

PAY PARADE.

At last the day has arrived. A parade! and not a man absent. Has the millennium arrived? No, dear reader. It is pay day—and pay parade. As usual all the A's fall out, then the B's, and so on down the line until the end of the alphabet. Now everything is set, and the men begin to file into the pay office, receive their pay, and file out again. Study the expressions. Did any artist ever get such a variety in any of his compositions? No, for this is life; in fact, this is *the* life, and expressions such as these are seen in any old camp on any old pay day. There is the usual expression of disappointment of the man who was paraded before the Paymaster the day before, and asked for a little more, as he wanted to buy his girl a little present. By his dial, you can tell the Paymaster didn't take his "bull." Then there is the expression of—well, I am satisfied, but I wouldn't have refused a little more. Another expression is one of quiet elation, and of—what are you "fellers" kicking about, the Paymaster is "jake a bon." It is quite evident this man's story has passed the test, and he has received a pretty good "hand out." Then the cry goes up, "Who says a game of poker." Everybody being flush, two or three parties start up. Maybe a Crown and Anchor board, if a Sergeant is not around. Poker is the game though. Some men find more excitement in it than going over the top, but some men never play poker, and I don't suppose will ever go over the top. To proceed. Of course

the men only play for chips, as it is not permissible to gamble in the Army. To get over this little difficulty, however, the chips exchange hands for the sum of threepence. Said chips generally represented by an old pack of cards. Subtle, isn't it. This is a way they have in the Canadian Army of beating the rules, and the R.S.M. or the H.S.M. never see that one is being put over them! Oh, no! Ahem! As the game proceeds, excitement runs high, when somebody butts in with a remark, "Ah! America's greatest invention; any chance of a hand?" "Sure jump in next hand. The more the merrier." My! aren't they going to it, and the expressions! Not on their faces this time. "Well, what are you doing?" "I'm betting six." "I'll raise yer six." Here three players drop out, and three stay. The betting goes apace. Somebody calls, so does another, "What yer got?" "Three aces and two tens." "No good, I got four Jacks." Proceeds to grab the pot. Number three, who has kept quiet, says, "Keep yer mit off that pot, it's mine, I got four K boys, slip the dough over here." Two men rise from the party, sadder but not one iota wiser, and broke. Another wait of two weeks for one glorious hour of excitement. Still the war goes on unmindful of such little tragedies being enacted within our midst. Surely it is an awful war. It is the only life though where a man doesn't worry about being broke, as he is sure of "three square" a day, and at the worst, another "pay day" in two weeks. So, cheerio!

—Dauber.

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