



Dad—"I want one side of my face shaved."

The Barber—"Which side?"

Dad—"The outside."

I hear we have to put knee pads on all the trousers for climbing the mountains in Italy.

What are you taking all that stuff into this shop for? Just to hide till after our hut is inspected.

Q. M. S. Brown—What will you do with the sewing machine when we leave England?

Neil—Take it back to Canada with us.

When Alex. McCannell was up in Scotland, a kind old lady was showing Alex. her twin boys, Donald and Dougall. Alex. asked her how she could tell them apart. Oh she said "that is easy, you see Donald has two teeth and I put my finger in Dougall's mouth and if he bites, I know he's Donald."

"THE CAVE IN THE HILL"

By Pte. Albert W. Drummond 15th Canadian Field Ambulance.

Our encampment was situated 'neath the sheltering brow of a hill, it was silent except now and again the call of a bugle or the sharp rat—tat—tat of a distant machine gun, would disturb the stillness of the September air.

Our tents, consisting of six bell and

one operating tent, were deserted except for the solitary sentry, who faithful to his duty paced backward and forward before them.

Unlike most encampments within our Empire where armed men kept their lonely vigil, this sentry was unarmed, for over his head fluttered a flag, the Red Cross, emblem of love to all those suffering humanity, this was his defence and his hope, but the cruel treacherous foe had oftentimes violated the sacred rights of humanity and shelled the flag, with all it represented.

Here amid the quiet meadows of England such acts had never been committed, the sentry and camp were safe from shell fire, yet not altogether safe from that menace of the air, the aeroplane, with its deadly bomb.

One by one the soldiers had departed to explore the surrounding country, for England to all Colonials is the land of mystery, land of the traditions of their fathers, the land of Robin Hood and his Merry Men. Near camp was a cave, supposed to be haunted, and among the few who had determined to see the cave, was myself.

Full of laughter and song we crossed the moor, little knowing or even caring for the time being what lay before us.

After a short walk, and a rather stiff climb, we came to the ruined entrance of a subterranean passage, that led into the side of the hill. As far as the eye could see it seemed to be hollowed through the sand, but the eye at a distance of a few yards was met by a wall of impenetrable darkness.

We entered one by one, the cave was high enough to stand erect, but smelled strongly of age and dampness. Guided by the dull gleam of a smoky lantern, we proceeded slowly forward. About fifty yards from where we entered, the passage turned abruptly to the right, here we had to stoop lower and lower until finally it became so low that our advance became a slow crawl on our hands and knees.