



PRINTED TWICE MONTHLY (Huns permitting)  
and may be procured from the following agents  
**LONDON**

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420 Strand, London, W. C. Eng.

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### EDITORIAL

On August 18<sup>th</sup> of this year the « Listening Post » will have completed two years of strenuous life, and we propose to celebrate our birthday by the issue of a special number. As this issue will be too big for the local printers to handle, it will be printed, for the first time, outside the zone of shell fire — in France if possible.

We need all the assistance possible in the preparation of this number, so once again appeal to everyone to send on jokes, articles, sketches, — or criticism — everything helps.

To our friends in the other Battalions of the Brigade we especially direct this appeal. Commenced as a purely Battalion effort the L.P. afterwards enlarged its scope to include the rest of the Brigade, and we would like, for this special issue, to devote at least half of our space to the Western Cavalry, The Little Black Devils and the Western Canadians.

### KRONIKLES OF YE 1st B. C. RIFLEIERS

98. And after many leagues they did halt at the village of V.... and did descend from the chariots and walk once more upon the soles of their feet into and through the city of Y... and up to the lines of ditches
99. And the city of Y... was fair to look upon even though its Temple and the Hall of Cloth were destroyed by the cannon of the enemy and many people there were in the city and they cared but little for the war but bought and sold goods and made much profit from the hirelings of Our Mother's Country
100. And Fritz the enemy became wise that the Army of Our Lady had confronted him in the night and in the morning did wreak much havoc with his cannon so that the hirelings became wise unto themselves and said « Damn this War » and crawled hurriedly into holes in the ground as the cannon-balls of the enemy came over and great was the surprise that many of the hirelings that hitherto had been slothful and lazy and the despair of the Henchmen did now display much agility and did disappear into the holes called dug-outs with a speed great as the flash of the lightning — and many of the cannon-balls of the enemy did contain some weird and potent mixture so that all who saw them fall immediately wept bitterly and laughed amidst their tears that they should do such things.

101. And on the fifth day of their sojourn in the ditches the Band of our O.C. were relieved by the Devils of a Dark Hue and did move back amidst the meadows and farms of the country and prepare themselves to enjoy life and to visit the city of Y... for mirth and to drink of the waters that cheer.

### BRITISH COLUMBIA

Stately your hills and grand,  
Wide sweep your valleys and  
Sweet sing your rivers  
Their song of the snows,  
Down from the dim sky line,  
Soft through the whispering pine  
Joining the chorus  
The Chinook wind blows.

Ages ago, I'm told,  
There came a warrior bold  
Saw your broad rivers  
And wide sweeping plain  
Said : « In this land of mine  
I'll cause the sun to shine  
Only a portion  
Shallt thou have of rain ! »

And as he promised you  
Almighty Manitou  
Fulfilled his promise  
With largesse untold :  
Tempered the winds that blew  
From out the hills to you,  
Dotted the hillsides  
With silver and gold ;

Set on your eastern rim  
Mountains that hem you in,  
Said as he placed them there :  
« Guard them for me !  
No land shall be the same  
Teeming with fish and game,  
Land of my hearts desire,  
My children ye. »

Cloud racked Mount Robson stands  
Guarding our favoured lands  
Mirrored by crystal gems  
Kissing its feet.  
« Down from thy high estate  
Gaze on my children great.  
Oppressed of other lands  
I bit thee greet.

And when the cause of right  
Calls for thy manhood's might,  
Fairest of lair lanas,  
Be thou assured  
None shall a laggard be,  
None shall from battle flee  
Whate'er the dangers  
To be endured. »

Joe SULLIVAN

The Orderly Officer was walking round with the Sergeant-Major inspecting the quarters when he paused near a group of men playing « Crown and Anchor. »

« Lucky old sergeant-major ! Lucky old sergeant-major ! Come here in your stocking feet and go away in automobiles. » (motor-transport) crooned the manipulator of the bones.

« Is that a game of chance ? » enquired the O.O.

« Yes, sir, » replied the S. M.

« I suppose you're rather fortunate at it. »

« How's that, sir ? »

« I always hear them shouting « Lucky old sergeant-major ! »