

CANADIAN EMPIRE DAY SPORTS.

Although they took place nearly two months ago, we can't afford to forget the Canadian Sports which were held to celebrate Empire Day, 24th May, 1916. That Day counts a lot with all patriotic Britishers, and is always a day of rejoicing with Canadians, especially Empire Day last year, we celebrated by giving Fritz a good old whipping at Festubert, and it is not likely to be forgotten in a hurry. This year, though some of the boys were in the trenches, a good-sized crowd were able to gather together to witness a first-class performance held under the auspices of the Canadian Y.M.C.A., at a town a few miles back of the firing line. Although the competitors didn't have much time to get into training, they put up a real fine show, and the winners of the events fully deserved the handsome prizes that were put up. In addition to the usual items seen at a sports meeting, games of baseball and football were played, and, although we're an awfully modest crowd, we're very proud of the fact that the boys of No. 1, Can. Fld. Amb., carried off the honours of both the ball games. Another conspicuous performance was that of Capt. Archibald in the Pole Jump. The Captain, a famous athlete, although not competing for obvious reasons, gave an exhibition of Pole Vaulting, which put the efforts of the other performers right in the shade. Owing to lack of space, it is impossible to give the results in detail, but the folks at home may rest assured that we celebrated the day in rare style, and went back to our duties with the spirit of the Empire burning within us stronger than ever. Whatever the boys do out here, be it grim work or play, they do it well, and it was that spirit which made the Empire Day celebrations the great success they were. A few "impressionistic" sketches of things that happened during the Sports will be found on this page.

D.S.

AMPOULETTES.

A writer in that excellent paper "To-day," which is our old friend "T.P.'s Weekly" blossomed out into a new and improved form, says: "N.Y.D. is 'No you don't,' presumably addressed to the Kaiser, though Ambulance men may interpret it 'Not Yet Diagnosed.'"

The "Castironical" asks the question: "Who are the Salisbury Marines?" If we were consulted we should say at once that they hit the trail from Bustard to Amesbury station on a certain day in FEBRUARY, 1915.

The Gasper wants to know "The name of the Corporal who murmurs in his sleep, 'Where's that other stripe?'" We have suspicions that the aforesaid Corporal might be in a certain Canadian Field Ambulance.

"Who was the Officer's batman who fried his Officer's breakfast in dubbin?" asks the "Listening Post." That's got nothing on us:—"Who was the B Section N.C.O. who started boiling eggs in gasoline?"

AT MAIL TIME.

(These verses were picked up after some recent hard fighting, and we do not know who the author is, but from the circumstances under which they were found, we fear that he laid down his life for his country. They speak for themselves.)

Mother o' mine you will never know
What mail time means to us,
Out in the front line trenches,
In all this awful fuss.

CHOP SUEY.

Cheer up if you're not good looking,
every man looks the same when he's
got his gas helmet on.

Who was the M.T. expert who, according to his own account, carried 72 patients 85 miles with 4 gallons of petrol?

Who was the H.T. driver who had a marvellous escape (according to his own story, of course) when driving his team; a shell burst between the horses and neither of them were hurt?

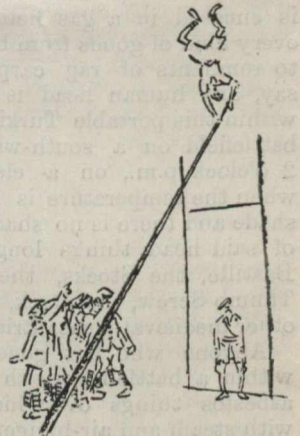
Canadian Y.M.C.A. Sports in Flanders, Empire Day, 1916.



THE BALL GAME
BILL CHARRON SHOTS ONE
OVER.



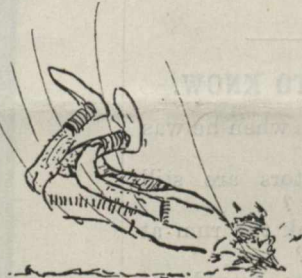
DILLY BUTTON COMES IN FOURTH
(AND LAST) IN THE N.C.O.'S RACE.



THE POLE VAULT.
CAPT. ARCHIBALD SHOWS
HOW IT'S DONE.



THE BOMB THROWING CONTEST.
SPECTATORS TAKING COVER



A BAD LANDING
AFTER
THE HIGH JUMP



WHAT THE SHOT FELT
LIKE!

Drawn for "N.Y.D."

by Private Don Stuart.

With Fritz's high explosives
Dropping round like hail,
And our pals, God help them, in pieces,
We watch for the overseas mail.

When we sit in a rotten dugout,
With the roof just caving in,
Feeling not what you'd call happy
With the sights that we have seen.

The mail comes in, believe me,
We're glad that we're alive;
And the seas between are like a dream,
The day the mail arrives.

We forget the awful horrors
When we touch what you have knit;
And the mud and water up to our knees,
Don't bother us a bit.

And the eats! say, they are scrumptious,
We're sorry for the boys
Who petered out before they came,
We like to share our joys.

I'm back to the trenches to-morrow,
After a three day's spell;
At rest camp, I'm not dead anxious
To be back again in that hell.

But it helps a lot when at mail time,
We find we're not forgot
By the ones at home, now, so long, dear
(That's a tear, please excuse the blot).

(When we were on pass in London recently we met Corpl. Carroll, who is an old friend of many old-timers of No. 1. He was on Military Police duty, having been invalided from Flanders some time ago.)

"In spite of raiding Zeppelins,
Old London's safe, I know,
For we met old 'Yorkie' Carroll,
Walking down Southampton Row."

Enquirer. "Sorry we can't give an exact definition of the word Gadget. We looked it up in Webster's Dictionary, but—nothing doing!"

Who was the private in C Section of No. 1, who ended up an official letter as follows:—"Hoping this letter meets with your full dis-approval"?

AT FOLKESTONE.

If you're inclined to think too much
Of your u important self,
If you're stuck up or conceited,
Proud of talents or of pelf,
Just take a trip to the sea-shore,
A lesson it will teach,
'Tis this, you'll learn that you are not
The only pebble on the beach.