

"RANDOM NOTES."

BY THE MAN IN THE OBSERVATION BALLOON.

(The Editors do not hold themselves responsible for all the views of this versatile correspondent.)

Our inventor, Pte. Williamson, might be able to invent a pair of steel shoes with detachable furnaces to keep a certain cold-footed artist's trilbies warm for his next visit to the firing line.

Private to Q.M.S. Can I have a pair of socks?

Q.M.S. What did you do with the pair that I gave you at Valcartier?

Who is the semi-pro. ball player that couldn't make good in a practice game? We think he is better at throwing the bull than the ball.

How is it that none of A Section bearers have yet gone on pass although passes have now been issued for the past three months?

As the wet season draws near it brings to our minds the winter spent on Salisbury Plain and the many good times spent in the Canteen there. I think we should also have a Canteen of our own for the unit for the coming winter, somewhere behind the firing line.

Talking about base-ball, how ever did we manage when the "Iodine Kid" was laid up? He would probably do better at tossing pills than base-balls.

MOTOR TRANSPORT NOTES.

Driver Apperley, who was wounded at the second battle of Ypres, has now recovered and is at present a despatch rider at Rouen.

Driver P. Davis, wounded at the same time lately left the London General Hospital and is now at home.

Driver Jack Fox, who left us some time back, is now in the 12th Div. Ammunition Column.

Driver Cradock's gramophone still discourses sweet, and other music upon the desert air, to admiring audiences.

"John L," still puts up good meals. He is thinking of applying for position of head chef of the Chateau Laurier, when he returns to Canada.

FOR THOSE AT THE FRONT.

(Turning from jest to earnest, we have much pleasure in printing the following verses, with a moral. They were handed to us by a member of C Section, and were written by a friend of his in Canada.)

If you have a grey-haired mother
In the old home far away,
Sit down and write the letter
You put off day by day.
Don't wait until her tired steps
Reach heaven's pearly gate,
But show her that you think of her,
Before it is too late.

If you've a tender message
Or a loving word to say,
Don't wait till you forget it
But whisper it to-day.
Who knows what bitter memories
May haunt you if you wait?
To make your loved ones happy
Before it is too late.

We live but in the present,
The future is unknown;
To-morrow is a mystery
To-day is all our own.
The chance that fortune leads to us
May vanish while we wait,
So spend your life's rich pleasures
Before it is too late.

The tender words unspoken,
The letters never sent,
The long-forgotten messages
The wealth of love unspent.
For these some hearts are breaking,
For these some loved ones wait;
So show then that you care for them
Before it is too late.

HELP! HELP!

What is it that sets me scratching,
And is always hatching, hatching,
Hatching by the score.
As I feel their strange caressing,
It is really most distressing,
And to say the least depressing,
Simply crumbs and nothing more.

What is it that causes tossing
To and fro as I am dossing
In my bed upon the floor,
Nightly do they thus surround me,
As they hover all around me,
Trying, striving to confound me,
Only crumbs and nothing more.

FOR THOSE AT HOME.

(From "Letters" by the late Sgt. F. S. Brown, of the Princess Pats, who gave his life for his country, 4th February, 1915.)

His hand is all a-tremble,
His eyes stick out like pegs,
He goes all of a quiver
From the ague in his legs,
And if his name's not on the list
He wilts like a frozen bud,
Until another mail call drags
Him ploughing through the mud.

Now the moral is for folk at home,
Don't wait for him to write,
And don't just say "Dear Tom, must close,
I hope this finds you right."
A good long newsy letter
Is the best that you can yield,
In the way of downright service
To your Tommy in the field.

"THE LAST TRENCH."

(Written after a visit to a Canadian Cemetery behind the firing line.)

No ghostly marble here—
Just wooden crosses plain
That mark the daisy-covered mounds
Of these the heroes slain.
The name, the number, regiment,
The last brave manly deed,
These grim words "Killed in action,"
Is all that one may read.
The last, last trench,
Oh, what a deathless fame,
They've taken with their bleeding hearts
The last, last trench.

And musing on this hallowed ground,
I see a cottage fair,
Where maples shade the garden path,
How balmy is the air.
A grey-haired couple grace the porch,
Their far-off look is sad,
They see the lonely resting place
That claimed their soldier lad.
The last, last trench,
What love and sacrifice,
He crossed the sea and bravely took
The last, last trench.

Their far-off view was sunny peace,
And freedom was their breath,
Till smothered by the clouds of war
Which closed their eyes in death.
That beam of honour keen and fine,
Shall kindle us aflame,
That we may conquer—die at last,
For Canada's fair name.
The last, last trench,
An honoured goal to win,
We give salute and homage to
The last, last trench.

THOMAS HARTON.

OVERHEARD.

BILL.—"Going to Petty-wa-wa, next summer?"

JACK.—"Dunno, but it's Big-wa-wa this summer, alright."