



Canadian Section. General Headquarters, 3rd Echelon



La Vie Canadienne

All the songs of happy birds
I would translate into blithe words,
And I'd add from summer bowers
Perfumes of the sweetest flowers
These into « La Vie » I'd fold
Bound with true loves'links of gold
And this little gift I'll send
As a greeting to my friends.

Our New Year Message

*To you our friends in France and O'er the Sea,
We send this New Year wish with this La Vie.
Long Life and all the best the world can give
And Hope that war may end and Peace may live
Through all the years on years that are to be.*

*For we think often of you all — our friends
And here's a smile we send you. Hold ! It lends
Speed to the time of waiting. It brings cheer
It is a gem of value. Hold it dear,
The rents of Time in life it always mends.*

The Labour Battalion.

He's not so very young, and he's not so very smart,
 He's groggy on his pins, but he's warm right in his heart ;
 He does not fire a rifle, 'cause he's been marked B 2...
 But he went right against it when he'd the job to do.
 He don't get much recognition, 'cause he dont look spick and span ;
 I know he aint a Guardy, but from work he never ran.
 And he makes the roads that lead right up to the battle front,
 And he gets almost as close as those who bear the battle's brunt.
 Oh, he acts right up against it, as I can prove to you,
 For I've seen the cross that marks HIS place — and they number quite a few.
 He's mostly over forty, and « rheumaticky » as well,
 But he went behind the Blankshires up to the gates of hell.
 You can bet he did'nt funk it, but on and on he went,
 And followed up the road to which his fighting sons he's sent.
 So dont you all forget him as upon your way you go,
 But remember he's as useful as the men who strike the blow.
 He may be old and weary, he may be an « also ran ».
 But, by the Gods above you, he is every inch a man.

ANTONY GINLEY

THE EMPIRE'S YOUNGEST D. C. M.

His Story as told by himself.

When that glorious first Canadian Contingent sailed away from Gaspe Bay on their journey across the Atlantic, there was on one of the ships a little stowaway. Half across the ocean he came out of his hiding place, and soon became a great favourite with the men of a battalion from Montreal. And when they arrived at the notorious Camp on Salisbury Plains, he was with them, the pet of the Regiment. This young lad's name was Antony Ginley. At the time of this escapade he was fourteen years and five months old, and thought of his trip as great sport. But he also wanted to get to the front, and took this means of gaining his object. All through that horrible winter at Salisbury, he

stayed with the Regiment which had adopted him, and being taken on the strength of that Unit, the 14th Royal Montreal Regiment, he carried his pack and rifle with the others. Then the time came to go to France and it was planned to leave Antony behind.

But this lad did not sneak across the Atlantic and become a soldier to stay in England when the testing time came. On the day of departure Antony was missing. A thorough search failed to locate him, so the boys left England without saying « Goodbye » to their Regimental Pet. But a surprise awaited them when they fell in for roll-call on arriving at . . . , somewhere in France. For there on the parade ground with his Battalion was young Antony Ginley, now almost 15 years old.

So eager was he to remain with the Battalion that the O. C. finally allowed him to go up the line with them. And so this boy stood the test all through the second battle of Ypres, and came out of it unscathed. Then the 14th Battalion was ordered into action at Festubert.

The Company to which he belonged was ordered to make an attack on the enemy's line. They advanced in face of terrible rifle and machine gun fire across a stretch of shell-torn country. It was a dark stormy night, and after a time they found that they had lost their bearings and were in a trench with Germans on either flank. The position was desperate and it became necessary for the Company Commander to send a message back to the O. C. to let him know of their precarious position. So he called for a volunteer to carry a message back to the Battalion Headquarters. Then it was that little 15 year-old Antony came forward and offered to go back with the message. Major Warburton, his Company Commander, was unwilling to let him go, but the lad insisted and soon he was on his way.

« Did you realise what a brave thing you were doing ? » asked the writer, in conversation with Antony.

« Not a bit of it » he replied » I figured that it would be safer to go back than to stay where I was and as I am pretty small, I thought I had a good chance of getting through ».

So off he went over that mile of bullet swept territory and made good, reaching the Battalion Headquarters almost completely exhausted. He handed over his message and began to pat himself on the back and to think that he was safely out of the fight. But the O. C. considered that it was necessary that an answer be taken back to that little band of heroes

and as Antony was the only one who knew exactly where they were, he had again to act as runner.

« How did you feel then ? » the writer asked him at this point.

« Pretty rotten » was the candid reply.

Most men, safely back at the base, would have said « Oh ! I didn't mind a bit », but this lad, with child-like humility, admitted that he did not at all like the idea of making that return journey.

Nevertheless off he went and again rejoined his company. By this time the band of men in that trench were mostly wounded and it was imperative that some assistance should come soon. Stretcher-bearers were urgently needed and once again Antony was the only one who knew the way out. So with one of his comrades to accompany him he set off once again. But in the darkness and driving rain, he lost his way, and to his dismay a gruff voice challenged him out of the darkness. He did not know where he was and could not tell whether he was up against friend or foe. But he brought his rifle up to his shoulder and putting a hoarse tone into his voice, called « Halt, or I fire ! »

He admitted that his heart was almost standing still and one can imagine his relief when he found that his adversary was a British Guardsman. It must have been a funny posture, to see little Antony standing there with his rifle almost as big as himself, ready to meet the six-foot stalwart. The latter put them on the right track and a little later they found themselves at Battalion Headquarters once more, and made their wants known. A stretcher party was at once formed and back they went to the ever-decreasing band of heroes, facing death in that little bit of trench.

But little Antony was by this time completely exhausted and his Company Commander took him under his care for the rest of the night. It was for his work on that night this little 15 year old lad was awarded the Distinguished Conduct Medal.

But in spite of his distinction he is as modest and humble as any boy could be. He holds that his comrade who went with him to bring back the stretcher party, and not he, should have been given the medal. But those who were there on that night will always sing the praises of Antony and many men who were wounded then, owe their lives to the courage and devotion to duty of Antony Ginley, the youngest holder of the D. C. M. in the British Empire.



It is rumored wi(l) s(o)on eat Donkey.

OUR POST BOX.

Sir,

I have just been surprised by hearing the phrase « My wife's Husband » and as I dont quite understand it, thought probably you could enlighten me on the matter.

IGNORANT.

ADVICE TO NEWCOMERS.

« A little love is a dangerous thing »

Don't worry about mistakes : If there were never any made, erasers would'nt have been supplied to the Army.

« WINDY CORNER »

Watch your hats Gentlemen.

We are not responsible if your pockets are picked.

