

AND HE GOT IT

It is rumoured that many of the convalescents have been making any and every excuse to return on leave to that beloved Canada of ours, but the following is perhaps the limit : One soldier, erstwhile a real-estate agent, thought to move the stony-hearted Board of Medicos by declaring, that he wanted to go back to Calgary to sell some real estate to get money to invest in the War Loan.

STAFF CHICKENS

In the yard of the Brigade Headquarters at D——, the Adjutant of a neighbouring battalion was conversing with the staff. As usual the denizens of the farmyard were out in full force. The staff's attention however, was drawn to some chickens which were wandering about with red rings on their legs. A witty member of the staff brought it to the notice of the officers with the remark : " I suppose that ring denotes the good layers." " Oh no," said Ginger, the Adjutant, " those are the red tabs to show that they don't do any work."

ALAS ! T'WAS——

I was nicely convalescent, and able to hobble along the front, admired by the flappers, who cast predatory eyes upon me, as, in my neatly fitting blues, I basked in the sun. I had been thinking of the ways and means of getting up to London for a week-end, and at last plucked up courage enough to parade before the august personage who holds our destinies in his hands.

" Come in, my boy. What can I do for you this nice morning ? "

I caught my breath. Could this be the One of whom all these " 168 " stories were told ? " Er—er—I—er—would like a—er—pass, Sir," I stammered.

" Certainly, my boy. How long ? A month ? Two ? Got any money ? No ? Here's an order on the Paymaster for £10. If you want any more, telegraph for it ; or an extension of leave—anything you want. Here's your pass. Good-bye. Have a good time, and don't be too particular about getting back punctually."

I faded through the door in a daze. Could I believe my senses ? Yet, here was the elegant " perfecto," half smoked ! It was true ! I grabbed my razor and tooth-brush, and walked unsteadily to the door, where a smiling M.P., with a loud voice and charming manner, handed me a Woodbine and helped me into the ambulance. This was the last straw ! Then, away off in the distance I heard a bugle—Reveille ! I scrambled out from among my blankets, to face the thoughts of another day's fatigues!

J. E.