

**"WHEN ON LEAVE OBSERVE  
THE FOLLOWING RULES  
FOR THE ROAD."**

1. Upon discovering an approaching team the automobile must stop and the driver cover the machine with a blanket painted to correspond with the scenery.

2. The speed limit on country roads this year will be a secret, and the penalty for violation will be \$10. for every mile an offender is caught in access of it.

3. On approaching a corner where he cannot command a view of the road ahead the automobilist must stop not less than 100 yards from the turn, toot his horn, ring a bell, fire a revolver, halt and send up three bombs at intervals of five minutes.

4. Automobiles must be seasonably painted—that is, they will merge with the pastoral ensemble, and not be startling. They must be green in spring, golden in summer, red in autumn, and white in winter.

5. Automobiles running on country roads at night must send up a red rocket each mile and wait ten minutes for the road to clear. They then must proceed carefully, blowing their horns, and shooting Roman Candles.

6. All members of The Society will give up Sunday to chasing automobiles; shooting and shouting at them, making arrests and otherwise discouraging country touring on that day.

7. In case a horse will not pass an automobile, the automobilist will take the machine apart as rapidly as possible and conceal the parts in the grass.

8. In case an automobile approaches a farm house when the roads are dusty, it will slow down to one mile an hour, and the chauffeur will lay the dust in front of the house with a hand sprinkler over the dashboard.

**THE LIMITED VOCABULARY.**

In a ward of an English military hospital the language of the men at times got rather "high"; so somebody introduced a swearing-box, wherein each man that swore placed one penny per swear-word used.

The proceeds were to be in aid of the Red Cross; and after a week or two there was quite a good collection of coppers for the fund. But it was noticed that one man—an old soldier too—had never contributed a penny; no one had ever heard him swear.

At times they would tease him about it, but he would only grunt

and suck away at his short, black, clay pipe.

That pipe was his bosom companion, and he bestowed more care on it than some mothers bestow upon their children. One morning he laid the pipe on a table in order that he might open a window. When he turned round, to his horror, his wonderful pipe was in atoms on the ground.

"Who done that?" he asked in a terrible voice.

"Sorry, Bill—" said a wounded warrior.

The unhappy man looked at him for a moment, hesitated, then walked over to the swearing-box and dropped into it ten pennies.

The whole ward gathered round to benefit from the choice epithets that were to come. The owner of the pipe stood in the centre of the crowd, screwed up his mouth and commenced:

"You—you—" he said, then suddenly dropped his hands in a state of despair.

"No, no," he said, shaking his head. "It's no use. There ain't no word for it—there simply ain't no word for it!"

**WHEN I ENLISTED**

By Lce. Corp. V. J. B.

(It appears from the following, that the "dreamy eyed poets" of the Pay Office, M.O.'s Office and Q.M. Stores, have a deadly rival in the field. We thought we had plumbed the depths in the matter of 'poems', but will have to reconsider our decision. However, the mysterious V. J. B. writes with a delightfully naiever directness which is very pleasing. He puts on no airs, makes no attempt at "fine writing", and is never obscure. He has his story to tell and tells it with the manly simplicity of the Old English Ballads. Better honest prose like this, chopped into cordwood lengths, than the meter mongering with which we are so often afflicted. Anyhow, the man who is responsible for the following is surely one to be reckoned with. Let the Kaiser beware. Here she goes. Look out below.)

It was on the 20th of April last,  
Long will I remember the day,  
When I discarded the civic class,  
And joined the bloody fray.

For two long weeks, I did try  
A uniform to get,  
But the Q.M.'s always say  
Nothing doing yet.

And so next day, I jumped the train,

In the corner sat alone,  
Thinking in my long night's ride,

Of my happy "home sweet home".

Then back I came to the station  
Called St. Johns Quebec,  
If that is called a city,  
What is a city, by heck?

I steered my way for the Depot,—  
The training camp of great fame,—

At the gate I was halted  
And asked "whence I came".

Once more, was paraded to Q. M. Store,

Once more they turned me down.  
"Can't fit you out with clothes to-day,

Tomorrow, you can come around.

The Q. M. S.'s has got some dope,  
On how to make excuses.  
But now I have them on the run  
Just with a pair of deuces.

But now I have my uniform,  
And uniform it fits,  
Then its go over to the Canteen,  
To buy a swagger stick, "price,  
two bits."

Its now I lie upon the boards,  
All in a desperate state.  
Awaiting for the M.O. to come  
So I can learn my fate.

No matter what's your sickness,  
No matter if sublime,  
The M.O. takes you in his office,  
And Cummins gives you a No. 9.

So farewell to the Q.M.S.'s,  
And all the M.O.P.'s,  
Pack up my troubles in my old kit bags,  
And join them overseas.

**ON SEEING THINGS.**

It was the most terribly cold day of all the terrible winter, and freezing hard. The sniping officer, going his rounds, came upon a Tommy on "observation" duty just under the parapet edging the highest point thereabouts, and overlooking a huge mine crater in No Man's Land. He had his eye glued to a periscope, and enfiladed as he was by the cutting winds, looked the most abjectly miserable creature on this earth. The officer went near to him, but the Tommy never looked up.

"See anything?" inquired the officer.

"See henythink!" Tommy repeated sarcastically, not knowing that he was speaking to an officer. "Wiv' your blinkin' eyes a-runnin', and yer blinkin' tin-hat a-tumblin' every few minutes over yer blinkin's nose, and the blighted periscope froze up wiv mud at the bloomin' peep-'ole—'ow the blazes is a blighter to see henythink?"

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