

### COMMANDS THIRD BRIGADE

Lt.-Col. G. S. Tuxford, of the 5th Battalion, has been appointed to the command of the Third Infantry Brigade vice Brig.-Gen. R. G. Edwards Leckie, C.M.G., who was seriously wounded last month. At the time of going to press The Brazier was informed that the Brigadier-General was safely on the road to recovery.

### ST. PATRICK'S DAY

The Seventeenth of March was not allowed to go unnoticed by the sons of the Emerald Isle. Sure there are not a large number in the battalion, but every one proudly wore a sprig of Shamrock in celebration of Ireland's national day. A year ago the day was celebrated in the trenches at Fleurbaix.

### HOW IT ORIGINATED

The military salute has a curious origin. It dates back to the days of the tournaments, which were presided over by a Queen of Beauty. The knights and their esquires and all who took part in the tourney, on presenting themselves before the queen, lifted each one a hand level with the brows, as though dazzled by the light of her presence. From this custom came the soldier's salute to his superior officer.

### LEFT FORTUNE TO CITY

Prince Rupert newspapers announced that Lieut.-Corpl. J. P. Ensck, who died from wounds received last November bequeathed all his property to his adopted city to be used as playgrounds or public parks. Jack Ensck was a pioneer prospector of Northern British Columbia and when the call came joined the 30th Battalion. He crossed with the first draft under Major C. W. Peck, last April. Both in civil and army life, he was a firm believer in Socialism—a belief that he put into practice by offering his life to his country and leaving his property to future generations. His splendid devotion to duty and stirring qualities endeared him to his comrades.



### WAS CUPID RESPONSIBLE?

Was Cupid responsible? At least Dame Rumour suggests that congratulations are in order now that Capt. C. Marshall has at last gone on leave after thirteen months continuous service in France. During the popular officer's absence Lieut. N. A. D. Armstrong is acting transport officer.

There was a young lady of Wipers  
Who was terribly fond of the pipers,  
At the very first sound  
She would follow them round.  
In spite of the shells and the sniper.

The O.C. No. 3 says that his "poisonous infantry are afraid to cross "No Man's Land" is all Bosche.



Tommy (during digging operations): "Say, Fritz, if you don't quit throwing your Looming earth over into our trench, there's going to be trouble."

### TRANSPORT GYMKHANA

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race, also Glendinning in the mule loading contest. Archie knows the game, having been transport sergeant of the 30th before coming to the 16th.

We regret that the Duke of Westminster's colours shone only among the "also rans." Better luck next time. By-the-way, we hear that Edwards' horse "Hungry Ben" died of wounds received at Festubert. The boys would like to know who is the present bearer of that name?

Nothing quite so funny was pulled off as the wrestling on mules. The mokes grimly bore the strain of their bareback warriors who rode their chargers in the fray sans upper garments. Tommy, we blushed for you.

### HERE AND THERE

This happened when the battalion was in the trenches. Passing down the row of dug-outs at headquarters the Colonel paused at the door of the orderlies abode. Inside a group were having tea and his quick eye noted that the menu included strawberry jam. Later on the Colonel and his staff sat down to dinner. There being no sweets following the meat course the O.C. asked for some jam. "What have you got?" he queried the orderly. "Oh, Plum, Damson and Apple, Sir," came the prompt reply. "No Strawberry, eh," elicited the Colonel. "Then bring me in the batman's jam," he ordered, with a quiet smile.

### CALLING THE CORPORAL

The Brigadier-General of the 2nd Canadian Brigade was making his way past one of the transport lines and requested the picket to call the corporal. The picket put his hand to his mouth and yelled, "Smithy." The General said; "I asked you to call the corporal."

"Yes, sir," answered the picket, and putting his hand to his mouth, the soldier with all the force of his lungs, shouted: "Smithy, you North American Chinaman, you're wanted."

Smithy came and, needless to say, he does not now allow the privates to indulge in such familiarity.

—CHRISTMAS GARLANDS

### HOT AIR

Washington dispatch: White House issues orders for necessary war supplies:

Carload penholders.

Two carloads penpoints.

Four tankers of ink.

Hundred gross diplomatic transmitting codes.

— LIFE

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