

OUR ROLL OF HONOUR.

SEPTEMBER 15TH, 1915—MAY 10TH, 1916.

IN giving a list of those of our officers and men who have made the supreme sacrifice, no attempt will be—or, indeed, can be—made to offer any details of individual gallantry. Yet, as our list is perused slowly, it is strange how many names recall instances of personal bravery which would not be passed by unnoticed in any war of lesser magnitude. As it is, we revere and honour them all. They are our own—the heroes who have lived with us as comrades, and have won their rest.

Lieut. R. H. B. BUCHANAN.
Lieut. I. R. R. MACNAUGHTON.

Sgt. E. E. BARNES.
Sgt. J. DOLPHIN.
Sgt. A. F. FALES.
Sgt. F. A. LUCK.
Sgt. A. H. RAE.
Sgt. J. WILLIAMSON.

Cpl. C. R. BREWER.
Cpl. A. COOK.
Cpl. A. A. ECCLESTONE.
Cpl. T. P. JONES.
Cpl. A. H. MCKENNA.
Cpl. E. A. MOTT.
Cpl. B. M. PATERSON.
Cpl. G. G. R. TAYLOR.
Cpl. T. A. WILCOX.
Cpl. H. L. YOLLAND.

Lance-Cpl. E. R. RICHARDS.
Lance-Cpl. J. J. SHANNON.
Lance-Cpl. J. E. SMITH.
Lance-Cpl. D. F. TORRANCE.

Pte. R. ANDREWS.
Pte. P. I. BAKER.
Pte. H. BRANNEY.
Pte. W. BROWN.
Pte. J. R. CANNON.
Pte. J. CARSON.
Pte. C. S. CLENDENNING.
Pte. E. A. CLIFT.
Pte. W. J. COLE.
Pte. F. A. COLLYER.
Pte. L. W. COULTHARD.
Pte. K. B. CROSBY.
Pte. C. J. DIVER.
Pte. R. H. DRISCOLL.
Pte. R. EASSON.
Pte. S. ELFORD.
Pte. F. FITZGERALD.
Pte. W. FLEMING.
Pte. A. GAGNON.
Pte. J. GAGNON.
Pte. J. E. GILLARD.
Pte. O. GILMOUR.
Pte. S. GOUGER SINGH.

Pte. C. GRAY.
Pte. A. GRENIER.
Pte. T. HARDIE.
Pte. C. L. HARDMAN.
Pte. B. HARDS.
Pte. R. C. W. HARRIS.
Pte. F. J. HAYES.
Pte. C. HILL.
Pte. H. HILL.
Pte. J. HOGG.
Pte. W. J. HUTCHINGS.
Pte. E. A. JAMES.
Pte. E. E. JOHNSON.
Pte. A. JONES.
Pte. J. JONES.
Pte. F. P. JUTEAU.
Pte. T. D. L. LONGMORE.
Pte. J. MARSH.
Pte. J. H. MOLLOY.
Pte. S. MORRIS.
Pte. W. D. McDONALD.
Pte. S. MCGREGOR.
Pte. A. MCLEOD.
Pte. B. O'BRIEN.
Pte. O. O'KEEFE.
Pte. G. PARKER.
Pte. M. A. PONTON.
Pte. C. W. PRICE.
Pte. W. O. ROBERTS.
Pte. F. ROMEA.
Pte. R. M. ROSS.
Pte. J. ROUSE.
Pte. H. E. SIMPKINS.
Pte. H. W. SMART.
Pte. F. J. SMITH.
Pte. T. G. SMITH.
Pte. T. J. SMYTH.
Pte. F. W. SQUIRES.
Pte. A. STE. MARIE.
Pte. E. STEWART.
Pte. J. STURGEON.
Pte. J. R. SULLIVAN.
Pte. J. SYDER.
Pte. R. THAIN.
Pte. H. THOMPSON.
Pte. W. A. WARD.
Pte. G. A. WEBB.
Pte. W. WEIGHTMAN.
Pte. T. G. WHITFORD.

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“IN FLANDERS’ FIELDS.”

IN Flanders’ fields the poppies blow,
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly,
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved,—and now we lie
In Flanders’ fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe;
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch. Be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders’ fields.

Lieut.-Col. JOHN MACRAE.

THE RUBAIYAT OF THOMAS ATKINS.

Done into (bad) English by a Q.M.S.

I.

AWAKE! The morning “stand to” follows night,
And snipers’ “Strafes” already start their flight;
The morning tot of rum most welcome comes,
As Fritzie sends his shells from yonder height.

II.

Chloride of lime in water, ’neath the mud;
Biscuits with bully beef in tins for grub;
A whizbang landing in our Paradise—
And Paradise is Wilderness, my Lud!

III.

How sweet and soft the S.M.’s job, think some;
Others the Q.M.S., with graft to come.
Ah! make the most of what you have in hand;
Be thankful for thy daily tot of rum.

IV.

I think that never looks the ale so brown
As when some French gendarme, with fearsome frown
Lights down upon our favourite pub. and says:
“’Tis eight o’clock now. Time for all lights down.”

V.

Give thanks for time we may in billets spend
Till back unto the trenches us they send.
Mud, mud, more mud, and nothing else but mud—
Sans food, *sans* coke, *sans* candles, and *sans* end.

VI.

And some there are in angry mood will say
They get no coal or coke the livelong day.
A sergeant from his dug-out loudly cries:
“Complain not. See, a coal-box comes our way!”

VII.

Ah! leave the wise to drill and show of arms;
To bombing, with its numerous noisy charms.
But just to “dodge the column” is my aim—
The word “fatigue” can cause us dire alarms.

VIII.

Some of a strict C.O. will talk to me,
And says he hands out much and hard C.B.;
But once the C.B. done, we soldier well,
He is our friend, he will not angry be.

IX.

Escaped from listening post (which is no joke),
An hour has dragged without a single smoke;
But now thy troubles all are quick forgot—
Lo! down the road there comes the ration moke.

X.

And when thy time is finished, and thou goest
To Blightie or to Montreal (who knows?),
Think now and then of one in dreary trench,
And with tobacco help us strafe our foes.

TAMAN SHUD.

(The Quarter-Block says this is Arabian for “The End,” but I don’t guarantee it.)

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THE QUARTERMASTERS’ FRIGHTFULNESS.

PRIVATE JONES, an old hand who knows all the tricks of the profession, meekly approaches the Quartermaster.
Pte. J.: “Please, sir, may I have a new tunic?”
Q.M.: “What for?”
Pte. J.: “I’m going on leave to-morrow.”
Q.M.: “What’s the matter with the one you’ve got?”
Pte. J.: “Sir, I’ve worn this tunic ever since I’ve been in the Battalion.”
Q.M.: “Well, that makes no difference. It seems all right. I can’t give you another.”
Pte. J.: “But, sir—”
Q.M.: “That’ll do. I’ve no time for you. Dismiss.”
(Pte. J. tactfully retires for about five minutes.)
Pte. J.: “Sir, how about that tunic?”
Q.M.: “Quartermaster Sergeant! Give this man a new tunic and get rid of him!”
C. S.

Gift of

Offert par

GEORGE V. WALSH COLLEC-

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