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### EDITORIAL

Three cheers, three cheers for Canada,  
Britannia's noble daughter,  
She sitteth like a proud princess  
On the stormy northern water;  
Her friendly arms are opened wide,  
From ocean unto ocean,  
She bows us as her kindred still  
With a true and deep devotion.

A Happy New Year to all readers of the LISTENING POST, and may it be the last we spend in the billets of France.

Signs are not wanting that it will be. The day when we were merely a stop-gap, stemming the on-rushing tide of the German hordes, is forever hapless past. No longer are we clinging desperately to our « little ditches », but with the offensive in our hands we are giving the Hun a dose of his own medicine and a little over for luck.

The voice of « One Round Hogan », our industrious little straffer of last winter, is drowned in the deeper chorus of the « heavies ». We are grateful to « One Round Hogan », now — we weren't always then — but the great and glorious fact is WE HAVE ARTILLERY. We've got the goods and no-one knows it better than the Hun.

The past year has been a busy one. Where ever hard work and high mortality have been the order of the day we have had our share, no more, perhaps, no less, certainly. The new year will call for redoubled effort, renewed determination, but the end is sure — victory.

### Returned Soldiers Associations.

Canadian soldiers will be interested to learn of the rapid growth of Returned Soldiers Associations throughout the Dominion.

The object of these associations is to look after the interests of returned soldiers. Both membership and management are confined to those who have responded to the call of duty.

The formation of this organisation is, undoubtedly, an excellent step, and one which should appeal to every man who has suffered the hardships and endured the dangers of the front.

It is satisfactory to know that there will be branches of the Association in every district of Canada in full operation, ready to assist the reinstatement in civilian life of Canadian fighting men when the great army returns to its own again.

### The German Peace Proposals.

If Germany expected us to take her peace proposals seriously she has shown, as usual, a

curious ignorance of the character and temper of the British people.

It was, no doubt, wonderfully magnanimous of the Kaiser to decide to confer peace on a warring world, but he appears to have overlooked the fact that he is just two and a half years too late in doing so.

Moreover, when he prefaces his introduction of the Dove of Peace with a recital of the supposed victories of the German armies, he takes the surest way of inviting a flat and final refusal.

We all want peace. No man exactly makes a hobby of being shelled, and of facing death in the many forms it takes in modern warfare, or of incurring, what is equally unpleasant, the indescribable discomforts and hardships of flooded trenches, and the incessant labour of keeping them tenable.

But we have not buried many of our best; we have not seen others broken and maimed; we have not wallowed in the unspeakable mud and filth of the front to famely submit when the whim of the Kaiser moves him to ordain its end.

One of our boys was heard to remark, the other day: — « I'm fed up with the war, but I'd rather be killed than quit now ».

That is the answer of the men in the trenches.

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### The Chronicles of B. C. Rifleers.

(CONTINUED)

73. — And the commander of the company became the keeper of the privy purse known as the P. M. and delighted much in the handling of the shekels.

77. — And the sixth and eighth companies became N° 4 and he who had been the junior of the majors became its commander, and the commander of the eighth company its second in command.

78. — And the sergeants of the colours of the eight companies became, as to four of them, C. S. M., and to the other four C. O. M. S.

79. — And early in the second month of the new year the band of our O. C. marched out in the dead of night to where the chariots of steel were waiting to carry them — they knew not whence — and cared they even less for they were tired of the mud of our mother's country and wished only to get at the throats of our enemies; for they were as innocent children and had imbibed many wondrous stories from returned warriors and dreamed only of honours and rewards and much glory.

80. — And as the dawn broke they found themselves in a strange city and would fain have sampled its delights; but the ships of our Mother's country awaited them and without further delay were they placed on board.

81. — But the ship that was to carry our O.C's band had been fitted to carry the mules of burden only and loud were the lamentations of the hirelings when they were placed four to each stall that had been arranged for the asses.

82. — And for four days and four nights did they remain on the cattle ship and on the fifth morning did land on the shores of a foreign but friendly country.

(TO BE CONTINUED).

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He was sick, terribly sick, horribly, violently unwell.

Between spasms I asked him what had happened. « Swallowed some iodine out of a rum jar » he groaned. « The Medical Officer made me take some soap-suds. It was his jar. »

Oh, to be an M. O. now the rum is here!