

At a "beauty show," held at Folkestone some time ago, and open to Canadian soldiers, a drum-major of the 11th (Reserve) Battalion is reported to have won first prize. The occurrence reminds us of an old saying: "Handsome is as handsome does." Some men we are privileged to call comrades have in this war received scars which would preclude them entering a "beauty competition," but their scars are honourable scars, that could never be won in the comfortable billets of an English garrison town.

THE increase of the Canadian forces for war purposes will give the Dominion a quarter of a million men under arms by next spring. It is computed that Canada has now 200,000 troops on service or in training.

The first official computation of the Canadian losses since the commencement of the war show that the names of 677 officers and 14,510 men appeared in the casualty lists up to the middle of this month. The number of officers who were killed in action or who died from wounds is 119.

It isn't usually the top dog that howls for the peacemaker.

AFTER the Rum trouble comes another Cigarette scandal. From the Canadian papers we learn that some Church adherents over there are attempting to stop the supplies of cigarettes which are often enclosed in stockings and other comforts sent from Canada to the Front. It will be noted that in one of our Editorials we have laid the blame for certain petty thefts on soldiers at the Base. It certainly begins to look as if we shall have to make an apology to the latter, and refix the blame nearer home.

AN APPRECIATION.—We are indebted to *Canada*, the well-known illustrated weekly, for much of the Canadian news published in this issue.—EDITOR, *Gazette*.

GOOD news travels quickly, and we doubt if it is at all necessary to draw attention to the recent Divisional Order giving each man the privilege of drawing an additional 50 fr. this month, provided he has the money to his credit. The popularity of the Order can be gauged by the percentage of men who have taken advantage of it.

PROFESSOR MORGAN, of University College, recently told a London audience that when going into action soldiers swore most horribly, "because what was called the subconscious self got the upper hand, causing men to use language which ordinarily they would not." Judged from our first-hand knowledge of the language used during a quiet day in the trenches, we should positively hate to have the language of "action" recorded.

POETS are generally accorded a certain amount of licence, but the rhymster who wrote in *Tit-Bits* that junk about the "Night Sentry" deserves to be put on short rations for the rest of the war. Listen to the first two lines of his effusion:—

"With my rifle close beside me I
am keeping watch at night,
Sitting well down in my dug-out
until day."

We wonder what would happen to any sentry on night duty who "sat well down in his dug-out until day!"

A DOVER correspondent of *Pearson's Weekly* tells readers of that journal "how to recognise Canadians." This trained observer says:—"He (the Canadian soldier) has seven small buttons on the front of his tunic, whereas a British Tommy has five large ones." We might remind our unknown friend that the average Canadian also has half-a-dozen buttons on his underwear, usually a similar number on his trousers or breeches, and it is not unlikely that (even after the souvenir-hunters have bespoiled him) he still retains one or two extra large size buttons on his greatcoat. But why all this unsolicited interest in our sartorial appearance?

ONE of the features of the Canadian Art Club's recent exhibition at Toronto was Homer Watson's series of canvases representing life at Valcartier Camp, Quebec. The pictures are the property of the Canadian Government, and are called "The Birth of our Army," "The Review," and "The Ranges" respectively.

WHAT about the superfluous N.C.O.'s? Are the "old hands" never to be given a fair chance of promotion?

"TIRPY"-CIDE.

IN a German Canal called the Kiel Floats Jellicoe's coming big meal;

And Von Tirpitz that day

To the Kaiser will say:

"If I thought it would save me—I'd squeal!"

THE first and second numbers of the *Iodine Chronicle* (the organ of the First Canadian Field Ambulance) show that the "trench newspaper" fever has caught on. The editor of this latest edition to the ranks of "active service literature" is Corporal R. O. Spreckley, and the managing-editor Major G. J. Boyce. The scope of this little journal is naturally limited by the numerical strength of the unit whose doings it seeks to mirror. Nevertheless, it bulges with wit and humour, and some items, such as the verse of Pte. Tom Harton, bear the impress of real ability. When the great Peace arrives, these "battle-field souvenirs" will possess a value beyond purchase. Incidentally, we may mention that at a Red Cross sale at Lurgan, North of Ireland, recently a copy of the first number of the *Iodine Chronicle* sold for the sum of £7 15s.

"AUSTRIA needs gold," says a daily paper. That may be so, but not nearly so bad as we sometimes need the loan of half a franc.

The First Contingent.

(A REPLY TO THE CANADIAN PRESS CRITICISMS.)

[NOTE.—We have decided to reprint this poem, owing to repeated requests from many quarters.—EDITOR, *Gazette*.]

You say that the First Contingent
Are bums, and rotters, and snydes;
You say that we sullied our honour,
And a whole lot else besides.
We are probably all you call us,
But you must admit we're men,
So I smile when I hear you bragging—
For we fought at St. Julien.

We were a bit wild and roughish,
Though a soldier isn't a lamb,
And we drank, and squandered our money,
And none of us cared a damn.
So you thought us as black as painted,
But you'll change your opinion when
You meet the souls of the Germans
That died at St. Julien.

When you've learnt the lust of battle,
When your bravest and best have gone,
When seventy per cent are stricken,
And the rest keep fighting on—
You cease to mind the ravings
Of an Editorial pen,
When you've tasted blood and slaughter,
At a fight like St. Julien.

For though we of the First Contingent
Are bums, and rotters, and snydes;
The dregs of the nation's manhood,
And a whole lot else besides.
Though we ruined your reputation
And blackened your name, but then—
We held the line for the Empire
At the fight at St. Julien!

H. SMAILEY SARSON.

Vlamertinghe, Belgium,
April, 1915.