

Canadensis—for such he is known to all his fellows—is just the sort to turn his active mind to pensive and sincere contemplation of any subject.

I have the following story from Pte. Timothy Tiggs—a tough little scrap of fun and fight—who found the Corporal one day in one of his pensive moods. The day was gray and raw; the wind at its worst,—the north wind that blows trouble to one and mystery to another—such as to the Corporal.

“Godamighty! how the wind do blow!” said private Tiggs,—to which the Corporal gave no immediate heed, because his grey eyes were dreamy with Gaelic mystery.

“Why in H---- Ramsgate! do it blow so hard Corporal?” insisted the shivering Timothy, screwing up his face with cold—or suppressed profanity perhaps. Still no notice from the Corporal who pondered over the world-old wonder of the north wind,—in fact over winds in general. Thereupon, Tiggs the Terrible,—in fight or fun—would have left the silent Corporal in disgust, in the firm belief that the latter had once more double-crossed another of his former convictions—as in the matter of food—and so was suffering a sulky and silent aftermath.

At this moment the Corporal's face relaxed and there crept into his massive features—the Wonder itself, the Wonder which comes only with knowledge.

“Oh! its wonderful my lad!” said he, still partly under the spell of his deep thought, “Wonderful!”

“Wonderful ?” snapped Tiggs; “What's wonderful?” a pause.

“Surely not this here b—b—blasted overgrown Zepher!”

“Yes. my lad.—just so—its wonderful. this great storm, and only the more does one marvel when one knows the very beginnings of these great gales,—where they commenced; when indeed, in history do first have absolute proof that little winds became great gales, in fact when the Zephyr first became the Storm.

“But Holy Cats, Corporal, who in Egypt can tell that?”

“I can, I can good Tiggs, and 'tis I alone who know—who have the discovered it. Yes, even in the Great Book where all wisdom is you'll find the proof. But, still it's so simple my dear Watson—a—a—Tiggs I mean,—pardon me—.... You see it happened thusly,.... There was once a time when the terrestrial air moved in balmy limpid idleness; nor did it ever chance to gather itself in bulk and beans for speed and mischief. But mischief is ever contagious, so when brother Cain smote brother Abel low with his riding crop, and stood there bewildered for the moment not knowing whither to run, a blessed little balmy pocket of lazy breeze happend nearby—just an

innocent, playful Zephyr. It caught the mischief-bug from Cain.

“O! where, O! what shall I do,” cried the distracted Cain.

“Gadzooks” said the smiling breeze, with some smile.

“LET's hurri—cane!”

WILL U. B. GOOD.

EDITORIAL

TWO SHILLINGS—PLEASE.

OUR first number sold like corn cure on the Market Square of a country town. “We are quite sold out” has been our apologetical remark since Saturday, and then our patrons want to know when the next issue will be out. We have, therefore, been greatly pleased with the magnificent reception given to the initial number of the Canadian Hospital News.

We want to prepare a list of subscribers who wish to receive the paper weekly for six months or twelve months. Each subscriber on this list will receive a copy under separate address, either by special delivery or by post. Send us your name accompanied by one shilling for six month subscription, or two shillings for one year. We are here for the duration of the war, and this paper will come to you each week with increasing interest. Help us to give it to you by letting us have your name and subscription fee without delay.

Our minds have been put at ease regarding a cherished state of perfection so far as this paper is concerned, by the information contained in Mr. J. T. Winter's letter. We thank him for his encouragement.

Will some of our readers, who have seen active service, give us short stories covering some exciting episodes at the front? Such would be gratefully received, as it would make interesting reading for us all.

Military & Naval Tailor

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Questions that are Asked

The name of the man who wanted two helpings of “Tinned Fish.” Was he a sport?

Who stopped the sale of our favorite cigarettes at 2d per packet? Are we downhearted?

Who is the N. C. O. who occasionally visits the public houses in civilian clothes? What's his game?

Who is the astute private who has received the third telegram announcing the death of his grandmother?

Why Mr. Haverley would not allow any member of the orchestra to give an encore at the concert in the Palace last week? Were you scared on Sunday last?

Who was the Corporal of the Sanitary Section, who used black lead as disinfectant.

Did “Father” make a break of twelve at billiards recently?

Who is the Corporal who improperly wears the bomb insignia?

Was Father O'Leary unduly disturbed out of his usual benign complacency when plaster sprinkled his reverential head last Sunday?

To the All Highest

Kaiser Wilhelm, have you no pity? Do you love to bombard a defenceless city, Where women and children suffer the most, In your ceaseless raids on the East Kent Coast?

Tis futile to say you are not to blame, For you like “distinction” attached to your name.

You sanction the air raids—the baby killings; Lo! the armies of Europe are slowly milling; With interest redoubled you'll pay the price; May ghosts of the murdered infest your nights!

O slowly but surely we'll reach Berlin, Then you'll tremble, O monster of infamous sin.

Though you may be “Hohen” you'll soon be “Hollern”

Its coming to you, O Baby-kill, Zollern, You started this war for a “place in the Sun”

But it never will shine on a Son of a Hun, There's a home for you with plenty of heat. The home of the Hell Hun beneath your feet This Hell though is really chilly for one, Who would like to be god in a place in the Sun.

One thing I do ask—a bomb from my hand To assist your Nibbs to that “Promised Land”

—A PATIENT