



Mr. Hughes, Prime Minister of Australia, has been sworn a member of the Canadian Privy Council.

He attended a meeting of the Cabinet, such an event being unparalleled in the history of Canada.

### 7th Battalion to the C. M. R.

The golden rule that governs war,  
Most widely taught, 'tis said, by far,  
The "come-back" swift, and strong, and sure,  
You've got it—Good old C. M. R.

### THE BARRICADE.

From a trench whose number doth end in one,  
There runs a road or there used to run,  
Up twixt the trees to a Belgium Town,  
And this is the road the Huns came down.

Down the road at their own sweet will  
With never a shot to stay or kill,  
At least they did in the days gone by,  
The good old days they recall with a sigh.

When the 5th and 10th, and 7th too,  
Did mighty deeds as all men knew,  
For didn't they tell us in communiques  
That never varied for weeks and weeks.

How an officer with a bomb or two,  
(This is the way the story grew),  
Went out with a man on either hand  
And strafed the Hun, from "No Man's" land.

But after a time they wearied of war,  
And begged relief from the C. M. R.  
Poor beggars who didn't know the way,  
To fight the Huns with words that flay.

But hung on to the swelter of mud and stench,  
Called by the 2nd Brigade, a trench,  
And did their bit with such a vim,  
That Fritzie wondered what happened to him.

Had he not used for months gone by,  
A listening post, snug, warm and dry,  
Convenient too to the British wire,  
Quite unmolested by hostile fire.

But all had changed when the C. M. R.,  
Quite unversed in the rules of war,  
Imagined whenever they saw a Hun,  
'Twas time and place to use a gun.

The rifles ring, the machine guns roar,  
The listening post rests safe no more,  
But in a hurry with pick and spade,  
Erected the famous BARRICADE.

The Barricade twixt you and me,  
Was nothing more than a cut down tree,  
A little mud, a stone or two  
But, oh dear me, how it grew and grew.

In Bulford Camp, where the warriors lay  
Who had strafed the Huns in such a way,  
That Fritz, by nature a timid wight,  
Walked down the road in broad daylight.

The yarn was told that the Barricade,  
Would cost the lives of a whole Brigade,  
And they hurried up, those stalwart men,  
Eager to face the foe again.

Colonels two, of Majors a score,  
Captains and Subalterns galore,  
A thousand men and a ration of rum,  
To take the Barricade away from the Hun.

The Gunners lent a helping hand,  
In fact, they were the whole d---d band,  
They blew the Barricade sky-high  
And left poor Fritzie high and dry.

Then the gallant boys of the 2nd Brigade  
Hopped over, and oh what a noise they made,  
They captured a corpse and a senseless Hun,  
A bomb, some wire and a rusty gun.

And returned in triumph, those dashing men,  
And killed the Hun again and again,  
And published the news both far and wide,  
Then hurried back to their Q. M's side.

Indent, said they, so all may know  
How we have earned a D. S. O.,  
A cross or two, a D. C. M.,  
A mention in despatch, "Pro Tem".

And now again peace reigneth deep,  
They never rouse the Hun from sleep,  
But sit and dream, in those trenches far,  
And no longer slam the C. M. R.

By C. M. R.

### Mentioned in despatches

#### 3rd Field Ambulance gives a concert to the 7th Canadian Inf. Battalion.

#### TROUPE

If Christies Minstrels were still in existence they would undoubtedly take off their concertina hats to the "Boys" of the 3rd Canadian Field Ambulance, (or blush beneath their burnt cork).

Lack of space prevents us from doing full justice to the splendid programme with which these boys held their audience in a continual state of laughter for almost three hours.

Captain McGreer being somewhere in England, his position as Interlocutor was ably filled by Ben Allen, the 'End Men' being Jack Higham, alias 'Bones'. Jimmy Goode, alias 'Tambo', Ed. Barrows, alias 'Rustus' and Dick Edwards, alias 'Sambo'. In the 'circle' were the tenors Jack Geddes and 'Nobby' Clark. Baritones, William (Scan) Scanlon, E. (Bobs) Roberts and, Al Nuttall. Basses, Geo. Smith, Alex Hood, Bill Baird and Geo. Leacock. Musical Director, Gitz Rice. The jokes were all pulled off in true 'niggah' style and dialect, and the choruses would do credit to any professional entertainers.

On behalf of the Officers, N.C.O's and men of the 7th Battalion, we take this opportunity of thanking the troupe, and hope to have the pleasure of meeting them again, (before they meet us professionally) before the footlights of the old marquee.

#### BAND NOTES—"LA BANDE"

'Drums of the 7th' are still going strong, but not before 6 inch shells as the Boshe had apparently intended on that to-be-remembered morning of Feb. 16th. We shall 'beat' a retreat alright, 'but at the usual hour', shells or no shells. If our pugnacious playmates over the line don't like our music, well we never asked them to. Neither need they send over a reveille smoke box at 7.30 a.m. We shall our own reveille sound (now and for ever more) and it has a better sound, and blossoms into melodiousness at 6.30 a.m. The 6 inch reveille sounders (over there) evidently wish us an hours extra sleep. We thank them for that but think we can conveniently do without a '6 inch sleep' which also means 6 feet of earth; we can do without that for the present. It is 'non bon' anyhow. However, until further orders we beat the drums, (you can't beat the flutes), and the bugles shall play the 'rest'.

L. H.