

BILL.

C O'S Bill? Thousands of Bills in this male outfit of ours. Well, Bill was and is—yer see, 'e never transferred to the Transport or got shell shock—just an or'nary private in that Headquarters detail misnamed the Scouts. "Pork-an'-Beans" outfit, we've 'eard 'em labelled, besides other names more descriptive than polite.

But to return to Bill. 'E 'ad hadventures, 'e 'ad. Misadventures 'e called 'em. And so 'e joined or transferred, as they says, to the Scouts as a sniper. Sniper, mind yer!!! W'y, wen we was together, me and 'im, down at 'Ythe, 'e was the only one 'oo missed the target at 200. Still, that cuts no ice. If yer joins the Army as a Scout, yer most likely gets a job on the "Sanitary Police"—and vicus versus. O yus, I've 'ad a cormsopolitan edication, allright. I knows my Roman!

'Owever, to get along wif Bill.

As I says, 'e joins as a sniper.

There was seven or eight snipers and somethink over twenty o' them others, and of all the mixed bunches yer ever come acrost—well, they was the mixedest. Mixed! I should say so.



FOR FATIGUE.

WHEN WARNED.

FOR LEAVE.

There was two or three remittance men, five or six rawncers, han Hoxford M.A., one o' Timothy Eaton's dry-goods salesmen, an Edinburgh Academical, two Fraser river salmon fishers, a chemist, an ex-Cape Mounted policeman, a hactor, one married man with seven kids and (as 'e used ter say) hepectations, four High School pets, and Bill. Then, there was our officer. I never did discover what 'e 'ad been—

'Ow some ever, to pursue, as the swell journalists says, Bill joined as a sniper and then 'is troubles began. Course, bein' a sniper, Bill thought 'e was goin' to snipe. But 'e was most 'orrible mistook. 'E 'ad no proper understandin' of the Headquarters, mind. In fac' that was the only fac' Bill was ever certain of.

So Bill lies low 'till the Somme was reached and 'e 'ad somethink to do.

To get this straight, it must be told that our bunch, along wif the rest of the Brigade, 'ad done a bloomin' show and 'ad been duly praised and decorated on account of our doings. Bill 'ad done 'is bit an' been duly forgotten—the only decoration 'e ever got was a black eye from a brother sniper. And then, to our joy and satisfaction, we was honoured by bein' told to 'old the old 'ome town—for it was like 'ome to us before we got through wif it—for an extry forty-eight hours.

"Great army rations! Includin' Tickler's jam. Wot do yer think of that?" says Bill when 'e was told the glad tidings. But there weren't much time to think. And, in order to make everyone in the Scout Section acquainted with the roads leadin' into the pleasure resort—a French spa it was, onect—the Scout Officer with two Scouts make their way in durin' daytime and then leads the bunch in at night. O' course, bein' scouts and sichlike things, the bunch was supposed to have eyes like a cat.

Bill will tell yer that that forty-eight hours beat all the Chancery law suits for quarrellin' that 'e ever 'eard tell of!

Them scouts and snipers bickered with every party they guided in or guided out. One scout was lucky! 'E got five francs for telling the Colonel of the O.M.I. battalion w'ere 'e got off at!

However, ter continue on with them fearful two days. We —me an' Bill—are not consarned with any o' it, exceptin' the final ack, and it was Bill's.

'E 'ad to lead a party out of that sweet little burg, 'avin', as mentioned, been over that road onect, an' that in the dark. 'E 'ad done one or two little guidin' jobs—includin' a party o' four sufferin' from emergency rum ration. Se 'e was considered a hexpert. Well, along about midnight the penetratin' but otherwise musical voice of our Hofficer was blown down into the thirty-foot-deep dug-out we was in—along wif about half o' the whole bloomin' brigade—demandin' the immediate presence o' me an' Bill at Headquarters. So we goes.

Arrivin' there, we was politely told, army-style, that we would be movin' out last of all, and incidentally 'ave to guide the Y.R.U. Company back to brigade headquarters, the hofficers

o' that particular 'pearing to 'ave neglected to note 'ow they 'ad come in!

"Sure," says Bill to our little Major; "we'll fix 'em." Never was no fancy stuff about Bill; no trimmins like.

So off we starts down the Sunken road, both of us wif our flanks in the air, so to speak, and wif a shadow-like idear—like the chap what dreamed 'e was drawin' an extry rum ration—that we might get this company somewhere, sometime before morning.

Bein' duly come to the company 'eadquarters, we asks for the Major—not our own little Major—an' told 'im he was ready to guide 'is bunch out to a 'ot meal an' the 'ome fires burning.

From that minnit Bill 'ad no peace.

Says the Maje: "W'ere's the Scout? Are you the Scout? Then stick close to me!"

So we sticks, and the party moves on a yard or so.

Then up comes a yell from 'arf way down the line: "Not closed up yet."

"'Alt Scout!" says the Ho See. "'Alt, I says! 'Ere, w'ere the 'ell's that bloomin' Scout got ter?"

"'Ere I be, sir!" says Bill, peevish like, for e's standin' right under the hofficer's 'elmet.

"Oh! Good 'eavings," says the Ho See. "Is that you! Thought you was a trench mat!"

'Course, Bill bein' a bit under reglar Army size, this didn't make 'im feel any too 'appy or peace-on-earth-good-will to that Ho See!

However, Bill 'e says nothin', but after goin' for hours through messy trenches 'e says:

"'Ere's w'ere we climbs out."

"'Ow do you know we does?" says the Maje.

"'Cause I climbed in 'ere," says Bill.

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