me the once over for the sake of that long drink of water from the west." The poor girl did not know what to answer to such a sudden outburst of passion that he would not forgive her at all. The first fellow took exceptional objection to the description given to him, and he forthwith invited the other guy to come down below and settle the argument properly, she tried to explain matters to him, but where no one could see them. So they left the girl to herself and both went away. What the outcome of the bout was we have never found out, but we do know that the girl has never seen either of them since.

A Stock Question.

Whilst o'er his shop the whirling planets
swung,
'Twas thus the timid, amorous grocer
sung:

"What if my pent-up soul is full of fire?
I cannot voice my dearest heart's desire;
Though many tongues I have upon my
shelf,
I'm tongueless when I would express
myself."

Then, looking round upon his well-
filled store,
He inspiration drew, and tried once
more.

"You are my honey, you are my daintiest
peach."
(In comb and can they stood within his
reach.)
'Nor all the mustard's saffron may com-
pare,
With the rare gold that glimmers in your
hair.

"The cream that nestles in its well-
sealed tin,
Vainly competes with rounded cheeks
wherein
The roses linger. Certes, sure I am,
Their blushes shame the encarnated
strawberry jam!

"Mock not, my turtle! Lift those eyes of
blue.
I reckon it not, if rash I've been, nor rue
Aught that I've said. Answer! Will you
be mine?
Goodwill and fixtures, stock and barrels,
I'm thine."

High o'er the clamour of a passing
bus,
The listening planets heard the answer:
"Yus!"

C.A.S.C. News

"The Men of Cranley."

From Hythe.

Oh, listen to a tale of woe
 From the men of Cranley we used to
 know.
 They were all hefty lads at swinging a
 bat,
 And knocked all corners in a "cocked
 hat."
 Their fame was well-known all over the
 land,
 They treated their foes with an iron
 hand.
 Their play it was great and pleasant,
 Agree,
 When they swatted the "pill" right into
 the sea.
 But sad to relate (I'm telling no lies)
 Along came a team as if from the sky.
 Splendid young men all lithe of limb,
 No fools were these strangers but war-
 riors slim,
 All bent on conquest awaiting the call,
 They viewed with disdain the Cranley
 Hall.
 We wouldst battle with thee said their
 Captain so tall,
 An iron grey warrior, a magnificent man,
 His name it was Fatty (it should have
 been "Ham").
 Battle with us! "you poor piece of
 cheese,"
 Why the wind from our bats would make
 you all sneeze,
 But Stay, stranger Stay, we will teach
 you a lesson,
 And if you get back, just call it a
 blessin'.
 The game it took place on Cranley
 ground,
 And breathless we watched as round af-
 ter round,
 Was played with a vim that would please
 "Conny Mac"
 With a tie in the Eight, would Cranley
 come back.
 Ten—Ten! The last inning with Cranley
 to play,
 The "Rat" he was batting we shouted
 "hoorah,"
 He never has failed us, we stood on our
 toes,
 He will win us the game and humble our
 foes.

But Fatty was picking and toyed with
 the ball,
 He had bet his last "Nickel" that Cran-
 ley would fall.
 He looked with a grin from under his
 pate,
 Then whizz! when the ball right over the
 plate.
 "S-t-r-i-k-e one! said the "Ump," we
 will kill him for sure
 And hang all his bones behind the back
 door.
 "S-t-r-i-k-e two," Oh! it can't be, you
 are cheating us all,
 And black were the looks from Cranley
 Hall.
 "Play Ball" said the Ump, Oh! what will
 it be
 Would the "Rat" smash the "Pill" right
 into the Sea?
 He smiled all around (a-la-mode
 "Casey")
 We contented ourselves he was taking
 it easy,
 When along came the ball with a terrible
 clout.
 S-t-r-i-k-e three! said the "Ump" and
 Ratty was Out.
 Moral, let Highfield alone.

PER M. J. PARVEY.

H. T. Bits.

Did you see the broad grin come over
 our new sergeants' faces when their pro-
 motions came through, as much as to
 say, "It only takes time to soak the
 army." No doubt our L.-Cpls.' arms
 will get a little tired until they get used
 to the extra weight.

Boys, the Mobilization turnout was
 fine, and the G.O.C. gave you due credit.

There is a rumour that Cpl. Roper is
 coming back from Bramshott.

We thought Bramshott was a home?

Is it right one of our corporals decided
 hospital looked better than acting orderly
 sergeant.

How excited and eager our boys are
 to get ready to handle that rifle for
 guard.

They might be real infantry men.

Bakery Bullets.



There was an old friend of ours around for the day in the person of Sgt. Holmes. His flow of languages is uninterrupted as ever, and his exploits are most enticing. Crowboro'

appears to be a veritable garden of Eden from his point of view, and he and Sgt. McIntosh are known as B.S. 1 and B.S. 2. Our Crowboro' friends are evidently getting to know them.

Ellison, who, for cool cheek, takes the biscuit, was likely to have been the proud recipient of a presentation from his comrade "doughies." It should have been inscribed "for 'expicious' bravery in the battle of Tontine," but he has been switched away some place on draft, so I

guess his speech in returning thanks will never be uttered.

Cpl. Bufton went sick the other day with a rash. We have it on good authority, however, that it was not the Welsh beer that did it.

C. Betts got a rude jolt when a stack of floor collapsed and flattened him out. We are glad he escaped so lightly as he did. He had a pass on the strength of it, though, and it's worth a lot these days, eh, Charles?

Sgt. Glass has been quite cheerful again since little Oxeter has been around again. Wonder what she would say if she had seen him holding hands with the "Girl Scout" down at the Shelter?

Songs Famous People are Singing.

BY C.S.M. PLOSS.

The Absentee.—"I've made up my mind to sail away."

The C.O.—"When you come home, Dear."

C.S.M. Nolan.—"Come to my Garden."

Lieutenant Docker, C.S.M. Ploss.—

Duett: "Two fishers went sailing."

Lieutenant McNee.—"Anchored."

Lieutenant Leach.—"Johnny get your gun," or "Schooldays."

Private to Paymaster.—"Friend o' Mine."

Private at Reveille.—"Trumpeter or I hear you calling me."

R.S.M. Murray.—"I must go home to-night."

Sergeant Farrar.—"Don't take me home."

Sergeant Turner.—"What are the wild waves saying," or "Sea, Sea, Sea why are you angry with me."

Lieutenant Docker.—"Out went the Gas."

On Guard.—Thy Sentinel am I."

Captain Laver, Lieutenant Docker.—

Duett: "Down the Vale."

C.O.'s Inspection.—"How lovely are thy dwellings."

C.Q.M.S. Parker.—"Boiled Beef and Carrots."

Q.M.S.I. Stead to new draft.—"Are you from Dixie."

Sergeant Jackman.—"The Policeman's Holiday."

Q.S.M. Allen.—"Come to the ball."

Men on pass.—"On the 5.15."

Telephone Operator.—"Hello, my Dearie."

Lieutenant Wemys.—"Every little while," or Pack all your troubles in your old kit bag."

Court of Inquiry.—"We man, We must combine."

Captain Hetherington.—"The Deathless Army."

