

The Battalion is now running Soccer, Baseball and Cricket sides. Several matches have been played and good form has been shown in all branches. Each of these sides is willing to play any other Battalion in the Brigade or Division. It is the desire of the Commanding Officer that this spirit should be fostered, and wherever possible facilities will be given for games to be played. It is hoped that this invitation will meet with a satisfactory response. Mr. Fitzpatrick has been heard to express the wish that the weather will soon be cool enough for the 15th Battalion to play Cricket with his side. What has Mr. Grant to say to that?



## A VERITABLE HISTORY

There is in Flanders a certain Camp area. A neat rectangle of tents, nestling snugly beneath convenient trees, encloses a green, whereon, while daylight lasts, a herd of swine disport themselves as gaily as ever did they of Gadara, if of less set purpose. At one corner of the rectangle, a dingy pile of farm buildings, one shoulder turned churlishly to the passing track, stands sentinel over the inevitable manure pile. Hard by is the Officers' Mess - a monument to the sagacity of the original billeting Officer, who arranged the juxtaposition.

At certain hours of the day, the pig-maiden, a lady whose charms accord with her calling, issues from the farm, and blows upon a conch. It is a signal of happy import for the swine, signifying as

it does that the hour for pig-feeding is at hand. At the sound, the herd, with one accord, dash across the green, and precipitate themselves upon the groaning board, which indeed is none other than the manure pile, and there make merry and are glad, after their own piglike, and not altogether unhuman fashion.

The area is the habitat of the — 13th Bn. in rest billets. The exact locus does not matter. Euclid is dead, and anyway the story which

their tunics, and hurried in the direction of the waiting C. O. But they were forestalled by the expectant herd, who tore across the field, and presented themselves, as one pig, before the astonished C. O., full twenty yards in advance of the earliest Officer.

The Strafe was off for the day. Officers returned to their studies. Only the herd was disappointed.



## BOOZE

In Persia's prime old Omar had no taste for lemonade: his motto was. "No cark, no care, no crape". He loved his feed and comfy cot and sought the fig tree's shade, and now and then he rinsed his mouth with grape. Oh, that was years ago - this race had not begun: life wasn't then the battle ours is now. A guy could pick his dinner off a tree - the festive bun was had by all, and never raised a row. This Omar never had a job, he had no job to lose - his wants were few - his clothes had gone to seed. In times like that a man was safe, who tarried with the booze: he had his hut - some rags - a daily feed. But never take a Persian scheme and try it on yourself - you're apt to hit another kind of jug. Today to buy a decent meal you've got to have the pelf - you've got to dig likell and

work and plug. As poetry this Rubaiyat is pretty nifty stuff, but folke who try the plan hit stormy weather. Don't fight with booze - the fight for life is really hard enough - it's too darned hard to fight the two together. — B. G.

## TO THEIR MOTHERS AND WIVES

Dedicated to the Mothers and Wives of those who gave up their lives in Sanctuary Wood 13-16, the following verses were written by Captain B. H. Rust who shortly after penning this beautiful sentiment himself was called upon to make the last great sacrifice. No better tribute to this brave young Canadian officer can be written than to say he was beloved by all ranks of the 13th Batt. He was the ideal type of the citizen soldier and through dint of conscientious work won his commission and promotion on the Field of Honour. Since The Brazier became the official organ of the 3rd Canadian Infantry Brigade it received warm encouragement from the late officer whose delightful versatile contributions were eagerly looked forward to. Elsewhere in this issue will be found a characteristic piece of verse entitled TO 'MINNIE' and our next number will contain a whimsical poem THE MESMERIST which he composed in the trenches during the period of a bombardment. — Editor.

Although no words of ours can wake again  
Your valient dead whom lie by branch and stump  
At peace once more, awaiting Gabriel's Trump,  
Yet do not hold our sympathy as vain.

When time with gentle hand shall soothe the pain,  
Remembrance of this message yet may bring  
Some comfort, may take something of the sting  
From hearts that beat in memory of the slain.

A Regiment's sympathy, a Regiment's pride,  
With those that mourn, in those that died as men,  
Are yours: you loved them first and last, but then  
We loved them too, and we know how they died.

God send our Country Mothers that shall bear.  
Such sons as these to keep her Honour fair.

B. H. R.

I am about to relate is true, and Truth is eternal, and reck's not of Loci. My story concerns the C. O. and, incidentally the swine.

On a certain evening, when the hour for pig feeding was nigh, the C. O. issued from the Mess. He conferred for a moment with the S. M., who summoned a bugler, and a moment later the notes of the Officers' Call pealed out across the sunlit sward. Immediately, Officers from every quarter dropped their F. S. Rs., did on



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