



Well! here we are in Belgium. That "Unter den Linden" stunt is so much nearer. "Nearer, my Fritz, to Thee" is our battle-cry for the nonce.

First casualty in the band, Bill Bowles' pipe. Wirrah! Whirrah!! and the only thing Bill swore about was the losing of his pipe. If he could have just got his fingers on that Hun sniper. If!

Second casualty in the band, Bill Jack, spent bullet in the Dardanelles. No damage is reported by the War Office.

The band of "Ours" gave a much-enjoyed concert at the Convent Hospital. Compliments have flown ever since, and they want more, and, like Pears' soap, won't be happy till they get it.

They say we are not the largest band that has played there, but, nevertheless, we are the best. (No; they said it. It did not emanate from other sources.)

No wonder they say this. They have only to look at the chef d'orchestra.

The C.M.S. and the Q.M.S. of a certain company, who found their bedroom occupied by a bull and bouncing calf, were very unkind to blame the band. We are all angels, and are innocent of such tricks.

"Doc" Bowles is very proud of the fact that he and he alone snatched the chef d'orchestra from the jaws of death. (Bill is sure some vet., but give me death.—Chef.)

The wives of some of those bandsmen who never could get their better halves to help them should see them now. Holly Gee!

Gee Whizz! We almost forgot another casualty. The genial Jimmy Thompson, rat-bite on the left ear—no, right ear—while sleeping the sleep of the just. The rat then had the gall to use the unoffending eye of Ned Marshall as a foot-bath. Funny how the English customs follow us where'er we go.

One thing we can say, anyhow—the band is across the Channel, and all its members have been in the trenches and under fire. (Did someone say that a stretcher party got lost?)

We have indented for a gramophone record of Duncan Smith's "English" "When the pig stole the band's supper."

Who lost the stretchers, and why?

IS THE PAYMASTER IN?

"Say, Reg., when are you going to pay?"

"Hello! Corp. How are chances to see about an assignment?"

"Say, Pay., my wife has not received her money for two months."

The jays of the pay office are indicated in the above queries, which are at all times and in all places, even to Estaminets, otherwise Y.M.C.A., hurled at the innocent head of the pay corporal.

The strong conviction of this particular N.C.O., based upon experience, is that the battalion merely draws money for the purpose of relieving the paymaster of the responsibility of carrying it around, and then rapidly disburses it so as to be able to annoy the corporal as to the possible date of the next delivery of coin of the realm. Nothing is so flattering to a man's self-esteem as to have a man address him with a question that clearly indicates that the questioned party has no other duty but to remember the exact day and hour upon which Pte. Blank executed a document separating himself from a modicum of specie with the idea of storing it up against the furlough he anticipates spending in viewing Westminster Abbey and other places of a similar character—say, the Leicester Lounge.

The method of billeting obtaining in our