

The horses all I knew to teach
Rhubarb and Buddy too,
The problems of the Gaelic speech
A taste for whisky too.

Adieu kind friends, my heart's with you
On Flanders blood red ground
My hearts desire my wish most true
Good luck for you abound.

Farewell to Belgiums war-ing plains,
Its countless odours, pungent drains.
No tins of chloride quell
Farewell, a brothers blessing dear,
A scotsmans sigh, a parting tear,
Macmillans last farewell.

Farewell old friends though thou'st bereft
Of my providing skill,
A faithful brother I have left
Who'll well your stomach's fill.

Adieu to you the 1st. B. C.
All you my bosom friends,
That kindly you will miss me
Somewhat my sorrow mends.

What about the Paisley Militia?

HERBERT RAE.

Beaucoup Fumais

There's a PARK DRIVE somewhere in my flat,
There's a MOGUL in my chair ;
The CHAIRMAN presides at the table,
While the PLAYERS have got their share.

The BLACK CAT roams midst the wild WOOD-BINES
The GOLD FLAKES gleam in the dusk ;
Whilst dosing I dream of THREE CASTLES,
Through the smoke of : wait ; ARF A MO.
Some bloke's gone off with that BENDIGO
On the trail of my dear OLD CHUM.

The SWEET CAPORALS trying to banish,
The cloud from ABDULLA'S brow ;
While the BEST D - - VIEW (B.D.V.) of this mixture you'll
Is in DURHAM not BULL bow — wow. [get,

But now whilst the LIFE RAY'S are in us,
And we lis't to the call of ALL ARMS,
We'll all go and visit TUXEDO,
Or in PALL MALL allay our alarms.

Now the persian for MURAD is hope,
And I feel that you're hoping I'm through ;
When the NAVY CUTS out the CAPSTAN,
We'll all go and sail on the blue.

With all due respects to the reader,
We'll give him the choice he prefers ;
And with patience await his decision,
While DE RESKE shall be judge, lest he errs.

And now my dear people I'm finished,
There's nothing more ; but look here,
For your trouble in reading this matter,
A HAVANA, apres la guerre.

A Canadian

The glad and brave young heart
Had come across the sea,
He longed to play his part
In crushing tyranny.

The mountains and the plains
Of his beloved land
Were wine within his veins
And gave an iron hand.

He scorned the thought of fear,
He murmured not at pain,
The call of God was clear,
The path of duty plain.

Beneath the shower of lead
Of poison and of fire,
He charged and fought and bled
Ablaze with one desire.

O Canada, with pride
Look up and greet the morn,
Since of thy wounded side
Such breed of men is born.

Frederick George SCOTT.

Vlamertinghe, near Ypres,
April, 27th 1915.

Funny by order.

This is meant to be funny ; prepare for the worst. In fact to explain the situation fully and at the same time preserve the atmosphere I might say "Put on respirators." There is nothing to be gained by taking unnecessary chances. Anyone who has ever attempted to be funny by order will appreciate the dire despair in which I attack this article.

Almost anything may be manufactured in these days and nature herself become unnaturally real in the making. Only a few of the real old things run without wheels ; models without dates or possibility of reproduction. And of these the choicest, I think, is old rum, with wit a close second. and good N. C. Os. a doubtful third. There are doubtless others but at present I have forgotten them.

The point of the whole thing however, in writing a humourous article is to give a really humourous subject ; and here at least I have no complaint. No. 1 Co. of the 7th. Battn. elbow-room, pencils, paper, and possibly credit at the canteen, and verily I believe that I would turn out a best-seller.

No. 1 Co. at Valcartier, coyly concious of its own inaptitude, with a "kiss-me-sargeant" expression on its face intended to be propitious but singularly annoying to that worthy N. C. O. and black rage in its heart. No. 1 Co. at Lark Hill, full-fledged soldiers ; able to present arms by request, and not by numbers, and right turn at the first attempt. Also with knowledge of its own ability, a growing blood-thirstiness and desire to get at them, preferably with the bayonet.

No. 1 Co. at West Down South with mud its natural element and cerebro-spinal meninhtis its favorite hobby, pleasantly diversified by words with the doctor. Blood and beastliness its principal topic of conversation, and one desire in its heart. To get to France, And above all things at Valcartier, at Lark Hill, and at West Down South the authoratative voice that came and led them forth and told them thiags ; officially told them things, but on account of the censor staff, in a lower tone and with a hint and a wink ; when they were going, and when they were going, and when they were going. In fact told them when they were going.

And then No. 1 Co. in France and coffee and eggs in French farm houses and talks with Fritz on a fine spring morning ; wet trenches and sheep skins which — well, which were all these and more. The Ross rifle and blasphemy. And enough casualties to make it a dangerous but exciting game.

And then Ypres — but as I am not writing an encyclopedic history of the war — (we have Sir Max Aitken) — but am merely mentioning a few incidents out of which I might squeeze a little fun, if I had space and pencils, and paper and that credit at the canteen I mentioned, I guess I'll quit.

In fact I know I'll quit for I have forgotten just exactly what I started to write about, and if there is any joke in this article it is on me for ever taking the thing on.

Medical Detail Weekly Grouse

The M. O. emerges from the dug - out with an expression on his countenance which must be part of the medical profession. He wears a worried look and greets the first patient with, "Whats the trouble with you?" The patient then commences a heart - rending discription of his com-