

P.T. men, mild beverages are absorbed by the exhausted soldiers, consisting of tuppennybier, rubbledum, soup, or a non-intoxicating fluid introduced into the country by a Scotchman named Walker; this latter is rather palatable and not difficult to take.

Finally it may be noted that the Bolshovesiak women are very patriotic, and many have volunteered to cook and sew on buttons for the soldiers in the Old Men's Home. These owe the name of their Battalion to the fact that they are Very Attractive Damsels.

So we bid farewell to this interesting army for the present, trusting that in good time they will see the travail of their souls and be satisfied.

V.A.D.'s OWN CORNER.

LOST !

Between heaven and earth, a Chef (*Super-human, capable, good-tempered*), suitable to cook for C.A.M.C. Serpts. Mess. Anyone finding and returning same to caterer of said "Mess" will be handsomely rewarded.

AN "IMPERIAL" !! N.C.O.'S OPINION ON V.A.D. COOKS.

The brave white cliffs of England stand as ever proud and bluff,
Her Red Caps and her R.T.O.'s remain true British stuff;
The sea that shone about her shores while Alfred's navy grew
Is just as careless when one's ill, as breezy and as blue;
There's not a change of any note in Mother England's face
And as of yore her sound old heart beats in the proper place.

But deep beneath her ancient guise, old Mother England's thought,
Has undergone a certain change the wasteful war has taught;
She hasn't lost her proud old head!—it only stirred her wits
To find her larder disarranged—in certain points—by Fritz.
Her dauntless daughters concentraté (and bless their gallant hearts!)
On culinary practices, the friendliest of the arts.

To-day in England if you hear her daughters' cheerful chat
You'll find it is no butterfly that flits from this to that;
It goes more like the sturdy bee who has an end in view,
And only flies on business and who means to see it through;

Their voices have one favourite theme—the soldier finds it sweet—
The various ways of cooking new and various things to eat.

They have not lost their interest in fashion, sport, or fun,
They somehow seem to blend it with the day's work to be done;
The very weather has to yield its ancient place of pride
To keen debates on cauliflower, and "Should fresh fish be fried?"
And so the simple soldier-man who overhears them, feels
Their talk has reached his level now—it circles round his meals.

The rose must abdicate her throne, the lily white and meek
Admit a doughty rival in the satisfying leek;
The pleasant garden-talk of yore is now forgone, forgot,
Since scent and colour fail to fill the plain domestic pot;
Those perfumed technicalities that so our fancy took
Are changed for precious savoury terms peculiar to the cook.

In castle, cottage, villa, camp, the gossip that you hear,
Might raise old Mrs. Beeton's ghost to lend a jealous ear;
Throughout the realm of womankind there burns one ardent wish
To fabricate from humble things some new, alluring dish,
And while we live on rations here and hopes that never die,
The smoke of England's kitchens lifts like incense to her sky.

There is a tall Sergeant called C—s
Whose feet are too large for his boots.
He has patients in masses,
All sizes and classes,
To ply the bucket and broom.

When his step comes,
The kitchen staff runs,
To obey his orders unceasing;
And day by day, so they say,
The size of his head keeps increasing.
—Anon.

Do you know a man called R—s,
Who for nothing on earth cares a toss.
But if you mention 'Jam Roll'
He promptly takes a good toll,
And hopes the 'Super's' not looking, by gosh!