

### A SUGGESTION TO PAYMASTERS.

Comfortably seated on an empty packing-case the Paymaster begins his mornings business, and is deep in official correspondence when a pair of badly wound puttees ending in feet of a generous area are noticeable under the flap of the tent.

The person surmounting the puttees salutes more or less regimentally, according to his temperament, and "stands to attention" — if his half-embarrassed stiffness of attitude may be justly so called.

"Well, what do you want?" asks the Paymaster, not morosely, or challengingly, but as one would ask that question who has other duties waiting.

"Sir", answers the putteed one, "I'd like to have a little extra money — to buy a watch", he adds, hastily, as the Paymaster's face hardens. Quite often it is "to get a safety-razor". Indeed so frequently are these two articles in demand that we strongly advocate that Paymasters be authorised to carry them in stock as a side-line. We feel sure that if this were done it would result in a great saving of time and simplification of labour.

Then, instead of saying "The rolls are made up. You'll have to wait till next pay-day. Speak to me about it then", the Paymaster would simply produce a watch and say: "Here you are! Special war movement, sixteen jewels, nickelled case, illuminated dial, strong pig skin wrist-strap with protector — sign here!" Or, "This is the Wizard Safety Razor. A highly finished shaving tool. Superior to the five dollar out fits and costs less than one half. Quick, clean, hygienic. Just the thing for a nervous shaver in a whizz-banged trench. Extra blades six francs a dozen — enter your name and number in this column!"

### BILLETS.

Ofi amidst plenty in crowded streets I've wandered,

No roof, no walls, or place to lay my head,  
Seeking — not luxury in gorgeous palace  
squandered,

But just a chair to sit on and a bed.

Foot-sore and weary, tired and all complaining  
Dusty and sleepy — surfeit with all of them —  
At last I've hied me — the one last hope re-  
maining —

To the Prince of World-providers, our Q. M.  
And he hath sheltered me in quarters all alluring  
Where beauteous maidens smile and bid me rest ;  
Whilst he explains, in manner most assuring,  
That these, though fair, are not the very best.  
For he who rules must lives in fairest places,  
And he who serves must be content with less :  
Do I but bid him and he'll search the spaces  
To find the super-billet with a mess.

A mess that shall charm, delight, enthuse me ;  
With conference chairs arranged as I desire ;  
And, perchance that winter winds should chill me,  
He'll guarantee the most seductive fire.

I listen through then speaking softly tell him :  
"Young man, since you are skilful in the art  
Of finding billets with such charm and comfort,  
Cease to regard this one as yours — depart!"

"And for, yourself seek all these places,

Whilst I in comfort tarry here awhile" ;  
And he departs to search through all the spaces,  
Whilst I find rest and peace in maidens' smiles.  
For this I tell — nor ear or brook denial —  
(Just jot it down as one more useful "mem").  
If you would rest in comfort without trial  
Just swipe the billet from your wise Q.M. !  
Iddy--Umpty.

### ANOTHER SUCCESSFULL LOAN



### THE MAN BEHIND THE GUN.

Who stages all the big affairs  
Like Vimy and Messines ;  
Who puts the foe upon the run,  
And makes him ill at ease ;  
Who sends you o'er the parapet  
With just a drop of run,  
And makes you fight with all your might ?  
The man behind the gun.

Who sends the daily orders out  
That make you curse and swear ;  
Who puts the dram-shops out of bounds,  
And makes you tear your hair ;  
Who says you can, or cannot,  
Draw money and have fun ?  
You know the guy and so do I,  
The man behind the gun.

Who makes you live on bully-beef  
With hard-tack on the side ;  
Who makes you march the dusty road,  
While he, behind, may ride ;  
Who puts you on a dress-parade  
And stands you in the sun,  
And makes you mad to please his fad ?  
The man behind the gun.

Who dishes out your furlough  
As though he owned your soul ;  
Who makes you shine your mess-tin  
As though t'were made of gold ;  
Who is the man whose word is law ;  
Who makes you stand at "shun" ?  
We all know him with face so grim,  
The man behind the gun.

Who wears the finest medals,  
And makes you toss salutes ;  
Who smokes the finest of cigars,  
While you get cheap cheroots ;  
Who gets his name in history, boys,  
When this old war is done ?  
It's this same man so spick and span,  
The man behind the gun.

Spr. Jess Lewis, Can. Div. Sigs.