

On the evening of Wednesday April 3rd, we gave a concert to Sergeants of the Coldstream Guards. The other concerts were to divers units of this and other Canadian Divisions, in Pop or miles from it. Cinema shows, Y.M.C.A.'s, open air concerts, entertainments in barns; anything and everything was played for. And on Sundays we travelled all over bally Flanders from morning until night doing a combination church service and band concert stunt.

Our efforts, however were appreciated by one and all, and we are thankful to know that our work has helped to brighten many an hour for our gallant comrades and may we continue to do so (and more) in the future, is the wish of the 2nd Brigade Band.

### **Kronicles of Ye Ancient and Honourable 1st B. C. Rifle-iers,**

(Continued)

42.—And at this time the commanders of the companies did raise many hirlings to brief authority and did call them 'Sergeants' and 'Corporals' and give them much labour to perform, so that all henchmen might visit the City on the Hill.

43.—And the Chief Councillor had gathered many ships from all corners of the seas and did cause his armies to march thereon; they and their horses and chariots; and their cannons and the mules that are of the burden.

44.—And in the dead of night the ships did leave the land of Our Lady and with much secrecy, that they might confound the many spies of the King's enemies.

45.—And the many ships did hide for two nights on the shores of a barren country.

(To be Continued)

### **A Challenge.**

3rd Bde. A. Column vs. 1st Brigade. A. Column.

Q.M. Sgt. T. E. Jones, 3rd Brigade Artillery Ammunition Column, who captains the baseball team of his unit, sent the following challenge to the 1st Brigade Artillery Column:

"Bring over your 'near ball team' and get a d--n good trimming."

A few hours elapsed and then three riders cantered abreast through the gates of the billet of the 3rd Bde. Col. Bringing their foaming steeds to a halt in a cloud of dust in front of the 'bivvy' of Q.M.S. Jones. The centre rider produced a scroll from the folds of his tunic, which he presented with a flourish, to the startled Jones, who had just emerged from his abode. Jones opened the scroll and read the following reply to his challenge.

"Whereas the herein named rapscaillon, one varlet of the bully-beefe and of the harde-tacke G.S. called by hyse fellows of the nayme—Jones—being of unsounde nature, and of a certain vacancy of the upper storie, hath with true malevolense of mynde and character, given voice to unsavory comment upon the abilities of WE, the Kynges moste trusted yeoman, hath by verdicte of his peers, *omne exceptione majores*, been founde guilty of the abominable cryme of UNMITTIGATED GALL, to wit, that he did in defiance of publick opinion, and contrarie to the true word of the Realm, give voice to wordes of antagonism, having withal full cognizance of the great importe of hyse wordes.

IT IS THE JUDGEMENT OF HIS PEERS, that the said Jones, and hyse villians, be drawn to the place of execution and there before the assembled POPULACE, to suffer an humbling of theyre o'er proude spirytte, bar ACTS of GOD and the Kynges ENEMIES.

"SO PERISH ALL OUR ENEMIES".

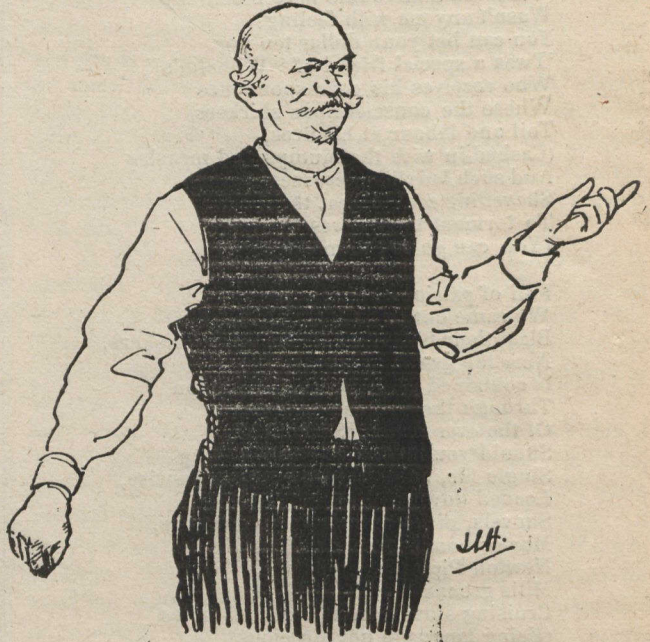
The above elaborate epistle was hung with a "seal" consisting of candle wax, and a chunk of issue cheese attached to a string.

It sure was some ball game; The "Acts of God" intervened and the 1st Brigade lost.

### **Experiences of a Manchester Recruiting Canvasser.**

(Continued)

At another house an old campaigner bitterly lamented the rejection of his son. He had been in many engagements himself, and was one of those who went to the relief of Khartoum. He rejoiced greatly over the wonderful way in which the boys from our far flung Empire had rallied to the flag. "Eh" he soliloquized "If only me and a few of my pals could have charge, just to lead such lads on, eh?"



"IF ME AND A FEW OF MY OLD PALS  
COULD HAVE CHARGE, EH?"

With a flourish of his arm he signified that the whole business would be over before the public had had time to grasp it. A rheumatically Irishman at one house admitted he was forty years of age—"Would he go?" "Yes, I'll go alright, but my ankle's out of joint and me nay-cap's displaced, but I can just manage to mount a dray and mayhap droive a transport".

(To be continued.)

### **A better time coming.**

I'm jolly glad my wife's not here  
To see me as I am,  
For then I'd live in constant fear,  
Of trouble, with a slam,  
I know her ways, and you'll agree  
Her temper though so sweet,  
She would just scream, if she could see,  
"John Henry, wipe your feet".  
Here I can slop about the trails,  
And feel at ease, perhaps,  
No more I hear those dreadful wails,  
While working with those chaps,  
Though sometimes through the sighing wind  
Out through the rain and sleet,  
I seem to hear a voice behind  
"John Henry wipe your feet".  
John Henry will come back some day,  
And then the tune will change,  
For Mary Jane's not quite so gay,  
And home's a wee bit strange;  
I think that when I march back there,  
Parading through the street,  
Some sweeter sound will fill the air,  
And she'll not mind my feet.

Sgt. W. J. Cook.