

THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW.

Who is the fellow who says that he  
“(Y)ates the band unless it is very  
Goode.”

Who can tell the depth of the deepest  
dug-out at L.B.S. ? Ask the S.M.

What Patent Drug was used by Cocky  
to cure his back so speedily after leaving  
the line ?

Who denies that Staff Crowe is very  
medalsome ?

Who was the guy who slipped Nobby  
ten francs to get his leave “Toot sweet” ?

Is it true that M.D. is going to give a  
souvenir of the Great War with every  
house or lot that is sold “Apres la  
Guerre” ?

Who says “The Old Standby” will  
not be in trim for another game of  
football ?

What is the weight of Tiny’s ‘Hickies’ ?

OVERHEARD AT—SIDING.

(Time 3.45 a.m.)

“There he is !”  
“Where ?”  
“There.”  
“Over that second tree ?”  
“Yes, can’t you see him ?”  
“No.”  
“See that black cloud ?”  
“Yes.”  
“Well, to the right of that. See it  
now ?”  
(Pause). “No.”  
“Well, for the love of Mike. Do you  
see that last shot ?”  
“Yes.”  
“Well, about two feet above that.”  
“A little to the right ?”  
“Yes. Now he’s turning. See him ?”  
“No. Is he near those two shots  
together ?”  
“Oh ! Put your hand out. Now then !  
The sun’s shining on him.”  
“Right, I’ve got him. Is that a Ger-  
man ?”  
“Sure, can’t you see his Iron Crosses ?”  
“No.—I’ve lost him again now.”  
“There he is. Look right up there.  
There’s two now. The one underneath  
must be ours. See him turn ?”  
“Where ?”  
“See that little cloud by that big  
one ?”  
“Yes.”  
“Well, two o’clock from that. See  
him ?”  
“No.”  
“I can’t see him myself, now, I  
guess he’s got away.”  
“Yes, I guess so.”  
Voice from tent :—“Say, why can’t  
you blankety blanks let a poor fellow  
sleep ? ‘Taint four yet. Get to way-  
gone outer here.”

AT BUSTARD.

A.D.—Please Sir, I want tree  
weeks.  
O.C.—Three weeks ! Why, you’ve  
only just come back from seven days  
leave.  
A.D.—I no want to go on leave. I  
jest want tree weeks for light de lamp—  
dat’s all.  
(It was only lamp wicks that he had  
failed to obtain anywhere else, that our  
friend was after.)

A FAIRY TALE—A SUMMER  
IDYL.

(By a Member of “No. 3.”)

There once was an Ambulance,  
A Canadian Field Ambulance,  
That travelled from town to town.  
With a good personnel  
It worked very well—  
For efficiency it had renown.  
It’s seldom you’d meet  
A unit as complete.  
The patients would never complain,  
And it travelled along  
With a jovial song,  
And this is the tuneful refrain :—  
Pills, quite a lot,  
Here have we got,  
Soda, Sal and Asperin—  
These can’t be beat.  
(They always repeat.)  
There’s something good in the  
heart of them.  
We lose caste every time  
We give a thing.  
We’ll in the poor house sleep  
We are honest elves,  
And we cheat ourselves,  
Step up ! Take your pill, it’s cheap.

Then “Hey !” for the Ambulance,  
The Canadian Field Ambulance.  
One day when the sun was hot,  
They came to a nook  
By the side of a brook.  
“We’ll rest here,” they said, “why not ?”  
So soothed by the breeze,  
As it sang in the trees,  
They slept as if snugly in bed.  
And the crickets and frogs  
From the neighbouring bogs,  
Woke up, and the crickets all said :—  
“We never knew  
How pretty you  
Looked when asleep,  
Rest for awhile,  
Peacefully smile,  
Watch we will keep.  
Pills, we’ll examine them,  
We will take a peep  
In the monkey pack  
That’s on your back,  
While you’re wrapped in slumber  
deep.”

Now awake the Ambulance—  
The Canadian Field Ambulance,  
Lest it rest on its laurels gained.  
And the work so well done  
By the son of a “Gunn”  
On whom fortune her favours has  
rained.  
And when the war’s over  
And we’re back in clover,  
We may tell with conviction and proof,  
Of the things we have seen  
In this varied screen  
Where the truth often looks like “spooof.”  
Memories galore  
We have in store,  
Some of them pleasant and glad.  
Others,—by gum,  
On the contrary, glum,  
They fill us with thoughts most sad,  
We’re here for the finish,  
Let’s work with a relish,  
For this life is not so bad.  
It is not the worst,  
For we still have a thirst,  
And “Johnny Walker” can always  
be had.

CONGRATULATIONS TO

Staff-Sergt. C. W. Crowe, Sergt. J. D.  
Nixon, Corpl. J. Cameron and Pte. A.  
Anderson on being awarded the Military  
Medal.

NUMBER NINE.

The regimental M.O. takes  
His daily sick parade ;  
He stands for all the world to see,  
Undaunted, undismayed.  
His office is a dugout, just  
Behind the firing line,  
Where our soldier boys are fighting  
The foeman of the Rhine.  
Young Private Jinks does hap’ to be  
The first name on the list,  
He sadly pipes his soulful eye  
With his benighted fist.  
Says he “Please Sir, alas ! alack !  
The weather it has rained,  
It made the trenches slippy, and  
My ankle I have sprained.”  
The M.O. he looked awful wise,  
And then he shook his head.  
He hummed and hawed a bit and then  
His wisdom forth he shed :  
Quote he “I know a remedy  
That suits this case just fine,  
Just hand me down that pannier,  
We’ll give him Number Nine.”  
The next man who was doubled up  
With an undoubted pain,  
As with most feeble accents he  
His symptoms did explain.  
“I feel,” he said, “Quite just as if  
My innards had ‘gone west,’  
This very awful feeling makes  
Me very much depressed.”  
The M.O. he did look profound,  
Said he “Put out your tongue,  
Ah ! yes, exactly what I thought,  
It must be the right lung,  
Or else the kidneys, but I think  
A remedy of mine !  
Will fix you up in dandy shape,  
Yes ! give him Number Nine !”  
The M.O. is a worthy man,  
There isn’t any doubt,  
And when the shells are flying round  
He knows what he’s about.  
But he’s got a good old stand-by,  
When it’s quite in the line,  
He would sure be lost entirely  
Without good old Number Nine.

QUITE SO.

(But what about the Censor ?)

Some editors have roll-top desks  
And “cushy” easy chairs,  
And filing cabinets galore,  
Within their snug-like lairs.  
With things all ready to their hand  
(They push a little button  
If facts they ever want to know  
Such as the price of mutton).  
But we just have to make the best  
Of whatsoever is our billet,  
A dug-out, stable, barn, maybe,  
Chock full of rye or millet.  
Whilst noting facts (and other things)  
We generally use  
One pencil costing—tuppence, and  
One note book—15 sous.  
Yet all the same we really think,  
Without the slightest doubt,  
The writing chap in that arm-chair  
(Who knows what he’s about),  
Would gladly swop his roll-top desk  
And throw his chair away,  
If he had chances to “write up”  
Things we see every day.

Who was the man who wrote “G.S.W.  
left foreleg” on a Field Medical Card ?

Who was the cocoa enthusiast who  
drank dish water by mistake ?