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**IN THE FIELD.**

(note new address.)

Canteens of 5th, 7th, 8th, and 10th Canadian Inf. Battalions.  
Canteens most Canadian Units.  
Army Canteens in Canadian Corps Area.  
Y. M. C. As. in  
Church Army Hut and Y. M. C. A., Bailleul.  
Soldiers Institute, Canadian Corps.

**EDITORIAL**

"Love and faith and duty call;  
England's honour summons all  
By her side to stand or fall."

The Nawab Mizamat Fung Fahadur  
(To our Indian troops going to the war).

**EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF A REAL SOLDIER.**

Look out fellows, we have some more pages from the diary of a Real Soldier. You remember when he came back from the Base determined to win his Lance Corporalship? Well, we believe he has bach slid. He never rose to the dizzy height of a Lance Jack, but we heard a rumour that he had (when the Fritzes were not there) been second in command of a crater. No more just now, but don't miss the next issue of the L.P. A whole bunch of the news was picked up from fellows who talk in their sleep.

The trenches are bad enough, but a good old *Sunday* fashioned trench would appear like a lodge room after being in this hole. Craters, (and this one must be held at all costs). Wish there was a little more wire between me and Fritz. The fellow who said that barbed wire and machine guns were the inventions of the devil, should be told to hold a crater at all costs. Just now a good crop of barbed wire would look like a gift from the Gods. I wonder what they mean by "all costs?" That bag of bombs, that tin of bully and—yes, I guess they mean me too.

So that officer who crawled in here yesterday *Monday* was the Brigadier. I don't just know the right thing to do to a Brigadier in a crater, perhaps I should have presented arms or saluted. Must ask the Sergeant (when he wakes up) to look up the drill book. Anyway he didn't wear any red hat band etc., so how was I to know him from an E. F. C. Sgt. Major.

"Do you understand your orders?" he asked me.

"No Sir" I says.

"Can you repeat them?"

"Yes Sir. I must make no sound whatever, or let the enemy see any movements I make, so that he will think the crater is unoccupied".

"Well that's simple enough isn't it, what is it you don't understand?"

"Well Sir", I replied, "I'm only a private, but I think the best way to hold this crater would be to keep a-banging all those tin cans and hoist my cap in different places, and so make Fritz believe there are thousands of us in here; then he'd be scared to come out". The Brigadier looked at me as he would a consciencions objector, sighed, and crept towards the trench.

(To be Continued.)

**Encyclopedia of Military Terms**

(Continued)

**Fix Bayonets!**

This command has caused more casualties among Drill Instructors, than all the Bucking Bronchos, Bertha Barkers, or Bottled Bass, that ever went to create a battle. He, the D.I., warns the squad that on the command 'Fix' you must do no such thing, you must watch an unfortunate comrade who has found himself on the right of the squad. This wretched creature, will, if he wishes to prevent the D.I. from having an apoleptic fit, take three paces to the front. From then on, he is the "Guiding Star". When the "man with the voice" is convinced that the G.S. has taken exactly three paces, and not two steps and a shuffle, and everything conforms with K. R. & R. and that no Rookie has grasped his entrenching tool handle (which hangs dangerously close to the bayonet) he thunders the remainder of the request "Baynits".

At this stage of the game, the Rookie is expected to perform a physical impossibility. He must keep an eye on the man in front, and the other on the job in hand. The G.S. will then be seen to raise his left arm in a horizontal position, which is the signal that he is about to spring to attention and back up.

Note:—To anyone in Group 909, who might read this, I have some cheerful news for you. You, like the rest of us, are fed up with fixing bayonets by numbers; well, when you get out here your bayonet troubles will be over. A generous Government has seen to it, that we have all kinds of them. There is the bright one for Fritz, another for toasting, one for poking the brazier, one for opening tins of peaches, one for scraping the mud from ones boots, bread, puttees etc. One for a candle stick, one for manuring purposes and a hundred and one other things.

**The Downfall of Isobelle.**

Sgt. Holland D.C.M. has bought a goat. To be precise, it is a lady goat or goatesse. She is to be christened (we hope) on pay day, and from then on she will be known as "Isobelle". Nobody below the rank of Sergeant could afford to keep a goat with an appetite like Isobelle's.

Although her entry into the regiment cost only four francs and two hours bargaining, her enormous appetite has been the cause of her guardian's purse assuming the dimensions of a common private's.

Now Isobelle is under close arrest, and I think you will agree with me when I say that her downfall was the indirect result of her coming on active service without first suffering the preliminary training. On account of her sex, she was forgiven for inwardly digesting the contents (yes, and envelopes) of several love letters, but when she displayed a tendency to follow in the footsteps of her suffragette namesake, she became a prisoner or prisonesse.

This is what I know of Isobelle's last day of freedom.

When I arrived at-(*Censor*)-where Isobelle resides, I found her "Queen of all she surveyed".

Looking around, I saw about fifty hands beckoning me to come to a ditch. The first man I met was Isobelle's guardian.

"What's the matter Joe?" I asked, "been shelled out?"

"For goodness (he didn't really say this word) sake take cover" he replied, "Isobelle's chewing the safety pin of a Mills high explosive bomb".

I beat it.

**Reinforcements.**

There was absolutely no doubt about it; we were going to the front. Not just "Somewhere in Flauders", we were going right into the firing line. Why should we not burn with excitement? Were we not going to play a most im-

(Continued on last page.)