

CANADIANS MARCH INTO GERMANY.

(Continued from page 7.)

kiddies. But I am glad to be here to-day. It is what we fought for. It is worth it!" Canada on the Rhine! Think of it!

Steadfast still in spirit, the men are tired out by the long march which has continued without intermission almost since the capture of Cambrai two months ago. They will welcome rest in permanent billets on their new front. It has been a long and arduous route, cut off practically from the outer world, mails often four to five days late, rations often irregular, and that sense of isolation that comes from marching through mountainous country.

Ever since we left the Meuse at Huis, we have climbed up and over the Great Divide of the Ardennes. This town of Schleiden is situate in the heart of hill country. It is the centre of big game hunting and its people are more akin to the Walloons of Belgium than to the German tribes. In fact they formerly formed part of Luxemburg. They seem to welcome us.

It is different in Bonn and Cologne, where the people are true Germans, and regard us sullenly. None the less, all of them expressed their joy that the war is ended, even on such disastrous terms to themselves.

As we get nearer the Rhine the need for enforcing strict discipline becomes more urgent in order to impress the civilian population with the conduct of our troops and also with the fact that we mean business.

THE BLUES!

I have the blues—some sloppy blues,
I have my red tie, too;
Next week they'll give me khaki, and
I'll leave this smelly zoo.

I thought I had a blighty, but
I'm going back to fight.
But work is play and night is day
With victory in sight.

I stood this morning by my bed
When Cap. came nosin' round;
He said he'd marked me off as dead,
But I'm not underground!

Next week Good-bye old Hospital,
Old Sisters, chums, old Cap.!
I'll have some fatter fish to fry
Before I'm off the map.

If I'm around when Demob. comes
I'll hike for home-sweet-shack,
And head the mob that hunts a job
To earn an honest snack.

I'll dig a grot for Jezebel,
And pen up all my kids;
Then strut about and sell my vote
To any buck that bids.

I'll shout: "Hurrah for Canada,
Her woods and valleys green."
No woodsier or greener chump
Has any country seen.

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Champagnole, Jura.
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ANOTHER THINK COMING.

Pickpocket (visiting friend in jail): I hired a lawyer for you this morning, Slim, but I had to hand him my watch as a retainer.

Pal: And did he keep it?

Pickpocket (smilingly producing the time-piece): He thinks he did.

UNIDENTIFIED.

During the operations of the British Egyptian Expeditionary Force in Palestine, a town to the south of Beersheba was captured, and in it was discovered a splendid example of mosaic pavement.

The excavation of it was placed in charge of a chaplain, and while the work was proceeding some human bones were discovered.

Elated at the find, the padre immediately wired to Headquarters, saying:

"Have found the bones of saint."

Shortly after the reply came back:

"Unable to trace Saint in casualty list. Obtain particulars of regimental number and regiment from his identity disc."

ROMANCE.

She was an incorrigible flirt, and she was married. Therefore she deemed it quite safe to say pretty things to the handsome captain by her side.

"I suppose," she remarked, "you've broken many a woman's heart?"

"Only one," replied he. "And that was many, many years ago."

She scented Romance.

"Do tell me about it!" she persisted.

"Well, then, several years ago I had occasion to journey up north. My only companion in the railway compartment was a very pretty girl. We rode on for many hours together, and no one else entered the carriage—"

"Yes, yes?" she interrupted eagerly.

"I never said a word to her, or gave her the slightest opportunity to say anything to me."

SNAKES!

A group of soldiers were telling stories round the table of the Y.M.C.A. hut. The turn of a Canadian came round.

"I have at home," he said, "a pet rattlesnake. I saved its life once and it seems to realise it. One night I was awakened by my wife, who had heard a noise downstairs. I gripped my revolver and stole down. I heard a struggle going on in the dining-room. Imagine my surprise when, in the dim light from the street, I saw my rattlesnake with its body tightly wound round a burglar and its tail sticking out of the window rattling for a policeman!" Next!

NATURAL THEOLOGIAN.

Bishop Flipper in an Atlanta address attacked bigotry.

"But, dear friends," he ended, "the best setback the bigot ever got was at the hands of old Cal' Yak."

"Cal was asked one day by a missionary what denomination he belonged to, and the old fellow's reply was this:

"'Bress ye, sah, dah's fo' roads leadin' f'om hyah ter town—de long road, de hill road, de sho' road, and de swamp road—but when Ah goes ter town wid a load er grain dey don't say ter me, 'Uncle Cal-houn, which road did yo' come in by?' but 'Cal, is yo' wheat good?'"

AMBITIOUS, BUT—

"I don't see why you find fault with him so much?"

"He's a blundering fool."

"That may be, but he's a young man, and he's very ambitious."

"Oh, shucks. The Kaiser was ambitious."

THE GIFT OF THE MAGI.

(Continued from page 3.)

direction. Eight dollars a week or a million a year—what is the difference? A mathematician or a wit would give you the wrong answer. The magi brought valuable gifts, but that was not among them. This dark assertion will be illuminated later on.

Jim drew a package from his overcoat pocket and threw it upon the table.

"Don't make any mistake, Dell," he said, "about me. I don't think there's anything in the way of a haircut or a shave or a shampoo that could make me like my girl any less. But if you'll unwrap that package you may see why you had me going a while at first."

White fingers and nimble tore at the string and paper. And then an ecstatic scream of joy; and then, alas! a quick feminine change to hysterical tears and wails, necessitating the immediate employment of all the comforting powers of the lord of the flat.

For there lay The Combs—the set of combs, side and back, that Della had worshipped for long in a Broadway window. Beautiful combs, pure tortoise-shell, with jewelled rims—just the shade to wear in the beautiful vanished hair. They were expensive combs, she knew, and her heart had simply craved and yearned over them without the least hope of possession. And now, they were hers, but the tresses that should have adorned the coveted adornments were gone.

But she hugged them to her bosom, and at length she was able to look up with dim eyes and a smile and say: "My hair grows so fast, Jim!"

And then Della leaped up like a little singed cat and cried, "Oh, oh!"

Jim had not yet seen his beautiful present. She held it out to him eagerly upon her open palm. The dull precious metal seemed to flash with a reflection of her bright and ardent spirit.

"Isn't it a dandy, Jim? I hunted all over town to find it. You'll have to look at the time a hundred times a day now. Give me your watch. I want to see how it looks on it."

Instead of obeying, Jim tumbled down on the couch and put his hands under the back of his head and smiled.

"Dell," said he, "let's put our Christmas presents away and keep 'em a while. They're too nice to use just at present. I sold the watch to get the money to buy your combs. And now suppose you put the chops on."

The magi, as you know, were wise men—wonderfully wise men—who brought gifts to the Babe in the manger. They invented the art of giving Christmas presents. Being wise, their gifts were no doubt wise ones, possibly bearing the privilege of exchange in case of duplication. And here I have lamely related to you the uneventful chronicle of two foolish children in a flat who most unwisely sacrificed for each other the greatest treasures of their house. But in a last word to the wise of these days let it be said that of all who give gifts these two were the wisest. Of all who give and receive gifts, such as they are wisest. Everywhere they are wisest. They are the magi.

RELENTLESS.

"What shall we do after the war?"

"After the war? Listen, pal; so far as I'm personally concerned, between me and the Germans, there's always going to be war."