

ODES TO TRIFLES

To the Disc-Identity

When I was born I got the name
Of Smith, Augustus John,
And when a soldier I became
And put my khaki on.
I felt as proud as Punch could be
When some old sergeant said to me,
"You're now a separate entity,
And here's your DISC-identity."

When on a list he entered me,
My bosom swelled with pride.
"You're twenty-two, six, seven three."
"Yes, Sergeant," I replied.
"When you become a casualtee,
You mustn't get mislaid, you see."
In order to prevent it, he
Numbered my DISC-identity.

He asked me if my Kirk was old,
Or if I was R.C.,
I answered like a soldier bold,
That I was C. of E.
"I've got to know, my lad," said he,
"In case you have to be buried be."
And just to show he meant it, he
Endorsed my DISC-identity.

And then I put it on a string,
And took it to my breast,
"Now stick to it like anything,"
The Sergeant made behest;
"A prisoner immediatelee
Is shot on sight unless," said he,
"When called on to present it, he
Can show his DISC-identity."

And here in my dug-out I am
Enjoying M. & V.
And biscuits Army, Damson Jam,
And tea with S.R.D.
How sick those chaps at home must be,
Why couldn't they be brave like me?
A fellow's a nonentity
Without a DISC-identity.

R.M.E.

A Tiff With the O.C.

Not so long ago, in one of the
"groups" called up was a most
foppish young man—a regular
"nut." He rather detested the
coarse Army shirts and preferred to
wear his own elaborate white ones.
He did so and was spotted one day
by the colonel. "Look here, my
man," he said; "You are in the
Army now and we don't allow white
shirts to be worn, so don't forget
that to-morrow I want to see you
with a regulation shirt on."

The Nut looked very crestfallen
and some few hours later he had
occasion to pass the colonel which
he did without the customary salute.

"Come here," said the O.C. "Why
did you not salute me just now?"

"Well, ah," said the Nut, "I, ah,
thought you were still cross with
me."

Things We'd Like to Know

Who was the genius who buried
some superfluous coke near a shell
hole under a notice of "Foul
Earth"?

Is it true that since then certain
cooks from the . . . have discover-
ed other kinds of "Foul Earth"
whilst hunting for another cache?

Would it have been termed a foul
trick?

Brazierettes

When you get to be a Brigadier, a
batman don't count for a hell of a
lot.

Keep your head down and you'll
be able to call "stretcher bearers"
for the other fellow.

Old-timer writing home: Certain
of the new draft show great keen-
ness. The other evening I came
across one of them trying to blow
out a German flare that had alighted
behind our trench.

A franc in the hand is worth two
in the pot.—(Poker Proverb.)

Number Nine—The pill that made
Williams turn pale.

A Rum Issue—The irreducible
minimum.

If anyone tells you that the orig-
inal men of the division still in
France are to be sent back to Can-
ada after February, don't believe it.
It's only a buzz.

A pessimist says, "Is there any
milk in that jug?" whereas the op-
timist says, "Pass the cream
please."

Sergeant-Major, at Church Parade
—"C. of E. fall in on the right.
R.C. on the left. Fancy religions
fall in behind."

Who wrote home, on receiving a
nice, soft "Blighty", that he was
"safely wounded"?

"There is much uneasiness in the
German interior over the food short-
age," says a daily paper. We've had
the same "sinking feeling" in our
"interior" when the rations were
late.

Shock For Sister Sue

A lady in Canada received the
following from the front recently:

Socks received, Lady. "Some" fit!
I use one for a helmet, one for a mitt.
I'd like to meet you when I've down
my bit;

But where in all H—I did you learn
to knit?

His First Letter Back Home

Dearest Sophronia,—

Just a line to say I am still
in the land of the living, and hope
this finds you as well as it leaves
me. I am feeling rotten. We have
not gone into the trenches yet, but
they tell me we go in for sixteen
days and then march back to Le
Havre for a day's rest and then go
in for another sixteen days. The
old ones say it is not so bad except
that you don't get any sleep and
when there is any shelling you don't
get anything to eat for a few days.
The battalion gets wiped out on the
average every month from what they
say, but there is one man who has
been here three months and never
got a scratch.

They have little places called
Estaminets with lady bartenders.
One of them spoke French to me
and I could not understand, but
another man translated it that I had
to buy a drink for everybody be-
cause I had just come from Eng-
land. He said she said it is the law
here. The laws in this country are
rotten.

ALGERNON.

P.S.—xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx.

A SAILOR'S UNCENSORED LETTER

(Continued from Page 3)

the fourteen mufflers and twenty-
two pairs of socks he got last month.
Is it true your Society is provid-
ing gold-mounted Jew's Harps for
heroes? This being so, I would like
to recommend our Chief Cook, he
having stimulated the crew of the
13.5 guns by an extra good drop
of Pea Doo on the day of Jut-
land. Should he not have a dia-
mond studded duff harpoon or a
gold-trimmed dish-cloth? But I am
wandering from the subject, Dear
Madam. I do most heartily thank
you. Thank you brand of goods are
my favorites by the way, in either
woolies, eatables, or entertain-
ments. I would like to point out
that I wouldn't like a photo, neither
am I lonely, an orphan or an infant.
Yours with one young lady, many
letters, bags of friends, mother,
father and sisters, twenty-nine years
of age, two badges, and a set of
whiskers.

HERBERT WRIGHT.

—The Erin Echo.

Some Canadian weather we've
been having lately.