

## Maple-Creek Joe—He Gets in Wrong

fashay.' He unloosed a package of conservat' at me in his native lingo; then she puts her hand on his shoulder and says something about me, and he comes over and says 'Voo partee, Canadian soldat no bon for French Girl.' And I says: 'Nix on that, you cheap skate, I'm a sticker from Sticker-ville.' He says: 'No compree, voo partee.' Then he takes hold of my arm and makes a pass at me. Say! That settled it, so I handed him a wallop on the jaw that 'ud make Willard look like a selling plater. Then suddenly, bingo! I gets one on the bean with a club and I swings around and look who's here? Why Marie, mad as

a wet hen, and her eyes sticking out like organ stops. She makes another pass at me and says, 'Voo no bon,' then she goes over to the Belgian bohunk, puts her arms around him, and begins a-weepin' on his shirt. There's where I took a tumble that she was playing me for a sucker, and I ducks my nut out o' there like a bat outer hell and connects up with a bunch of rough-necks that had some hooch and we puts a touch of real colour onto the old town. The rest you know. Say, Jeff, you can take it from me, good old Kitchener said something when he told us to cut out wine, women and graft."

F.F.B.

### RELIEF

*It was darker than the devil  
(Did you winter on the Plain?)  
When the "Umptieth" relieved us  
In the drenching, drizzling rain,  
With the damned connecting trenches  
Filled with water to the waist,  
So we took to open country,  
Lord, and how we steeplechased!*

*Chorus.*

*Tramping o'er the cobblestones,  
Marching at our ease,  
Swinging through the villages  
Past the poplar trees;  
With our bulging haversacks  
Full of souvenirs,  
Marching back to billets  
On the road to Armenteurs!*

*While the flares kept bobbing upwards,  
And the flares kept flopping down,  
And the distant guns were rumbling  
As they strafed at Ypres town;  
With the toc-toc of machine guns  
And the bullets zipping round,  
How we ducked, and dodged, and halted  
On the rough shell-eaten ground.*

*Chorus.*

*Tramping o'er the cobblestones,  
Marching at our ease,  
Swinging thro' the villages  
Past the poplar trees;  
Girls are waving hands to us,  
(Bless the little dears!)  
Marching to our billets  
On the road to Armenteurs!*

*After five days in a dug-out  
In our sodden boots and togs,  
Oh the happy hours on "Listening Post"  
(A-listening to the frogs!)  
After five nights in a funk-hole  
Sweet the slumber we could snatch  
From the rats careering round us  
And the one eternal scratch!*

*Chorus.*

*Tramping o'er the cobblestones,  
Marching at our ease,  
Swinging thro' the villages  
Past the poplar trees;  
Just a rest ahead of us,  
Baths and bunks and beers,  
Soon we'll be in billets  
On the road to Armenteurs!*

R.M.E.