

# THE LOST CHANCE

## A Hint to the Hesitant

She stood beneath the mistletoe,  
When I came in the room  
The vision set my heart aglow  
And drove away my gloom.  
But I—alas!—I paused to stare,  
Enraptured at the glance;  
And it was then, and it was there,  
I lost my only chance.

For as I stood another came,  
A speedier than I.  
He hied him straightway to his game,  
E'en as the eagles fly;  
And, oh, the kisses and the smacks,  
So merry and so gay!  
He took 'em singly and in stacks,  
In osculate array!

A hungrier wight I never saw  
In all this life of pain;  
He gobbled up a thousand score,  
And then began again.  
And when I left at break of day—  
Oh, bitter, bitter pill!—  
I very much regret to say  
The cuss was at it still!

—Horace Dodd Gastit.

I should say, of about 10,000 inhabitants, and was slightly shell marked, there being many broken windows and some holes in the roofs and walls.

The people seemed to be the scum of Belgium, and were making all they could out of the British Tommy. They didn't seem to care if the war never ended and I think many of them were pro-German. The Station Master was shot as a spy.

The French people were much nicer to us and they are cleaner and greatly superior to the Belgians we met about Poperinghe and Loere.

This Camp A is situated about five miles or more from the front line but the enemy is able when he takes the notion to land in a few shells. To the East of us is the Ypres Salient, where the Canadians made their name when they stopped the German rush for Calais. By a Salient we mean a projection into the German line, so that when in the Salient the enemy can fire on you from three sides.

About the base of the Salient in its centre is what was once the delightful city of Ypres.

Roughly the Salient could be mapped out by a curved line drawn with its convexity facing East. Starting from the North end at Boesinghe, which is in our possession, and curving South-east to Hooze, which is the apex of the Salient, thence the line curves south-west through Hill 60 to St. Eloi.

March 28th.—We left Camp A in the pitch dark and sleet and boarded a train about a quarter of a mile distant which took us to Ypres. Here we started our march to the front to relieve the R.C.R. It was very dark and no smoking was allowed, for fear the Germans would see the lights.

We marched quickly through the ruined city which we could see was a ghastly wreck. Portions of broken walls and churches stood up like corpses against the black sky. Occasionally we heard a shell screech overhead and twice one burst rather close. We were all nervous although no one would admit it, but there was nothing to do but go steadily on and trust in God. We passed through the City and out the Lille Gate, thence down the Lille Road to Shrapnel Corner, a pleasant spot so named

French town called Bailleul. Here there was a canteen where we were able to buy provisions for our Mess.

March 23rd.—We took a long hard march to our Camp in the Ypres Salient called Camp A. This was about a mile and a half from Poperinghe, Belgium, and consisted of wooden huts and a parade ground. We marched via Berthen, Westoutre and Renin-ghelst. At the last named place General Sir Douglas Haig inspected us as we marched past. We also passed a battalion of the Durham Light Infantry who were being relieved after six months in the Ypres Salient and they looked the part—tired and dirty. We were told the Salient was a very bad place and we expected a hard time.

The A. D. M. S. and Divisional Headquarters were stationed at Renin-ghelst. Later on Camp A was called Camp St. Lawrence.

March 26th.—Went for a long walk with John Edgar to Vlamertinghe. This was a small town but now is a wreckage from shell fire, and was the first I had seen of the devastation.

From Vlamertinghe we walked west on the Ypres-Poperinghe road to Poperinghe. This was a place,

## DIARY OF THE MEDICAL OFFICER OF THE SIXTIETH BATTALION.

(Continued)

Our men went to the trenches for instruction under the 24th and 26th Battalions. I went to Siege Farm with a company where I received my baptism of shell fire—it was not much but one shell splattered me with mud.

At night two guides took me across country where I called on the M.O. of the R.C.R. I returned alone and was not sure of my way and when I heard machine guns for the first time I felt rather uncomfortable. During this trip we had our first casualties—one killed and one wounded.

March 11th.—We marched back to Thieushank near Godewaersvelde, where we had a beautifully quiet rest in farm billets for 12 days. While here I shared a room in a farm house with the Quartermaster and the Chaplain. We had a stone floor, a stove, and a dove which sang "Hip Hurrah" day and night. The people of the house worked hard from 5 a.m. until 9 p.m., when they had prayers and went to bed.

One day I rode to a decent little

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