

ON SALISBURY PLAIN.

(To be sung to the tune of "Moonlight Bay."
Canadian Papers please DON'T copy.)

We were sailing along on Salisbury Plain,
When from the darkness
I heard some one say,
That's no Canteen, tho' it might have been, so come away,
As we splashed and splashed through mud on Salisbury Plain.
We were there five months and a few days,
We sure got our share,
Old London says ;
And we visited that town and had to come away,
As we splashed and splashed through mud down Amesbury way.
Now we've been out here for nine months,
We have no fear
Of wet or clay.
It near broke our hearts on that parting day,
But we splashed and splashed it down the road to Amesbury way.
But if we get back, I'll go and see,
That beautiful spot
Called Salis-bur-ee.
But I guess as it won't rain that day,
Like when we splashed and splashed it down by Amesbury
way. A. H. METCALFE.

A CANADIAN.

(From a Canadian Paper).

A distinguished visitor was passing through the wards of a hospital in England, filled with wounded soldiers. Stopping at the bed of one of them, he asked what regiment he belonged to. The soldier replied, "I belong to the Canadian Contingent." He gripped the wounded man by the hand and said, "It means a great deal to be a Canadian to-day, a great deal more than it ever did before."

The courage, coolness and bravery displayed by the Canadian troops at the battle of Langemarck was, in every way, most commendable. Their splendid conduct in holding back the German onslaught, in the face of a terrific fire, and then "Saving the Day," as General Sir John French termed it, and preventing a great disaster to the allied troops, puts them in the first rank of heroic men.

A Canadian is looked upon with pride and honoured to-day as never before, and there is no part of our great empire regarded by the Motherland with more favor than our own. We have proved worthy sons of the noble sires who first came to this land, and made it what it is. The young people of this generation have a great heritage. They must see to it that they live up to the high standard set for them, and make the name "Canadian" stand for all that is best and highest in public and private life.

When this terrible war is over and peace is restored and the tide of immigration sets in toward our fair land again, as no doubt it will, we shall have to mould and fashion the political, social and religious life of all who come to our shores. What an opportunity we shall have to make the name "Canadian" stand for all that is noble, honourable, and praiseworthy, to build up a national life which shall stand for all that is highest and best in human endeavour; our standard must be the best, and our national life the most worthy before God and man.

SOME OF OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

Biographical Sketches.

EVANS, A. Usually known as "Corn," like many other distinguished men, comes from St. John, N.B. Some years ago he made a trip to the Arctic regions with Captain Dalton's ship, the "Stanley," which we understand was engaged in exporting acid drops to the Esquimaux in those parts. Anyway, can tell a lot of stories about those interesting people.

FANNON, J. Sometimes called "Jetey" or the "Kingston Delegate" for short, has had an adventurous career. When he should have been at school learning "how many beans make five," he was travelling round with a circus, the result is that to-day he cannot read or write, although he has a wonderful memory, for he can sing songs by the hour, some of which he makes up himself. "The pardon came too late" in this number, was dictated by him to his private secretary, who happens to be another member of the horse transport where our hero is located. In private life, Fannon has been fireman, hack driver, hospital orderly, groom, circus attendant and a few other things as well. He is most at home with horses and has been known to take the straw out of his mattress when on "the Plains" to provide litter for his team.

MACDONALD, R. J. More commonly known as "R. J.," is a tonsorial artist by profession, of no mean ability, and

since he has joined the army, we know of one colonel at least who hunts "R. J." up, whenever he wants a shave. We understand that the residents of St. John, N.B., for this is the town he hails from, are at the present time chasing around with long hair and unshaven chins, waiting for our friend to return from the war. We hope to have further contributions in the future from Pte. Macdonald and his equally talented collaborator of Arctic fame, "Corn" Evans.

METCALFE, A. H. This talented young poet and song writer, like John Fannon, Colonel Ross and other famous men, comes from the Limestone City, and he is usually called "MET." When at Valcartier he did a conjuring feat in the shape of a disappearing trick which would have made Maskelyne, Cook and David Devant turn queer with envy. However, he turned up a few days later, and has been a credit to the unit ever since.

O'BRIEN, M. J., was born at Cork about 21 years ago, hence his natural liking for light verse. At the age of five years he emigrated to Canada, taking his parents with him, and when the war broke out he was at St. John's, N.B. Pte. O'Brien has achieved considerable fame in this unit as a geographical expert, and having the sincerity of his convictions, he will argue for hours against the probability of the world being round. We hope to have more of his poems in forthcoming numbers of the "I. O."

STORMY SESSION OF "A" SECTION DEBATING SOCIETY.

The above Society met to discuss affairs of state during the "wee sma' hours" of the 3rd inst. A prominent member who had just returned from leave in England with a pound or two in his pocket, kindly supplied the debaters with the necessary "oiling up" material. Their throats being successfully oiled, the members started in.

Joe McDonald, the well-known liberal stalwart, called upon the boys to start the ball rolling with "Three cheers for Laurier." Several gentlemen failing to accede to this request caused the Hon. Joe to descend from the platform (which happened to be a pile of hay) and endeavour to wipe up the floor with aforesaid members. This having been accomplished in a most business-like manner, Frank Kelly, the Irish patriot, rose to ask a few questions about the Ross Rifle. He had only reached the third query when a belligerent member gave him a slight push, which caused the patriot to collapse in a gasping heap upon the floor. Then rose Tom Harton, declaring to all and sundry that he was a Scotsman, and that he didn't give a "whooping hurrah" for any Irishman that ever breathed. This statement led of course to a little mix-up between the Scots and the Irish, of which there seemed to be considerable numbers present. After the dust had blown away, and the blood wiped up, the Scotsmen started howling "Annie Laurie," whilst the Irish hooted "Killarney." Their combined efforts drew yells of rage and showers of boots from some outsiders who wished to sleep. After a while the music subsided, and then Dick Merrick commenced a short address on "Fur Trading around Hudson's Bay." Corn Evans, the famous explorer, declared that he knew something about Hudson's Bay, as he had lived there for three years on whale blubber.

"Yes, Sir, I've been all through that country," said Corn. He used to catch the whale by making a noise like a mackerel and then stabbing them when they come around.

R. J. Macdonald then butted in by telling a few of his experiences whilst on the Spy Trail. He hadn't got far, however, when he got the order of the boot into the straw pile. Result—another little set-to, during which Joe Perrault could be heard declaiming that the "Niobe" was the only boat which could force the Dardanelles. Several members thereupon fell on Perrault and fired him into his bunk, where he cried himself to sleep. "Whirlwind" Blizzard then obliged with a Kozoo solo, after which Hon. Joe McDonald declared he was the man who built Laurier's platform, and he defied any man to prove he didn't. Several gentlemen thought he didn't and said so, whereupon the meeting ended with a free for all fight. Long after the wounded had been put to bed by their pals, Tom Harton could be heard proving to Frank Kelly that St. Patrick was a Scotsman. D.S.

WHAT OUR FRIENDS OF THE 14th M.A.C. WANT TO KNOW.

- (1) If it takes one officer, one N.C.O., ten men, one motor lorry, and a journey of 16 miles to fetch 24 broken bricks, what would it take to remove a couple of barrow loads?
- (2) Who is the R.A.M.C. orderly who is billeted on the wrong side of the main road? Don't you think he'd better be in a "home"?