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No. 6.

12th JULY, 1917.

Price 2d.

ON GUARD.

"COME and cut for your shift on guard." It was soon done—Dick got the joker and first choice—the next two a five and six respectively; while I got in second after all with a ten. Which shift? Dick chose 3 to 6. Well, if a chap likes to get up at 3 a.m. and light the cooks' fires, it's his own funeral I suppose; though after all there may be method in his madness. Anyway, 6 to 9 for me, even if it does mean answering questions from every passer-by at night and fruitlessly trying to keep the goat (who ought to have been mulligan long ago) from chewing the motor cycles in the morning. "Don't let the goat put his foot on the carburettor" were the last instructions—and I am supposed to be guarding valuable lives!

"Say, chum, I've got a letter here to Corporal Button, at your bath house. Think I can get a bath from him? Just come down from the line." He looked as if he had, too. He is reassured. "Go right in and speak to him, if he is still there—little round man—can't miss him." He goes and is followed by two officers, who enquire for the baths, and if we have any nurses attached. Off they go with visions of porcelain-lined pools of limpid water and swiftly repressed longings for the shower and plunge of far-off days in B.C.; but they are sent to the zinc tubs, which are the envy of less favoured ambulances. A man with a cut finger—two others demanding the dentist—crowds asking for the canteen, and is the beer in? And a sentry is not to enter into conversation! Just my luck to have a fine night for guard and no rum ration. What a war it is and why did I enlist?

The gay little Frenchman, who keeps the store opposite, comes out and makes a remark, which, except for its friendly tone, more resembles a machine-gun firing than words meant to be understood by mortal man. Constant reference is made in the papers to the conversational adaptability of the British soldier in an alien tongue, so I reply bravely, "Mais oui, M'sieu, in bong nuit." He returns abashed, and a long silence settles down upon the little street. The Estaminet lights go out, and a trooping crowd goes home. It is eight o'clock; one line more. Peace, or what would be peace were it not for the roar at regular intervals that betokens what Madame, who behind me, as she throws a dish of water just past my head, calls "beaucoup bombarde."

First post! Last post! Relief at last!

Dear Mr. Editor, "N.Y.D."

I have had three husbands killed in action in the war. Tom was killed early in 1915, Dick in 1916, and Harry in 1917. Can I draw three pensions from the Government?—LILLIAN GRABUM.

Dear Lil,

We are inclined to think that you can. Keep the good work up and you'll soon be in the Ruckerfeller Class.—THE EDITOR.



Don S., '17

You talk of your "ten inch sensations." Its got nothing on the sensation you get when you go to meet your best girl, dressed in hospital blue. Wow!

A LITTLE BIT OF HADES.

Just a little bit of Hades fell from out of the sky one day,
And landed in old Flanders, in a spot not far away;
And when the devil saw it through the shrapnel-sprinkled air,
He said, "I guess I'll leave it, it will make them mad for fair."
So he sprinkled it with star lights, with barbed wire and with shell,
And here and there a dead man, so the place would surely smell,
Then he bounded it with trenches which were made of Belgian sand,
And when he had it finished, sure, he called it "No Man's Land."

Sung to the tune of "A Little Bit of Heaven."

LITANY OF THE FRENCH POILU.

Of two things one is certain: either you're mobilized or you're not mobilized;
If you're not mobilized, there is no need to worry.
If you are mobilized—
Of two things one is certain: either you're behind the lines or you're on the front;
If you're behind the lines, there is no need to worry.
If you're on the front—
Of two things one is certain: either you're resting in a safe place or you're exposed to danger;
If you're resting in a safe place, there is no need to worry.
If you're exposed to danger—
Of two things one is certain: either you're wounded or you're not wounded;
If you are not wounded, there is no need to worry.
If you are wounded—
Of two things one is certain: either you're wounded seriously or you're wounded slightly;
If you're wounded slightly, there is no need to worry.
If you're wounded seriously—
Of two things one is certain: either you recover or you die;
If you recover, there is no need to worry;
If you die—you can't worry.

LEAVE WANTED.

A young sapper was marched into the office with a telegram in his hand, and weeping bitterly. The telegram was handed across to the O.C. and he read it aloud: "Sister Mary died this morning," at which the bereaved sapper wept afresh.