UNCLE (Home on leave displaying a Hun Helmet to his Nephew). — « A Hun gave it to me ! »

NEPHEW. — « Did you kill him. »

UNCLE. — « Kill him ? No. Why should I kill him ? I tell you he gave it to me. »

NEPHEW. — « Gave it to you ? Why ? »

UNCLE. — « Because he had to (two). »

WHAT WE WANT TO KNOW

Who was the person on Xmas Eve that imagined he was a tug and tried to move the Hospital Ship ?

Who it was that saved his Battalion at Ypres in the early days (according to his own account) but whose A. F. B. 103 shows, as arrived in France, 7-7-16. ?

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW

Who are the boys that have a hot brick under their table while they eat ?

Will our two friends who suffered such heavy casualties on Christmas Eve and thereby gained fame in the Rouen Press, now believe that the Battle of Rouen is the greatest of all Battles ? And why is it that they are now drinking milk instead of the « Cup that Cheers » ?

A CERTAIN CURE FOR GERMAN MEASLES

Mix some Woolwich Arsenal Powders with tincture of iron, essence of lead and melinite and administer in pills (or shells). Have ready a little British Army (a very little goes a long way) some Brussels sprouts and French Mustard. Add a little Canadian Cheese, Australian Lamb, and Italian macaroni, and season with the best Indian curry. Set it on a Kitchener and keep stirring until quite hot. If this does not make the patient perspire freely, rub the best Russian bears' grease on his chest and wrap in Berlin wool. This is the private and exclusive prescription of Dr. Cannon.

N. B. — The patient must on no account have any Peace-Soup until the swelling in the Head has quite disappeared.

THE SLEUTH.

From my earliest days my ambition has been to become a detective. I can remember now, when visitors called on Mother, she invariably, when exhibiting me, used the adjective « Precocious ».

No doubt she was right. My dominating instinct has always been to investigate. At school, my favourite pastime was to unravel knots tied with string by the other boys for my benefit, and in the excitement of « find the Penny » I was unexcelled.

Several times I have been questioned as to why I have joined the Army. Some of my friends suspect I was tempted by the long walks and free Woodbines, but in order to settle all doubts, I can assure them that it was solely my gluttonous appetite for investigation that enlisted my services on the side of the Allies. Wonderful vistas of coming pleasures flooded my imagination. I saw myself ruthlessly trailing the horrible Hun to his underground lair. What glorious opportunities I would have, to deduce whether a hole in the ground was made from a 15 inch howitzer, a 303 or a rabbit. And, over all, the unlimited chances to open and investigate the contents of innumerable tins of bully beef, Maconachie and Tickler's Jam.

Naturally, in the Army, my enquiring spirit could not be restrained. Following my nose (a most sensitive and highly trained organ) I soon arrived at G. H. Q. Placed in charge of the correspondence of a département I was enabled to follow my natural bent to my heart's content. I literally dived and bathed in the mysteries of files, piled them high on my desk, revelled in 'em, wallowed in 'em. I loved them. Night after night found me pursuing the ziz-zag thread of minutes, inter-office minutes, and telegrams from the original letter to the bitter end. Z. Y. X. W. V. U. R. What would have been a surfeit for the ordinary man merely whetted my appetite for more. Complications held no terrors for me. Missing drafts of officers or other ranks were quickly located and « moved up » through my wonderful system of elimination and deduction.

The only case in which I have had to acknowledge myself baffled was the case of « Pte. T. C. Smith » or the « Mystery of the Human Chamelon » (See No. 3 La Vie Canadienne).

Reluctantly, I left Files for the Ribbon Department. I was promoted O. C. Millinery for the Troops. Here my powers of observation are again of undoubted value. The mystical heiroglyphics « W. O. 6 7/8 » and « Dress serv., serge » are to me like reading a letter from home, and no cobweb, however carefully concealed, has yet been known to have survived my penetrating glance.

After office hours, when not occupied with « The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes » (My favorite book) I usually devote myself to the pursuit of criminals. Malefactors tremble when I pass them on the street. Forgers and Bank Robbers grow pale when my name is mentioned in their hearing.

On my way to my billet last night, my attention was attracted by some pieces of broken glass strewed around the foot of a street lamp. My detective instincts immediately aroused, I climbed the lamp post, and made the startling discovery that the glass had been broken, probably by a stone or some other hard missile.

Obviously some evil influence had been at work. Descending carefully so as not to obliterate any finger prints or other clues which the miscreants might have left behind, I minutely examined the side-walk around the scene of the crime. With the aid of my powerful microscope I discovered numerous footprints. Two especially appealed to me. They were the prints of an Army Regulation boot, one of which had lost half of the iron plate of the heel. French civilians undoubtedly. Producing my note-book I hastily made an accurate drawing of the print, and also carefully noted the measurements. It was hardly finished when I heard a crash. Instantly I doubled in the direction of the sound. Arriving too late to avert the fate of another lamp, I perceived the perpetrators fleeing into the night. I gave chase. The fugitives separated, one to the left, the other to the right.

Deciding to keep to the right I doubled my efforts. After a hot chase of two miles, the fugitive jumped into a passing taxi. I followed suit with the next. Keeping my eyes on the taxi in front I saw the criminal leap out and enter a corner cafe. Following, I found that he had ordered a beer and evacuated by another door. Drinking his beer I again gave chase. We were near the end. He dodged into a blind alley. Seeing escape was hopeless he showed fight. Closing with him, we wrestled for

an hour and a half, with three minute intervals. His revolver, stiletto, jemmy and sand-bag were in my possession, and, with a superhuman effort I gave him the knock-out and conducted him to the nearest Police-Station. There I laid my charge, and received the warmest congratulations of my old friend, the Prefect of the Police.

To-morrow I go to Paris to be decorated by President Poincaré.

ONWARD.

O Canada, the blood of all thy sons,
 Cries out, to-day, from fair and glorious deeds :
 And spirit legions of Immortal Ones,
 Who died to serve their country and its needs.
 Pledge thee, anew, by their White Honour Roll,
 To loftier issues, born of sacrifice ;
 Bidding thee keep, unstained, that nobler soul,
 Which they have ransomed with so great a price.

To a Sojer's Louse.

WITH APOLOGIES TO ROBBIE BURNS.

(Written in the trenches in Flanders by a member of the Dandy Ninth.)

I

Wee, Scamperin' irritatin' scunner,
 Hoo daur ye worry me, I wunner :
 As if I hadna lots tae dae
 Blocking the Road to Auld Calais
 Without ye.

II

Ye hardly let me hae a doze,
 For you're parading right across,
 Ma back ; ma neck, an' doon ma spine
 Thinkin nae doot, ye're daeing fine
 Sookin' ma Bluid.

