

**THE BARR MYSTERY SOLVED**

Owing to the fact that several of the higher grade N.C.O.'s are deeply involved in the plot to stigmatise Staff Sergeant Barr's chickens—not the down-town variety—we are not able to divulge the harrowing details of this heinous undertaking, which would go a long way to putting Phils mystery pictures way into the shade.

What we do know is that the chicken in question has worn a dejected attitude ever since the discovery of the hard-boiled egg in its nest; and has been watching the goose very closely. We understand the feelings of this unfortunate bird and she has our heartfelt sympathies. We admit Sergeant Barr is a lover of animals—birds and insects—we've often seen him scratching—but since his pact with Tommy Howde was broken he has acted in a queer way and we have come to the conclusion that if our friend Dodds did not put the egg in the nest then the boiling rage of the Staff Sergeant accounted for the cooking of that egg. If Barr is not satisfied let him ask C.S.M. Evans. His footprints were found near the chicken house by our sleuths and there is no mistaking those feet.

**"ANGEL FACE"**

'Angel Face'—we called him—he looked so much the part Of Angel—that it suited him—but Sir! a lion's heart Could not be braver nor more eager for the chase Than was this lad's—to meet the foe and fight them face to face. Ah!—he was the right sort—Sir! that limp form lying there Pardon me, Sir!—my eyes do blink, must be that flashlights glare!

The report of what he did—Sir! Why, Sir, 'twas just like this. Our Company just an hour ago was in a pretty tight fix For as we came forward on the charge to take the hill-crest here A machine-gun of the enemies was sweeping our lines with fire, Then—'Angel Face' that lad Sir!—unbidden saved the day, For all alone lying flat on the ground he crept till he reached the mound

Where the enemy's gun was flashing and belching death fast as they could fire And out of the smoke—and the flash—and the flame Out of this Hell!—he 'Angel Face' came.

And standing erect—a bomb he threw  
With a long free sweep of the arm  
—and his aim was true,  
For the enemy's gun was without its crew.  
Then he bounded forward—like a hound in a race  
And turned the gun—till its muzzle did face  
The enemy's ranks—and he swept their centre and swept their flanks,  
Till the Huns retreated over the banks  
Where they could fire on this hero by book and by chart  
With a raking fire—till they reached his heart.

Ah—it's a story—I'll love to tell how this hero—brave 'Angel Face' fell  
For—ere he sank under the unequal fight  
His face did shine with the martyr's light  
And his form was erect—as he turned around  
To give us the Salute—ere he sank to the ground.  
That's all, Sir! Oh, damn that flashlight's glare!  
It's always a-seeming into my blooming old eyes to stare!  
Sapper Edward J. Green

**IT WAS TOO BAD!**

Of all the glad things on this earth, I have had since the day of my birth,  
'Twas out swimming with 'Dolly'; I was sure feeling jolly—  
But was stopped by our Corporal Firth.

"Bugs".

**CONGRATULATIONS.**

- Sergt. Davidson, R.
- A/Sergt. Vrooman, H.
- Corp. Carter, J. F.
- Corp. MacDonald, D.
- Corp. Cox, J.
- Corp. Turney, E. C.
- Corp. Barrows, G. J.
- Corp. Mallinson, J. H.
- Corp. Farley, G. E.
- 2nd Corpl. Hamilton, G.
- Lee. Cpl. Patton, A.
- Lee. Corp. Waller, A.
- Lee. Cpl. Roy, A. J.
- Lee. Cpl. Kirk, C. W.
- Lee. Cpl. Williams, J.
- Lee. Cpl. McComb, C.
- Lee. Cpl. Eddy, A.
- Lee. Cpl. Smith, W.
- Lee. Cpl. Robb, R. C.
- Lee. Cpl. Harris, C. H.
- Lee. Cpl. Yellowby, P.
- Lee. Cpl. Tommey, J.
- Lee. Cpl. Matheson, J. M.
- Lee. Cpl. Ward, F. N.
- Lee. Cpl. Robertson, F. M.
- Lee. Cpl. Poisson, J. W.
- Lee. Cpl. McKay, C. A.

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