

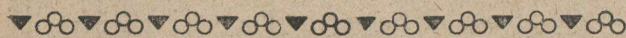
Should any of the guests fail to comply with any of the rules laid down by the management, they will at once be removed, surely and firmly.

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Full particulars and prospectus can be had by calling, wiring, or writing to the 7th Canadian Transport Lines Sanatorium, 1st B.C. Telegraphic address: — « Shell-shock ».

Tel No: — 00023 Cold Feet.

A. Fedupone,  
Manager.



### BATTALION ORDERS YOU NEVER SEE.

Battalion Orders by Lance Colonel R. S. V. P. Hookey, F. G. C. M., M. I. M. E.; R. A. T. Z., commanding the 394th G. R. Regiment (The Dug-out Fusiliers).

December 34th 191990.

#### 1. CANTEEN.

From today's date, the Canteen will be open during the following hours only: — 6 a. m. to 11 a. m.; 11 a. m. to 3 p. m.; 3 p. m. to 11 p. m.; 11 p. m. to 6 a. m. During the remaining hours no intoxicating liquors or 2 per cent beer will be on sale. The Canteen has no further supplies of German sausage, linen collars or Ostrich eggs. The following trench comforts are now on sale: talcum powder, hair-oil, button sticks, pate-de-fois gras and garden rollers.

#### 2. PAY.

All ranks are reminded that PAY PARADES are COMPULSORY, and that ignorance of this order will not be taken as an excuse. The Paymaster has strict instructions not to give preferential treatment to POKER PLAYERS or CROWN AND ANCHOR DUPES. No one will be allowed to overdraw his account to a greater extent than five hundred dollars.

#### 3. APPOINTMENTS.

During the 28 days absence of X42B4 Pte. M Ulligan, (F. P. No. 2), C.S.M. S.T. Rong will act as Battalion Sanitary Detail.

#### 4. PUNISHMENTS.

For, while on Active Service, Insubordination, striking his superior officer, absence without leave for two months, and repeated drunkenness, Pte. I. N. A. Phyx, was awarded.

- (1) 30 Days Leave.
- (2) Extra Pay Parades.
- (3) Promotion to the Rank of C. Q. M. S.

The O. C. hopes these disciplinary measures will act as a deterrent to others.

(Signed) Lce Col. R.S.V.P. HOOKEY;  
F.G.C.M. etc., etc., etc., etc.

#### NOTICE

LOST. A bicycle, No. 00000, painted blue with red and white spots, no saddle, handles twisted and broken, wheels slightly buckled, but will sometimes revolve. Anyone finding same may keep it, if he returns the pump.

FOUND. A dotted spog, greatly resembling Sergt. QWERTY, answers to the name of Archibald.

ERRATA. — Delete the last paragraph. The typist was found at 3.30 a. m. with his type very mixed and very mixed himself, with an empty rum jar on the floor.

### MUDS I HAVE MET.

In my school days of long ago, my teacher told me that the surface of the earth is composed of land and water. That division is by no means complete. There is another factor in the composition of the earth — a factor more important and more widely spread than either of the two usually taught. This third component is MUD. We have M U D, MUD, Mud and ordinary mud.

The first mud with which I came in contact was the Irish variety. In common with all things Irish, it was of good consistence and generously lavish. Its acquaintance I made in a hail-fellow-well-met way on country roads, football fields and, en passant, as splashed up by automobiles in the city streets. Always it was courteous in its attentions and, while naturally inclined to cing, submitted quietly to an order to « yamoose ».

American mud has something all its own. It gets there every time; when it arrives, it's there to stay, and you've got to go some to get it off. You can bet your bottom dollar, it's no cinch to make your get-away; no, sirree! America's the land that put the « M » in MUD, see?

Mix the obstinacy of all things English with the pertinacity of all things Yankee, and you've got the essence of all things Canadian. Thus — Canadian mud. It's got a nasty habit of smoothing over the surface of roads as rough as the Rocky Mountains, and carts, autos and foot-sloggers have their work cut out to beat their way through. When Mr. Mud lays down his ultimatum that you can't pass-you can't; not even in a Ford; till Jack Frost comes along and freezes Mr. Mud out.

Captain Bruce Bainsfather has made every effort humanly possible to portray Ploegsteert mud, but there's something about Plug Street that's not human. If it isn't just heavenly, at least it's unearthly. It's as omnipresent and almighty as were the rats of Hamelin, and there's no Pied Piper. With the mud of Ypres, it belongs to the category of things that beggar description and turn the hair of the war-correspondent grey.

Picardy mud! Thy chalky inconsistency; thine all-confounding greasiness, these thy peculiarities shall go down to posterity as a by-word and anathema. Oft would I fain have encompassed thee with sandbags sewn by Sister Susie's sister-in-law Sarah, but I'm hanged if thou would'st go therein. Thy miles of chalk-white trenches, torn and pitted with milliard shell-holes, slipping, sliding, treacherous and faithless as ever a Prussian; — these shall be thy memorials so long as man shall speak of the World War.

THOU ART THE LAST WORD IN MUD!

« Instonian ».

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TO AN OLD TIN BONNET

Put on your old tin bonnet
With the khaki paint upon it
And we'll fill our glasses to the « Day ».
Though it rains, storms and drenches,
We are going to the trenches,
For 'tis our relieving day.

Yes, you need your old tin bonnet
When the shrapnel rains upon it —
If you had'n't got one you would be « fini » —
You'd be planted 'neath the clover
In a spot far off from Dover.
With the decoration — R.I.P.

So here's to the old tin bonnet
With the khaki paint upon it.
It has shielded us from pieces of « H. E. »
It is dirty, scratched and dented
But the best thing yet invented
For my comrades — and for me.

B.H.B. Fleetfoot.