C.S.M. Leach.—"Call me up on the 'phone."

Stranded Truck Driver.—"Where my Caravan has rested."

Staff Sergeant Hines.—"There's a light a' burning in my window."

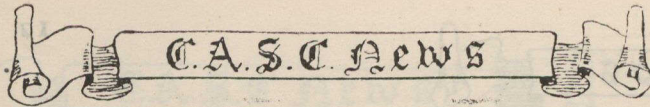
The Orderly Sergeant.—"Absent."

Lieutenant Boyle.—"I wish I were a tiny bird."

Orderly Sergeant Pond Hill.—"Beloved it is morn."

Lieutenant Brouse.—"Get out and get under."

Editor.—I love the Ladies.



The Kaiser's Dream

There's a story now current tho' strange
 it may seem,
 Of the great Kaiser Bill and a wonderful
 dream,
 Being tired of the Allies he lay down in
 bed,
 And amongst other things he dreamt he
 was dead,
 And in a fine coffin was lying in state,
 With his cold waxen features frozen with
 hate,
 He was not long dead till he found to his
 cost,
 That his soul, like his soldiers, would ere
 soon be lost.
 On leaving this earth to heaven he went
 straight,
 Arriving up there gave a knock at the
 gate,
 But St. Peter looked out, and in a voice
 loud and clear,
 Said, "Begone, Kaiser Bill, we don't
 want you here."
 "Well," said the Kaiser, "that's rather
 uncivil,
 I suppose after that I must go to the
 Devil."
 So he turned on his heel and away he did
 go
 At the top of his speed to the regions
 below.
 But when he got there he was filled with
 dismay.
 For waiting out there he heard Old Nick
 say
 To his Imps, "Now look here, boys, I
 give you a warning,

I'm expecting the Kaiser down here in
 the morning,
 But don't let him in, for to me it's quite
 clear,
 He's a very bad man and we don't want
 him here.
 If he once gets in there'll be no end of
 quarrels;
 In fact, I'm afraid he'll corrupt our good
 morals."
 "Oh, Satan, dear friend," the Kaiser
 then cried,
 "Excuse me for listening while waiting
 outside,
 If you don't admit me, say where can I
 go?"
 "Indeed, said the Devil, "I really don't
 know,"
 "Oh, do let me in, I am feeling quite
 cold,
 And if you want money, I have plenty of
 gold,
 Let me sit in a corner, no matter how
 hot."
 "No, no," said the Devil, "most certainly
 not,
 We don't admit folks here for riches or
 pelf,
 Here's some sulphur and matches, make
 a Hell for yourself."
 Then he kicked William out and he
 vanished in smoke,
 And just at that moment the Kaiser
 awoke.
 He jumped out of bed in a shivering
 sweat,
 And said, "Well, that's a dream I'll
 never forget;
 That I won't go to heaven I know very
 well,
 But it's really too bad to be kicked out
 of HELL."

THE HALF WAY HOUSE.

**WE
 KNOW**

QUICK LUNCHEON BAR,

HOW. 292, CHERITON ROAD (Opp. Youngs & Old's Garage).

All Canadian Dishes Served.

Our Ices, Teas, Coffee, Cakes & Pies are the best Home Made.

Hot Luncheons.

Hot Chicken Pies.

By the Hunks.



We have had the Big Push since our last issue. New Officers, new N.C.O.'s, and new men have come to this Section.

New Ideas have also come, with the new people. Some are good, some doubtful (Eh, Boys?)

What did the boys think and say on that memorable Saturday, when the Cyclone struck our Billets.

The air was blue for awhile, when they found their little treasures strewn on the floor. Carry your loved ones photo next your heart Boys, no room on the mantel shelf.

A New Broom sweeps clean, but the old ones know the corners.

Did we do as we were told, and look up the Infantry training book for the A.S.C. Drill?

The tables are turned, Room I. wants to know if their's will ever turn back, and it had legs; too.

We wonder why the midnight passes were stopped. According to Orders, it says get all the fresh air you can. But working in the shops all day, and having to be back to Billets at 9.30, these fine evenings, is beyond the limit.

We are installing a Vulcanising plant at the shops, but how many know that the method of vulcanising rubber was invented by Goodyear in 1849?

Does it pay to advertise in the C.A.S.C. News. Well, I should say so, Mr. — — — the Grocer advertised for a boy one day and the next day Mrs. — — — had twins, both boys.

Do you Know Him?

He never went to war himself, oh, that would never do, some men might draw an ugly sword and carve him right in two. He used to go and see the boys march off toward the front, and hide behind the biggest pole his weary eye could hunt. He was heroic, though, at home, at patriotic teas, where things to eat were handed out 'mid roses and sweet peas—oh, at these functions, you can bet, he surely made a hit, 'twas here that this canary always went to do his bit. One day he paid a quarter for to get in to a feed, he flung the coin across the board as though he paid no heed, to things he gave for such a cause, a trifle mere to him, to show that he had stacks and stacks of patriotic vim. And for this quarter, well he ate some sandwiches and cake, and every kind of curly kinks the folks could ever bake—he like-

wise ate a salad made out of eggs and beets—he ate some blood hound and some ham and 'steen kinds of meat. He had ice cream and coffee for to pile on top the heap—his ribs were lined with that 'ere feed both high and wide and deep. And what he stowed away that time had cost a half a bean, by heck this patriotic guv he didn't feel half mean, for he had paid his quarter for to fill up or to bust, to him the deal looked good and square, a thing quite fair and just. And so he floats along his way, through times of war and strife, believin' that he leads, by heck, a useful sort of life. For every quarter he puts in he gets a quarter out, and yet this here galoote will stand and open up and shout, I wish all folks would help the cause and pay the same as I, oh, gaze upon me, folks, and see the patriotic guy!

Opening of the Regimental Canteen.

H. W. PLOSS.

The Regimental Canteen was officially opened by Capt. Williams on Wednesday, May 28th. A very fine programme was rendered by the "Musical Cheero's Concert Party, and the evening was a most enjoyable one.

This Canteen is controlled by the "Army and Navy Board," and the Recreation Room is open all day for the use of the men of the Depôt. There is a new Billiard Table, for which the small charge of fourpence per 100 is made to defray the cost of reading matter, which will be supplied later. A new Billiard and Bagatelle Table are being procured, so one will not have to wait long for a game. On all takings across the counter, 10 per cent. is refunded to the Regimental Funds, which amounts to a fairly large sum. At the opening, Capt. Williams acted as Chairman (in the absence of Major McGillvary, who was unavoidably called away on duty). He was supported by numerous Officers of the Depôt, and made a very appropriate speech, pointing out the advantages of a canteen of our own, also the fine system upon which it was run. The "Musical Cheeros" were of a very high-class and good variety, Miss Bradley's monologue, "The Call of the Canadians," hit everyone present in the right spot, and Cpl. Vernham was amusing and original. Miss Lee (Soubrette), Miss Umphelby (Soprano), and Cpl. Gibbons (Baritone), were excellent, and Sergt. Call was a very able accompanist. The whole party was well balanced, plainly showing what hard work and practice can accomplish.

I take this opportunity on behalf of the Depôt in thanking "The Musical Cheero's Concert Party," for their kind assistance in volunteering to open the Canteen for us.

