



PRINTED TWICE MONTHLY (Huns permitting), and may be procured from the following agents—

LONDON.

GEO. BURCH, MILITARY TAILOR,
392 Strand, London, W. C., Eng.

IN THE FIELD.

Canteens of 5th, 7th, 8th, and 10th Canadian Inf. Battalions.
Canteens most Canadian Units
Army Canteens in Canadian Corps Area.
Y. M. C. As. in
Church Army Hut and Y. M. C. A., Bailleul.
Soldiers Institute, Canadian Corps.

The Pessimist is full of woe,
And wishes he was never born,
Because he knows no rose will grow
Without it's thorn.

The Optimist is full of glee
Because he surely knows
That where the thorns are growing, he
Perhaps MAY get a rose.

EDITORIAL

DOES THIS MEAN YOU ? ? ? ?

Did YOU say that the last number of this paper had too much "would be" poetry in it? Well listen; the men who wrote that poetry probably put in their spare time at rest billets composing those little poems, whilst YOU were perhaps playing "Black Jack", or maybe playing a "Mouth organ". Now don't fly off the handle when you read this, it is right here in print for YOUR especial benefit. There are only three reasons why a man should write poetry—1st, he may wish to see his efforts in print, 2nd, he may have a kick to make, 3rd, he desires to help with the paper, and thereby help his Battalion. NOW, what have YOU done towards filling up our eight pages? Oh! you say, WE'RE not EDITORS—neither are WE poets. Now, that's where WE, the Editors, have YOU. Before we took over the job of running the "L. P.", we had never written anything but an I. O. U., or an essay on "Income Tax and how to AVOID it". We have, (long ago), forgotten how to write an I. O. U., probably for want of practice, but that income tax stuff was easy for us as we had no income to tax.

To get back to our subject, we admit publishing stuff that would get a civilian editor cast into an asylum, or prison, but, "there's a reason". This is YOUR paper; it is only through your interest that it can exist. If we engaged the services of some professional arm chair war correspondent to write and edit the paper, we should soon go stony, and the paper—"Na poo".

We spend the profits on improving the paper, hence illustrations and increase in size; any other wealth that may accumulate will be "blowed in" on the battalion when a favourable opportunity presents itself. NOW, sharpen that pencil and "GET BUSY"—WE are waiting to see some of YOUR stuff in print.

Mentioned in Despatches

He is O. C. runner for the 7th Battalion, and he used to accompany me from H. Q. to the front line. There was something about him that had puzzled me for a long time. Catching him in a confidential mood one night, I solved the mystery.

"How did you get in the army with such a long neck?"

"Oh, it wasn't always as long as it is now."

"Then what made it grow; reaching to kiss the Sergeant or reaching for something to eat?"

"No, it is developed through ducking from side to side in order to allow the bullets more room to go by."

**Kronicles of Ye Ancient and Honourable
1st B. C. Rifle-iers,**

(Continued)

22.—And as time went on the hirlings did murmur, saying, "Where is the dollar ten per, that was promised by Our Lady to each and every man?" And a deputation did go up unto the O. C. and say unto him; "Oh, Great O.C., Our Lady did promise unto us one dollar ten per; Grant therefore, we pary thee, that we be given of the shekels of gold and of silver that we may purchase of the mint jujubes and the lime-juice to allay the suffering in our throats."

23.—And the O. C. did harken unto them and did say; "Your requests are small and with much ease dispensed with. I will appoint forthwith a keeper of the Privey-purse and he shall give unto you shekels of gold and of silver."

24.—And the O. C. did send for one of his henchmen who had fought for Our Lady against the rebels many years before; he was of proud and haughty mein, (yet withal he was humble). And the O. C. did say unto him, "I will make thee keeper of my Privy-purse and thou shalt pay out to my hirelings the shekels of gold and of silver every man according to his due, and thou shalt hereafter be known as my P. M."

25.—And the O. C. did receive unto his band a robust man from the Isles of the Western seas did he come, and did wear besides a look of satisfaction, upon his neck band a cross, as a symbol of the Christain Faith. And the O. C. did say unto him; "Thou shalt be as a shepherd to my flock and lead them and train them in the mystery of thine art, and I will make it known that thou shalt be called the 'Padre'". But the assassins of the fire-sticks that shoot forth the forked lightning did murmur amongst themselves saying, "It is the sky pilot that hath come amongst us, henceforth must we forbear to linger where the wine is red lest he rebuketh us".

26.—And at this time the Chief Councillor took away those that had mined the coal in the bowels of the earth and gave them unto another band, and there was much wailing and gnashing of teeth.

27.—And the O. C. did muster his band again and say unto them; "I will divide ye into eight groups and hereafter ye shall be called 'companies' and I will set over each group one of my henchmen known as 'Company Commanders'."

28.—And of the first company did he set over them a little man with a voice like unto a little dog and who was well versed in the barter of the lands beyond the mountains.

29.—And of the second company did he place to command them a big man who was a city father and a wise councillor in the far West where the sun goes down.

30.—And over the third company did he place another of his henchmen who spake much.

31.—And over the fourth company placed he a dark man without a beard upon his face, and the crown of his head was shaved also.

32.—And to the fifth company he sent a little man, but wise beyond all wisdom, the fount of knowledge to many youths in the Isles of the Western seas.

33.—And the sixth company gave he to one whose hair was white, but not with age; for he had been guardian of the King's peace in many strange lands and in divers parts of the earth. And he too wore many trophies of battles with warlike and savage peoples.

34.—And his seventh company gave he unto one of his henchmen who was old in years and wore the crown of gilt upon his shoulders.

35.—And his eighth and last company he did place to the care of one who bore himself with careless swing of youth and who had spent many moons as Chief Scribe to the Fusiliers of the river where the salmon spawn.

(To be con inued next issue.)