

31. And one James, whose surname was Fraser, and William, whose surname was Fox, did hasten to the gates of the city in order that they might learn of the battle.

32. And as they passed outside the city they did meet a soldier and they said unto him, "What meaneth this bombardment?" and he answered them saying "The Engineers of our Army have laid a mine under the enemy on Hill 60.

33. Which when the enemy has been driven to his dug-outs by the guns, it will be fired, and our soldiers will rush over the open and will hide themselves in the crater that has been made by the explosion of the mine."

34. And even as he spake the earth did tremble as an aspen leaf and there was a great light in the heavens.

(To be continued.)

AN ODE TO SGT. PEASE.

Who is it wakes us from our bed;
And calls us all a sleepy head;
Especially our poor old red,
'Tis Sgt. Pease.

Who goes about with all his care,
And swears that we shall get our share;
But try to grumble if we dare,
'Tis Sgt. Pease.

Who always finds out something wrong,
With every care he walks along,
And makes the drivers look forlorn,
'Tis Sgt. Pease.

Who wants the cars all spotless clean,
And sends each one down the stream,
On its return his eyes doth gleam,
'Tis Sgt. Pease.

Who calls the orderlies in their turn,
And says it's time for them to learn
That cars were never made to burn,
'Tis Sgt. Pease.

Who, when his day of troubles o'er,
His legs are tired, his heart quite sore,
Next day his worries start encore,
'Tis Sgt. Pease.

Who is it after days gone by,
And war is over, we will sigh;
We'll ne'er forget, nor will we try,
Our Sgt. Pease.

No more his smiling face we'll see,
But it will always seem to me,
The smile of content, gay and free,
Of Sgt. Pease.

(A FAITHFUL SERVANT.)

THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW.

If Paris wasn't too much for the M. T. Sergeant after the exigencies, etc.?

If the Café De La Paix isn't rather too expensive to take two ladies to dine?

How Officers' Batman manage to get to the Rest Camp?

Why the S.M. comes so promptly to attention now when he hears a band play?

When the sentry opposite the Main Dressing Station, who discovered signalling, is to transfer to the Staff of Herlock Sholms?

Heard at the Orderly Room.

"Can I apply for leave."

"Sure, there is no objection to applying. How long have you been in France?"

"Two months."

"Ha! ha! ha! Call again in two years."

HEARD ON THE PARADE GROUND.

"What's a blank file, Sergeant?"

"A blank file, Sir, is a hole in the rear rank made by a man who isn't there."

"All right. When he comes back put him in the Guard Room."

Corporal who sees two men walking out of step:

"Sure if I knew which of you was out of step I'd put you both in the Guard Room."

A Fan asks: Who were the two Johns who kept "Butts" from pitching the ball game. Was it Johnny Walker and Johnny Dewar?

Myrtle says: "Our home would not be complete if we missed a copy of the 'N.Y.D.' It just fits the pantry shelf? Thanks awfully, Myrtle.

Curious:—Opinions differ. Books say a kilometre is equal to about 3/5ths of a mile. Soldiers with packs say it is slightly over 5/3rds of a mile. The old saying—"Rather walk a mile than a kilometre."

THE ham we used to get from "Mac,"
We don't get now alas, alack.
But still, we do not care a d—,
We get it from Cap. Gooderham.

(This, with apologies.)

By the way. The man who thinks the only way to avoid hitting your finger when you are knocking in a nail is to hold the hammer with both hands, is a bit behind the times.

I discovered long ago that the best plan is to keep one hand in your pocket and hold the hammer with the other. It doesn't make you feel so tired.

OVERHEARD IN THE DRESSING STATION.

BUTTERNECK. I saw two men in the Dressing Room at the same time with the right ear shot off.

CHEERFUL. Which is the right ear to get shot off?

Can you picture this.

Wounded man on the table, fractured skull, brains protruding. Orderlies tenderly and skilfully dress and bandage head.

Infantry Captain (who has been looking on), "What is the matter with this man?"

Staff-Sergeant (tired of answering foolish questions), "I don't know, Sir, but I think he has a headache."

Dressing Station busy, everyone rushed to death. Clerks unable to make out Medical Cards to keep up with the rush.

Telephone rings.—A.D.M.S. wants to know how many cases of scabies you have remaining. Collapse of clerks.

CAN A BOY FORGET.

CAN a boy forget his Mother's prayers
When he has wandered God knows where,
Down the paths of sin and shame,
But Mother's prayers are heard the same.

Can a boy forget his Mother's face,
Whose heart was kind and full of grace,
With sighs and tears she said good-bye,
Meet me, my boy, beyond the sky.

Can a boy forget his Mother's door,
From which he wandered years before,
Her loving voice, it echoes sweet,
She waits, she longs her boy to greet.

Can a boy forget that she is dead,
Tho' many years have passed and fled,
That face, that prayer, that sweet good-bye,
She waits to welcome thee on high.

D. S. C.

THE tough entered the dentist's shack and looked around at various appliances suspiciously.

"Well, what's your trouble," asked the sergeant.

"Toothache—bad," replied the big one.

"Just sit in this chair and we'll have a look at it. Ah! badly decayed. That tooth must come out; (sarcastically) will you have gas?"

"Will it hurt much if I don't," asked tough, anxiously.

"I am afraid it will," replied the sergeant, still thinking it a joke.

"Well, then, I guess I had better take it for your sake!"

And they say the dental sergeant collapsed.

Two Canadians were comparing recent fighting with the 1915 Ypres vintage. The new man gave a harrowing description of a bayonet charge he had been in.

The old-timer scoffed: "Why, on one occasion," he said, "I had two heinies on my bayonet at one time!"

"How do you know there were two there?" inquired the new man.

"I heard one telling the other to move up and make more room!" was the reply.

Sergeant-Major of the F.P.S.: "Now then, straighten up, my lad (sarcastically), you know that we tame lions down here."

South African: "Huh! that's nothing; we eat them where I come from!"

Sergeant (to conscientious objector on duty cleaning up the village mud): "You've got a lot to grouse about, ain't yer!" Wot you'd like to do would be to 'and over the country to the Boche and then apologise for the blinkin' mess it's in!"

M.T. Sergeant (in the middle of the night awakened by horrible snoring): "Ere, mate, get a handkerchief and blow yer blooming exhaust!"

The Countess of the Chateau: "May we have the pleasure of your company this evening to dinner, Colonel?"

"Company, Madam, Company! I command a Field Ambulance!"

Colonel: "Didn't you see if the butcher had pig's feet?"

Mess Wailer: "(Hell!) No, sir, I couldn't; he had his boots on!"

Officer (to guard on bridge of transport): "Send that man down here."

Guard: "There ain't no man here, sir."

Officer: "But I see one."

Guard: "He ain't no man, sir; he's a sergeant!"

The Major: "Don't you know its against orders to take hay from this farm? What the blazes were you in civil life?"

A.S.C. Driver (attached to F.A.): "In a draughtsman's office, sir."

Major: "Draughtsman, eh? What would you say if I came into your office and pinched some of your draughts?"

AN ODE TO THE Q.M.

(To the tune of "Sprinkle me with Kisses.")

Won't you sprinkle me with Keating's,
Lots of powdered Keating's,
If you want my lice to go?
Each louse is like a rabbit,
And breeding is their habit,
It's the only way I know!