

If the moon laughed, would the sunbeam?

If Noah was afraid in the dark, would the ark light?

If Eaton's buyer is on the top floor, is the seller in the basement?

If the Turbinia weighs 6,000 tons, how much does the gangway?

If King George said "Farewell" to the Navy, would the ocean wave?

If the cat fell in the milk pail, would the cream separator?

If the Royal Alexander took the Princess to the Gaiety to see Star, would Shea's sing a Lyric at the Strand?

If Albert chased Louisa down Yonge to Shuter, would Victoria go to Church?

If a girl went wrong, would the typewriter?

If the desk is sick, is the inkwell?

If a girl ran the railway track, would the cowcatcher?

If a girl fell in the dining-room, would the kitchen sink?

If Three Rivers is part of Quebec, is Montreal?

If an old woman went up Sherbourne, would she come down Yonge?

If a bottle of milk ran down the hill, would the cream puff?

If you stick a pin into a horse's side, would its tail start a-wagging?

If Washington is 200 miles from New York, is Baltimore?

If they raided our Coal Mine at B— G—, would the coal chute?

[No! Perhaps the kindling wood.—Ed.]

When our fellows advanced on Courcellette, did Martinpuich?

[Ask Albert. Many 'Tanks!'—Ed.]

### The Infantryman.

[We have culled the following, by an unknown Contributor, from a Canadian paper].

Who is it, who is always fit,  
And always ready to do his bit,  
And keeps on fighting, till he's hit?  
The Infantryman!

Who in the grey and early morn,  
Sits in his dug-out all forlorn,  
Of all his beauty, he is shorn?  
The Infantryman!

Who is it, when the bullets zip,  
And bombs, and shells, give him the "pip,"  
And feels as though he'd like to "kip"?  
The Infantryman!

Who is it that the Fritzes hate,  
And "straft" their hardest, early and late,  
And try to wipe them off the map?  
The Infantryman!

Who is it, who withstands attack,  
And when he's pushed, fights back to back,  
From gas and smoke, with faces black?  
The Infantryman!

Who are the boys, who never kick,  
About soiling hands, with shovel and pick,  
Who "bully" and biscuits don't make sick?  
The Infantryman!

Who is the man, who carries his pack,  
Or a wounded comrade, on his back,  
And keeps a'digging, till his spare ribs crack?  
The Infantryman!

Who was it, when we lost the guns,  
And laughed at the way that "Fritzie" runs,  
But took them back, all Canada's sons?  
The Infantryman!

Who is it, though the line is thin,  
Keeps on a - smiling through the din,  
Who'll be the first man in Berlin?  
An Infantryman!

### Vibrations.

*Shiverin' up to the sandbags,  
With an icicle 'stead of a spine,  
Don't it seem funny, the things you think,  
Here in the firing line?  
(Whee! Whut! Zig! Zut!  
Lord! How the bullets whine.)*

And one thinks of Scrooge, the essence of pessimism according to Dickens, sitting in secure comfort and soured by a sluggish liver, muttering to himself, "And so tomorrow is Christmas, and folks will be enjoying themselves . . . poor miserable fools."

In almost every walk of life one meets both the optimist and the pessimist, but Christmas coming as it does just once a year, finds us "just out" of pessimists, or, as they say in the debating societies, "the optimists have it."

For most of us it is the second Christmas in the "Shell-torn fields of France," and the third in khaki (how little we anticipated this) but, as the auctioneer says, so is our great hope, that it is "for the third and last time, gentlemen."

And in the words of the prosaic Christmas greeting card, "May the New Year bring us a glorious victory and a permanent peace."

A gentle trickle smote upon his ears. Well he knew the sound! It was the water running into the cistern. He had washed his hands in his dressing room, and now, without the least effort on his part, the water was running into the cistern to replace the water he had drawn off. And men say, "the age of miracles is past." It did pass for several months, but we



"Say, Bill! Which is the way to our Transport Lines?"

"Keep straight on, Bob, turn to the left and ask for the Abode of Love—You'll find it."

lived to see it resurrected, and we have been on leave, and for a time we were civilized and heard the water running into the cistern!

Good old Blighty!

"No, thank you, no cream in my tea. We wern't allowed cows in the trenches—got out of the habit, you see," and when you come back, they say: "Well, did you have a good time?" and you say, "I should smile!"

They ask you of the girls, and you tell them, and of the skirts they wear, "dear, ridiculous, fluffy little things, that show —." But how short is one's leave, leave so glorious to anticipate, so exquisite of itself, and now only of glorious memory. Oh! it's hell to come back and join the "has beens."

\* \* \*

Old soldiers, they say, never die, they only fade away. Over fifty per cent. of those who came from England with us have faded away. Two of ours have faded into the eternal shadows, and at such a time as this it is appropriate to honour their memory. "Signallers! 'Shun!"

The others have faded into various fields of military activity, and to them all, especially our wounded, we send our heartiest Christmas greetings, in the sincere hope that, whatsoever their station may be, they are O.K.

R. D.

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