

## THE ADVENTURE OF IGNATZ HUMP, SOLDIER AND BATMAN TOO.

By R. ATHER RAWTEN.

<b>Ignatz Hump :</b>	Soldier : Her to Batman. In love with.
<b>Marie Erillon :</b>	Once a lace-maker, now, by the cruel vicissitudes of war, barmaid in an estaminet also heroine, Kind of stuck on Ignatz.
<b>Old Man Brillon Auguste :</b>	Marie's father. Villain : Roadmender : Spy' : Marie's cousin.
<b>Other Accessories :</b>	Canadians : Soldiers : Human Beings.

(Continued)

When his battalion returned to the line Ignatz became aware by a variety of signs easily read by the soldier that there was soon to be "something doing" on his particular front.

The huge heaps of engineering material and the immense quantities of ammunition passing along the roads, as well as the camps and butments which sprang into being over night, pointed to only one thing—an offensive.

Ignatz was not displeased.

"'S better'n layin' in the trenches waitin' to be napooed by a shell', he declared to his pal, Hicky Dunh. "You've always got a chance of collectin' a blighty, an' some o' them Fritzies carries swell watches. I onct seen a fellow sellin' a Fritz watch for fifty francs".

The guns had been thumping and bellowing for days, steadily pounding the enemy defences, when the battalion went into the trenches. It was generally understood, although not officially announced, that the boys would have a trip across no man's land before they came out again, and everyone was keyed up in anticipation.

Throughout the night the German guns were busy as well as our own, crumping the trench lines, or soaring high overhead to burst with a distant crash in the area behind. "Freight-cars" Ignatz called the latter, and was no further interest in them so long as they did not deliver the goods in his vicinity — the type of selfishness war breeds.

There was no sleeping that night. He was on sentry duty for part of the time, and, for the rest, chiefly interest in the problem of cover.

Bye and bye when a faint heartening aroma of rum was wafted into his bay Ignatz knew that the fateful hour was near. He was glad to get the rum. It had been a raw, chilly night and the pungent stuff tasted like nectar. The glow of the neat spirit went right through him dulling a little his sense of the imminence of the attack.

By this time the roar of the guns was deafening. At last the thin shrilling of the whistles penetrated his consciousness and at once he scrambled over the parapet and began to traverse the ruined, shell-pitted waste of no man's land at a hurried walk.

It was heavy going over the sticky, churned up mud, but he was in and over the battered German front line directly. A number of dead

Germans were lying about, but so far as he could see there was no resistance.

The thunderous crash of our barrage was so confusing that he was not conscious of German shelling or machine-gun fire, until he noticed a man here and there quietly subside and lie still.

As he neared the objective he could see a party of men far over, running—Germans. He flopped down and opened rapid fire on them, but was so shaken by excitement that the only effect appeared to be to accelerate their speed—if that were possible.

At last he dropped into the trench which was to be the limit of the advance and immediately dropped a bomb down the entrance of the first dug-out he came to. When the noise had died away he saw a head hurriedly popped round the corner and as quickly withdrawn.

He motioned to the German to come up, quite uselessly adding verbal advice to his actions. Hesitatingly the first German came up the stairs followed by six fellow Huns each with his hands as high as he could get them. They were all a lovely greenish tint and pitifully shaken. Their leader, a Bosche person with a chin-whisker, put his hands in the attitude of prayer and babbled something in broken English about his wife.

Ignatz was pretty shaky himself, so, on the impulse of the moment, he patted the Hun on the back and motioned to him to get out of the trench and make his way back to our old line. What became of his captives, whether they got through their own barrage or not, he never was able to find out. His chagrin was extreme when he suddenly remembered that in his hurry and excitement he had forgotten to "go through them".

(To be continued)

## THE W. A. A. C.

We soldiers have learnt, in the midst of alarms,  
How worthy of trust are our brothers-in-arms,  
But now let me say just a word for the charms  
Of our sisters-in-arms.

For they've come ! Our girls from our tight  
little isle,

Dressed in neat khaki uniforms quite in the stylo.  
Oh, 'tis heaven to see the bright face and the  
smile

Of our sisters-in-arms !

Tell me not of the beauty of the French demoiselles,

Of Italian, Dutch, or American Belles,

Why, for sweetness and grace they are mere  
bagatelles

To our sisters-in-arms.

Bless their neat little figures and bright, cheery  
faces,

Their modest demeanour and manifold graces.

Oh, how far they exceed girls of all other races,  
Our sisters-in-arms !

Just one glimpse of them, then the dull trench  
once more,

'Mid whizzing of bullets and loud cannons roar,  
But we're nerved and encouraged for what lies  
before

By our sisters-in-arms.

And when the war's over — it surely will be —  
All our girls of the W.A.A.C.,

Will learn from their soldier boy what 'tis to be  
A loved sister-in-arms.