

That Pass to Paris.

Just about a week before Tommy Canuck goes on leave to that great city which is the heart and soul of France, one can see him isolated in some place where he thinks that no one can see or hear him.

The first thing he does is to take from his tunic pocket a worn and threadbare-looking little book which is given away at most Y.M.C.A.'s, and he then begins with the aid of the book to muster all his French, regardless of whether it is patois or parisien. It is very amusing to hear some of his pronunciations of various words and sentences, for instance, for tres bien he says "tray beans."

It is when he considers his French just about perfect that the civil population of the town where his billet is begin to hear their language murdered, a la mode de Tommy. After bombarding the poor people of the town, who do all in their power to put him right, it is time for that long-looked for leave, and with buttons, badges, and boots all shining like the rising sun, he bids olive oil to his comrades, and makes his way to the station, where he is to entrain on that Paris choo-choo wagon.

The world wears a big smile for him that day, and he gives pennies away to the dirty-faced little urchins, who stop him on the way, along with a blessing, where ordinarily it might be something else. When the dirty, slow moving train pulls in, it looks like a golden chariot to him as he climbs aboard and is all impatience to be on the way. By the time he is halfway to Paris his spirits become dampened, as the train travels at a speed of perhaps 15 miles an hour. Just as he has about given up all hopes of ever getting there, and contemplates a sleep on the floor of his coach, he is whirled into that great city, which has changed so since the war. The scenes at the station, and hubbub and bustle seems to immediately grip him, and the life of Paris seems to fill his veins. In a flash he remembers his French, and looks for a suitable victim to try it on. He finds one, and trying to suppress his excitement, says, "Kel direction a la hotel for soldats tray bong." To his amazement and embarrassment, he is answered in perfect English, "Second turn to the right and first to the left, my boy, and how is everything up the line." Mumbling his thanks, Tommy follows his directions, and in time arrives at the hotel where all is life and gaiety. He makes this his headquarters, and for the unforgettable days he lives the life of a millionaire and sees the sights. He is hauled up twice by an M.P. Please, kind readers, do not misinterpret my meaning, thinking that M.P. means Member of Parliament. Far from it, it means—well ask any of the boys.

He says, "Have you got a pass, my man. Tommy answers, "Yes," but does not show signs of showing it. "Well, let me see it," says the M.P. After going through his pockets twice and is just on the point of being arrested, he produces the necessary goods to the, by this time, very impatient policeman, who at a glance sees that it is O.K., and passes on looking for another Tommy who perhaps is lured by Paris to stay a day over his allotted visit.

The time comes only too quickly when he must board the train to rejoin his unit. Instead of the



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golden choo-choo wagon is the dreary, black-looking engine puffing out volumes of black smoke, which reminds him of the place that he was told about in Sunday school.

After a long and tedious journey he arrives back to his unit, in a pouring rain, still thinking of that gay and beautiful city. He is roughly aroused in the morning by the Orderly Sergeant, who howls in his ear, "Come on, get up, you lazy, half-drowned looking rat, and get on parade."

E. D. F.

The Last Salute.

Tis a busy day in Flanders,
And the sun shines overhead;
There's a little soldier's graveyard,
And a gallant lad is dead.

He lies upon a gun-carriage,
And his mates stand all in line;
The Chaplain and bearers are ready,
And the traffic stops at a sign.

There's a rider with despatches,
Some lorries, an ambulance car;
There are wagons of all descriptions,
And an officers motor afar.

And during the brief ceremony,
While the last respects are paid,
Not the least is the silent roadway,
And the lengthening parade.

Now the last prayers are uttered,
And our wagon starts again;
We leave our silent comrade,
Who heeds not sun or rain.

PAUL