

**THE NUTS OVER THE WINE IN
BILL THOMPSON'S OLD ESTAMINET.**

Congratulations to Major D. J. Cochrane on his promotion and the same to Major E. S. Jeffrey, M.C. These events we are glad to notice were celebrated in the good old way. It's a way we have in the Army.

The troops are taking a lot of French leave this summer.

While this is not an advertisement column yet we notice that some very pleasant times were had on the leather cushioned seats of the "Cafe de l'Universe."

And the "Quaker Girl," stands across the street—just opposite—good old, "Universe,"—indeed, the boys were unanimous in saying, "Good old war!"

Many of us would like to be Colonels but we'd all like to have Col. "D's" home in "B." Indeed, he's quite at home.

Say, Middlemas, you are a pretty good water cart man and I am familiar with the booze; what do you say if we join the tanks?

We are all familiar with those cartoons running in Canadian papers called "Indoor Sports," and with those ten-inch sensations, but what about the kidding the man gets who has just cut his slacks into shorts and then wakes up to the fact that in his unit there are stringent orders against this very stunt—Ah! this is some sport, particularly if he is an acting N.C.O.

Alberta's soldiers have voted and these votes will send two of the troops to the provincial legislature—and there is a lady in the House and they say that the beautiful nurse on the list has good chances of making it. And Bill Davidson has made it—you remember Bill of the "Morning Albertan"?—same old Bill, boys. And Arthur is still at the helm. And Bob has ambitions, Bob Pearson, we mean. Some Parliament!

This reminds us of our Railroaders; Scotty Anderson received a letter from an "original." "These parliamentary debates are just like our old arguments, but dog-gone it, only one man talks at a time.

The Y.M.C.A. cinema operator couldn't make "her" work right and one disgusted Tommy rising to pull out, exclaimed, "Rotten, let's go!"
"Arf a mo, Ebenezer, maybe he'll burn hisself."

I've heard of soldiers going through Vimy Ridge without a scratch but I've been scratching ever since.

Jones was going through the doorway. The elephant was trying to get out, too, and roared, "Who the 'ell ye're pushing." The elephant made it but they had to get a spade to pick up poor Jones.

"C" Section had a "Rippin" cook.

"That plane must be an imperial."
"Why?"

"Because when signalling just now he only sported one star.

THE IDLER OF THE KING.

From old Maroc, that city grim, there strode one night a band
Of warriors worn and scarred with war, close to their chieftain's hand.
And who their chief, that noble lad? None other than Sir Galahad,
Charged by his King a duty grim to faithfully perform for him.
By reason of his high condition, he chose the Knight to fill this mission.

"Sir Galahad," the King had said, "I place my trust in thee;
I need this band, with rations, lead safely to Number Three."
"Sire," quoth the Knight, "Upon my knees to thee I truly swear
I will not rest, nor eat, nor sup till all is safely there.
Swiftly upon my way I speed"; bowed to his King, bestrode his steed.

Forward to where the crimson glare did wound the dusky sky,
The silent band stepped swiftly on to Loos fast drawing nigh.
The crossroads reached, then cried his page, "My Lord, your passage choose!"
The Knight with holy mien replied, "We tread the road to Loos!"
Leading his band [with lordly stride, to where his kinsmen fought and died.

And o'er their heads great signals soared, all flaming in the sky:
All round them Hell's own engines roared, and winged death whistled by.
Turned to his men, Sir Galahad cried, "Heed ye these words from me;
Tho' many fall, all living men press on to Number Three.
It is our good King's noble will: his sacred charge we must fulfil."

Courage prevailed. Their firm steps led at last up to their goal,
And some dumped down a sack of bread, and some a sack of coal.
For each man had his burden sound, spreading it forth upon the ground;
While all the men from Number Three pressed eagerly around.
The blind, the sick, the halt, the lame, the good Sir Galahad to acclaim.

In trumpet voice the Knight proclaimed, "Each man shall have his share,
I pledge my sainted knightly name, division shall be fair."
Then sinking on his bended knees dished out the bread, the tea and cheese.
"Good people, herethy portion see. This much, I say, for Number Three.
And thou, stout vassal, bear you that across yon mead to good St. Pat."

"Nay! stay one moment thy swift feet, and I will portion out the meat."
But now the Knight was much delayed, and with hot anger shaken;
While all did seek in vain to find a knife to cut the bacon,
Then while wild uproar had its fling, from out the darkness strode the King.
"Peace! what is this? have all gone mad? Ho! here to me, Sir Galahad."

"Tell me, Sir Knight, what means this strife—this uproar loud and wide?"
"O King we could not find the knife, the bacon to divide."
Then quoth the King with darkened brow, "Base herald that ye be!
So thus ye fill the sacred charge I trusted, Knight, of thee.
Lucky that I this murmur heard, My warriors empty, like thy word."

Then stooping to his regal knees, with countenance of passion,
The King endeavoured to appease each warrior with his ration.
The Knight looked on and judged his life lost, even as the fateful knife.
No word he spoke to clear his name: bowed was his head in guilty shame:
And saw his King's imperial silk all spattered o'er with Nestle's Milk.

Sore vexed, the good King raised his head, and loud the false Knight rated—
"King's duties do not easier come, but get more complicated.
Strange now indeed are royal fashions when Kings must needs serve out the rations!"

Scarcely these words the King had spoke, when through the throng a herald broke,
Bowed low, and cried, "O Sovereign Lord! They say the town is taken."
"To Hell with Lens," the King replied, "I have to cut this bacon!"

"O King!" the ancient Herald cried, "If ye these words will heed,
This meat we surely must divide. Then mount it on my steed,
To bear it on his nimble feet, swift to Maroc. There cut the meat."
"Wise Herald," cried the noble King, "Tis well that thou didst come.
Swift step into the A.D.S., and take a tot of rum."

Meanwhile, the Knight was moping round with saddened downcast eye,
When trampled in the sodden ground the knife he chanced to spy.
He grasped it—started at full speed to overtake the speedy steed.
His hair flew wild, his breath came hot, a tape streamed from each puttee;
The King could not forbear a smile. He said, "They've all gone 'Nutty.'"

J. D. N.

BALLOONITIS OF THE HEAD.

"Pullthrough" had just been made a sergeant, so he strolled over to the Q.M. Stores, leaned up against the counter and requested the extra chevrons. He got 'em; then took off his service cap, anxiously inspected it once more as if to make sure, and, apparently satisfied, he spoke to Horace thusly, "How's chances to get a larger size cap?"

"THE RAG-TIME ARMY."

The Snickendorfers had been straffing the Advanced Dressing Station—in fact he was putting them over as fast as his guns could deliver the shells—when a lieutenant and a gunner came travelling into the ruins to wait until the storm was over. When they had recovered their breath, said the officer "Say, we covered that last hundred yards pretty quick!" "Yes, you were going so damn fast that I thought I was going the other way!" sarcastically replied the gunner with a grin.

COLONELS.

Some Colonels ride; some can't—ours does.

Some Colonels like inspections; some don't—ours exercises his wit on these occasions.

Some Colonels are human; some are not—ours is, very.

Some Colonels are woman-haters; some are not—ours is NOT!

Some Colonels play poker; some can't—ours is a past master.

Some Colonels are teetotalers; some are not—ours gives the boys beaucoup rum up the line.

Some Colonels drink whisky; some don't—ours prefers it neat.

Some Colonels carry corkscrews; some don't—ours just says, "Anybody here from Vancouver?"

Some Colonels collect souvenirs; some don't—ours does.

Some Colonels have a heart; some haven't—ours has, most of the time.

Why does our paymaster go to scotland on pass.