

The Passing Hour

Prohibition in the Enemy's Camp—
There are reported to be five 'Wells' in
a local brewery and two 'Brooks' in a
Ramsgate distillery.

Tom: I don't know whether she sings
or not.

Jack: She doesn't. I've heard her.

Two soldiers, who had served to-
gether as recruits at their depot, met
after several years, when their respect-
ive battalions happened to be quartered
close together on service.

First T.A.: "Ello, Bill; what yer
on?"

Second T.A.: "Me? Oh, I'm officers'
pioneer."

First T.A.: "Garn! You always was
a blighter for staff jobs!"

The "Wilson Tango" is unpopular in
the States. The new dance has been
rejected by the Society of Dancers of
the U.S. It is described as one step
forward, two back, side-step and retire.

A QUERY

It is easy to sit in an easy chair,

At the close of an easy day,

And read of the battles fought and won,
By your pals who have gone away.

It is easy to say, well, I am surely
proud,

Of our men and the things they do,
But answer this; Have you done your
bit?

To make them proud of you.

The American Druggist says that if
every family would keep a box of
mustard in the house, one-half of the
doctors would starve to death. What
is the matter with everyone keeping
two boxes?

Girls who aspire to be 'bus conductor-
ettes have to pass an examination in
arithmetic. Those on duty certainly
appear quite all right as regards their
figures

The extent to which one of our cor-
respondents in the trenches is fed up
with bully beef, may be gauged from
this cry of anguish: "How gladly
would we exchange these boeuf-rites
for a simple mess of pottage."

"She wears too much jewellery."

"Think so?"

"I do. No fun to hold a hand like
that. You can get the same sensation
by holding a handful of curtain rings
and a wrist watch,

PRETTY SISTER.

This Lent she shuns the gay repast.
She's settled down and steady;
Her friends all marvel she should fast,
Who's fast enough already.

Contributions and Acknowledgments

AN ISSUE OF RUM.

The wagon lines of the — Battery
were aglow with excitement. The
gunners stopped even their pretense at
work, whilst the drivers, with their
dandy brushes (those who were lucky
enough to have one) under their arms,
turned themselves about between the
horses and discussed the rumour. It was
the A.S.C. ration wagon just come in,
and the fatigue party had staggered by
with boxes of jam (a tin between two,
someone had whispered).

Tins of butter!—BUTTER! We stared
at each other in surprise. There was to
be an issue of tobacco also. Then the
Q.M.-Sergt. himself with an expectant,
thirsty escort, appeared carrying a jar
of rum.

Rum! a whole gallon jar had fought
and struggled up from the Base, burst-
ing its way through the thirsty ranks of
the A.S.C.

Its cork had been pierced by a dozen
or so of corks-screws; its once ardent
spirit had been cooled with the contents
of many water-bottles. But weak and
diluted as it was it had arrived, only to
fall into the hands of its common enemy
—the Sergeants.

We waived our hands to it as it
passed and said: "Goodbye rum, Ser-
geants got yer."

Anyhow, the rations were securely
put into the stable (used for the Q.M.
stores) likewise the gallon of rum which
was doubly securely put in. Then the
excitement died away until after sup-
per, when the Q.M.S. yelled out in a
stentorous voice "Fall in fer yer rum!"
Needless to say, as on pay parade, he
did not have to yell twice. We all
made a dash to be first in the line,
because we knew from previous experi-
ences that the more he issued the more
diluted it would be. We lined up out-
side the Quarter-Master's stores, sniff-
ing appreciatively at the perfume-
laden breath of the Sergeants, as they
stood guarding the jar. Teetotallers
organized impromptu auction sales.
"Who wants to buy my rum ration?
"Who'll give me a package of cigar-
ettes? Five cigarettes for my issue;
who says two? Who'll give me twopence
for it?"

For twopence it would change hands,
and the buyer would keep a tight hold
of the seller's sleeve, to make sure
he didn't slip away before drawing his
ration.

While we waited in line, we sang;—
If ther Sergints pinch yer Rum,
Never mind.

If ther Sergints drink yer Rum,
Never mind.

Th'er entitled to'er tot,
But they drink ther bally lot,
If ther Sergints drink yer Rum,
Never mind.

The rum, when it was issued, had
been liberally watered—you bet on the
Sergeants for that—and each man got
the lid of a two-ounce tobacco tin half-
filled. I might add there was no
arrests that night for drunkenness.

But it put a night-cap on an event-
ful day.

"40506" C.F.A.

This extraordinarily beautiful and
appealing poem, which appeared anon-
ymously in a recent issue of Punch,
was written by Dr. John McCrae, of
the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal,
Canada. He is now serving with No. 3
Canadian General Hospital, as Lt.-Col.,
in charge of medicine,

It was while serving as Medical
Officer with the 3rd. Brigade, that he
received the inspiration which resulted
in this poem:—

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prietors of Punch)
IN FLANDERS FIELDS

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place, and in the sky,
The larks still bravely singing, fly,
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the dead; short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe!
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high!
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

Sports and Entertainments

FOOTBALL

The Maple Leaf of the Granville suf-
fered their first reverse on the 10th inst.
at the hands of the Naval boys. Great
credit is due our light duty men, who
in spite of five casualties on the field,
were able to keep the score to the small
margin of 2—1. The following is the
record of the Granville Teams:—

Ply'd	Won	Dn.	Lost
10	7	2	1

MAPLE LEAFS V 8TH LIVERPOOL IRISH.

Quite a few spectators witnessed last
Saturday's match between the above
teams and many were of the opinion
that the Canadians will have to hustle
some, if they are to hold the
future with opposing teams who seem
to be improving every-time. Most of
the Canucks showed decided slackness,
while the Liverpools played a fast and
clean game. The result was two goals
each. Had it not been for Sergeant
Towler, we doubt very much whether
the "Maple Leafs" would have scored
at all. G. McCrae and Willis revived
somewhat after half-time, yet they