"Has your sister been ill very long," inquired the O.C.

Signs of slight uneasiness on the part of the sapper, but the ready reply—punctuated with sobs—

"No, sir."

"When did you see your sister last?" was the chief's next question.

Increasing signs of uneasiness, and some hesitation—

"I've never seen her, sir."

The O.C. gasped, the Orderly Officer gasped, the Orderly Sergeant wrinkled his brow, and all looked towards the O.C. inquiringly.

"How old is your sister?" queried the O.C. sternly.

The sapper steadied himself for a moment before he replied—

"Four days, sir."

The Iodine Chronicle

Printed by kind permission of Lt.-Col. R. P. WRIGHT, D.S.O.

MANAGING EDITOR: Major George J. Boyce.

NEWS EDITOR: Sergt. J. H. Paulding.

No. 12.

12th JULY, 1917.

AU REVOIR.

IT is with deep regret that we announce the departure of the late Editor of the "N.Y.D." who has gone to the Officers' Training School in England for the purpose of taking a commission in the Canadian Infantry. We wish him every success and we know that he will always be missed by his friends in old No. 1, and that our loss will be gain to the battalion in which his lot will be cast.

Corpl. R. O. Spreckley was the founder of the "Iodine Chronicle," and when the papers of Nos. 1, 2 and 3 Field Ambulances were merged into the "N.Y.D.," he took up the duties of Editor-in-Chief of the new paper.

He was one of the pioneers of trench journalism, the "Iodine Chronicle" being the second paper published by the Canadian Forces in the field. He threw himself wholly in the task of making it a success, easily surmounting the many difficulties that beset his path in gathering news and having the paper printed.

You can realize the amount of work that this must have entailed when you consider the many duties of a corporal on active service, yet he always managed to do both and the result is that our paper stands in the front rank of trench journals and in the archives of the British Museum will go down through the coming years a standing tribute to his unceasing labours.

It now devolves upon us to keep up the standard he has set us of clean humour, snappy and original news of life at the front.

We extend to Corpl. Spreckley "God Speed" and our best wishes in his new vocation, hoping he will return to Canada after the war with honours and distinction.

"CORN" Evans, the great Arctic explorer, returns to France.

After nearly eighteen months of absence Corn Evans, our great explorer, has rejoined our unit.

Our reporter interviewed him in his comfortable dug-out behind the firing line, but before relating any of his experiences he bound our reporter over not to repeat any items of news which he might impart to him during the interview which would prove of military value to the enemy.

After the oath was duly administered in the lid of a mess-tin (no glass being available) the great man related a few of his thrilling experiences whilst sojourning with the Aldiborontiphosconian tribes of the Arctic circle.

He left Pokiok in the good ship Hampton, which he had over-hauled and refitted with apparatus to enable him to travel across the ice when he reached the great barriers of the North. He took with him a consignment of peppermints, Quigley's chewing gum and souvenirs of the great war, for distribution among the Esquimaux.

On reaching the Pole he was greatly surprised to find the missing German

submarine Bremen enclosed within an iceberg, but after three months' hard work he succeeded in salvaging her. He towed her across the barrier as far as Baffin Land, but had the misfortune to strike thin ice, the submarine went through, the tow line parted, and the Bremen now lies at the bottom of the strait.

He also assures us that the Esquimaux Navy is still doing business and denies the rumour that Hetham von Bollweg has bought it up for use against the Allies.

In our next issue we hope to give a graphic account of how he climbed the North Pole and removed the Pole Star so as to confound the enemy on his next night march.

Mr. Evans is keeping well, and we hope that he will decide to stay with us for a while. He was deeply grieved when he found how many of his old associates had gone down the line, but there were still enough of us oldtimers to give him a hearty welcome back to Old No. 1.

R. J. R.

CHOP-SUEY.

On the canteen gramophone one hears of the "British Artillery" driving their cattle with a rattle into battle. We have suspicions that some of the bully-beef manufacturers also take some of the same noble quadrupeds for cattle and can them accordingly.

"Yes," said the reinforcement "I've heard of Ally Sloper, but who is this Alley Toot-Sweet one hears of so often."

N.C.O. at the Divisional Baths, "How much have we got, Bill."

"Two gallons."

