

HEARD AROUND THE FRONT LINE

Sentry (in front trench): "Halt! who goes there?"

Tommy —: "Submarine E. No. 33447."

Sentry (2nd Div.): "Halt! who are you?"

M. O.'s Orderly: "Joe Doyle."

We have heard of several strange requests for souvenirs, but here is one—

A Canadian Private passing a 12in. gun asked the officer in charge "for a clip of them thar cartridges you use in her."

Adjutant to S.M.: "How far is it to B.L. No. 713?"

S.M.: "About two miles as the cry flows."

"You mean about two miles as the flow cries," said the Adjutant. The Colonel here spoke up. "No, you D—n Ass! he means as the fly crows." Now they wonder why the O.R.S. left the dug-out as if he had cramps.

S.M. (w.o.): "Put on that sack immediately."

Pte. —: "I refuse, sir, on grounds of —"

S.M.: "What? Why?"

Pte —: "It's against K.R. and R."

Collapse of S.M. who regains consciousness in a base hospital three weeks later.

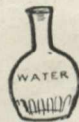
It is reported that German snipers are clad in a uniform that is invisible at a distance of twenty yards. The Paymaster of No. 2 has offered a reward of one hundred francs to the man who brings him one of those uniforms—the men of No. 2 say they will shoot the man who does. Up to the present the P.M. still has his francs.

SOME MESS

*Our Mess consists of one great bunch,
To introduce them I have a hunch.
Their names would easily fill a PAGE,
Though "WATTS" in a name said one old sage.*

*There's SAM-UEL agree with me,
Is full of "PATERSON-ity."
SHAD-WELL knows he can't survive,
For a HURST has just arrived.
Jolly ROGERS always wear
MACINTOSHES that never tear.
When in HOLLAND they'll intern them,
So beware our friend McGERNON.
Young McLAUGHLIN of trench fame,
It's hard to rhyme about his name.
But a RAW-LINGUist that we have,
All he needs is some BROWN salve.
In the FIELD they do McKAY,
Where BACH-ful people NEFF-er stay.
But ROWE-ing on the river EBB,
Is PERLEY'S joy so 'tis said.
There's Messrs. THOM, MATTHEWS and KEITH,
We stick their names underneath.
To bring them in we had some job,
So off we go to "Land of Nod."*

A. A. S.



TAISEZ VOUS

Someone has said that silence is golden, but if ever it were then it is doubly so now. So much has been said and written on the subject of spying that it is with fear and trembling I venture to remind you that the Spy question is not at all dead. Don't imagine that because a few have suffered the extreme penalty that no one is left who will undertake the job, but rather remember that what one man has done there is always somebody ready to carry it on. Don't think the pretty little girl who sells you post cards and wishes you to believe that you are the best lot of boys yet to be billeted in the village is absolutely true; perhaps she is, and again perhaps she has told every one the same story. So boys keep your ideas to yourself. Don't let everybody know all you know, but keep in your mind always the notice posted by our friends and allies—Taisez Vous. Mefiez vous Les oreilles ennemies vous ecoutent.



The "Splint Record" is edited, printed, etc., in the zone of Shells, Bombs, Grenades, French Beer, Zeppelins, Flares and Spies, but then, everybody will know this once they have read it, so why need we like others advertise the fact.



A Circle of Leaves

A year ago, when I was on Salisbury Plain, a friend, on Amhurst Island, Ontario, sent me a box of Maple leaves. When I opened it my memory went spinning from end to end of Canada, and I saw people and scenes which I had seemed to have forgotten. It needed the familiar leaves and, I won't deny it, the name of an old friend attached to them, to touch the button and to start the procession of memories. I shall not write about war. Let us, if we can, forget it. We shall win. There can be no other ending of this great struggle of the giants. I do not worry. God, righteousness, and the long run are on our side. Then, while we may sing as of old:

"The Thistle, Shamrock, Rose entwined,
"The Maple leaf for ever,"

we shall know that the maple leaf and some other bit of colour from farther south, shall be as much parts of the circle of Empire as the Thistle, Shamrock and Rose are now. Our boys here, and the sacrifices of our people at home, have made a permanent place for the Maple leaf.

This year I got a Christmas cake made by Highland hands in Cape Breton, and around it was a circle of very beautiful Autumn leaves. Memory is a very sensitive faculty, so that even a leaf, if a proper one, may be very effective as a starter. I contemplated the leaves, all shades of red and gold. I saw bits of colour representative of every part of Canada. "The Island" home of my boyhood. The swaying sea, the dark spruces and "Vars," and the red

gleam of the primeval maple groves, of which there are, I think, none now remaining.

The Laurentians as you see them from Dufferin Terrace, Quebec, one blaze of red, a kind of forest fire, as far as the eye can reach, a scene perhaps unequalled in the world.

The old "Limestone" city, one of the homes of my earlier boy life in the Tête du Pont barracks, Fort Henry, and later "Queen's" on the "Old Ontario Strand." Have you seen the Thousand Islands in gorgeous Autumn dress reflected in the waters of the St. Lawrence? I know it is an abiding memory if you have.

The prairies, their monotony and their variety, there is a place in memory for them also. The lavender anemone in Spring; the lilies and roses in Summer, and then the glow of the leaves of the rose and cranberry bushes as they tell us in red and pink and crimson to get ready for the snows and frosts of Winter.

I am in a little frontier hamlet in Northern British Columbia, a kind of wayside shrine on the long trail to Dawson. I could write interminably of the boys and the trail and tragedy of '98. But I see just the mountain side on the Stikine trail, fire swept a few years before, its rugged surface clad, to the oblivion of all else upon it, with a carpet of rose colour. A lonely grave on a high mound of sand and gravel formed by the swirl of swift waters ages ago, where we laid to rest the tired body of old Mike Riley, in the fall of '98. I see the poplar grove on the mound's summit, coloured in gold and apple pink, and, in its heart the coffin, the minister and the circle of "Sour doughs," the

old timers, I could tell you the names, saying good-bye to their old "Tillamum."

And then the long and memorable Autumn cruise in my own boat, "The Sky Pilot," from Athia to Dawson. On the lakes' shore and by the mighty rivers, lowest down, a line of duller red, the rose bushes; then the crimson red of the cranberry leaves—the kind with the shirt button in its berry; the golden yellow of the poplars; the light green of the Jack-pine needles; the dark green of the spruce in which the mountain sides are sombre right up to the timber line; and then, the otherwise bare rocks covered completely with the leaves of the wine berry plant—three rough spear-shaped leaves and, in season, from the heart of them, three claret-coloured berries—the rocks right up to the snow line a flame of red, with here and there a streak of green running up and down in great rents in the mountain side. The only thing I have ever seen to equal and, perhaps, surpass the Autumn view of the Laurentians from the Terrace, when the Westering Sun sets them ablaze, is the Autumn colour along the bottoms, hanches, and mountain slopes seen from the lakes and rivers of the Yukon.

I know, without conceit, that I have done all that I intended, when I began this somewhat rambling and pointless sketch. I have stirred the fountains of memory, and those who have taken the trouble to read this will have added, as they read, endlessly to the simple pictures which I have tried to draw.

JOHN PRINGLE, Chaplain,
3rd Canadian Field Ambulance.