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WHY NOT THE CARIBOU ?

BY RATIO SPOTTONLEY.

"Corn" Evans, the well-known Polar explorer (who must not be confused with that equally famous explorer of the same name, Commander Evans) is of opinion that the horse, although a noble animal and the friend of man, could well be replaced by the caribou on the Western front, and if we only had a Business Government, the horse would undoubtedly be pensioned off, and the caribou would take his place for the following good reasons:—

(i.) The caribou although as strong as a horse, would cost practically nothing to keep. Accustomed as they are, to live on anything they can pick up in the Arctic regions, they would live comfortably on the garbage that is at present burned and buried. Hence the time and expense taken up in building incinerators and digging holes would be done away with. (Personally, we think an ostrich would shine better in this connection—but we'll let that pass. Ed.)

(ii.) The troops would not have to carry around emergency rations day after day, for if the grub supply gave out they could eat the caribou, which is a highly edible food, whereas no self-respecting British Tommy would eat a horse, unless he absolutely had to.

(iii.) If the blankets or supply of goat-skins ever cashed out in winter time, they could use the skins of the caribou, which are warm and worn by the Esquimaux, and they ought to know.

(iv.) Lastly, but by no means least, from an æsthetic point of view, the caribou would be most picturesque, and if at Christmas time, drivers and teamsters were all allowed to discard their razors, they would all look like "Kris Kringles," (it is a well-known fact that Father Christmas uses these noble animals on his annual visit) and their appearance would be very cheering and heartening to the Tommies now on our front.

SAFETY FIRST.

(We are open to receive offers from manufacturers of Safeties for the serial rights of this Limerick. Don't all speak at once!)

There was a young fellow named Gazer,
Who started to shave with a razor,
His hand slipped with fear
When a shell dropped right near,
Now he uses a safety each day, sir.

UNNATURAL HISTORY NOTES.

CONCERNING ALGERNON.

We read in an English paper some time ago, of some Tommies adopting an earwig as a mascot and calling him Percy. They've got nothing on us, anyway. When the present writer was living in those dugouts at Romarin during the last wasp season, there used to be a member of that species, who was a real favourite with the boys; they used to call him Algernon. This particular wasp was about the cutest insect outside a circus, you ever saw. He used to be particularly partial to "Plum and Apple," until one day a tin of strawberry arrived, and after that "P and A" was not good enough for him, and he cut out using jam altogether, waiting for some more strawberry to arrive, I guess.

When we drew the rations every afternoon, he used to take one glance at the tins and read "Plum and Apple," then fade away in disgust. One day, however, after we had drawn the rations, when all the tins were labelled "Plum and Apple" as usual, there was one tin that he seemed to freeze right on to, and wouldn't leave until we opened it, when we found to our delight that it contained—Strawberry. Algernon's premonition had been right, although the tin had been labelled incorrectly. Algernon's comrades, however, didn't all behave like Algy did, and at last they became such a nuisance, that the boys decided to smoke them out of the hole between the sandbags where they made their nest.

Algy, however, wasn't going to leave a good home, with free rations every day for the asking, not he. He wasn't that kind of a wasp. What did he do? He had on several occasions watched the boys put on their smoke helmets, and had also attended the lectures on their use. This super-intelligent wasp, as quick as lightning, flicked some strands off a nearby sandbag, and with these made a miniature-sized gas helmet, and chased through the smoke to his now deserted home, as pleased as Punch, and happy as a sandboy. Can you beat that for real downright insectual intelligence?

CAUTION!

When you see the mail clerk coming from the direction of the Brigade Post Office looking like an over-laden pack mule, with six bags on his head, three under each arm, and fourteen mail sacks on his back, don't ask:—"IS THE MAIL IN?" It annoys him.

AN ACROSTIC TO THOMAS ATKINS. Esq.

(By a Soldier at the Front.)

Thomas Atkins, Britain's son,
Here's to brave deeds you have done;
Oft' we have toasted a health to you.
Man and warrior, staunch and true.
All of us your praises sing,
Soldier of our glorious King.

All of us for you do pray,
Thomas, friend, "Here's to the day,"
Keep you are to face the foe,
In every test, come weal come woe,
Now emulating deeds of old,
Soldier of Empire, brave and bold.

(Private G. J. CURRIE, R.A.M.C.)

MARMALADE.

What is it that we often get
In sunny weather and in wet,
In manner that we won't forget?
MARMALADE.

What is it each and every day,
Be our spirits grave or gay,
Comes to cheer us on our way?
MARMALADE.

Though bacon be a mass of fat,
(And not exactly cooked at that),
What do we eat "right off the bat"?
MARMALADE.

When skilly's just a mass of grease,
Our appetite does not increase,
What makes our hunger often cease?
MARMALADE.

When beef is extra special tough,
Why should we ever "cut up rough"?
Of "pozzy" we have heaps enough.
(MARMALADE).

What is so succulent and fruity?
What helps us in our line of duty?
What do we spread upon our "rooty"?
MARMALADE.

ANSWERS TO ENQUIRERS.

(What we have to put up with.)

"Yes! we believe that the next number of the 'N.Y.D.' will be out soon."
"No, it doesn't mean 'Not Yet Dead.'"
"Quite right, it isn't nearly as good as the 'Listening Post.'"
"Sorry the Censor cut out Mike O'Brien's last poem. Guess he thought the Poet Laureate might get jealous and it would lead to complications."
"Yes, we hope its appearance will be less intermittent in future."
"No, it doesn't mean 'New York Daily' nor 'New Year Despatch'?"
"Sorry, the next number hasn't been diagnosed yet—but we hope it will soon."
"What's that? will the paper still be published after the war is over?"
"We guess not!"