III

When at ma Country's ca' I came
 Tae fecht for Beauty, King and Hame,
 I read my Yellow Paper twice
 But it said naught 'boot fechtin' lice
 Or I'd hae gibbered.

IV

When « Little Willies » skif ma heid,
 An' me about tae draw a bead,
 I fain would stop tae skert ma back,
 Tae shift ye aff the beaten track,
 Afore I fire.

V

When through the shirt o' Sister Sue,
 I search maist carefully for you,
 I smile to think the busy wench,
 Ne'er dreams her seams mak' sic a trench,
 Tae gie ye cover.

VI

What labyrinthin dugouts too,
 Ye're makin' in oor shirts the noo,
 Ye're reinforcements tak' the bun,
 Encouraged by the Flanders Sun,
 Tae keep us lively.

VII

Gott strafe ye, little kittlin' beast,
 Ye maybe think ye'll mak a feast
 O' me ; But no, ye'll sure get « had »
 When next ye try to promenade,
 Across ma Kist.

VIII

This mixture in the bottle here,
 Is bound to mak' ye disappear,
 Nae mair I'll need tae mak'ye click,
 Ae dose they say, will dae the trick,
 As shair as daith.

« LIVE WIRES »

EDT. — Have you watched the R.E.'s putting up my Hut ?
 (*And yet we can say Rome was never built in a day.*)

My first lime in or my first relief.

After 14 months at the front.

« Well boys I guess there's something doing ». These words could have been heard early in June when, after a spell in, the boys were resting at the Scottish Lines.

Questions were asked as to the source of the news, the usual banter followed, with which most of us are familiar, anyway in this case the guess was correct as in few moments you will see.

The wind was up, about retaking some trenches which had been lost, as to why we lost them, when or where they were lost will not enter into this little narrative, I think it will suffice if I say that no troops in the world could have held trenches under similar conditions, as it is now history what these boy endured. It is needless for me to tell you about the terrific bombardment they underwent and the mines that were sprung upon them on that occasion, if I say they covered themselves with glory it is not saying too much.

In the course of a day or so down came Maj-Gen'l Curry, previous to his appearance the usual lining up had taken place and to me the parade certainly looked good. When formalities were ended a speech from the General followed. I might mention that everything he said was to the point and calculated to leave no doubt in any man's mind as to what was required of him individually or from the battalion as a whole. You know as well as I, that after a direct speech such as was given us that day, a man can settle down so to speak, for he knows just where he gets his letters written, goes through his pockets, gets his kit into shape and a hundred and one other things a soldier finds to do previous to going into an affair when nobody has any knowledge of what might happen from the moment the boys leave camp.

In the first place the General went to such pains to point out how the trenches in question were lost, approximately how much ammunition was expended by Fritz before he made up his mind to come across, in fact in a very few minutes a fair knowledge was imparted of what had taken place from start to finish of the battle referred to.

It was suggested that for every shell Mr. Allemand put across on that occasion we were going to return two, if, for comparison only Fritz put across 100.000 it meant that we would return 200.000 as the case

might be, if their bombardment lasted twelve hours, ours would last much longer. Nothing would be left to chance, our artillery would rake every inch of the German position, it was to be the most intense bombardment ever put up on the British Front.

Now when a man knows that he is going to get all kinds of support it puts heart into him, he has something definite to work upon, and I guess the General's speech had the effect desired, at the same time it had made perfectly plain that the trenches had to be re-taken, if we failed the first time we would have to go again. Great pain was taken to emphasise the fact that it would be easier to succeed the first time, than to make a second attempt, by what I heard afterwards I think that all present were of the same opinion, for the trenches were taken at the first time of asking. I believe that no doubt ever existed in the mind of any man as to what was expected or required of him.

After a few words of encouragement we were eventually dismissed and I think for the rest of the day were left more or less to our own devices. Each and all found plenty to do but towards night all roads led to the same place. I'm not going to tell you what happened, I will leave it to you to guess, as there were no casualties reported I think everybody arrived home safely, having had a real good evening.

The following day was given up chiefly to the preparation necessary for the trip to the trenches in the evening ; kits were packed, labelled and left at the stores ready for us on return. Nothing was to be carried unless it was absolutely necessary. Our helmets were inspected, bombs and ammunition handed round and an hour before the time fixed every man was ready and eager to get away and be through with the dirty work.

After marching a short way we were met by motor busses and when everybody was settled the procession moved away amid farewells of many Imperials and friends the boys had made since coming to that part of the country.

I shall never forget the spirit that existed amongst the men that night ; jokes were flying around, songs were sung, in fact everybody was merry and bright. Could the people of London or of Canada have seen the boys that evening they would have enquired where the picnic was to be held. Our ride eventually came to an end and we proceeded to walk the rest of the way to the trenches. By that time it was raining hard and the journey was anything but pleasant ; to add to our discomfort

the communicating trenches were nearly full of water in some places, which we had to pass through waist high and by the time the front line was reached we were wet through and from the waist down dripping with mud and water. In this comfortable condition it fell to my lot amongst others to take first sentry duty. When I was relieved it was daylight and being very cold and wet I made enquiries as to when the rum was coming along and was glad to find the issue was already taking place. I never remember having a drink which had quite the same effect as that. It was a real life-saver.

During this time the bombardment was in progress and it was a sight to be remembered to see our big shells bursting along the trenches across the way; Fritz must have been feeling pretty bad. By this time a few shells were coming in our direction, mostly well behind the line. As the morning advanced our front line was peppered rather heavily with shrapnel, and it was about this time the casualties commenced; later on I was unfortunately slightly wounded by shrapnel and got my marching orders.

One has to admire the spirit of our men. Think of it; these men, who, in many cases only a few months before were Clerks, Mechanics, Tradesmen, etc, fighting with all the pluck and confidence of soldiers who have had years of training. For the reason, you have not far to look, they volunteered and joined the Canadian Army, not in the strict sense of the word to become soldiers with all the ironbound discipline of the Regular Army, but just to fight in the defence of the Empire and for those that are dear to them, which everybody knows has been done right well as figures speak for themselves.

SPEAKING OF LEAVE, THE FOLLOWING CONVERSATION
WAS OVERHEARD
IN THE NEAR VICINITY OF THE DESPATCH OFFICE.

1st. SOLDAT. — They tell me that the Military Authorities are going to start a Forestry Department.

2nd. SOLDAT. — Forestry Department? What can that be for?

1st. SOLDAT. — To see if they can have more leaves during the next year than they have had in the past.

COME AND SEE THE NEW REVUE !

