

The

# Twentieth Gazette

A JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE 20th BATTALION C. E. F. (NORTHERN AND CENTRAL ONTARIO REGT.)

Editors: SERGT. W. W. MURRAY, PTE. R. WILLIAMS.

*On Active Service.*

All communications to be addressed to THE EDITORS, TWENTIETH GAZETTE, Battalion Headquarters, 20th Canadians, 4th Brigade, B.E.F., France.

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*The Contents of this Edition have been censored regimentally.*

(Sd.) JAS. K. BERTRAM,  
Capt. & Adj. 20th Batt.

## Editorial.

We wish to offer in this, the first Number of the *Gazette* issued in 1916, our best thanks to the Battalion for the support given to our Christmas Number. The Editors can begin the year with a feeling of satisfaction and a knowledge that the time and effort given to the Paper have not been spent in vain. We have received many letters of congratulation, some of which will be found below, and we only hope that we shall as a Battalion live up to the flattering expressions of praise accorded to us. "Nulli Secundus" is a proud motto. Can we earn it and hold it? We think so.

Another stage has been reached at last in our Active Service life. Leave is being granted, sparingly, it is true, but some of us have been "Home" and the traveller's tales we hear make all the rest of us homesick. There are many rumours, few of them true, but we hope that soon larger drafts may go to Blightie without blighties.

From those lucky ones who have had leave we learn that there is a royal welcome awaiting us. The people are always eager to welcome anyone "back from the Front," and it is only when we get back there that we really realize that we are now real soldiers who have seen and taken part in the big work. The consideration accorded to us now is very different to that granted in our days of training. They appreciate the work we are doing and they let us know it.

The gratitude of every soldier who has been on leave must be given to all the ladies and gentlemen who minister to our needs on the way across and who take us in hand on arrival and direct us on our various

ways. Whether to parts in England, Wales, Scotland or Ireland (or even in one case which came under our notice, to the Channel Isles) the gentlemen with the G.R. armlet can always direct us. They give their time and answer endless questions unsparingly and tirelessly. Ladies and gentlemen, our best thanks to you all!

We still carry on with the same old round. In—out—in and then a time of pleasant rest spent in improving our limited knowledge of engineering and cable laying under the most exhilarating conditions of mud and bullets. Also we wander round the country side (sixteen paces between companies, eight between platoons) and then — back again to the comparative ease of the trenches!

We are sorry that we have had to disappoint our Readers with regard to the photographs and autographs of the Contributors to our Christmas Number, but we have been unable to get a complete collection, and were unwilling to give an incomplete set. We hope very shortly to be in a position to publish them as a supplement to our paper which can be added to the Christmas Number and kept as an additional Souvenir of the Big War.

We trust that the addition of sketches will be appreciated, and that all our artists will try to help us by sending to us illustrated jokes or cartoons. The Editors will be pleased to place drawing pads, ink, pens, or brushes, at the disposal of anyone who will volunteer.

It is with pleasure that the Battalion welcomes back the Commanding Officer, who has had quite a long leave in England and Canada. During his absence we have carried on according to the syllabus and are quite confident that nothing has occurred to detract from the fair name of the regiment.

His message to us from Ontario gives us considerable pleasure, for it is good to think that with all the "hundred and umpty-umpty" battalions being formed at home, the Old Score is not forgotten.

*Mortui ut viveret.*

### Battalion Orders.

By Major H. V. RORKE,  
25/12/15.

### LAUDATORY.

It is desired to place on record the self-sacrificing services of two of our late departed comrades, Pte. G. E. Taylor and Pte. H. Bowyer, who, on the eve of Xmas Day, voluntarily offered their services in the face of great danger, to assist in the removal of a wounded comrade for medical attention.

It is deeply regretted that in this service they made the last great sacrifice of their own lives.

*"Greater love hath no man than this that he gave his life for his friend."*

\* \* \*

### Promotions.

Lieut. H. W. A. Foster to be Temporary Captain, vice Captain C. L. Stewart (invalided), d. 17/12/15.

8161 Sergt. Howard to be Temporary Lieutenant, d. 20/12/15.

Lieut. F. E. Morkill to be Temporary Captain, d. 15/10/15.

(Authority, Supplement *London Gazette*, d. 12/1/16.)

Lieut D. J. Corrigan to be Temporary Captain, d. 15/10/15.

(Authority, Supplement *London Gazette*, d. 12/1/16.)

### Battalion Notes.

We may be excused for publishing *in toto* this letter received from the General Officer Commanding the 2nd Division:—

2nd Canadian Division,  
4/2/16.

