

The Girl at the Golden Cross.

WHEN from France we land on the seething Strand,
To mingle in life's gay whirl,
What we all do first is to slake our thirst,
Then look for the only girl.
Then we eat our fill and we pay the bill—
We are careless of cost or loss—
Then we bask awhile in the sunny smile
Of the Girl at the Golden Cross.

At eve we go to a well-known show
And soon when the dark scenes come ;
We are far away from the gory fray—
And also from issue rum—
So our hearts are light and our eyes are bright
As the waterlogged booze we toss,
Then our way we beat down the crowded street
To the Girl at the Golden Cross.

When pleasure palls and the curtain falls
On some of the transient fun,
We turn away from the tiresome play,
Or the glare of the noonday sun,
From the din and blare of Trafalgar Square
To a cool like the forest moss,
We go to the place that enshrines the face
Of the Girl at the Golden Cross.

On the final day of leave our pay
Is down to the last red cent,
We have had our fling, but it does not bring
To our yearning hearts content ;
For again we must go to fight the foe
And prove to him who is boss,
And we say farewell and start back to hell
From the Girl at the Golden Cross.

BILL MAIDEN.

Fashions at the Front.

FALL MODES FOR MEN.

THE new autumn styles for men are showing the Teutonic influence to a marked degree. Since the decisive sartorial announcement of August 8th appeared, no Dominion soldier can consider his wardrobe complete without the inclusion of several articles of wear designed in Berlin. Advance samples of the latest Hun modes for men have been showing at several points along the Amiens front, and have met with the instant favour of our rough-house merchants.

One astounding point about these goods is their cheapness—they may be had almost for the asking.

In shirts the Teutonic taste runs to cheerful colours, reds and blues patterned in simple and striking fancies such as have hitherto been associated in the Canadian mind with the dago hired-help's going-away gown. Attired in scarlet shirts with large white spots, our Boche bumpers-off have felt an instant access of moral. Whose spirits could resist the uplift of underwear of such a joy-compelling tint? As one of our Fritz-friskers remarked: "Dolled up in one of these lurid crumb-pastures, I feel like conducting a major offensive on my own account." There we have it in a knut-shell! It is our theory that Ludendorff and Hindenburg have kept the fighting spirit of their cannon-fodder up to boiling point by the night and day stimulus of aggressive-hued shirts. So much for underwear.

To describe the full effect of this Teutonic influence on the dress of our Hun-hunters, it will perhaps be well to give the details of a costume exhibited on the boulevards of Warvillers by one of the "snake-charmers"—for the benefit of our civilian readers—Jocks. This gentleman, a full-fledged private, wore exciting *lingerie* of the sort described above; Hun boots of a mild-cured tan; "shorts" made of a pair of field-grey pants, with red stripe complete; a Kamerad toque trimmed with the regulation red hackle of his regiment, and Conrad bayonet-tassels suspended from his garters. His jewellery consisted of three Luger automatics and a Solingen dirk threaded on a Gott Mit Uns goulash girdle. In place of a swagger-stick he carried a corkscrew wire-stake, and smoked half a metre of Franz foliage without the gold band. As our French friends say—"Quelle confection!"

The above faithful description of the costume of a super-knut of the forward area may come as a surprise to those of our friends who imagine us always garbed in the drab habiliments of our trade, but it may also prove that much war has not served to stamp out our instinct for refined self-adornment—at the enemy's expense.

J. W. C.



Officer: "Here, I can't allow this sort of thing, you know. Why aren't you wearing your steel helmet?"

We see the town and we paint it brown,
Or any old hue we like,
For we have the dough and the pace we go
Is the gidly one, down the pike.
The best is ours for a few short hours,
We look for the gold, not dross,
So we walk a mile for the sunny smile
Of the Girl at the Golden Cross.