

Being now, "Somewhere in France" and still going strong, it is ever ready to die as many more times as Canadian journalism shall demand.
R. H.

General Correspondence.

Inspired Writer (in Billet).—We regret our inability to make use of your undoubtedly clever and original article. While we personally admire your style and take your French for granted, we fear that the majority of our readers would fail to grasp the significance of the account of our march.

However, we are short of copy, so we submit a sample:

"Blithely striding through the '*nom de plume*' we emerged from the scented '*cul-de-sac*' into a glorious '*bien d'être*' typically French in its '*esprit de corps*.' Strafing merrily as we went we crossed a tessellated '*parterre*' of '*paté de foie gras*' and after quaffing the excellent '*Camembert*,' we retired to rest for the night completely '*joie de vivre*.'"

(Try again; don't be disheartened. Nobody'll read it, if they don't like it.—Ed. T. G.)

Stop Press News.

FOOTBALL.

20th Canadians *v.* Royal Artillery.
Played before a large gathering.
Half-time result:

Canadians, 2 goals.

Royal Artillery, *nil*.

Aunt Jane's Column.

Love-knots untied by an Expert.

Miss Keating (Lymphne) — We have had no complaints as yet; but we notice that he has been scratching a little lately.

Anxious Parent (Le Pas, Man.) —
1. Yes, "strafe" means "punish."
2. No, no "C.B." lately.

Hungry ("C" Company) — No, we understand that they did not throw the food away, but only abandoned their loads as being too heavy.

Tootsie (Tooting) — No, sweet, no week-end passes now. As the Belgian lassies say, "*Après la guerre*."

Incisions.

Anzacs.—The men who are taking the "lip" out of Gallipoli.

First Contingent.—The boys who put the "can" in Canada.

Fritz.—The individual who wants to take "land" out of "Flanders."

Mr. Atkins.—The gentleman who can't get "sense" out of "Censor."

* * *

Laugh

OR

Merely Smile.

—————

The Grouser.

Optimist (cheerfully, after a long march) "Say, d'you hear that the British have captured another three miles of trenches?"

Pessimist (bitterly) "Holy Mike! another three miles to march!"

* * *

Second Lieut. — "Our regiment is under strength. We don't have enough non-coms."

Flapper (thoughtfully) — "'Tisn't fair. Every man ought to have one of his own."

* * *

Provost Sergeant. — "Murphy, cut out the spakin'."

Private Murphy—"I wisn't spakin', sergeant."

Provost Sergeant — "Thin, phwat the divil was yez sayin'!"

* * *

Irish Colonel — "Me min, before we go into action there's wan quistion I want to ax yez, 'Will yez foight, or will yez run?'"

Men — "We will."

Irish Colonel — "Yez, will phwat?"

Men — "We will not."

Irish Colonel — "Thank yez, me min, I t'ought yez would."

* * *

Coolness under fire is a virtue. Can anyone beat the absolute *sang-froid* of one of our own casualties last week? He had been shot through the cheeks and was calmly leaving the traverse when his platoon commander met him.

"Are you much hurt, my man?" asked the officer anxiously.

"No, sir," mumbled the casualty, "but I came darn near swallerin' me plug o' tabaccy."

Dedicated to

Grouzers, Knockers, Kickers, Wall-flowers, and Cold Feets.

Just stand aside and watch yourself go by;

Think of yourself as He instead of I. Pick flaws; find fault; forget the man is you,

And strive to make your estimate ring true.

The faults of others then will dwarf and shrink;

Love's chain grow stronger by one mighty link,

When You, with He, as substitute for I,

Have stood aside to watch yourself go by.

H. V.

Pelion on Ossa.

To Sergeant S—— of "D" Company the regimental biscuit is ungrudgingly and unstintedly presented. A few nights ago, when we were "Remembering Belgium," as the recruiting posters say, in a truly British manner, S—— was paddling through the first line with his identification disc floating on the surface five feet over his head. He had a grouch on. He carried a jar of Jamaica (?) (army issue). Seeing someone leaning wearily against the parados, the rum-wallah hove-to and hailed him thus:

"Here, you blankety-looking——! Hurry up and get this —— rum; don't keep me waitin' here all night."

"No, thanks," replied the someone suavely.

"What! Don't want yer tot? You're the first blighter to-night that's refused it."

"Well," murmured the other softly, "*I don't think it would be right for the Brigadier to drink the men's rum.*"

And thus it was.

Nor is that all. Conquered but unsubdued, the abashed distributor of tots swam up to where a figure was examining a dug-out that had fallen in. Giving it a dig on the south part of its anatomy facing north, he yelled—

"Come on, gol-darn it! (only stronger) Get this blamed rum into you."

"*I'd rather not,*" said the C.O. politely.