

See the history makers and the geography revisionists at work.

Lightning changes of scenery produced by up-to-date scene shifting methods.

Swimming pools made while you wait.

American Fourth of July and Canadian First of July pyrotechnic displays surpassed.

Experience the rare delights of floating up and down miles of canals on duck board rafts, calling at caves and basins sweet-scented with the fresh fragrance of lyddite.

The lure of the hunt-----Expeditions into the wire jungles of No Man's Land where big game abounds. Adventure that far excels in excitement the sports of rabbit potting in England or tiger shooting in the wilds of Africa. No close season. No gun license required. Guides not necessary. Map locations furnished.

Music with charms to still the savage heart----Harmonious blending of sounds from light and heavy instruments that quicken the soul with contemplations of the paradise to come, and motions of the earth that rock you into peaceful slumbers.

Ye Olde Estaminets have added to their romantic charms many penetrating touches of modern science, while they provide all the comforts of a soldier's rest billet.

### Indent for Ice-Breakers

The excuse of a dilatory correspondent that he finds trouble in breaking the ice conveys a suspicion that the weather is to blame for a lack of contributions from many sources that were relied upon when we made bold to tackle the task of producing a sensational eight-page paper without the assistance of that valuable plugger, the patent medicine press agent.

Not being charitably disposed towards the weather, we allow its case to go to court undefended, and retain faith in the fruitfulness of the sources we had in mind.

We have indented for a few ice-breakers, and, when these arrive and are distributed, there ought not to be any difficulty in getting the channels into passable shape, after which the editor should have no further worry about keeping his supply dump up to the establishment laid down by Division Q. We have the honor to submit----!

No, we have not the honor to submit. (Force of official habit just about had us that time.)

Relaxing a little the strain of journalistic dignity, and falling back on popular newspaper English, what we mean to say is, here are a few mouthfuls of the scream dope we propose to slip across:

Afternoon Social Chat from the Army Service Corps.

Anecdotes from the Artillery.  
Bawls from the Batmen.  
Bursts from the Bombers.  
Episodes from the Engineers.  
Gossip from the Guides.  
Musical Gusts from the Machine-Gunners.  
Opinions from the Observers.  
Parables from the Parsons.  
Pickings from the Pioneers.  
Scourings from the Scouts.  
Shell Shocks from the Sub-Staff.  
Snapshots from the Snipers.  
Sparks from the Signallers.  
Trite Messages from the Trench Mortars.  
Tough Luck Stories from the Tump Line Squads.  
Truck from the Transports.

### Poets, Please be Patient

For various reasons we have not yet seen fit to publish all poems received. Some have been held over for further study when time is more plentiful. Some are undergoing analysis in the scientific thought department and others have been handed to the detective bureau with instructions to get on to the trail of ideas that were lost in hazes of domestic sentiment. Many pathetic lines are held over for possible future use because the editor, who felt the need of space for the relief of his own mind, refused to waive priority rights. As time wears on and the fad wears off, access to fame will be made easier. A new version of that old song about a boy standing stupidly amid flames on the front part of a ship, when he had a good jumping off place, has been rejected. That foolish lad was done up completely just after the outbreak of this war. He was finished by Fred Roo, the Elko, B.C., poet, who wrote:

The Boy stood on the burning deck;  
He'll never more be seen.  
They hit his head with an aeroplane,  
And his feet with a submarine.

With the first fall of snow that threatened to interrupt traffic, there was another substantial importation of foreign labor to augment the army of road workers behind our lines.

There was a young soldier named Hirst  
Fell in love at the sight he got first.  
But the maid at the bar  
Murmured "Après la Guerre."  
Her interest was more in his thirst.