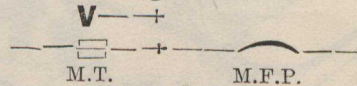
It was regretted that the Concert was not largely attended, owing to the fact of its being held on a fine day and a holiday, and so quite a number missed a real treat.

As a result of the hard work of Mr. and Mrs. Howell and Staff, the evening went along very smoothly, assuring the future success of the Regimental Canteen under their good management.

M.T. of course stands for Mechanical Transport.

Let C.A.S.C. be the driver of M.T. moving with velocity V . If this quantity V uniformly increases it may reach M.F.P., and then it may suddenly become a vanishing fraction and become Q . If, however, we square M.F.P., which is best done by introducing X_3 (that is to say XXX), or, when M.F.P. is irrational by the addition of L.S.D., V may again increase and assume its normal value. But if it be impossible to square M.F.P., a new term A.P.M., is introduced, and A.P.M. squared is almost impossible.

Another solution of this problem is often attempted in order to avoid the introduction of the irrational term A.P.M. It is called the method of least squares, and it does not involve the use of XXX or L.S.D. This method can best be illustrated by a figure:—



Let a semi-circle be described round M.F.P. as centre and let the numerical value of V remain unchanged. If M.T. moves along this line (which is called the line of least resistance), the conditions of the problem remain unaltered.

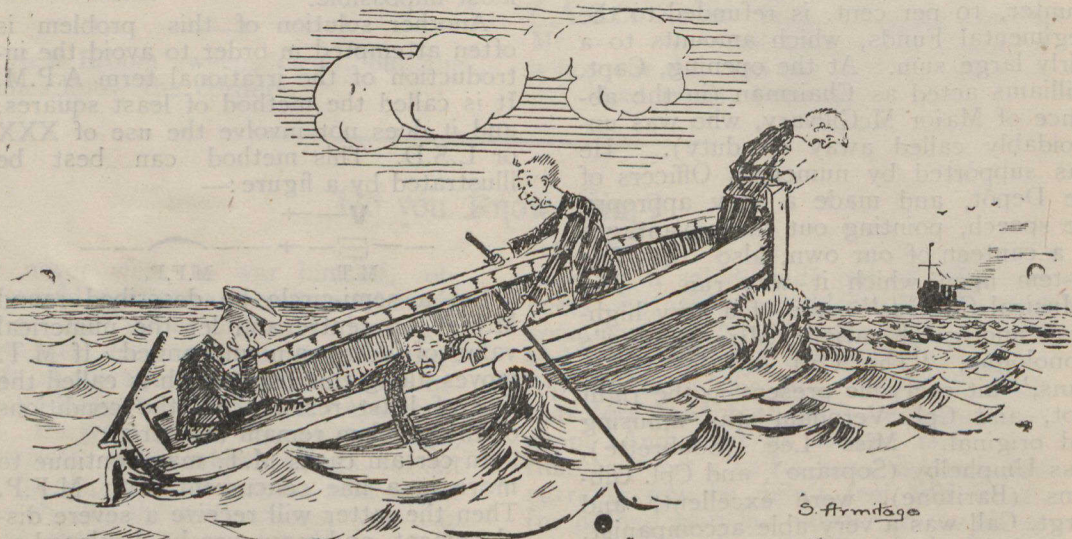
In certain cases M.T. may continue to move in a line concurrent with M.F.P. Then the latter will receive a severe displacement, and may even be displaced as far as L ('ell) if the impulse received be sufficiently great. (Note.—It has not been possible to indicate the position of L on the diagram, as it is thought to lie considerably below the plane of the paper.)

In the above problems it has not been necessary to use logs, but M.T.'s will find these of much use in crossing a soft bit of road.

Problems on the differential may often be solved without the aid of calculus, but when starting on a long journey T.T. (pie) should not be omitted.

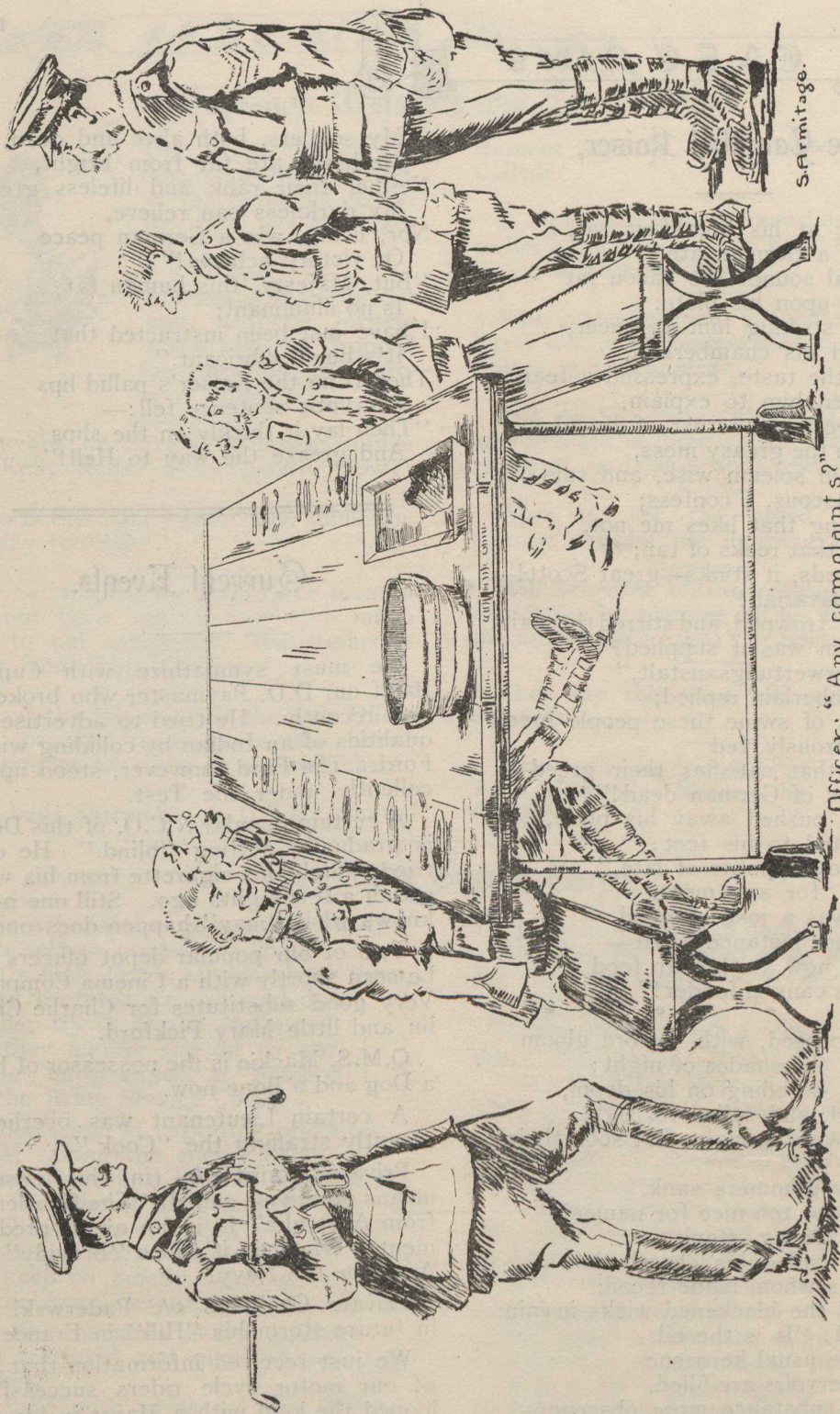


"Going Out"



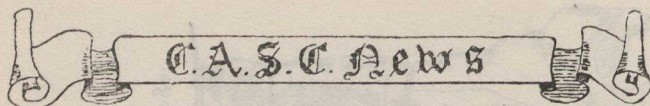
S. Armitage

About an hour later, "Coming back"
 "Some of the mechanics from "Hythe Shops"
 spent "Whit Monday" fishing but have decided
 since to confine their boating trips to the "Canal"



S Armitage.

