

Stray Shots from our Contemporaries, and Books we have Read.

From a conscientious objector.

Sir,

Let the conscientious objector to fighting be trained and sent out here to put up wire. The job seems to be the very one he is looking for, because he can remain as non-combatant as he likes while doing it, and he will have the satisfaction of knowing that he is doing useful work and also rendering several hundred other men non-combatant as well. This last point should appeal to him immensely.

Conscientious objector to the job.

In the field, B. E. F.

(The Daily Mail).

She knew her man.

We think the Ladies Home Journal caption of "The Silver Lining" is a bit too severe for the following:

He was a Scot with the usual thrifty characteristics of his race. Wishing to know his fate, he telegraphed a proposal of marriage to the lady of his choice. After waiting all day at the telegraph office he received an affirmative answer late at night.

"Well, if I were you", said the operator who delivered the message, "I'd think twice before I'd marry a girl who kept me waiting so long for an answer".

"Na, Na", replied the Scot, "The lass for me is the lass who waits for the night rates".

(The Ladies Home Journal)

A boost and a knock.

(2 in 1)

To The Editor,

We have read with great interest your compliment to English girls i. e., your advice to the two Vancouver advertisers: to choose some of the fair queens of England's Shores, and must say we were somewhat flattered,

One paragraph under the heading of "Side lines" from 10th Battalion was however amusing.

The Canadian Tommy who is anxious to know what is going to happen—or become—of girlie in England, and the other in Canada after the war. Has Canadian Tommy ever given it a thought, that perhaps he is taking the "girlie" in England too seriously, and that she is wondering what is going to be done with Canadian Tommy (who helped to pass away dull months while England's Heroes have been fighting) when England's boys return to claim their girls.

It certainly looks as if Canadian Tommy will have to console himself with the little girlie in Canada after all.

(Some girls Somewhere).

ADVERTISEMENTS

For Sale or Exchange

We have the largest stock of Poetical Brainstorms in the country. These Masterpieces can be seen at any time of the day or night at our head office. Besides a bumper crop of Spring poems, we have a fine assortment of Casablanca parodies; one of these describes the burning ship so vividly that when we attempted to print it, the sheets became scorched. We will exchange the above for a cushy job in England or a bomb-proof job out here. What offers?

Apply, Editor, The Listening Post.

Tommies Friend or the Great 23 in 1.

Take a tinful with you next time you go to the trenches. Rub the paste into the skin and it makes you impervious to the cold and wet. Lice turn their heels up in the air when they smell it, rats keep away. Rub with your brush to a lather on your face and you can have a "head barber shave". Wipe the lather off with a towel and you have

had a wash. Touch a match to what remains in the tin, and you have a "Tommy's Cooker". To man it is so harmless that you can "chew the fat". Can be obtained from all dealers.

BOOKS FOR REVIEW

Maconachies and it's uses. By Ptes. Gray, Groves and Legg. The authors of this work were evidently well acquainted with the horrors of modern warfare.

Craters, and their relation to Old Age Pensions. By Pte. Drumm. The author has proved in his usual style that those two have no connection whatever. He has evidently been there.

Kissing bath mats. By the same author. Anyone who has read his previous works will agree with his statements that during a bombardment by the enemy, there is no humiliation in biting a dug-out door step or kissing a bath mat even in the presence of an officer.

SOMEWHERE IN FLANDERS

Contributed especially for the "L. P."

Somewhere in Flanders Oh! could we but know

Just where our brave boys are facing the foe,
From somewhere the call comes over the sea,
They're pleading for help, from you and from me.

They're fighting for us, our homes and our all,
They're dying for us, shall we heed their call?
Come, don the khaki, the uniform grace,
Answer the summons, take some heroes place.

Somewhere in Flanders, their thoughts oft will roam,
To dear ones they left in each boyhood home,
Have we done our best to lighten their care?
Have we striven hard their burdens to share?

Somewhere in Flanders—these words send a thrill,
To lone anxious hearts they're bodings of ill.
From there comes the news of each soldier boy,
The messages sent are greeted with joy.

What part shall we take in this awful hour?
Our Empire in peril, oh! had we the power
To waken each soul, ere it is too late
To drive back the Huns with their songs of hate.

Somewhere in Flanders the brave boys will sing
"God save our Country" and "God save our King",
May he share their griefs, their sorrows and joys,
Somewhere in Flanders, oh! God save our boys.

Sara E. Faulkner,
Stirling, Ontario,
Canada.



"The Mystery of the Mulligan"
or "Alas, my poor Brother".
with apologies to Bovril.