An all Star Cast

ENTITLED

"DONE IN THE CELLAR"

OR

"They're all There"

RAIN-PROOF !!! BOMB-PROOF !!! ZEPPELIN-PROOF !!!

CHIEF ITEMS .

THE WOOD BUTCHER & HIS BOY, in their highly sensational stunt, "WORK".

THE STATIONARY BOYS, in the world-famous song, "The Lost Paper-clip".

THE FIREMAN, will render the old song, in a new key, "Keep the home fires burning".

The "**QUARTER-BLOKE**", in a screaming farce, entitled, "He's a dangerous man, Sir" & "We'll see it's done at once, Sir".

TYPE-WRITER THE MECHANIC, the novelty of the Season. **Makes the Machine SPEAK !!!**

THE ORDERLY TROUP, whose repertoire includes, "The light that failed", "The soldiers dream" & "If the sergeant swipes your Rhum never mind", and the old familiar chorus, led by Signor Wantabone, entitled, "Working, Working, Working, always..... well Working".

The heart-stirring song, sung by an "**UN-KNOWN**", "**Speak to me, Thora**", makes a hit every time.

The programme concludes with the nightly appearance of "**THE NIGHT STAFF**":

No one knows what they do !!!

ADMISSION FREE. Females, children in arms, and dogs NOT ADMITTED.

VIVENT LES ALLIÉS !

“ SEE FRANCE FIRST. ”

WHY go to Biarritz ? WHY patronise Marienbad ?

Try the CANADIAN BASE DEPOT. !

UMPTEN MILLION FEET ABOVE SEA-LEVEL !

.....

Unparalleled Cuisine.

This fascinating sea-side resort is at present stated by experts to be infinitely more HEALTHY than BADEN or even the Austrian TYROL.

Do YOU suffer from domestic troubles, or from physical or financial DEPRESSION ?

Then GO UP to the “ C. B. D ” and be a true patriot !

SLEEP UNDER CANVAS ! INVIGORATING SEA-BREEZES.

* * * *

Our treatment of MUD-BATHS and WORTHINGTON'S PALE ALE is guaranteed to cure all aches, pains, and even LEAD-SWINGING in it's most acute form.

Your case will be promptly diagnosed, and treatment prescribed by our expert Medical Staff.

.....

SPECIALLY CONDUCTED TOURS TO THE FRONT LINE.

Write for free prospectus to the      
     **PI BETA COMPANY, Sole Prop'rs.**

.....

Under the patronage of His Majesty the King.

LIFE.

I

Something lost -- something gained
 A sacrifice which God ordained.
 Two roads that cross -- two lives that part,
 A tear, a sob, a broken heart.
 And that is life.

II

A window seat, a dreamy song,
 Pink ears that listen, blue eyes that long,
 A thought, a kiss on a faded flower,
 Watching and waiting hour by hour,
 And that is hope.

III

A smile, a blush, a thought, a tear,
 A sweet content, not a single fear,
 A path of roses, a blue, blue sky,
 A passionate kiss, and a smothered cry.
 And that is love.

IV

Remembrance sweet -- a letter read,
 Blind scalding tears, and hope is dead,
 One broken heart -- one life to live,
 To try to forget -- to try to forgive,
 And that is all.

 ORIGINALITY.

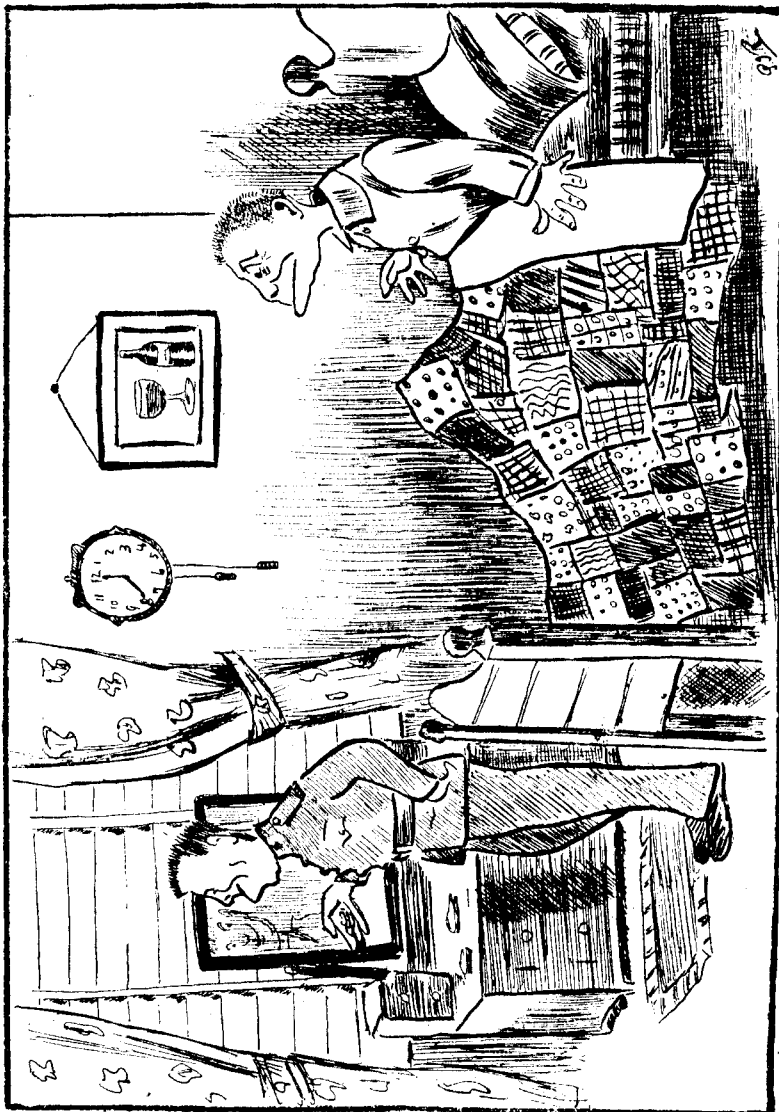
Wild of eye, a man burst into a barber's shop.

« You remember selling me some patent hair restorer last week, you hoary-headed old swindler ? » he roared angrily. « Swore it would restore my head to its original state, didn't you ? »

« And didn't it ? » asked the barber, as he went on shaving another customer calmly.

« Didn't it ? » snorted the enraged man. « You obtained my money under false pretences. Why it even removed the little hair I had left, and now I'm as bald as the pavement ».

« Then there's no false pretence about it » said the barber. « I said it would restore your head to its original state, and you know, Sir, most of us are born bald.