Officer: "Any complaints?"
Private: "Yes Sir, - taters is bad"
Officer: "What does he mean Sergeant?"
Sergeant: "It's his ignorance - Sir - he means
spuds is rotten"



The Cannibal Kaiser.

The Kaiser at his breakfast sat,
 And like a German ate
 With bestial sounds the bacon fat
 That lay upon his plate;
 Its flavour striking him as queer,
 He called his chamberlain,
 Described the taste, expressed a fear,
 And asked him to explain.
 The chamberlain a crust of bread
 Dipped in the greasy mess,
 Chewed it in solemn wise, and said
 "It's nauseous, I confess;
 It has a tang that likes me not,
 A stench that reeks of tan;
 In other words, it stinks—great Scott!—
 Like a Bavarian!"

The Kaiser frowned, and stirred the salt:
 "By whom was it supplied?"
 "Kadaververwertungsanstalt,"
 The chamberlain replied;
 "The herds of swine these people breed
 Are generously fed
 With food that satisfies their greed—
 The bones of German dead!"

The Kaiser pushed away his plate,
 And started to his feet:
 "I've lost my appetite of late,"
 Said he, "for any meat.
 But never was a joke so good
 As this, nor instance odder—
 My soldiers now are human food
 As well as cannon fodder!"

* * * *

The hours passed, with sombre gloom
 Advanced the shades of night:
 The Kaiser, brooding on his doom,
 Shuddered, and called for light.
 The lamps were brought, but soon their
 flames
 To smoky glimmers sank,
 And (not to be too nice for names)
 In their expiring, stank,
 The Kaiser called his chamberlain:
 The fumes whom made recoil;
 He trimmed the blackened wicks in vain,
 Then said: "It is the oil.
 Not with the usual kerosene
 These reservoirs are filled,
 But with a substance more obscene—
 The fat of soldiers killed!"

The Kaiser sneered, and shook his head:
 "Mine is a pretty plight;

My soldiers, both alive and dead,
 Methinks are far from bright;
 Neither their rank and lifeless grease
 My darkness can relieve,
 Nor, living, win a German peace
 Or victory achieve!"

"But, Majesty, this human fat
 Is no illuminant;
 I have just been instructed that
 It's but a lubricant."
 Then from the Kaiser's pallid lips
 A cryptic sentence fell:—
 "Then lay it thickly on the slips
 And grease the way to Hell!"

Current Events.

We must sympathize with Captain Baulf our D.D. Paymaster who broke his arm recently. He tried to advertise the qualities of an Indian by colliding with a Ford. The Ford, however, stood up excellently under the Test.

A certain popular N.C.O. of this Depot is gradually getting "blind." He even tried to light his cigarette from his wrist watch a few nights ago. Still one never knows what "may" happen does one?

Two of our popular depot officers will be seen shortly with a Cinema Company. Very good substitutes for Charlie Chaplin and little Mary Pickford.

Q.M.S. Mackie is the possessor of both a Dog and a Bone now.

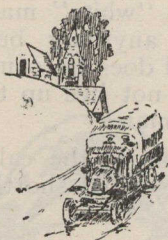
A certain Lieutenant was overheard recently straffing the "Cook."

Private Braird o/c (in this case it means otherwise called) "The Gentleman from Australia" is in an awful predicament. Which is it to be "Bravidy" the Army or the Navy?

Private Chalmers o/c Paderwski will in future storm his "Hill" in France.

We just received information that one of our motor cycle riders successfully looped the loop with a Major in his side car. This is not surprising as the M.T. contributes regularly skilful men to the Flying Corps.

Workshop Wrinkles and Truck Tales



Our Room Orderly is the premier hot-air artist of the Canadian Army. He sure is a "mad-en."

A certain man in our unit, actually forgets which foot he dropped the form on. He sure is a "Hopper."

Why are we having so much trouble with Kelly Rads? Does Tommy know?

Who is the Tube expert who thinks he can play football?

Our Section for the past three months have not been contributing very much news to our magazine. Will someone awake from their slumbers?

Who is the fair one that the little Office Sergt. parades regularly on the Leas? Has Dimples anything to do with this?

We bade farewell to C.S.M. Smith.

Rumour says he was anxious to go to Carlisle.

S.-Sgt. McNish is favoured as the Controller's successor. We beg to tender him a hearty welcome.

Who is the Sergeant in the last Theatre Party who was disappointed in Mr. Wu's failure in the final act?

Did the Sergeants' Mess D.D. run dry on the night of June 14th. Was this the result of an Irish-Scotch celebration?

Were any of the noted Sergeants "Stony" Broke the morning after?

Will Sergeant Wilson keep up Smithy's reputation by blaming all his troubles on the unfortunate Light Car Section?

They say that men with softest jobs eat most.

What will our friend Fergy do, if the Food Controller started his system in Camp?

The Army Service Corps.

There's a handful of men in the Army
Who seldom shoulder a gun,
And it's little that's known about them,
When everything's said and done.

And they try to escape any notice
As they quietly slip off to war,
For they never expect a "Send-off"
In the Army Service Corps.

They don't aim at capturing prisoners,
Or at taking the enemy's flag,
But they serve in a humble vocation
For the sake of the grand old rag.

Amid the inferno of battle,
In spite of the cannon's roar,
They keep on quietly working
In the Army Service Corps.

When the foeman's heavy gunfire
Has scattered and smashed their supplies.

They take good grips on their "Upper lips,"

And with a "Never-say-die" in their eyes,

They hustle round and square things up,
And they put them in order once more.
For they don't know the meaning of
quitting,

In the Army Service Corps.

When their fellow-soldiers are resting,
Awaiting a new day's dawn,
They are desperately heaving and strain-
ing

With muscle, sinew and brawn;
For they must deliver the rations
Although they are weary and sore;
They are ripping good men who can
stick it,

In the Army Service Corps.

And when the war is over
And peace again doth reign,
This handful of men silently turn
Back to their homes again;

And they try to escape any notice
As they quietly slip ashore;
But it's a way they have of doing things,
In the Army Service Corps.

Record Office Notes.



D.D.
Who is the Millionaire Private who floats around with one of our lady stenographers. Will he open up his heart and share one of his 30s. boxes of chocolates in Hut No. 8 once in a while?