The Editors,  
20th Bn. C.E.F.,

Dear Sirs,—Many thanks for the very interesting copy of your Christmas Number. Your Battalion since crossing the water has justified by its good work the addition at some future date to your motto of "*nulli secundus*."

My best wishes to you all!

Yours faithfully,

R. E. W. TURNER,  
Major-General.

From Sir George Perley, Canadian High Commissioner in London, the following acknowledgment was received:—

Dear Sir,—The copy of the sixth edition of *The Twentieth Gazette* which you and your fellow editors have been good enough to send me, has duly come to hand, and I have perused it with much interest.

Wishing you all the compliments of the season.

I am,

Yours very truly,

GEORGE H. PERLEY.

\* \* \*

It is rather late in the day to acknowledge Christmas Gifts from friends of the regiment, but unfortunately those noted below arrived too late for insertion in our Christmas number.

\* \* \*

The Scout Section thank Mrs. Corrigal for her very kind gift of socks, tobacco, etc.

Bandmaster Moore, on behalf of the Band, thanks Miss McNab, of Toronto, and the Toronto Musical Association for their Christmas boxes.

The Haileybury boys acknowledge with thanks the very excellent presents sent them by the Haileybury Women's Patriotic League. To this must be coupled the Haileybury Presbyterian Church.

\* \* \*

We draw the attention of our readers to the following, and would ask all regimental papers of the Canadian Army Corps to give it publicity.

“Harry Pryke Loveday is supposed to be with the Canadian Expeditionary Force, and his father inquires for him through the medium of this paper. On August 23rd, 1915, a letter was received from him saying he was in England and under orders for the Front; since then nothing further has been heard of him.”

Any news of this soldier may be sent to the editors of the *Twentieth Gazette*, who will forward it to his father.

\* \* \*

We congratulate Captain Foster upon his quick recovery from the Blighty received on Christmas Eve.

\* \* \*

Why did that man prevaricate to the officer when, limping up the communication trench, he was asked the matter and replied that he had a sore foot? There is no shame in having a boil at the southern extremity of one's vertebrae.

\* \* \*

A complaint has just been sent in regarding the slippery trench-mats in “B” Company's line. Can it be that Number 5 Platoon chews tobacco?

\* \* \*

A sergeant of the Machine Gun Section woke up his officer one damp, dreary, dismal, Flandery night—or at

least the signaller did; and called him to the 'phone. The distance was fifty yards, up to the umbellicus in mud, and the following interesting took place:—

“Hullo . . . No!”

Now, who's the shell-head?

\* \* \*

We understand that the Belgium Afforestation scheme is to be inaugurated immediately after next pay-day. The scarcity of trees coupled with the growth of the chain-gang have caused an alarming state of affairs in the Orderly Room.

\* \* \*

Even the tender-hearted Orderly-room Sergeant is forgetting the company-conduct sheets these days.

\* \* \*

Wig-wag of the Iddy-Umpy crush writes:—

During our last tour of duty in the trenches it was noticed that there was a considerable amount of catt-awailing going on through the 'phone.

Can somebody give a reason for it? Was it because the cat had got kittens, or was the cat expressing its desire to be returned to its old home?

\* \* \*

The verb “To Flop.” Past Tense. I flopped; thou floppedist; he flopped—why Gol-dinger, we all flopped when the wood-pecker started in to flicker.

#### Our Contemporaries.

It is with great pleasure that we extend the hand of welcome to a new-comer into the ranks of Trench Journals. We have just received copy No. 1 of Vol. No. 1 of *The Growler*, dated 1st January, 1916. This is edited by three officers, and is the organ of the 14th Canadians. The issue under notice contains much witty and interesting original matter while the rest of the closely printed 12 pages contains news items, extracts, etc.

It is an exceedingly good pennyworth; though how it is done at the price, your Editors cannot imagine.

A noticeable feature is a French page dealing with “les aventures de l'ordonnance Tapoire.” From an amusing “Introduction” we cull the following:—“Statements derogatory to the characters of the Adjutant, Transport Officer, or the Quartermaster are especially welcome, and three months' free subscriptions given where the said statement can be proved. Untrue statements regarding the above will also be inserted, in so far as those not involving the Editorial Staff in suits for libel where the punishment would be imprisonment—no fear of a monetary fine will have any weight, as you cannot get blood out of a stone, and we are ‘stony.’”

#### As Others See Us.

The Editors, in an outburst of professional pride, sent complimentary copies of the Christmas number to various newspapers in England and Canada.

To say that we were tickled to death with what they said about us is to put it mildly.

The *Daily Chronicle* declares that it is a breezy publication which reflects much credit on its editors, and extracts half a column of our “Expected Brigade Orders.”

