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**EDITORIAL.**

Canada's national emblem, the Maple Leaf, has not the antiquity of the Rose, the historic interest of the Shamrock, the significance of the Thistle, but at this time of national crisis it is much more than a mere symbol, it is something for whose honour thousands of Canada's sons have already laid down their lives, and for which thousands more are gladly fighting to-day.

The Maple Leaf stands for Canada, an integral part of our great Empire, it turns our thoughts homewards to our fair Dominion, to our lakes and our forests, our valleys and rivers, our wayside hamlets and thriving cities, our institutions founded on principles of freedom, justice and industry, and last, but not least, to the dear loved ones left behind.

Well do we remember our departure from Valcartier almost two years ago. The maple leaves were then wearing their brightest autumnal tints, and many of our boys proudly wore this emblem as they boarded the troopship about to bear them across the broad Atlantic. Many of these boys have fallen on the field of honour, and now rest in graves scattered throughout Flanders. This thought renders the Maple Leaf still more sacred. We will ever associate it with those who will never again see Canada, but whose example will always help those who had the privilege of knowing them.

We regret that circumstances prevent us giving lists of casualties in the 1st, 2nd and 3rd Canadian Field Ambulances, but we take this occasion to extend to all relatives of those who have fallen the heartfelt sympathy of all the Officers, N.C.O.'s and men. The greatest consolation is that they made the sacrifice in devoting themselves to their wounded and suffering fellow-men.

"DULCE ET DECORUM EST PRO PATRIA MORI."

**THE BOLD CANADIAN SPIRIT.**

My friends at home, may I for a moment take your attention, and draw for you a picture of true bravery.

Picture to yourselves a dug-out, dimly lit by candles, with shelves on which are dressings and bandages of various shapes and sizes, and here and there a bottle of Iodine, which the

wounded dread more than bullets because of its sting.

The doctors are waiting to work over a stretcher case just being brought in by two muddy stretcher-bearers. The stretcher is put in place and the blanket is drawn back from the face of a man whose head is swathed in wadding or a bandage, covered with mud. Both legs are broken and equally covered with mud and slime. In spite of all these horrible wounds and the pain caused by them, a smile lights up the face of the hero; he asks for water in a hollow voice, and after he has received it he says: "Well, Doc, old sport, we did the trick, and Fritz will not forget us in a hurry. We've won the lost trenches and more; those four days in the land swept by a hell of shot and shell have passed, and Gee! I wish I had the Kaiser in my grasp; he would die for the pain and suffering caused, and the death of my chum Jack, who, poor lad, has been with me through it all from the first. Say, Doc., how's the chance for a cig., I'm crazy for a smoke!"

The work of dressing the wounds and applying splints to the broken limbs has finished and the hero is carried to the ambulance. God speed him and may he have the best of luck and a speedy recovery.

Say! do you guys at home in your fancy-cut suits and dinky shirts and ties, realise what the men are doing out here for you? Men lying out in the open for four days wounded, and exposed to all kinds of weather, and living through it all with a smile and a joke on their lips. Do not let your conscience trouble you any longer, but join up and be a man, for a time is coming when those of us who are left will return, and then where will you fit?

E. D. F.

**FALSE ALARM.**

A frightful whiff that made us choke  
Came wafted on the breeze;  
It killed the vegetation and  
It shrivelled up the trees,  
We thought it was a gas cloud that  
Was coming from afar—  
'Twas only \*— — puffing at  
A dix centime cigar.

(\* The gentle reader can fill in the name. We really must not be too personal.)

**YPRES AT NIGHT.**

(Written for "N.Y.D.")

Gaunt ruins, standing bleak and bare,  
Departed is thy glory,  
The night flares' intermittent glare,  
Unfold thy bitter story.  
Where all was life and busy toil  
A few short months ago,  
Now desolation reigns supreme,  
And sad and bitter woe.

Yon gaping wall upon our right  
Was once a stately hall,  
An artist's joy, a builder's pride,  
Supreme and stately, tall—  
Whilst crumbling ruins close at hand,  
Standing out gaunt and white,  
Were once a sacred edifice,  
Indeed a sorry sight.

(A deafening crash salutes the ear  
That echoes far and wide;  
There's a sound of rending timbers  
And of falling brick beside.  
Old Fritz is getting busy on  
The poor old town to-night,  
He's just a-throwing off his chest  
His usual evening spite.)

Within thy square, now desolate,  
On toil and pleasure bent,  
And through thy thronging busy streets  
A care-free people went  
Upon their daily task, without  
A thought of war's alarms.  
Alas! grim harvest of the war,  
Departed are thy charms.

(What is that running 'cross the road,  
That black, uncanny thing?  
See! there's another one as well,  
What omen does it bring?  
'Tis the old town's chief habitant—  
And vermin too at that!  
All living things have quit the town  
And left it to the RAT!)

Historic city of the past,  
In days that are to be,  
May glad and peaceful times in store  
The future hold for thee.  
From out thy ruins, bleak and bare,  
May a new city rise,  
With spires and turrets pointing up  
Once more unto the skies.

R. O. S.

**SURE THING!**

Send in the news what'er it be,  
Don't let it run to waste,  
A page of local stuff is worth  
A ton of "Scissors and paste."