

News Stand Gossip.

Since the publication of the last number of THE SAPPER, the news stand in No. 4 Lines has been taken over by the C.E.T.C. A large stock of American and English magazines is always on hand, also stationery, candies, and Khaki College supplies.

The Canadian, recently arrived in London, who sat in at "a little game," and on being raised a pound, replied: "I'll raise you back a ton," had nothing on a member of "G" Company 3rd C.E.R.B., who came into the news stand and declared he had no small change, "Just two notes—a pound and ten ounces."

Why is it that the quiet, unassuming, self-effacing chap comes into the news stall and buys a fourpenny terror, "Vengeance is mine," and a copy of "La Vie Parisienne," while the fellow with a map like a pirate and a physique like Jess Willard, becomes deeply interested in a treatise on the "Ephesian Residence of St. John" or the "Authenticity of the Pentateuch?"

Our idea of "the meanest man" is the fellow who drops in, reads a daily paper through, laughs long and loud at the jokes in *Punch* or *Life*, fingers all the post-cards, and at the end of an hour purchases a three halfpenny stamp, and presents a quid note in payment.

Christmas Cards.

To BILL.

You've made things merry, Billie dear, for the past four years or more,
With "schrecklichkeit" and "Kultur," and your hearty thirst for gore.
May your Christmas be as merry in the land of wooden shoes,
With the thought which now must haunt you, that the devil gets his dues.

To HINDY.

Greetings, dear von Hindenburg, German warrior bold.
You ordered Christmas dinner in Paris, we are told.
That order came four years ago, when your way seemed paved with gold.
Now don't you think, dear Hindy, that your dinner's getting cold?

To VON TIRPITZ.

Bewhiskered unter-sea god, the German Captain Kidd,
Your whiskers have for many years, your ugly visage hid.
Now step out from behind that bush and tell us, on the level,
How you've contrived so long to dodge the barbers and the devil.

To LITTLE WILLIE.

Unser Lieber Clown Prince, I saw your photo lately.
Taken with your favourite dog: your pose was bold and stately.
No doubt you think that map of yours has set the world agog,
But the more I look upon the mug, the more I like the dog.

Fall in the Cooks.

Bishop Stringer, of Yukon, "the man who ate his own boots," spoke at Y.M.C.A. Hut No. 2, on Thursday night, December 12th.

SAPPER RIORDON.



[A CONTRIBUTION FROM THE CORPS SIGNALS.]

Now soon, by heck! we'll start and trek right past the German line, and never stop until we drop our packs beside the Rhine. Oh! it will be a truly free and easy march along, with beaucoup beers and civie cheers, and choruses of song. The officers will dish their spurs, and scorn the motor-car; the bands will play along the way, "It is a lovely war." The vanquished Hun who's on the run will be our hourly jest, and grouchers will no longer spill their griefs nor look depressed. So we all say, but when the way is muddy and our skin is soaking wet, well then, you bet, the grouching will begin.



Some pessimist will wave his fist, "The war will never end; Fritz hasn't fled, he's not yet dead, he's marching on Ostend." It's ever thus: some fools must cuss, when they should thank their star, no Prussian wild their homes defiled, as these around them are. And so they slouch along and grouch, nor think that men have done their bit, and died quite satisfied, to save them from the Hun.



SOLVING THE HIGH COST OF LIVING.

Sir—I enclose a balance sheet of my family expenditure, which may convince doubtful readers that it is quite possible to lead a happy domestic life on thirty shillings a week:—

Beer	17	6
Wife's beer	2	6
Instalment on Shakespeare's Works...	5	0
Rent (paid next week)	—	—
Butcher and grocer (paid next week)	—	—
Bread	4
Missions	1	6
One tin boot polish	3
A little more beer...	2	6
Charity	2
Tobacco	9

Total ... 30 6

In adding up the total I find that during last week I ran into debt to the extent of sixpence. That will be easily remedied; next week the wife's beer will be cut down to 2s.