



The Clink Contributes!

Whatever may be said of the "Clink" as a place of enforced residence, it certainly possesses one decided advantage over any other "necessary evil" in Camp. It is an ideal place to study human nature.

Our guests certainly are human, in fact it is because they are so very, very human, that they become our guests, and even though they "bum" us for a goodly number of our cigarettes, we are amply repaid by the fresh cuss words we learn every time a new one joins us.

Our location, too, is all that can be desired, for are we not just across the street from the Pay Office—so near and yet so far. Still, it is nice to listen to the crackle of those new crisp notes and think—well, what do you care what we think. True, the Pay Office staff are always running in and out of the Bastille, getting in our way when we want to do something in a hurry. But we always smile and say, "Quite all right, old top," thinking that perhaps we'll get sufficient stand-in to drag an extra £1 on pay day. Vain hope; though up to the time of going to press they have not come through with any "extra."

Our southern exposure—as it were—brings within our line of vision the quarters of the V.A.D.'s. Here words fail us, and a warbling sensation around the region of our hearts remind us that we are "B II. not likely," and just here we don't mind telling you that the secret ambition of the entire force (Police Force, I should say) is a fire call at 2 a.m.; in fact, we have a copy all written up for *Pat's Post*. So please, girls, get busy and kick a lamp over; nothing like being prepared, so we'll give you the headlines in advance.

"Beautiful maids escape death by narrow margin."

"Prompt response by the heroic POLICE FORCE save many lives."

"L/Cpl. H. covers himself with glory."

We have almost given up hopes of ever having a real fire, so we have tried to bribe "Happy" to sound a Fire Call, but there is nothing doing. "Happy" is not game.

Speaking of "Happy." That cairn of stones north of the Bastille commemorates an event of great importance. "Happy" thinks it was something that size that biffed him in the eye. That is the reason it was put there so that "Happy" would not forget.

Of course we know that everybody loves a Cop. (I don't think). But it is surprising and most astonishing the number of friends we have at 10-59 p.m. We always have a feed of bread and butter, also tea, about that time (providing Sub. L/Cpl. Gillgoggler did not forget to go and fetch it earlier in the evening).

Going out of Camp in the evening, the entire personnel slip us a cold and stony "once over" and pass on. But coming in, "Oh me," "Oh my," "How are you?" "Fine night; any spare tea?" "Any spare bread and butter?"—We have hosts of friends (?) sometimes.

In conclusion, just a word to the Editor of "Looking Back." Are not your figures wrong concerning the dates that patients were admitted to our midst. Whenever we descend on a man for being out of bounds, etc., he was invariably "admitted yesterday;" in fact, they pull that old one on us so often that we sometimes doubt your figures. Were there any patients at all here the day before yesterday?

A large reward is offered for "stock" excuse to replace the following, for we are tired of listening to this one when we go to the Orderly Room as escorts, "Sir, I missed the last car."

DOMINION DAY—1918.

Canada, All Hail! Thou brightest jewel on an
Empire's Crown.

The War Lord's Tocsin thro' the world did ring
And show with one accord thy Youth and Treas-
ure bring,
And laid them bleeding at the Mothers' feet.

When once again Peace breathes her lullaby,
Forget not, Brothers, how thy Heroes died,
And boldly climbed the stony path of Duty.

The Love and Thanks of all our grateful Hearts
Goes out to those who came from every part of
thy Dominion;
And evermore thy Names shall be enshrined
With Victory's Glorious Laurel Wreathes en-
twined in every Heart and Home of England.

—(Imperial).