



Those Dark November Nights.

Major (tapping dummy placed to draw enemy's fire):

"See anything?"

"See anything?"

"Stand aside a minute while I put up a flare"!!

"Who in H—is sentry in this bay, anyway?"

Story of An Effort.

He was a bandsman. At least that is the capacity in which he started out, and he fulfilled the duties of that rank for several months with more or less varying success; then one day, in a moment of mental aberration, we allowed him to become cook. How the appointment came about was in this wise. No one had any idea that the man who was filling that position at the time had the least intention of vacating; but, alas! someone—so rumour hath it—suffering from an overdose of *estamination*, informed him that he, the speaker, could make better "mulligan" out of cast-off gas helmets than he, the cook, could make out of the best materials ever produced. The cook took um-

brage at the insult, and promptly proceeded to clean up the speaker, which he did in the most brilliant and soulful manner. We went supperless that evening. When questioned as to the absence of the evening meal, the cook told all and sundry to go to—Terra del Fuego and hunt for their supper, as he was blankety-blank well through. There was a mournful and hungry procession of bandsmen wandering around camp that evening sniffing at every cook-pot, but there was nothing doing anywhere. Then it dawned on some bright intellect that, unless we appointed someone in the seceder's place that we should also be breakfastless the following morning. Questions were put to several as to their ability in the culinary line, but each and all proved an alibi. At last it was decided to form a sort of coalition-cook, if we might so term it, to consist of three or four bandsmen, of which the hero of this story was part. The coalition-cook lasted half a day, and by evening had settled itself definitely into cook.

We have ever been of a forgiving and kindly turn, but there are times when even the sweetest and kindest of dispositions will sour. This is how it came about and encompassed the fall of the cook, and almost the death of thirty or more unsuspecting souls.

For weeks we had been trying to "sic him on" to make a pudding of some kind, and one day he promised he would try. He did. On that day we ate little for breakfast, so that we might leave room enough for the pudding, and impatiently waited for noon. Noon came at last, and with it the pudding. We thought we detected a peculiar odour emanating from the dheksi lid upon which it was reposing, but we immediately put it down to our olfactory nerve being out of plumb. Each one advanced hoping the knife might slip, and thus give him a larger share than his fellows, but the dispenser of the delectable dish was an old hand at the job, who knew to a fraction how much each should receive. Why dwell on what followed?

At the trial cook said the charge of attempting to poison the band was a base calumny and a serious reflection on his character and ability. Asked what happened, he stated that as he had no suet he decided to use butter in making up the dough, and, unfortunately, being a little near-sighted, he had used dubbin instead; "but," said he, "they should have been very grateful, for dubbin keeps water out of leather, and the application their 'in-nards' received would help to keep out the water that got mixed up with their rum." Case dismissed. Cook also.

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Shrapnel Limerick.

There was a young man of Bailleul,
Who thought he could just play the fool,
With a live shrapnel shell,
But it blew him to—well—
To a place that could scarce be called cool.