

2.

It may be they rove in the sacred
grove
Where the thunder of morning
swells
To a thousand abodes of the heathen
gods,
Mid the tinkle of temple bells,
Where the wise ones teach neath the
bloom of the peach,
By the tombs of the holy dead,
And sweeter the rose to the lotus blows
Where the lily uprears her head.

3.

Mayhap in the deeps where the Sutlej
leaps
Through the gorges of wild Hyma-
lay,
O'er the snow clad peaks the shep-
herdess seeks
The sheep that have gone astray.
The harrowing tale, and a mourning
wail
Arise from the searcher sad,
Resounding afar from fair Srinigar
To the waters of Moorshedabad.

4.

Perchance the Bazaar of Old Kashgar
Where the winds of the desert
sweep
O'er the burning sand of far Khokand
Are the paths of the wandered
sheep.
By the shrines of the slain of Tambur-
laine;
By the cities of Khubla-Khan;
By the inland seas; and the shading
trees
In the Gardens of Khorassan.

5.

Where the Indus laves with sparkling
waves
The lands of the wild Punjab,
A muezzin calls from the sacred walls
Near the palms of the Great Nabob;
Those tender sheep of the little Bo-
Peep
Have strayed in the jungle cold.
Ah! leave them alone and they'll
come home,
But if they don't the probability is
they'll get chewed up by tigers,
leopards, cobras and other horrible
things, but in any case we refuse to
accept any further responsibility for
them whatever!

W. W. M.

Who? and What?

Who was the individual who was
recommended by the M.O. to apply
to the Q.M.S. stores for a job in
which he could be employed to keep
his feet in a refrigerator and thus
help keep the meat fresh?

* * *

Can anyone identify the ginger-
headed sergeant of "D" Company
who blushed purple when the girl in
the *estaminet* chucked him under the
chin and said "Nice boy"!

* * *

Who were the officer and sergeant
who went fifty-fifty on the trench
mats and in the drink when coming
over the swamp to the reserves?

What corporal in No. 16 Platoon
has been forbidden to dive any more
for submarines?

* * *

Who is the original "Dixie Kid"?
Do the Scouts' cooks know any-
thing about him?

The Fire.

The first thing I knew about it
was when I saw a salvo of red lights
fly skywards. Being an observer,
I at once thought of German signals.
As these were quickly followed by
twenty or thirty white lights and
these succeeded in their turn by an
equal number of green ones, I changed
my mind and concluded that some-
body had gone mad. While watching
the spectacle of red, green and white
lights careering madly upwards, these
magic words reached my horrified
ears. "Save the rum! for 'eavens
sake! for my sake! save the rum!
Never mind the Major! but save, oh,
save that — — rum!" Then
I realised that something serious was
happening. And it was. The official
trench residence of A Company's
gallant O.C. was fast perishing in an
all-consuming holocaust, and amid the
wholesale destruction of His Majesty's
trench stores, "A" Company stood
in grave danger of losing their
morning rum ration. With the edito-
rial instinct hot within me, I
dashed to the scene of the tragedy.
And what a scene! The whole of "A"
Company forgetting the imminent dan-
ger of their Major were "standing
to" without orders, witnessing their
"only pleasure" vanishing in a
small bright flame and a great black
smoke. Tears streamed unheeded
down unshaven cheeks and big men
sobbed again. It was too late to
save the rum, and as to the rest . . .
in the words of the now famous song,
"What the — did they care!"
Suddenly the situation was changed.
The Major was rescued from the ruins
of his stricken home by members of
his now loving and beloved Company,
and conveyed to a place of safety, but
the rum had gone and only two
broken jars stood as silent witnesses
of the joy they had once contained.
But why the change in the attitude
of the men? I asked the question
again and again, only to be met with
nods and knowing winks, till someone
sidling up to me in the dark whispered
"Its all right now, someone's stolen
"C" Company's ration for us!"
and still the bombardment went on
with unabated vigour and "C"
Company "stood to" in happy
ignorance. The sun rose redly in the
east and I silently left the spot,
fearing awful things to come.

Our Contemporaries.The *Brazier*.

We are glad to have received a
copy, No. 1 issue of The *Brazier*,
"A Journal printed at the Front by
the 16th Battalion, Canadian Scot-
tish."

The issue runs to eight pages and is
illustrated. Its management is en-
trusted to Pte. Percy F. Godenrath
with Drummer A. R. McCreadie and
Piper Geo. Inglis as mechanical staff.
As Lt.-Col. J. Edwards Leckie puts it
in a Foreword written by himself,
"It is primarily issued as a vehicle
for regimental news and anecdote,
and contributions of verse, story,
joke or sketch, will be appreciated."
Regimental news fills a large part of
the issue. There is an interesting
Editorial, and from the "funny bits"
we borrow the following:—

"What we want to know.

Who was the frivolous youth who
discovered that four pieces compose
one chunk? Did he, or did he not,
discover this astounding fact while
on leave?"

"Sergt. Anderson is now running
in double harness. May his troubles
be only little ones."

"Reprinted in the *Brazier* from the
Listening Post :—

WANTED.—Work wanted for
several hundred able-bodied men. At
present employed only twenty hours
each day. Would like profitable
employment for remaining four hours.
Digging or carrying preferred. Apply
7th Battalion."

The *Brazier* is an excellent two
pennyworth, and considering the
work of editing and printing should be
worth considerably more to its
readers.

Assistance to Men going on leave.

(Continued).

The leave man is met at Victoria
by several elderly gentlemen in
slate-grey uniforms and red armlets,
upon which is sewn the mystic
formula, "G.R."

"G.R." may mean "Great
Rufus!" or "Gee-Rusalem!!" As
it is, however, it simply means
"General Reserve." The first ques-
tion asked is:—

Q.—"Can I be of any assistance?"

A.—(1) "Yes."

(2) "Sure thing!"

Note 1.—The first answer is usually
affected by the English Tommies.
Canadians would convey a great deal
of local color by expressing themselves
in the second manner.

Q. 2.—"Where d'you want to go?"

A.—Anywhere.

Q. 3.—"Are you staying in London
overnight?"

A.—(1) I don't know.

(2) Search me!

Note.—For explanation of the
second irrelevant answer, see Q. 1,
Note 1.

Q. 4.—"Have you come from the
Front?"

A.—! ! ? ? * ! ?

(To be continued).