“PLAY TITLES TRAVESTIED” — *The Only Way.*

A JOB FOR SOMEONE.

« I'm not supposed to do that », said he,
 When an extra task he chanced to see ;
 « That's not my job and it's not my care,
 So I'll pass it by and leave it there ».
 And the boss who gave him his weekly pay
 Lost more than his wages on him that day.

« I'm not supposed to do that » he said.
 « That duty belongs to Jim or Fred »,
 So a little task that was in his way
 That he could have handled without delay
 Was left unfinished ; the way was paved
 For a heavy loss that he could have saved.

And time went on and he kept his place
 But he never altered his easy pace ;
 And folks remarked on how well he knew
 The line of tasks he was hired to do ;
 For never once was he known to turn
 His hand to things not of his concern.

But there in his foolish rut he stayed
 And for all he did he was fairly paid,
 But he never was worth a dollar more
 Than he got for his toil when the week was o'er ;
 For he knew too well when his work was through
 And he'd done all he was hired to do.

If you want to grow in this world young man
 You must do every day all the work you can ;
 If you find a task, though it's not your bit,
 And it should be done, take care of it,
 And you'll never conquer or rise if you
 Do only the things you're supposed to do.

Heard in K. R. during a heated discussion on « P. T. » and Nova Scotians.

« What date did that imaginary draft arrive, Pat ? »

CAMP BARBER. — « How would you like your hair cut ? »
 VICTIM. — « Oh, without gas, please ».

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

Beginner. — No, the letters « Spk » are not the initials of the O. R. C. It is an abbreviation of the word « SPEAK » and intimates that the pleasure of your company is probably desired by a higher authority.

A Swede was engaged to collect some outstanding debts for a Doctor. In the evening he came to the Physician's office to make his report. It ran as follows : « Jan Breidjord he pay next week, Olaf Nordforf he pay in two weeks » and so on until he came to Gus. Adolophus and the Doctor was informed that he would pay in February « Pshaw. » snorted the Doctor « He will pay in February, eh ». « Why he never pays ». « Well » replied the Swede « He say it be one D--n cold day when you get your money, so I tank February ».

AGONY COLUMN.

1. « No, Marie, not yet. This suspense is horrible ».
2. « Lamp-Breaker ». Yes that Q. M. S., is still here, but we cannot tell you where he lives. When did you make your « debut ».
3. « Germaine ». Il n'y a rien à faire, mignonne : veux-tu venir me voir le quinze ?
4. « Adrian ». Always stand steady and keep your hand down. Don't move until you get the order.
5. Pierre. Hard Luck, old boy, D--n, those Q. M. S. Canadians. J'ai cassé quatorze becs de gaz hier soir. Yours in captivity. Jean.
6. « Miss Sweeny, Smith Falls, Ont ». No, dear, L/C stands for LANCE/CORPORAL and not Lieutenant Colonel. Yes, I got the stripe with the « New Year Honours ».
7. « Consc. Objector, Pimlico ». Why, you're nothing but a poor, (DELETED BY CENSOR), and if you don't like that you can go and (DELETED BY CENSOR).
8. « Yvonne ». Yes, dear, we shall positively have to buy another clock. Three days this time ! Quelle salle guerre !

OFFICER. — « What idiot told you to bring this paper to me ! ».

N. C. O. — « The Colonel, Sir ».

OFFICER. — « Oh ! Now you will get your leave stopped for calling the Colonel an idiot. »

JEANNE D'ARC.

By far the vast majority of the troops stationed here in Rouen seem to take but little interest in the old history of the town. They see daily the old Cathedral, and all the other architectural wonders of ancient days, but it gives them no thrill to think that they are living and working in a town which some 500 years ago was the scene of stirring events in the history, not of Great Britain, but of Old England, so perhaps this short Historical sketch may awaken in some a little interest in the old relics which surround them.

In the month of July 1415, King Henry V, of England declared war against France, and crossed the Channel in 1600 vessels, with an army of 6000 men-at-arms, and 24,000 archers. Just think of it, 20 men in a boat, and contrast the vast leviathans of the present. The English archers were skilled bowmen, corresponding to our rapid fire riflemen, and their sturdy bows were made from the Yew tree, somewhat similar to our Canadian Hemlock. This army landed at the port of Harfleur, and camped on practically the same ground as is to-day occupied by the British base Depots there. And as in the present time, the H. Q. of the English forces were at Rouen, which soon fell into their hands. This expedition was very successful, and October 1415, King Henry defeated the French in the great battle of Agincourt, and laid the whole of Normandy at his feet. In 1422 he died, leaving the crowns of England and France to his son, who was then too young to govern, so the Regency was confided to the Duke of Bedford. Practically the whole of France was at this time in the hands of the English.

But at this epoch a great female revivalist appeared — not exactly a suffragette, not a leader of women, but a leader of man, in the person of Jeanne d'Arc, a young girl. This young girl was intensely religious, and besides loved her country above all else. She had watched the English little by little overrun it, and she longed to see her countrymen rise up and drive out the invader.

Then a time came when this feeling so took hold of her that she began to see visions, and to receive visits from what she believed to be heavenly messengers. Their message to her was that she was to lead the French Army to victory, and in her religious and patriotic fervour she believed it.

She went to The Dauphin of France, who was then in command of the French Army, and laid her story in front of him. Like many others, and like most of the present day critics, he was inclined to be a little sceptical of her story, but she was so insistent, and seemed so sure of herself, that he was finally persuaded to let her lead his troops, after all, he may have thought, things could not possibly be worse than they are, and there is just a chance that she may be able to do something to help drive out the invaders. Well it was for France that he came to this decision.

The English troops at this time had laid seige to the town of Orleans, and this young girl placed herself at the head of the defending Army. By her courage, her optimism, her apparent sureness of victory, she stimulated the courage of the defenders, and at length the English were obliged to raise the siege. We are told in our Infantry Training that the morale is to the physical as three to one, and it was her spirit and individuality that enthused new life into the hearts of the French, and finally drove the English out of France. True she did not live to see the completion of her work, but as in the case of our Lord Kitchener, her spirit lived on after her, and so filled the French Armies with confidence and hope, that they were irresistible.

The end of the Maid of Orleans, as the French people love to call their heroine, was a sad one, and one that was to the everlasting shame of the English of that day. She was finally caught by the English, and imprisoned in Rouen, in the old Chateau. There, one can see to this day the « Tour Jeanne d'Arc » in which she was a prisoner. After being there for about a year, she was tried by a joint court of the English and French authorities and was condemned to be burned at the stake as a witch.

