

# THE 10<sup>TH</sup> BATTALION'S PAGE

Who was the N.C.O. of the Tenth who purchased Keating's for pepper at the Ex. Force Canteen, and used same on his tin of salmon the next day?

x x x

Is there a fellow in the outfit who can "Hog tie" a bull and throw him at thirty paces with a grass lasso, from the back of a horse who knows the tricks of the trade.

x x x

Why is it you cannot purchase candles at the E. F. C., B----- Ask the S. M., he knows.

x x x

Eva had a No. 3 Field Ambulance "cocktail".

x x x

Now then you "Pat Burns" croud, here's one for you. Can you ride a horse who can buck jump, sun fish, swap ends, and side step at the same time, with the universal saddle?

x x x

Overheard at the C. A. V. C.

"Say Bill, what's the matter?"

"Oh, my S. M. made me sit up all night and hold my horse's HAND".

x x x

Did you ever hear of the despatch rider to Divl. H. Q. Signalling Section, who rode into the German lines on his motor bike and blew up a trench with his tyre pump?

x x x

How did the fellow feel in No. 2 Platoon, who when sent for a supply of bombs, got mixed up in an inoculation party, and despite his statement to the M. O. had a second dose?

## Dame Rumour.

Dame Fortune is a fickle jade,

One never knows her humour,

But for one worse, I'm sore afraid

That one must seek Dame Rumour.

Each prank she plays with merry jest,

Nor is she known to tarry;

Her latest, deals with six weeks rest

At gay Patee—or—Calais.

But when she whispers in your ear

"'Tis true"—pay no attention,

For many a tale she's told this year,

Too numerous to mention.

Remember all, when tales absurd,

So many are deceiving,

Take good advice, think o'er each word,

"That seeing is believing".

Jeordie.

## Sanitary Section.

Is it true Robbie you are getting the D.C.M. for devotion to duty?

x x x

SAMMY who got the tin of beans sent by the Christian Science?

x x x

Does a sniper snipe in the front line or is it cigarette snipes they look for in the mornings?

## C Company notes.

And the band is still sober!

x x x

It is rumoured that the croud of C Co. N. C. O's who went to ----- on the 22nd of May did not find what they were after, what can they expect for a franc anyway?

x x x

An awful calamity happened last week. The sanitary boss was absent from canteen parade. He must have been sick.

We are tickled to death with the support we have been getting of late from the boys of the battalion towards making this page of ours a success.

Stick to it boys, your doing fine (we don't think).

x x x

We think it awfully unkind of the dear girls from Al-trincham not to unite.

x x x

Bugle Band, Bugle Band

How we love our Bugle Band;

For reveille we get retreat

And reveille when it's time to eat,

Every night when we try to sleep,

Outside our shack they stand,

Trying all they can to get lights out.

Will someone KILL that Band!

x x x

The cooks will be pleased to know the cattle now have four legs.

x z x

Good old cooks, look out there's a big shipment of Sunlight Soap on the way.

x x x

Did any of you fellows see that picture the other day in the "Daily Mirror" of what was supposed to be a Canadian Soldier (somewhere in England). "Oh you bomb proof job", carrying four boxes of ammunition strapped to his back all the same Foley, Welsh and Stewart ticking it to Tete Jeane Cache. We presume the cases were empty ones otherwise we would like to know who the Guy was that was pulling the photographer's leg.

Now don't any of you fellows try to pull off any of these stunts.

x x x

## A bomb for a bomb.

The Zepilins have ravaged far

And harried civic folks,

And slew the unoffending babe

Who lies at mercy of their bolts.

We cannot stop them coming here

Then why not bomb for bomb?

The powers must take action,

We'll stand this not for long.

The Germans have depraved the laws

Of fighting fair and square,

Then why not hit them harder back,

For we can do our share?

The Sepoys many years ago,

Paid for their folly ample,

Then why not serve the Hun the same

And make him an example?

This sort of thing has gone too far,

Humanity has failed;

The Germans still from heights above,

Defenceless towns assail.

Bomb their towns and cities all,

Let all our murdered dead

Be mercilessly avenged

And doubled on their head.

Let bomb for bomb be our watchword,

It is the only way,

For every raid upon our shores

We will three-fold repay.

C. W. Harris age 15, brother of  
Sniper Harris.

## HOW THE L. P. READERS CAN STOP WASTE.

Serious waste is caused by the casual purchase of newspapers, for the newsie never knows how many copies to order. L. P. readers who do not have their copy left at their dug-outs, should ask "Susie" to receive a copy.

x x x

How many Belgium Mademoiselles have accepted the invitation to go to Canada "after the war?"