



We have received No. 1. issue of the "Dead Horse Corner Gazette" the organ of the 4th Canadian Battalion 1st Canadian Division. This journal which is quite Pretentious in size (and price) is evidently written by old hands at newspaper work and printed "somewhere in England". The Editor of the "Listening Post" wishes our new contemporary all possible success.

Canada has decided to raise another 100,000 men for service overseas bringing the total up to 250,000 men. This is the Canadians reply to the King's appeal.

The Colonial Secretary has cabled the Governor General as follows:—

Please convey to your Ministers expression of the warm appreciation of his Majesty's Government of their patriotic response to his Majesty's appeal in providing this most welcome, and material reinforcement of the Canadian Contingents which have been fighting so gallantly in the common cause.

The Trans-Continental service of the Canadian Northern Railway was inaugurated on Wednesday October 13th. The regular service started November 1st.

It has been reported that Mr. Henry Ford has been trying to offset the damage done to his motor car business in consequence of his speech "disapproving of the Anglo-French Loan in the United States" by subscribing 10,000 dollars to the Canadian Red Cross Society. If this is true we trust that the Canadian Red Cross Society will be British enough to return "in haste" to Mr. Ford the 10,000. We can get victory in this war without the use of "tainted" money, We dont want his money nor his cars, and we trust that the people in Canada will remember this.

#### Mentioned in Dispatches

The Listening Post extends a hearty welcome to the following Officers who have returned from Hospital to the Battalion.

Capt. W. L. FORD.

Lieut. W. D. HOLMES.

Ma says "Where is my wondering boy to-night".

The boys of the 102nd Rocky Mountain Rangers wish to thank the ladies of "The Soldiers comfort Club" Kamloops, for the parcels of luxuries received last week. The contents of the pepper boxes were highly appreciated both by the cooks and the other recipients,



#### GOIN' ON LEAVE

"How much money do you fellows want?" This question, coming as it did without any warning from the Battalion Paymaster, (who has a reputation like Shylock) took us clean off our feet. After a few seconds of painful silence, a red haired, red nosed, thirsty looking soldier cried, "All we can get Sir". The P. M. just glanced at me and I gave him my best church parade salute, and asked, "How much money have you Got Sir?" He threatened to give me six months, and presented us all with a beautiful certificate which, he explained, could be exchanged in Britain for enough taxi rides and joy water to satisfy the whole battalion. We were then loaded on to a Juggernaut, (I mean transport) and taken to the railroad. Although we were in good spirits, our one ambition was to get on the outside of some spirits; Scotch preferred. After searching for a refreshment bar in the station, we made up our minds to be teetotal. The "Pullman" coach was marked to seat 10 persons, which is equivalent to 16 soldiers. Everything would have been fine but for our coach, having 3 flat wheels and 5 egg-shaped. Perhaps it was as well that the train did not go any faster than two miles per hour. When we had been sitting and standing on one another for a few years the locomotive gave one long last breath and laid itself out at the coast. Here we were taken in hand by an army of Generals, Policemen, Tec's and newsboys. In a few minutes we were stowed, numbered, ticketed and equipped. The ocean Greyhound gave the locomotive a look of contempt, trembled, about turned and just flew towards God's Country. About half way across we remembered about s-s-sub-marines. I asked a stoker which was the best place to see 'em. He told me that the only place he knew of was much hotter than the stoke-hole he had just vacated. Another little journey by rail and we were at Victoria Station. At first I thought it must have been a Sunday school picnic. Tables loaded with real grub. Charming ladies serving tea, coffee, sandwiches, and pleasant smiles. The lady in charge of the circus must have been warned of the approach of the Canadians also of the Canadians hungry looks for she passed the word for the reserve battalions of helpers, and the strongest ladies were told off to keep the Canadians from climbing on to the tables with hands and feet.

NOTICE:— Any soldier not wishing to go on leave should send in their passes to the News Editor Listening Post. Dont all shout at once.

#### Book Reviews

We have received the following New War Books from the publishers.

"War is Hell" by A. Pal. (in training).

Gives a vivid portrayal of the trials and tribulations of the "Rookies" in training in Canada..... A more heart rending, graphic pen picture we never read than the chapter on C. B., and "Cells".

Weekly Wail.

Forming Fours, while the Empire Totters.

By the same author.

"If there is anything to choose between them; this is even a finer book than "War is Hell". Should go a long way to prove the extreme folly of procrastination"

The Sunday Scandal.

"Beer as an internal Lubricant". by D. T.

The Author's initials which somehow seem strangely familiar, represent no doubt a well known "litterateur"..... He is evidently full of his subject..... We can give him no better praise".

Land and Totter.

"500 Tips for Raw Recruits" by D. Phalter.

(Containing practical advice from an expert. Contents include "How and when to get sick", "Maladies to be avoided", "Light Duty" how obtained, and what to do with it. "Teeth and their uses, as a rest cure", "Fatigues and how to work them" etc etc. No soldier can afford to be without it).