

Is it true that the glengarry cap mentioned in the May No. of P.P.P. is really for disposal—at last? And could it be traded for a "pup"?

Who was the N.C.O., of "High Degree," who recently tried to get a tuppenny ride on the tram-car for the humble penny, and put up the kick when asked for the balance, that V.A.D.'s were only charged a penny for the same ride? Does anyone know—can anyone guess?

Why does a certain C.S.M. find work in camp so uncongenial, yet will spend much time and energy in heaving rocks about on Cooden beach? It is certainly not ladylike, especially when the "targets" are taken into consideration!

Why was the order, for N.C.O.'s to wear their chevrons on both arms, promulgated? Was it because it was feared that many would find that the added burdens, consequent on the addition of each stripe, might have a tendency to produce a lopsided appearance, if the chevrons were worn on one arm as heretofore?

Who was the N.C.O., on a recent O.C. inspection, who tried to gain favour by impersonating the 'Bearded Lady'?

If the Scotch Sergeant is prepared to give a reward to the first man who discovers the identity of "The Other Fellow"?

What was the Transport Sergeant's idea of using the 'phone, the other day, by placing the transmitter to his ear and attempting to send an urgent message through the 'receiver'?

What is the real definition of V.A.D.? Some in camp have it that it stands for "Very Attractive Damsels," while (the majority) others say it means "Very Artful Dodgers." Will anyone of that Unit kindly oblige with the "right" one?

### SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE.

She heard the band; she saw the boys  
Go marching down the street;  
She saw them swing along and heard  
The rhythmic tramp of feet;  
She saw the grand old flag she loved  
A-floating at their head;  
She heard the cheers bystanders gave,  
The kind things too, they said,  
But, somehow, in her mother's heart  
Responsive chords were dead.  
She could not cheer; she had no heart  
Her boy was there... 'Tis said.  
He was her joy—life seemed so good,  
So sweet, when he was near.  
The farewell words, the train was off  
With all she here held dear,

The days, the months, pass slowly by,  
And each day brought its toll.  
The lists of dead, "In action killed,"  
Brought sorrow to her soul,  
"Somewhere in France," was all she knew—  
A line to Mother, dear—  
I'm well, but ah! the frightful sights  
We soldiers witness here.  
Don't worry if I'm called to go,  
Remember life may be,  
Well spent, however short, just say,  
"My country, 'tis for thee."

"Somewhere in France," he's resting now,  
A dreaded message read—  
"A grateful country offers you  
Condolence for the dead."  
"Somewhere in France," her darling boy  
Is sleeping in his grave.

The war shall end, the troops return;  
The trend of marching feet,  
With martial step, shall then be heard  
Resounding from the street,  
She'll see the boys go marching by;  
She'll see them swing along;  
She'll hear the cheers of welcome and  
The soldiers' battle song.  
But while the soldiers swing along  
And while the horses prance,  
Her thoughts will be afar—They'll be  
With him—"Somewhere in France."

### THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

I went to Church on Sunday  
And heard the parson rave;  
How we must act, what we must say,  
If we our souls would save.  
We must ostracise the Canteen  
And abhor the vicious "Pub."  
And ourselves from Scotch and Stout wean—  
All the grain we need for grub.  
We must cut out all flirtation,  
Never smile or wink an eye;  
Or give up all expectation  
Of a mansion in the sky.  
As I listened to his ranting,  
Shivers down my spine did creep,  
And when he for breath was panting,  
I got tired and fell asleep.  
And I dreamt I'd crossed the river;  
For My work on earth was done,  
And my past life made me shiver,  
Had I lost, or had I won?  
I recalled the preacher's sermon  
And his lengthy exhortation,  
And I thought "I'm of the vermin  
That's denounced by Carrie Nation."  
Just then the Band played "Dixie Land"  
The gates swung wide for me,  
An Angel took me by the hand,  
She was a V.A.D.