

## The Passing Hour

How the refrain of the French National Anthem "La Marseillaise" is pronounced by Canadians:

"Ho âms zitôyans—  
Fômé vô bétéiûms :  
Alleun's, mâcheun's  
Koun' song empioure  
E'brouve nô sailleuñs.

Here's health to the adapters.

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### POPING IT GRAVELY

In putting the 'question of questions,' a Scotchman took his inamorata to his family burial ground and said: "Would you lie there, Jennie, by-and-bye"? She said she would, and there the thing was settled.

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Highlander—"I would'na play golf on Sunday, for if I did, my father would turn over in his grave."

Irelander—"Well if he did, shure, you'd only need to play the next Sunday, and he'd turn back into his right position."

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Magistrate—"What's your name?"

Prisoner—"Angel"

Magistrate—"Angel! well, where did you come from, Angel?"

Prisoner—"From Heaven."

Magistrate—"Indeed! Indeed!! and how did you get here?"

Prisoner—"Greased my shoes and slid down a rainbow."

Magistrate—(to clerk of the court)—"Fifteen days for skylarking."

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To the air of "A Little Bit of Heaven."

Sure our gunners brought a Zeppelin

Down from the sky one day,

And it nestled in the ocean

In a spot not far away,

And when our seaman found it,

Well, it surely made them stare;

Said they "suppose we take it,

For it spoils the atmosphere."

Then they grappled it with hawsers,

Just to get it into tow;

For we've got a place to put it,

But it sank and spoiled the show.

And when they took the prisoners,

They didn't look so grand,

And, bedad, I guess they wish

They hadn't left the Faderland.

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### HEARD ON THE FRONT.

What a lucky girl you are "Liddy" to be able to choose between two such handsome young Canadian Officer's. Have you made up your mind which it is to be? To tell you the truth, I'm in a bit of a fix—if I am to wear the cream-coloured dress at the wedding—I shall take Charlie as he is dark-complexioned you know, but if I decide to go in my "blue" dress, I rather think fair Bertie will make the better match of the two.

## Contributions and Acknowledgments

### A CURTAIN OF FIRE

I have been asked to describe—should I rather say—I have been given the opportunity to sharpen my literary teeth in describing—some one or more of the lesser incidents on the Belgian Front. It is "New wine into new wine-skins" and permitted in the Law.

It is not often that one is so placed as to see well from comparative safety, what our newspapers so love to call a "curtain of fire". This was my good fortune towards evening of a bright spring day in the year 1915, some of you who were not there may be interested to imagine and, those of you readers also who were there, may be interested to recall the picture. The scene was placed just to the east of the Yser Canal. The day had been bright, but cold and fairly quiet. We had cheered ourselves wonderfully, earlier in the afternoon by a most furious outburst of rifle firing, which had brought down, to our certain knowledge, an enemy aeroplane. We afterwards learned that the same plane had been brought down by all three of the other Battalions in the Brigade. Our people were in the trenches along a road in support of the line behind the junction of the French and British fronts. The ground dropped a little in front, then rose gently to the enemy trenches on the sky-line about 800 yards away. I stood half out of a dugout on a knowl overlooking our own line and up the slope to the German front curving East and South, the Northern part of the famous salient. Suddenly, as it seemed to me, a small rapidly growing patch of greenish vapour, which we had by this time learned to know as "Gas" appeared on our right front. As if a spring had been loosed the batteries opened. I remember the crash of the first guns, after that there was only one huge volume of sound dominated by the continuous scream of the shells passing over our heads, punctuated by the easily recognized French 75's and our own eighteen pounders. Other guns were there as we could see, but their noise was merged in the general uproar. All along the crest in the gathering dusk, appeared the flash! flash! flash! of the bursting shrapnel, beautifully timed and wonderfully accurate. At intervals among the flashes, mushroomlike growths grew and drifted with the wind, marking the bursts of the heavier gun's percussion fuse, high explosive shell. The attack could not be launched, no man could live through that fire. The gas cloud drifted and thinned. The night closed in with our troops again in the trenches which they had to leave, because they

at that time had no protection against the gas

The incident was over.

This was a true curtain of fire, such as is seldom seen, at least by the infantry in the line.

—ALEXANDER CARON.

### "The Grouser"

FORTUNATELY only a small proportion of the Canadian Expeditionary Force belongs to this category, but unfortunately like Influenza, he is contagious. Wherever you go, you come in contact with one or more representatives of the species, and as a sower of perpetual worry and annoyance, he, or they, beat the small inhabitants of various beds known to many who served in Flanders, by 99 in a 100 yards dash.

They remind one of a black mosquito insignificant in size, but in a hot June night, out in the West, it fills the air with its venomous hum, and comes back at you time and time again, but always comes in an underhand way, so that you cannot do anything but skin your knuckles, in a vain attempt at delivering the knockout blow.

The grouser has some peculiar kink in his cromos which makes it his chief aim in life to worry others. If you gave him a room with the luxuries of a Turkish Battleship Officer's quarters: if you gave him table delicacies drawn from the most inaccessible portions of the globe; if you gave him perpetual leave and perpetual passes; if you gave him all of these, still would he grouse, because his shaving water was one degree too hot or too cold; or because his morning bacon is a fraction less than the day before, when he probably ate someone else's besides his own, or because he cannot first have his special chicken diet to be followed immediately by the regular meal in the main Dining Room; moreover, because he is not permitted to wear the Regulation Blue Armlet, with an elastic band instead of being sewn on; because he cannot dig holes in the carpets with his boots made specially ironclad for the purpose; because his favourite window has been firmly nailed instead of only a deat with loose screws, and because his favourite distillery has been placed out of bounds. He must be placed in the army for a definite purpose, but like Ramsgate at night, the way is dark and gloomy and that place of his is hard to find. Much could be done to help him in his search if ward companions and neighbours would take the matter into their own hands, and by suitable means, of a more or less gentle character, instil into the distorted portions of his anatomy, that his first and only duty is like all the rest of us; to take his medicine like a man.