

A GLIMPSE INTO THE FUTURE

(of "A" Section Tent Division).

While wandering in a field gathering mushrooms I was suddenly struck down unconscious by an exploding shell. During this state of unconsciousness I had a number of dreams of my old chums at the War.

The first one brought to my mind was our smiling Tommy Griggs who was manœuvring a bronco on a strip of prairie land: he soon gained control of the beast and dismounted. Coming towards me he gave me a hearty welcome and we made our way to his prosperous looking house. On entering I was amazed to see Ravenhill Wood trying to cut a large bone into particles, to put in the soup pot. Of course I must shake hands with Scotty and bite his ear to make him feel happy. As we were having our supper we heard a fearful noise coming from over our heads and as we gazed at the object it came closer to earth, and lo and behold it was none other than old "Pop" Mean; he was making a great noise. He was in a large silk balloon and was stuck fast to the top of Tommy's barn. We soon extricated him from his machine and he was very grateful as you may imagine. After giving him a hot tot of rum he became very communicative and told us his ballooning experiences in France had brought him the position of chief Aeronaut to the Pollakoppoli Republic.

He told us that he had recently landed on a remote Island in the West Indies, due to lack of gas, and to his surprise he had seen Wilfred Scott seated on a rock amongst a flock of goats. Scott was able to supply Harry with the necessary gas in a short time, the strangest thing of all was that Scott had become so fat, that if he had been in civilization he would have qualified as an alderman right away.

After our repast Harry suggested a trip in his machine. We were soon in the clouds and rapidly nearing the Pacific Coast. In due time we landed in Vancouver and found out that a robbery had been committed which was now the talk of the town. We made our way to the gaol to see the criminal; the door was opened by a fine looking youth with a long beard and a beautiful mustache. He spoke my name and to my amazement I found it to be Orr and he was bearing a bowl of bread and water to the unfortunate robber. We accompanied him to the cell and were shocked to see our old side-kick Johnnie Le Caine, whose hair was cropped short, and he certainly looked very woeful in his striped suit.

He told us his tale of sorrow in a few words, he and Guy Lutes were in love with the same maiden and he had slain Guy in fair combat. Johnnie had the choice of weapons had chosen *talking*, and soon he had talked poor Guy to death.

We left Johnnie to serve his time, and on our way back to Harry's balloon we bought a paper and saw startling head lines recording the death of a famous Spaniard who had been killed when throwing the bull. It was none other than Ted Hargreaves.

Our next voyage landed us in Maine in a thick forest where we landed, and as we were gathering wood for a fire we heard a terrible noise near by and running to the spot found old Perse Henry. With his arm down the throat of a big bear, he told us he was trying to turn the bear inside-out so as to change its direction the opposite way. Letting the poor beast go, he told us that he had been in partnership with Rolland and Frank Smith but the business had gone on the blink owing to Rolland and Frank eating all the ice-cream and sandwiches. Both were waiters now in a Chinese Restaurant in Montreal.

We left Percy and next made a trip to St. John, where we learned that Millard C. Noble had a farm at Georgetown and was experimenting with turnips and how to make a hen lay green eggs. Taking up the St. John paper we learned that Don Stewart had been very successful in his cartoons and had put Bud Fisher to the wall. He was married and what with a wife and a big family of children to look after, he was kept pretty busy.

As I was about to board the balloon for a further trip I was brought to my senses by a second exploding shell and rubbing my eyes I made my way back to the cook shack, to find Harry not in his balloon but in his blue suit making the tea. I was very glad to see all the boys alive and well, and not in the state I had seen them in my terrible trance.

D. F.

AMPOULES.

If we follow W(right) we can't be wrong.

One of "the Pats" told us to-day that one of their water-cart men who is very careful of his H₂O supply is going to get the D.C.M. for saving—the water.

Who is the Sergeant who picked up a pair of wooden shoes "on the battlefield in Belgium?"

FIRST PRIVATE. "What were the real motives that brought us out here?"

SECOND DITTO. "Loco-motives."

The Editor thanks A.V.S. for kind appreciation, and would welcome any further correspondence.

WHAT OUR FRIENDS OF THE 14th M.A.C.
WANT TO KNOW.

- (1) How many "Innocents abroad" are driving cars?
- (2) Why they come in with such hair-raising accounts of their adventures in the firing line?
- (3) Why does everyone say "Good old Postman" and what answer does that worthy generally give back?
- (4) Why doesn't everyone buy the Chronicle? Nuf sed!
- (5) Why are we known as the Blue Hungry-uns? Ask the cooks.
- (6) What about the old man? Is he still paying out?
- (7) Why does the gramophone play "Onward, Christian Soldiers" so often? Does it mean we are going to have a piano?
- (8) Why has Corporal Turner given up the Secretaryship of the Sport's Club?
- (9) When is the Storekeeper going to begin keeping poultry? There is a good market for eggs.
- (10) How does Cpl. Williams, R.A.M.C., balance the weights of liquids and solids with the weight of rations issued?
- (11) Is last-named Corporal taking a patent out for his arm-chair?
- (12) When the sponge cake, polonies and custards (that some fellows expect to be fed on while on Active Service) arrive, will their mothers come with them?
- (13) If the chap that told Driver Baker of the 14th M.A.C. that he knew how to play football, had any brains? If so, he sure failed to use them.

ODDS AND ENDS.

(Contributed by a Patient.)

"Brief life is here our portion," says a well-known hymn. But then the same words apply to spots nearest the firing line and seeing that "brevity is the soul of wit," there must be some humour even in having to live this uncertain life!

Courage in Excelsis:—The patient who dared to ask for an extra slice of bacon.

There are two parades daily—the M.O.'s parade and the "Hunting-we-will-go" parade. Both are very necessary institutions.

One patient to another:—"If the Germans were half as troublesome as these lice, we'd have cleaned 'em up long ago."

The visits of the A.D.M.S. somehow create a certain atmosphere of awe; and yet that eminent personage looks anything but a pessimist.

Sgt. Noble Armstrong should make a successful practitioner. His innate courtesy will provide him with the "best bedside manner," so essential to a large *clientele*.

What is the average number of patients who daily apply for transfers to "No. One?"

The patients would dearly like to learn the name of the engineering genius who designed the new stove. Further, are they supposed to have their smoke helmets on all the time, in consequence of the stove in question.