

Extract from a British Columbia letter.

"Imagine the surprise of Fritz as the stalwart Canadians advance at the double, lacrosse sticks at the ready deftly returning the bombs hurled at them by the infuriated Huns. The 7<sup>th</sup> Battn are eagerly awaiting their issue of sticks to show what they can do."

"I hear that you are now down at the base enjoying a well earned rest, I hope you are having a good time, as you deserve one." Extract from a letter from England.

We dont know who starts these rumours such as our correspondent evidently got hold of; he should be kept under restraint. How we wish his words were true and that we were having a well earned holiday. But "Apres La Guerre" as we say out here.

We hear that it is intended to issue blankets to the troops, in readiness for the cold weather, which has already set in, one lot to be kept in the trenches and the other in billets. The scheme is very considerate but there are decided objections to it from a military if not sanitary standpoint. One Tommy points out that if the blankets in the trenches took a liking to their users they might follow them out on relief night, perhaps making unnecessary noise and placing the party in a situation of extreme peril. Fancy a lot of blankets clattering down the cobbled road and giving the position away.

### Reinforcements

One of our new "Folkestone Favorites" and "Shornecliffe Soldiers", after being in the front line trench for six hours, was heard to remark. "Gee but I'm fed up with this."

What about us, surely after six months we might also be allowed to murmur.

Of all the sloppy things we've curst  
A love sick swain I think's the worst,  
There's Jones who's got a girl at home  
Of whom he'll sit all day and moan  
I love you darling fond and true  
That we're far apart I rue  
The days are simply trying.  
If on the battle field I fall  
And even if I'm dying  
My heart is with you all.  
My spirits to you flying  
Even from the depths of hell  
That's where I think I'm going  
With fervent voice your praise I'll tell  
With rapture that is glowing  
You told me once to go to . . . .  
I've gone there as you see  
So if you want to meet me, well,  
My phone number will be 773H.

### "Bill Wont Mind" a Canadian's Epitaph

Poor old Bill he left this place  
With a smokin gun and a smiling face  
But Bill wont mind if some good chap  
Will follow up and fill the gap.

Bill was a Canadian who died fighting for his country. He was buried in France, and his comrades have erected this wooden cross above his grave, bearing the epitaph shown.

### Poem of Constancy. A Fragment

(Dedicated to L..... Phillphaht.)  
Tune the "Merry Widow"

She wears her pink pyjamas in the summer when its hot,  
She wears a flannel nighty in the winter when its not,  
But, sometimes in the spring time  
Sometimes in the fall,  
She's known to creep between the sheets  
(I'm sorry but, that's all. Ed.)

We understand that this is not original - we seem to remember it, Ah. perhaps the Winning Post. If so, why not the "Listening Post."

We dont give a d....  
For Will, I, am.  
For we know the Blighters balmy  
For General Kluck  
We dont give a hang,  
And the whole of his blooming army.

### What About it ?

Join in the loud chorus  
And sing with might and main,  
The night's are long before us.  
"Give us our rum again".

The trench is damp and muddy  
With no shelter from the rain,  
The bombardment may be steady.  
"Give us our rum again".

Winter fast approaches  
With lots of frost and pain  
And e'er the cold encroaches.  
"Give us our rum again".

We Canadians are willing  
For glory to attain,  
But if there's any drilling,  
"Give us our rum again".

The roads are hard and dreary  
And there is'nt any train  
So lest we all grow weary  
"Give us our rum again".

When we return victorious  
From mountain or from plain,  
We shall feel inglorious  
"If we get our rum again".

Of grub and smokes there's plenty  
Of such we cant complain  
So keep the "Kick Book" empty.  
"And give us our rum again".

C. S. MULLENS.  
C. S. M.

### "The Macmillan Farewell"

Adieu, a heart - warm fond adieu ;  
Dear brothers of the trenches high,  
Ye mud besmeared, defiant crew  
Companions of my joys gone by  
Tho' I to bigger jobs must hie,  
Pursuing Remounts, fat and thin,  
With melting heart, and brimful eye,  
I'll think of you, when you reach Berlin.  
"With apologies to the immortal bard."

"The trenches reply"

And you, farewell. Whose merits claim  
Justly that Canadian badge to wear :  
Heaven bless your honour'd noble name,  
To Seventh Battalion ever dear ;  
A last request permit us here  
When war is o'er, we assemble a',  
One round we ask it with a tear,  
To him, the Q.M. that's awa.

The DRONE.

### The Macmilans Lament

When bursting shells, around us fell  
We tried at least to serve you well,  
At Ypres and Plug Street Wood  
At Festubert, Gvinchy too,  
Delivered nightly goods to you  
Your three square meals of food.