

## Shrapnel

By "BILLY" SUNDAY  
(The "Baseball Evangelist").

The man with an idea has done more for the world than the man with a gun.

If all the preachers preached the truth, I would be out of a job, the devil would be in the hospital, and hell would be for rent.

There is no measuring the trouble one wayward boy can bring to a mother's heart.

Don't look at your bank-book to find out whether you are rich or poor. Look at your character. The worst bankrupt is the bankrupt in character.

The best preparation for to-morrow is to do your best to-day.

Lifting on the burden of another beats training in a gymnasium for increasing strength.

The Lord sends a great idea into the world whenever He can find a man great enough to receive it.

There is something wrong with the man who never wants to help the under dog.

It is far better to limp all the way toward Heaven than never to make the start at all.

Faith is trust with its coat off and its sleeves rolled up.

It doesn't take any more ground to raise a flower than it does a jimson-weed.

Lincoln said, "I hope it may be said of me that I always pulled up a thistle and planted a flower, wherever a flower would grow."

The nickel has dried more tears than the five-dollar gold piece.

If every black cloud had a cyclone in it, the world would have been blown into toothpicks long ago.

If the glamour and glitter could be taken out of sin, the devil's right arm would come off at the shoulder.

Some folks cannot see anything but rheumatism in the rainbow.

Love is a wonder-worker, but it gets along better when it has brains to direct it.

If it were not for the help he gets from the church loafer, the devil would have been round-shouldered long ago.

Adapt your means to the end. You cannot catch a jack-rabbit in a mouse-trap.

Many a man is on the flat of his back to-day because he was not more earnest yesterday.

The man who is always wanting to know where Cain got his wife would generally be happier if he paid more attention to his own.

The man who tries to hide behind a hypocrite is a bigger fool than the one who builds his house on the sand.

## Forthcoming Books.

*The Great War—Mistakes I Could Have Put Right.* By "General" EDWARD LEES. (Edition de luxe.)

*English—and How to Speak It.* By CYRIL FRANCE and CHARLES NOT. With introduction by JOHN BAYLIS  
*A Night Out, or Over the Parapet.* By Privates NOLAN and KEMP. Sent free to any part of the world for 10 cents.

*Frolics in France and Flanders.* By BILLY BETTS and "BUSTER" ALLISON. With illustrations by ALEC. TURNBULL, EDWARD HUNT, and SAM EDGE. Price 2 francs.

*The Estaminet Epidemic in France.* An Anti-beer Crusade Pamphlet. By W. VICTOR TAYLOR and HUGH MCNAIR.

*The Rest Cure.* By GEORGE SMITH. An invaluable guide to Soldiers and Canadians behind the firing line. Recommended by the M.O. Price 15 centimes.

*Engineering: Past, Present, and Future.* By JAMES HEALY, M.Inst.C.E. (London). An invaluable text-book from the pen of one of the foremost engineers of the day (or night). Price, 15 francs.

*Goats and Their Uses.* By JOHN LONG NORTHCLIFFE. Being the result of extensive research and experimental work in Flanders.

*A Flemish Flirtation.* By PERCIVAL JOHN TEESDALE RIDDLE. Limited edition.

*Card Games and How To Play Them.* By C. REYNOLDS-BEATON. An inexpensive guide book for gamblers and "poker" fiends. Price 10 cents. Instruction free.

## Promotions and Changes.

Privates Creasy, Whiter, and Flanagan to be poultice-wallahs.

Sergeant Sloan, for probationary course with The Suicide Club.

Private Weston to be small arms examiner.

Private Billy Worrall to be pigeon fancier, and to be temporarily attached to the "flying corps."

"Belgie" to be kitchen mascot.

Private Mackenzie ("The Khedive") to be sniper-in-ordinary.

Privates Smith and Wilson to be inspectors of trench hygiene in Flanders.

Privates Watson, Edge, Cronie, and Hall to be members of the Institute of Mining Engineers.

## We're Coming, Mother England.

We are coming, Mother England,  
One hundred thousand more,  
To help you guard your island home  
As we helped you once before;  
But then we fought with honour,  
For we faced a worthy foe,  
While now we fight the Kultur of  
Three thousand years ago.

For they drown our little children  
And they crucify our men;  
They bombard your defenceless towns,  
And in the trenches when  
They fear to meet us face to face,  
Their Kultur finds excuse  
To save what they term "honour"  
By the deadly gas they use.

We're coming, Mother England,  
Seeking neither wealth nor fame;  
We want to meet the ruffian Huns  
To whom honour's but a name.  
For them "The Day" is come and gone,  
But for us the hour draws near  
When we'll hail our final victory  
With an old-time British cheer.

So, we're coming, Mother England,  
To help you in your need,  
And the Huns will find we're bulldogs  
Of the old-time British breed.  
For we won't lay down our weapons  
'Till this bloody war is o'er,  
And the faithless Hohenzollern falls,  
To rise again no more.

HERBERT V. HARRIS.

## Things Unlikely to Happen.

Full scope for the Editor of the Gazette.

Four pay days a month.

A section without a kicker.

Stoppage of working parties.

Establishment of a battalion canteen.

A full issue of rum for the privates.

Fair prices at the estaminets.

Jack Baylis singing "Sister Susie."

The cooks voluntarily giving up their jobs.

Any of *John Bull's* prophecies coming true.

A surplus of bacon or bread.

An immediate return to civil life.

The M.O. to lose his stock-in-trade of No. 9's.

To see the C.O. or Captain Dias without their riding crops.

An issue of "clean" laundry.