

For Sale. Portable bomb proof shelter, could be used in light shell attacks (especially valuable protection against shrapnell). Can also be used as a food cooker, clothes broiler, and with a little rivetting could be used to drive a small steam engine Sets on its own wheels, cheap for cash - or anything of value. Apply Transport Officer.

For Sale. Or exchange for property in Calais - valuable mining proposition in Flanders - largest working force in the world employed. - pig iron and lead in large quantities found on the property - good indications of a large out - put if properly worked by energetic owner. Apply, Big Willie, Jams-pot, Flanders.

Wanted. Settlers (must be teetotalers as the rum ration has been discontinued) for pioneer work - good wages paid - free tickets given daily to fire works - good food and water (recommended by medical experts) supplied - everything found. Nervous men not wanted. Apply C. E. F. France.

Books for review.

We have received the following books for review from the publishers. With great reluctance we have refrained from quoting from their contents, as the mere mention of the names of their distinguished authors is more than sufficient to guarantee a ready sale and a wide circulation.

HOW TO MANAGE MULES. by one who does	<i>Pte Reber.</i>
HOW TO PRESERVE THE FIGURE by one who knows.	<i>"D" Co., cook.</i>
HOW TO TRAIN DOGS by an expert.	<i>The Paymaster.</i>
ROMANCES OF A YOUNG SOLDIER by one back from leave	<i>The Sgt., Cook.</i>
SHORT CUTS FOR BATMEN (a work of art)	<i>Pte Maylor.</i>
HOW TO 'UNT 'UNS (or b-b-b-bayoneting the b-b-b-bosh) very touching	<i>R. S. Major.</i>
THE UNIGORM-HOW TO CLEAN IT by one who might.	<i>Reg. Tailor.</i>
HURRY BACK (or brave as a lion) by one who did.	<i>A. Barge.</i>
HOW TO KEEP TRACK OF BIVIES by one who tries.	<i>The Quartermaster.</i>

Father O' Flynn of the Dressing Station

Sure, doctor dear you've a queer sort of way wid you
Thinking the boys are all stryng to play wid you,
Faith an' there's none of them wanting to stay wid you
They see enough of you Doctor avic.
Down through the trenches your stethoscope fingering,
Keeping your eye out for them that's malingering,
Devil a thing that you haven't your finger in
Poking our grub around, you wid your stick.

And when the Govern't's over and done wid us,
And we're at home wid the girls having fun wid us,
Take it from me doctor sure there'll be none of us,
Ever be wanting to meet you again.
You wid your tales of the things you have done to us,
Physic and pills I'm sure you have tons of it,
Castor oil too you've had barrels of fun with it,
Silently laughing to hear us complain.

Lately you've turned to a new sort of drollery,
Making us laugh wid your jokes and tomfoolery,
Cleverness too in a sort of corollary,
Doctor avic did you know it before,
All of the pages were free from banality,
Showing the marks of your strong personality,
Promises too of a great versatility,
Faith an' I'm proud of you Doctor asthore.

Sure after all you're not a bad divil though
You have your troubles like any young medico.
Maybe you there's times when you're subject to vertigo
Making you hard to get on with asthore.
But for the laughs that your paper supplied,
Many's the one of us sure would have died,
So we'll forgive your assumption of "side",
Only insisting you give us some more.

L/Cpl. L. Mc. KINNON.

Battalion Concerts

During our fast turn out of the trenches to Ist. B. C. Regt. 7th. Battalion were treated to a series of concerts which were kindly arranged by the band of the 10th Canadian Battalion by the kind permission of Col. Rattray and through the courtesy of Major Ormond. The programme opened with a beautiful selection entitled "Nights of Gladness". In reply to the encore they gave us a charming serenade entitled "I'll dance till the Sun breaks thro". The boys insisted in singing the chorus, although the only serenading any of them had ever experienced before had been from the roof of the house across the way, when the neighbours cats were playing Romeo and Juliet. Lead by Capt. Potts (whose voice was a good imitation of a Romeo wailing to his loved one) the boys managed to get thro with it. Pte Millar then sang "Thora" and Sgt. Allan helped him over the road with his violin. After promising not to do it again the boys let him go scot free.

One of the most important events of the evening was the singing of "Father O' Flynn" and the encore "Mother Mc. Crea." by our popular veteran Sgt. Robinson. It is impossible to keep a good man down as we found out, when Pte. Millar got back at us with "Beautiful Garden of Roses". The band then got into action again and played those popular pieces "Row, Row, Row.", "On the Mississippi" and their own Regt'l March, "You're far better off. A duet by Sgt. Allan of the 7th. and Pte. Tiler of the 10th was the next item, their weapons being a violin & piccolo the result being "Larboard Watch" and "Drinking".

Immediately after the above, the boys got a real treat, for Pte. S. Bennet sang "My Little Grey Home in the West", "Sincerety" and "Sympathy", as the composer meant them to be sung.

A selection on the mouth organ by Pte. Marshall was received with generous approval. As his mouth organ takes more wind to work than a big drum the crowd of admirers allowed him to retire for a brief rest.

Bugler Foster who will be remembered as the man we used to "Strafe" for waking us up on Salisbury Plain with his infernal Reveille, gave a grand selection on the flute.

By far the best event of the evening was the speech by Brigadier General Currie who responded heartily to the call made upon him. The men in the Battalion always appreciate highly the interest which he takes in their pleasures as well as in their work. The know ledge of the fact that "Our Brigadier" whom we all now regard as "in loco parentis" is present amongst us, always insures that any project in hand whether inside of outside the Ypres salient is bound to succeed.

Among the other items which included a song by Sgt. O'Toole assisted by Sgt. Dawson; a violin recital by Sgt. Allan, and song by Sgt. Fisher was much appreciated.

The M (E) Issing Lid

I am a bad bad actor,
My sheet's black for all time,
I was detected, caught, and punished
For a most dastardly crime.

No more can I face my fellow men
Or lift my head on high,
To me a Hun's an angel
I could make a burglar cry.

A man who'd sink to such a crime
At murder would not stop,
For twas proved, and proved without a doubt
That I lost my mess tin top.

Now to the scene of my downfall
Twas in the broad daylight,
I'm too barefaced to commit my crimes
On a dark or stormy night.

I was going to the trenches then
With a dozen other men. Sir,
When we had to cross an open road
Close to (Erased by Censor).

Twas near the point where this road joins
The one to Jamsport runs,
Twas watched by many a sniper, Sir,
With rifles and machine guns.

Our Sergeant he was in the lead
Said he "Boys we must haste",
But say, a runner such as he
In the army is a waste.