

## The Privates' Parliament

*All questions from China to Peru  
Discussed by me and you.*

(The Editors are in no way responsible for the views and ideas appearing on this page, nor will they, as they value their lives, take part in any discussion. Letters to the Privates' Parliament should be addressed—"P. P." "Canadian Hospital News.")

### BLUEVILLE, ONTARIO, CLAIMS THE HONOUR

Chatham House.

Dear "News,"—I know for a certainty that the little town of Blueville, Ontario, is the birthplace of the first man to enlist in Canada for the great war. His name is Wright, and so far as I know, is still alive, although I believe, now, P.B. in England. He joined up in Ottawa, and was told that he was the first private to sign on. If any other fellows say this is not so, perhaps they'll tell me who was the first.

Yours, Pte. 40596.

### BEAT THAT IF YOU CAN

Yarrow Annex.

Dear "News,"—Practically every man saw or heard something at the front that struck him so vividly that he will never forget it, even when the rest of the scrap has faded from his memory.

It was up at Courcelette on Sept. 15 that I saw Private Cox, of the 42nd Batt., have his left hand cut off by a chunk of shrapnel. He is a man past middle age, but as tough as they make 'em. All he did was to stoop down, pick up his left hand in his right and wave it above his head, calling out, "Look boys at the blighty I've got!"

The stump didn't seem to bleed, and he walked out of the trench to the dressing station unaided! Can anyone beat that for grit.

Yours truly, Spr. A. O. W.

### Heavens Above!

A very young officer who took part in the immortal landing at Gallipoli wrote home to his mother, giving her a vivid description of his experiences. He concluded—"I must confess, mother dear, that I felt a little funky once we were off the good old ship, and afloat in that little boat. Huge shells from the Turkish batteries were hitting the water and exploding all around us, and the machine-gun fire was like the buzzing of a million bees. Boats were being sunk every second, and I really thought the end was nigh. When the din was at its worst I remembered the padre's words—'When in danger always look up to Heaven.' Well, I looked up to Heaven, and hang me, if there wasn't a blessed aeroplane dropping bombs on us.

G. G.