

several occasions, while Merrick made a bad fumble on third, which added greatly to the luck the third were having. Arty Monette retired in favour of Jumbo, but he, too, soon showed signs of the previous day. Confidence is half the game, and had the team become a little more confident than they were at one stage of the game, the score would have been much smaller, with the possible chance of a win. Long played good ball throughout, as also did Schell, but all showed too much the effect of the previous day's game. Now the warm weather has come to stay, I venture to suggest that the daily rum ration be discontinued, and an issue of "practice" be substituted. It's up to the quartermaster. Oh, he'll come through, boys. He'll come clean.

Unfortunately, the football camp were up against things when they had to find a team for the competition, but rather than ignore the appeal for an entry, a reserve or B team made a trip to the School, where they were defeated 5-0 by Headquarters team. The experiment of running a B team, for experiment it was, proved more than satisfactory, inasmuch that talent was unearthed which promises good for the future, and it has been decided to keep the team intact for awhile, to see the results of a little training. Arrangements have been completed for the procurement of a new outfit, consisting of jerseys, knickers, and boots, and then with a little of the much-needed support, it's the Corps championship for No. 1. It's time it came this way. Any men desirous of a try-out for B team get busy and hand in your name to Lance-Corporal H. E. Fletcher. Don't stay away 'cos you think you can't play—B team wants "triers."

One word in conclusion—If you want to get in on any of the games or sports, don't say to yourself, "I'm not good enough," and leave it at that. Jump into the game for all you are worth, 'cos if you've the inclination you've got it in you somewhere, and a little work-out practice will soon show it, and you may rely on the remainder of the boys noticing it, and they will show you how to develop it. Don't let that tired feeling beat you to it, but avail yourself of every spare minute for a little recreative exercise, if it is only walking, and you'll feel better for it. No one will kick, unless perhaps the quartermaster, for exercise and sport increases one's appetite, but do not let that deter you—take chances, it's worth it.

CUB.

ADDLED ADS.

Wanted.—Paperhangers, painters, whitewashers, etc. A few vacancies as Staff-Sergeants are open to experienced men. Only those used to best work need apply.—Squealed, Jammed and Lanced Co., France.

Iron Workers, Boiler-makers, and Metal Workers of all kinds wanted at once as dressers. First-aid taught.—Apply P., office of this paper.

Are You a Cook?—Get your name on our lists for first-class carpenters. Great demand at present. Union wages paid.—BX19, Poste Restante.

Lumbermen, woodcutters, trappers, and all men used to healthy, up-country life, wanted as Orderly-Room Clerks. Long hours and not much to do. Writing not essential. We will sign the pay-roll for you.—The Field Punishment Co., France.

Cooks Wanted.—Previous experience not necessary. All men with knowledge of book-keeping or dispensing, musicians, preachers, and ice-cream manufacturers are eligible.—Apply at once, "Called Twins Pie Joint," Corner of Maconochie's and Stores.

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THE VILLAGE BLACKLEG.

This is a title of a poem which has been going the rounds of college papers published in Hoosier institutions in Indiana.

"Under the peaceful olive tree, the German Kaiser stands; a mighty man of peace is he, with large and sinuous plans; the meaning of his peaceful terms is false as a devil's ban. His cloak of guile is thick and long, his face is like the Hun; he's coated o'er with Belgian gore, he robs the helpless one; he smites the whole world in the face, expecting it to run.

"Week in, week out, from throne and camp, you hear his bellows roar; he bellows peace, but all the while he spreads his conquests more. You can't believe a word he says; he's rotten to the core. The children all are taught at school the Kaiser to adore—'Gott mit uns,' 'Uber alles,' and 'Kultur,' and such-like lore. But he sows their bones to gain his ends, like chaff from a threshing floor.

"He takes the place of God and Church; he stretches forth his hands to grasp the crown of all the world, and gives his dread commands—so under the peaceful olive tree the German Kaiser stands."

A SIMPLE WOODEN CROSS.

In Memoriam of the late Private L. B. Bryant, No. 528533.

We'll ne'er forget you, Comrade!

And should God it will we pass your way,

A silent prayer we in homage pay.

That He rests with you in your sleep so sound

In the grave—that grave, a grass-grown mound

O'erplanted a simple wooden cross.

They'll ne'er forget you, Comrade!

God comforts them in their grief; and though they mourn,

They rejoice! Was not Christ, the Son of Man, born

To die for the Freedom and Liberty of us all?

Did not He at Calvary answer the Call

On a simple wooden Cross?

God ne'er forgets you, Comrade!

And when the Herald Angels sound the last "Fall In"

On Judgment Day, Christ, Master of Sin,

From His throne in realms supernal,

Will give unto you Life Eternal,

For on earth you carried a heavy wooden Cross.

JOSEPH H. SHIMMEN.