

« What gets my goat worst in this war », said the tall, thin private laying down his knife and fork with a sigh of regret, « is the amount of business opportunity lying around unclaimed. To a man, who used to specialize in « snaps » and « sure-things », « good buys » and record breaking business chances of all sorts, with an office accumulating cob-webs in Pender street, the fumbling way the natives around here let slip the opportunities of a life time, is downright painful. The fact that I'm handling real estate with the business and of a muck-stick, doing my turn in the line, when ought to be entrenched behind a « roll-top » is my main kick.

Of course I've got the average man's disgust of the German atrocities in Belgium, the martyrdom of Serbia, the submarine piracy, for the whole horrible holocaust of war, but my chief grievance is the fact that there's all kinds of chances going around looking for a good home, and I'm not able to stick out my shingle and rake in the shekels.

Now you take this « quick lunch », if the girl who runs this joint gets more than three orders at once she loses her head lets the fire go out. She gives you tea when you ask for coffee, and boiled spuds when you ask for « frites ». What's the matter with running a quick lunch where a man can get a real feed of genuine grub, quickly and cleanly served. It makes me weary. — Encore de la biere M'rie ! — and there's hundreds of soldiers aching, just aching to be disentagled from their last pay in an « honest to God » eating house. »

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Editor's note : — The following letter was received by a friend in Vancouver who advertised for a marine engine. It is reproduced exactly as written.

In care of K. Takashima,  
1803 Powel St.,  
Vancouver, B.C.

W. P. Weston, Esq.,  
Fairmont 858-R.

Sir :

For a long period of time I investigate Directory of British Columbia Telephone Company, Ltd, to discover personality of Fmt. 858-R - number who desires marine engine six horse power Grey or Fairbanks manufacture in sound condition suitable for adventuring to sea. By evil fortune, my speech of English is not of same high academicity as my literary composition, wherefore I make more lucid in writing my consideration of things.

My possession obtains one excellent six horse power indicated marine engine, by unfortunate circumstance not manufacture arrogate, « Automatic ». In my usage it has served me short period only, I was educated in most excellent high school in Japan and in for this nation. But things do not find themselves thus. Bad time eventuated and by necessity your servant most obediently fished on the Fraser River the salmon. Too much Goddam Scottishmen there, and rough as hell, Excuse me, I beseech you my colloquial phrasology. I sell hull of boat engine I possess « Automatic » r. d. no. 3862 Chicago, requisitioning nether coil or battery power gasoline or distillate (No. 1 or 2), clutch reverse all in condition, very powerful machine propels 28 ft. of boat 8 miles per 1 hour economical fuel patent port now-blowbacking, schebler carbonetter.

I have signal honor to fight for this land and am distributing my property before I depart to encounter common foe, Goddam Hun, excuse me, Price 95 dollars. You may interview me at drill hall Cordova Hall, Main and Columbia, Cordova St., any night at 7.30 p.m. Kindly ask sergeant at arms for 35, Kinoju Takahire, private.

Your most obedient servant.

## THE BRIGADE SIGNALLER

(during a scrap in a hot place).

What can compare with the Signaller's lot ?  
In some scraps you've a chance to go « nuts » on the spot.

For a time of haggling, nagging and strife,  
You'd remember this job for the rest of your life.

The « Heads » start to fight with all their might,  
Armed with an « A » pad, a « Black and white, »  
Along comes a message for York and Norwich,  
One for Division, another for Warwick.

You begin to pound brass, get the adds lined up,  
Then start sending, perhaps, quick stuff.  
The Staff rings up in a a hurry, « Eh, what ! »  
Says the Major, « Look here, I want York on the spot. »

Five minutes he's through, again you start up —  
You hope to get through with a bit of luck —  
At twenty a minute you're tapping the wire,  
(p'raps)

Think you're off like a house on fire.

Somebody breaks, your heart gives a quake,  
A swish at him you'd like to take.  
« S », says he, which you know means speak.  
He says, « Shake your 'phone. Your voice sounds weak. »

You continue to shout in a fever heat,  
Shuffling incomfortably in your seat.  
In breaks Bradford calling 25,  
Says he, « I've a message ». You wave him aside.

He still persist, so you send M. Q.  
That keeps him quiet for a minute or two.  
Then a h-l of buzz at the back of your head  
Reminds you, once more, that the Staff are not dead.

Says Captain Fitz Whizz-Bang, « What's wrong with the line ? »  
« Have I to call you ten minutes each time ? »  
You argue. He angrily says, « Don't speak back to me,  
But give me Essex as quick as can be. »

You feel pretty mad and think it not right,  
Feel like saying the telephone took fright.  
The message you started is still unsent.  
You swear 'neath your breath your feelings to vent

The clerk says, « Here are some messages, Jim. »  
The Staff rings again. Your head seems to swim.  
Some unwelcome visitors start in to jaw.  
The dug-out is now in a furious roar.

All around the batteries straff and crack.  
Fritz with H. E. and Shrapnel comes back.  
When he drops 'em in near, you're feeling queer.  
Perhaps the next one will end your career.

As an Operator you must keep your seat,  
No « beating it » though you have chilly feet.  
Excuse me, soldier, whilst I sob,  
OH, FOR A REAL LIVE BOMB-PROOF JOB !

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