Thus died France's great heroine and liberatress, a victim of French ingratitude and English hatred. But she died only in body. Phœnix-like there rose from the flames of her funeral pile, the spirit of liberty, and it is her spirit that is animating the French troops at the front to-day. It was her spirit that inspired the heroic defence of Fort-Vaux, before Verdun. It was her memory that was ever with the brave Poilus as they swept all before them in the magnificent advance on the Somme. And her Spirit will drive the hated Boche out of France ere long.

Any one who cares to spend an hour or two in a pleasant walk and see for himself the old tower in which the Maid of Orleans was impris-

soned and can also visit the spot where she died so pitiful but so glorious a death. And it will give added satisfaction to be able to tell the folks that she animates « La Belle France ».



OU EST LE QUARTERBLOKE

Found in the toe of a pair of « issue » socks.

TUNE « THE ROSARY ».

The time I've spent on these 'ere socks,
Is like a thousand years to me.
Dear lad ; How do they look to thee ?
Thy hosiery ; thy hosiery.

Oh ; maddening stitches, plain and purl,
How oft they've made my poor head whirl,
For men must fight, — I'm but a girl,
And so I'm knitting socks for thee.

My mother taught me how to knit.
I hope with all my heart, they fit.
If not as socks, — well, as a mitt,
Or pass them — thy hosiery.

Angus Mc Intyre HOOD.

K. L.

Pointers from Potsdam.

Old Kaiser Wilhelm was cursing
Cursing by night and by day,
To his Headquarters staff all around him,
These beautiful words he did say :

Put the British in Hell by the Million
For 'tis they that have brought me so low,
And then Count Zeppelin can carry me
To London as Boss of the show.

It's a dream, Oh mein Kaiser said Hindie
It's the navy that's struck you the blow,
With no sausage nor sauerkraut nor lager
Can you wonder my soldiers are slow.

Send them up with polony inside them
And twenty-four lagers or so,
And nothing on earth will stop them
When they're «tanked», they are beggars to go.

Then Tirpitz got up in his anger —

Mein submarines, where they all go ?
Ach Himmel, and then, Donner blitzen,
They gave them no sort of a show.

Then give me ten years or a life time
Twelve Krupp works, ten Beardmores or so,
And perhaps I will then beat that navy
That shattered our hopes at a blow.

Willie the younger then started :
Mein vater I'd like you to know
At Verdun I licked the French hollow
And you know I'm not given to crow.

They came back, Oh Herr Kaiser, in thousands,
And I never reeled under the blow,
But just ran like the mischief for shelter,
And I had a long way to go.

Gott strafe the British and Frenchmen,
Russians, Italians also,
They were beaten if only they'd know it,
But all in the same boat they row.

Now they've licked us on land and on ocean
We'd just like to call it a go,
But the murderous villains won't let us,
They won't stop until they drive us below.

And then when we land safe in Hades,
Old Nick we can easy o'erthrow,
He's as green as the grass in the Springtime
Ten thousand new tricks we'll him show.

We can show him what happened in Belgium,
And then he will see he's been slow,
He wont fight, but just yield when he sees us —
We're sure of a welcome below.

MESS CALL. — A wild scramble, which takes place three times a day, is caused by this call. Used to fill the inner man and is about as much use as filling a basket with water.

MATCH. — An almost priceless article, as valued by the E. F. C. A remarkable thing about them is that the heavy end is the light end.

N. C. O. — A very common or garden animal found in Europe, and around public houses. Imbued with the idea of its own importance. Its chief occupation is talking, which it does in a language all its own. Is a great ruler.

K. L.

The Revised Commandments.

And he dived into the bowels of the earth, and there discovered the Laws & Commandments, which thou shalt take to heart and diligently follow :

I

Thou shalt obey the laws of the prophets as contained in K. R. & O. and divers other books having unwavering faith in them and in the justice of thy superiors, for some must rule and others obey. May be thy master appeareth severe to thee but thou shalt obey him with cheerfulness, bearing thy sorrows and afflictions with good cheer, knowing he cannot live for ever. Thy S. M. is placed in authority over thee because of his special and peculiar abilities. Him shalt thou also obey, excusing him for many things, for he is a married man.

II

A trumpet sound shall each morning warn thee, and shouldst thou hear it and be unable to reach the appointed place in time, then shalt thou immediately report thyself to the M. O. for thou shalt not be late, or peradventure thou shalt visit the Beak, who from his throne will say unto thee : — « Thou sluggard, why art thou late? » If thou givest him a reply, then shalt thou be sharply dealt with. but shouldst thou plead guilty then shalt thou be reprov'd or fined and confined in billets where thou wilt be under direction and rise at six am. each morning.

III

Thou shalt polish brightly thy buttons and badges for this is of necessity a wonderful and marvellous performance. For shouldst thou be in battle the brightness of the buttons will blind the enemy's eyes, and his aim shall be spoilt thereby, so that his bullets will pass thee by unharmed.

IV

Thou shalt also polish thy boots. for peradventure thy inspecting officer desireth to behold his countenance, and this is of a wonderful and fearful nature.

V

Shouldst thou not have done these things, and be reprov'd, thou shalt not seek to excuse thyself, for thereby thou only makest thy officer

angry, more especially if he suffereth, for thou knowest not with what devil he contended the night before.

VI

Thou shalt at all times carry thy pass with thee for it may be that thou wilt run into the hands of the Philistines, who will demand some of thee, and if thou art not able to produce thy pass then shalt thou be placed under arrest and thy master informed so that he may chastise thee according to the enormity of thy offence.

VII

Thou shalt at all times return to thy house before ten o'clock of the night, except on one night of each week, when if thou desireth, thy master will accord thee permission to recreate thyself at the theatre, but shouldst thou have appeared before him thou shalt not be awarded this « prize for good boys ».

VIII

Thou shalt not indulge in strong liquors, but shalt at all times conduct thyself in seemly manner, for strong liquors taketh away the senses and blessed be he that continually remaineth sober. Solomon hath said in his Proverbs « Give strong liquor unto him that is of a heavy heart so that he may forget his troubles and remember then no more », but my beloved, thou in thy present sphere are the happiest of mortals and therefore needest not strong liquors. Peradventure if thou indulgest, thou shalt again fall into the hands of the Philistines and be confined in a dungeon and suffer divers pains and agonies in divers ways and there shall be no Good Samaritan near-by to succour thee.

IX

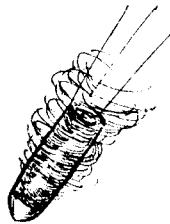
Thou shalt not visit the many places of amusement that are « defendu » in this modern city of Babylon, neither shalt thou buck M.F's for I their sergeant am all powerful.

