

closed their doors or failed to give shelter and solace to saint and sinner.

*Special features*—The Fancies and Emma's Bowling Alley.

#### RENINGHELST

A big village of the Poperinghe hop-growing district. Quaint old church.

*Special features*—The Mudlarks.

#### ST. OMER

An unwholesome atmosphere envelops the dull old city at present, and the mere man hurriedly crosses its sleepy streets with bated breath, uncomfortably conscious of the unseen but nevertheless awe-inspiring and all-pervading presence of *Greatness, Holiness and Quietude*.

#### YPRES

Before the war, Ypres had a population of about 19,000. It was the chief city of the Westernmost province of Belgium, and the shrine to which men came from all parts of the world to admire one of the most beautiful gems of Gothic architecture—the Cloth Hall, now all but brick dust. During six centuries, foreign armies and civil wars left ugly scars upon Ypres, but its hallowed shrines and great hall had ever been religiously respected both by men and time. The Hun came and now Ypres and all its art treasures are a shapeless mass of broken stones over which stand forlorn and desolate the carcass of the old belfry and the tottering tower of St. Martin's! Bloody stumps of once fair arms pitifully lifted in agony to heaven where justice has fled so far away from poor Ypres.

*Special features*—Souvenirs.

"Somewhere in Flanders" is a description in tabloid of this war stricken district with an A.B.C. epitomizing the places most frequented by Tommy.

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Adjutant: "Have a look down the barrell of Mulvaney's rifle, sergeant-major, as I can scarcely credit my eyesight."

Sergeant-Major (after a pause): "I make it out a cockroach, sir!"

Adjutant: "No, it's a spider, for I can now see the web. Look down the barrell yourself, Private Mulvaney," ordered the Adjutant, in a tone bordering on a fit.

Complying as ordered, Mulvaney, after a protracted gaze, yelled: "Begorra! The Adjutant wins, for the little devil's just after dragging a fly into the magazine!"—*Blighty*.

## 15<sup>TH</sup> BATT. SECTION

It is but a few weeks since the writer remarked on the fact that Lt.-Col. Marshall was the only combatant officer who had come from Canada with the 48th Highlanders and served with the battalion throughout its fifteen months in the field. We remarked too on the great debt which the battalion owed to the late commanding officer for all he had done for it with his tireless energy, patience and courage. The brief article on the progress of the 48th Highlanders in Flanders was written while the Colonel was still alive and well, but before it was published, he was killed. We can only say now, as then, that there can be no better monument to his memory than the bat-



THE LATE LT.-COL. W. R. MARSHALL, D.S.O.

tion itself, wrought out of many parts into a solid whole.

Few members of the 15th were able to be at the funeral, the battalion then being in the front line. The rest may be glad to learn some particulars of that last ceremony, in which our comrades from other units of the Third Brigade took part. The funeral took place Sunday, May 20th, from the 3rd Field Ambulance. The firing party was supplied by the 16th Batt., The Canadian Scottish, under the command of Capt. R. O. Bell Irving. It was followed by the battalion pipe band and by the pipers of the 13th Batt., The Royal Highlanders of Canada. The casket with many floral tributes was borne on a wheel stretcher and carried from it by the four company quarter-

master sergeants. His charger was led by his groom, with boots reversed in the stirrups. Then came the mourners and friends of the deceased officer.

At the cemetery the impressive service was conducted by Major Cregan. The firing party gave its three volleys; the pipe bands of the 13th and 15th played the lament and the bugler sounded the "Last Post". The pipe majors of the 13th and 19th then played a lament and the mourners, headed by Lt.-Gen. Sir E. A. H. Alderson, K.C.B. saluted the body.

Among those in attendance besides a brother, Lieut. W. S. Marshall of the 3rd Canadian Pioneers, were Major General Currie, General Burstall, Lt.-Col. J. Edwards Leckie, Lt.-Col. Buchanan, Lt.-Col. Ross, Lt.-Col. Almond, Lt.-Col. Brutinell, Lt.-Col. Blanchard, Major C. W. Peck, Major Ware, Lt.-Col. Brown, Capt. Willis O'Connor, Major Villiers, Major Jones, Major Canon Scott, Major Batson, Major Dingwall, Capt. Bell Irving, Capt. Wood, Capt. Wallis, Capt. Donaldson, Capt. Thompson, Capt. Larkin, Capt. Cook, Capt. Graham, Capt. Ducken, Capt. Galbraith, Capt. Ward, Major Forbes, Capt. Mabee, Capt. Duguid, Capt. Macdonald, Capt. Houghton, and Lieutenants Wilson, Scott, Hibbert, Brookfield, Connell, and Cameron.

—P.P.A.

### QUERIES FROM 3RD BRIGADE H.Q.

(By F. C. S.)

What our esteemed draughtsman said when they told him that leave had been cancelled?

Whether our orderly considers one tin of bully beef sufficient for supper?

And if there is a drug in this delicacy which induces sleep under shell fire?

Whether the Paymaster knows that we have two "At Home" days each month, or has he struck us off his visiting list?

The name of the clerk who swears "By the hole in ma coot"?

And why he joined a rifle regiment?

Whether the supplies at our Q.M. Stores are intended for grooms only?

And when the clerk with a hole in his coat expects to get a new one?