

# THE BRAZIER



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## Dont's For Drafts

Don't chuck a Mills bomb at an old-timer who insists on telling you all about the second battle of Ypres. Use a 9.2 shell and follow it up with the bayonet.

Don't get looking over the parapet to see what the Germans are like. They may see you first and you would probably regret it.

Don't "hit the paymaster up" immediately after a pay parade. Wait till next morning. If he's had a good night's sleep you may be "jake"—then again you may not.

Don't write poetry for The Brazier. There are already 978 poets doing that work and it is considered presumptuous for a new comer to indulge.

Don't put your rum issue in your tea. You may spill the tea.

Don't tell an old-timer that your battalion, the three hundred and umpty-umth, was considered the best that ever left Canada, even if the inspecting general did say so. He was probably talking through his brass hat.

Don't expect leave until you've been a few years in the country.

Don't argue with the S.M. He doesn't like it.

A Field Officer writes: — "Yesterday I was saluted by an Australian private. It was a great day for me."

—Punch.

## The French Litany of the Trenches.

### "Nothing to Worry About."

"You have two alternatives. Either you are mobilized or you are not. If not, you have nothing to worry about.

"If you are, you have two alternatives. Either you are in camp or at the Front. If you are in camp, you have nothing to worry about.

"If you are at the Front, you have two alternatives. Either you are in reserve or you are on the fighting line. If you are in reserve, you have nothing to worry about.

"If you are on the fighting line, you have two alternatives. Either you scrap or you don't. If you don't, you have nothing to worry about.

"If you do, you have two alternatives. Either you get hurt or you get *badly* hurt. If slightly, you have nothing to worry about.

"If badly, you have two alternatives. Either you recover or you don't. If you recover, you have nothing to worry about. If you don't, and have followed my advice clear through, you have done with worry forever."

## Sarcasm

Mac fell into the old mine crater one dark night and, as he sat in the mud at the bottom, someone mildly enquired, "Did you fall in, Mac?" "Not likely," replied Mac with some heat, "I happened to be here when the blinkin' mine went up."

## Casualties

Private Toughneck, one of the new draft, strolled into the paymaster's office, squirted some tobacco juice neatly on to the top of the red-hot stove and stuck his hands in his pockets. After the sizzle died down he thus addressed the paymaster, (who is fully alive to the dignity and importance of his job,) "Say Bo, are you handing out the spondulicks right now?"

The paymaster is slowly recovering from nervous prostration.!

Lieut. H. Ighbrough, author of "Table Etiquette", wandered into a house where seven French people were eating macaroni. He was sent down to the base suffering from shell shock and is not expected to recover.

The remains of the man who opened the pot then called for four cards to an ace are lying in the battalion mortuary awaiting identification.

The guy who usually opens his conversation with, "I remember, in the second battle of Ypres,—," is posted as Missing—believed dead.

## Après La Guerre

Foreman, (ex-sergeant major.) to Section Boss, "Bill, detail a fatigue party o' ten to take them blinkin' sacks to railhead, and tell them if they don't finish the job by tattoo they'll be for it."

—The Garland.