

Reinforcements.*(Continued from page 102)*

portant part in the greatest conflict the world has ever known? Yes, at least the British Government had remembered, that in this little colony, there were thousands of us willing and ready to do our little bit.

The long journey across the ocean, passed with only one incident worth mentioning. A sailor came down to see us one night, and after a few minutes acquaintance with one of my companions, he began to grow quarrelsome. They clinched and fell, but before they could be separated, my comrade almost died. Although it took nearly the entire ships crew to do it, the sailor was eventually placed in irons. We were heartily cheered upon our arrival in France, but as we drew near the firing line our welcome seemed to take the form of a silent worship. We were numbered off and detailed to various companies, and conveyed to the support line. That was the last I ever saw of any of my companions. A burly N.C.O. gave instructions for the distribution of the others, saying HE would escort me personally to the Sgt. Major. I stayed in the S. M's dug-out all that night, but I never got a wink of sleep. Everytime a Sergeant would enquire about me, I was introduced, fondled and caressed until I actually cried; but when a Private or Corporal appeared I would be hastily concealed.

I felt so weak by morning that I feared that I would be unable to go round the company. And oh how I longed to make the acquaintance of the boys who had been on sentry all night; especially those who had been way up close to the Germans, doing listening patrol duty. By supreme effort I went along the trench, and from the very first I knew I was going to be popular. Nearly every man we met would ask the same question, "Was there any more at home like me?" On our return journey to the S. M's dug-out I fully realized what an impression I had made, and what cheer I had brought to this vale of strife. Gone were the ashen faces, song and laughter prevailed the chilly air. I must have looked almost as bad as I felt, for dozens of the boys shouted after us asking "Was I dead yet Sgt. Major?" From then on, I was put on water fatigue. Each night I would go with a carrying party, either to a stream, shell hole or pump. I am near a pump now, and had this pump not squeaked this autobiography would not have been written, nor would I have become a casualty.

I don't know which noise attracted the German sniper, wheather it was the squeeking of the pump or the awful oaths which my guardian uttered. All I know about the tragedy is this. There was a noise like "Ping-phut", an oath which will take a deal of penance to wipe out, the cry of "Stretcher bearers at the double", and an officer's orders to someone to gather me up and bury me.

So endeth the story of a poor rum jar.

Esses Arr don.

A Noble Order.

Most of us knew, or imagined we knew, a little of the history of the famous Garter, which was the birth of that dignified rank "Knight of the Garter". After we had thrashed this matter out and convinced everybody in our trench (and probably the occupants of Fritz's trench), that the original owner was a lady and that one jewel in that Garter would buy a whole shipload of Boston garters, one seeker after knowledge wanted to know the meaning of C. B. "Confined to barracks" came the loud chorus. This verdict was about to pass unchallenged when the figure of a trench stained warrior was observed to approach from the next bay. "Ain't our General got this 'ere C.B. after his name?" he asked. "Oui Musier" we replied, "What about it?" "Well he ain't done no C.B., he's Commander of the Bath, and he got that for getting shower baths instead of tubs when we was at Estaires".

Stray Shots from our Contemporaries, and Books we have Read.

Party leaving trenches dog-tired ask their war to some place or other. The first informant said three miles; half an hour later another gave the same distance. The last person asked, after an hour's tramp, replied "About three miles". A sad voice from the ranks was heard: "Thank God, we're keeping up with the bally place".

Army Service Corps Journal.

One of the non-combatant corps, refusing to wear khaki, dressed himself in a blanket, his face resembled a sheet, and altogether he presented a bed-raggled appearance.

The Passing Show.

We hear great tales of Johnnie French
And Jellicoe the sailor,
But never do we hear a word
Of great Lance Corporal Maylor.

He was our "L. P." reporter,
Our chief purveyor of news,
He knows just how we're going to win,
And how we're going to lose.

'Tis grand to head a gallant charge
Or sink a frigate bold,
But pens have far more might than swords,
So say wise men of old.

Doc Wilson never storms a fort,
Or sinks a foeman's boats,
He simply draws his trusty pen
And sends out stacks of notes.

There is no chance of loss of life
When he shells a position,
With fountain pens as howitzers
And ink as ammunition.

'Tis so with our news editor,
He's wise to all our bluff;
He pans us in his "Listening Post",
Until we cry enough.

He never asks us out to fight
Should e're we bawl him out,
He just writes tales of our miss-deeds,
And puts us all to rout.

There'll be great fame for many a man
The day they end this war,
Also Lloyd George when he repeals
The anti-treating law.

But what is such poor fame as this
Compared with peddly vapour?
I would not trade with all of them
Were I but O. C. the paper.

C. H. Arliepiece.

ACTIVE SERVICE

Up, Through fresh and smiling meadows, peaceful towns,
and woodland fair,

Up, where death lurks 'mid the shadows, or the star-shells
fitful glare;

Far behind, the smiling province, growing crops and chim-
ing bells.

Up the line on active service in the range of German shells,
Minding not the flying metal, laughing at the mud and grime,
Buying tales of Kidd or Kettle, with the dollar and the dime.

Knowing how to conquer trouble, meeting danger with a
sneer,

Coming up, and at the double, for a fight or for his beer;
Strafing on the working parties, mocking mud-stained
engineers,

Using still his "muck stick" hearty, though the war goes
on for years.

Dying sometimes in the trenches, wounded, broken, maimed
or blind;

Sun that burns or rain that drenches, none of these he
seems to mind.

Scorning to be called a hero, hating war's unholy din,
Nerves as calm as those of Nero, time he played his violin,
In a dewy land of clover or the city's throbbing life,
Hoping soon the war is over, there awaits his promised wife,
Fondly reading, flushed and nervous though not much his
letter tells,

Still out on active service, dodging work and German shells.

43825, 2nd Co., C.E.