



THE RANK . . .

There is no heading to this.

By an unknown Contributor.

"We are cold, Captain Bunkum,
the private groans,
"And we slept in wet blankets
last night,

Yet we stand on parade till we're
chilled to the bone,

Do you think that is treating us
right?"

"The Canadian Contingent," the
Captain replied,

"Is tough as you'll see in the news,
And will flinch from no hardships,
however they're tried

If you don't believe me, ask Sam
Hughes."

"We drill every day in the wet,
Captain 'B,'

And the clothes we put on remain
damp.

This tells on one's stock of endurance
you see,

Say, why don't we shift from this
Camp?"

"The huts are not ready yet," came
the reply,

"And we'll miss a parade if we
move,

Be patient, take hardships, as soldiers
and I,

By next Spring things ought to
improve."

"If the cooks, Captain Bunkum,
should vary our meals,

With Hamburg Steak, Sausage and
such,

An occasional spud or two boiled
without peels,

Would the Government mind very
much?"

"To grumble at rations with your
scale of pay,

Seems to me, my man, quite
idiotic,

You can buy extra chuck with your
dollar a day,

Besides, Hamburg steak's un-
patriotic."

"Just one moment, Captain," the
private called out,

"I've one problem more, then
I'll quit,

If we're fit for the front as is rumored
about,

Are our officers equally fit?"

"I've answered three questions and
that is enough,"

The Captain with energy roars.

"Do you think, by the Lord, we are
throwing a bluff?"

DISMISS, or I'll make you form
fours."

"Rachelle."

"Who is Rachelle, what is she,
That all our swains commend her?"

In a little house in Belgium, by
the roadside, not far from the village
of — lives the fair owner of the
above appellation. To give the
reader a reason for the distortion of
some of the Great Bard's lines, a
little explanation of the misquotation
will be necessary.

Please do not think of her as
"Ray-chel," as the Anglo-Saxon
tongue hath it. No, rather as "Rah-
shell" or "Rash-elle." Perhaps the
latter is the best pronunciation of the
three, for I once heard that "elle"
in French means "she," or "it."
Rachelle is, or was, certainly rash,
and just as certainly is she a "she."
If you don't believe me, examine
the secret diaries of at least half the
members of the 20th, aye, and one of
that number is an S.-M., to say
nothing of three sergeants and five
corporals, besides a sprinkling of
lance-jacks. In mentioning this I
have no desire to cast a slur on the
qualities of any of our N.C.O.'s, who
are, on the whole, an excellent bunch.

Besides, how can I say that I am
maligning the said N.C.O.'s, when I
state that they have worshipped the

adorable Rachelle from afar. Who
blames them? I don't, for I was
just as deeply enmeshed in the toils
of her fascinations as anyone. Hence
this outburst.

Ah, well do I remember the
first afternoon I saw her! Such
gleams of iridescent sweetness sparkled
from her glorious eyes—such vague
yearnings arose in my soul, that my
whole being was filled with delight
at being near her. When I tendered
my modest "deux sous" for the
privilege of sipping some of Rachelle's
"café au lait," she actually smiled
at me. Me, who am but a simple
private with a number preceding my
name, and a conduct sheet behind it.
Such was my delight, that I had
another cup, and still another, hoping
to catch just one more smile from the
adored one's eyes, and lingering in
that hope. My patience was re-
warded, thereby causing me to be
crimed. "Late on parade" and
"Orderly Room" were mentioned by
my platoon sergeant, and next morn-
ing, the aforesaid conduct sheet was
materially added to.

As the sergeant was also one of
Rachelle's admirers, and had seen me
talking to her, this action of his did
not surprise me in the least. In fact,
I felt rather a hero.

Two days ago I learned that
Rachelle is married, and has been for
seven years. Hubby is at the front.
I would not believe my informant
until he pointed out to me three
healthy youngsters playing around
Rachelle's doorstep.

I felt crushed. Need I say more?
R. B.

Nursery Rhymes for Grown-ups.

No. 1.

Bo-PEEP.

As it *might* have been written by
Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

1.

I sow not the seeds of heroic deeds,
Nor sing I the glories of war.
In a medley of song I sing to the
thrang.

'Neath the pale of the Eastern star,
For the moon shall wane over moun-
tain and plain,

And the Dome of the Universe fall,
Ere the tale of the sheep and the
little Bo-Peep

Respond to the great Recall.



. . . AND FILE.