

HIS HIGHEST AMBITION.

Sergeant Godfrey, of "C" Company, says his highest ambition is to look through a tank port hole and see a sight like this :

**"CHEERIO! OLD TOP."**

When the Canadian Tanks return home after mixing with the Imperial troops, they will take back in addition to a long tale of experiences, a host of new phrases that they learned at Bovington Tank Schools. Some of them sound rawther nice and other: not so nice.

Do not be surprised, if you ask a Canadian Tank how he liked a certain play to hear him, "Top-hole" or "jolly well" or "jolly nice." This "jolly" phrase is about the commonest and is often used even when referring to matters not nice or fine. You can hear the machine gun instructor telling his class to be "jolly careful about loading or——."

Then there is that "washout" word that never finds rest in the different schools. Both officers and men use it continually when referring either to failures in examinations or to something that has proven no good.

"Cheerio" one meets with here and there. It sounds rather good when used in a toast or in greeting. It has replaced words like "hello," "goodbye" or "here's to your health."

But the commonest colloquialism is "righto." It is a sort of finishing word for the instructor to catch his breath. He will be explaining something and then suddenly he will say "righto" and turn to another phase of his explanations.

Most of these words or phrases contain all their beauty in the personal expression put into them and it is only the true Englishman who can give them their proper accent. Canadians, however, are not slow in picking up these phrases nor in giving them the correct accent.

CHARGE OF THE TANK BRIGADE.

(Shade of Tennyson, forgive!)

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
Move like the scythe of Death,
Tanks by the hundred.
Boche bullets harmless glide
Down from their metal hide,
While from that steely Hell
Showers of shot and shell
Volley'd and thunder'd.

Was there a *Boche* that stayed
To see how they were made?
Not when each Fritz felt
His hours were number'd.
Theirs not to peek and pry,
Theirs not to wonder why,
Theirs but to sprint, or die.
Straight to Berlin they fly,
Huns by the hundred.

Tanks to the right of them,
Tanks to the left of them,
Tanks back and front surround
Fritz, Hans, and Herman.
Rolling the wires straight,
Onward they navigate,
Crushing each creature that
Smells like a German.

What is that yellow streak
In the dim distance? Speak!
Is it a circus freak?
Has Nature blundered!
Hush! 'Tis the Kaiser's kin,
Trying to follow in
Vain his retreating chin.
Small blame you wondered.

Honor the Tank Brigade!
Honor the fleet that made
Every last *Boche* afraid
Prussia was sunder'd.
End all this sin with them,
Help us to win with them,
On to Berlin with them!
War-Lord, *who blunder'd!*

—Vilda Sauvage Owens in the "New York Times."

NOT A MARKSMAN.

Said Sergeant Charles H. Rooke,
"See my revolver score—look;
Each time that I shot
I hit my man—not;
So they marked me down 'O' in the book."