

# A DREAM.

By "Wireless."

I had such a wonderful dream the other night. I dreamt that I was "napooed," and up I went to the Pearly Gates. St. Peter was standing by the door, and when he saw me he said:—

"Come right in, Wireless. How's she loggin'? I won't ask you for a pass, as I know you wouldn't absent yourself without leave. Take the first dug-out on the right, and see the Quartermaster, and get your wings issued. I suppose you're glad to get rid of that smoke-helmet, gas-mask, and steel helmet. Nothing to bother you up here. Of course, a comet goes by now and then, but what's that compared to what you've been used to? What did you say? That noise? Oh, that! Why, that's our Harp and Trumpet Orchestra. You



ST PETER:

"THAT NOISE? OH THAT! WHY, THAT'S  
OUR HARP AND TRUMPET BAND!"

can have a harp, if you like. Oh, you thought it was the 1st. B.C. Fifes and Drums? Decidedly not! You'll find them down in the Tunnelling Company, playing the grand march past for Wilhelm der Twice. Well, Wireless, hurry up and step in. Roll-call at 9 p.m. Reveille at 4 a.m. No rations for to-morrow. Working party to-night. Leave cancelled. No clean clothes. What did you say? RUM!! Goodness gracious, certainly not! We use nothing stronger than lime-juice. What's that? A fellow in the Band owes you five francs and you want to go down to collect it? Well, I'm sorry!"

I returned, and, passing the earth, was glad the Anti-Aircraft did not see me. I went clean through the earth, and at last arrived at the headquarters of the Tunnelling Company. I will not mention who was taking tickets at the door. I was surprised to see him there—my old side kicker on the Water Detail.

"Gosh! Wireless!" said he, "you here; but then I knew it would be so sooner or later. Say, I want to tell you that Wilhelm is O.C. here. Poor Old Nick didn't have a show when

Wilhelm arrived. What's that? All the Water Details down here? Oh, no. There's all kinds of lime down here. This is the real place for chloride, but it could never be as offensive as you made it. Yes, you're right. That's our good old Band. Yes, nearly all of them. A couple more to come. Poker, Crown and Anchor, and Black Jack are all the amusements we have. Here comes the O.C. Look out! I happened to tell him that the 1st B.C. Water Detail would chlorinate the water some day, and he said he wouldn't have them in the Tunnelling Company. 'Necessity knows no law. Out they go.'"

## THE PACIFISTS.

They clamour for peace, while living at ease,  
In their homes in our sea-girt Isle;  
While our men at sea keep their children free—  
And, oh, how the Hun must smile!

Not for them the nerve-wrecking shrapnel's scream,  
Nor the hellish gas-shell's breath;  
They never yet have gone over the top  
With the lads who flirt with death.

They never have heard "Stand to!" in a trench,  
Nor for a week denied their sleep;  
Nor seen the poor mangled bodies lie  
In a ghastly, bloody heap.

To them No Man's Land is but a vague,  
Far off, and unimagined spot;  
They never worked there 'neath the spying flare,  
'Mid craters where dead men rot.

Is it all in vain, the toil and pain,  
And the countless young lives lost?  
Shall we list' to the scum, and then be dumb  
As we try to forget the cost?

If so, may hell break loose at once,  
And plunge beneath the sea  
The land untrue to the men who knew  
They bled to keep her free!

But the Empire's voice shall drown their whine,  
And the soulless fools shall know,  
That the lads at the front who bear the brunt  
Fling back the contemptuous "No!"

PRIVATE G. J. WALKER.  
No. 3 Company.

## REMARKABLE DOCUMENT.

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—The following extraordinary fragment of Regimental Orders was found in the possession of one of a group of German prisoners taken in the course of our recent offensive. The items point to a strange laxity of military discipline, and add further proof of the straits to which our enemies are reduced for the lack of raw material.]

### ORDERS BY OBERST KREPP,

COMMANDING 21991ST SAUERKRAUT U. WITTEN.

**Discipline.**—Private Johann Betaubungsmittel has been awarded 30 days on the regimental potato patch for failing to comply with Order No. 23, R.S.V.P., M.O. and S.V.P., which distinctly states that "No shirt, or wearing apparel whatsoever, is to be sent to the laundry without first having been transmitted to the Corpse Conversion Utilisation Plant for the rendering down of 'small life.'"

Private Albrecht Auswurf was awarded 10 days' extra ration-carrying for having broken Order P.T.O. No. 1 F.P., which states that "No person is entitled to more than one wash per month, unless able to prove, by producing his birth certificate, that the day of application is his birthday. The present serious shortage of soap permits no exceptions being made to this rule."

Private Rudolph Lungenentzündung, accused of the crime of "slapping his annual butter ration in his O.C.'s face," was dismissed on account of extenuating circumstances, he having lost six brothers lately, since when he has developed an utter aversion to grease or oil of any description.

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