

THE 10TH BATTALION'S PAGE

Rich folks may ride on camels, but it ain't so easy for them to see out of a needle's eye.

x x x

Say Beau! Ours is some "Chef" believe me. Fancy "Bully Hamburga" for breakfast.

x x x

SOME MONKEY is right.

x x x

Good luck to our late Corporal Wheelwright and his Pal. Sorry you are gone. We certainly miss you.

x x x

Any of our readers wishing for a regular supply of "MacDonalds" and "Copenhagen", please notify the Gink. Regular shipments arriving weekly. We don't use it ourselves.

x x x

What did the shy bashful Curate do, the first day of his Honeymoon? He went shopping. See "stung".

x x x

No. We do not run a Matrimonial Bureau.

x x x

We badly want to start a column for Society News. Now then you Guys that have been having all sorts of Pink Teas, Bridge Parties etc., come through with the dope, and we'll print it.

x x x

Would a Personal Agony Column be appreciated by our readers. Now this will really start something.

x x x

I'm coming to an awful spicy yarn soon. Now don't look at the end, whilst you're in the middle, it's awfully bad taste.

x x x

Is anyone suffering from Inexplicable Inexatitudes? Ask the M. O. He knows.

When we were kids our old man used to say: "Nothing like leather my lad". Evidently he had never visited Flanders in Febuary. Personally, we swear by rubber.

x x x

Have you turned in those "hip boots" yet?

x x x

Never new till the other day that we had in our outfit a Guy who claims to be the finest shot in the U. S. A.

x x x

Whose suffering from a swelled head?

x x x

Anybody got wise yet to the latest stunt for shipping Walker's Johnny?

x x x

Which of the following sounds good to you:

Flo — Madeline or — Gladys?

Our Office Boy says the latter any old time.

x x x

Some day we will give you the meaning and origin of all your girls' names.

x x x

To "The man who stayed at home". Don't you read this dope because you would neither understand or appreciate it.

x x x

Some class to the new issue of "Arf-a-Mo" eh? Good old Tuckettes.

x x x

Anybody care for a real "Marguerite"? New shipment just arrived.

x x x

We've decided to leave out that spicy yarn till next issue.

x x x

Anybody seen a fatigue party attached to C. E.? Was last seen beating it to somewhere near the other place.

x x x

Should a monkey be fed on Strawberries and Cream?

Dear Tom,

I suppose you have heard about the seven days leave the heroes are getting now Just think of it. Seven whole days away from the din of the big guns and roar of the R.S.M's voice and the gentle murmur of the rum as it trickles out of the stone jug into the Sergeants' mess tin. Well, me personally, I ketch um. The Orderly Sergeant asks me where is my destination and I says in my haver-sack, but it's getting worn out and I'll have to indent for a new one

"No, you big simp, where are you going?"

"Well, I says, I'm for ration party for to-night, but otherwise I'm disengaged for the evening".

Say Tom, you should have seen the O.S's face. I was just going to ask him where he felt the pain most when he comes out of it and he says, calm like.

"Where do you want to go when you go on leave?"

"Oh, I guess London will do me alright", I says free and easy like, "Will I report to the Paymaster to-night?"

"No" he says "I'll tell you when" and with that he leaves me to undisputed possession of an H.F. which Fritz had just sent me. Well, Tom, I got away a week later. The trains are pretty slow over here but the boat was faster and I got to Blighty at last. You see Tom, I had forty-three pounds of Angleterre kale and I desired to spend the same, just like we used to do when we came off a job, all staked up. Of course forty-three quid isn't much of a stake but if a man is prudent and economical it ought to last the seven days. Well, when I got to London I endeavoured to brighten up the dark streets and put a bit of cheer into the natives lives. Say these English people have got queer ideas about the war. One fellow says to me, "Maybe the war ain't all beer and skittles, is it?" Now Tom, we know what beer is but what is skittles? Perhaps it is a free lunch. But far be it from me to put B.C. to shame by showing my ignoran ce

so I bought him another to keep him quiet. Well anyway, I was having a fine time and I got pretty well acquainted with the leading bar ladies in town. One evening, me and two little fairies was chewing the rag in a swell dump near the big creek. Me, I was smoking a good cigar; knocked me back two pounds. Well, we were chewing the fat, as I says, and Flo, that's the red-haired one, she was trying to kick the ashes off the end of the cigar. So you see, Tom, we were amusing ourselves in a quiet sort of a way. A guy comes up to me and says, "Say Bo, have you got the mate to that cigar?"

"No", I says, "it's an orphan, but here's some money, go and buy one for yourself and bring me back the change", and with that I gave him a five pound note.

Well he didn't bring back any change and that made me real sore. You know me Tom. I never look for trouble. That's why I joined this man's army, you know how that old woman of mine used to bawl me out when I'd be enjoying myself at Dan's with a few of the boys, I just naturally had to join or have family troubles. Well, anyway, I jumped up and done the Kalispell about twice and took after this funny gink. When I reached him I swung and landed under his ear and knocked him over a pile of shovels and onto a sentry.

Good bye, Tom
Your old friend
Smoky.

Canadian gift to Russia.

The Salvation Army in Canada has presented to the Russian Forces five fully equipped motor umbulance cars which were dedicated at Guildhall.

"The people of Canada", said Sir George Perley speaking on behalf of the Canadian Government, 'fully appreciate this handsome present, which has been so generously made by the Salvation Army.