

CHOP SUEY.

The rumour goes that a wound that will take six months to heal means a trip to Canada, and everyone is trying to figure out what's the nicest place to stop one of this kind.

Q. What is an embussing point?

A. An imaginary spot somewhere between the start and finish of a long hike.

We are indebted to Private L. S. Barnes, 10th Cdn. Bn., for the many good pen-and-ink cartoons which have appeared in our previous issues, and we have had a letter saying that he will continue to let us have further drawings from time to time.

The pen-and-ink drawings which we are using as frontispieces are the work of Private B. Ducatel, 122nd Labour Co. They do him credit, and also the subjects which they represent. We understand that he was formerly a Fleet Street artist.

We hope to continue this series.

Sergeant E. D. Fletcher has contributed both cartoons and articles, and we hope to have more of them.

Privates C. A. J. King and T. J. Carroll are contributing considerable material, which we hope will continue to arrive.

By the way, they both did splendidly in the short story competition, Cecil taking first prize and Carroll second prize, the stories appearing in this number.

There is one thing sure—this Army of ours is full of business all the time.

Out of the line the S.M. keeps them busy, but when they are in the line, where they can't get four hours' drill a day, they spend their spare time in salvaging various articles, from beer barrels to shell-noses. However, the search for Fritz' metal scrap has fallen off of late, and they are concentrating on articles which give quicker returns.

Our correspondent reports a conversation overheard outside one of the various schools of instruction between an Imperial and an Australian:—

Aussie: "Who have you got at the school now?"

Imp.: "A mob of Scotties, a few Londoners, and some Canadians."

Aussie: Oh, those funny Canadians; they call the girls 'jynes,' and the fellows 'ginks.'"

We have seen Tommies walking around towns at the bases with respirators on, and M.P.'s with sabres at the saddle and revolvers on the belt, but Americans in Paris with brand-new automatics swinging at the hip surely beat them all for fancy dress.

We have seen many things in France which were especially war manufactures, but the latest and best is a soldier's dictionary printed in Paris, marked price one shilling, and called English, American, and French Dictionary.

Of course we bit, thinking we would find some of the latest Americanisms, and after reading it carefully couldn't find an American term in it.

A humorous sight the other day was a certain dental officer who was seen after our arrival at a village in the back area, walking about with a shell-dressing hanging from his side.

We were pleased to hear that an old comrade of ours, Louie Aubin, who left us to join one of the infantry battalions in the division, has been awarded the Military Medal for good work at Passchendaele, and has also been granted leave to Canada.

George (waxing strong for the Army): "Yes, and what have we to-day? Tell me. What is the Army to-day?"

Voice from under the blanket: "A bunch of lead swingers and brass polishers."

Reinforcement: "Why was it that only one staff-sergeant showed his kit on that parade?"

"32": "Figures he would like to be R.S.M., I guess."

Reinforcement: "He showed quite a lot of pluck, didn't he?"

"32": "Ah, oui! So could I if I'd worked at a C.C.S."

There is a big fellow named Baker,
Who at pitching the ball is a taker.

He twirls it around

Your knees or your crown.

While you fan at the air

Or pound at the ground.

Do you know old Artie Monette?

Not sure, what? Just poo tet.

He compres the anglais, wood-bine or gros tet.

He's one of zee nuts, you bet.

I stopped, I looked and I listened.

What's that?

Discs and mess-tins missing.

Where's yours, my boy?

You lost it! Go, find it quick.

But stop, Joe, give him a mess tin,

He comes from P.E.I.

There is a young sergeant named Doyle,

Who argues and reasons by Hoyle.

When down at the base, he sure sets a pace,

The nurses all say he's so royal.

I know a young fellow named Dope,

Who uses that best Parisien soap.

He's a peach, he's a pet, a dandy, you bet;

A Gilbert the Filbert, the doll of his set.

There is a wee laddie named Gunner

At singing he sure is a stunner.

He can play on the flute, yes, dance with the troupe,

Pack stretchers and bandage or lick up the soup.

There's a man with a name that they say

Means killed in the "langue Francais,"

Who one night, for a lark, pinched a maid in the dark,

In a fatherly sort of a way.

But the young maid was "fache" with Pete,

And said things that didn't sound sweet.

But Pete was true blue, and stuck the thing through,

Then quietly beat a retreat.

On parade a sergeant in C

Was called by the unit O.C.

But he sure was in trouble

When called on to double.

He's big in the waist-line, you see.

There is a young W.O.

Who with women was never quite slow.

But he sure had us climbin'

At Villers-Sir-Simon,

When he took the fair Este in tow.

VELVET.