"That's heaps, we've only got one battalion coming to-day."

Who are the biggest grafters in the army?

The cyclists, because they are always ped(a)lling.

Who was the man who said that he knew that they were taking photographs in the Fritzzy aeroplanes over our heads, because he heard the click of the camera?

RUMOURS, IDLE RUMOURS.

That Canadians are undisciplined.

That soldiers at the front pronounce the name of a certain town—Wipers.

That the St. Lawrence River is going to have a rubber bottom. Why?

That because a man is a Canadian he always has *beaucoup monnaie*.

That the delegates in the C.A.S.C. have strawberry jam every day instead of plum and marmalade. (They don't get strawberry every day, they vary the diet with blackberry and raspberry).

That the First Canadians were all going to be issued with sandals.

That our aeroplanes are going to carry lights when going over the line at night in order to kid Fritzzy into thinking that they are shooting stars.

That the old 32's are going back to Canada for a rest.

"A" SECTION NOTES.

"A" Section has lost two more of its oldtime N.C.O.'s, S/Sgt. Smith and Sgt. Crozier, having both left for England, where they intend taking up commissions in the Canadian Infantry. The good wishes of the boys go with them and all hope to see them as officers soon.

Corpls. Garnett and Fletcher to Sgts. The boys are well pleased with these promotions, but are sorry that it means their transfer to another section, but that is not so bad as having to leave our unit altogether.

That Ticket:—

Then—Anyone might but P. D. Wood.

Now—Anyone would but P. D. did.

(Compre that).

BLUFF.

On route marches young Private —
Walks with a sprightly step,
He never seems to get fagged out,
He always has a lot of pep.
You ask the reason why he has this very
useful knack,

This very useful knack,
One air cushion (inflated well)
He carries in his pack.

It sure was a jake old cellar;
I never had use for the brewers,
Thus spoke a rabid T.T.,
When billeted within the vaults
Of an old brasserie.
But ne'ertheless I must confess,
When shells fly helter-skelter
The cellars of old Mister Bung
Afford a "tres-bon" shelter.

SOME BOTTLE.

The incinerator at one of our main dressing stations was working overtime, and blood-stained bandages, fragments of red-dyed clothing, bully-beef cans, broken bottles and a dozen etceteras were burning in the interest of neatness, order and sanitation. Suddenly there was a loud explosion, bricks and other debris was thrown helter-skelter, but as if by a miracle it transpired that no one was hurt. Some careless delegate had evidently placed a portion of an overcoat on the fire in the pocket of which was a Mills' bomb.

The deadly silence that immediately followed the loud report was broken by the shrill wee voice of Private McInness venturing the plaintive remark:—

"A bottle must hae bairst." It was some bottle alright.

LAYS OF A LINSEED LANCER No. 1.

THERE'S something in the atmosphere,
There's an odour in the air,
I wonder if its chicken
Or stew of Belgian hare.
Oh, we would dearly love a change,
Our vigour to renew,
For we're living all the blessed time
On old "Pop" Mean's Stew.

R. J. R.

REMEMBRANCES.

SINCE our last number appeared I have been reminded of the fact that we are a little more than two years at the front without being at any time very far out of the shell area.

Last night I went back in memory over the old trail and saw some of the places and a few of the faces that we used to know.

I saw the farm in which we spent our first night and heard again our O.C. inform us on how we must conduct ourselves as soldiers of a great nation towards the civilians with whom we were to be billeted, and of our great disappointment. I remembered how anxiously we watched for the first time the star-shells and listened to the booming of the guns.

Then the other farm where we had a "spy scare" every night and where two of our own boys were brought in as spies. How we laughed.

I remembered the wash-house where in our few hours off duty we used to help the French girls to wash clothes for the very novelty of the thing and where we used to have our bath in the canal near by.

And the school-house where we held the first boxing-match and had our first lot of N.C.O.'s made in France.

I recalled the school-house where we received our first batch of reinforcements and Corpl. Moss.

Then came the remembrance of our first big action where we saw a famous city shelled and ravished by fire.

And the school play-ground where we were thanked and complimented on our good work by a "Brass Hat."

Then the march to the farm where we rested for a few days and the bivouacs in the orchard and the chateau where the boys had some good fishing.

