

THE CZAR AS A SOLDIER

The Czar's action in placing himself at the head of his army makes it interesting to know that at one time he served as a private, submitting himself to all the hardships of a common soldier and carrying the full equipment, which then weighed nearly seventy five pounds exclusive of the weight of the rifle. He appeared on the Regimental role as Private Nicholas Romanoff, married, of the Orthodox faith, coming "Tsarkoe Selo."

When he was given a commission he set himself very much against snobbishness. A young Lieutenant had annoyed his fellow officers by travelling in a tram car to the barracks, and they were promptly admonished by the Czar who said "I hear that to ride in a tram is considered beneath the dignity of an officer in your regiment. I am your Colonel and I have just been riding in a tram. Do you wish me to send in my papers?" The regiment after that lost a lot of its uppishness.

THE RUM ISSUE

*I suppose we're a lot of heathens,
Don't live on the angel plan;
But we're sticking it here in the trenches,
And doing the best we can.*

*While preachers over in Canada,
Who rave about kingdom come,
Ain't pleased with our ability,
And are wanting to stop our rum.*

*Water they say would be better,
Water, Great Scott, out here;
We're up to our knees in water,
Do they think we are standing in beer?*

*Oh, it sounds all right from the pulpit,
When you sit in a cushioned pew;
But try four days in the trenches,
And see how water will do.*

*They haven't the heart to say "Thank you"
For fighting on their behalf;
Perhaps they object to our smoking,
Perhaps it's a fault to laugh.*

*Some of those coffee-faced blighters,
I think must be German bred;
It's time they called in a Doctor,
For it's water they have in the head.*

Flanders, 1915.

A SOLDIER'S CHRISTMAS LITANY

From the sound of Fritz playing carols in his trenches.

From undersized socks and scented respirators.

From all Hail, Rain, Snow and surface water.

From well-meaning relatives who last year sent tracts and postal orders.

From requests for the acknowledgement of parcels which have not arrived.

From more than two dozen periscopes.

From all requests for German Helmets.

From all working parties.

From bully beef and biscuits.

From all "arf a mo's."

From Trench feet.

From all third divisions.

From all Turks, Huns, Austrians, Kaisers and other pests both at home and abroad.

Good Lord deliver us.

FAREWELL DINNER TO
COL. McPHERSON

On Monday evening, November 15th, the eve of his departure to his new command, Colonel McPherson was entertained at a farewell dinner by the officers of No. 2 Field Ambulance. Given that sincere esteem in which the Colonel has always been held at No. 2, the success of the evening was a foregone conclusion. Everyone was at his best, from our oft proven Mess Chef to that best of Toast masters, Major Hordy.

To do honour to the guest of the evening, the Divisional A.D.M.S., Colonel Ross, came over from— to be present, and with him Major Chisholm and Major —. Very welcome visitors, too, were Colonel Hill, O.C., of the 1st Battalion, and his genial Adjutant, Major Creighton, who on being relieved from the trenches that night hastened over to pay their respects to our departing O.C.

At the request of the Pacifics we refrain from reprinting the menu, as it certainly would very materially soften the sting in their "Horrors of War" pamphlet. When justice had been done to the good things it listed, Colonel Ross rose to propose the health of Colonel McPherson. He paid a well-deserved tribute to the man who had made No. 2 Field Ambulance second to none in the B.E.F. His words of praise and well-wishing found a hearty echo in the applause with which they were greeted. Other toasts of the evening were: No. 2 Field Ambulance, by Colonel Hill; The C.A.M.C., by Major Creighton; The Infantry, eloquently given by Capt. Atkinson, C.A.D.S.; The Navy was brilliantly proposed by Capt. Kelly, whose feeling tribute to "all those at sea" will long be remembered; our Home Folk was given by Rev. Father Doe, and some who should not be "Home Folk" just now must have felt their ears burning. In Comrades, Capt. Brown was at his best, and made us all feel as though we were D.M.S.'s and G.O.C.'s rolled into one. Capt. Duck gave us The Press, speaking admirably of its achievements and the new path to be blazed for it by the "Splint Record," as to its failures in the present war he stamped them N.Y.D., but prophesied a cure when the S.R. would get to be known. Our Allies was fervently given by Capt. Poisson. Capt. Jeffs snatched an hour from the "Advanced" to voice our God-speed to the Colonel. No matter how varied were the themes of the different speakers, Major Hordy, as Toast Master, knew how to make them all spell our admiration for Colonel McPherson, our regret at his going and our unconquerable assurance that greater success, if possible, awaited him in wider fields.

At a Mess Meeting of the Medical, Dental, Oculist, Aurist, Osteopathic, Dermatology, and Chiropodist Officers of No. 2 Field Ambulance, it was stated that acute disease, Toothache, Pinkeye, Earache, Pimples and Corns, are all preventable diseases, and that compulsory examination of soldiers' bodies, teeth, eyes, ears, backs, skin and feet, by a qualified M.D., D.D., O.D., E.D., D.O., S.D., or C.D., would add to the longevity of soldiers' usefulness.

With apologies to "Life."

THE ADVANCED

This is how one of the officers described his advanced dressing station to me:—

"It consists of a stable, two cupboards and a cellar (according to my instructions there was a house facing Germany, but up to now I have not been able to find it). One cupboard is simply but tastefully furnished with two surgical panniers and one "medical comfort" box. The cellar, with an incomplete escritoire made out of an empty bacon box and four bricks (loot), helped out with lilacs, soldiers' buttons (Made in Germany), badges, cigarette labels, and pieces of shell picked up near by, hardly knows itself, and the whole might be mistaken for a room by the casual caller. Reinforced with sand bags in front and a dug-out behind, it may be said in the language of the real Estate Dealer, to have all modern conveniences.

SING ME TO SLEEP

*Sing me to sleep on Belgian soil,
The latest stunt makes my blood boil;
How can I still be of good cheer,
Now they've cut out the English beer.
Sing me to sleep in my little hut,
Blankets ad lib upon me put;
All I've got left to do is snooze,
Now they have banned the English booze.*

CHORUS.

*Far from Dranoutre I want to be,
Where there's some good booze waiting for me,
Some Hiram Walker my lips to sleep,
In a nice soft bed, sing me to sleep.*

*Sing me to sleep, maybe some day
In an old country estaminet
Once more I'll get a decent glass
Of a decoction that's known as Bass.
Sing me to sleep and let me rest
Upon a hotel bar, for that is best;
Longing for Bass's, it makes me weep,
Until half nutty I fall asleep.*

CHORUS.

*Far, far from Flanders I would be gone,
Belgian beer you bet is no bon;
And at six hours when night shadows creep,
I don't buy booze, just lay down to sleep.*

J. G.

With apologies to Signor Piccini.

Menu Recommended for the Dinner which
the Sergeants intend having on
Christmas

Field Olives. Anchovies on Holland. Nifty Celery.

McIntosh Soup.

Fish Cakes without Rowe.

Rawling Cutlets Breaded with McGernon's Peas.

McLaughlin's Young Chicken.

Shad's Sprouts. Paddy Murphies.

Quarter's Roast Beef and Brown's Gravey.

Thom's Salad.

Bach's Xmas Pudding with Patient's Brandy Sauce.

Matty's Apple Pie.

Perley Cream.

McKay's Jellies. Blank Page.

Preserved Hurst.

Minced Rogers.

Samuels a nut, followed by Almonds, Raisons and Keith's.

Watt? Cheese and Coffee.

God Save the Sergeants.