

HOT AIR.

When the gas comes from the trenches,
Rolling on the morning breeze,
Wafted on a greeny mist, mid earth
and air,
When the gas comes from the trenches
Just before the "Stand-at-ease!"
With my little Respirator, I'll be there.

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Editorial Note.

In order to explain the late appearance of the paper the Editors beg leave to submit some of the "Copy" after it had passed (?) the Censor. We may mention that the following paragraphs were comparatively lightly dealt with.

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OUR JOURNEY HERE.

Date.

We left — on the — day of — and after a refreshing march over the uplands of — safely embarked on the — for — where we arrived at — o'clock on the — day of — safely. After sauntering through the well-paved streets of — we gaily made our way to the comfortable quarters at — prepared for us by the — Regiment.

On this day we gladly placed our packs on our backs and proudly marched over excellent roads to — where most exquisite railway accommodation had been kindly provided. Majors — and — their faces aglow with pleasure and bubbling over with the spirits of mirth . . .

[Two paragraphs deleted by the Censor as "Untrue."]

Arriving at — we tramped over dark and dirty roads to —, where we slept in a — of a — stable. We set off again on a — wet morning for a — march to a — place called —.

[Remainder of Article cut out as "Profane."—Censor.]

R. W.

Causerie.

The *Daily Mail* eulogising the Guards at the latest recruiting rally in London, adds:

"The Welshmen had their goat." Steady the Guards!—even if the Taffies do sometimes get your goat!

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A Folkestone girl, writing to an English periodical, says that the Canadians were "always courteous

and polite to her; they invariably conducted themselves towards her in a most gentlemanly manner."

All right; the backwoods for ours.

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Reverting to our Notes on Bird Life, who is the gentleman in the Battalion who is quite an authority on "feathers"?

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The responsibility for the new issue of a larger size in caps for the Battalion rests on the shoulders of the Brigadier.

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With reference to the common belief that Flemish is very much like Scotch, Private McNab writes: "that there is no similarity whatever, even when the Scotch is diluted with water."

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THE ENGLISHMAN'S HYMN OF HATE.

From *London Opinion*.

You bounders, you blighters, you rotters!

You think that you're boss of the show,

You bandy-legged, beer-swilling blotters,

We think you're most horribly low.

We'll jolly well disintegrate you;

You'll burn in the fires that you lit,

We hate you, we hate you, we hate you!!

By Jove! we don't like you a bit.

* * *

To Bulgaria.

Let 'em all come!

* * *

Definitions.

Mushroom.—(1) An edible fungus.

(2) The front room with the bow window, so termed from the use to which it is put by the eldest daughter.

Hard tack.—An effigy of all things *à la carte*.

Nonsense.— — (deleted by the Censor).

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ROMAN HISTORY.

All Gaul is divided into two parts—those who live in trenches and those who don't!

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Notwithstanding that the diplomatic wheels of Bulgaria may turn in our disfavour, she will not be able

to get Greece to help in the running of her machinery.

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Notes on Bird Life.

No. 1.—THE SNIPER.

This weird bird has its habitat in France, Belgium, and, we believe, also in Russia and on the coasts of the Dardanelles.

Its presence has not been noted in France and Belgium for some years, but it is now a common visitor. Like our Canadian birds it has two legs, but unlike them, it is said to have no feathers. Unfortunately, up to the present no specimen has been captured near enough to our lines to permit of close observation. The bird, however, is said to possess "telescopic" sight, a variation unknown to the North American songsters. Its song, which is curiously short and sharp, is in some cases muffled by what is known as a "silencer," and its powers of pecking or, at any rate, of inflicting damage at a distance has been noted already by several of our observers.

As a pet it is, we are told, unsatisfactory, being morose and taciturn. Its song when in captivity is utterly unlike its wild note and is said to sound like the frequent repetition of the letters S T R A F E!

It is known to seek its prey by night, and sometimes in the daytime.

Finally, we strongly recommend our readers to shoot all birds of this species on sight.

Note.—The Colonel is most anxious to obtain one or more specimens, dead or alive.

Next week: No. 2.—The Grouser.

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The Deathless Army.

The 20th Battalion left fair Canada's shores to assist the Motherland in her time of danger. The good ship on which that illustrious regiment sailed was torpedoed off the Irish Coast, and all on board were drowned. Nothing daunted, however, it arrived safely in France and forthwith set out for the Front. In a furious attack it was surrounded and cut up, but a week later this gallant Corps arrived safely in Sandling to complete its training.

The respite was short-lived; it was rushed to Archangel, but on the way was torpedoed in the Mediterranean, and, for the second time in its career the Battalion was drowned to a man.