

Brigade Bomb School Notes.

"SPILLED TEA," or "The Tragedy of the Lost Pump Handle," a melodrama in two acts, is said to be in preparation by the students. It will probably be staged in Herr Fritz's big barn in the near future. Sergeant-Major Rusk is proving a peach of a stage-manager. The family next door will be invited to be present.

Did the recent argument on "Fouls" have reference to Football or to Poultry? Information will be paid for if forwarded to Catchem, Scraggem, and Cookem, Lawyers, Birdcage Walk, London, E.C.

And still there is that appetising aroma floating around!

Does Corporal King still correspond with "The Hen"? (No, Egbert, we make no foul insinuations.)

Some folks wonder where the ——— Battalion got the material for their big "blow-out" on Guy Fawkes' Night. Why worry? *Transport cooks tell no tales!*

Was it mere coincidence that the "spuds" disappeared on the same night as the pump handle?

As the Man from Cyclone City would remark: "What do you think of that? See!"

By the way, who is Charlie Chaplin's local understudy?

At any rate, we know for a fact that Corporal King had some former connection with *Art*.

Is "Fritz" (we mean the 2nd Battalion student) out of breath yet? We hear the S.M. and the other Instructors are afraid he will out them from their jobs.

CONSOLATION.

When we are tired of rain and slush,
And gone is our last "tanner,"
We crowd into the "Y" to hear
Bert Briggs on the pianer!

Would Sergeant-Major Rusk blush if a lady asked him for particulars of his injuries when the detonator exploded? Or would he turn his back on his fair questioner, as he did on the detonator?

Brigade Sergeant-Major Johnson has still pleasant memories of his week's leave. We can well imagine how he attracted the fair sex by his superb figure, and what small chance George Lashwood and others would have with the S.M. in the "Lady-Killer Stakes."

Who was the 4th Battalion student of high explosives who, instead of throwing his hand grenade, threw *himself* out of the trench?

Sergeant-Instructor Carpenter is a great cook. He does all the fancy dishes required for the table of the instructional staff. With his wonderful skill, why doesn't he start a school of cookery? Some cooks we know could well afford to take a few lessons in the culinary art!

The student-bombers at Kingston Camp, Canada, have a chemist as Instructor.

At a recent mass meeting of the students of the Bombing School, it was decided that each student should subscribe 10 centimes to go to a fund to buy the School Cooks a stock of Sunlight Soap.

"Scrapper" McDonald is said to hold the Brigade Bomb School distance record for grenade-throwing.

Sergeant-Major Geary, 4th Battalion, recently wounded in action, is the expert most quoted by the Instructors at the Brigade Bomb School. Geary's name O.K.'s everything where bombs, grenades and similar explosives are concerned.

Forthcoming Books.

The Peacemaker. By Sergt. JOCK MCGREGOR. An Epic of the Orderly Room. Price 5 francs.

Trench Yarns. (ANONYMOUS.) A series of spicy stories from the pen of an ex-commercial traveller. Free on application.

A Pass to Blighty and its Sequel. By Corporal FRANK MONTOUR. Be sure to get a copy before going on leave.

Morning Salutations, or Trench Life at Festubert. By Private A. LANCASTER. With portrait in water colours of the author.

Rumours, and How to Circulate Them. By "A BATTALION RUNNER." Affording a peep behind the scenes of army life. Open to the trade only.

Rum, and How to Dilute It. By A QUARTERMASTER-SERGEANT. An expert's opinion on an important subject.

Trenches, How to Build Them and How to Dodge Them. By "A LEAD-SWINGER." By private subscription only.

Stretcher-Bearer Notes.

WHO was it that, surreptitiously, like a thief in the night, stole "D" Company's wood and water that was fetched up? We strongly suspect an officer's batman. Certainly it was no soldier.

Why is it that men who did not belong to the First Contingent but joined us either in England or France, get preference in the matter of leave?

If two certain young stretcher-bearers in the Battalion who do not belong to "A" Company, "C" Company, or "D" Company, will state where they were taught their music? We bear them no ill-will, but if ever we run across their tutors, well——!

Will someone tell us if stretcher bearing includes in its category patent sniping rifles, old junk, scrap iron, &c., and what connection these things have with the above noble work?

Is it true that in a certain company there is, upon intimation that stretcher-bearers are needed "on the double," a turnout like a fire brigade led by the "Human Syren"?

Will Jimmy Walker ever come back? If not, could he send "Johnny" along as a substitute? Both are real good fellows and the best of "sports."

The Answered Call.

LIST to the stand by Canadians grand,
Fifteen thousand and four,
Who blocked the way that led to Calais,
The outlet to England's shore.
We were lying that day six miles from Ypres,
Laughing and joking, quite gay,
Discussing if ever a blow we'd deliver
At our enemy 'cross the way.
Night came down, and there was no sound
As we slept 'neath a starless sky,
But at 2 a.m. the message came—
"CANADIANS, STAND BY!"

We up and "dressed, prepared for the test,
Knowing our chance had come
To avenge the dead who had fought and bled
On the plains of gallant Belgium.
With eyes that shone clear, devoid of fear,
We marched to the battlefield,
That living hell, where poisoned shell
Had made brave Allies yield.
"On, Canadians!" our Colonel cried,
"Onward to victory!
And show those Huns how Canada's sons
Are ready for The Day!"
Through fields we swept, o'er furrows leapt,
Whilst Maxims hissed and rained
Their countless messengers of death,
And took their toll of maimed.
Yet on we sped, our brave Colonel led,
With naught save a riding cane,*
Urging his men—"Boys, at 'em again!
Victory we surely attain!"
The cannon roared, the bullets soared,
But ten yards he kept ahead,
Through shot and shell—a very hell
Strewn with our dead!
He was wounded twice, and some say thrice,
But to the end was game;
A soldier brave, his life he gave
And earned a hero's name.

Pte. ARCHIE CRONIE,

4th Batt. Canadians.

[*The incident quoted above by Pte. Cronie, who was one of the men to go through the "Second Battle of Ypres," sometimes called St. Julien, has reference to the late Colonel Birchall, O.C., of the 4th Batt. Canadians, who met an heroic death whilst gallantly leading his men to the attack on that historic occasion. Colonel Birchall was unarmed, save for the light cane mentioned in the poem.—EDITOR.]

Edith Cavell, 1915.

SUN glint and gun glint, and sweet eyes
clear of pain,
And on the head of a woman dead the red
cross made by Cain!

O distant ones, all white of face,
Who hear the rifle roll!
See the real death, the true disgrace,
The devil's perfect toll;
A nation in the firing-place
Has murdered its own soul!

Straight fire and hate fire, with orders from
the Crown;
But from the lips one breath outslips
to blow an empire down!

Red breast and dead breast, the trembling
flowers beneath!
Your white hands sow, row upon row, a
crop of dragon's teeth!

—JOHN O'KEEFE, in N.Y. *World*