

teapot down in front of me, as if to convey the idea that he does not have to serve me unless he feels so disposed. And as if to accentuate this suggestion, he throws my change at me. If I remonstrated with him he would probably tell me that he had been working hard all the evening, and was a little tired, and that he wouldn't care a something-or-other if I *did* report him. But I hope that one day some brave person will remind him that he is under military discipline, and tell him to get his hair cut.

And as I enter on the last stage of my day's journey I tell myself that to-morrow evening I will go to Brighton. If it happens to be a Saturday or Sunday I may be lucky enough to secure a permit to travel on the railway. In that event I will present the permit to the booking clerk with my fare, feeling like a schoolboy who has brought to his teacher a note requesting that he may be excused for the afternoon. The train journey will bore me—I shall see happy Hun prisoners at stations *en route*, and that will vex me still more. At Brighton the joyful optics of damsels dressed in witching finery will have no charm for me. I shall be fed up with the show, the dinner, and the foreign element. The return journey will be tiresome, the walk back to camp dreary . . . . . and so to bed. If I awake in similar mood in the morning my language will be of the dug-out variety, and it will be whispered "Hem—nasty liver this morning."

. . . . . And so I shall go on until our long overdue whisky permit is received, when my balance of mind will be restored accordingly.



### Canteen Ravings.

Yes, sir, this here signal outfit has any three ring affair that Barnum and Bailey or Ringling Bros. ever staged walloped to a horse whisper.

Why! our cooks can stir a thunderstorm with a spoon and call it Mulligan. A disabled broom, a few fish bones, and a couple of spuds put through the mixer makes a fine synthetic breakfast food. A yard of sea water, some powdered chalk and sand makes a good morning beverage.

Our signallers can do stunts with heliographs, dictaphones, whattzigraphs, whoozanoolas, fullerphones and telegraphs that will go down in history along with that yarn of the Greeks who swindled the Trojans with a lumber horse loaded with roughnecks.

The Greeks may have slipped one over the Trojans with a carousel horse, but we are willing to bet our crime sheets against 14 days C.B. that no one could balk our drivers on horseflesh. No, sirree, none of our drivers possess concrete domes. They are quick thinkers, and quick thinkers are what they want "Over There."

Why, every time those operators of ours start rattling their sounders they start a rainstorm, and any one who gets an earful of 'em rattles realizes that the horrors of war must be drawing 6 per cent. interest.

Why, we have officers so clever that they can carry on a conversation, and at the same time toss an eye on every man on parade.

With the German Army stacked up against an outfit like ours the Kaiser's howl that he has rocklike confidence in his "Field Greys" indicates that Billhelm's skull is merely a boulder with ears.

Yes, sirree, the Kaiser's confidence could only be of the rocklike kind.

Anyone who has ever seen Bill's skull piece knows that the craggy terrain between the imperial ears is one patch of armor plate, and would take the edge off our bayonets.

## Roll of Honour.

"*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*"

### Officers Killed.

Lieut. E. W. Auld. Lieut. L. McN. Sinclair.

### Died of Wounds.

Lieut. R. H. Boulton. Lieut. L. M. Stitt, M.C.

### Wounded.

Major A. Leavitt. Capt. R. S. Kirkup.  
Capt. C. A. Bell, M.C. Lieut. M. R. Byron.  
Capt. A. L. Cavanagh. Lieut. J. C. Dryden.  
Capt. C. B. Handcock. Lieut. H. Kennedy.  
Capt. R. L. Junkin, M.C. Lieut. A. L. Robinson.

**Other Ranks**—[All Sappers unless otherwise notified.]

### Killed.

283014 Anderson, W. L.	409257 Scott, S. F.
172350 Clarke, E.	796612 Sebring, C.
541531 Crawford, Cpl I.P.	502943 Skeddom, M.
829389 Gaines, B.	769747 Swainson, Acting
644692 Longlad, F. X.	C.S.M. W. K.
506306 Macpherson.	79473 Webb, Sergt. J.
863058 McAlpine, D. G.	

### Died of Wounds.

408386 Abrams, H.	793708 Matchett, C. C.
507701 Bayly, M. F.	718701 McLeod, Sgt A.U.
506120 Brooks, F. W.	501111 Millar, H.
2184503 Chamberlain, B. C.	507492 Simmins, S. E.
506086 Dalby, J. A.	503183 Woodward, R. C.
922575 Gordon, A.	45226 Woolley, Sgt T.W.
2007216 Harvey, G.	678961 Wyles, L/Cpl L.L.
796025 Mackenzie, N. J.	

### Died.

500504 Bowton, J.	2013469 Toon, J.
2010490 Sticker, T. C.	

### Missing, Believed Drowned.

669792 Bellamy, A. E.

### Wounded.

769628 Almond, Sgt. G.	651280 Galbraith, W. F.
757482 Baikie, M. A.	415300 Gallacher, D.
228167 Beckitt, A. V.	181109 Gallagher, G.
785080 Beddons, F.	503358 Gerard, J.
438896 Bell, 2/Cpl T.	417936 Giganovitch,
718658 Blue, Cpl. F. N.	L/Sergt. K.
922796 Bobraskie, G.	201048 Griffiths, G. E.
675033 Boniface, W.	500653 Harper, H. N.
5013 Booth, A/Sgt L.C.	2006105 Harvey, C.
341217 Bowan, G.	1010265 Hawkins, F. W.
505048 Breen, J. M.	405292 Heatley, 2/Cpl J.
45249 Broadrib, Sgt. S.	844532 Hershon, H.
922815 Brown, W.	100067 Hickey, C.
504021 Carter, W. L.	573444 Holdaway, Sgt. J.
473067 Chapman, C. E.	657789 Hummerson, A.
502972 Chapman, S. J.	504433 Humphrey, Act-
1075001 Claskin, L. P.	ing 2/Corpl F.
766553 Collins, W.	872049 Hyland, A. J.
502802 Coyle, Cpl. J. J.	501201 Jones, H.
414782 Cullins, Sgt. E.	5691 Jones, Corpl. W.
541546 Dawes, Sgt. C. B.	506616 Irving, E.
718720 Desjardins, Cpl. S.	405324 Kendall, G.
167131 De Wolfe, C. R.	853475 King, J.
789141 Douling, G.	180869 Laird, Corpl. G.
929827 English, W. A.	793479 Laskey, C.
541554 Evans, M. G.	177891 Lenaghan, W. W.
416661 Fortune, D. M.	5139 Logue, 2/Cpl. R.