The *Daily Sketch*, after having said lots of nice things about us, winds up with this magnificent peroration: “May its editors and staff flourish and may laurels crown the ‘Twinkling Twentieth.’”

The *Edinburgh Evening News* says that the *Gazette* maintains its high standard of humor which characterised our former issues.

The *Canada Journal* suggests that since the authorities of the British Museum are making a record of newspapers, the *Twentieth Gazette* should be placed in its ancient archives.

The *Leeds Evening News*, the *News of the World*, and others too numerous to mention, pay us highly flattering compliments.

\* \* \*

And still the Battalion wonders why we have grown more dignified of late.

\* \* \*

We had thought that outside our own immediate circles the *Twentieth Gazette* was unknown to the world, that we were still gazing longingly towards the topmost round of the ladder, yet we have been bombarded with requests, from outside, for copies.

We would gladly supply them, and can only do so in our own time, so that if the ladies and gentlemen who ask us to send them the *Gazette* will stand at ease for a short while, we will forward them with pleasure.

\* \* \*

A reader in Belfast has asked us to publish a continued story. We are grateful for the suggestion, and, while thanking our reader for the very kind letter, would reply that we are carrying-on a serial story every month. It is the same old yarn when we try to collect our pennies for back numbers.

#### Our Strafe Column.

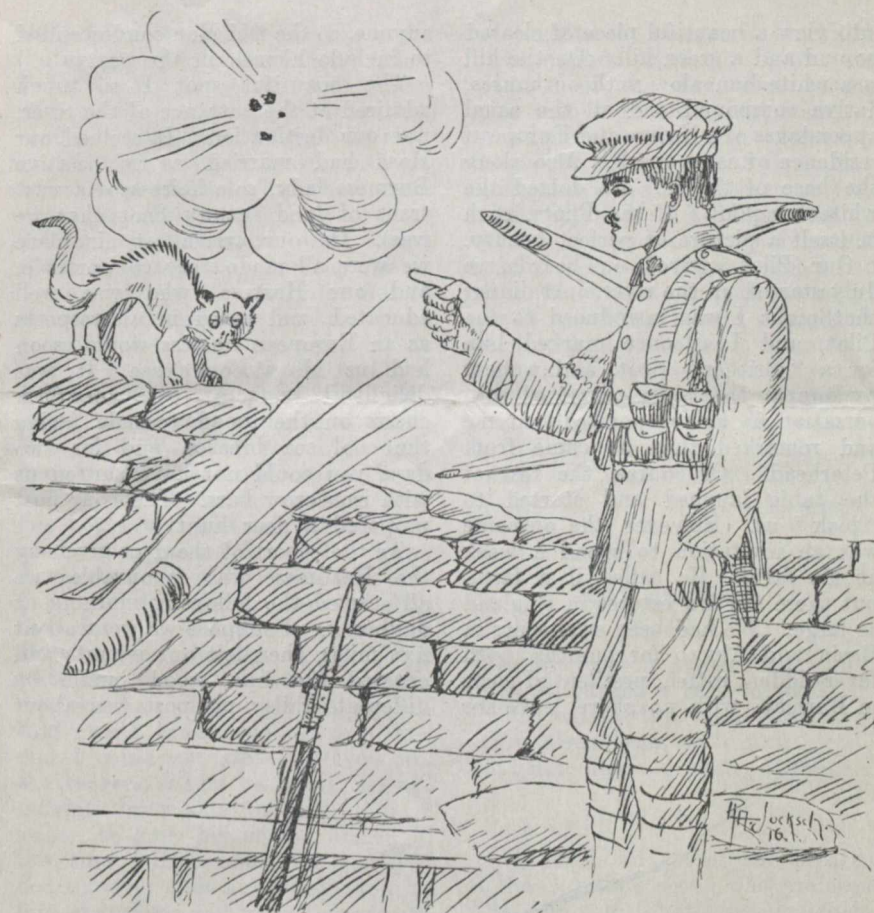
By the Strafer-in-Chief.

Humors of the Great War.

A Staff Officer, with the mud of Flanders still upon his clothes, stepped out of the train at Victoria yesterday. — *Daily Paper*.

\* \* \*

Many thanks to the *Weekly Telegraph* for having widened the publicity of our “Wiper's” Limerick in the Christmas Number! We certainly think, however, that it was bad form to reproduce it without acknowledgment.



MR. ATKINS (in horror): "Git dahn out o' there, you crazy little blighter. D'ya wanna git yer bean blowed off?"

For the information of the *Toronto Daily News* we beg to announce that the great charge of Dihebert, so vividly described by an ex-officer of this Battalion in his recruiting campaign in Toronto, was, we think, fourpence a glass. The *estaminet* was afterwards placed out of bounds.

