



MR. ATKINS (in horror): "Git dahn out o' there, you crazy little blighter. D'ya wanna git yer bean blowed off?"

For the information of the *Toronto Daily News* we beg to announce that the great charge of Dihebert, so vividly described by an ex-officer of this Battalion in his recruiting campaign in Toronto, was, we think, fourpence a glass. The *estaminet* was afterwards placed out of bounds.

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Crummy Smith, sniper, declares he now knows the meaning of the term, "picking 'em off."

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Blighty.

W'en we're lyin' in our dug-out,
An' our feet is clammy wet,
Wiv a piece o' candle splutterin'
In a greeny-yeller jet,
An' the water's drippin', drippin'
From the 'ole above our dome,
Then we lies an' thinks o' Blighty,
What, we means, is over 'ome.

◆ ◆ ◆ W. W. M.

The platoon cook who was sick the other day in the front line, now owns up that he had, in a careless moment, taken a spoonful of his own stew.

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"B" Company non-coms. are now starting a course of instruction with regard to the fine discriminations between a.m. and p.m. It is thought that they might then be able to get their fatigue parties out on time.

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The Adjutant wishes all ranks of the Imperial Army to understand that eggs and chips are *not* sold in the orderly-room, several demands for refreshment having been made there lately.

The Regiment ask what unit in the Canadian Expeditionary Force is developing the Cocaine habit?

If there are any snow-birds in the Twentieth, the sooner they work their ticket on it the better.

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The British Government are sending out a few hundred Mongoose to cope with the rats in the trenches. We understand that the next thing will be a ration of pet Coons.

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A reverend gentleman in Toronto, in an outburst of holy wrath, extracted the cigarettes from the parcels which the girls in his congregation were sending to the boys in the trenches.

Hand down the Regimental Harp!

If the parson steals your smokes,
Never mind!
It's one of his little jokes
And you'll find,
That a gentleman like that
Will get quite a heavy pat
Swiping pennies from the hat
Of the Blind.

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The Corporal and Claribal.

A Romance of Love and War.
Come quaff the sparkling Limburger;
Let High-Explosives flow,
And tuneful blasts in harmony
On Brevet-Majors blow.
Oh, loudly twang the Sniperscope;
The soft Prismatic ring;
Strum sweet the gay Ohlometer,
And hear the song I sing.

No horrid hymns of Hunnish hate
Contains my stock in trade;
No frightful fantasies of Fate
Are metrically made.
I tell how Tom, a corporal,
Bestowed his priceless pearl
Of love upon Fair Claribal,
His Colonel's only girl.

Presumptuous Tom! I hear you say,
Unhappy youth, that he
Should deem a lowly corporal's pay
Enough for such a she.
Moreover, in the social whirl,
To live with such a prig
Would, to the C.O.'s only girl,
Be simply *infra dig*.

Oh, spare that condemnation loud;
Your protestations hold,
Think not Fair Claribal too proud,
Nor Thomas over bold.
A compromise decided that
Love dominates the earth,
For Tom was an aristocrat,
The girl—of lowly birth.

As those proud Cavaliers of yore
Sang 'neath the castle towers,
He twanged the sweet *Esprit de Corps*
Throughout the fleeting hours.
In dreamy ecstasy the maid
Unto the notes gave ear,
And to her eye there sometimes
strayed
A surreptitious tear.

'Twas night and Phoebus panting
steeds
Sank by Atlanta's shores;
In throbbing song of knightly deeds
The swelling music pours.
To earth below; to heavens above;
To his pre-destined mate,
The corporal sang his song of love,
Unheeded of his fate.

But, hush! ere strikes the note of
morn,
The maid espies her dad,
From out the arms of Morpheus torn,
He felt a trifle mad.
She sees her angry parent take
A "Mills" from out his gown,
Which everybody knows is "JAKE,"
Just when the lever's down.

"Those noises," said this bad C.O.,
"Are just a bit too much;
But where they come from, I don't
know,
It beats the blooming Dutch.
Right here and now they've got to
quit."
He grasped the wicked bomb,
And speaking scored a direct hit,
On Tom's unhappy dome.

Ah! softly lilt the low Trombone,
And blow the sweet Platoon,
For Tom advanced in Echelon
Towards the mournful moon.
Fair Claribal gazed to the sky
To which she saw Tom go,
When he comes down, be sure that I,
At least, will let you know.

W. W. M.