

beating a hurried retreat from Verdun) was anxious to see her of a softness comforting to his soul, and the younger children took sides according to their wont.

5.—And there was a great tumult, so that the neighbors beat on the wall and besought them to shut their heads.

6.—Therefore did Hans say, "Let us split the difference," and it was so, and Sesame was boiled for four minutes and thirty cubits (Fahrenheit).

7.—Then was there great pomp and ceremony, and the Egg was borne around the table three times, while all those present sang "The Hymn of Hate".

8.—And she was placed on a platter of earthenware before Albrecht and he tapped her thrice, and then cried in a loud voice: "Open, Sesame!"

9.—But, lo, she was very ripe, so that Fritz made a rush for his gas helmet which hung upon the wall, saying, "Verily have I suffered the explosions of many shells, but never one such as this. She is in truth a deed of frightfulness."

10.—And Sesame was taken away and cast into a dungeon for lese majeste, insofar as she had disputed the Emperor's claim to the title of "The Most High".

11.—But I say that there is little to choose between the German Emperor and the hen fruit of great antiquity, for both are thoroughly bad eggs.

12.—Which is what one might call a stale yoke.

(Note:—The "Listening Post" is published in the front line trenches. It seems to cause the Hun a special delight to strafe our famous little contemporary and this he does at every opportunity.)

We respectfully urge the men of the Engineer Training Depot to patronize our advertisers. They are helping us. Let us reciprocate.

"DRUNK AGAIN"

Did you ever wake, with an awful ache,

In your head, like it wants to bust?

You have, you may say, or you may say nay,

If you haven't you're lucky, just.

But wait just a while before you smile,

Have your slumbers been broke by a 'gink',

Call'd the Sergeant-o' Guard, by whose boot you've been jarred?

Just to find yourself lock'd in the clink.

For hours twenty-four, you lie on the floor.

To get sobered sufficient to speak.

Then looking like hell, and feeling as well,

You are marched in, in front of the beak.

They take off your hat, you don't mind that,

You're lined up, your fate you'll soon learn

Than some Guy with a snort, shouts "Pris'n'er and Escort"

"Left turn, Quick march! Halt! Right turn!"

No ordin'ry court, not one of that sort,

The Colonel sits back of his table, He reads out your number, you go cold as a cucumber

And you listen as well as you're able.

He reads out your name, it sounds like the same

As the one you had some days ago,

Then he reads out the charge. It's all fine and large,

But that ain't the furthest he'll go.

For evidence curt, he asks Lance Corpor'l Burt,

Who says "Sir", and then coughs and begins,

To relate how he found, lying drunk on the ground,

The accused making all sorts of dins.

Others asked, say, in their own pretty way,

How you were paralysed drunk without doubt.

You get chance to speak, but your spine feels so weak,

That all you hear is "March Out!"

When outside you get, you feel better you bet,

But your troubles have only begun,

If you pay strict attention, you'll hear "Seven days detention".

You're in clink again Son-of-a-gun.

Giddy.

THE FIRING SQUAD.

I wonder how long we'll continue to be a health resort for spies, And other industrious gentlemen that the papers criticise.

The place for an agent of Kaiser Bill is six feet under the sod—

I want to hear some Corporal yell, "Fall in, the Firing Squad.

Do we get cold feet at the thought of Blood, have we lost our old time grit:

If we haven't the nerve to kill a man, we'd better lie down and quit.

Do you think you can tame these animals by the methods of "spare the rod";

Forget it! Come on with the Corporal in command of a Firing Squad!

If we riddled a few incendiaries, the industry would decline;

If we plugged a couple of profiteers, the rest would stand in line;

And a lot of these devilish anarchists would get in and carry the hod,

If a few of their leaders went over the range to the tune of a Firing Squad.

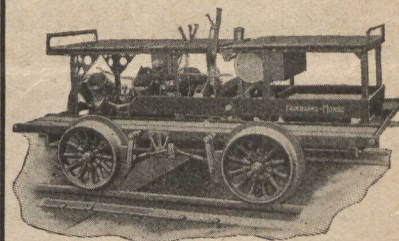
"Arrested", "interned" or "out on bail"—it's ever the same old song,

And we lay the paper aside to remark, "How long, O God, how long!"

We've seen enough devilment this past four years, to arouse the Wrath of God!

Then what is it we are waiting for? Come on with the Firing Squad!

Cpl. Jenkins.



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