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EDITORIAL

There are maple leaves in Flanders — scattered
far and wide

They came to fight for Empire — and for the Em-
pire died.

« Lest we forget » their standard set
Is high and noble, but the way is rough.

Hold courage high — needs must ; we die —

The glory of the Empire ; 'tis enough,

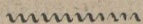
That we, like they, should make the supreme
sacrifice.

A Silent Toast — « The vanished host.

Our comrades — those we loved the most —

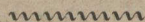
The men who paid the price. »

Iddy-Umpty.



On April 24th 1915, in the Ypres Salient, the
Battalion fought their first real action — on our
side a soldier's battle — on the enemy's part a
vast collection of all the hideous man-killing ma-
chinery that now appears to be a necessary part
of modern war. The net results are well known.

On the 28th April, a remnant of the Battalion,
less than 200 strong, came out of the line, and dug
in behing a hedge at BRIELIN in reserve. Many
actions have been fought since then, and great
changes have taken place, but the spirit of the old
1st B.C. at Ypres is the spirit of the Battalion to-
day. Recent actions have shown what we have
learned since then, and results obtained prove
without a shadow of doubt what the end will be.
There is still much work ahead before the task we
came out for is completed. Carry on ! The example
of those who have gone before is high, but we who
follow must strive to live up to it to the end.



With the absence on detached duty of Capt. W.
F. Orr, the Listening Post loses (let us hope only
temporarily) its Editor.

Almost since its inception, he has directed its
destinies, and by dint of hard work, has made it
the unqualified success it has proved.

The present holder of that office — with an ex-
perience of a little less than zero — can only hope
that obvious shortcomings will be overlooked, and
that all help possible will be given him to try and
keep the paper up to its present high standard.
Send on anything you have to us. If you see some-
thing amusing, give us the idea of it, if nothing
more.

KRONIKLES OF 1st B. C. RIFLEIERS

93. And ere many days had passed, they did
march many leagues to the village that is called F
— that they might take upon themselves to guard
the lines of ditches in the face of the enemy, with-
out the help of the soldiers of our mother's
country.

92. And here did befall the first casualties upon
our O.C.'s band, being one of the henchmen called
subalterns, and one hireling, and in the dead of
night were they buried in the village churchyard.

94. And for many days did they faithfully
guard the King's ditches, and did suffer but ligh-
tly, for Fritzie the enemy was much inclined for a
peaceful life, but objected that many should look
across at his ditches, and did shoot upon those
that did so, with intent to slay ; so that all were
wary, and would walk with heads bent, as though
in sorrow, whilst in the ditches, and whilst tra-
versing the roads by night would prostrate them-
selves with much abruptness when the fire-sticks
of Fritzie rattled.

95. And on the tenth day of the third month a
great battle was fought by the armies of our mo-
ther's country, and the hirelings of Our Lady of
the Snows did make much bluster by the firing of
muskets and fire-sticks, and making of weird noi-
ses that the enemy might not know from whence
the armies were attacking ; and the Henchman
that came with the miners from the hills, and
wore the crowns of gold upon his shoulders, did
call over to the enemy in his own language, re-
viling him muchly, so that he became exceeding
wrath ; and one of his picked musketeers did
shoot him through the body, wounding him grie-
vously, so that he died — and all our O.C.'s band
did lament bitterly, for he was a brave henchman,
and a good friend to all the hirelings.

96. And on the fourth week of the third month,
our O.C.'s band did depart with the remainder of
the soldiers of Our Lady to the village that is cal-
led E —, that they might prepare themselves to
attack the enemy.

97. And in the second week of the fourth month
they did leave for the city of Y — that they might
take over the ditches from the soldiers of this fo-
reign but friendly country, and that their feet
might be not unduly wearied, they were furnished
with the chariots that run without horses upon
the King's highway, and the spirits of the hirelings
were much uplifted, and they sang joyously and
waved their hands with much energy to all the
wenches of the villages through which they pas-
sed, and did say, one unto the other, after their
own fashion, « This is the life ».



YPRES

In memoriam.

We cannot put flowers on your graves, boys,
— We have far too much to do —
But in spite of the stress of battle,
Our thoughts are today with you.
Two years ago you went under
As gamely as men may go.
Yet the warring guns still thunder,
And we're facing the same old foe.

But we're gradually wearing him down, boys,
— Though the task is wearying, — and
We hope that your earth-freed spirits
Somehow, will understand
That your sacrificial devotion
On that blood-soaked Flanders plain
Is bearing the fruit of victory —
THAT YOU HAVE NOT DIED IN VAIN !