What Corporal was it that only got the makings of two cigarettes out of a big parcel of tobacco from Canada. Where did it go to?

We are pleased to say that our Staff Sergeant came back from the boxing bout in London intact. He at least had a whole skin, and no enlargement of the head.

It must be a difficult job for a certain member of our Office Staff to keep on the water wagon these hot days.

By the look of things this Office will be well represented at the coming Irish Convention.

R.D.

"I say Peck when are you going to eat?"

Ask P-ck-r if he has a friend who is bald. A close shave, eh, Staff.

Poor old Whit is up the line putting over one of his famous "big deals." The boshes must be experiencing gloomy days, now that Whittaker is striking hard.

When did might Peckover with his bowman take the burr out of "Burries?"

Did Osborne and Stark make observations upon this operation and "Leach" seek to attach McCabe?

Did Griff negotiate a pass for the "Baker" when **Admiral "Beatty" and General "Gordon"** were in consultation?

What did the Corporal and Sergeant have to say who were on P.C. Duty at the time?

Is it true that a certain "white" man who retires early hates anything but pussy-footed N.C.O.'s and does he complain that "Sandy" does not live up to the teachings of the Sandman?

Classes to instruct pupils in the caligraphy of the pen will be started shortly by Corporal Cretney.

"Slim" Grainger still wears the smile that won't come off.

It is true that a certain Sergt. in this office shed many tears of anguish when he gazed at Slim (at home) in his Sunday best, and then suddenly burst into song "When I get my civ clothes on."

We must congratulate our own little Admiral Corporal Charles Beatty.

Who is the Staff Sergeant who sang "Mother may I go out to swim?" and then daintily refused to go in—lest he should get his feet wet.

It is understood that a Staff Sergeant hereabouts has a clue namely the footprint of an elephant. He is now looking for the said animal. There may be an opening on the intelligence staff if good results attend his efforts.

The registry family are now quietly living in one room. Mother "Cretney" has quite a difficult job keeping her boys from the dangers of the sea-view.

Private John Adkins has in this wonderful room a cabinet corner where he plays "Dockets." He says "when I grow up 'Mother' has promised to let me play with deadwood in the sea."

Private (General) Cox is now holding down the Admiral's chair while "Nineteen" keeps the wall in its place. Private Duncan has been initiated into the mysteries of this maize—including—Where they go? How they go? Where to find them? and How do they get there?

Sergeant Brigham and Private Bennie deserve much credit for the able manner in which they have guided the fortunes of the Headquarters Football Team. Keep up the good work.

FINIS.

Tommyes Tommyrolling Ossifers Ossifying and Non-Coms' as
Non-Competent as Ever.



Spuds are missing from
our stews
We don't care, we've
got the news.
With grunts, and yaps,
and chats, and pat-
ter,
Laugh with the news
and you'll grow fat-
ter.

First Canadian—I had a brother who
went ten days without eating in Toronto.

Second Canadian—When was that?

First Canadian—When he was in Win-
nipeg.

'Twas at a restaurant they met,
Our Romeo and Juliet.
'Twas there they first got into debt,
For Rome-owes what Juli-eat.

Talk of a bunch of sports—listen to
this: The married men challenged the
single men to a game of football. The
single fellows suggested that local ladies
be invited to witness the match.

The married men refused to play.

“Go to father,” she said,
When I asked her to wed,
Though she knew that I knew
That her father was dead;
And she knew that I knew
Of the life that he'd led;
And she knew that I knew
What she meant when she said—
“Go to father.”

M.O., on First Sanitary Inspection,
sniffing the air:—Sergeant, eh, there
seems to be rather an unpleasant odour
around here. Nothing the matter with
the drains, eh?

Sergeant—Oh, no, sir, can't be, sir; we
ain't got any drains, sir.”

Song of an M.T. man who served his
Apprenticeship with the I.N.F.
Oh, it's nice to lie in the trenches,
Waiting to charge at dawn,

To make a dash o'er “no man's land,”
Wishing you'd ne'er been born.
And when the shells are flying,
And the bullets whizz by your head,
Oh, it's grand to be in the M.T.,
'Tis just as safe as bed.

The U.S.A. Food Controller believes
that the war will last for a period of from
two to five years more. If it does his
job will be gone. We shall all be fed
up.

The military requisitioning of church
bells in Germany has led to many pro-
tests from the Pastors. But the Kaiser,
despite his musical tendencies, has de-
cided that this is not a matter for a peal.

A man was recently arraigned in the
local Police Court, for assault, occasion-
ing actual bodily harm to a policeman, by
biting off his nose. The Judge, after a
severe reprimand, bound the prisoner
over to keep the peace.

The next prisoner up was charged with
larceny of a gold watch. His Honour
again acquitted the defendant, stating
that the watch being solid gold, he could
find no trace of guilt.

Young Lady—“How do you like the
Army?”

1917 Recruit—“It's all right except
the beastly grub.”

Young Lady—“Well, what do you ex-
pect, it has been waiting for you these
two years and a half.”

It is a well authenticated fact that
donkeys thrive on thistles; it is thought
that this well-known plant would be valu-
able as vegetables in the Sergeants' Mess.

Slacker (holding forth on the way the
Army should be run):—

“And this medical examination, that's
another useless idea.”

“Well” said a sweet little typist close
by “It might discover whether you are
really a man.”

Supply Salvage

REPORT ON CANADIAN ARMY SERVICE CORPS SERGEANTS' MESS THEATRE PARTY.



A very enjoyable evening was spent on June 2nd, when the Sergeants of the Reserve Depot Mess held a theatre party at the Garrison Gym, where "ARMS AND THE MAN" was produced.

It was regretted that the orchestra were unable to be present owing to a slight hitch in their engagements but fortunately this did not have any effect on the artists who were admirable.

After the performance a Smoking Concert was held and Mr. Leach was appointed chairman.

Those who assisted in the programme were:—Staff Sergt. Evans, R.S.M. Eyre, Sergt. Smith, R.Q.M.S. Freeman

(Canadian Postal Corps), R.Q.M.S. Shannon, Sergeant Farrar, Sergeant-Major Allen, Staff-Sergt. Miller, and Sergeant-Major Ploss.

Sergeant Farrar met with a lamentable accident for while he was wrestling with his opponent, he suddenly bit Sergeant Farrar, who consequently has had to cancel all his engagements owing to this untimely indisposition. Anyway an objection has been raised and is being placed before a court of enquiry. The concert was a huge success and everybody enjoyed a most delightful evening and still more delightful because it was on the Mess.

Who was the N.C.O. who wrote on his demobilisation card that he required a farm because he had a Lamb and a Goat towards it?

We certainly must congratulate "Cher Petit Francke" on his promotion (whilst so employed) and it proves the old C.A.S.C. motto "Nil Sine Labore."

And did the aforesaid N.C.O. get introduced to some "Wee Lambs" from Zig Zag who treated him like a son?

What did Staff Sergeant Evans get up to on his last trip to London! and did he see any boxing!

Who was the Private from Pond Hill when he was asked what denomination he was! replied "Oh, I am an Oddfellow."

