

YES... WE... WILL.

When this old war is finished, and the hords of Boche is dimnished,
 When the Kaiser and his roughnecks are but visions of the past,
 When underneath the Linden they halter-shank von Hinden.
 We'll all shed tears of sorrow that the fracas didn't last.
 LISTEN

We'll all shed tears of sorrow, if we're ordered home tomorrow
 Yes, we will... YES... WE... WILL.
 When you see the bright lights shining of the town for which
 you're pining,
 When your Main street's just the same as ever t'was before,
 You'll say, "It's sure a pity to see this good old city,"
 And wonder why they couldn't have prolonged this awful war.
 LISTEN

You'll wonder why it's over, why they make you live in clover,
 Yes, you will... YES... YOU... WILL.
 When you get the Boche retreating, after handing them a
 beating,
 We'll tell them, "We are sorry... forgive us, Oh, please do";
 For we really love the Kaiser, the crooked, sinful miser,
 We'll cheer for him in Berlin, when we go marching through.
 LET ME TELL YOU

We'll hand him beaucoup money, and all kinds of milk and
 honey,
 Yes, we will... LIKE... HELL... WE... WILL.

(By the Son of an E.T.D. Corporal
 now in France.)

A SOLILOQUY.

Captain, Imperial tendencies, at
 present C.E.F. standing before
 mirror in 6 x 6 boudoir Officers
 Quarters. Plain paper on wall.
 Other furniture a chair, deal
 table unpainted, an iron army
 bedstead (single) and two
 clothes hooks. Doughty Captain
 buckling on article of stores
 known as "sam browne".

O Belt!
 My leather Belt!
 My Belt of goodly girth!
 My ancestral belt. W'ot? W'ot?
 (Pensively)—When to wear, when
 not to wear.

That is the Question.

Whether it is better to endure the
 taunts, gentlemanly jeers, and
 mild remonstrances, don't you
 know, of my fellow man by
 dining with thee upon my
 handsome person thus fully
 clothed.

Or, undressing in public—W'ot?
 W'ot?—leaving thee

On a chair,
 Or the Cigar Lighter
 In the Ante Room
 That is the Question.

(Roused from tranquillity, and
 striking chest with right hand,
 weight supported on left leg,
 the other advanced slightly.
 Chin up. Fierce, exalted ex-
 pression of countenance)—

No!
 Neither becomes an English Gentle-
 man,
 Of the Old School,
 A Mandeville!
 I will not dishonor thee by dis-
 carding thee
 In Public.
 I will honour by wearing thee
 At Meals.
 With an air of nonchalance
 An air of bonhomie,
 In other words, my usual character.
 I will buy the Barbarian!
 W'ot? W'ot?
 I will provide the fine Havanas
 The best the Club affords,
 Lavatorias.
 Or the rich Wine of Oporto
 As trifling mark of my real
 Affection
 For my fellow Messmates
 And respect for the Uniform—
 All of it
 Like a Soldier and a Gentleman!
 W'ot? W'ot?

THE STAR ON THE OFFI-
CERS' GREAT COAT.

Twinkle twinkle little star
 How I wonder what you are.
 On the epaulette you sit,
 Like a starfish in a fit.

Treasured more than jewels or
 gold,
 By possessors young and old;
 But valued not by sappers bold.
 To them thou art as so much mould.

But weep not thou, for in thy
 might,
 Thou can'st command a sapper's
 sight.

He counts you with unerring eye,
 And waves his hand on passing by.

But hark! Thy might is on the
 wane,
 For thou wilt pass with spurs and
 cane;
 Unless dame fashion our word
 disputes,
 And thou art worn on "civie"
 suits.

D. Scribe.

We respectfully urge the men of
 the Engineer Training Depot to
 patronize our advertisers. They are
 helping us. Let us reciprocate.

SERGT. WAGG.

Oh here's to our friend, dear old
 Sergt. Wagg,
 Here's hoping his fighting spirit
 never will lag
 Wherever he may be
 A man of the E. T. D.
 Through him we began
 The Happy Hooligans
 The fun of the E. T. D.

Anonymous.

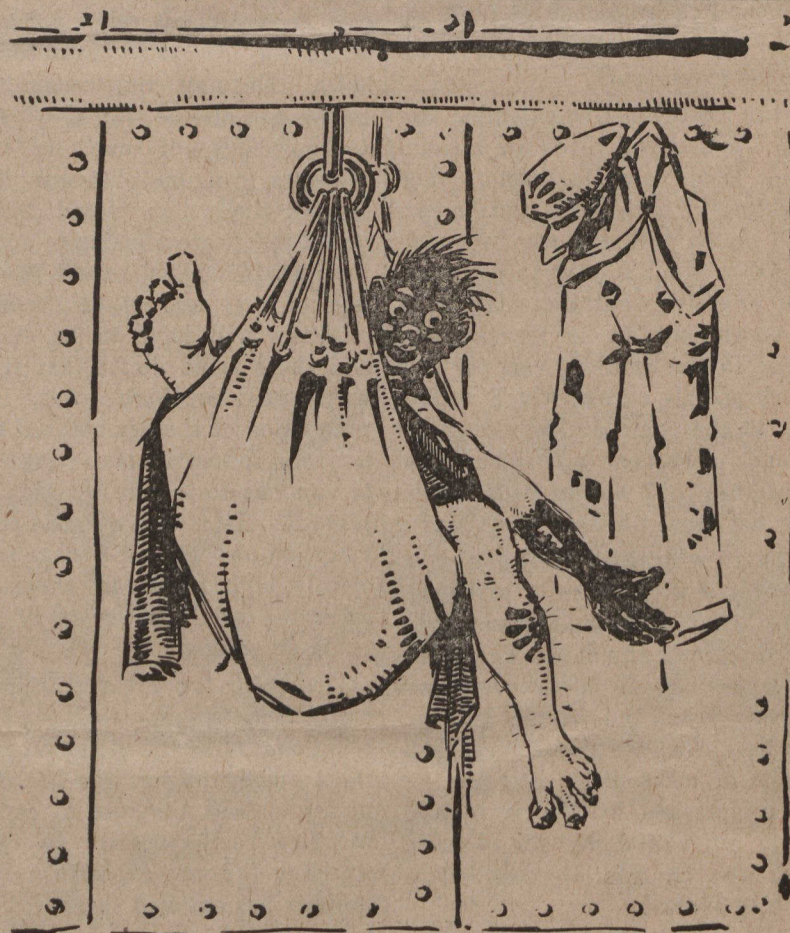
Passed by the senseless
 (censors).

Making Things Easier.

Jock was sick of operations.
 Four times they had opened his
 leg to search for the Hun bullet,
 and four times they had failed.
 Again the doctor came in, and
 looked at him sympathetically.

"Jock! my man, I am afraid we
 shall have to try again to remove
 that bullet."

"Aw, well," said Jock, "do what
 ye think best; but, mon, if ye no
 find the bullet dinna sew up the
 wound again—just put on a few
 wee buttons; it'll save ye a deal
 of trouble next time."



Ham-mucks.