

Soliloquy

Of a very gallant Gentleman, not
unconnected with the M.G.S.
Thou shell-head, buried deep into the
ground,
Thou poorly-plated-aluminium
thing,
I have unearthed thee; my long
search is crowned
With sweet success, now let the
welkin ring!

Infernal instrument of woeful war,
Launched at a distance from the
growing gun,
Wailing thy wicked courses from afar,
A hot and hateful message from
the Hun.

Innocuous nob! Ah, yes, did we not
see
The menace lately lying in thy dome
Now, useless, thou wilt ultimately be
A cheap and cherished souvenir at
home. W. W. M.

Our Strafe Column.

By the Strafer-in-Chief.
Said a Cockney on furlough from
Ypres,
It's a rotten ol' village for snypres,
An' the things as they do
Ain't exactly wot you
Reads abaht over 'ome in the pypres.

We understand that the Brigade
Headquarters has sent an invitation to
the Ford Peace Delegation.

A huge *standing* army may be bad
for a country, but one that *runs* is
worse.

Sergeant Brooks begs to announce
that Venus is now out of the Bath.

It is hard, of course, to live *within*
our franc a day, but is easier than to
live *without* it.

There is no truth whatever in the
rumour that the Battalion scouts
found all their furniture floating
around in one of their dug-outs the
other day—all, that is to say, with
the exception of the piano, and that
had been swiped by the 21st Battalion.

The Canadian Government has
deposited five million dollars in
Cox's Bank, London, for military
purposes.

Who said Cox's Army?

The gentleman who lit his cigarette
out in front of the lines the other
night would scarcely be edified by the
forcible comments of the vulgar
"Atkins" fellows accompanying him.

THE BOMBER'S HOPE.

I tossed a bomb into the air
If fell to earth—I know not where,
The shock that came was loud and
mighty,
When I awoke—well, me for Blighty.

No! Sergeant Vout is *not* the
original Newton Pippin.

A suggestion has been made that
we give the names and nicknames of
the various regiments included in the
Brigade. We would gladly do this,
but the 12th Yorks object. We do
not know why; besides nobody calls
them the Dirty Dozen now any more
than one calls the 36th Peel the
Thirsty Sixth.

The pilot of the German aeroplane,
which fell behind our lines the other
day, on discovering that he was
falling is understood to have mur-
mured between his clenched teeth—
"Tau-be or not Tau-be."

"Ave."

After sufficient experience on the
Field to enable us to appreciate
active service conditions, the Greet-
ings of the 2nd Division to the First
Division may be expressed in:—

Hats off to the First Canadians,
Men of heart and hand,
Who recked not of danger or death
When called to make a stand.

Canada's name was at stake:
No malingering there:
A noble band of the Maple Leaf Brand
Filled the breach, but not with
despair.

All honour to those who fell;
"Somewhere in Flanders" they
sleep:

But Canada's name is emblazoned in
fame

By those heroes whose memory we
keep. V.

Xmas Ghosts.**A WARNING.**

The ghost of Cholomondley (pro-
nounced Chumley) de Vere peram-
bulated thoughtfully the gloomy
corridors of Cholomondley (pro-
nounced Chumley) Joint. His head
was suspended from his neckless
trunk by an iron chain, and was held
securely under his armpit. The
ghastly blood-drops, or as one might
say, the spirituous liquor, marked
his passage through the dark building.

"Hallo! Who are you?" de-
manded a stern voice out of the gloom.

The spirit gave an unearthly groan.
"I am the ghost of the Cholomond-
ley (pronounced Chumley) de Veres,"
he replied in a hollow voice that
appeared to come from the western
regions of his pectoralis major.

"And what do you do for a living?"

"Into the lives of the illustrious
individuals who infest these towers
I instil dread." The ghost rolled his
"r's" in a manner suggesting a
Scottish ancestry, and toyed with his
head in a remarkable manner. "I
frighten elderly maiden ladies out of
their boudoirs, and second-lieutenants
out of their slacks. I haunt this
Joint twice each evening between
Christmas Eve and Hogmanay, at
6.45 and 9. That is to say, I have
two houses a night, and this is my
last appearance."

"I get you. How long have you
been on the job?"

"For three hundred years or more."
He gave a groan and through the

dismal corridors the clanking of his
chain echoed and re-echoed ghastly
and terrifying. "The monotony is
enervating. See this head," he con-
tinued fiercely. "It was amputated,
to be surgically correct, on the block
in the Tower of London. I was
deprived of my dome, as it were, by
an underbred Provost-Sergeant in the
reign of Henry the Eighth."

"Holy Mackinaw! How old were
you then?"

"Twenty-five. I'd just been
married a few weeks; my wife had
just started to draw the separation
allowance when—Swish! off went my
nob!"

"Twenty-five. Let me see now.
You come under Class VI, I think.
Now look here, old chap," the mortal
declared suddenly, "let bygones be
bygones; you've had a cinch of a
time these last three centuries; your
line of business is pretty easy to hold
down, besides it's a bit stale now—
in any case, nobody'd want the job
after the war. I put it up to you.
Remember Belgium. Your King and
Country need you. Get me? You're
not in your prime yet, and instead of
wasting your life around this here
Joint you should be doing your bit.
There are one or two points you ought
to consider. Come along with me
right now, an' we'll get you fixed up
O.K."

And that is why the ghost won't
walk at Cholomondley (pronounced
Chumley) Joint this year. He was
taken to the local recruiting station;
his head was stuck on to its natural
place, that is to say, on the top edge
of his neck, and since his birth and
education entitled him to a higher
position than that of a common
private he was made a paid lance-
corporal in one of England's swagger
regiments, and he is now doing his
bit in France. Good luck to him!

W. W. M.

Nature Studies.**No. 2. THE GROUSER.**

These birds appear to be frequent
visitors in the locality under observa-
tion (viz., Somewhere in Belgium).
Their general colouring is drab with
the exception of the face, which is of
a ruddy colour. In its habits, each
individual appears to differ, but they
may be roughly divided into three
classes, to which I will refer later.
While apparently this species usually
frequent dry land, of late they have
shown a strange partiality to water
or rather mud, at times taking up
their permanent quarters in places
which we should consider most un-
desirable. However, although ap-
parently choosing this muddy locality
as a place of residence, I must point
out that when there the grouching
increases. Now this grouching, from
which these birds take their somewhat
curious name is a grumbling or
murmuring sound, closely resembling
the sound of swearing, and is emitted
by them in times of stress or fancied
stress.

The three varieties mentioned above
are shortly as follows: (1) Those