



Congratulations to "Chick" Robertson. You are some "Chick." Two D.C.M.s. in one week. The real and the painful.

x x x

Tune— "My Little Grey Home in the West."

There's a fife and drum band that we know,
That can tackle sweet sounds o'er the foe,
And the sergeant of it, gets a musical fit,
When the notes don't ring quite truly "what ho!"
Oh! the big drummer's boom is a "bird,"
His twists and his twirls, oh! my word.
It's a beautiful band, fit for tunes on the Strand,
It's our 1st. B.C. band don't you know.



Christie's Spies.

Pte. Christie very nearly became famous the last time we went to rest billets. You know Christie is the Second in Command at our Post Office. He is not very old, neither is he fat. He has never been in trouble through being unshaven on parade, and it is rumoured that he was taken out of the firing line because he kept getting lost through falling between the bath mats on the bottom of the trench. His present job is sorting, (and incidentally smashing), parcels. At this, he has a system of his own. He calls it the "group" system. He empties a sack of parcels in the middle of a room or barn, he then takes a running jump into the pile and commences his system. No. 1 Co. parcels he throws to the right, No. 2 Co. he flings to the left, No. 3 Co. he hurls to the front, No. 4 Co. he tosses over his head, and all parcels marked "With Care" or "Fragile" he pitches as high and as far as possible. If a parcel is addressed "To a lonely Soldier," arrives, he suddenly becomes lonesome.

Oh! yes, about spies. Pte. Christie was billeted in an attic over a farm house near the frontier. He was alone, just having finished "grouping" some parcels. When

buzzzzz, buzzz, buzzz. "What was that? Nobody in the house but women, yet there goes a telephone buzzer. Spies! Sure enough! German Spies! And still it kept on. Dash, dot, dash, Yes, these "innocent" farmers must be telling the enemy that the 7th Canadians are out of the trenches, and this would be a good time to pull off an attack, etc. Here a brilliant idea flashed through his brain. Why not take down the message in dots and dashes, and get a signaller to read it.

He had dotted and dashed all over the backs of about seven hundred letters and parcels, and figured out how much money he would draw when he got sent to England to be decorated; he had looked in his "mirror" to see how he would look in an officer's uniform, when a voice he knew too well murmured, "I wish that bunch of West Lanc's would take that dummy instrument out of the next room and hold their signalling class somewhere else."

The ARMY SERVICE CORPS

You may think of things heroic, and of fighting men and fame,

And mention famous regiments and speak of each by name.

You forget they need supplying with food and things galore, this is the work of willing hands;

It's the Army Service Corps.

You never see their health drunk, you seldom hear them cheered,

In Brilliant feats of victory their names have not appeared; but though those famous regiments with Huns can wipe the floor,

They'd sure be in a mess, without the Army Service Corps. See the drivers loading, ankle deep in mud and slush.

Using language that would make a London cabby blush. Clothes wet through before they start, fingers numbed, harness hard after a hard days work, perhaps last night a guard.

They're ready at last in column of route, "walk march" the Captain cries, and off they go as willing a lot, as ever met your eyes.

It's dark; they can't see where they are going, they must follow the rumble;

A wagon gets stuck in the mud and muck, but you never hear them grumble,

Bullets whiz past left and right, shells go screaming by, and the maxims patter that awful clatter, and the star shell light up the sky.

Wagons unloaded without a sound, save for the noise of the guns; but the lads have food for another day, for the fight with the Kultured Huns.

Band Notes

A certain member of the band trying to "scale" the flute, fell "flat." We should be very sorry to "note" his "sharp" decline. After many "rests," he is now doing "time," while the band plays Annie Laurie.

THE SCOUTS

Silently through the rustling grass
Like rats at play they crawl,
Or out upon the dank morras,
Where stealthily they sprawl.

There through the stillness of the night,
With danger face to face
They gaze and peer on left and right
Through No Man's doubtful space.

Out where the river's swollen high
And overflows its banks,
They watch the foe with steadfast eye,
To know his latest pranks.

Searching out each mound and hollow,
Keeping close to the ground;
Slightest changes they must follow,
While death lurks all around.

Tracing the crooked battle line
In sunshine or in rain,
That winds about through bog or mire,
Across the smoke-dimmed plain.

Through the wires they cautiously creep,
Under the starlights glare,
Hoping to catch the foe asleep,
And take him unaware.

Sgt. W. J. Cook.