◆ ◆ ◆

Crummy Smith, sniper, declares he now knows the meaning of the term, "picking 'em off."

◆ ◆ ◆

**Blighty.**

W'en we're lyin' in our dug-out,  
An' our feet is clammy wet,  
Wiv a piece o' candle splutterin'  
In a greeny-yeller jet,  
An' the water's drippin', drippin'  
From the 'ole above our dome,  
Then we lies an' thinks o' Blighty,  
What, we means, is over 'ome.

◆ ◆ ◆ W. W. M.

The platoon cook who was sick the other day in the front line, now owns up that he had, in a careless moment, taken a spoonful of his own stew.

◆ ◆ ◆

"B" Company non-coms. are now starting a course of instruction with regard to the fine discriminations between a.m. and p.m. It is thought that they might then be able to get their fatigue parties out on time.

◆ ◆ ◆

The Adjutant wishes all ranks of the Imperial Army to understand that eggs and chips are *not* sold in the orderly-room, several demands for refreshment having been made there lately.

The Regiment ask what unit in the Canadian Expeditionary Force is developing the Cocaine habit?

If there are any snow-birds in the Twentieth, the sooner they work their ticket on it the better.

◆ ◆ ◆

The British Government are sending out a few hundred Mongoose to cope with the rats in the trenches. We understand that the next thing will be a ration of pet Coons.

◆ ◆ ◆

A reverend gentleman in Toronto, in an outburst of holy wrath, extracted the cigarettes from the parcels which the girls in his congregation were sending to the boys in the trenches.

Hand down the Regimental Harp!

If the parson steals your smokes,  
Never mind!  
It's one of his little jokes  
And you'll find,  
That a gentleman like that  
Will get quite a heavy pat  
Swiping pennies from the hat  
Of the Blind.

◆ ◆ ◆

**The Corporal and Claribal.**

A Romance of Love and War.  
Come quaff the sparkling Limburger;  
Let High-Explosives flow,  
And tuneful blasts in harmony  
On Brevet-Majors blow.  
Oh, loudly twang the Sniperscope;  
The soft Prismatic ring;  
Strum sweet the gay Ohlometer,  
And hear the song I sing.

No horrid hymns of Hunnish hate  
Contains my stock in trade;  
No frightful fantasies of Fate  
Are metrically made.  
I tell how Tom, a corporal,  
Bestowed his priceless pearl  
Of love upon Fair Claribal,  
His Colonel's only girl.

Presumptuous Tom! I hear you say,  
Unhappy youth, that he  
Should deem a lowly corporal's pay  
Enough for such a she.  
Moreover, in the social whirl,  
To live with such a prig  
Would, to the C.O.'s only girl,  
Be simply *infra dig*.

Oh, spare that condemnation loud;  
Your protestations hold,  
Think not Fair Claribal too proud,  
Nor Thomas over bold.  
A compromise decided that  
Love dominates the earth,  
For Tom was an aristocrat,  
The girl—of lowly birth.

As those proud Cavaliers of yore  
Sang 'neath the castle towers,  
He twanged the sweet *Esprit de Corps*  
Throughout the fleeting hours.  
In dreamy ecstasy the maid  
Unto the notes gave ear,  
And to her eye there sometimes  
strayed  
A surreptitious tear.

'Twas night and Phoebus panting  
steeds  
Sank by Atlanta's shores;  
In throbbing song of knightly deeds  
The swelling music pours.  
To earth below; to heavens above;  
To his pre-destined mate,  
The corporal sang his song of love,  
Unheeded of his fate.

But, hush! ere strikes the note of  
morn,  
The maid espies her dad,  
From out the arms of Morpheus torn,  
He felt a trifle mad.  
She sees her angry parent take  
A "Mills" from out his gown,  
Which everybody knows is "JAKE,"  
Just when the lever's down.

"Those noises," said this bad C.O.,  
"Are just a bit too much;  
But where they come from, I don't  
know,  
It beats the blooming Dutch.  
Right here and now they've got to  
quit."  
He grasped the wicked bomb,  
And speaking scored a direct hit,  
On Tom's unhappy dome.

Ah! softly lilt the low Trombone,  
And blow the sweet Platoon,  
For Tom advanced in Echelon  
Towards the mournful moon.  
Fair Claribal gazed to the sky  
To which she saw Tom go,  
When he comes down, be sure that I,  
At least, will let you know.

W. W. M.

## Notes on "Bird Life."

## No. 3. THE CENSOR.

This is generally considered a detestable bird, but in general condemnation the Regimental Censor must not be included.