Then the field across the road from the estaminet with the "barrel organ," where we had a concert and debate under the trees and *R. J. bought the barrel of beer.*

The sandpits where we burrowed into the sides and discovered a new medical practitioner in our unit.

The midnight call to the front, the orchard where we rested after the battle and ate strawberries and cream.

The long night marches to the field where we played ball, and where we watched a village shattered by German long-range guns.

Then came memories of the first town in which we were billeted and where we spent our first Christmas in France.

Then the village where we found a house that was not an estaminet where we could spend the evening.

And I remembered the mill where we made the acquaintance of "Big Lizzie," and where Fritz interrupted the rum issue.

The railroad siding and rest camp where our R.S.M. left us to take up the commission which he now holds and where Billy Button said good bye to the unit on his departure for home.

Then the long three days march to the pastures where we toughened up for our part in last year's Big Push.

Many of the men who were with us then have gone "down the line," wounded and shattered in nerve and limb. To them we say we will perhaps meet again and to those who have crossed the Great Divide, we bow our heads and murmur *Requiescat in Pace.*

EDITOR.

NOON AND NIGHT.

NOON.

'Tis bright nigh noon on a autumn day,
How gaily the bands and the pipers play,
As Canadian lads march on their way,
To join the victorious Army.

Gallant youths and veterans old,
See them wearing their stripes of gold,
For they fought thro' the heat, the rain
and the cold,
In our grim old Ypres Army.

Troop by troop pass up the road,
Bucks unbent 'neath their heavy load,
They need no whip nor tyrant's goad,
As they march on to join the Army.

On they march with heads held high,
Song on lips and smile in eye,
No thought of to-night be it do or die,
They'll fight in Britain's Army.

With rhythmic tread they march along,
With cheery jest and rousing song,
Business-like and brave and strong,
The flower of Canada's Army.

NIGHT.

Softly, silently thro' the night,
Cars slip pass in the pale moonlight,
Bearing the lads who were maimed in fight,
In our great victorious Army.

Car after car comes down the road,
Each one bearing its precious load
Of lads who passed us so lately strode,
As they went up to join the Army.

Lifted out tenderly, borne inside,
They show their wounds with honest pride,
At Mouquet Farm they stemmed the tide,
Of the Kaiser's mighty Army.

Up on the hillside still they lie,
Lads who passed so lately by,
With song on lip and smile in eye,
But they'll fight no more in the Army.

Canuck and Anzac lie side by side,
With men who once were the Kaiser's pride,
But their souls have crossed the Great
Divide,
To the ranks of the Deathless Army.

HARRY W. CLARKE.

M.T. NOTES.

Hank Ford, the M.T. Sgt.'s nightmare.

"Ritchy" claims that the barber business is on the bum. Is it really true that he has had his towels washed?

Did "Mack" make enough on the house game to buy boots for the baby?

Is it true that "Strikey" has discarded his bell-hops uniform?

Is a car under perfect control when it skids twenty feet and then knocks a house down at the end of its skid? Our corporal says it is.

Wanted, an improved monkey wrench, our corporal is a Knut.

"Thank Ford for all my troubles," the Sergeant.

A poser for Euclid, if an Austin can carry six patients and two drivers, why is it that the "big" car can only carry two patients and eight drivers?

Where was the sergeant when the shell landed? Down a deep d—, no we won't tell.

Wanted, a straight forward man to hold stakes.

The M.T. have had considerable trouble with their "talking machine" lately, but after overhauling it they have succeeded in making a new machine out of it. Of course it required a lot of patience, but with the help of their "skilled mechanic" they have got it going again.

It starts at 7 a.m. and its beautiful tone increases in volume until about

11 p.m. when it ceases and the night-watchman beguiles the weary hours of night lubricating it for the following day.

Its favourite tune is, "Who owns the Air."

P.S.—We will exchange same for a decent frying pan.

SCOTTY'S STRIPE.

SINCE Scotty Woods has got a stripe,
He don't know what to do;
He swanks about in broad daylight,
Right in the public view.

But what a change comes o'er him.
You may not think it's true;
How quickly he can disappear,
When there's any work to do.

R. J. R.

THINGS THAT WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW.

When "Sid" sewed the red tabs on a certain tunic, did anyone get fooled?

