

The Gate it has an ord'ly bold,
Boxed up close to it's portals,
And there he sits from morn 'til eve,
Inspecting passing mortals.

The tea rooms known as « Captain's ».
Is another type of Billet,
Where hungry soldiers daily take,
An empty place to fill it.

He thinks he runs it just for us,
This is an idle whim,
The boys, they run the show of course,
The profits go to him.

Some day perhaps when war is done,
And peace proclaimed at last,
Canadian lads will shew their friends,
Where many hours they passed.

Helping to beat the Germans,
Slogging at work all day,*
Trying to win a stripe or two,
Way down in Rue Dufay.

W. S. W.

PLAY-BALL.

Everything was in favour for the opening of the inter-section Base-Ball League which got off to a good start on Empire Day. The season was opened by Lieut-Col. Hamilton by throwing the « PILL » across the grove, which was thrown with such a speed that Lieut.-Col. Gagnon found it too hot to handle and thought better and let it slip by.

The UMPS called it a strike with much amusement to the fans in the bleachers. He then, like a big leaguer hollers out « Play-Ball » which put every body on their toes once more to see the « Great Old National » game played as the *Great Father* of the game, « Chadwick » desired it to be played, when he introduced it into the World of Sport.

The two games played were from a spectators point of view interesting from start to finish and were played in a style that would make Major Leagues look like Bushers.

Even Mc Graw, Connie Mack or some of the other great Ball Managers would be stricken with awe at the class of ball put up by the « Intersection League, ROUEN » and would think that they were not in the running at all.