

THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW:

- When is the "Mikado" going to get his commission?
 When is "Crappy" going to quit grouching?
 Whether Tommy Davis is a Welshman or a Cockney?
 Who heads the list of the "Lead swingers" and "Ticket workers" in No. 2 Field Ambulance?
 When will No. 2 Field Ambulance "Trio" get wise to themselves?
 No. 2 wants to know if No. 3 have another "Pitcher" for sale?
 Has No. 2 Football Team learnt the game yet? If not apply No. 6 Field Ambulance.
 Why are the Barbers so cutting?
 When are the Black Cats coming out of stores?
 When is the Master Cook going to get somebody who knows how to make tea?
 Who's responsible for the sun shining after "Lights Out"?
 For what reason does the M.T. Corporal collect hay-wire?
 What can the "House" Syndicate be bought for?
 And has the "House" Syndicate paid for the use of the grounds, and are they going to provide a fatigue party for cleaning up?
 If No. 3 gets a Pitcher in the next draft will they draft him to No. 2?
 In any case what does their present Pitcher know about Big League stuff?
 Has Ban Johnson been exporting Big League players to the C.E.F.? *(Continued)*
 When is our Q.M.S. going to be mentioned in Dispatches?
 When is the Editor of "N.Y.D." No. 2 Field Amb. going to get some real live news?

SOCIAL LIFE IN THE TRENCHES.

One day I called upon an officer in the trenches, a well-known man from Toronto. There were four of us in the dug-out, which was just high enough to allow of a sitting position.

Someone suggested afternoon tea, so the batman was called in and asked if he could make a cup. "Yes, sir." A batman would say "yes, sir," if you asked him to bring in a blue moon. He would hope you might forget about it, but if you asked him later he would say it was still in the wash, but he wouldn't be caught.

Well, we saw him go out to an old shell hole and get some water, and in about half-an-hour he brought in a Dixie of the brew. The first taste called up memories of your youth, when you had to take senna tea. The next taste you think it might be an infusion of digitatis, but you are not sure.

About twenty minutes later the batman comes in with a plate of toast, cold and waxy. To crown the feat he appears a few minutes later with something he carries on in a newspaper as tray. "Beg pardon, sir," he says, "but Bill would like you to try some of his biscuits." We cracked one open and a piece of gravel falls out.

As it is very difficult to get artificial teeth here we decided to put them carefully away where we knew the rats would get them and so Bill's feelings will be spared. And perhaps the rat may get a fracture of the inferior maxillary; thus they will have served a useful purpose.

APRES LA GUERRE.

The trades, professions, etc., that some are going to follow Apres la Guerre, would fill an Encyclopedia. Quite a number of our boys have expressed their intention of being Doctors of Medicine, already they have the first knowledge of same, as anyone passing through the wards can tell. One can picture a certain man in "C" Section (who *Avant la Guerre* was doctoring oil in a refinery) doctoring the natives of his home town with Aspirin, Soda Sal, No. 9's, etc. One thing certain, he will have no difficulty in fixing up the policeman and fireman as they are one and the same.

If there's one man we should take our hats off to, it's the Mag. Sulp. King. He's a night duty man by the way. After he's looked at the book, he copies the list of dope he's to give, and then goes on his way rejoicing. About 4.30 a.m. he goes to the Dispensary and grinds up about twenty tablets of salts in the mortar, making enough noise to awaken Fritz miles away, let alone the occupants of the Dispensary, who call down many blessings on his head. After mixing the dope with a little water, he doles it out to the patients in teaspoonfuls, incidentally having a smile on his face about a yard long. That, sure, is one thing about "Red," he's always got a smile for everyone, and his cheery voice, with his "Gorl Ding It," "By Heck," etc., never fails to keep the patients in good spirits. What a pity it is that a few more of us cannot cultivate a smile, once in a while (Say, Mr. Editor, I apologise. I didn't mean to be poetic) and so help to make this old world a little more pleasant to live in. I will close with those lines of Ella Wheeler Wilcox, which appeal to us all—

"It's easy enough to be pleasant,
 When life flows along like a song,
 But the man that's worth while
 Is the one that will smile,
 When everything goes dead wrong."

THE ORDERLY ROOM.

The S.M. [having paraded a Private. Charge duly read by the Adjt., viz. :—

"While on Active Service conduct to the prejudice of good order and Military Discipline."

C.O. — Proceeds to investigate.
 "What's the man guilty of, S.M.?"

S.M. — "Unclean, Sir."

C.O. — "In what way?"

S.M. — "Has lice, Sir."

C.O. (Who has been on Active Service since the beginning) — "Have you had lice, Sir?"

S.M. — "No, Sir."

C.O. — "Well, all I can say is 'You are jolly lucky. I have.'"

(Next Case.)

WANTED TO EXCHANGE.

Two good "House" players wish to exchange with two good "Ball" players. From a Base Hospital preferred.
 Apply—"N.Y.D."

HEARD ON THE MORNING PARADE.

S.M. to No. 33 xyp. — "Why didn't you shave this morning?"

Private. — "I shaved last night, Sir."

S.M. — "That won't do, haven't you heard about the Daylight (Shaving) Bill?"

THAT OLD STRAW HAT OF MINE.

When we went to Valcartier,
 'Tis near two years ago,
 We were a mixed and motley crew,
 As probably you know.
 Some wore a "dinky" uniform,
 The colour it was blue,
 But most of us wore mufti, so
 Their numbers they were few.

Some wore a swagger suit of tweeds,
 A panama to match,
 And others wore Tuxedos, and
 Of these there were a batch.
 A few arrived in overalls,
 And these were wondrous wise,
 Whilst others sported "Christies" and
 The latest pattern ties.

But well do we remember how
 We'd donned a white straw hat,
 And a 3-inch double collar
 (A foolish trick was that).
 For soon as we arrived in camp,
 Dame Nature seemed to frown,
 In buckets-full and torrents
 The rain it poured down.

Our straw-yarn started to grow limp
 And groggy at the side,
 The next day it got sadly worse,
 And shapeless, too, beside,
 Till at the end of just a week
 The fiercest thing in camp
 Was that old shapeless hat of mine,
 'Twould have disgraced a tramp.

For nigh upon two weeks did we
 Tote that old hat around,
 'Twas the toughest thing in "straw-
 yarns"
 That ever could be found.
 And when at last we scrapped it with
 A genuine delight,
 For a cap of khaki colour, we
 Felt just about alright.

The last time we saw that old hat
 (We gazed with sweet content)
 'Twas stuck upon the topmost ridge
 Of a white canvas tent.
 The colour 'twas no longer white,
 The rim entirely gone,
 And all the remnants of that hat
 Were battered, limp, and torn.

We've worn out several hats since
 then,
 A-chasing all around,
 A-covering the country, and
 A-sleeping on the ground;
 But never can we e'er forget
 (Just why I can't define),
 The last time that we gazed upon
 That old straw hat of mine.

ODE TO THE UNFORTUNATE
OCCUPANT OF A
"FRAY BENTOS" TIN.

(By our own tamed Poet).

Sometime on some far distant plain,
 In far-off Argentine,
 You used to ramble at your ease,
 The most content of kine.
 And little did you ever think
 That such a fate was thine.
 Far from the conflict and the strife
 You spent your peaceful days,
 Chewing the cud with slothful ease
 You freely used to graze
 On grasses succulent (devoid
 Of censure or of praise).

Ne'er on the rancho did you dream,
 When herded into groups,
 That you would e'er be used one day
 For hashes and for soups,
 And least of all that some day you'd
 Be bully for the troops.