We heartily congratulate C.Q.M.S. Nivens on his well deserved promotion, and although he hails from Aberdeen he certainly is no JEW even if Jews cannot live there.

Who was the M.T. sentry that halted a sergeant-major and upon the N.C.O. making himself known, the sentry was at a loss as to the proper words to say next where upon he replied meekly "How do you do" and did he get bawled out for it!

Scene:—Pond Hill Camp.

Q.M. holding kit inspection of new draft.

Q.M.—Holdall!

Pte.—Yes Sir.

Q.M.—Clasp knife.

Pte.—Yes Sir.

Q.M.—House wife!

Pte.—Gran' Sir and ho's yersell!

Collapse of Q.M. and Staff.

When is Sergeant Turner going fishing again? and did he make the dog sick.

A TRAGEDY IN TWO ACTS.

Act 1. Scene 1.—A beautiful grassy slope, a rugged path, Sea in background, lovely blue sky (just like path leading to Seabrook).

Time 5.30 p.m.

An officer and N.C.O. are seen walking hurriedly down the path, joking as they go along and swooping fish stories. The Officer is carrying a fishing rod and the N.C.O. a haversack containing fishing paraphernalia.

Act 1. Scene 2.—Same two characters. Officer wearing rubber boots.

Setting, Exterior of house in Seabrook.

The Officer and N.C.O. are still joking until Officer's face darkens and complains his heel is sore. However, with a stiff upper lip and having the grit that wins battles and wars in his blood, he sticks it out until arrival at Sandgate, where negotiations are made regarding a boat.

1 hour elapses between Acts 1 and 2.

Act 2. Scene 1.—Large expanse of sea, a few ships in offing, sea choppy, N.C.O. happy, Officer sad, boat wobbly.

N.C.O. (winding in his line) Behold a fish?
Officer smiles weakly.

Officer (imploring) I prithee spare my dignity as one above thee and place me ashore that I may join my Kinsmen in peace.

N.C.O. (derisively) Oh, stick it out!

Officer (face green) I know shall be sick, oh why are you so cruel!

Reply was unnoticed as Officer's head disappears over side of boat.

N.C.O. fears displeasure of Officer, hurriedly hauls in anchor and makes preparations for pulling ashore.

Officer feeling decidedly empty. Oh! look at that Bean! (pointing to one floating on the water).

But the N.C.O. answered never a word a sore head had he.

Scene 2.—Chorus of Boatmen, Fishermen, Villagers, and Soldiers,

Singing,

"NEVER AGAIN."

CURTAIN.

Report on Military Sports.

By H. W. PLOSS.

Great interest is still being displayed in athletics by the men in the depôt, and some fine sport is being had in Football, Baseball, and Cricket.

The Football League is in full swing, and great rivalry is shown between sections. At present the teams are well matched, and the players are keen on their respective teams getting to the top of the league.

It is regretted that some of the football boots are such large sizes, but the smaller sizes are on the way. I cannot really say which is the worst, to be kicked by a man with a six foot wearing a nine boot, or by a man wearing boots that fit him. I should imagine the sensation to be just the same. Headquarters section is leading, and it is up to the other sections to get right after them and give them a run for their money. Remember medals will be presented for the winners of this league, and believe me they will be worth having. Take care the sergeants' mess team do not get them, as they have one or two dark horses in the back ground. Wait until R.S.M. Murray gets on the job; won't the balls and the goalkeeper suffer?

Baseball is a good rival to football, and large crowds are deeply interested in this "Real Home Sport." It is regretted that we lost the "Cavalry Game," but still we cannot win everything, and the "Mounted Fellows" are good sports, and can take a licking the same as we can. "Home run Baker did not show up so well in the last game, don't get downhearted. "Dough Puncher," Parks, Baldy, and Skinny Merrill play a very steady game, and work hard to keep their end going. Our back catcher, "Johnstone" is sure "Some Catcher," a man that can be depended on. Keep the pennant flying old top.

We have lost two games and won one, still a chance to retrieve ourselves now we have our new suits with the winning colours. White and blue always stand out well.

Our Cricket Team, ably Captained by Lieut. Docker is in great form, and it is regretted that so few men can only be selected for this team. There are quite a number of good men interested, and it has been suggested to form a second team so that other players can get a look in.

The matches played in June, up to time of writing, have been very interesting games. June 6th we played the Canadian Cavalry Depôt Team, but they were a little too strong for us. (The band were not playing the right kind of music).

We made up for this loss by playing "Westcliffe" and winning by 21 runs, McKay bowling 4 wickets.

For some time past the Committee have been endeavouring to obtain a piece of ground suitable for Tennis, but with no results. The ground in the vicinity of the camp is in a bad condition, and would take too long to fix up. Anyway something may turn up later, so do not be discouraged, strange things happen when the Committee get working.

A Toast to the New Draft.

Here's a health to the draft who're leaving
to-night
To join the boys in the battle of right,
Just a word of advice, which I trust will
not bore,
From an old 'un who's done just two
years and more.
Remember first that Canada's name
Is second to none on the roll of fame,
Treat the old times with a little respect,
Which in due time you will not regret,
When things are blue and your feeling
sore,
Just think of the boys who have gone
before.
They stuck it, and why should not you,
Like men of Canada, so are you,
Leave wine and women absolutely alone.
Just think of your mother or sister at
home,
Take a pride in your unit, respect your
chief,
And remember the land of the Maple
leaf.

CHUM

To some Canadians we know.

By Sergt. Brown, T. Officer.

We are over here in Belgium,
 With our face towards the Huns,
 Doing our bit for the Empire,
 Like all true British sons.
 We have left our homes and loved ones,
 Which to a man means all
 To answer to the Motherland,
 Who sent out "Duty's Call."
 There are some from far-off India,
 And some from Canada came,
 Some from the wilds of Africa,
 To shield old England's name.
 But before some British-born men,
 Would rally to the flag,
 Lord Derby set a scheme afloat,
 And started in to drag
 Each slacker to the colours,
 Which have stood the test of years,
 Who preferred the cuff and collar
 To the bloodshed and the tears.
 The life it must be very hard,
 Many people no doubt say,
 And this I think one reason
 Why so many stay away.
 Our food is not the daintiest,
 That point I will admit,
 And our dugouts and our billets
 Could be improved a bit.
 But it was not for a picnic
 To partake in that we came,
 So we buckle to and do our work
 For dear old Britain's name.
 Some try to come and fail to pass,
 And they are turned loose,
 But the men who never try at all
 Deserve the hangman's noose.
 To think that men of British birth
 Would hold back to the last,
 Is something new in history,
 And unknown of in the past.
 Let every mother say to them,
 Enlist, you're wanted there.
 To help to crush the Hounds of H—
 And drive them to despair.
 So do not sit at home, young man,
 But come and do your share,
 In case someone should ask you
 What you did, "Well, I was there."
 No better answer could you give

Between your puffs of baccar,
 Then you would say when he had gone,
 Thank God! I was not a SLACKER.
 By one in khaki, January 16, 1916.

The Returning Canadian.

(Tune "Tipperary").