X

Thou shalt at all times humbly acknowledge thy master and his steward and wilt not speak to any men concerning their many ways for this is strictly against the laws of the Medes and Persians, and wilt lead thee into many troubles, turning the hand of thy master and his steward

against thee, for it is spoken « They shall not be provoked ». In whatever way they desireth service of thee thou shalt cheerfully obey for it is for thy benefit and what appeareth better than a clean desk and cleanly articles to do thy labours with.

Now, these are the laws given to thee, and he that doeth these things cheerfully shall be rewarded but he that doeth not these lawfully appointed things shall suffer according to places properly appointed for evildoers.



SOMEWHERE
IN FRANCE
VACANCY WILL
SOON be CREATED
for a typist of
Exceptional ability
Expenses paid
TRIP to Blighty
certain
Present typist
getting old
Been on Service
since the beginning
of the GREAT WAR



EVERY OPPORTUNITY
for an early rise

Candidates must
supply their own
'Keatings' and
must be able
to eat meal tickets.

Apply in KAHKI at
Reinforcement camp
in your district . . .
Conducting Draft Officer
will do the rest

THE KEY BOARD

will it register?

dash 7

DOG WATCH YARNS BY THE MARINER

I remember a very serious incident said the mate of the S. S. « Nonsuch » as we sat in his berth yarning. It was in the second dog watch and we were lying off the port of Callao waiting for the water boat. The « hombres » were working cargo when suddenly one of them caught a rat. He threw it over the side naturally wishing to end its career. End it! Not a bit of it. That rat just made for the nearest seagull and killed it with a nip in the throat. All hands stopped work and watched with breathless interest. He then hoisted one wing as a sail and, utilizing the other as a rudder set sail for home and beauty.

I can beat that said the Chief. One afternoon whilst making up for Alexandria in the old « Woodside » a swarm of locusts dropped on the ship, ate all the canvas and a lot of the wood-work before they were dislodged. However we made the best of things and made port next morning. Whilst going up to the ship's officer in company with the skipper, would you believe it, but we saw the same swarm of locusts all dressed in canvas suits and wooden buttons, with the name of the ship S. S. « Woodside » neatly painted on them. This was too much and the meeting dispersed in a state of exhaustion.

Departed Heroes.

O Canada's sons answered well to the call,
 They thought of their Homeland, of self not at all,
 And many sailed out from that far distant shore,
 Leaving dear ones behind they would see never more.
 We honour the boys who Death's portals have passed,
 They died as they lived, true as steel to the last,
 And may the Recorder a like record see,
 When the last post has sounded for you and for me,

There's one who went forth, war's great lesson to learn,
 Tho he knew that for him there would be no return.
 When wounded and weary he stood by his gun,
 Exacting grim toll from the treacherous Hun.

The Seaforths will tell, their hearts swelling with pride,
 How bravely he fought and how nobly he died.
 And the name of Will Owen remembered shall be,
 In the land of Vancouver across the deep sea.
 And there is another — just one of the best,
 How dauntless the spirit that glowed in his breast ;
 How gay was his laughter thro all the hot strife,
 Till death called a halt to the gallant young life.
 Mid fierce fires, defying the foeman he stood ;
 Next moment he fell as he cleared the dark wood.
 And the charge of « Pete » Johnstone remembered shall be,
 When the bugles are calling, bold Seaforths to thee.
 There 's one we recall for whom each Seaforth grieves,
 Whose white locks lie low, beneath brown autumn leaves,
 He smiled on the comrades who fought by his side,
 And many for him would most gladly have died.
 In a far-away home, by a grey mountain track,
 They weep for a boy who will never come back ;
 And dear little Stroyan remembered shall be,
 While the Blue-Bells of Scotland grow down by the Dee.
 The Seaforths' brave Captain has earned his long rest,
 His sword by his side and a cross on his breast.
 His men miss the voice they will ne'er hear again,
 That cheered the long march thro' the fast falling rain.
 They tell of his courage in camp and in field,
 He fought a good fight, he could die — but not yield,
 And true-hearted Fleming remembered shall be,
 While the « Starlight » still lingers on meadow and lea.
 O men of the Seaforths, you're ready as they,
 In war's great adventure the last price to pay,
 So mourn not the comrades now passed on before,
 They have given their best, England asks for no more.
 Then calm let them sleep beneath each grassy mound,
 Till Gabriel's trumpet « Reveille » shall sound,
 For all our loved heroes remembered shall be,
 When the Roll Call is read by the fair crystal Sea.

« News From Here and There ».

The rumour, that the Canadian Forestry Corps is conducting operations in the Jardin des Plantes, has been proven without foundation.

Private Towley-Burner wished us to state that his health shews decided improvement since trying the « early-to-bed early-to-rise » treatment.

Let us hope that his testimony, combined with the old proverb, will be of use to some others we know who suffer from the same complaint.

An indignant letter has been received from one of our correspondents, who, on applying to the « Quarter-Bloke », for « Laces, Shoe, 1 », was curtly, even acidly informed.

« Wha-dye-draw-yer-Field-Allowance-for ».

A weird sight was recently presented to the view of the astonished natives in the rue d'Elbeuf, and much excitement caused by the arrival from leave of one of our Anzac friends, who reported back from leave leading a large but docile goat.

Our friend was unable to state when, where, or under what authority this animal joined his establishment.

A strong rumour is being circulated to the effect that the « Brasswork Parades » are to be discontinued in the near future. This news will undoubtedly be received with general regret.

Dictionary of War Terms.

Fall in. — Two words heard in connection with « Jump to it ». Used in all Camps and Barracks. This call is never heard by the men until it is called seven times.

Fatigue. — Over seventy five thousand occupations come under this heading. Much sought after by all soldiers (I don't think). Special clothes are made to soak up the sweat, called Fatigue clothes.

This is a French word meaning « Tired », and is very well lived up to.

Fire Call. — A much dreaded incident in Army life. Comes always at most unexpected times, generally in the middle of the night. Cussed very plentifully when it is a false alarm.

Guard. — A man with a gun. He stands up for two hours, then sits down for four, but never sleeps. He is pitied by many, but cussed by those who come in late.

German. — An animal found in large numbers in Germany and U. S. A. The males live in trenches, and live on meal coupons. An order has been issued, that all are to be exterminated as soon as possible.

Halt. — A Scotch word used to stop the movements of men. Some Sergeants have a rough voice and can stop a clock.

