

3. p. m.

Since we published the above it has been brought to our notice that the manager of the Hirsch Hotel has lost his gleeful smile and also that the proprietor of the "Forshaw Tea Rooms" is feeling very uneasy.

3.10 p.m.

Cpl Guthrie at one time secretary to a Dr. Gibson passed along Humble Str. just now and looked very sheepish, but we will wait for further news from Messrs Davis and Ormrod before we go further.



Last night I had a dream; I dreamt I went to heaven. At the portals of heaven I saw St Peter standing. I advanced "What do you require" said he, "To enter" I said. "Stop" said he "Go with that party over there". "Where are they going?" "To H..." I walked to them. "Hold" said St. Peter. "Where were you employed before you came here?" "In the 7th Battn Sanitary Police". "Enter heaven" said St. Peter "You have been in h... long enough". E. Whitworth.

Owing to the great shortage of room at the different clearing hospitals, No. 6 platoon would like to know if they can Turner Diamond Stoor into a Sergeant Major Ward.

Some remarks made by our latest exponents in the Art of trench warfare.

"I dont think I will be worried much by shell fire, because I have put in a number of years in a mine and am used to all kinds of explosions," said one.

Two or three men gathered together in the name of the King, comparing the qualities of their firearms when one was heard to remark, "I know my rifle will be alright, because, one day on the range at Shornecliffe I fired ten rounds Rapid without a jam."

Another one asked me, "what time does reveille blow when you are in the trenches?" While another fellow walked about for an hour and a half up and down the trench asking everyone he met, "Where in H... the cook house was". He had been detailed by his Sgt. to help peel the vegetables for the cook.

One chap asked me where our Regimental Band was, adding that he had heard of the 7th Battn's Band.

I felt very uneasy and much puzzled as to how I should answer his question, as he didn't state what he had heard, Luckily Bgr F. ... happened to be passing so I pointed to him and said, "There is one of the members, he is now fighting along with the rest of us." But I hate to think what his impressions of the band will be, if he ever hears the said Bugler sing.

- Sgt. Brown "Halt. You can't go in there".
- Pte. Mulligan "Why not, Sir?"
- Sgt. Brown "Because it is the Colonel's tent".
- Pte. Mulligan "Then what are they doing with "Private" over the door?"

Plays and their Players

- "The Sleeping Beauty"P. O. Corporal.
- "When London Sleeps"Nobody in the 7th.
- "The Chocolate Soldier"Pte. Millar.
- "Under two Flags"M....r B.....ll
assisted by Pte. Hunt.
- "Driven from Home"L.... H....
- "Sapho"L.... T....
- "Charlie's Aunt" (still running)L/Cpl. Ormrod.
- "The Houd of the Baskervilles"Ca. O..
- "Dr. Watson"Sgt Robinson.
- "The Squaw Man"L.... E....
- "All Scotch"Dr. G.....
- "On Trial"Numer. Lance Jacks
- "Watch your Step"C... P....
- "Beauties"Ptes. Allwood, Fraser and Mitchell.
- "5064 Gerrard"L.... Pillphat,
- "Maskyline Mysteries"Q.M. Sgts,

Answers to Correspondents

Sgt. Major and constant reader: — The S.B. badge now being worn by the Battn. Stretcher Bearers, does not mean the vulgar expression you refer to (The expression referred to is of course Silly Blighters. Ed.)

Anxious: — You have our sympathy. It is an old saying that "you can drive a horse to a well but you cant make him drink." The following method has been recommended. Place the wasp on the desired spot, then fix a respirator on the wasp and open a tin of jam. If the wasp does not come through with the desired sting take off the respirator and shout "gas" If this fails, throw the wasp away and get a German wasp and say "Calais or Paris".

For Sale or Exchange

Will exchange several gramophone records for second hand blacksmiths rasps. Records only used once by the P.O. Cpl. Offers should be addressed to the Med. Detail. 7th Battn.

Back numbers of the "Listening Post" clean and good as new. Would take C.P.R. or L.N.W. time table, any date any year. Apply. H.M. This Paper.

Over heard on the high road

"A great thing getting reinforcements, it will put the old boys on their mettle".

My friends, I should like to say a few words on this subject. We have now before us one of those golden opportunities which, if not grasped at once will be lost for ever. The sacred flame of enthusiasm which burned so nobly in our breasts during our short and pleasant stay on Salisbury Plains, has during the last week or two seemed sadly in need of trimming.

Now our opportunity is at hand — we have joining us those who are fresh from all the tediousness of soldiering in peaceful countries, the monotony of dry beds and frequent week end passes; who know not the joy of pets to keep them company — we who have been there, can sympathise with their past trials and know how anxious they are to taste all the joys and exhilaration of real warfare, which our comrades in the A. S. C. and Base write so glowingly about.

Let us take them tenderly to our hearts, sharing our many comforts with them and taking pleasure in their pleasures Let us do our best to give them a full share in our excitements, point out the joys of sleeping in bivvies; wax enthusiastic over the braziers, laughing with the merriest when for the fourth time on a cold morning it has been put out by boiling water uspet by someone deluded enough to think himself sleepy. Let us always bear in mind how truly loved is the man who always merry and bright, cracking jokes at 4 a.m. or when two men in the bivvy are and the third reading.

My friends never let it be said, that after thirteen months in Canada's army, with a short seven doing trench duty, our ardour is the least bit damped. X. Y. Z.

Postmen in the Trenches

The task of the man who delivers letters to our soldiers in the trenches is no enviable one.

Besides the trenches themselves there are many isolated dugouts and advance posts that have to be visited in order that Tommy may have his letters.

The only time when the postman can make his rounds is in the dark, when there is a lull in the firing; and, dodging about from one dug-out to another, it takes him the whole night to empty his bag. Even under cover of darkness he meets with many unpleasant adventures. Falling into holes made by Jack Johnsons and tripping over shells that have failed to burst are just two of his troubles.

When the postman is given his letters to deliver they are tied in bundles, and more often than not these have to be sorted without a light, for even if he happens to have a flash-light with him there is great danger in using it.

But in spite of these difficulties letters are always delivered punctually, the soldier generally getting them two days after their posting in this country.

It is calculated that the mail handled in this way amounts to some thing like 7000 sacks a day containing in all 500000 letters, and 60000 parcels to say nothing of 37000 newspapers.

The above article is from our bright little contemporary "Pearson's Weekly".

Wanted: — Bright intelligent man for position described above. Must be able to read English and dodge shells. Single man preferred. Apply P.O. 1st. B.C. Regt.

P.S.: — We wonder who writes articles as above. Is it a post Corporal?