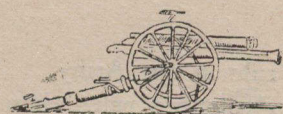


C.F.A. Hits.



Sergeant Mancor's absence has been mourned. He sure will make a popular officer.

Will passes go up when a certain gentleman gets his Commission?

Sgts. who enlisted 3 months ago in Canada are now instructing Gunners with 2 years service in France.

A new draft arrived recently to relieve the Casualty Section of fatigues and guards. We wish them luck.

Who is the Gunner who acted as S.M. for 1 day and then awoke? He eventually received a compromise for his disappointment of 3 chevrons.

Our Former Police Corporal of B13 keeps up the reputation of the Force. He sure can sleep some. We think it was time he became Provost Corporal. The Provost Corporal was recently seen in the Folkestone Cemetery selecting a spot among the illustrious dead. He had the "Spirits" with him anyway.

WITH THE CANADIAN FIELD ARTILLERY AT YPRES, APRIL 15th.

With respectful Apologies to our great Canadian Poet, The Late Sir W. H. Drummond.

By Gunner E. J. Robert. of the 9th Battery, 3rd Brigade.

Intro:—

Here's a shell for you, Kaiser Bill, and we'll send you along some more,
You're a dirty old squarehead, begorra You must be feeling sore.
And when this war is over, you'll admit that it is right,
That you can't beat the Canadians in a good straight man-to-man fight.

I was dreaming of Kitty O'Farrell, back there in old Ganonque,
When the sound of a big shell awoke me, and it dropped just over the way.
And once in awhile a "whizz-bang" came pattering up from above,
That told us our quarrelsome neighbours were sending us over some love.
'Twas a kind of an invitation and written in such a hand,
That a Chinaman couldn't refuse it, not to speak of a Canadian man,
So the field guns sent back answer, "We're coming with right good will."
And the name of the place is Pilkem, I fancy I can see it still.
"Fall in"! yelled our Major, my boys of the galloping blacks
If you don't see a fight this evening, I'll trade my breeches for slacks;
Sure, Major dear, said our sergeant, you can bet you old jack-knife,
If the boche is as willing as we are, we'll give him the fight of his life.
So we "stood to" and got ready from the Germans to take a fall,
It was a case of do or die, and we didn't intend to stall,

So we loaded our guns and got ready, maybe we didn't sweer,
While the big guns peppered each other over us in the air.

It's strange all the humours and fancies that come to a man like me,
But the smoke of the battle rising, took me across the sea.

'Tis the bay of Toronto I'm seeing, and the pond that we'll cross very soon,
Puts me in mind of Hanlan's Island, sitting on the bank of the lagoon.

I close my eyes for a minute and I hear my sweetheart say;

"Gene, surely you're not going away with the soldiers?"

But the blood in me was strong. If my sire was a "coureur-des-bois"

Sure, where should his son belong?

Like steam from the devil's kettle, that gunpit was boiling hot,

Epr the breeze of Fritz's bullets was the only breeze we got;

And many a fine boy stumbled, and many a fine boy died,

Overcome by that awful gas, there on that dam hillside.

Hark! whisht! What was that? An odd note or two,

While the maxims take breath for a second or so.

Lifting itself on somehow, stealing itself up here, Knowing there's ready to hear it, many a Canadian ear.

Good old Third Brigade, that's the stuff and they charged at the enemy's wire,

And when they got started, they kept on going in the face of a murderous fire.

In the front of their wire they met them, with faces all set and grim,

But our boys were fighting ten to one and their chances were very slim.

So now they are praising Canadians and the slackers are giving three cheers,

And the newspapers are trying to dry up the widows' and orphans' tears

And they'll write a new name on our colours, that is, if there's room for more,

And we'll follow them through the battle, the same as we've done before.

So we fooled you that time Kaiser Bill, and we'll do it again some more;

You're a dirty old squarehead begorra, you must be feeling sore.

And when this war is over, I'm sure you'll admit it's right,

That you can't beat the Canadians, in a good straight man-to-man fight.

"GUNNER."

QUESTIONS THE ORDERLY ROOM CLERK HAS TO ANSWER.

1. Is my pass ready yet?
2. Where is my paybook?
3. Have you got No. 24253647364 Gunner Side-kick on your strength?
4. When is Corporal Legiron due back from leave?
5. Has Sergeant Messtinstrap ever been to France yet?
6. When is the next draft being told off?
7. Is my name on it?
8. Is it true that all "C" class men are going to Canada?