

AND SOME LIMERICKS

There once was a German called Fritz.
Who was frightened half out of his wits.
When he heard our twelve inch
Did he duck? Did he flinch?
Well, I guess — and stuck up his mitts.

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There once was a bomber named Pink  
Who spent half his time in the clink,  
But he won the M.M.  
In a trench held pro. tem.  
So ne doesn't care what people think.

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And there was another called Banks
Who was one of our notable tanks.
Private Banks G.C.M.
We're disposed to condemn,
For he got « twenty-eight » for his pranks.

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There once was a sniper called B—  
Who claimed to be strictly T.T.  
He was noticed one night  
Blowing hard at the light  
Of his wrist-watch. Strange, you'll agree.

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Canadian soldiers itching to toe the scratch for final phase of world war.

Opposite this indelicate announcement in a Seattle contemporary is an ad. for Squirm & Wriggle's Insect Powder. Who told on us?

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As the Lewis gun artist rounded the traverse he was astonished to see a fellow strafing with his head over the front parapet and his gun bedded in his shoulder while his eye gleamed fiercely over the sights. Bang! and the sniper jumped off the firing step, ran down the trench a few yards, popped up again and repeated the performance. Then shouting: « I've got him. I've got him. » he jumped over the parapet and reappeared a moment later with — No not a wounded German, not even a handful of Hun money or a pair of shoulder straps — a brace of Partridge.

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Batmen, like poets, are born and not made, but once in a while an individual is dowered with the genius of both.

The gentleman whose masterpiece we reproduce below, hearing that all leave was to be cancelled, decided to make application as follows:
To O.C.

Head Quarters Coy.
Dear Sir,

The wind goes whistling through the trees.
The weather is cold and damp,
And I am waiting for my leaf
Before I can quit the camp.

I've many friends to go to see,
Can count them by the dozens,
Besides my sisters — two off them —
And nephews, niece and cousins.

Besides, the leaf was promised us.
It appeared in every paper,
And many are expecting it
As well as Robert Draper.

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Observer's report — A footpath was seen leaving enemy trench at 8 a.m. at — and going in a north-easterly direction disappeared in the woods at —

## CHARACTERISTICS OF EVERY OTHER BATTALION

## By the Crouch of Any Battalion.

Every other battalion leaves its billets, trenches, dug-outs, transport sheds and other buildings full of rubbish.

We always leave our quarters spotless.

Every other battalion gets far more rum than we do and far oftener. Their C. S. Ms. are all total abstainers who insist on the men taking a shot at least twice a day.

We get so little rum (when we get any at all) that it's only an insult, and our C.S.Ms. are different.

Every other battalion gets far more rations than we do. You ought to see what the — th and the — nth get for dinner. Yes, and beaucoup too.

We get so little to eat that it wouldn't surprise us to hear that the Transport is to be attached to the Ammunition Column.

Every other battalion gets far more leave than we do. Almost any day you can see parties of the — st and the — eenth hopping on to the leave bus.

Every other battalion gets all the clothing and equipment it wants. Officers of other battalions often stop a man say: « See here, so and so. You're looking rather disreputable. Go to the Q.M. stores and get a new outfit. Yes, and boots too. »

We have to wear our tunics till they look like pneumonia blouses.

Every other battalion has fewer working parties than we do and shorter ones. When we go back to a trench we always find it in exactly the same state in which we left it — except for the rubbish.

When we leave that trench the parapet and buttresses are always built up and the dug-outs improved.

Every other battalion has good officers, kind non coms, and a sympathetic and inexperienced Medical Officer.

Our battalion — sh!

Every other battalion has a band you can march to and it plays for the boys every day they are out of the trenches. Their dry canteen is never out of candles, matches and mush, and their wet canteen is never dry. They get more and better cigarette issues and — but, oh, what's the use!

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A SENTRY'S DREAM.

Two dark, dreamy eyes,
Two long drawn sighs,
Two lips like the pout of a rose,
One dainty, wee chin
With one dimple in;
The whole head, what a delicate pose!

Two snowy white arms,
Two dainty wrists' charms,
Two hands like an angel's touch,
One slim, wee waist
With one arm embraced;
The whole scene here contemplate much.

Two live whizz-bangs,
Two Fritz rang-a-tangs;
One sentry comes rudely awake.
Instead of her waist
One gun he embraced
The whole Hunland to fight for her sake.

Len. Beatty.