Although both belong to the same species their habits vary considerably. Our observer has always found the latter a kindly fowl and comparatively harmless unless roused. These two sorts of Censors must not be confused with one another, although in appearance there is but little by which they may be distinguished.

Both have the same dull drab plumage with spots or stars near the extremity of the wings. In the case of Regimental Censors, these stars are usually three in number, while Base Censors have one, two or three, and sometimes the stars are united into a Crown-like shape.

Our observer had the greatest difficulty in obtaining correct information about the Base Censors, as they are extremely retiring and seldom show themselves.

After great trouble and difficulty, and by the use of extreme caution, he at last obtained a good view of some of them, and is now able to furnish our readers with some exclusive observations on these pestilential birds. Small colonies inhabit a series of nests, and it is here that they spend their time, fearing to appear in the open owing to the hatred in which they are held. One peculiar characteristic is their fondness for the colour green, all the nests to which the writer had access being full of squares of green paper resembling envelopes. They take a fiendish delight in tearing the squares or envelopes into shreds for no apparent reason. As I have said, their plumage is a dull drab relieved on the wings by stars. Their faces and beaks are usually very red, and they have on their beaks spectacles resembling those to be found on the hood of the Cobra, which evil reptile they closely resemble, being spiteful and dangerous to cross. They have no note or song. Indeed the only sound they are known to make is a grunt which appears to indicate strong disapproval, though what they can find of which to disapprove in the green squares it is hard to say. Their one pleasure seems to be destruction, and no one who has not seen them can understand how thoroughly their work is performed. Base and degenerate birds indeed!

The Regimental Censor has his nest in what is known to the naturalist as the "Orderly Room." Several individuals of this variety nest in the immediate locality, but as their habits are open and they may be observed by all, we may safely leave it to our Readers both to observe their peculiarities and criticise their habits.

(Next issue: "The Woodpecker.")

## A Hunt in Burmah.

As you approach the Port of Mulmein, in Burmah, there comes

into view a beautiful piece of cleared ground and a green hill. On the hill is a white bungalow with outhouses, native compound and all the usual appendages of a Native and European residence of some mark. Also along the base of the hill are dotted the white bungalows of the Pilots, each in itself a picture of perfect beauty.

Our Pilot arrived on board, we duly started up the river. At dinner that night I was introduced to the Pilot, and I at once marked him for a "Brither" Scot, and a near by one at that. In course of conversation he looked pointedly at me and remarked that he came from Peterhead. Of course, the rest of the table laughed and started to "josh" us. However, the outcome was an invitation to spend a week at his farm. He called it a farm, but there are few estates in England as large. We had been sweltering in Basin and Akyab for months, both fever-ridden, rotten, pestilential ports in Burmah, with no shore leave for

anyone, so the Old Man condescended to include himself in the party.

The beautiful spot I so much admired at the entrance of the river, was our destination. It seemed our Host had married a rich native Burmese lady, sole heiress of a vast tract of land (canny Scot that he was). On our arrival at his place we were all made very comfortable, and our Hostess, who was well educated, and acted in all respects as an European hostess would, soon had us all at our ease. It was delightful lying at ease on deck chairs on the broad veranda facing the cool sea breezes, and for two days you could not have shifted us with iron crow bars. Then our host proposed a deer hunt.

As the report of the deer given by the Headman was favourable, we all started the following morning at daybreak. I suppose we went about five miles, then left our mounts and entered the iron wood jungle by different trails; my post was about



Lance-Corporal H. . . . s of the R.A.M.C., kindly applies a Plaster to a wounded Mule. The Lance-Corporal and the Mule, we understand, differed as to the exact location of the wound. The Veterinary Officer's decision is to be taken as final. Meanwhile our Artist has given the generally accepted version of the incident.

