

a course of curative treatment covering the entire period. You must have a nurse, of course. I'll see to that. And I think I shall call in my colleague, Sir Henry Jameson, whose experience in serious cases of this sort is of the utmost value."

Later, when the patient was comfortably settled in bed with a table full of medicines beside him and a nurse moving softly about the room, the Doctor closed the door softly and remarked to himself in the seclusion of the ante-room: "Dam that war! Jones, the millionaire—and I choked him off like a lead-swinging private soldier! I'll have to readjust my manner to civilian practice or I'll be ruined. By George, that was a near thing!"

From the Original L. P.



Among Our Advertisers

This issue contains no legitimate paid advertising. The "Swizzler's" beer ad should be worth 500 bucks but the Liquor Control Board of Ontario are fussy so we gave Swizzlers this full page ad just for the love of Swizzlers—Their product—Not the firm itself.

We hesitated a long time before featuring Dig-A-Grave Week as being against public decency but we remembered the battle we had 21 years ago with the censor in bringing out the second anniversary number in 1917. In that issue we gave full publicity to the story that Fritz was rendering down his dead at a Corps Utilization Plant for the valuable fat that they might contain. The censor balked at the idea, and stated that it was against public decency. We protested that THE LISTENING POST wanted to be odd and queer and all he had to was to pass articles that did not give any military information to the enemy. He was shown a carload of German dead that had been taken from the semi-official Berliner-Localanzeiger. We were under the impression that if the Germans knew about it that we should know also. It was not until 1930 that we learned that it was just a little joke played upon the world by the British Propaganda Bureau to blacken the German character.

AN EXPLANATION

In this issue appears a phoney ad appertaining to The Simperial Bank of Canada. The Editor wants it distinctly understood that this advertisement is not meant or intended to cast any reflection whatsoever on any chartered bank of Canada.

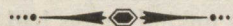
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THE LISTENING POST was readily financed and received every assistance from the officials of the Imperial Bank of Canada to bring out this issue and it would be base ingratitude upon our part to centre undue publicity upon such a friendly institution.

7th BATTALION ASSOCIATION OF EASTERN CANADA

The Toronto branch of the 7th Battalion Association is very active. They meet on the first Friday of each month at the Sappers Club, 619 Sherbourne St., at 8 p.m., under the directorship of C. D. Avann, President; and L. S. Timleck, Secretary. All 7th are requested to attend if in the city.

In the coming fall an effort will be made to form the Western Ontario branch, either in Windsor, London or Sarnia. There are many ex-7th in this district due to the re-inforcements received from the 33rd and 34th Battalions that were recruited in this area. Another surprising feature is the number of original 7th in this particular locality. If we can receive any appreciable support for THE LISTENING POST from the advertising public, the Eastern Canada associations will print this old historic trench sheet quarterly or semi-annually.



Of all the poetry that appeared in the old LISTENING POST the following was regarded as a masterpiece owing to its construction of trench French—

AT THE ESTAMINET

*Bon soir, madame, and you, fair demoiselle,
Bon soir, ma cherie, comment allez vous?
To your blue eyes I drink this sparkling wine
Which sells at demi-franc less quartre sous.*

*If you will parlez, I will drink no more
Vin blink or most pernicious French biere.
Let's to the garden go; ouvrez la porte
And promenons among the pommes-de-terre.*

*Ah non? Beaucoup travail ce soir?
Du lait, you say, is waiting at the door.
Tres bon pour soldat; here is my vaisselle—
Some more, ma cherie, otherwise encore.*

*Why scan you so this franc note of Bethune?
"No bon pour vous, beaucoup malade?" Nay, nay
This is no crown and anchor bill, sweet maid—
I got it here at this estaminet!*

*My cash—you compree cash—is tout finit;
But I should worry, ca ne fait rien—
Tomorrow to the tranchees I partis,
Beaucoup bombarde by the Allemand.*

*Adieu, petite, I shall not revenir;
The Boche barrage will blow me in the air.
Tout suite I shall be blesse or napoo—
Peutetre—je ne sais pas—C'est la guerre!*

A. McM.