

"From General Gideon, in sorry urgency,
Per Airless Ethergram. All charges paid.
Pressing—Immediate—a Corps emergency.
(By break in orbit seven hours delayed.)
Imperial Satan is abroad again,
Without formality of war declaring;
His chief, Apollyon, threats our heavenly fane
With fires from Tophet and impetuous daring.

"Four million demons from the depths of Hell,
Invading the neutral State of Purgatory,
Have crossed the Styx, and now a pungent smell
Of sulphur and brimstone credence lends the story
Of junction effected with Be-elzebub
And six ferocious legions from the Pit;
Our service Celestial, too, has felt the rub
Of fire balloons, and such, that bither fit.

"Already through the blue of Heaven's vault
Resound the echoes of his Hymn of Hate,
Save's something quickly done, he'll soon assault
The very threshold of the Pearly Gate!"
St. Peter's vision clears: "Our Gideon's made,"
Said he, "an error—not for us at all—
'Tis a Battalion matter, not Brigade,
And quickly settled. Major! Send a call:
'Shades of the 24th—STAND TO!'"
STARBUCK.

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A MISTAKE.

IT was a time of great solemnity:
The Battalion mustered on parade;
The Adjutant was there himself to see
Two serious promulgations made.

Matters proceeded, grave and orderly,
The Companies drawn up around,
Forming a hollow square; the Adjutant
Stood in the centre of the ground.

The men stood at attention: all was still;
Let me repeat—it was a time
Of great solemnity. Not e'en a smile
Or sigh disturbed the peace sublime.

'Mid deathly silence culprit Number One
Advanced to hear his sentence read.
The escort stood aside; the B.S.M.
Reached up and bared the culprit's head.

No sound disturbed the silence of the square
As Number One stepped back a pace,
And Number Two, advancing in his turn,
Followed him in the prisoner's place.

The escort stood once more on both his flanks
In solemn, stern array;
The B.S.M. advanced alone to bare
His head in the accustomed way.

But lo! A gasp of horror, half-suppressed,
Ran through th' assembled multitude;
A moan escaped the twitching lips of those
Who rigidly and at attention stood.

A mistake—a terrible mistake—had just occurred:
The innocent had suffered wrong;
A stigma cast upon the once fair name
Of one who'd served both well and long.

For when the B.S.M. stepped up to do
The task allotted to his care—
To take the cap from off the culprit's head
And soulfully regard his hair—

The cap came off with due solemnity,
'Tis true; but I regret to say
'Twas not the culprit's, but the escort's head
The B.S.M. bared to the light of day.

P.

OUR ROLL OF HONOUR.

MAY 10TH, 1916—JULY 6TH, 1916.

Lieut. G. S. LE MESURIER

Sgt. J. L. BRERETON.
Sgt. F. G. HENDRY.
Sgt. W. H. REDMOND.Cpl. L. CAVE.
Cpl. C. PAINE.
Cpl. J. R. TAYLOR.

Lance-Cpl. W. J. HOBBDAY.

Pte. C. ADAMS.
Pte. G. K. ADAMS.
Pte. W. C. ANDERSON.
Pte. F. BATTEN.
Pte. A. BAXTER.
Pte. R. B. BICKERDIKE.
Pte. J. BORTHWICK.
Pte. M. BROWN.
Pte. W. CLUNIE.
Pte. H. COLLINS.
Pte. R. M. COOK.
Pte. W. COOPER.
Pte. M. W. COUND.
Pte. J. CROFT.
Pte. G. CRONKWRIGHT.
Pte. A. DAVIS.
Pte. M. DINGWALL.
Pte. T. W. FAREWELL.
Pte. J. FARRELL.
Pte. L. FERGUSON.
Pte. J. FRASER.
Pte. J. H. GALE.
Pte. J. T. GARBUTT.
Pte. H. A. GODWIN.
Pte. A. F. GORE.Pte. F. GORMAN.
Pte. G. T. GRUNDY.
Pte. H. HARTLEY.
Pte. G. B. HOLMES.
Pte. F. HORN.
Pte. E. HUGHES.
Pte. C. J. H. HURLEY.
Pte. J. G. KENNEDY.
Pte. W. J. LEE.
Pte. J. MACK.
Pte. J. M. MILLER.
Pte. J. S. MCBRIDE.
Pte. E. MCCAW.
Pte. A. McDONALD.
Pte. G. F. MCGONNIGAL.
Pte. J. MCKAY.
Pte. O. PATENAUDE.
Pte. E. PELLETIER.
Pte. J. J. G. RICHARDSON.
Pte. G. W. RINGLAND.
Pte. W. ROWE.
Pte. O. L. SANSOUCIE.
Pte. R. SHORROCK.
Pte. J. C. SIME.
Pte. G. H. SIMS.
Pte. A. SMITH.
Pte. D. A. SMITH.
Pte. H. J. SWEENEY.
Pte. H. L. SWEENEY.
Pte. F. TESSIER.
Pte. F. G. WHITE.
Pte. S. K. WRIGHT.*Missing.*

*Pte. D. K. WAITE.

*Pte. A. G. WILDE.

* Officially reported prisoners of war in Germany.

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WITH THE USUAL APOLOGIES TO RUDYARD.

WHEN the last of the trenches is taken,
And the last of our comrades has died,
And the whiz-bang is only a memory,
We shall rest, as at eventide.
We shall rest, and, as "Kip" says, we'll need it,
And sleep in real beds once more,
Knowing real sheets and warm blankets,
And—believe us!—we'll leave them no more.

We shall dream of wiring and digging,
And trenches and bath-mats and gas,
As well as of officers wiggling
When late on parade (silly ass!);
And the glory will be the awakening,
Which will not be at six a.m.,
But along about eleven or midday
We'll turn over and snooze once again.

A. S. T.

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ADVICE TO THOSE ABOUT TO GO SICK.

1. Be sure there is to be a working party before you go sick.
2. If you are parading with a sore arm, be careful not to salute the M.O. too smartly with that arm.
3. When complaining of a sprained ankle it is just as well to put a distinguishing mark upon the bad foot, so you will know which foot to limp on. (Dear Q.M.,—As the grammarians say, you should not use a preposition to end a sentence with.)
4. If you want a high temperature, don't chew phosphorus. You might bite off more than you can chew. For further advice see my publications, "How to Get a High Temperature" (fr. 1.00); "How to Get a Very High Temperature" (fr. 2.50). Those seeking a personal interview may find me in my tent between a.m. and p.m. Fee, fr. 5.00 or one dollar Mex., or a nickel real money.

Q.M.S.

Gift of

Offert par