



SHIPPING THE CARRIER PIGEONS OF MODERN WARFARE.

Carloads of Aeroplanes being loaded at Alexandria for use in the Dardanelles, where, according to a recent descriptive despatch, there are all sorts of concealed surprises that even the air-man is unable to locate.

heard half a hundred times.) We planted our guns all right, and were all ready for action when something went wrong with the ammunition supply. I don't know whether some of the horses went down or the drivers funked, but there we stood around our gun with nothing to do but gape at a wall of infantry moving across the open before us. And I'll tell you it made us stare, for there must have been tens of thousands. But what we didn't see was a sudden rush on our flank, and almost before I could crouch they were on us with their bayonets.

"Say, mate, just you imagine standing like a fool beside a gun that hasn't fired a shell, with two years' gun drill floating about in your cocoanut and not a bally bit of use to you."

"Hadn't you rifles?"

"Not a rifle; and just to reverse the joke, our bandoliers were stuffed with cartridges!"

"What did you do?"

"What could we do? We ducked and got bayoneted. Me, I got a bayonet right through my bowels, and even when I imagined myself oozing off into eternity all I could think of was those gun drills floating around and around in my head like bits of flotsam and jetsam."

He didn't use quite that expression, but the import was the same.

"Going back?" I asked, presently.

"I hope so," he drawled, and then with a final tilt of his pewter pot, "you know I haven't forgotten those gun drills yet, and the next time they may come in useful."

### Jack Johnson, the Evangelist

PROFANITY and other outlandish talk has swept through the new army like a flood. As Germany's method of warfare grows more in many's method to reflect itself upon Britain's speech; and the anomaly is that some of my comrades who use language that five years ago would have been considered vile even in the slums of London or Birmingham, are frequently polite to the point of chivalry in the presence of a lady, and quite as decent in everything but expletives as they were before the war.

Sergeant-Major C—, with whom I come hourly in contact (not the S. M. previously mentioned in this article) is an example. Though not a man of broad education or refinement, he is much higher than the old-time Tommy Atkins, and has a record of service in France (including one wound) that could only have been built upon the finest courage and integrity.

From the outbreak of the war to the battle of Ypres (which most of the boys from the front pronounce Yi-press) he did his "bit," and fifty times more than his "bit," and he emerged from it the most blankety-blank-languaged man I have ever met in half a life-time of travel. In the dialogue that follows, please don't expect me to quote my friend verbatim—an editor's morals, at least, must be considered!

The Sergeant-Major was telling of a terrific bombardment at "Yi-press."

"I don't know whether you ever heard tell of that place?" he remarked, interrogatively.

"Oh, yes, I have," I assured him, restraining a smile.

"Just ——— imagine," he remarked, "living in a ——— slimy ——— trench, up to your neck in ——— mud, and the ——— days ——— lengthening into ——— weeks without anything ——— happening but the ——— roar and smash of ——— shells from a ——— Jack Johnson hidden a dozen ——— miles away in the ——— sand banks.

"'Boo-oo-oo-oo-m-m-m,' it would go, with a ——— of a sickening thud and a crash, and then half a dozen ——— suckers would ——— find themselves in hell, and the rest of us, ——— wishing we were ——— there too."

"Weren't you really afraid to die?" I asked, leaving the inference to his intelligence.

shots at anything that seemed like a German eye or elbow or even a finger-tip. We were shelled pretty badly twice, but I didn't get a puncture, and then all of a sudden we saw that diabolical cloud of gas blowing towards us. Me, I didn't know what it was at first, but when it reached my trench a few sniffs told me it wasn't ozone."

"Have a cigarette?" I interjected.

"No thanks, it only makes me cough."

"What did your Company do?"

"Really I can only tell you what the boys told me afterwards. We kept on firing—perhaps forty rounds—and then I remember stumbling back into another trench and then into another.

"You know those little green places in the desert—my memory seems to have slipped a cog—"

"Oasis," I suggested.

"Exactly. Well, I stumbled into a kind of fresh-air oasis, and God, it was good! And then I found I was standing on someone, and I tried to pick him up, but another chap did that.

"By this time my lungs were burning like blue blazes, and I felt as if I'd give a year's pay for one good breath; but what seemed to worry me most was that the Germans were doing everything to us, and we weren't getting back at them.

"But they say we made one ripping charge before we retreated. I wouldn't swear that I was in it, but the boys tell me I was, and I certainly recall wiping ooze off my bayonet—German blood, most likely."

"And then I thought I was in the King Edward Hotel, in Toronto, ordering a gin fizz, only the waiter couldn't find any ice and the place seemed to be on fire, and I began to choke, and next thing I knew I was in the base hospital with a pain in my chest that brought tears to my eyes."

### Life on a Warship

SINCE warfare on land has become dehumanized, and warfare in the air superhumanized, what shall we say of the conflict at sea? I spent part of my recent furlough at Newcastle-on-Tyne, where I put up at a lodging house much frequented by sailors, and there I had the pleasure of hearing some disconnected accounts of that weird vigil upon the water called naval warfare.

One of the Jackies belonged to a Coast Guard that helped in the defence of Hartlepool during that memorable bombardment; another was a member of the crew of the "Birmingham" (if I am not mistaken), and had much to say of the "Saucy Arcthusa," who, according to his wrathful account, achieved most of her victories in the newspapers, leaving to her more modest consorts the real business of harassing and destroying the enemy. A third disputant had been with the "Lion" at the time of her splendid dash against the German Battleship Squadron, when the "Bluecher" was sunk, and the remainder of the battered fleet just able to creep behind their defensive mine area.

"What an awful pity that the 'Lion' should get hit just as she was in a fair way to bag the lot," he mourned. "But I'll tell you one thing, I saw the 'Seidlitz' and the 'Mannheim' spouting flame and smoke like volcanoes. I'll lay a quid they are tinkering with them yet."



"You're ——— right we were—that is, when the ——— shell was coming. 'Oh God have mercy upon us,' we'd mumble. But when she'd landed, ——— it but we would curse. Phew!"

Sergt.-Major C—, it will be conceded, is a brave and an honest man, whose lurid language must be taken in lieu of a British hymn of hate.

### A Victim of the New Horror

IT was at the Union Jack Club, in London. I had fallen in with a Canadian from Uckfield—the "Duckfield" of a previous narrative—and he introduced me to Private J—, of the First Canadian Contingent, back on a sick furlough of indefinite duration, a victim of the battle of Langemarck.

"Got a few breaths of gas," he whispered, "and here I am practically done for."

"Would you care to tell me about it?" I asked, rather apologetically.

"Oh, there isn't much to tell. It was my third turn in the trenches, and all I had to do was take pot