Who was the man who filled the oil stove with gasoline?

Who was the man who filled the same with aqua pura? Why not try them mixed?

Who cut the postman's hair?
Who was the member of the A.O.B. who spent half an hour cleaning the wrong pair of boots?

What did the Corporal say on the first of April when "Shorty Bogues" fooled him?

Who took the Sgt.-Major as a "hunch" on the crown and anchor board?

Who taught the incinerator man to cook?

How did Shorty Cornish see the crown and anchor game? With a periscope of course?

When will the Sub-editor get another pass? We refuse to answer.

What happened to Guy Daye when he tried to clean the chicken?

Who told the Q.M.S. that he could play cards?

Boys in the Q.M. stores would like to know why Fatty Revell is losing his hair?

At what time will the seven o'clock parade be held to-morrow morning?

For Sale, a five dollar postal order, apply Pte. Pegg.

Who was the delegate that tried to pass off McDonald's smoking as chewing on our staff-sergeant, a new recruit to the chewers section?

Who was the officer who lost his revolver and thought he got the best of it because he refused to buy it back?

How much does a thousand dollars in gold weigh? Ask the Q.M.

THIS IS POETRY.

SOME sing of a life on the ocean wave,
A life on the deep rolling sea;
I'll stick to my life in a dug-out,
For stray shells are "No-bon" to me.

KOLDPHEET.

"C" SECTION NOTES.

Old "C" Section now has a Red, two Browns, a Black and a White to say nothing of a Pinky. Talk about a coloured supplement.

THE SPLINT RECORD

(Printed by kind permission of Major J. J. FRASER, Officer Commanding.)

B. E. F.

No. 8. EDITOR: Captain J. H. Wood.

12th JULY, 1917.

NEWS EDITOR: Sergt. H. Macdonald.

EDITORIAL.

ONCE again we are all ready for hard work and also a great many have been infected with "Spring Fever." We see the boys out getting their arms in shape for Baseball once again, and enthusiasm has arisen in the Footballers and many good games are promised for the future. We have had our turn of indoor Concerts and Picture Shows and everyone is keen for the Outdoor Sports of the Summer Season. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, and we think the same remark applies to "Tommy Atkins," and although we will probably realize a great deal more work than play this Summer we must keep up the Sports. We shall then be more fit to carry on the good work.

One point we must bring before you again. We find it hard to get sufficient material for our paper. We ask everyone to help in making our publication amusing and interesting.

THE EDITORS.

COME OVER AND HELP US.

There's a lad in the Trenches
Who's longing for home,
Yet ne'er from his lips
Comes a murmur or groan;
But you who are able,
Oh, will you not go
And let him have rest
For awhile from the foe.

He's only a boy, yet
Two years have passed,
And he's always in sound
Of the bugle's loud blast,
The roar of the cannon,
The screaming of shells;
Oh, let him have quiet
Ere nature rebels.

For God and for Empire
He's fighting to-day,
Oh, friend, will you hark,
Enlist and away,
To join in this conflict,
'Tis righteous, 'tis just,
And he who falls fighting
God knows "we trust."

THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW.

Why couldn't Staff Sergeant Paterson answer his name after the fourth round, and if this omission cost him twenty francs?

Who was the N.C.O. who was married recently in a French town and borrowed the Town Major's Ford touring car for his honeymoon?

Has Staff Sergt. Watts' canine "Inkie" been taken on the ration strength?

Who are the N.C.O.'s who are known as the "Eight and Fourpence" and why?

Did "Crappy" ever get the green envelope Miller borrowed shortly after we came to France?

How did the Q.M.S. square the M.T. Sergeant over the Garage Pit?

Who started the Menagerie at the A.D.S.?

Who is the N.C.O. who discovered a new method of sterilizing thermometers by boiling them in carbolic acid solution, and was the result satisfactory?

Who tried to chlorinate the water with talcum powder at the A.D.S.?

Hasn't a certain Dental Mechanic got a very good line about working so hard for the boys in the trenches?

THE ADVENTURER'S RETURN.

