

THE LISTENING POST



6th Duke of Connaught's Rifles 11th Irish Fusiliers 88th Victoria Fusiliers
 65th Rocky Mountain Rangers 60th New Westminster Fus. West Kootenay Rifles
 Reinforcing — Battalions — 11th 30th 47th



PRINTED BY PERMISSION OF LT.-COL. W. F. GILSON, OFFICER COMMANDING 7th CANADIAN INFANTRY BATTALION
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WHO ARE THE REAL FINANCIERS OF THE WAR?

LURID LIGHT ON TIMELY TOPIC.

By our special correspondent.

The following incident may serve to throw some light on a subject which has mystified the most acute minds amongst us.

A certain sergeant was sent to the Divisional School for tuition in several subjects with which he had scraped a working acquaintance in the trenches. His education was thorough. He acquired much proficiency in the arts of extermination, but day by day he grew thinner and thinner. As Bill the Bard says, his « Native hue of resolution was sicklied o'er by the pale cast of thought. » Perhaps it was too much tuition and not enough mulligan, or again, his girl might have written to say she loved another, a warrior of the A.S.C. with shiny spurs. Whatever were the contributory causes, he faded perceptibly.

One day as he leaned for support against the end of his hut and gazed hungrily at a hay-stack, one of his officers came along.

« You're not looking very well », said the officer « What's the matter? »

« Can't get enough to eat, sir, and I'm broke », he replied.

« Ah », said his superior, « that's too bad. I've only got twenty francs on me, BUT WAIT A MOMENT TILL I SEE MY BATMAN. »

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### Dug-out Pie.

Special plat du jour concocted by « Harry », the well known, expert chef, catering to the fastidious appetites of No. 3 Coy. officers, and an unlimited number of batmen, runners, hangers on and stray bums — and then some —

- 6 Mice (hand fed)
- 2 Pints Chlorinated water
- 1 Tin Keating's
- 1 lb Cheese
- 1 Tin Plum and Apple.

Mix well and boil for half an hour. Serve quickly and then beat it, toute suite.

## THE FIGHTING SPIRIT OF THE TRENCHES

(with apologies to Pat: 2).

That solemn period of the day known (only to the elect) as « Rumissue » had arrived and in his palatial palace — vulgarly termed the Company H. Q. dug-out — sat the Master of Ceremonies issuing to his henchmen that potent liquid which would convince their platoons for a few brief, but glorious moments that not only did their Country need them, but that it even appreciated their services. A sudden gasp of dismay came from the assembled crowd as the jar slipped ever so slightly, yet sufficiently to spill many priceless drops on the floor. « It is no use to cry over spilt milk », and the same remark applies to other liquids, so, with many sighs) of regret the henchmen departed and the Grand Master — his most important duty of the day completed — crawled into his little bunk and passed rapidly into the land of dreams.

Watching from his hole between the sand-bags was a little mouse, and seeing no one in sight he stepped out and with mincing little steps began to cross the floor when the dark patch arrested his attention. Investigation showed that the odour from this, though pungent, yet was not altogether displeasing, and soon with great relish he was busy removing this stain from the boards. Eventually his self-imposed task was finished and he sat up on his haunches; a smile of much contentment on his face; his fore-paws caressing his little round « tummy » in a manner more eloquent than words. Then as the spirit moved him — the light of a new found courage in his eyes; he spoke: « Now, send along that damned cat. »

Iddi-Umpy.

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A certain sergeant-major made a practice of going around the lines to see that all lights were out at the proper time. One night while following his usual custom, he noticed a streak of light showing beneath the door of a hut.

« Who's in there? » he demanded

« Sergeant Smith ».

« Well, put that light out. »

« It isn't a light. It's the moon. »

« Never mind. Take an order when you're told. Put it out. »