

THE ADVENTURES OF IGNATZ HUMP, SOLDIER AND BATMAN TOO.

By R. ATHER RAWTEN.

Ignatz Hump :	Soldier : Her :o Batman. In love with.
Marie Brillon :	Once a lace-maker, now, by the cruel vicissitudes of war, barmaid in an estaminet — also heroine. Kind of stuck on Ignatz.
Old Man Brillon : Auguste	Marie's father. Villain : Roadmender : Spy : Marie's cousin.
Other Accessories :	Canadians . Soldiers : Human Beings.

(Continued)

But we must now return to our Auguste, our villain, road-mender, spy, All the time this story has been going on he has not ceased to be any, or all of these, day or night.

At this juncture it will be well to give the Public some idea of the various methods employed by these gentlemen for the transmission of news of military importance to the parties from whom they draw their rations,

There is, of course, the time-worn method of the wind-mill, semaphoring by means of the arms. Then there is the town-clock, whereby by merely moving the minute-hand two centimetres south-south-east it is possible to inform the enemy that Lance Corporal So-and-so of such-and-such a battalion of this-or-that regiment is passing through the Place de la Mairie with the party detailed for sanitary fatigue, and interesting items of that sort.

Homing pigeons are too well known to require elucidation, although every soldier with front-line experience knows that it is now impossible for these birds to get through the clouds of poison-gas which are constantly drifting over the German lines. For that reason pigeons are out-of-date.

The traitorous, frontier farmer, also, who used to plough an exact replica of the neighbouring battery positions on his fields, so that Hun airmen could photograph them, is now generally discredited for reasons which will appeal to all but war correspondents and peddlers of balderdash to the popular magazines.

The under-ground telephone and the hidden wireless are stereotyped systems which are rarely employed by really up-to-date spies.

No, Auguste had a better, a more original plan. He disguised himself as a six inch battery and fired hollow shells containing important information directly to the dug-out door of the German general with whom he was in correspondence.

Let us follow the flight of one of these missiles :
« Cannon-fodder ! » said General Arnst von Bruhlingheit addressing his orderly, « pick up that shell, unscrew the nose and give to me the papers. » He then spread the documents on his table and read as follows :

« Herr General :

After a close study of the customs, modes of thought and manner of speech of that odd beast of burden the Canadian soldier, I respectfully submit the results of my observation :

He is sometimes large and sometimes small, and variously shaped, but, in the main, his physique is both durable and useful.

He is disposed to disdain parade-ground movements having the audacity to imagine that a man may fight fairly well in a tight place even if he cannot (or does not) spring to attention with tremendous alacrity.

His speech is vulgar, but descriptive. He talks the American language tinctured with a dash of near French and shell-zone Chinook.

His philosophy is simple and his moral is low, as evidenced by his motto : « To hell with everything — especially the Kaiser. »

His cowardice is so marked that, when attacked he is usually transfixed with fear, and often dies where he stands through sheer inability to persuade his running muscles to operate. This fact has led to the grotesque belief that he is a hard fighter.

He has an almost German liking for beer. Indeed if there is one thing he likes better than beer, it is more beer.

When in his cups he is wont to sing his favourite trench song : « Oh, my, I don't want to die : I want to go home. » This ballad he renders with deep emotion and significant fervour.

In attack he is negligible, provided one can maintain a sufficiently great distance between oneself and him.

Apart from his fondness for « ka'e », dishonesty is perhaps the most noticeable feature of his testable character. He has a disgusting habit of breaking through fences — even those constructed of barbed wire — and turning things upside down. He has been known to steal whole tracts of land, towns and villages, even, ordained by the All Highest for the ease and entertainment of his Cannon-Fodder. There is no limit to his rapacity. He will steal a march on one whenever possible.

Hoping the above may be of some slight service, I have the honour to be, Herr General,
Your most humble servant and spy,
Auguste. »

(To be continued.)

BARRAGE BUSTERS.

Tell me the reason why you wear a band of red ?
« I am a Battalion Runner », was all that Bunny said ;

« We travel fast both night and day », Micky the speedy makes haste to say ;

« Believe I, we carry notes

For Capt. Orr, « John Willie quotes.

« If I wasn't so weak for the want of food », Whispers Forbes, « I'd demonstrate, I would » ;

« Now », says Mac, « I would like to show The U. S. how to lick Mexico »,

« Go-on », from Harp, « You make me sick, A postage stamp you couldn't lick ».

« Go ahead », pipes Alice, « name a town That can compare with Fort Saskatchewan ».

« I will », cries Vance, « T'is easily done Its me for good old Edmonton ».

« Right », says Happy, « You will never meet. A town that has a longer street ».

« What », yells Scott, and smites his leg,
« Show me a town that beats the « Peg ».

« Well », says Ferris, « tho' I choke Give me the town of fog and smoke ».

« But for a town with Girls so Gooley », Speaks up Benny, « give me Bruay » ;

« I'was there, » says Jimmy, « I'll own up, I exchanged rum for a homeless pup ».

« Ireland forever », shouts Sergt. William, so gay,
« I'm going there on leave perhaps-some day ».

Grandpa.