Long hours he lay at anchor in the morn,
So nearly home, yet without having won;
Then with the full flood tide he crossed the bar
And brought with cautious care into the land
The laden many ventured caravel that bore
Beneath her decks rich store of spoil in goods
And gold unnumbered, wrested in free fight,
From many a plundered seaport on the coasts,
Where Drake had shown the way. The enemies
Of this fair land have cause to rue our lads
Had ever searched them out. No friend he left
To languish captive in the foeman's hands
While his right arm could fight and give defence.

No harbour-dues from such as him we claimed,
But straight to the best berth our seaport could afford

His vessel moved; while from all sides the sound
Of guns, fired in salute was heard,
And all the shipping quick displayed their flags
Which in the fresh airs of our little port
Stood out most bravely. And we then remarked
That of his own volition did the Scot—
Who insolently in these times of peace had used
Our harbour as his own, and sailed and owned
The largest ship in all the port—run up
His country's flag, a dingy scrap of blue,
Whereon 'gainst that clear sky you could discern
No sign of cross or symbol: most unlike our own
And down the narrow road that ran between
The harbour and the town upon the hill,
There came a throng of happy citizens
And children freed from school; while in the
The bells rang joyously. [church

W. J. RUTHERFORD.

FROM "C" SECTION.

What's the matter with London?
While on leave the Gunner escaped being
rolled and no one sold Mulligan a gold
ring.

The fellow who was gassed at V—
complains of being shocked whenever he
goes into a bathhouse.

A mule is reported at large somewhere
near No. — Post. Bounty—60 francs.
A fine chance to emulate Steve Brodie.

Batman (to Orderly): "Who is the
night clerk?"

Orderly: "Higham."
B.: "The O.C. wants him."
O.: "He's sleeping."
B.: "Who is."
O.: "Higham."
Pretty deep, eh.

We hear Sergt. Thom had a "Franc"
talk with the Paymaster. We should
have every confidence in our Transport.
They have a real live "Sniper" on their
staff.

Staff-Sergt. McGernon is sorrowing
again. He has lost another canine. The
aforesaid animal has had its place taken
by a cat. If someone would only award
him a mule to pack his kit we could call
the whole business a "CAT-AS-TROPHE."

HEARD IN THE SERGEANTS' MESS.

President (to Staff-Sergeant, after
listening to a joke composed by him):
"I've always liked that joke. Now tell
me one of your own."

A certain personage who happened to
glance over a prescription which the
M.O. had just written out saw the word
"Warner" at the head of the list. Hav-
ing fathomed out the Quinine, No. 13,
etc., turned and asked: "What time
does the patient get the Warner?"

Just imagine you see him when he
was told Warner was the patient's name.

BOXING.

OF all the various amusements pro-
vided for us on Active Service the
Boxing Tournaments organised
by the —nd Canadian Entrenching Bat-
talion must rank as first place in our
memories. The committee in charge,
composed of Captain M. U. Valiquet,
Captain Andrews, Lieut. Washburn,
Q.-M.-S. Hubbard, Sergt. Smith, and
Sergt. Cliffe, are to be congratulated on
their splendid efforts in this respect.

On the 17th of February there were
no less than eight bouts provided, but
the chief event of the evening was the
match between "Kid" O'Brien, of the
—nd Canadian Field Ambulance, welter
weight champion of New York State,
and Corporal Kent, Worcestershire Regt.,
late welter weight champion of the
British Army in India.

Prior to the opening of the events an
excellent programme of music was ren-
dered by the Orchestra of the —nd
Canadian Entrenching Battalion, under
the leadership of Sergt. Reid.

In the opening seven bouts some good
exhibitions of boxing were seen, the men
giving evidence of considerable hard
training, and all appeared to be in the
best of condition. The most interesting
match was that between O'Brien and
Kent. In this event Captain Archibald,
Y.M.C.A., acted as referee, with Sergt-
Major Smith as timekeeper, and Sergt.
Nolan and Q.M.S. Lee as side judges.
In this bout there was some excellent
boxing, both men were in the pink of
condition, and there was not a dull
moment during the eight rounds, which
ended in a victory for O'Brien on points.
At the conclusion of the programme
Captain Archibald, in a few well chosen
words, thanked the organisers for the
splendid evening's amusement which
they had provided, and this was ably
seconded by the large audience which
packed the tent to overflowing. All are
looking forward to having the oppor-
tunity of enjoying another evening such
as this in the near future.—REPORTER.

