

**A STRONG WEEK-END.**

(Being extracts from the diary of a Canadian on week-end leave).

Saturday.—Left Folkestone at noon on Slow, Easy, and unComfortable train that did its level best to live up to its reputation, or lack of same, by arriving at Charing Cross just before midnight, three hours late. Owing to rumour that Zepps were about, travelled most of the way in total darkness. Seven passengers sat on each side of the carriage, built to hold five a-side. Next-door neighbour feeling very drowsy, having had a hearty dinner of garlic and "bitter." He insisted in using my shoulder for a pillow, thereby giving me the benefit of the perfume left in the wake of aforesaid dinner. On arriving at Charing Cross was nearly run over by three taxis and four motor-buses in the effort to reach the other side of the road. Eventually decided to stay on the side I was on. After having hollered myself hoarse and bribed half the London Police Force to obtain a taxi for me, I find a broken-down old car navigated, more or less, by a much-befogged and bewhiskied chauffeur who condescends to carry me to Liverpool Street Station for a mere five "bob." Arrive there to find no train to my destination until 5.15 a.m. Too late to go to bed, so have the pleasure of sitting on nice hard seat in a beautifully draughtly waiting-room.

Sunday.—Catch 5.15 a.m. train to "Somewhere in Essex," as the papers say. Have great expectations of welcome I shall get in the old village, returning after so many years of absence. Have telegraphed the old folks that I am coming. Arrive at noon. Splendid journey down. Very beautiful tint of fog all the way. Somewhat tired and stiff, but ready for good time. Arrive home to find nobody at home. On enquiry find that telegram has not been delivered as it arrived after five o'clock, but "it will be sent first post Monday." Waited on the doorstep till 2.45 p.m., when father arrives, having been thrown out at 2.30 when they closed. Mother having a little chat with a lady up the road, but soon arrives after being told of my arrival. Has the time of her life exhibiting me to all and sundry. Saw several nice girls, but couldn't possibly manage to get out of the clutches of our dear "friends," who insisted in filling me with TEA. Having had nothing to eat since mid-day yesterday, begin to get a little hungry. At last get back home and am given a real good "feed" of English fare by mother. Begin to think that at last am going to enjoy myself. After tea am invited out by Pa to "have one," and feel that I am indeed going to have a good time. Only reach the door of the "Dun Cow" as landlord informs me that the Military Authorities do not allow anyone in uniform to enter before 10 p.m., and Licensing Authorities order the place closed at 9.30 p.m. However, as a favour I am allowed inside to have a glass of ginger-beer, and almost get arrested for trying to buy my old dad a beer. Having had a splendid evening watching my paternal parent demonstrate the art of imbibing, return home at 9.45 p.m. Have good supper, and proceed to have at least a good sleep in my old bed. Awakened at 10.30 p.m. by father, who tells me that "there is something about," and advises me to get up and have a look at her. Hurriedly dress and fall downstairs in order that she may not get too far away before I manage at least to scrape a nodding acquaintance with her, only to find that the "something" is not the village beauty, but one of our old friend Count Von Zeppelin's "gas-bags." Since I am up, decide to stay and watch for the gentleman. Am arrested by the Village "Special" for lighting my pipe. At last we hear the whirr of engines, and straining our eyes see, in the beams of the searchlights that have suddenly flashed from nowhere, apparently, the vague outline of the baby-killer. The guns start firing from everywhere, until they seem to be firing with the rapidity of machine-guns. Over, under, and on all sides the little flashes of the bursting shells seem. But it is not for long. Suddenly the booming of the guns stops, and simultaneously we see a little red spot glow about three-quarters of the way along the immense gas-bag, well forward. Little tongues of fire are plainly seen gradually making the spot larger and larger, and we realize that once more one of the hawks of the night, who prey alike on young and old, on the defenceless and peace-loving women and children of our little island, has met its so well-deserved fate. The countryside seems to have gone wild. Men cheer and shout, some swearing volubly while from others one hears a heartfelt "Thank God." Women also are there; everybody seems to be in the street, some crying and others laughing and cheering. Once again some "contemptible" little gun, or "contemptible" little airman of our "con-

temptible little Army" has shown Germany's War Lord that his forces cannot ravish our "contemptible little island." While we are cheering we see the flames licking their way along the structure of the Zeppelin, and soon she buckles toward the nose, still, however, seeming to keep an even keel, though slowly dropping. But the flames are enveloping the whole of the Zep by now, and she suddenly swings upright and plunges headlong to the ground. It is all over as far as we are concerned, and so we return to our beds, but I can't sleep. How I wish that some of the boys at home in Canada could have seen that sight. How many of them would be contented to stay there while they might be here serving as part of the British Army!—not "contemptible" now, but a mighty gathering of the sons of Britain from all corners of the globe? Very, very few, I think.