1

From out the "Rabbit burrows" of the
 Allies' battle front,
 In other words—the trenches—where
 he's bourn the heaviest brunt,
 A Soldier, scarred and plastered, come
 from out the battle storm!
 And though he's sore and tired, loves
 to feel he's going home.

Chorus.

It's a long way to reach the Prairie,
 It's a long way to go,
 To the long wide and open Prairie,
 It's the finest land I know,
 Good-bye continentals,
 Farewell, England dear,
 It's a long, long way to reach the Prairie,
 But my hearts right there.

2

He's gone thro' many hardships and ex-
 perienced "War is Hell,"
 His comrades fell around him, men
 who served their country well,
 And now he's coming home again; con-
 tent, he's done his share,
 In fighting for his country's freedom,
 King, and loved ones dear.

Chorus.

3

He's seen the deadly shrapnell burst, and
 many a hero fall,
 In trying to help a noble cause, he
 went at duty's call,
 He's helped to punish coward Huns, who
 slew a noble nurse,
 And butchered harmless babes on
 land and sea, which makes us curse.

Chorus.

J.B.S.

Echoes' from the Cavalry Camp.

We wonder what the boys think of the 1st of July Guard of Honour, considering the mix up at present.

We wonder what kind of an exhibition will be given by our Big Officer should he been seen on a Troupe Horse.

The Strathconas all believe that they would make a far better showing in Sports if they were given the same privileges for training as other Squadrons.

We understand that the "Return-to-duty Sergeants" intend to drop their stripes.

"Marriage" is a lottery" we are told. This was also expressed a short time ago by a certain Sergeant of the Straths.

We are at a loss to know what a certain American in the R.C.D.'s is thinking since the last draft left.

Wake up C.R.C.R. You cannot halt an auto with a Sword.

It is rumoured that a certain S.S.M. has taken our hint in last month's issue.

Several Lieutenants are taking instructions in the O.T.C. We sure have a perfect training system.

The old soldier gag needs an actor of no mean order. One of our boys was seen not long ago fishing in the horse trough. Did he catch a Ticket?

Scotchy Ness had a busy time shaking "The Trumpeter."

Rough luck on poor Scotty. If he could only get a slam at Fritz now it would be a shame.

The boys would like to know if the Officers' Mess will be opened to the men coming off rides, now that the coffee bar has been closed.

Please Tell Us

If the report is true that Lounges have been ordered for a few sleepy individuals in the Record Office?

The amount of orders received by the Mgr. of that famous shoe shine on his advertising Tour?

When will the promised working pay come through in L.S.D.?

Did Hythe wish the Lancaster on Shorncliffe, or was it destiny?

Who is the Tommy that had a hole in his trousers and fell through and nearly hung himself?

What attracts the Registry Clerk of the B.D. Post Office to a certain Civilian Office in Camp? Some one intimated that he was of Belgian descent?

What became of the "King of Se-rolia?" Our friends of the C.F.A. would like to know.

When will the promised working pay go through?

The name of the Sergeant in this Depôt who claims to be a direct descendant of Annanias?

Who is "Mary"?

Did certain "chilled footed" Non-Coms. really parade and offer to revert to go Overseas?

If our D.D. Boys are proud of their new issue?

Did the cap fit a certain gentleman in last month's issue, or was he just naturally peeved?

Has Mack found the proper polish for his top boots yet?

Was Slim issued with leggings or spats?

How did our representatives from the C.A.S.C. enjoy the fight in London on the 7th inst.?

How many enjoyable stops did our Fight representatives to London make? The weather sure is hot these days.

Is our D.D. S.M. really going to Carlisle?

LEAS PAVILION.

MANAGER .. D'ARCY CLAYTON.

AFTERNOON TEA CONCERTS DAILY AT 4.

Admission 7d. and 1/2 (including Tax).

VAUDEVILLE PERFORMANCES EVERY EVENING AT 8.

Admission 7d., 1/2, 1/8, and 2/2 (including Tax).

TEL. No. 163. Seats may be Booked for Evening Performances from 11 to 12.30 and 2.30 to 6.

DAILY AT 4 AND 8.

Pleasure Gardens Theatre, Folkestone

(Situated in Bouverie Road West, two minutes from Leas Bandstand).

Open each Evening with all the Biggest Companies Touring.

Matinee every Saturday at 2.30.

Week commencing Monday, JULY 2nd—

Twice Nightly at 6.30 & 9, Matinee Saturday at 2.30,

Mr. Arthur Gibbons' Co.

In the Famous FARCICAL COMEDY—

THE ROTTERS.

A Tale of a Dis-Reputable Family, by H. F. Maltby.

From the Garrick and Strand Theatres.

Week commencing July 9th—

Comedy,

"THE GIRL FROM CIROS."

From the Garrick Theatre.

Week commencing July 16th—

THE D'OYLY CARTE OPERA Co.

Week commencing July 23rd—

Return Visit of

Albert de Courville's production,

"RAZZLE-DAZZLE."

From the Empire Theatre.

Week commencing July 30th—

Albert de Courville's production,

"GOOD BYE-EE,"

Featuring Mr. Harry Tate.

THE CHEAPEST HOUSE IN FOLKESTONE
AND THE MOST RELIABLE.

G. GORDON FARRER,
GOLDSMITH AND SILVERSMITH.

Watch Wristlets. Rings a Speciality.

8, Rendezvous Street, Folkestone,
And at Tunbridge Wells, Chatham & Gillingham.

Telephone 605.

FOR EVERYTHING IN MUSIC

DON'T FAIL TO CONSULT

MURDOCH & CO.,

66, SANDGATE ROAD,
FOLKESTONE.

**We are Special Agents for His Master's Voice Talking Machines and
Records**

(Known in America as "The Famous Victor").

Latest Popular Songs can always be obtained.

YOUNGS & OLD, Ltd.

Shorncliffe Station Garage,
Telephone **38** Cheriton,
Head Office.

Bouverie Road West Garage,
Telephone **621** Folkestone.
Open all night.

DESTINATION,	HIRE CAR TARIFF.	SINGLE JOURNEY FARE.		DOUBLE JOURNEY FARE	
		£. s. d.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.
Folkestone to:—					
Beechboro' Park	0 6 0	0 8 0	0 6 0	0 8 0
Black Horse, Swingfield	0 4 6	0 6 0	0 3 6	0 6 0
Cæsar's Camp, South	0 2 6	0 3 6	0 4 6	0 6 0
Cæsar's Camp, North	0 4 6	0 6 0	0 4 6	0 6 0
Dover, via Main Road	0 15 0	1 0 0	0 6 0	0 8 0
Dibgate Camp, Bargrove Entrance	0 6 0	0 8 0	0 5 0	0 7 6
Dibgate Camp, Newington Entrance	0 5 0	0 7 6	0 7 6	1 0 0
East Sandling Camp (Stone Farm Cross Roads)	0 7 6	0 10 0	0 7 0	0 9 0
Hythe (Shool of Musketry)	0 7 0	0 9 0	0 4 6	0 6 0
Hawkinge School	0 4 6	0 6 0	0 10 6	0 15 0
Lyminge	0 10 6	0 15 0	0 5 0	0 7 6
Naval Air Station, Dover Road	0 5 0	0 7 6	0 14 0	0 18 0
Otterpool Camp	0 14 0	0 18 0	0 4 6	0 6 0
St. Martin's Plain, Y.M.C.A. Hut	0 4 6	0 6 0	0 3 6	0 5 0
Shorncliffe Camp (Any Barracks)	0 3 6	0 5 0	0 10 6	0 15 0
Saltwood	0 10 6	0 15 0	0 9 0	0 12 0
West Sandling Camp, Sandling Park Entrance...	0 9 0	0 12 0	0 15 0	1 0 0
Westenhanger, Race Course Gates	0 15 0	1 0 0		

Minimum Fare, 1s. 6d. Per Hour Waiting, 4s. Double Fares between Midnight and 6 a.m. For distances outside Folkestone Radius or not mentioned in this Tariff the charge is 1s. per mile and 4s. per hour waiting. Cars not allowed beyond Camp Entrances owing to bad condition of roads.

