

A FATAL ERROR.

It appears that one evening last week Grainger Stewart and Bill Turnbull sauntered over to the English bar to quench their thirst. The drinks were paid for by the latter with a brand new five franc bill, but in the excitement of the heated self-appreciative discussion of the Scottish race between Grainger and twa braw laddies wearing the kilts of a famous regiment, the change was allowed to remain on the counter. The Highlanders were about to leave when Grainger noticed the change, picked it up and handed it to one of them. Touched by the demonstration of one of their national characteristics—carelessness in money matters—they murmured "Guid nicht," and promptly beat it.

Later it was reported that Grainger had succeeded in raising a loan until pay day to re-imburse his distressed comrade.

COOKERY HINTS.

(By our own Culinary Expert).

In view of the fact that all well regulated journals usually have a certain amount of space devoted to housewifery and cookery, we have prevailed upon our own culinary expert, Private A. H. Metcalfe, to contribute the following tasty recipes for the N.Y.D.

Cobble Pudding.—Select from the nearest road half a dozen small cobble stones, be sure they are smooth, remove all lumps and dust from them. Sprinkle with sugar and allow them to soak over night if they seem a bit hard. Then bake four hours in slow oven until well heated. Serve hot with a little cream sauce, and a stone mallet on the side. After eating one should see the dentist.

Record Steaks.—Pick from your collection of gramophone records some good pieces. Cut out some of the strains and add salt and pepper. Care must be taken to have the fire in good cooking order.

Potatoes a la Bubble.—Get some nice clean hand soap and a clay pipe. Make up some suds and blow a dozen good sized bubbles, pare them and boil till done. Care must be taken not to break the lather. Serve with suds.

Date Pie.—Run over to the calendar and pick off 20 or 30 dates and leave till cool—then add 60 seconds of good daylight and leave in the moonlight over night. See that they have been well seasoned. Serve on time.

Vegetables.—Gather from the nearest field one dozen round post holes (be sure they are *not* shell holes), peel and pare in fine slices. These should be served with a little sauce made from trench mud and dubbin.

Horse Tail Soup.—Select from some nice, clean officer's horse, 6 or 7 nice long tail hairs—try and get brown or grey—so as to give better coloring. Steep for four hours in well settled water. Stir once in a while so that the hairs won't tangle. When soaked till soft, remove scum and strain and serve with horse radish sauce.

Dessert.—Get about 5 yards of wagon tracks and be sure they are regimental size. Break the same in small pieces put them in a dixie and stir till they look round. Then add sugar to taste and serve on an imaginary plate.

PRISONERS RETURNED.

The following letter has been received by Pte. Burke from Pte. Walsh, (No. 3 Can. Field Ambulance) who has recently returned from Germany to England:—

"I am once more back to civilisation. Carr and myself were exchanged and arrived in London three or four days ago. You may believe me we are pretty glad to be back again. We came back with eight R.A.M.C. men and were sent here to Aldershot with them.

"We are now waiting to be sent to the Canadian Base. I received your letter some weeks ago, but simply could not answer it as our correspondence was rather limited from Giessen. . . . I have lost all my friends' addresses as the Germans took every scrap of paper off us before we crossed the Holland border. They promised to send our papers through after they had been examined, but we have only their word for that.

"If it had not been for the parcels our friends sent us we would have been in pretty bad shape. We were fortunate in getting in one of the best camps in Germany. For the last six months Carr and myself have been working in one of the camp hospitals. We were well treated and certainly gained some experience in dressing wounds. We had almost given up hope of exchange after December 1st, but unexpectedly on December 23rd, the Germans told us to get ready as we were leaving for England the following day. The news seemed almost too good to be true. However, we were taken away to Aachen, near the Belgian border, where they kept us for ten days and tried to fatten us up a bit before sending us home.

"I am taking it for granted that you are still with the 3rd Field Ambulance, at the Front. If so, please remember me to all the old boys."

TO A CRUMB.

I've been worried all night long,
 Couldn't make out what was wrong,
 Not a wink of sleep I got
 As you crawled from spot to spot.
 Now my friend your day is done,
 You've had your little bit of fun,
 You've left me scratching,
 It seems its catching,
 All the others do it too.

You've made me hurt you. I didn't
 Want to do it—I didn't want to do it,
 You've made me scratch, too,
 And all the time you knew it,
 You brute, I'll make you rue it,
 You make me wriggle sometimes,
 You made me sad,
 But there were times when
 You made me feel right mad.

You've made me sore now—I guess,
 I'm going to get you, you bet your
 Life I'll get you.
 I want your blood that's true,
 Yes, indeed I do, you know I do.
 Let me, let me, let me spot you,
 And then it won't be long before—
 Oh! now I've got you,
 You know you made me kill you.

AT SHORNCLIFFE.

Time.—9 p.m.
Sentry.—"Halt! Who goes there?"
Pte. A. J. J.—"Sst! don't make such a noise, d'yer want to get me into trouble."

THE COLLIER.

IN PEACE AND WAR.

Written for "N.Y.D." by Corpl. A. H. WILLIAMS, of the 14th M.A.C.

In time of Peace.

Oh! people of Britain, when a-seated
 round the fire,
 When the snow is thick outside and the
 gale is rising higher,
 Give the collier a thought who's toiling
 for his bread
 In the earth; that his children and wife
 may be fed.

Under rivers and valleys, the sea and
 the hills,
 He gropes in the darkness with pick
 and with drills,
 To win the black diamonds, to work
 night and morn,
 At the risk of his life that you may be
 warm.

Ah! What is that crash? That dull
 heavy roar,
 'Tis the gas that has fired, and he is no
 more;
 The timbers are rending, the gas sweeps
 apace,
 He's caught in the vortex, there's death
 in his face.

On the surface, they fight, to be first to
 get down
 To succour their comrade with no
 thought of renown,
 Was there ever more courage on sea or
 on land,
 Then that of this dauntless and fearless
 brave band?

In time of War.

Now the collier we see at the front,
 In all battles he bears of the brunt,
 The rifle has taken the place of the pick,
 The shovel makes way for the Maxim
 so quick.

He sees on all sides the trace of the Hun,
 But Germans and shell cannot quench
 all his fun;
 He goes in the charge with a smile on
 his face,
 And dies like a hero of loftiest race.

The gas and the fire have no terror
 for him,
 He has lived with King Death in the
 coal mine so dim,
 In Belgium's sad country, in wood, trench
 or dell,
 He braves without flinching the tortures
 of hell.

Oh! people of Britain, sing labour's
 new song,
 And sing it with triumph, with loud
 voice and strong
 For her sons at the front, they are
 fighting you see
 That Britain may still be the Land of
 the Free.

INCONSISTENCY.

Overheard:—"You're a nice bloke,
 you are, 'ere you're ready to die for yer
 country and yer won't lend a pal a piece
 of soap."

AN ECHO OF SALISBURY PLAIN.

"Met."—(Half a mile outside
 Salisbury Town).—"Is this the way to
 the camp?"

Civilian.—"Bustard?"

"Met."—"Yes! That's why I'm
 walking."