a mile from the ponies, but I thought I must have gone about twenty miles. Talk about "skeeters," well, there were some, and the bloodthirstiest brutes I ever encountered. We each had a guide and gun bearer with us, and mine posted me a little back from where the trail branched off in three different directions. I was armed with an express rifle, and my bearer had a large bore rifle ready for me. I had strict injunctions not to smoke or move about, so I sat down at the foot of a tree and occupied the time killing insects. By and by I observed my bearer lying fast asleep with a cloud of flies round his open mouth. How he could sleep, beats me. I had been in position over two hours, and was beginning to feel good and miserable, and cursing deer-hunts generally and this one in particular, when some feeling caused me to look at the cross trail. Holy smoke! there stood a big tiger watching me. I could feel every separate hair of my head rising. A cold sweat broke out all over me, and I could not move or even call the bearer. There he stood, his tail moving from side to side, and, I swear, he grew bigger and bigger all the time. How long this lasted I don't know; then he turned sideways into the jungle and moved slowly off. Now comes the silliest thing I ever did in my life; I raised the large bore rifle and sent a shot where I thought his foreshoulder should be. Then I bolted back over the trail and never looked to see if the bearer was awake and following. It was a bad case of funk. I met my Host and the "Old Man" near the end of the trail, and I was gasping and shaking from want of breath and fright. I could not speak to them, could only point back over the trail. Then comes my bearer running and jabbering away like mad. I thought he was telling them about my running away after I had fired, and leaving him; but it seemed he was telling them that I had shot at a tiger and was chasing him along the wrong trail! and he was pointing to the "pad" marks on the trail, showing that the tiger had gone up that way towards my post. He said when I fired he wakened and heard the tiger scream, so that he must be hard hit, and the "Brave Sahib" had made a mistake and followed the wrong trail. The "Old Man" and my Host urged me to "Come on, we'll get him yet!" I pleaded fatigue, and said I was blown and could not go back. They started themselves, and rather than be left alone I followed. When we reached the cross trails my bearer was examining the place where the tiger was when I fired. He was awfully excited, and jabbered and cracked his fingers in the air. There was a lot of blood, and evidently I had hit the tiger hard. The bearer was for following the trail at once, but my Host said it was too dangerous, and sent for the headman who had some trackers go off on the trail, which was very plainly marked with blood. We then made for the ponies

and back to the bungalow, for which I was mighty thankful. I was the "Hero" of the day, and having quite recovered from my fright, I carried myself accordingly. Next day the coolies brought in the tiger, they found him lying dead three or four miles from where I had shot him. I was some proud about it, but thought if the rest knew what a fright I had got it would be all up with me, and I quietly gave my bearer a good tip and told him to hold his tongue. I don't think he understood. Anyhow it doesn't matter now, no one tumbled to it at the time, everybody was too excited to observe me closely, and "all's well that ends well."

MARINE.

#### Odds and Ends.

##### BULLOO.

A saucy Canuck at Bailleul  
Once attempted a lady to weul,  
She remarked to him straight  
I'm afraid you must wait  
Till I'm fonder and fonder of yeul.

\* \* \*

We refuse to reveal the identity of the Battalion scout who preferred "Standing to!" to sitting down. He gets *boil*-ing hot whenever this is mentioned.

\* \* \*

##### THE NO-TREATING ACT.

Our sympathy to all Scottish members of the regiment going on leave!

\* \* \*

##### CURIOUS.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Times*.  
Sir,—The following notice was found near billets in France, on a pump:—

"No water is to be drunk un'less passed by the Adjutant." H. G.  
—The *Sporting Times*.

\* \* \*

#### The Regimental Gallery.

By H. M. N.

##### THE SECOND-IN-COMMAND.

"Now why is this?" "Has that been done?" "On whose authority?" His questions, most confusing, cause a feeling of calamity.

But he, who asks them, does not see the trembling hand and knocking knee.

Now "how?" and "Why?" and "When?" and "Where?"

Such rapid questions burn the air,  
And he, who asks them, wants to know

The ins-and-outs, the con. and pro.  
He cannot know our sorry plight;  
Our spirits almost taking flight.  
We're soon "up in the air" and then  
He brings us down to earth again,  
But, with our troubles (small and few),

We take to him, *he sees us through*.

##### THE ADJUTANT.

"For your information and action, please," we grind our teeth with rage,

As with a scowl we scan the lines and wish to burn the page.

We don't mind "information," but "action" makes us sick,

But none the less we take the hint; it is no use to kick.

\* \* \*

##### THE PAYMASTER.

Where in *Blank's* your pay-book? a question such as this

Would call for some ill-feeling, but on pay-day gives us bliss.

For though his words are hot and fast, he pays us just the same,

So we accept the French and francs and gladly sign our name.

\* \* \*

##### THE M.G. OFFICER.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit! and hail thy bullets, too;

Yes, hail thy bullets on the foe, as bolts from out the blue.

Thou, and thy guns, a tower of strength to us down here below,

Thy guns provide the strength, and thou art tower enough I trow.

\* \* \*

##### SIGNALLING OFFICER.

Our Ackety-Emma (busy man) has scarce the time to laugh,

Devotes a part of each short day beside the phonograph;

But as a rule his days are full with work of many kinds,

For to the ladies and the front he's always sending lines.

##### The Muff.

It came about in this way. Andrew and I decided to give Mother a muff for Christmas, and as I was not sure of her taste I had two sent up for myself so as to get the family's opinion. I was to keep the one Mother advised and give it to her for Christmas, returning the other one. Picture my horror when, after it had all been settled, Mother says she will purchase the other one and immediately proceeds to wear it to some social affair. Well, the only thing we could see to do, was to give her the bill for Christmas.

