

much less importance has been nipped in the bud, through the efforts of one man in the battalion in his desire to satisfy his master's craving for this luxury. From our own correspondent who arrived on the scene long before the police and stretcher bearers, we learn that the trouble started when Pte. Nipius demanded one pound of "Native Sons" for his officer. Of course he met with the usual reply "sold out" Pte. Nipius having been ordered to get prunes (on credit if possible) for his boss's supper, feared to go back to the trench pruneless. Strolling behind the canteen to think situation over in solitude, he espied Pte. Taylor hastily trying to conceal, by means of his apron, a fifty pound box of these Canadian boarding house necessities. Pte. Nipius rushed into the canteen and demanded to know why one man should have all the prunes. The only excuse the bartender could offer was that a colonel is senior to a captain. Suspecting that Pte. Taylor was trying to violate the anti-trust act, Pte. Nipius threw all discretion to the winds and most of the contents of the canteen along with it. Characteristic of the country he hails from, Holland, he had up to this time shown no desire for frightfulness but when his opponents attempted to get between him and food-stuffs in the shape of prunes, "Bang" went his neutrality and "bang" went his fists, with the result that prune trees will probably be growing wild around the canteen, if no one goes to pick up the seeds.

We have heard from Pete

Dear Steve,

How are you logging anyway. I am O. K. out here. This is some life believe me. This country has Coney Island and the Barbary Coast skinned forty different ways for excitement. I guess you figger'd I would be deader than a maggot by now but you can bank on me being right there with bells when they hand out the rum. The huns nearly got my number the other day Steve. We were hiking through a little burg which must have looked like Port Moody before the huns took a dislike to it and tried to put the Post Office on top of the Livery Stable with some of their "Jess Willards".

We were all busy thinking that maybe a bunch of loggers had been let loose after 6 months in the back woods when we heard a noise like a C. P. R. double header broke loose. Some body gave the order to lie flat but I was flatter than a buck-wheat cake already. Then she hit the oil tank and gas tank too I guess, by the noise. It shook the ground like the Frisco earth quake and it rained pig iron and lead marbles for a minute or so. When we got up I looked over Myself to see if I was all to-gether. Our Officer said that the Huns didn't like us being in that burg just because they couldn't be in there themselves. So we moved off. On our way out I saw a big hole right in the middle of the main stem of the town. I shook hands with myself on my luck at not having a job on the city. Write soon, your old chum.

PETE.

Things we want to Know

Whether or not the reinforcements for the battalion cannot be supplied with the regimental badges and compelled to wear them. At present the "red shoulders" predominate, giving the impression that the 7th Battn. reinforced the 30th instead of vice-versa.

Old Chestnut.

"Daddy, what are soldiers for?"

"To hang things on, my child."

New version.

"Daddy what are Canadian soldiers for."

"To hang more things on, my child."

Wanted: — A trench conveyance of some considerable dimensions to enable a certain gentleman to carry sufficient provisions for the term of five days in the trenches. Contracts to be submitted to Madame War-Ton No 2. Co.

Who the subalterns are who give the Bosches gramophone concerts on the parapet at night.

They were in the know.

A distinguished officer of a certain battalion sent home for a tin of bug powder. The obliging purveyors at home having had previous experience of the sanitary condition of this gentleman, at once posted him a 4Lbs tin of strong carbolic powder used for cabinets.

An example of patience.

Our very forbearing, reticent M. O. had occasion to visit on duty, a company of the right half battalion at lunch time. He waited for two hours, naturally to be asked to join at the table (as everyone knows his weakness) but being disappointed had to proceed to No 1. Co. to satisfy his growing hunger. When will this company officer's mess open out.

Has a certain important officer on a staff some interest in a brewery, that he is directing his utmost efforts to establish wet canteens in near of the firing line, or has the estamiet proprietors let him down.

No 2. Co. Notes

Things we want to Know

Does the Q.M. have to qualify as a Customs Officer now?
Who were the two officers who stole the Q.M.'s cart?
Who is the rum censor at headquarters?
Is the Q.M. going to charge for using his bed in the daytime?
Why should officers who snore not be made to wear respirators?

A new book will be published shortly, "Counter attacks made Easy" by C. Plott. Price 5/- net.

Men coming back from leave need not get excited—they are rats they see in the dug-out.

C. S. M. Ward nearly got a blighty, — never mind try again old man.

If it takes a full company six machine guns and ten bombers to hold the front line trench, how many men will be necessary to hold the support. Ask O. C. No 2. Co.

No 2. Co. are short of rations these days. Mulligan is on leave.

Why C... Plotts overflows with the exuberance of his own verbosity when enemy aeroplanes fly over headquarters.

At last Sgt. Hart Got away on leave.

EYE WITNESS.

He went with some fear and trembling however as he expects to meet a wrathful young lady as he has been disappointed twice in his leave thus leaving her twice at the church, and we understand that he got a telegram saying that if it occurred again he might as well join the bomb throwers.

HARDTACK.

No 3. Company's Notes

If the extra guard on Aug. 30th, was for the special protection of the Brigadier or because of the reinforcements. "Strafer".

If the men who volunteered for mining weren't disappointed when ordered to join their new unit.

If the company are not past masters in everything volunteers are called for.

If the canteen authorities who provide U. S. A. canned salmon and California canned fruit, know that the B. C. boys hail from the land of the sockeye and Okanagan fruit.

If the L/Cpl. intends taking out his puppy to play with the tame rat at a certain listening post.

If No 11 and 12 platoons really think that they can play football.

No 3's Grouch

Who is it when our meals we cook
Stands gazing round with a hungry look
Watching his chance our grub to hook

Sergeant Dick.

Who is it always at meal time
Sprinkles my grub with chloride of lime
Then rambles away with a smile sublime

The Sanitary Police.

Who was it from the trench protected
Out into the open his men directed
To bury the rubbish they had collected

The Sanitary Corporal.

Who is it when the "stand to" is o'er
Throws bombs at Fritz till he gets sore
And throws at us a score or more

The Trench Mortars.