

## Jackson's Cure.

"THE battalion was about seven hundred shovels strong at that time," said the Old Timer, as he stirred the bubbling brew of Maconachie on the half-shell. "We'd been pickin' away at the outskirts of L— for quite a while, and nothin' much had occurred to break the monotony of trench and billet, until Jackson come.

"He was a kid with an imagination, just an ordinary Canadian kid to look at, with sandy hair and a freckled face, but he had more imagination than a civilian war-artist.

"First night he was in the line he saw seventeen German patrols and about a thousand individual Fritzes. Opened rapid fire on the Heinie wire stakes and nearly got one of our own men with a Mills bomb. That wore off a bit, of course, after he'd been educated by some of the boys who objected to bein' took off with the products of Birmingham. He kind of shook down after a trip or two, but nothin' could cure him of the habit of explorin'. He had all a healthy kid's eagerness to root around and discover things for himself. Asked all kinds of questions, of course—quite right and proper—but he was always roamin' around and shovin' his nose where he wasn't wanted and gettin' choked off for it.

"There was a heap of things in some of them old cellars we used—bits of furniture and dishes and odds and ends of stuff from the houses above ground. The kid was fer-ever turnin' these things over and wonderin' how they come there. He got all het up when he heard that a guy on Brigade found some money in one of them cellars. That's where the kid showed some sense; he was strong for the money. Can't blame him either. A kid of his age can't get enough extra nourishment from his active service pay. Used to walk a couple of kilometres to a Y.M.C.A. to buy biscuits and jam—biscuits and jam—think of it!

"Well, soon's he heard about this Brigade guy findin' some dough in a cellar, he got worse than ever. Every spare minute he had he'd be diggin' or tappin' walls or turnin' over junk. Got him into quite a lot of trouble too. Fellows that's wantin' to sleep ain't hankerin' for no storm-centre in the same billet.

"But he got all of our goats one day, good and proper. He'd been maulin' around all that was left of a good-sized house, when he knocked out two or three loose bricks and seen something. Come tearin' along to where we was, eycs so's you could knock 'em off with a stick, and says: 'Boys, I've found a safe! Give us a hand to get it out.'

"First we was kind of sceptical, but you'd only got to look at the kid to see it wasn't no josh, so we went with him.

"Pretty soon we had that wall peeled down enough to make out the side of the safe—in good shape too. I got bit good and strong myself then, and the way we pried them bricks off wasn't slow. The kid was awful excited.

Swore he'd share up with us all. Seemed to think he was set up for life right there.

"At last we got the brick wall stripped clear. 'Twasn't no safe. 'Twas as nice a little stove as you ever eat eggs and chips off. The kid come in for such a joshin' that he lost all ambish for the get-rich-quick stuff, and peace returned to the old billet again.

"Well, I guess the old Maconachie's about ready. Jakerloo—eh?"



GOING UP WITH THE RATONS.

## He Travelled Light.

THE joke is ours—the 7th Battalion's; and though other Units have told it as theirs, we hereby lay solemn claim to it, and thus it runs:—

Two minutes to parade time. The perspiring Private in No. 4 Platoon pants.

"Have you any two by four, Gordon?"

"Yes," was the reply. "Don't you ever carry any two by four?"

"No, I never carry anything like that," answered the worried one; "I always travel light."