Just then, as you know, she broke her leg and will not be able to leave the house for some time. So herein lay the mystery. I put the envelope containing the bill in the small tub which (the doctor having cut up her stocking) had to do justice as a Christmas receptacle, and then, having a headache, I went to bed. I had no sooner disappeared from the scene of action than Mother in mysterious tones called Andrew to her couch and asked him to parcel up the muff and give it to *me* for Christmas. When Andrew came up and with bated breath told me the news that I was getting his and my muff for a present I had an hysterical fit. Mother was mad, and we would not tell her the joke.

Now the question which outvies the election of mayor for the New Year is this:—

WHO OWNS THE MUFF?

I leave it at that. You may put your legal mind on the subject and send the solution, together with six coupons, when you will receive one of our beautiful watches, provided you enclose five dollars for the chain and cost of mailing.

Remember me to the Rats.

PEGGIE.

With acknowledgments to my sister.

R. H.

#### Answers to Correspondents.

Naturalist (Scouts)—It is disrespectful indeed to refer to your officer as *some* bird.

\* \* \*

Squiffy ("C" Company)—It is no business of yours that one of the editors of this journal has turned teetotal since the no-treating Act came into force. He does not deny being a Scotsman.

\* \* \*

Injured (Brigade Staff)—If the 1st Division do think themselves the salt of the earth—*we should worry*.

\* \* \*

Knobkerry ("B" Company)—We really can't say if it was C.S.M. Collett who took the club with him out into "No-Man's-Land" to kill the dead Frenchman. It may have been.

\* \* \*

Gertie (Grimsby Beach)—No, we do not require any more sandbags at present; everything is liquid, send us bottles.

#### Assistance to men going on leave.

For the benefit of men going on leave we have compiled a few questions which will inevitably be asked by a curious civilian public. To assist the harassed soldier we give a few answers which invariably satisfy them.

Q.—Isn't this an awful war?

A.—Yes.

Q.—Have you killed many Germans?

A.—(1) No.

(2) Thousands.

Q.—What kind of officers have you?

A.—(1) Good.

(2) Bad.

(3) Indifferent.

Q.—Does the sergeant steal your rum?

A.—Never mind.

(To be continued.)

#### In our Alley.

No doubt if we stayed here long enough the place would become one of the Classic Resorts to which

Holidayers would flock. When we first lit on it, it was only a discarded French trench, famous for its smell and its ancient historical air. There in bygone ages many Frenchmen fought and fell. There the P.P.C.L.I. spent days of hard fighting. But, as I say, these achievements are shrouded in the mists of time.

There is a history in the very names under which it has striven vainly for eminence. It has been known in turn as Suicide Lane, Bomber's Paradise, Snipers' Gulch, Whiz-Bang Alley and Corrigal Crescent. It is now known as Big Bill Boulevard. The names throughout savour of poesy and onomatopœa.

Whiz-Bang Alley! The words suggest a whiz-bang falling with the debris pattering down afterwards. Corrigal Crescent gives one the idea of men hurrying round in obedience to the indefatigable officer, whose name is hereby immortalised. Big Bill Boulevard! Here you have poetry at its best. The alliteration is fine and suggestive of bullets buzzing by bringing Blokes to Blighty.

The Alley is bounded on the South by a hedge, which, in the last few weeks, has shown unusual sprightliness. It has grown in that time from a ragged row of dissipated bushes to an impenetrable barrier. It is suspicioned in high places that a certain lance-corporal, unofficially known as Cupid, had a hand in it, but this the hedge will not admit.

Owing to recent fine weather the Alley is beginning to find its feet again. The dug-outs will soon be once more on solid ground, and there will then be no need for buoys to show their location.

The war will probably end some day, then the Belgian farmers will go "back to the land." But "Memory often in days sublime" will bring one back to the good old days of rat hunting, game shooting, swimming and shell-hole digging, which I spent in B. B. Boulevard. R. H.

\* \* \*

#### The Medical Officer.

Ah! Who is this who lurks within the darkness of a hole?

And can it be that our M.O. has habits like the mole?

His victims clamber down the stairs; the sick both grave and gay.

And like the proverb "those who came to cough remain to spray."

\* \* \*

#### The Best lies Ahead.

Away with bewailing; away with your fears,

Look out to the oncoming days,  
The world marches forward with vanishing years,

Unhindered by checks and delays.  
The dark hours of sorrow then try to forget,

The dead past must try to bury its dead,

The sunshine is gleaming in front of us yet,

The best lies ahead.

