

40.—Then the Adjutant did complain and say, "Great O. C., the screeds and parchments are many and I must needs have a marshall from amongst the hirelings to watch over the guards and duties and the parties that labour". And there was amongst the hirelings of the Fusiliers of the river where the salmon spawns, one with the face of a cherub, yet of much roundness like unto the harvest moon and feet that were large and of amazing flatness; whose voice was of brass like unto the sounding trimbrel and with all of a large and imposing figure. And the O. C. looked upon him and said, "Thy face is youthfull and I much misdoubt me; yet thou hast served with much distinction on the King's Body Guard and I will make thee to be marshall of my hirelings. Yet in the chances that I might change my mind after many days—it shall be but provisional—and shouldst thou not speak with a voice like thunder and jump like unto the spring of a grasshopper thou shalt go back amongst my hirelings again. And that thou shalt be known amongst men, thou shalt wear a crown of cloth upon thy right sleeve and be called my S. M."

41.—And at this time the A. A. did leave for the throne room of the Chief of all the treasure of the Army, and the O. C. did place in his stead one who was of smart appearance.

(To be Continued)

Little Dad War-Ton

Gaily went courtin'

Somewhere in France they say,

A pretty French maid,

A match with her made

To run a beer estaminet.

TO YPRES MAY 1916

It is rumoured that the Huns have dropped a message from one of their 'planes, declaring they will clean the Ypres salient by April 9th.

Ypres! Proud emblem of glorious stand,
That Belgium made against the oppressors might,
You've felt the weight of his relentless hand,
And still he vents on his wicked spite.
A year ago, we saw you when the Hun
Had robbed you of your jewels, but left you yet
Your soul—your citizens—and everyone,
Were brave and cheerful, trying to forget
Their hourly danger. Then we took our stand
To guard you 'gainst the contact of the foe.

And on a sudden, his vengeful hand,
Struck, to attain you, an overpowering blow.
You staggered 'neath the shock. Your people fled.
And we who met the foeman face to face,
Fought till the fields with his vile blood ran red,
Fought as became the men of British race—
To guard you, Ypres. Then the advancing Hun
Staggered and shaken by our mighty blows,
Retreated to his lair, his task undone
And learned respect for his Canadian foes.

A year has passed, and still your battered walls,
Spell grim defiance to the crouching Hun,
He lying waits, seeing your mighty halls,
Standing in ruins, thinks the time has come
To strive once more, accomplish his desire.
Kill your defenders, work on his will.
Fear not, brave City! We have faced the fire,
And will again; Ypres, we guard you still.

Corp. W. M. Scanlon,

5th Can. Battalion.



Does anybody know the cause of Pte. Hays haggard appearance? Is it the increased artillery activity, or is it the distance that separates him from the fair Yvonne?

Who is Snookums of D h? Ask the Sergeant Cook.

Is the R.Q.M.S. still in love with a girl in Bailleul.

Would Pte. McIver be just as good for a "hand out" if he was running a restaurant of his own?

Has Cpl. Robins found out how to spell 'Sweetheart'?

Does Sgt. Keating kiss the band "Good night"?

Is Pte. Gray just a 'draft' clerk in the Editor's office or is he on the staff?

THINGS EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW

The News Editor has been arrested.

The 7th Battalion has it's own munition factory. Pte. "Bill" Burchnall is in charge.

Pte. Farthing says he can speak fifteen different languages.

When the first Division were in action on Salisbury Plains, there was a theatre at Tidworth with this sign hung out. Soldiers only on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, Canadians on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays,

MY IDEAL

- She must have dimples, long eyelashes, and a very white neck.
- She must not take more than a size three in shoes.
- She must be able to drink good wine without insisting on singing.
- She must not swear any stronger than a little "Dam".
- She must believe all I tell her when I come home late at night.
- She must not threaten to go home to Ma more than once a day.
- She must laugh at stale jokes at the right time.
- She must not be more than forty years old, or young.
- She must call me "Bill".
- She must not weigh more than 160 pounds.
- She must be unable to lace up her own shoes, or anything else that may require lacing, buttoning or tying.
- She must be able to smoke a cigarette without coughing.
- She must not, if a widow, persist in telling me of her first husband.
- She must have enough money to get a divorce.
- She must be able to cry at a moments notice, and stop as soon as she has won her point.

(Printer's note: This must cease as I have used up all the letters M. U. S. T.)

In a nut shell—I want a wife.

(With apologies to the author of "I want a husband" in the "Smart Set".)

Address, Box 656 "Bill" 7th Canadians, France,
c/o The Editor,
"The Listening Post".