

The Ghost of the Old "Chatoo"—contd.

"Mortal, you misapprehend," continued the voice, with a hint of annoyance. "I am a disembodied spirit, a shade, an apparition—"

"'S that so?" interjected Smith. "I'm a bomber myself."

"I am a ghost," said the voice, "doomed to walk the—"

"Well, I wish you'd do your route marchin' in another place than a tired infantryman's boudoir," Smith remarked, with some heat. "'S just like you civvies—no consideration for the thin red line o' khaki at all." And he turned his face to the wall and closed his eyes.

This would never do. Guy de Montivilliers felt that his shady reputation was at stake. At all costs this intruder must be impressed.

"Listen!" he commanded, with an ear to the acoustics of the bare room. "I, Guy de Montivilliers, wear these chains and bear this diaphanous outline because—hear and tremble—I slew a man in this very chamber. His blood bubbled and crept along those very boards on which you lie."

"That's some better. Tell us all about it!" And Smith sat up and fumbled for his cigarettes. "I once threw a bomb into a dug-out full o' Germans, meself."

At this point the Ghost groaned—a truly heart-shaking affair, meant to be very, very impressive indeed.

"Try 'er again," counselled Smith. "Draw a deep breath an' let 'er go, Gallagher. You sound like a draft's first blighty."

The Ghost clanked his chains and gnashed his teeth, staring anxiously at Smith to observe the effect.

"Doin' F.P. number one?" queried the latter, pleasantly.

The Disembodied Spirit nearly rent his diaphanous outline in the effort of producing the blood-curdling scream of his ghostly career.

Smith nodded appreciatively. "Fine! Guy, old timer, you're warm'n' up. Reminded me of a Hun I once heard on the Somme what got walked on by a tank."

The Apparition looked chapfallen—although he was already about as chapfallen as a ghost could be and stay together. "Your hardihood is impenetrable," he confessed, wryly. "In the whole of a career devoted to hair-raising, pallor production, the shaking limb, the tremulous joint, the staring eye, the blasted intelligence, I have never encountered such armoured impudence."

"Talk like our Colonel, you do," remarked Smith. "But tell us about this ghostin'—d'you work union hours, or are you like a soldier, on the job all the time?"

"Pale phantom of this sub-lunar planet," said the Spirit, "seek not to unravel the mysteries of the Hidden World; pry not into the depths whence spring such as I—"

"Yes, Guy de Montivilliers," interrupted Smith. "That's the chorus, I guess."

"I have seen—" declaimed the Spirit, summoning all his powers for a last assault on the Bomber's nerves—"I have seen blood flow in torrents, the duel, the midnight assassination—"

"Ha! ha! ha!" commented Smith, in a deep undertone.

"These very walls," continued the Ghost, in a hurt voice, "have echoed the screams of the dying, and the wan light of a morning of death has spread like a stain through this shattered casement. Not so long ago men in grey came here with thunders and lightnings, and a fusillade of bullets. Others in blue coats and red breeches pursued them, and all about was an inferno of shrieking steel and a litter of corpses—"

"Napoo," Smith amended. "Go on, Philip Gibbs!"

"The uproar and destruction were such that even I—"

"Go on!" insisted the Bomber.

"Was—was appalled and fled from my ghostly haunts—"

"Bomb-proofer!" denounced Smith. "You cringin', creepin' reptile. Call yourself a Frenchman, an' didn't join the dig-in? You ain't no decent, self-respectin' ghost, bah!" He lit a cigarette. "Beat it before I tear your can off," he ordered, in the tone of finality.

The Shade shuddered and looked wistfully at the Bomber.

"G'wan!" insisted the latter, and the Ghost, with a sigh of despair, disappeared through a portion of the wall which announced that Pierre Lemaitre, soldat, 31e Regiment d'Infanterie, was prepared to espouse a wealthy widow, a rich land proprietrix, or the owner of an estaminet with a good location.

J. W. C.

The Kaiser's Birthday.

On the occasion of the Kaiser's fifty-ninth birthday all was quiet in the trenches held by the famous "Byng Boys"; but even during such quiet times our patrols ever keep a watchful eye open for the celebration that is to be expected at such a time.

One of our men who was on duty at the cruel hour of three ack emma, noticed that the All Highest's main supporter, Lady Werfer, was about to commence her daily duties, and being of a generous nature, he decided to donate a clip of highly-polished .303.

Immediately this presentation was made, Lady Werfer sent her eldest daughter, Minnie, to search for the donor; but when Minnie arrived at the suspected spot and found no one in sight, she burst into tiers (of sandbags).

Captain G. Howie Chutes being close by, heard her sobs, and at once sent his most reliable assistant, Lieutenant O. U. Stokes, to inform her friends of Minnie's fate.

Mr. O. U. Stokes soon reached his destination and immediately spread his message. This caused great alarm, and a search party was at once sent out.

As they had received no definite instructions where to go, they decided to separate, and each went his own way in search of Captain G. Howie Chutes. In doing so they disturbed many peaceful residents in the vicinity, who at once responded by sending up two red flares. Immediately a big row developed at which both sides took a hand until daylight put a stop to their activities.

Spr. F. N. BLUE, C.E.



Civvy: "I suppose that village could be taken by tanks in quick time?"

Sergeant: "Some of the tanks in my platoon would take it in no time at all."

Medical Officer: "You don't mean to tell me that a little thing like that bothers you? Now, tell the truth; if you were in civilian life, would you come to me with a thing like that?"

Private Swingit: "No ——— fear; I'd go to a doctor!"