

GINGER.

An Appreciation.

By One Who Knows Him.

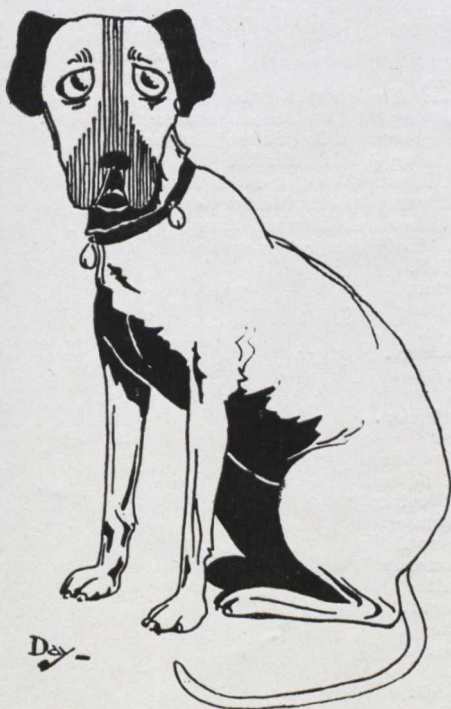
Name—Ginger.

Colour—Ginger.

Temperament.—Pepper, and Red at that.

Breed — Nothing particular; just dawg — French dawg.

WHERE he came from, not even the adjutant who saved him from imminent death and adopted him, knows. But the fact remains



Ginger.

that this rat-tailed, under-shot, diminutive cur trips airily from hut to cook-house and back again with all the assurance of a C.A.G.S. instructor—dignity and impudence combined.

He enjoys his matutinal cup of coffee with the rest of the Staff before the 6.45 P.T. parade, and he likes it hot and sweet; but he particularly does himself well at dinner, topping off a finished performance with a chunk of the cheese which, in the Staff Mess enjoys the ominous name of the "Creeping Barrage."

He's as supercilious as a London taxi-driver, and as cranky as a bear with a sore head. As

for sleeping quarters, he distributes his favours impartially; all beds look alike to him, provided they are warm.

His pet amusements seem to be (1) chasing his own tail, (2) skilfully conducting a ceaseless and furious warfare with the Commandant's feet, or rather the boots which encase them, and (3) jumping up on the Chief Instructor's tartan trews, to their great deterioration. In a word he's a parcel of Ginger Snaps and Red Pepper brought up on Chile Vinegar.

O, Ginger, in your hour of ease,
Licentious, coy, and hard to please,
With taste depraved for rotten cheese.
Stop jumping on the Major's knees,

You tripe-absorbing hound!
Still, when the Colonel jars your nerves,
And you fly round in rapid curves,
Do not forget, in your wild swerves,
His boots are really not "hors-d'œuvres,"
But solid leather bound.

Try and restrain your shrieking yaps,
Be dignified, and then, perhaps,
We'll quite forget your frequent lapse
From decent, proper doggy acts,
And overlook your past.
Eschew the siren when she calls,
Avoid unseemly, pup-like brawls,
Or if you can't, cut out the crawls
Such degredating conduct galls
The Military Caste.

And when we've won this ghastly fight—
As win we shall, with God and Right
Assisting our great Empire's might
In burying deep the German blight
Beyond all resurrection—
Why, then, we'll leave this bloody land,
We'll take you with us, Ginger, and,
Unless you sin to beat the band,
You shall go to our Glorious land
And file your quarter-section.

R. G. M

A young gentleman of the coloured persuasion had promised his girl a pair of white gloves for a New Year's gift. Entering a large department store he at last found the counter where these goods were displayed, and, approaching rather hesitatingly, remarked:

"Ah want a pair ob gloves."

"How long do you want them?" inquired the business-like clerk.

"Ah doesn't want foh to rent 'em; ah wants foh to buy 'em," replied the other indignantly.