

# 10th Canadian Battalion

(THE FIGHTING TENTH)

Look out boys! We're coming.  
Watch this page next issue  
for some "HOT DOPE."

LIEUT. G. C. BURBIDGE,  
Sub. Editor.

HARRY RICHARDS.  
The "Gink."

## ADVERTISEMENTS On Sale at the C. M. Stores.

No more Blighties.

Combined raft and dug-out. When opened from right to left it forms a raft, capable of carrying a company's rations; and opened from left to right it forms a bombproof shelter. Can be carried in haversack

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Four bits per week until the Padre's batman says he wants to go back to the trenches.

**Philphat, Clarque, Phatterson  
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Engineers, excavators, plasterers and vanishers.  
Sleeping Quarters and Basements a Speciality.  
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The above well known Government Contractors, having almost completed that vast undertaking known as the "Rossignol Retreat," are open to accept any work, in any part of the globe. The splendid "Roman Fireplace" which was constructed at the above retreat by Mr. Philphat, (sleeping partner of the above firm,) should be sufficient recommendation to anyone requiring their services.

Note: Special low estimates on any job in a "proud" country.

### Situation Wanted.

Upright soldierly young man would like a position as mother's help, lady's maid, financial secretary, or store-keeper in a distillery. Would consider offers of employment as Field Cashier's batman, Army Censor, or Staff Officer's groom.

Reasons for desiring change of occupation are:

Want of exercise, and the apparent blockade of Jamaica.

Willing to accept special low salary in any of the under-mentioned towns:

Boulogne 35 dollars per month, Shornecliffe 30 dollars per month, London 25 dollars per month, Vancouver two bits per month. Address all offers (enclosing photo of sister or girl) to Cpl. N-- 1, A3-Y2 this paper.

## THE POETS CORNER

### — LEAVE —

A little scrap of paper, dimly lined,  
Bearing the imprint of a blackened thumb,  
The Paymaster's I think, but need I mind?  
Ah! bleas'd hour, my turn for leave, has come.

Our Chariot grey, kin to Orion's fire,  
Shall bear us forth 'ere Sol has lit the heaven,  
Lest Mercury hastening o'er a D 1 wire  
Shall say, "Please note, your leave curtailed by  
[seven.]"

Heedless I'll be for the whizz-bang's plaintive cry,  
No more shall fall on my unwilling ears.  
The Woolly Bear, no longer hurling by,  
Shall chill my feet or fill my soul with fears.

Visions of filmiest lace, a jewelled monogram  
Peeping from out a bow of azure blue

A loving voice murmurs so low, "Oh Dam!  
Come on—get out—its four o'clock, STAND TO."

A. A. A.

## ODE

"Zu Wilhem der bose" to "Wilhem the wicked."

The "Ages of iron" of ancient years,  
Brot forth their brave conquerors' dread,  
Old nations were reared 'neath slaughter and tears,  
And the strife of our "Mighty dead."

Our lifetime has fallen on days of sheen,  
Our warfare the students campaign,  
Our struggles in commerce are bloodless, if keen,  
Our banners unspotted by stain.

What meaneth that wail in the winds so shrill?  
The shriek of a million in pain;  
And what doth betoken your blood-red rill?  
A sword thrust crimsoned by slain.

These grand old flags of a hundred fights  
Are stirring their worm eaten folds,  
And the dust that hath rusted their standards bright,  
Hath fallen in showers of red and gold.

Earth's prophets forshadowed the din of this age,  
They chanted its glories and woes,  
'Tis ours to rewrite on the red tintured page,  
Our triumphs, disgrace to our foes.

Shall we yeald thee allegiance, first war lord of hell?  
For whom millions in agony bleed?  
Shall we rear thee thy "Heimgard," our terrors fortell,  
And surrender our skulls for thy mead?\*

Prime soi reign of Europe, 'twas thine to send forth  
Thy "Dove" o'er the landscape and wave,\*\*  
No emblem of love, but of torture and wrath,  
And "Contempt" for the peaceful and brave.

Supreme and unrivall'd, thou peerless in fame,  
World Ceasar hast triumphed through hate,  
Nay; unnumber'd myriads are cursing thy name,  
Thou art fallen, thy victor black hate.

J. M. Sawkins.

\* It was the ambition of the ancients, the Huns and Vandals, to drink mead in Valhalla out of the skulls of their enemies.

\*\* "Dove" ie. The Taube Military aeroplane.

### That's How I Straffe You.

Sometimes the Kaiser feels lonesome,  
Sometimes he feels on the bum;  
Why should the Kaiser feel lonesome  
When he's got "Beaucoup des Hun?  
We are the boys he is after,  
But we dig faster than he?  
All that we know is he's straffing,  
Straffing at what he can't see.

Chorus

Like the Kaiser straffes our front line,  
Like Von Hindenburg was stung,  
Like the Kaiser straffes the Clown Prince,  
Not one victory has he won;  
Like the Turks are getting beaten,  
Like the Balkans they are too,  
Like the Kaiser straffes his enemies,  
That's how I straffe you.

Kaiser Bill's been on the hump now,  
Fifteen months now in the fray,  
With all his straffing and shelling,  
He has not had his own way,  
But there's a time coming some day,  
Then all his straffing will stop;  
Down with the Hun's blooming army.  
With the Allies on top.

"Irish."