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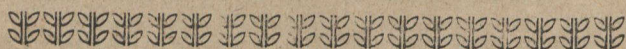
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### EDITORIAL

What ! wad ye stop the pipers ?  
Nay, 'tis over-soon,  
Dance, since you're dancing, William,  
Dance, ye puir' loon !  
Dance till you're dizzy, William,  
Dance till ye swoon !  
Dance till you're dead, my laddie,  
We play the tune.



## The Chronicles of B. C. Rifleiers

(Continued)

83. — And whilst on board the ship the band of our O. C. did have a strange and wonderful experience for it was decreed by the Counsellors of our mother's country that to each and every man should be given daily a modicum of a strange and wonderful nectar that was called « Rum » and accordingly each day was every hireling called to the « break of the poop » and to each and every one was given two spoonful of this potent liquid — and strange and weird were many of the visions given to the hirelings after partaking thereof, and tongues were loosened as if by magic and all sought to speak at once so that none could distinguish the voice of his neighbour and all would retire to the stalls of the cattle with much contentment and refrain for the time to bewail the discomfort of their surroundings.

84. — And the counsellors of our mother's country did give to each of the hirelings as they left the ship a coat made from the skins of the sheep and the goat with the wool and the hair outwards that they might present a weird and fantastic appearance and so strike terror into the hearts of the King's enemies, and the hirelings did array themselves in these coats with many foolish grins and did look askance one upon the other for once more did they look as motley a crowd as when they assembled on the plains of Valcartier.

85. — And even yet were the trials of our O.C.'s band but beginning for they marched them to the chariots that run on the rails of steel and showed them the chariots in which they were to journey to meet the King's enemies — and the hearts of the hirelings sank when they gazed upon these chariots — for they were small and not inviting

to the eye and on them in the language of this strange country was the legend

40 HOMMES

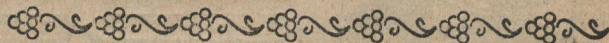
8 CHEVAUX

and those amongst the hirelings that were learned in languages did interpret it and into each of the chariots was placed two score hirelings so that one could neither sit nor lie.

86. — And for two days and nights did they remain in the chariots and did suffer grievously for there was no rest within and the stanches from the pelts of the sheep and the goat did tend to bring forth much new and more amazing profanity each passing hour.

87. — And as the dawn appeared on the morning of the second day they did arrive at the end of their journey at a village that is named S.....E and did.

(TO BE CONTINUED).



## « War is hell ! » - Sherman.

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Oh, Belgian Beer ! — Vile mockery of a drink,  
How often have I purchased thee, and hoped,  
By virtue of my purse and amorous wink,  
To get thee doped —  
With just one small « Quatre Sous » of « eau de vie »,  
To warm the cockles of my heart.  
And to my craving, starved anatomy,  
A glow of « joie de vivre » impart.  
Mais non ! Alas, I've had to drink thee neat  
Which brought my woes upon me stronger still ;  
(For insipidity thou'rt hard to beat).  
The longed for glow is absolutely nil.

Oh, French Tabac ! I think of thee, and fear  
That some day I shall be compelled  
To use thee, spite of all thy flavours queer,  
Choice quite with-held —  
Through some misfortune — (Heaven forbend !)  
Befalling that at times donated :  
Thy destiny, — a fiery end —  
If left to me will be belated,  
Bon chance, Tabac. Remain the Poilu's friend,  
For I'm no lover of thine acrid smoke.  
Certain 'twould be, if I should condescend  
To inhale thee, — I'd choke.

Oh, Itchy Koo ! — Sensation of torment —  
(Etcetera — Ed.)

Oh, Fifteen Francs ! Sweet morsel which creates  
A wild desire to have thee ten times ten ;  
More frequently than those bi-monthly dates,  
Or now and then  
A goodly sum, to have a real good bust  
To chase away my bitter grouch,  
Or pay for what I've had on trust,  
And keep « Bull Durham » in my pouch.  
Vain hope, — 'tis but an empty quest.  
Two days with dough — and thirteen broke.  
But still I struggle on and do my best  
Beneath the military yoke.

Driver Williams, C.D.T.