



INTERPRETER: "Madame says that she will have Suzette and her family moved to make room for us."

Q.M.: "Oh no, I couldn't think of causing her so much inconvenience."

INTERPRETER: "But Suzette is the sow!"

AFTER THE WAR.

"Oh, Wireless! come into the house at once. You'll catch your death of cold sitting out in that draught. Gracious me! Your feet are damp! I'll get you a warm foot-bath at once, and have a fire lit in your bedroom. Take your shoes off at once, or you'll be ill. Why did you go without your breakfast this morning? Do you want to become so weak you can't work. And I didn't like to say so before, but I wish you would give up the idea of living in that stuffy dug-out you've built. Don't you like this sliced corned beef? You must be ill. You've lost your appetite. Can't you answer me without using all those horrible expressions 'très bon,' 'toute suite,' 'ma chère,' and 'encore.' I don't know what our Government was doing when they let my boy get such ideas into his head. I won't have you refer to your father as the O.C. and your brothers as the rank and file"—Oh, fellows, gimme 'nother war!

"WIRELESS."

BILL KAISER.

TUNE:—"Won't You Come Home, Bill Bailey?"

"Won't you go home, Bill Kaiser,
Won't you go home?"
We moan the whole day long.
We're sick of digging trenches;
We want to see our wenches,
'Cause we can't parlez the ding-dong.
Remember the stormy days
When we turned you out
Of Arras, Messines and the Somme.
You know you're to blame
For this cursed game,
Bill Kaiser, won't you please go home?

MAXIMS FOR MUD HOLES.

A funk-hole in time saves R.I.P.

Look not upon the wine when it is red, lest thou gaze in the morn upon the face of thine O.C. when it is flushed with anger.

Better a corner in the meanest hovel in the trench than high life on the parapet when the M.G. trills out its song.

Do unto Fritz as you know he is going to do unto you—only do it first.

"Obey that impulse" when the first whizz-bang shrieks its warning in thine ear. Thus will thy days be long in the trenches—and full of an astounding misery.

A JULY DREAM.

Dreaming, I go back again,
Down a logging-road I know,
Where the nesting partridge runs
And the tall brakes grow.

Dreaming, I am there again,
Where, the leafy walls between,
All the air is like a tide
Quiv'ring cool and green.

Dreaming, I go down again,
Through the shadow and the gleam,
To the bright trout lying still
In the amber stream.

Waking—No, 'tis best to dream—
Dream, and know the peace for ever
Of my green-leafed logging-road
And my hidden river.

T. G. R.