

THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW.

Is Wag thinking of picking a Rose to Take to Canada with him?

Who is Old Bill from Lens?

Where the officer got the sprinter's medal?

What time will we use for our march music? How would 16/32 syncopated do?

What the S.M. and Orders thought when the officers fell out to the left of the road?

Whether Pete pinched the doll to see if she would squeak?

And whether a certain bald-headed delegate isn't old enough to know better?

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S WORK.

A summer night and bright moonlight;
Hospital tents with crosses bright,
Sheltering sick and wounded men
With nurses and orderlies tending them.

Then came the Hun with bombs and gun
And he hovered o'er till his work was done.
Nurses and patients shattered and torn.
May God curse the day the Huns were born!

Where the hospital stood when the sun went down,
Were shattered bodies in jacket and gown;
And the sun rose again at break of day
On a scene to remember till Judgment Day.

May these airmen see their ghosts again
When the hour of death shall come to them,
And their parents weep and pray in vain,
When they hear the hum of our aeroplane.

May their wives in pains of labour know
The fear of death while they cower below.
And their children yet to be born shrink
From the scorn of a world where their names shall stink.

SOME BOOKS SOON TO BE PUBLISHED.

"Through mud and blood in the Great War," by A. H. S.

"On the trail with a withered spine," by J. E. D.

"The trials of a Quarter-bloke," by J. H. Q.

"French women I have known," by G. G. W.

"With the films on the firing line," by B. M. M.

"The story of Balaam," by J. J. W.

A big tall fellow named Mitch,
At playing in movies got rich;
He registers disdain, love,
Hope, or a pain.
It's easy to Mitch,
He's an artist, 'tis plain.

Sing a song of quarter stores,
And shortages, Oh! my.
Four and twenty mess-tins in the ambulance are shy.
When the men paraded, they all began to cry,
"None of us are anxious for a big black eye."

MUSICIANS WANTED.—Will all those possessing a knowledge of the violin, piano, cornet or 'cello hand their names at once to Pte. J. H. Shimmen, "C" Section? Don't say "I only play a little," and forget it. So long as you have a knowledge of the rudiments and will practice, you are eligible, and if the number is satisfactory we will avail ourselves of a kind promise to supply the necessary instruments.

CUB.

PIFFLE.

The old, old scene. A bunch of reinforcements, fresh from hospitals in England, so that the opportunity was too good to be missed, and Nigger wasn't missing much. I used to have an idea that I was thru all the Vimy stuff, but after hearing Nigger's version as given to the new soldiers, I am quite certain that I was never there.

Stuffing the reinforcement is legitimate sport, but the way John has stuffed us for the last three years with his prophecies is simply scandalous, but poor old John is having a hang of a time explaining to every second man just why the war didn't finish in February; and, say, wasn't there some talk about joining the S.B.'s; But perhaps I'm mistaken.

The Military Authorities have placed the Estaminets out of bounds." Pourquoi? I strongly suspect it was jealousy of the philharmonic efforts of Number One, which caused the drastic measure. For since the 'stams have been "out," I have never heard the old familiar disharmony about the stars which were "shining on the"—er—"cook-house door."

If you are tired of life, don't "monkey" with a Mills bomb, for there is a surer method. Tell Pdraig that St. Patrick was a good Orangeman.

Political economy was the subject, and the argument waged furiously.

"How do they lay bricks in England?" enquired Art.
"I am not a scientist on that," replies

Up at the Aid-post Teddy comes in with some salvage, and remarks, "Don't know whether it's coal oil or gasoline in this can—taste it."

Will some philanthropist kindly forward a copy of Hoyle, for our poker friends still argue on that Joker proposition?

I do not accuse the mouse of malicious designs on Scotty's person, but whatever the scheme it sure did "gang agley." For with a yell Scottie jumped to his feet and executed an impromptu Highland fling, meanwhile making frantic efforts to dislodge the "wee mouse" which had attacked that part of his anatomy which—but it doesn't matter, only, if Scottie had had kilts on instead of "troosers" he would have caught the mouse easier.

Poker is a great game when you have a few francs, and it is not bad sport playing for cigarettes, but when the tent sub-division play for pills, we fail to "compree" the satisfaction in winning a handful of Soda Sals or a box of Number Nine.

But talking of jokes. A pretty good one of the practical variety was pulled off on Pete, while he was cooking for us up the line. Scotsmen are supposed to like porridge, but most of us do, so Pete promised us a feed. He found a bag of decent-looking, fine meal, and dumped it into a dixie, stirring away, thinking how nice he was going to make it. Well, the final result was a doubtful looking sago pudding. Of course, we joshed Pete quite a bit about it, but really it takes a first-class chef to make porridge out of sago.