

the best way he gets a head is out of a bottle just like us.

There is a lot more officers, but they don't amount to any more than these I told you about, so I will tell you about something worthwhile. I am well, and feeling fit. I got over my quarantine and all the fellas did to. My army is still ok, and we are the best in it.

Hoping you are the same,
Your old side kick,

Low.

Notes From No. 2 Section.

Last week, although insulted by a member of another unit, a Machine Gunner refused to fight in a public place. He had the good name of his unit at heart, and in spite of taunts and jeers, refused to take part in a brawl in public. The fact that he is one of our best boxers, makes his action the more commendable.

No. 2 is sorry to lose Cpl. Pickett, who has been transferred to the Military Police force. The Corporal was popular with all.

Cpl. Percival seems to like his job as armed guard over Cpl. —, and Cpl. — seems to like his armed guard.

The Cpl. of the Mess went out of his way to congratulate the members of No. 2 Section on their speed and cleanliness while on Mess duty, Tuesday. He claims they broke all records in cleaning and washing up. (Is this a compliment?)

Pte. Aldridge still holds his seat on top of the radiator in spite of all opposition.

Did you see Blackie Perry on guard, Tuesday night. What price Blackie now?

Pte. Lyons has the whole Section buffaloes since he won his fight, Saturday.

Pte. J. Wilson spent the night with friends, last Wednesday.

Some of the others should have done so.

Cpl. Lake has a friend who is ever at his side (by orders).

Pte. Dutton is suffering from Lumbago.

OBEY THAT IMPULSE!

Get a copy of "Knots and Lashings" to send to the folks back home. You may be sure they will be glad to get it. The postage is one cent.

NO MAN'S LAND.

(The following poem was copied from the ruined wall of a dugout at Dead Dog Farm, near Wytchaete in Flanders, by Sergt. H. Tripp, M.M., W.O.R., and vividly depicts 'No Man's Land' as seen by every last man who has been there. The writer had seen, eye to eye, the raw scars of war,—the grisly terrors of war).

No Man's Land is an eerie sight,
In the grey dawn of the morning light,
There is never a house, and never a hedge,
In No Man's Land,—from edge to edge,
And never a living soul walks there,
To breathe the freshness of morning air,
Only some lumps of rotting clay,
That were friends or foeman but yesterday.

What are the bounds on No Man's Land?

You may see them clear on either hand;

A mound of bags, grey in the sun,
Or the furrow brown where the earthquakes run;

From the eastern hills to the western sea,

Thru forest and field, over river and sea,

But keep you low and aim you well,
For Death rides across on bullet or shell.

But No Man's Land is a goblin sight,

When patrols go forth at the dead of night,

Bosche or British, Belge or French,
You dice with death when you leave the trench,

And the rapid fire flies in the dark;

Spits down the parapet, spark by spark,

And you dive for cover to find your head,

Rests on the breast of the four-months dead,

The ghastly star shells burst overhead,

And scare great grey rats, that feast on the dead,

And a bursting bomb or a bayonet snatch,

May answer the click of your safety catch,

For the lone patrol with his life in his hand,

Is looking for blood in No Man's Land.

(Anon.)

ONE OF THOSE 'OWL KNIGHT' CHAPS.

Why is Mr. Knight like an owl?
Because he can't see his (fair) friends in the day time.



HABITS OF C.O.R. CLIFF-DWELLERS
A.D. 1918

ST. GEORGE GIVES US NEWS FROM SEAFORD, AND BETS ON WAR.

31st March, 1918.

Dear Mr. Knight:—

Your letter was very welcome. The "Knots and Lashings" came on Wednesday—and I got busy at once. Slow sale so far—but will do my best. Most of the bunch were broke (just after returning from "leave") and others have, I am sorry to record, lost interest.

All St. Johns is here now, except the Railroad bunch, which went to Purfleet, near Gravesend. Messrs. McCullough and Emery brought one draft,—and a "perfectly rotten time was had by all"—so runs the unanimous verdict,—much to my surprise. Messrs. McBeath and Bourget brought another draft,—and both wish they were elsewhere.

These two drafts arrived during Draft 27's absence on "Landing Leave": 6 days, if in England; 8 days in Ireland or Scotland.

Draft 27's Infantry Training period being over, we transferred today from "B" Coy. to "A" Coy.—and will now get the Field Works training. A Coy is the Draft Coy,—and will lose about 300 returned men this coming Tuesday—all going back to France. This is a big Camp,—and every day and every night sees small or large drafts leaving for the Base.

A few men, of course, have gone to the Drivers, or the Signals, or to the Tunnelling Coy.

Men who will apparently get their tickets, or some soft job at the Depot, (on account of dis-

ability) are Carruthers, Friedeaux, Turner, Burrowes, Irving,—all of whom are in the C. E. Regimental Depot, as it is called.

At least Miller, Mildon, Lister, Kelly the football player, A. B. Caldwell, and LeSage, also Brown, went to the Drivers; while to the Tunnellers went Pope, Porthouse, Roberts, Milburn, Armstrong, Johnstone, A., James, and 'Seattle' Jones.

Hope the Canadian papers have given you the real war news. The situation is perfectly "jake" to date with us. Masterly strategy,—to let Fritz play the game all his own way, and beat him to a standstill: then to turn on the sonuvagun and lick him to a frazzle. That's the outlook. Haig hasn't published a single figure concerning our gains or our losses in prisoners or men:—but we here have the words of many returned soldiers that our losses have been numerically small, comparatively, of course.

Bet you there's a Victory Decision for our side within 6 weeks from March 27!!

Have very little time to read or write, and that breaks my heart. Much of our time is spent foraging for grub,—as, believe me!—the scoffins have been damned poor these past 6 weeks.

Weather showery, with cold winds from the sea. Picked first violets on target range yesterday. We are temporarily 10 to a tent with no board floor or paliasses. Some comfort! After draft leaves, we expect hut-rooms will exist for us. In transferring, we lost (?) Canadian blankets, receiving poor