- Holiday.** — This is here by mistake, as it has nothing to do with Army life.
- Hell.** — A summer resort. Said by some to be at the Front and by some in Hamilton. It is a neutral country, as we send the Germans there.
- Infantry.** — A men's society formed principally for the purpose of crushing gravel, and wearing out roads.
- Inoculation.** — A new stunt of Army Doctors. Supposed to prevent consumption, conscription, spring halt, and several other impossibilities. Cannot prevent thirst.
- Jane.** — Every soldier has one of these. They are almost as common as Ford Cars. Our S. M. has a beauty.
- Jake.** — A word originated in Ottawa by Sam Shoes as a means for his Army to express its appreciation of all the good things he has given them.
- Jam.** — An after supper dainty or dessert, goes well with cheese. It HAS to go well with cheese.
- Kit.** — A miscellaneous collection of soldier's clothing and junk packed into the smallest possible space. Proved beyond all doubt to increase in weight, according to the distance carried.
- Lance Corporal.** — An imitation non-commissioned officer.
- Last Post.** — Our boys, when coming home from town, generally have to lean on every post they come to. On reaching camp they lie down and sleep at the - Last Post.
- Lights Out.** — A well known lullaby song. Played to hush soldiers to sleep.
- Money.** — From the old Greek-Spondulicks. Used among soldiers for borrowing and lending purposes. Seen occasionally in large quantities. Evaporates on coming into contact with town or village atmosphere.

Overheard in the *Modern Restaurant* :

- 1st CANADIAN. — Where is the Theatre Français ?
- 2nd CANADIAN. — Down by the market.
- 1st CANADIAN. — What market ?
- 2nd CANADIAN. — The market where Joan of Arc was burnt.
- 1st CANADIAN. — Oh you mean that place where the « Grand Trunk freightsheds are ?

(*Seems to us we used to hear of a place called Canada, years ago.*)

GOD SPEED

Many of us remember the gallant hero to whom the following letter was addressed. Same is printed by special request and at a tremendous cost.

(ED :— Let me see the books, boys.)

To :— « A BRAVE SOLDAT »,

(With apologies to 1st, 2nd and 3rd Divisions)

The gallant O. R. C. of the « Safety First » Battn.,
Brigade No. 41144, 23rd Contingent, FRANCE.

« DEAR WARRIOR,

« Good old Demosthenes, the Classic Philosopher, with lantern in hand, went through Ancient Greece in search of an « Honest Man »; We, the Slackers at the Base (most of us wounded, disabled soldiers of the 1st, 2nd and 3rd Canadian Divisions), have found such a man, with the added virtue of *bravery*, who fearing naught « The cannon's open roar », and with the banner of « Excelsior » nobly flying in the warlike breeze, slopes arms (Typewriter and B 103) and proceeds to the *front to fight for us. C'est ça ... fight for us.*

« How our hearts thrill with emotion when we talk of the self sacrificing heroism, such glorious valour, such unstinted Loyalty to King and Country, and such elusive evasion of the Claws of *conscriptio*n by enlisting in the *safety first contingent*. What pangs of manly fear must arise in your warlike bosom when you realize that the war is going to last longer than you had anticipated when you, at last, enlisted; but even though, hero, you are (contrary to your expectations) really going to the front, rest happy in the sublime thought that your Battles will be fought on the Typewriter in your comfortable little Battalion Orderly Room, several miles from these *nasty J. J.* of which you have such a wholesome fear. If, however, the strain of the front should be too much for your jaded nerves, just go into the garden in front of your Headquarters and step on a worm, then report to the nearest Dressing Station (a place for wounded and sick).

» We, the boys of the K. X. wish you Godspeed in this terrible, bloody, though heroic undertaking, and trust that when you return to civilization onee more, your egotistic eyes will have been opened and you will « Look before you leap » and learn even as a « Pen-pusher » at the Front, what it means to be a *man*.

« In conclusion allow us to quote old Bobbie Burns' little verse :—

« Oh wad some power the giftie gie us,
Tae see oursel'se as ithers see us ».

« (Being a brave Highlander you will overlook our poor Scotch, what ?)

« LOVINGLY, *The Section* ».

LOOK ! LISTEN ! LOOK !!

Opportunity knocks but once.

Young men, old men, P. B's, and knuts



Are you dissatisfied with your present social status !

IT'S SO EASY TO ALTER IT !

Do you want to have **BETTER** Prospects,
BETTER Pay, **BETTER** Food,

In fact we give you **A RISE** in the **WORLD**.

BLANKETS ON THE HIGHER SYSTEM

Enlist to day in **CANADIAN** Scottish, and get a boost in life.

DO IT NOW !!

MAKE A BULL - And we'll do the rest.

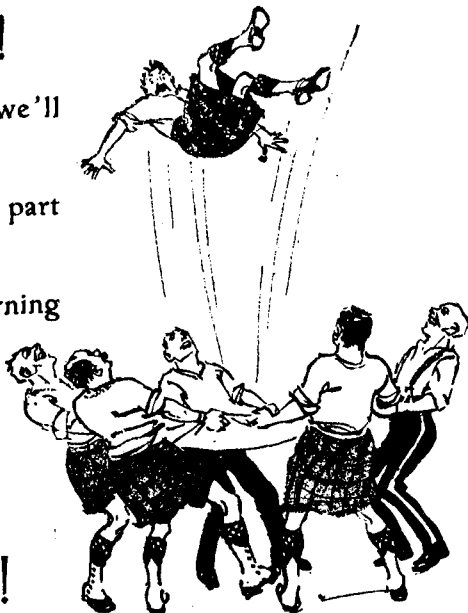
Trains leave Daily for any part of the front.

No need of having that "Morning after feeling".

Seaforth's Patent.

Propulsion makes you fall lighter than air.

DO IT NOW !



ADVERTISEMENTS

For **Dentistry**, go to

KAYSEE & Coy

for extractions.

The only painless extraction in the city. No cash taken. Your indent is good.

GAS USED IN LARGE QUANTITIES!!
and handed out by *Experts.*

Everything carefully filed before extracting.

Try us once and you will come again!!!!

WANTED

GOOD WATCH-DOG, to accompany an orderly-officer on his rounds. Must be amenable to discipline, used to Buglers and other necessary evils, and warranted not to eat the Q.M.'s sling belt.

Only « **P.B.** » need apply.

FOUND !!!

Between Canadian Section and the Brasserie Paul, on New Years Eve, 1 Bottle, half-full.

Contents have been used to defray expenses.

Bottle can be had on application to I.M. Dryasell, c/o Editor.

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Visit the Swiss Chalet and see Hill 60. Daily tours to the Quayside. You may come back and you may not. You, will speedily lose that blase feeling, and also support a wounded hero.

Apply to :

No 13. Rue de l'Etoile Blanche