Monday.—Have to get up at 4.30 a.m. in order to catch my train back to camp. It is beastly damp and foggy, and the morning air is quite cold. Then I realize, it is only really 3.30. Time rather to be sleeping than trudging to the dismal railway station, but as I leave the old folks I notice their air of satisfaction and admiration for one who has come back to the old land to do his "bit," and it makes me feel that after all, with all the trials of Army life, it IS worth while. Trip back to Folkestone a repetition of the journey coming up, but I have the memory of the night before to cheer me, and it doesn't seem half so long. Arrive back just in time. The Orderly-Sergeant just getting ready to "peg" me. The week-end has been very short, and not overburdened with the good times that I had expected, but when I think of the "great night," it sure was some week-end. SENOJ.

**HARMONY IN WARD 13.**

Under a snow-white counterpane  
A jawing Scotchman lays;  
This Scotchman is a mouthy man  
And talks the live-long day.

His comrade on the other side,  
Himself no common yap,  
Just prays to God to send a gag  
To stop the Scottie's gap.

A sapper just across the way,  
With these two bosom pals,  
Gives out the idea far and wide  
The way to catch a "gal."

A one-time pug, long out of luck,  
Raves on about his wife,  
And says he loves his turtle dove  
'Though she struck him with a knife.

And a Corporal just rolls the ball  
From morning until night,  
And loudly wonders if he'll dodge  
Old Colonel Ryan's sight.

The Sergeant-Major, brave and bold,  
Talks of Gallipoli;  
And how the Anzacs beat the Turks  
Way out there, o'er the sea.

Another artist whom we have  
Does not appeal to me,  
For day and night he will recite  
"Oh, dear; oh, deary me."

Myself I am a quiet chap,  
And never says a word,

And these things which I've told you  
Are things I've overheard.

And, since I'm going Tuesday,  
I'm very, very glad;  
For, talking all together,  
These fellows drive me mad.

ANZAC.

**A SPASM.**

I ain't no sentimental bloke,  
But I think it ain't no crime,  
If I grabs me bloomin' writin' stuff  
An' bursts out inter rhyme,  
About our Nursin Sisters—  
I includes 'em one and all—  
'Ere's where I 'as me worgi;  
Just listen while I bawl.

Us blokes 'as got our bits er knocks  
In one place an' another,  
An' been sent 'ere to be fixed up,  
They treats us like their brother.  
They gives us fags an' flowers an' fruit,  
An' fixes us with readin',  
An' buzzes round us day an' night  
To ask 'bout things we're needin'.

Through each long day they wash us, feed  
us,  
Fix us nice an' neat,  
Leave us with our faces shinin',  
Feelin' clean an' sweet.  
God bless 'em all, the Sisters;  
There ain't nothin' we can give  
To square the debt we owes 'em  
However long we live.

# KING BROS.,

## DAIRYMEN.

### DEVONSHIRE DAIRY, HIGH STREET, ORPINGTON.

*Milk Supplied from A. Miller-Hallett, Esq's., Famous Jersey Cows.*

Devonshire Cream a Speciality.  
Fresh and Salt Butter and New Laid Eggs from our own Farm.  
**CONTRACTORS FOR THE HOSPITAL.**

Tel. FLORIST 1277.

Tel. FRUIT 199.

## MRS. G. BUCKLAND,

### HIGH-CLASS FRUITERER AND FLORIST.

Wreaths, Crosses and Wedding Bouquets made to order.  
SHOWER BOUQUETS A SPECIALITY.

### MARKET SQUARE, BROMLEY, KENT.

## A. J. TURNER,

### DYER, CLEANER & PRACTICAL FURRIER

SERVICE UNIFORMS CLEANED AND TAILOR PRESSED  
AT SPECIAL REDUCED PRICES.

### 3, HIGH STREET, ORPINGTON.