

REMEMBRANCES.

SINCE our last number appeared I have been reminded of the fact that we are a little more than two years at the front without being at any time very far out of the shell area.

Last night I went back in memory over the old trail and saw some of the places and a few of the faces that we used to know.

I saw the farm in which we spent our first night and heard again our O.C. inform us on how we must conduct ourselves as soldiers of a great nation towards the civilians with whom we were to be billeted, and of our great disappointment. I remembered how anxiously we watched for the first time the star-shells and listened to the booming of the guns.

Then the other farm where we had a "spy scare" every night and where two of our own boys were brought in as spies. How we laughed.

I remembered the wash-house where in our few hours off duty we used to help the French girls to wash clothes for the very novelty of the thing and where we used to have our bath in the canal near by.

And the school-house where we held the first boxing-match and had our first lot of N.C.O.'s made in France.

I recalled the school-house where we received our first batch of reinforcements and Corpl. Moss.

Then came the remembrance of our first big action where we saw a famous city shelled and ravished by fire.

And the school play-ground where we were thanked and complimented on our good work by a "Brass Hat."

Then the march to the farm where we rested for a few days and the bivouacs in the orchard and the chateau where the boys had some good fishing.

Then the field across the road from the estaminet with the "barrel organ," where we had a concert and debate under the trees and *R. J. bought the barrel of beer.*

The sandpits where we burrowed into the sides and discovered a new medical practitioner in our unit.

The midnight call to the front, the orchard where we rested after the battle and ate strawberries and cream.

The long night marches to the field where we played ball, and where we watched a village shattered by German long-range guns.

Then came memories of the first town in which we were billeted and where we spent our first Christmas in France.

Then the village where we found a house that was not an estaminet where we could spend the evening.

And I remembered the mill where we made the acquaintance of "Big Lizzie," and where Fritz interrupted the rum issue.

The railroad siding and rest camp where our R.S.M. left us to take up the commission which he now holds and where Billy Button said good bye to the unit on his departure for home.

Then the long three days march to the pastures where we toughened up for our part in last year's Big Push.

Many of the men who were with us then have gone "down the line," wounded and shattered in nerve and limb. To them we say we will perhaps meet again and to those who have crossed the Great Divide, we bow our heads and murmur *Requiescat in Pace.*

EDITOR.

NOON AND NIGHT.

NOON.

'Tis bright nigh noon on a autumn day,
How gaily the bands and the pipers play,
As Canadian lads march on their way,
To join the victorious Army.

Gallant youths and veterans old,
See them wearing their stripes of gold,
For they fought thro' the heat, the rain
and the cold,

In our grim old Ypres Army.

Troop by troop pass up the road,
Backs unbent 'neath their heavy load,
They need no whip nor tyrant's goad,
As they march on to join the Army.

On they march with heads held high,
Song on lips and smile in eye,
No thought of to-night be it do or die,
They'll fight in Britain's Army.

With rhythmic tread they march along,
With cheery jest and rousing song,
Business-like and brave and strong,
The flower of Canada's Army.

NIGHT.

Softly, silently thro' the night,
Cars slip pass in the pale moonlight,
Bearing the lads who were maimed in fight,
In our great victorious Army.

Car after car comes down the road,
Each one bearing its precious load
Of lads who passed us so lately strode,
As they went up to join the Army.

Lifted out tenderly, borne inside,
They show their wounds with honest pride,
At Mouquet Farm they stemmed the tide,
Of the Kaiser's mighty Army.

Up on the hillside still they lie,
Lads who passed so lately by,
With song on lip and smile in eye,
But they'll fight no more in the Army.

Canuck and Anzac lie side by side,
With men who once were the Kaiser's pride,
But their souls have crossed the Great
Divide,
To the ranks of the Deathless Army.

HARRY W. CLARKE.

M.T. NOTES.

Hank Ford, the M.T. Sgt.'s nightmare.

"Ritchy" claims that the barber business is on the bum. Is it really true that he has had his towels washed?

Did "Mack" make enough on the house game to buy boots for the baby?

Is it true that "Strikey" has discarded his bell-hops uniform?

Is a car under perfect control when it skids twenty feet and then knocks a house down at the end of its skid? Our corporal says it is.

Wanted, an improved monkeywrench, our corporal is a Knut.

"Thank Ford for all my troubles," the Sergeant.

A poser for Euclid, if an Austin can carry six patients and two drivers, why is it that the "big" car can only carry two patients and eight drivers?

Where was the sergeant when the shell landed? Down a deep d—, no we won't tell.

Wanted, a straight forward man to hold stakes.

The M.T. have had considerable trouble with their "talking machine" lately, but after overhauling it they have succeeded in making a new machine out of it. Of course it required a lot of patience, but with the help of their "skilled mechanic" they have got it going again.

It starts at 7 a.m. and its beautiful tone increases in volume until about

11 p.m. when it ceases and the night-watchman beguiles the weary hours of night lubricating it for the following day.

Its favourite tune is, "Who owns the Air."

P.S.—We will exchange same for a decent frying pan.

SCOTTY'S STRIPE.

SINCE Scotty Woods has got a stripe,
He don't know what to do;
He swanks about in broad daylight,
Right in the public view.

But what a change comes o'er him.
You may not think it's true;
How quickly he can disappear,
When there's any work to do.

R. J. R.

THINGS THAT WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW.

When "Sid" sewed the red tabs on a certain tunic, did anyone get fooled?

Who was the man who filled the oil stove with gasoline?

Who was the man who filled the same with aqua pura? Why not try them mixed?

Who cut the postman's hair?

Who was the member of the A.O.B. who spent half an hour cleaning the wrong pair of boots?

What did the Corporal say on the first of April when "Shorty Bogues" fooled him?

Who took the Sgt.-Major as a "hunch" on the crown and anchor board?

Who taught the incinerator man to cook?

How did Shorty Cornish see the crown and anchor game? With a periscope of course?

When will the Sub-editor get another pass? We refuse to answer.

What happened to Guy Daye when he tried to clean the chicken?

Who told the Q.M.S. that he could play cards?

Boys in the Q.M. stores would like to know why Fatty Revell is losing his hair?

At what time will the seven o'clock parade be held to-morrow morning?

For Sale, a five dollar postal order, apply Pte. Pegg.

Who was the delegate that tried to pass off McDonald's smoking as chewing on our staff-sergeant, a new recruit to the chewers section?

Who was the officer who lost his revolver and thought he got the best of it because he refused to buy it back?

How much does a thousand dollars in gold weigh? Ask the Q.M.

THIS IS POETRY.

SOME sing of a life on the ocean wave,
A life on the deep rolling sea;
I'll stick to my life in a dug-out,
For stray shells are "No-bon" to me.

KOLDPHEET.

"C" SECTION NOTES.

Old "C" Section now has a Red, two Browns, a Black and a White to say nothing of a Pinky. Talk about a coloured supplement.