

Our Motto—"All through."

Call in and talk to the switch-board attendant. Wipe your boots on the brazier. Attendant always pleased to see you, especially in the rush hour.

Don't fail to help yourself to his cigarettes.

Personally conducted tours to local points of interest.

Ask for price list of souvenirs.

G. H.

The C.S.M. of No. 3 Coy. has started an investigation.

"Who runs that Matrimonial Agency for the Company, I wonder?" he has been heard to say.

"Not only men who go on leave manage to put their heads in the noose, but others expecting leave openly declare their intentions."

"Why, they even go on a course, get leave, and come back fully married."

"And, mind you, we have an instance of American methods—leave—wedding—addition to family. That's business for you. Someone's busy with an Agency somewhere!"

Rhymes of a Red Cross Man.

A new collection of verses under this heading, by Robert W. Service, has just been published in London (Fisher Unwin, 3s. 6d.).

Robert Service is on active service with the Red Cross, and his brother was killed in action only a few months ago. The poems are quite up to his usual and familiar standard of excellence and are a wonderfully true and vivid poetical expression of our trials and tribulations, both mental and physical.

They give such a realistic description of our own experiences during the last few months that they are bound to be very popular with all ranks.

We take the following seasonable selection:—

A Song of Wintry Weather.

It isn't the foe that we fear;
It isn't the bullets that whine;
It isn't the business career
Of a shell, or the bust of a mine;
It isn't the snipers who seek
To nip our young hopes in the bud:
No, it isn't the guns,
And it isn't the Huns—
It's the MUD,

MUD,

MUD.

It isn't the *melee* we mind.
That often is rather good fun.
It isn't the shrapnel we find
Obtrusive when rained by the ton
It isn't the bounce of the bombs
That gives us a positive pain:
It's the strafing we get
When the weather is wet—
It's the RAIN,

RAIN,

RAIN.

It isn't because we lack grit
We shrink from the horrors of war.
We don't mind the battle a bit;
In fact that is what we are for;
It isn't the rum-jars and things
Make us wish we were back in the fold:
It's the fingers that freeze
In the boreal breeze—
It's the COLD,

COLD,

COLD.

Oh, the rain, the mud, and the cold,
The cold, the mud, and the rain;
With weather at zero it's hard for a hero

From language that's rude to refrain.
With porridge muck to the knees,
With sky that's a-pouring a flood,
Sure the worst of our foes
Are the pains and the woes
Of the RAIN,

the COLD,

and the MUD.

Officer to new draft sentry. "What would you do if you saw the enemy coming across?"

Sentry—"Run to the dug-out and tell the Sergeant."

♦ ♦ ♦

A Hun prisoner who had been captured at the Somme, in the course of conversation, remarked: "English fight for what he think is right. German fight for what he think is right. Canadian—he fight for souvenirs!"

— Bombs. —

The Boys of Section Three.

This is a truly wonderful bunch,
The Boys of Section Three;
There's Jimmy and Ted, and Jack,
and I,
The best of pals are we.

Of course, there's Bobby Watson,
He is a jolly bloke;
But, rare and fair, none can compare
With Tommy Easterbrook.

There's Gilham and there's Pringle,
Both good Scouts you'll agree;
Although the bunch are all "Good Scouts,"
In Section Number Three.

Our Corporal's name is Wheeler,—
Most popular with all,
When cards in hand each day he comes,
"The next man for patrol."

The man who cuts the highest card
Is the one detailed to go;
Of course the game is fair and square,
For all have got a show.

And when the mail comes up at night,
We're dead in love with him,
He's sure to slide along and say:
"Here's one for Jack and Jim."