Tele. 171.

Est. 1881.

VICKERYS,

BOOTMAKERS,

52, 54, Guildhall Street, and 27, Tontine Street,
FOLKESTONE.

Sole Agents for K Service Boots. Officers' Field Boots of every description.
Cricket, Football, Tennis, Running and Bathing Boots and Shoes in great variety.

SPECIALITE—Children's Nature Form Footwear.

Repairing Factory—132, Foord Road.

Urgent work guaranteed same day.

Stitching done for Trade.

F. J. PARSONS, Ltd.,

The Library,
86, Sandgate Road.

(Tele. 76.)

Stationers, Booksellers,
Silver Ware, Fancy Goods,
Military Booksellers,
Etc., Etc.

The Largest Lending Library in
the District.

Next G.P.O. Tele. 76

Printing Works,
"Herald" Office, The Bayle
(Tele. 203.)

Military Printers,
Lithographers & Block Makers.
Printers & Publishers of the
"Folkestone Herald,"
THE Local Paper.
Speciality: Military Magazines.

The House for Boxing, Football,
Sports & General Printing.
Tele. 203 Folkestone.

Also at Hythe, Hastings, Bexhill, and Lewes.

Dainties for Dainty People

Prepared by

THE

Tulip Ice Parlour,

BOUVERIE ROAD WEST,
FOLKESTONE.

...O...

Our Ices, Teas, and Coffee defy com-
petition.

...O...

COLD BUFFET open from 6 p.m. to
10 p.m., and on
Sundays from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.

...O...

WE CATER TO PLEASE.

H. CHAPPLE,

Artistic Hairdresser,

90 Sandgate Rd., & 6 George Lane,
FOLKESTONE.

Ladies' & Gentlemen's Hair Dressed
in the most modern way.

Marcel Waving a Speciality.

Manicure.

Face Massage.

Electrical Treatment for the
Face and Scalp.

Hot and Cold Baths.

Toilet Requisites.

Courteous Assistants.

We Welcome all Ranks.

GIRONIMO'S LTD.

RESTAURANTS AT

28 AND 92, SANDGATE ROAD.

For quick service, cheerful surroundings, cleanliness and moderate prices, don't forget to visit us.

Our Dainty Teas and Exquisite Cuisine Defy Competition.

Our Confectionery Department specialises in Home-made Chocolates,

And at 28, Sandgate Road, we are Sole Agents for

MOIR'S CANADIAN CHOCOLATES.

At this Restaurant we also carry a Wine License.

GIRONIMO'S TOWN HALL RESTAURANT

FOR TROOPS ONLY.

The Tariff at this Restaurant is very low, and has been arranged with the Local and Military Authorities.

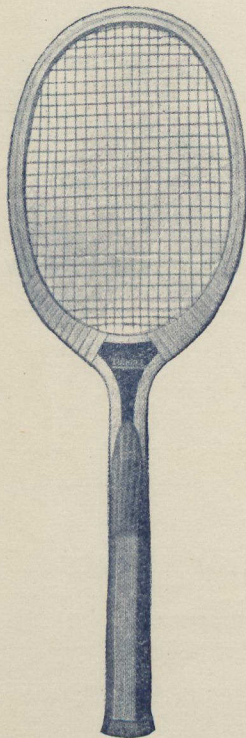
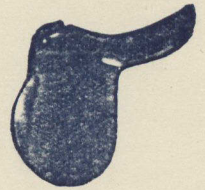
You will always receive a cordial welcome from our Staff.

MARTIN WALTER Ltd.

90, SANDGATE ROAD,

NEXT G P.O.,

FOLKESTONE.



We Stock

A complete assortment of
SPORTING GOODS
and meet demands for all
Canadian Games.

We Manufacture.

All articles are manufactured
by us from the finest material
procurable.

**WE DO REPAIRS IN ALL
DEPARTMENTS.**

We Cater

to all Mounted Units in
LEATHER GOODS.

Our Saddles, Harness, Canvas
and Leather Equipment are
the work of expert Saddlery.

Our Sam Brown Belts

for Officers, of the finest finish,
do not only excel in quality,
but defies competition in price.

Officers--Men--Attention!!!

We are Agents for the Famous

“*Armour Steel Cuirass.*”

These light Breastplates are absolutely proof against
shrapnel and glancing bullets.

“THE CHEMICO ALL CLOTH BODY SHIELD.”

This wonderful contrivance is both shrapnel and bullet proof

DON'T FORGET.

We manufacture and stock everything in Military Equipment.

Bicycles, Trunks, Whips, Belts, Spurs, Haversacks, Kit Bags, etc.

No Middleman's Profit with us.



Phone 116a.

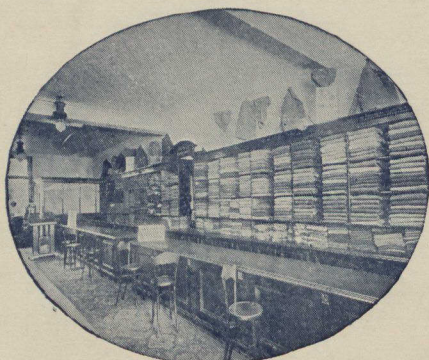
Phone 116a.

LONDON



HOUSE.

Acknowledged to be the Premier Store in the Eastern Command for Officers' Service Equipment.



READY-TO-WEAR CLOTHING DEPARTMENT.

**TAILORING
BY
MILITARY
EXPERTS.**



HOSIERY & MILITARY EQUIPMENT DEPARTMENT.

Rush Outfits.

We hold an immense stock of Ready-to-wear Clothing, both Military and Civilian.

**Trench Coats a
Speciality.**



HOSIERY, GLOVES, ETC.

All the Best Makers' Goods at Moderate Prices.

Agents for

**SPALDING'S SPORTS GOODS
BASEBALL,
LACROSSE,
CRICKET, etc.**



BOOT DEPARTMENT.

Boots & Shoes

**Ready to Wear
or to Measure.**

Field Service & Marching Boots in specially waterproofed Leather.

**Repairs
Promptly Executed**



TRUNK DEPARTMENT

R. G. WOOD, London House, Guildhall St., Folkestone.

Printed by F. J. Parsons, Ltd., The Bayle, Folkestone, and Published by Lieut. Fairhead, Napier Barracks, Shorncliffe.