

### CALCIUM CARBONATE.

Most of us are acquainted with calcium carbonate, although we may not be particularly aware of the fact. We know it in a limestone or granular form, in a marble or metamorphosed crystalline form, and, best of all, in an organic form called chalk.

Who has not noticed the chalk into which our beloved dug-outs are driven? Who has not cursed its interfering propensities? It intrudes upon our privacy in an ungracious and insinuating manner. The back of our august neck is a favourite hiding-place. It conceals itself within our pedal protectors to the detriment of the locomotary extremities to which these articles are consecrated. It makes itself an ingredient in our nutriment, destroying our digestion and ruining our temper. And in a pulverised, semi-dissolved form it plasters itself upon our epidermis, clinging with a seemingly everlasting embrace.

The doctrine of the late savant and natural philosopher, Herbert Spencer, that the living organism is in vital correspondence with the circumstances of its environment, and that the organism must adapt its functions to meet the successive and simultaneous variations which occur in the environment lest its functions be suspended, was never more universally recognised than now. And who shall deny that the circumstance in our environment with which we poor mortals emeshed in the toils of a world cataclysm are most vitally in correspondence, is this calcium carbonate! To what variations do our internal functions more quickly and completely respond than to those of this calcium carbonate.

Strange as it may seem to you, intelligent reader, these mighty strata of chalk, these huge beds of calcareous matter in which we live and move and have our being, and upon whose slightest alteration we are so dependent, are composed of the skeletons of a tiny animalcule so small that a microscope is necessary to render it visible, and which rejoices in the awful name "Globigarina".

In the profoundest depths of the Atlantic Ocean one of these huge chalk beds is in the process of formation now. Millions of years hence, when the floor of the present ocean is raised above sea-level, these accumulations of chalky ooze will become dried and hardened into the sordid white rock we know so well. And this modern formation, like its infinitely more ancient brethren, is composed of the skeletons of "Globigarina".

On one occasion the late Adjutant overheard me remark this to a friend.

"Ghoul!" he cried. "You would disinter the relics of creatures dead these millions of years"; and then in the lurid light of an illuminating brain-storm he continued, "What an opportunity the Germans have missed! What treasure-trove for their corpse-factory!"

The Professor.

"What's an optimist in the army?"

"A soldier who takes his mess-tin lid with him when 'tea-up' is shouted".

Long before he reached the long hill he was bowed beneath the weight of his pack, shedding perspiration and profanity in a steady stream. Noting his distress, the Platoon Commander kindly offered to carry the pack up the hill which loomed, steep and long, in front of the column.

At the top of the rise the P.C., blown and exhausted, turned to the man and said: "What on earth have you got in your pack? No wonder you're tired. It weighs about a ton!"

Silently the soldier opened his pack disclosing a whole eighteen pounder shell which he said was "to make a base for something".

Whether the shell-case will ever make a base for anything more than an orderly-room case is uncertain, but it is quite decisive that the owner of it won't "make the Base".

It has been suggested that Runners be given nick-names while on duty in the battalion orderly room. Numbers have been tried, but have proved unsatisfactory owing to the fact that there are just thirteen Runners, and in endeavouring to give each man a shot at owning the unlucky number, things got mixed up.

A distinction is necessary for the simple reason that a general uproar was narrowly averted recently when the Adjutant held out a slip of paper and shouted, "Trotter". Several Runners and a clerk dashed for the epistle, and the only thing that saved our reputation was the calm remark from the Adjutant that it was Private Trotter he wanted and not a "fleet-foot".

### CHANGING MAPLE LEAVES.

The maples leaves are turning  
From their green to red and gold;  
And proudly waves the tasselled corn  
As it's ripening ears unfold;  
And from the bluff the Bob-o-link  
Sings mellow in my ears;  
Though it reaches me o'er plunging seas  
And down the flight of years.  
And list' the song of the Bob-o-link  
As here it reaches me -  
"I've missed my boys or two years now;  
Send that it be not three.  
E'en now is our land a home of souls  
Whose wanderings none may check;  
Send back what's left of the living freight  
Of the thirty odd ships from Quebec.  
In our pride - - we gave.  
In that pride we'll give more.  
For every one of the "First" to return  
We'll gladly give you four.  
Those who were boys, today are men.  
The chance of a man they crave.  
Trust them. (It's what you did with the "First")  
Think you they'll be less brave?"  
There's a Peacock, strident calling  
From the Flemish farm hard by.  
There's the throbbing of a battle-plane  
Between me and the sky.  
And - man, dear! - - I'd give my pay book,  
With it's tale of francs all told,  
To see the maples turning  
Crimson, scarlet, red and gold.

14758. A.K.M.

A. Squadron, (19th A.D.)  
C.C.C.R.