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EDITORIAL

O Canada, the blood of all thy sons
Cries out, to-day, from fair and glorious deeds !
And spirit legions of immortal ones
Pledge thee, anew, by their white Honour Roll
To loftier issues, born of sacrifice ;
Bidding thee keep, unstained, that nobler soul,
Which they have ransomed with so great a price

A. B. H.

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We appeal to the readers of the « Listening Post » to send in original writings, either prose or poetry, as well as pen and ink sketches. There is plenty of talent amongst the men of the Canadian Corps and there is abundant material in the humours of life in the trenches and in the billets. Almost every trip in the trenches some amusing situation turns up which deserves to be recorded, and while conscious of the many, short-comings of our paper, we hold the view that what appears in our pages is a species of unofficial, current history. We therefore ask the co-operation of all ranks in order to make our little journalistic venture more thoroughly representative of the view-point of Canadian troops at the front. The average man in the trenches doesn't have any wasteful excess of time to dabble in the arts, but it is always possible to jot down a rough draft of any incident which may have caught your notice. If it is readable and will pass the Censor we'll print it.

Address all communications to The Editor,  
The Listening Post.

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« When will the war end ? » is a question one hears often nowadays. The best answer, perhaps, is one which a certain popular former officer of the Battalion gave to a damp and disheartened sentry at Rossignol Barrier, last winter — « When the Germans are beaten. »

The war will not be satisfactorily ended until Germany is beaten in the field by sheer force of arms.

As matters stand at the present time the Bosche can claim with some semblance of truth to have maintained an unbroken front. It is true he has been desperately hammered on the Somme and at Verdun, but the situation up to the present time lends colour to the boasted invincibility of his armies.

Until the vaunted power of German arms is definitely and finally shattered we cannot hope for the peace we all desire. The strangle-hold of our Navy will contribute mightily to his downfall ; the pinch of hunger must hasten the end, but it is only when the German line is irrefutably broken that we can look for a real and satisfying victory.

In his speech from the throne the Duke of Devonshire stated that Canada has contributed 400,000 men to the Cause.

That is something to be proud of. At the beginning of the war no-one would have dared to predict a response so thorough and complete.

The average Canadian does not wear his patriotism on his sleeve, but once his country is in peril no-one is readier to respond to the call of duty.

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### KRONIKLES OF YE ANCIENT AND HONOURABLE 1st B.C. RIFLE-REG

(Continued)

88. — And the hearts of the hirelings were uplifted, and they strode out merrily to these « billets » — for would they not be received as honoured guests in the homes of the inhabitants of strange country and waited upon by the belles of the village. But the peasants of this strange country were possessed of an amazing wisdom, and led them — gently but firmly — yet with much courtesy — to the hovels where the mules and kine were stabled, and bade them make themselves at home, and did separate them from their loose shekels.

89. — And the Chief of all the King's Armies in this land did visit our O.C. band at about this time, to see for himself what manner of wild men were these from the Western Countries ; and though he praised not much yet he criticised but little, so that our O.C.s band were well pleased with themselves and said, one unto another — « Sure Mike, we're it, O.K. » after the manner of their kind.

90. — And in a few days they departed for the ditches wherein the armies of Our Mother's Country were fighting, that they might learn from them the lessons of war.

91. — And they were much disgusted that they found no enemy within the range of their vision, but only the ditches and the mud and much labour and many rodents, that stole their rations by night.

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Danger is part of a soldier's profession,
Trouble from real and illusory woes,
But pity the gink who on his own confession
Was seized for a fault when far from his foes.

There he stood on the kerb of a London street with a choice cigar in his face and nine whole glorious days of freedom before him. For that space of time at least his troubles were over. The blare of a band caught his ear and he crowded forward along with the usual assortment of elderly men, women and children. The band was heading a small company of soldiers. He swayed idly to the rythm and puffed at his cigar. Just then the eagle eye of the sergeant major behind caught him. Perhaps it was the cigar. Perhaps the S.M. hadn't had time for a smoke himself, but in any case he invited the man behind the stogie to join him in a short constitutional to the Officer of the King's Guard. — for such was the procession.

Once there our friend who had never had a crime in all his army career (although is dark, civilian past may have contained a mysterious affair connected with Chinamen and Shanghai Alley) found himself fulfilling the ignominious role of Chief Criminal before a Glittering Authority. On the evidence of the S.M. it appeared that he had transgressed in three distinct and separate counts, in other words he had thrice bloomed.

The officer gave him the once over, sized up his badges and agreed that the intricate etiquette of the great B. A. was quite beyond such an one, and let him off with a caution. But it's a safe bet that he'll salute the Flag next time.