

## Our New Contemporary

In the last issue we mentioned having received a copy of the first issue of The Shell Hole Advance, the latest arrival in the field of military publications. Following are a few of the bits which we take pleasure in quoting:

With the first fall of snow that threatened to interrupt traffic, there was another substantial importation of foreign labor to augment the army of road workers behind our lines.

The Boy stood on the burning deck;  
He'll never more be seen.  
They hit his head with an aeroplane  
And his feet with a submarine.

Politically, we stand for a complete overthrow of the German government.

As between this and a climate admittedly disagreeable we are inclined to be neutral.

The information that soldiers on the British front are being fed five hot meals a day, having slipped through to a London newspaper, censors are warned that, hereafter, they must carry their blue pencils always in the alert position. Cramped as we are for space at the present time, conditions of accommodation will be made alarmingly troublesome if the comforts and luxuries of trench life become generally known abroad.

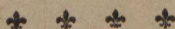
Peace rumors have had the effect of stimulating business on the shell exchange, with both upward and downward tendencies. Deliveries are in excess of receipts.

We have more miles of trenches on the British front in France than they can show miles of public roads in British Columbia.

If General Sherman could return to enjoy a saunter through a present-day barrage, he might be expected to add the word "Eclipsed" to that exclamation that gained him imperishable credit for having said the last word in descriptive talk about war.

"Is it on the right coming out," asked the new subaltern.

"No, it is on the left going in," answered he G. O. C.



The Clansman is on sale at a little confectionery store in Haslemere and our

thanks are due the little lady for the way she is rushing them. She even sold one to Corporal Stone who is on the subscription list. Thanks, miss.

Sergeant Harper can tell more hard luck stories than any ten men in camp—but he seems to get away with it.

We "blossomed out" in the kilt again this week—and it has rained ever since. Our application for a barrel to protect the knees is going in at once.

# Funland !

—FOR—

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