



Time does work changes; once upon a time you could hardly tell the difference between a Canadian Gunner or an Officer. Now, square pushing has been done away with, and we all appreciate the change which gives the Artillery credit for discipline, and good taste. Here's a Gunner that hopes it will keep up. We used to load the gun through the muzzle, but that is done away with also. Hope the censor will not delete our last sentence, as it is not intended to give away secrets.

Congratulations to five of our Rank and File who were decorated on Empire Day. May their shadows never grow whiskers.

Our sports on Empire Day were a huge success. We were favoured with ideal weather, and many ladies. And on the whole it was a great day for the "Right o' the line." Much skill and nerve was displayed by all the contestants, and everyone was satisfied that the sports were well worth watching. The horses

C.F.A. Hits.

By Gunner.

were the cause of much comment and admiration, and showed that they were well handled.

Now that June is with us, there is bound to be a large increase in the number of applications for "sleeping out passes." Many of the boys are contemplating settling down and forsaking their bachelor habits. Good Luck, may their worse troubles be little ones.

"QUERIES AND QUIBS BY GUNNER."

- 1.—Is an air raid as bad as a bombardment?
- 2.—How much money will we have after the war?
- 3.—How would we like to go in for farming, providing they lift Local Option?
- 4.—Where does a yellow dog get its dislike for a nigger?
- 5.—Does Mac really love the little girl at the Post Office?
- 6.—Who is the man that thinks the lightships are 21 miles out?
- 7.—Why does a certain man like the green fields at Folkestone? Naughty!

A Common Occurrence.

The tall gunner from Manitoba was escorting his Kentish lady-love over the Leas one sultry evening in June. The contrast between the two was exceptionally noticeable, as the fair damsel was much shorter than her husky companion. He walked with his head slightly bowed so as to hear better what the girl was saying. The girl ceased speaking (they do sometimes), but he made no attempt to answer, but gazed intently over the blue expanse of the Channel where lay France, where his pal was gone, never to return. The young lady eyed him wonderingly, conscious that he had something in his mind, but did not offer to disturb his reverie. She felt a strange apprehension of some impending catastrophe, and somewhat unconsciously sighed and gripped his strong arm ner-

vously. The touch of her little hand seemed to act as an electric shock to the man, and he turned to his pretty friend. He was smiling slightly, which somewhat restored the girl's pulse to its normal beat. He looked at her long and searchingly, and then he started in his drawling voice to transmit to his sweetheart the subject of his thoughts. "Mabel, I'm tired of being just an ordinary common gunner; I want to start a Battery of my own, and I want you to be the adjutant." She looked at him astonished for a brief moment, and then her face seemed as if to be lit up with a sudden inspiration. No, thank you, she said, "I don't want any acting rank." "Oh, you'll be confirmed in rank right away if you want to come to my outfit." "Well," she answered softly raising her angle of