

"B" SECTION NOTES.

Certain stretcher bearers of "B" Sections have been indulging in cold baths recently, whilst in pursuit of their arduous duties, just in rear of a certain aid post. Further particulars with reference to this interesting winter pastime may be obtained from Lance-Cpl. Hope and Pte. Chevalier.

The following "B" Section members have recently returned from England, where they have been on pass:—J. Mitchell, A. Day, G. E. Russell, P. J. Cassidy, N. Marshall, and J. Lacourse.

O. Hurteau we learn has returned to Canada, due to eye trouble.

Blondie Knight has two brothers in the 60th Can. Bn.

We understand that Staff-Sgt. Reade is open to receive offers for the recipe for his patent mixture. No tenders under six figures will in any way be considered.

MARVELLOUS VEST-POCKET HOWITZER.

Invented by clever young Inventor,

Lance-Private J. DAWSON, "B" Section.

[By our own Special Correspondent.]

His fellow members of "B" Section are congratulating their illustrious colleague, Pte. J. Dawson (sometimes known as "Dowse"), upon his latest invention, to wit:—A Vest-Pocket Howitzer, weight $2\frac{3}{4}$ ozs., colour mottled green, length 15 feet from breach to muzzle (when fully extended), height $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet. Throws projectile 80 lbs. in weight two miles at the rate of a mile a second. It is mounted on a base of 3 lbs. of hard tack biscuits, cemented together by three rolls of adhesive, purloined from the dispensary, and it is drawn into action by two khaki coloured mice, specially obtained from the London Zoo, and a piece of binder twine. It is surrounded by 15 feet of barbed wire entanglements, and has six electric fans to keep the heads of the gunners cool and steady. Shells are dipped in lard, extracted from two tins of Fray Bentos, donated by the Q.M. The lard prevents recoil of gun, and at the same time greases the barrel, so that more shells are slipped through in a hurry at the rate of 60 per minute. The recommendation of this gun weapon of defence by the War Office is largely accounted for by the fact that such was the accuracy of aim at a trial that a fly was knocked off a tooth-pick at 780 yards.

The range of a target is accurately obtained by means of a dummy aeroplane, operated by movable sky-hooks, which were obtained at a cost of 3 sous 1 centime each. As this weapon has caused much Hun-rest on the other side of no-man's land, this information must on no account fall into the hands of the enemy. Recruits desiring to join a Vest-Pocket Howitzer Battery must present themselves before Mr. Dawson, who will examine them as to their qualifications, whilst further particulars with regard to this unique invention may also be obtained from him.

RETURNING FROM LEAVE.

Its O. K. while you're on pass, but it's coming back that gets a fellow's goat. When the day for your return comes, you rush for the station with half the population (feminine) hanging on your neck, all shedding enough salt tears to float the "Queen Lizzie." Into the station you rush, and make one huge leap into the already moving train, then disengaging the last sobbing dear from your manly bosom, you imprint one last long lingering kiss on her pale brow, and then politely heave her through the carriage window.

The platform fades from view to the accompaniment of convulsive sobs, cheery howls and fluttering handkerchiefs.

Gloom, heavy and thick, settles upon you. You turn to your fellow passengers for consolation, but its of no use: some are darkly brooding and uncommunicative, some are coughing and wiping away a furtive tear (something in my eye, you know), whilst others have sought refuge in the arms of Morpheus, and are breathing stentorously through nose, mouth and ears; at length, to your relief, you reach and scramble aboard the boat. Toot, toot, goes the whistle, the vessel gives a shudder, lurches, and then—your troubles begin.

"How nice she sails, doesn't she?" "Oh! but that was a big roll. Oh! ooh! I like it better down below, don't you? I do wish I hadn't had such a huge meal before starting. Groo! I'm going on deck to g-g-get some f-f-fresh air! Goooooooly, she rolls. Negh! run for the rail, Johnny! or you'll be too late. Whoop! Ger!! oh dear! I don't care if we are torpedoed. I'm tired of life, ooooooh! ooooh! phew!" and so you mutter on, occasionally intercepting your groans by distributing—on the instalment plan—you last three meals to the fishes. Oh, how you long to be back to the dear old trenches, which you use to revile so profusely. "Toot," at last you stop, leap ashore, march to the train, get aboard, and off for the front again.

Oh! what a joy ride! bumpity!! bang!! clack!! You've heard of rough-riding in carriages with square or oval wheels, but this contrivance doesn't seem to have any wheels at all. She runs on her axles, sure. It costs a lot of money to tour the Continent, but if this is the sort of conveyance provided, nothing short of kidnapping would bring me here. She rattles, rolls, staggers, bumps, stops, crawls, and toots, and after what seems a never-ending fiendish nightmare you stop, get off, and stagger to your destination, often 10 or 15 miles away. There you are welcomed with open arms and searching fingers by your loving comrades; with tender care they deprive you of everything eatable and drinkable you had brought back, and then throw a blanket over you and bid you sleep. You do, and dream you are in dear old blighty again, but awake disillusioned in the land of little guns, big guns, trenches, bombs, and barbed wire.

D.S.

SOMETHING WRONG.

Patient.—"I feel quite fit now, Sir, and I want to go back to duty."

M.O.—"Take this man's temperature, there must be something wrong with him."

"C" SECTION NOTES.

The good wishes of all go with Sergt. Tyler M. Brown, D.C.M., upon his promotion to a more important position in another Field Ambulance. He will be specially missed by the boys of "C" Section, with whom he has been ever since the old days at Valcartier.

I heard a most melodious sound

A floating on the breeze;

Said I, "whence come those weird strains?"

What eerie notes are these?"

'Twas just our old friend, Honest Joe,
A playing on his piccolo.

The following members of "C" Section have recently been to England on pass:—Sgt. F. C. Hoad, Ptes. C. R. Price, H. C. Hayes, N. F. Kennedy, J. Maycock, J. Marcotte, J. Crate, J. G. Maples, F. M. Cahill, D. Paton and G. W. Rose.

Congratulations to Lance-Cpl. L. S. Mills upon his promotion to the rank of sergeant.

SOME YEARS HENCE.

(Moral—Keep out of the Clink).

Young Hopeful.—"Daddy! what did you do in the big war?"

Daddy.—(absent minded) "28 days."

FOOTBALL SCORES.**BIG LEAGUES.**

Russia 4—Germany 3.
French 2—Germun 2.
Britons 1.1—Allemands 1.
Germans 1—U.S. 0 (by default).
Turks 0—Russians 2.
Belgians 2—Germans 0.
Italians 1—Austrians 1.
Russians 2—Austrians 0.
British Sailors 5—German Sailors 0.

MINOR LEAGUES.

Canadians 2—Germans 0.
Anzacs 1—Turks 1.
Japs 1—Germans 0.
Bulgars 1—Serbs 0 (game called before full time).
British Africans 2—Germans 0.

HINTS TO THE RAW RECRUIT.

Don't sleep after reveille, besides being very unwise it may lead to the guard-room.

Don't covet a stripe. Think of the worry they are if you did have one.

Don't put too much in your pack, for the ways in Flanders are long and arduous. Remember that grub and socks are better at the end of a long march than shirts or souvenirs.

Remember to be wise in the orderly room. Plead guilty and avoid 28 days.

Be not the butt of a joke if possible, for once a butt always a butt.

Never wear strange raiment, it provokes the ire of the S.M.

Don't abuse the cooks for it is a long road that has no turning and they will get you in the end.

A. O'C.