

BILL*(Continued from page 3).*

Now, if you've ever 'ad the luck to do a bit o' guidin' for a company wot 'as been shelled considerable and 'as a mite o' wind up, yer'll know they hates to leave the trench at first. Well, Bill and Maje finally 'ops out of the trench and starts across country, the company follerin' simply 'cause they 'ated to be left behind, and not 'cause they was appreciatin' cross-country strolls there an' then. Bill, 'e 'adn't gone a 'undred yards afore all in the company was acursin' o' him and swearin' 'e 'ad lost the way—all, that is, exceptin' the Major, and 'e bein' a gentleman wasn't doin' any cursin'. Now, sayin' the Major didn't curse ain't sayin' he wasn't of a most suspicious nature. The questions that man asked! More than could be answered in the duration!

"Do yer know w'ere yer hare? Do yer rekognise that shell-'ole? Do yer mind passin' that ol' jam tin on yer way in?"—an' so on. It were 'orrible to 'ear 'im goin' on so!

So Bill final gets on a tramline. Then some bloke says it don't go w'ere we was 'eadin' for. So the Maje says we'd better 'it the Maple Leaf road as they calls it—probably because there ain't no leaf of any sort within miles of it! Bill never says a word. "Let 'em 'ave it their own way," he whispers to me. "We can stand the mud better nor they can!"

So we 'it the road! I'm sayin' 'it it, but 'twas more like the road 'ittin' us. No fear now o' the party losin' its way, for they couldn't lose the road no how. Only fear was of losin' the ole' party in the muck. It were wonnerful 'ow' deep it were an' 'ow slippery!

Final, 'owever, all gets safe an' sore to the kitchens. Bill 'e's so fed up 'e says 'e don't want nofink to eat—only a ration o' rum. Then 'e 'unts up our hoffer and says 'e's got 'is party in and would like to go back to his former company.

"Wait 'till we gets to billets," says 'e, "then, after we've 'ad a sleep an' a couple of real meals we'll talk about it."

Well, Bill ain't talked about it much since then. 'E's still a sniper, only now 'e does more snipin' and less guidin'.

Final, p'raps yer don't believe all this, but "Magna est veritas, sed rara." Wot's that? Oh, it means the same as steam-heated billets—a wonderful thing, but seldom met with.

"Dick," Scouts.

x x x x

"A. E."

Do ye ken A. E.?
He's a D.S.O.,
For at the Somme
He ran the show!
He carried on so well
That night, that lo!
He woke up famous
In the morning.

x x x x

AN APPRECIATION.

Written by one who was "there."

The Officers, N.C.O.'s, and men of "A" Company take this opportunity of showing their respect and appreciation of the splendid work of our C.O. and his Administrative Staff during our successful operations in the "Push." There is no doubt in our minds that the practical preparatory work before the Advance was responsible for our ultimate success.



"Hello Pat, back from leave? Did you have a good time?"
"Sure Oi did!"
"I guess it must have been hell, coming away again, wasn't it?"
"Ai, it sure was!"

A DAINTY BIRD.

The "rum-jar" is a dainty bird,
It flutters through the air,
And as it lights, I've often heard
It say a little prayer.

I may be wrong!
It may have been
A swear!!!

x x x x

THAT'S ALL.

Gas Guard being relieved by New Draft.

DRAFT: "Well, what have I got to do?"

FED-UP SENTRY: "You just sits here, and if any Heines come over you just takes their coin and lets them go."

x x x x

OH! HELL-UP.

Overheard near front line.

CANADIAN: "Oh! Look at the rat."

ENGLISHMAN: "Let's Kell et."



When, after an all night's
fatigue in cold and rain,
you hear:

"No rum to-night,
boys!"

A SURMISE.

Judging by the smoke from cook-house after Christmas, we think our Company Cooks must have traded off their presentation pipes for a few lengths of stove pipe.

x x x x

HE DOES.

The harvest bug has wings of fire,
The fire-bug, wings of flame;
The trench bug has no wings at all,
But he gets there just the same!

—From "B."

x x x x

GAS ALERT.

We are glad to be able to report that it was *not* the gas officer of this battalion who, in a written examination on what he would do in the front line when "Gas Alert" was put on, stated that he would immediately test the Strombos Horns to see how far the sounds would carry.

IN BETWEEN TRIPS.

The trench mat is a useful thing
When trenches flooded be;
Its praises then I loudly sing—
When it's not tripping me!

—C.

x x x x

KELLY'S COMPLAINT.

OR, THE WOES OF THE WORKING PARTY.
Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "No rum again!"

x x x x

"Bombs," in London on leave, introducing some Canadian friends of his to three Naval Commanders: "Come along, and meet my steam-boat friends?"