

LOST. BUT NOT FORGOTTEN.

Barr, our worthy Staff of life, has broken out into verse. Spring is said to affect the young man's fancies; the more mature evidently escape such influence that this season of the year bears.

So we don't know why our dear old friend has busted.

'Tis further reported that he had the temerity to hand his original M. S. S. to a driver—just shows to what level the poor fellow has come to—and that driver, true to life and bearing out the historical record of that worthy corps, has probably fallen asleep reading the verse or gone nutty.—Suffice it to say he hasn't been heard of or seen since.

If Barr told the truth about the poem, though we might see light, dear reader can you not imagine what venom he would spit when he once got really started especially if he took for his subject Teddy Lowman or perhaps Tommy Howde.

The censor would of necessity be a busy man if Barr once got away to a good start.

"REJOICE YE—THE LOST IS FOUND!"

(Note:—At the very moment of going to press, a hot and breathless runner delivered to us Staff Sergeant Barr's famous poem—"the poem that was lost". We stopped the mighty presses, we re-arranged completely the whole cast of this week's issue in order that this splendid and warlike contribution might be given to our readers without delay. We also can read in this poem a veiled warning to those who are so rash as to cross the path of our stalwart friend—another reason for its immediate publication. The poem follows.)

I used to say in the R.C.E., there wasn't a man so smart as me, And now I'm in a fighting corps, I'm a dam sight better than I was before.

I'm the best of the lot at Company drill, when on parade I fill the bill,

If there's a funeral it's always I, that boss the show for the blokes who die.

The O.C. always praises me, I'm the finest soldier you ever did see,

With the chickens too I am "au fait", they can't resist my taking way.

If ever I have to go oversea, in a deuce of a mess the depot will be,

There isn't a man can take my place, by gad, they'll miss my handsome face!

On my arm I wear a well earned crown, the sappers all tremble at my frown.

I like red tape, I'm a martinet, I've never been equalled by anyone yet.

I hope pretty soon to be R.S.M. and I'd do the job much better than them

Who hold the rank at the present day. They rile me by drawing the extra pay.

I think, maybe, I've said enough, but if anyone fancies I can't be rough,

I hate to say it but listen to me, I'm the finest fighter you ever did see!

Staff Sgt. Barr.

A QUEER CREATURE.

Queer that while the male seal is a bull and the female a cow their youngster is not called a calf, but a pup.

Why, seal fisheries, too, when the seal is not a fish?

And why should the seal's breeding place be styled a rookery?

It looks as if this strange creature is only a fish in common parlance while at sea. On land (or ice) it is classed popularly with animals or birds.

NAUGHTY SLASHINGS.

Official Lecturer to several N. C. O.'s attending Baldwin Hall at 7.45 p.m.:—"What are you fellows doing shuffling by that door? Don't you know you are just in time to be half a minute late!"

"Ya, ya,—Yes Sir."
"Then come in and don't make any noise."

That was last week.
81 N. C. O.'s attending compulsory lecture at same Hall one week later and on good time, (after waiting 2 hours):—"Where the Sam Hill is Major P.!"

"Why, he's two hours late and just won't come in to make a noise." What oh!

"Dedicated to Capt. Pettigrew"
Now the month of June is ended, And hot July we now do see—
But when you make your Payroll out,

Dear Captain, think of me.
"Anon."

Sapper (to M.O.):—"Sir, my legs are very weak. I don't think I will ever run again."

Learned M.O.:—"Give him three (3) "Number 9's."

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