

R is the Route March that we all love so well
E the Equipment as uncomfortable as H...
G stands for Dr. Gibson who will give a number nine,
I n the event of your liver being tangled in your spine,
M is (censor) where we are gonig to I fear,
E stands for England where we *should* go for a year,
N ow its time to quit, but I'll tell you I've a hunch,
T hat this is the finest Regiment of all Canadian Bunch.

REST

TUNE:— "I wonder if you'll miss me sometimes".

1st. VERSE.

I stood in a line of trenches,
 And gazed O'er the darkening view,
 I dreamed of a home in England
 And a sweetheart so loyal and true,
 And also the old folks at home
 In B. C. across the sea.
 But then I awoke with a start, for,
 My comrade was whispering to me.

CHORUS

I wonder if they'll rest us sometimes
 Rest us when the war is o'er
 I wonder if the reinforcements
 Are ever coming o'er.
 I wonder if they know we're pining
 Pining for them in despair
 And I wonder if they know our backs are breaking
 And I wonder if they care.

2nd. VERSE.

Altho' from the trench they take us
 We do not expect to rest
 For the picks and the shovels await us
 The C. Es can do all the R. E. S. T.
 But when we get home to our billets
 We quit giving vent to our spleen
 Oh! would we could wake in the morning
 And find it was all just a dream

A. P. O.

WORRY

There's a microbe in the air, called worry,
 Its the cause of all our care, is worry,
 For its worse than any shell,
 And it makes your life a hell,
 And the world don't treat you well;
 If you worry.

Now just think it over carefully all you boys,
 We've got work to do and mustn't think of toys,
 When you're feeling awfully blue,
 And your girls the'same way too,
 Don't read her letters thro'
 To save worry.

When she asks you about leave, Say "I don't think".
 But write and tell her, ——— "I am in the pink."
 But you'll find that she's true blue
 And will try and help you to
 Not worry.

L/Cpl. J. S. WHITE.

The Diary of a Real Soldier

Friday. — When it means doing a little scouting for fire-water, the Red Indians cant teach me anything. I only wish that I could drink as much as an Indian, or a Canadian Q. M. Sgt.

I managed to extract one of those jars from the Quartermasters tent, and the contents have got lime juice beat fifty different ways. What I am up against just now is how am I going to dispose of it all? It is too much for me to drink alone, and if I show anyone of these transport fellows where it is hidden, he would invite all his friends and the affair will finish up with everybody up for a general court martial. If this bunch of mule killers ever connect with a full jar of rum, these transport lines will be far more exciting than any Wild West Show. They've had nothing stronger than lime juice or French beer all summer and if they only so much as smell that rum they would imagine they were all sergeants, Given a good drink of it and they would be making violent love to their noble steeds. The jar of rum has been missed alright, and the Military Police have been hanging around me far too much for my peace of mind. One "Smart Aleck" asked me for a drink out of my water bottle. Now a real soldier would never dream of carrying booze in his water bottle, since the officers got the habit of smelling them before the fellows go

into the trenches. I gave him a drink and I dont think he will forget it for some time to come, for the water had been in there for two weeks. This place is getting uncomfortable and I must get out. I never had a better chance of going to hospital than the present, for that Lynx-eyed M.O. of ours is in the trenches and the transport men can visit the Ambulance Doctors. I must make sure of getting sent away, so the only thing to do, is to either break or lose my nice front teeth and they cost me over fifty dollars It will be almost as painful as if they were real. A little tap with a hard rock and they will look the way I want them to look - As though a horse had trod on them.

Saturday. — The doctors at the Ambulance are thorough gentlemen, that is if they are all alike, the one at No.... Field Ambulance didn't ask me any foolish or difficult questions. I climbed into a limousine with a red cross-painted on it. There were six of us booked for Charing Crobs. We whizzed through the country at about 30 miles per hour. I told the driver to hop right along and open the speed to the limit. I also told him he couldn't go too fast for me, if he kept it steered due West. If I had only brought that jar with me, we could have had a real good time. When we got to the clearing station I told the doctor how I was starving to death through breaking my teeth and he put my name and number on a sepearte piece of paper which had the word base on it. Got a good feed of bread and milk and pinched myself to make sure it was not all a dream.

Medical Detail Weekly Grouse

A doctor in the army and a doctor in civil life are alike in one respect only; they are persons to be strictly avoided. A doctor in civilian life may possibly be a gentleman. That is if he is not a doctor of medicine, whilst a doctor in the army is a (deleted by the censor). When a doctor leaves the civilian life for the military, he becomes a different person altogether. Just like Dr. Jeckyl and Mr. Hyde.

After this great war, doctors may go completely out of business. If a doctor has to leave his sergery or dispensary he will have to be guarded by mounted police and machine-guns and maybe a portable trench with barbed wire. Anti-que or modern suits of mail or armour will become fashionable among the medical fraternity. They will get no sympathy from any ex-soldiers. Of course they wont want sympathy, they never did. All they ever wanted was easy money. And before the war they generally got it, or, like Shylock, they would have their pound of flesh. The first part, and one of the most important parts of a civilian doctors equipment is a beautiful brass plate. On the plate he has his name and initials M.D. and perhaps one half of the alphabet also. The difference between M.O. and M.D. is, M.O. gives advice whilst M.D. sells it. The more letters he has to his name the bigger the sell. Nobody knows what all these letters mean, but they look well on the door. They also protect the M.D. from being arrested for "daylight robbery with intent to kill". If he put the right inscription on his brass plate it would read like Dantes Inferno, "Abandon all hope all ye who enter here". When a man visits a doctor in the army, say with a bad leg, the M.O. would say "Dont swing it so much or you will get six months". But if he went to see a M.D. about it, say in Vancouver, the M.D. would find out how much money the patient had, by asking him what he did for a living. If the patient happened to be a lumber jack, the M.D. would take about ten dollors from him and give him in exchange a small piece of paper with some mysterious letters and signs on it. This prescription must be filled at a certain drug store, close by, and probably owned by the M.D. The victim throws away another five dollors in the drug store and probably fifty more in the next saloon. In the endeavour to forget how near death he is, he will get on the outside of several bottles of, what is commonly called, Whisky but in reality is a composition of drugs, from the store owned by the M.D. If a very rich man called to see M.D. he would be admitted by a man wearing an uniform a cross between a "Life Guards" and the little "Lord Founteroy". This freak would grab on to the victims hat and coat to prevent him from escaping. The rich man then commences his giving and losing career by sending in his card, the card is the forerunner of a good many things he will lose before M.D. hands him over to the undertaker. He may only lose a little of his anatomy but he will surely lose all his money and everything else that is worth anything. He waits in a splendid room, and just as he has finished reading some old magazines and medical papers, the splendid uniformed man appears through the heavily curtained doors and the doomed man is ushered into the serpents lair.

DRONE.