

That red-haired lad, with a face so sad, the cook that's known as "Red."

These are the simple facts of the case, it's a joke too good to keep, The kid that we thought was hurt so bad had only fallen asleep; The Adjutant says he's a dope fiend; and he certainly likes his bed. He can't help that look, but he surely can cook—the cook that's known as "Red." L. L.

#### Comparisons in "Officials."

Being the various and varied reports of a trench raid, conducted on our lines by Lieut. Von Soakem, of the Prussian Remnants.

A.—Cold facts:—(The Report that was turned into Field H.Qrs. of the All Highest).—4.25 a.m. General Forlornhoper's Field H.Qrs.:—

Sanguinary minor operations were carried out along our front, in the Blank sector, Nameit front, during the night.

At 1.15 a.m. an offensive patrol, under Lieut. Von Soakem, successfully entered the British front line near the Double Crater. A bombing post somewhere in front was believed to be occupied, and the patrol, after reconnoitring the ground inside our wire, retired to our entrenchments; after which strategical manoeuvre, numerous flares were directed with telling accuracy against the enemy.

Other operations are reported to have met with equal success.—Ends.

B.—Some fiction. (How the "official" report read when printed in the *Frankfurter*, after passing the War-Lord's special censor and alibi department, so necessary to the Hun Staff in administering smashing defeats).—4.25 a.m. (official). With the German Army in the Field.

Covered by a murderous fire from heavy artillery, trench mortars and machine guns that withered the enemy's already greatly weakened morale and crumpled their entrenchments to powder, the long-anticipated "push" that ultimately will drive the British out of France, open the road to Paris, and bring all France to her knees, was launched last night.

That the titanic advance declared by German military experts to be of paramount importance, will bring ultimate success to the Fatherland is not questioned for a moment in German diplomatic circles.

Latest dispatches from the front, bringing tidings of the reported magnificent successes of our troops, are hourly expected and confidently awaited.

Declared to be at bay, the enemy is offering desperate resistance, which however, is reported to be gradually weakening, due to the intensity of our bombardment.

A strong wedge hurled with relentless fury at the centre of the foe's line has successfully penetrated his defences to an unstated depth.

A large haul of prisoners is expected within the next twenty-four hours, our advanced "cages" being already full.

Loyal sons of the Fatherland are reminded that victory will assuredly be ours if we but subscribe to just one more war loan. Our invincible

subordinate, and in a weary voice, said "I *think* they are straightened out now, just give them fifteen minutes extra section drill."

♦ ♦ ♦

In the last number of the *Gazette* someone remarked about the chicken being tough. That was all right, the chicken was there as evidence of someone's industry. But I am sure the sympathy of the Battalion is with the private, who, with canteen in hand, for nearly an hour, coaxed and wheedled a cow to stand still, and then found out that it wasn't a cow at all—at all.

♦ ♦ ♦

He may have been a draft man, anyway, he was on sentry-go.

Fritz was making things warm. As the Corporal in charge came round the corner of the bay, he (the sentry) anxiously remarked, "Say, Corp., hadn't we better beat it?" "Beat it, no, man. You can't, this is the front line." "Hell! No!"

Then he calmly resumed his outlook.

♦ ♦ ♦

A bitter dispute is still raging in a certain section as to the adaptability of using an aeroplane for hunting ducks.

♦ ♦ ♦

"Say, Joe, do you remember the day the Band got paid?"

"Yes! and I remember the day after. It was the first time I saw the whole Battalion in step. I didn't mind that, but after that hard day's march, sticking it out by the help of anticipation, to find that just before dismissing, that the major had put all the boozers out of bounds,—it was too much,—too much!"

R. C.

♦ ♦ ♦

Certainly the Scouts are the Brains of the Battalion. Who would have imagined he would borrow a high-powered telescope from the artillery, inspect the washing hung out on the lines in the enemy side, and declare, with surprise, "Well, I thought we had all the mam'selles over here!"

♦ ♦ ♦

That N.C.O. had a heavy batch of mail that evening, and certainly something must have been on his mind when, in the quiet slumberous hours of night, he was heard to exclaim: "Don't! Margaret, please don't!"

♦ ♦ ♦

Did he really see a table walk down the enemy's front-line trench,



JUST DREAMS!

army is "invincible" than ever, but financially, we are nearly "busted." J. J. W.

#### Scouts.

##### Wayside Leaves.

"Hold on there—Halt! Form up two deep and don't be wandering all over the road in oneses."

Hardly drill book—but used on fatigue parties by a sergeant of our leading Company.

♦ ♦ ♦

But a certain platoon in "B" Company has every reason to remember the manoeuvres previous to entering the Somme.

Its commander, after two successive efforts to extricate the flank sections from the centre, turned to his