H. B. BRIDIN,

"A" Coy.

#### Aunt Jane's Corner.

Love-knots untied by an Expert.

Perplexed (Signallers), writes:—My pal and I are devoted to the same young lady. Each of us loves her very deeply and she sends us both parcels regularly, and seems to lavish her affections equally on both. What should I do?

A.—Search me.

\* \* \*

Blighty ("D" Coy.)—I became very much attached to the young nurse who attended me at —, and she returns my tender feeling. What would you advise?

A.—Get another Blighty.

\* \* \*

Auntie (Owen Sound)—The dear boy who wrote such a touching story on trench life has, we believe, gone to the Base.

No, dear lady, Base does mean Degenerate, but *not* this time.

\* \* \*

Anxious (Dunnville)—We are acquainted with your sweetheart and know him to be of reproachless character; in fact, he is now being measured for his halo already.

#### English Literature.

As it appeals to the mere Colonial.

The immensity of the popularity which the English Magazines enjoy in the trenches is a compliment to those who contribute to them, and to all responsible for their production. The pictures are good; the matter generally is excellent; at no time does it fall below indifferent—but we would do ourselves an injustice if we supposed that they portray truthfully English modern life and manners.

For example, why does every short complete story of the war centre round personages of no less rank than a second lieutenant? Why is this individual usually in the Guards or the Buffs? Why is he invariably the Hon. Billy or the Hon. Dicky or Lord Blankingham, a mere happy-go-lucky, *blasé* sort of a boy educated at Eton and Oxford? Why, in fact, is he the Honourable Any Diminutive of a character fondly imagined by a title-worshipping proletariat to be typical of the average Englishman?

Again, why does the N.C.O. drop his "aitches," and speak English like a grass-eating cow-puncher from Western Manitoba. He is never an educated man; he is never *Their* class. The private of the story is always a bovine creature of no account who doesn't know his head from a cauliflower, and who makes rude, ill-bred jokes which his superiors overlook; in fact, they condescend to laugh at them.

Why all this twaddle which goes for story and plot in these strenuous days? Why all the nauseating snobbery contained in every Magazine, every weekly paper? The greatest of sinners are those of the type which

tell us what the Earl of Shorthorn did on Wednesday in Piccadilly, and hint at a strange happening befalling Lady Esprit de Corps in the near future.

Nobody knows them. Nobody has any interest in them except the tuft-hunters who affect an interest in these things, hoping thereby to be recognised as having some association with them.

Dopey nuts, who imagine themselves second-lieutenants, and foolish flappers who like to read the tosh, then sit back and dream of eternities of bliss in the arms of the commissioned ranks, may enjoy it. Undoubtedly they do.

What allowance is to be made by the intelligent broad-minded soldier so that the rubbish may be palliated? Why should three hundred millions be insulted for the pleasure of the upper ten thousand and the delectation of the Committee of Forty? The patronising attitude adopted by the English press towards the stories imported from the Western Hemisphere suggests an unpardonable egotism. If it is to maintain its fancied superiority it must drop the affectations of the second-lieutenant and other ranks above the stars, and

give a ring of truth to their stories by placing the N.C.O. in his proper position. The private will automatically come into his own.

✦ ✦ ✦

**Mere Colonial.**

There was a young lady named Maude,  
Whose conduct by all was deplored;  
In Public I'm told  
She was haughty and cold,  
But on the back stairs—Oh! my Gawd!

✦ ✦ ✦

We are indebted to the *Daily Sketch* for the delightful soubriquet, the "Twinkling Twentieth."

✦ ✦ ✦

Once more the cithera!  
When we're out in the Ditch  
Getting badly mussed-up,  
We all learn a few little wrinkles,  
So take it from us,  
There'll be a dust-up  
When the Old Score starts in and twinkles.

✦ ✦ ✦

A Christmas Number of the *Gazette* has been returned to the Editors from

the G.P.O., bearing the name, and address as follows:—

Miss E. Allen,  
16, Cricklewood Lane,  
Cricklewood,  
London, N.W.

The Addressee has "gone away" and the sender may have the copy on applying to the Editors.

*Dulce et Decorum est pro Patria mori.*

57638	Pte. Gibbons, F.
58248	„ Taylor, C.
57191	„ Hodge, D. L.
57303	Corpl. Steward, W. P.
57187	Pte. Galloway, T.
58191	„ Bowyer, H.*
57302	„ Taylor, G. E.*
57901	„ Nugent, W. H.
412876	„ Scobie, D.
57381	„ Clark, E. A.
57937	„ Saunders, G.

\*Commended for gallantry.

