

Who was it that, out of the kindness of his heart, presented the Editor, recently, with a lively specimen of the crab family? The Editor is certainly fond of "crab," in its proper place and at the proper time, but taken at night, and especially after having gone to bed—it was rather like inviting a strong dose of dyspepsia. Anyway, thanks all the same, old Beck! By the way, how did Baker and Atherton like the reversion of the same shell back? Ask Baillie!

If the cup which cheers but not inebriates is conducive to finding of kitchen implements which will wander?

How a certain Sergeant, whose every minute was precious, found time to sample a 'personnel hash,' and was it a case of bad example?

Why a frail pink confection known as blanc-mange in patient's mess has such an attraction for a well-known M.O.?

BEHAVE BUTTS IN.!

The Editor does not take any responsibility for the following contributions from the fluent pen of "Behave," who has apparently just awakened to the fact that the camp has a Periodical!

Two's company, three's a crowd—must have originated with Adam when the Serpent came on the scene. Somehow Eve didn't seem to see!

The two things you can find in the dark: a carpet tack, and Limburger cheese!

Dolls are made for girls to play with, not for man to marry!

What could have been the use of Eve's wearing clothes, when there were no other women around to be jealous of them!

Beauty is only skin deep, but it takes some time to get through the preliminary enamel!

A wife is a woman who is expected to purchase without means, and to sew on buttons before they come off!

It takes nine tailors to make a man, and one woman to break one!

There are Girls whom we fool with,
And Girls whom we're cool with,
And Girls whom we spoon with for fun;
There are Girls whom we kiss,
And there's Girls whom we'd miss,
But we never can love more than one.

A WOODEN CROSS.

Only a wooden Cross,
To tell the loss,
Of one who fell;
On fields of strife
Gave up his life,
And served his Country well.

Only a wooden Cross,
All gold—no dross,
Your sins forgot;
The crimson poppies nod,
Sleepy heads above the sod,
To guard the six-foot plot.

Only a loving thought,
A message I have brought,
For hero's true;
To clasp my hands in prayer,
And breathe a message there,
All I can do.

Only a life at best!
Then the last long rest,
For us the loss.
A vacant chair at home,
A heartache all alone,
Beside the wooden Cross.

Only a little while
Without your smile,
The struggle o'er;
No wars—nor loss,
Or any wooden Cross,
But Heaven's shore.

A little ache of heart,
Yours the noblest part,
Yours the first sleep.
Down falls a tear or two,
Dear, on the grave of you,
Buried so deep.

There the soft mosses grow,
Poppies in numbers blow
Petals around;
Drowsily whispering
After "fire's christening,"
Salvation found.

Sadly the Reaper death
Claims the last fleeting breath,
Wherein the loss?
Bravely you stood the test,
Nobly you did your best,
And now the Cross.

Only a wooden Cross
Speaking all gain—not loss,
Should this be all!
A grave where poppies nod,
A soul at peace with God,
Awaits the last Call.

—L.B.