



YESTERDAY
Captain Armour
Gave me

A copy of
"Life,"
And in it
Was a picture
Of girls,
Pretty girls,
Peacherinos,
With curly hair
And dainty shoes
And sunshades
And all that;
And each girl
Was in a canoe,
Making eyes
At a
Fellow.
And it started me
Thinking,
Because
It's June,
And
Out at the Lakeside
The sun is shining,
The birds are singing,
And all that kind of thing
The Poets
Tell of,—
And if they're not,
They oughta be;

And out there
I've gotta girl,
A Peacherino,
With curly hair
And dainty shoes
And all that,
AND A CANOE.
And I'm wondering
How many of
US Guys
Have got a girl
With curly hair
And all that,
And a canoe;
And we're all wondering
Who the fellow is
In the
CANOE.

Q.M.S.



I thank you.

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THINGS THAT BOTHER THE "D" COMPANY SERGEANTS' MESS.

IS the Revue at the Alhambra in honour of the Canadian Corps?
Is it exactly complimentary to close the canteen when
the G.O.C. visits the Battalion?

We notice that that Pipe Band of a sister battalion plays only
during canteen hours. What's the answer? Is it to make us
satisfied with the restricted hours?

Who was the S.M. who nearly ruined the reputation of an
innocent escort at a recent court-martial parade? (Really, old
top, this is getting to be old stuff. Besides, it was only a minor
error. The S.M. says so himself.—Ed.)

Will the other companies chip in with us to defray the expense
of a dinner to the G.O.C. Brigade whenever we are due to go to the
trenches? We will guarantee the appearance of our sleight-of-
hand artist on all such occasions.

When is that issue of Keating's powder coming along? (Rush.)
Have those fish been caught yet?

"WHERE HAVE YE LAID HIM?"

WHERE are you sleeping to-night, my lad?
Above ground or below?
The last we heard you were up at the Front,
Holding a trench, and bearing the brunt;
But that was a week ago.

Ay! that was a week ago, dear lad;
And a week is a long, long time,
When a second's enough, in the thick of the strife,
To sever the thread of the bravest life
And end it in its prime.

But this we know, dear lad, all's well
With the man who has done his best.
And whether he live, or whether he die,
He is sacred high in our memory;
And to God we can leave the rest.

So—wherever you're sleeping to-night, dear lad,
This one thing we do know—
When "Last Post" sounds, and He makes His rounds,
Not one of you all will be out of bounds
Above ground or below.

—Canadian Paper.

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A FEW QUESTIONS.

WHAT were the kind words which Snowball said to his German
prisoner?

What do drafts think when the Adjutant reads, "and
he was shot"?

What was it the field punishment artists said when the R.M.P.
went into the trenches?

Why is the Q.M. issuing so much new equipment? Have the
men found a better excuse than the whiz-bang one?

Why we are not known as "Sons of Gunn's"?

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CAN WILLIE: Ask "B" Company's cooks who found the
shell, and who got the shock.

BOMBER: (1) Mills' bombs ought not to be hung by
their rings on nails. (2) Certainly you won, but remember who
trained you before the sports. (3) We can quite understand why
Bobby and Nobby are getting leave on the Derby Group system.
Private Nash is making arrangements to celebrate his golden
wedding when he goes on pass.

ESSOFFIER: We have it on good authority that "A" Company's
chief cook is a white man, although we have never seen him in
swimming.