AFTER THE BATTLE OF YPRES.

Fight on, O Canada, Fight on,
Still arm thy valiant Sons,
Thy best and bravest ones.
Still hangs our fate.
Loud the far battle calls,
Hasten ere Freedom falls,
The hour is great, Fight on.

Not for thyself alone,
For bone of thine own bone,
Thine own roof-tree.
Fight for thy Motherlands,
And for those other lands,
That they be free, Fight on.

Strike, with free flag unfurled,
Strike, with the risen world,
Great battle wage,
So shall thy blood unborn,
At dawning of New Morn
Have heritage, Fight on.

Fight on, O Canada, Fight on,
For those who quiet lie
Beneath another sky,
Blood of thy blood
(Who must not die).
Thy heroes battle scarred,
Thy heroes glory starred,
Now with their God, Fight on.

R. W. MARBLE.

RAW.

A SERGEANT was sent to the railroad to bring up some reinforcements and this is a slight idea of what took place.

He proceeded on his way to — and reported to the Officer in Charge. The train was due at 11 a.m., but like the speedy French trains did not arrive until 1.45. The men disembarked from the train, were formed up and "told off." The Sergeant marched up and claimed his squad, introducing himself thusly—"You men have about five miles to walk. The roads are a bit muddy but not so bad as they might be. Answer your names."

Here he calls the roll and surveys them with a critical glance.

"You, my lad. What are you going to do with all that kit?"—"I had it in England, Sergeant."—"Well, if you like to carry it you can, but this is not Blighty. Form fours. Right. Quick March."

He marched the men about half way and allowed them to rest for ten minutes and during this time he is drawn into conversation.

"Where are we going, Sergeant?"

"I don't know how to pronounce it, but it's not a bad place. Good dug-outs and fairly good grub. Of course you can't get away from those guns and Fritz shells our position quite a lot, but as a rule we never have more than a thousand casualties in a week. Of course last week we had ten V.C.'s and about a hundred other decorations, but that is nothing to the time when the fighting is heavy. Then we get leave quite a lot, you know, about every three months or so, and a pass any time you want it, and if you are decent to the Transport chaps they lend you a wagon for the night to take your friends for a drive. Keep on the right side of the M.T. Sergt. too, and you will get a Motor Ambulance for the day and go for a picnic. We have a really good Canteen, too,—free beer all the time, but they charge you a penny a packet for 'Players.' The C.O. is a regular sport. He never gives you more than 28 days (with the nights thrown in)."

The men, greatly encouraged, fall in again and continue the march to their destination, where they are shown their quarters and get in with the men who tell them many stirring tales.

In a few weeks, however, they wait anxiously for an opportunity to pounce on some new hands and tell them the tale with as great enthusiasm as they listened to it themselves.—SCOTTIE.

VIGNETTE.

The water pours down through the darkened glen,
And with a constant roar flings through the air
From off fall's sheer edge.
And from below,
Where 'mong the damp chill rocks the trees
stand firm,
And in the eddying draughts the mist streams
flow,
The sky can scarce be seen:
Black boughs and sombre foliage arch the
stream,
While here and there a space irregular
Shows but a sombre heaven banked with clouds
Their hearts pent up with tears.
Yet mid the gloom which drowns the autumn
day,
A feeble pipe tunes up from where upon the
grassless bank
A fearless robin shows his warrior's shield:
A brave bird he of winter cheerfulness
Who bears high heart when summer's glow is
gone. W. J. RUTHERFORD.

TWO YEARS AGO.

Two years ago I used to sigh,
Ah, that I'd wings so I could fly,
To carry stretchers at the front,
Be decorated for some stunt,
But now each day, e'en though it rains,
I sigh once more for Salisbury Plains.

Two years ago I used to think
That Bass was a heavenly drink,
But now, alas, I go without,
Or else assimilate French stout,
And that vile product of the vine,
That beastly stuff that's known as wine.

Still I have hopes the coming Spring
Will very welcome changes bring,
The Hun we'll chase out of his lair,
And get him down and out for fair,
Ere back to Canada we go,
See scenes we saw two years ago.—J.G.

Tho' they say that silence is golden,
To our Mulligan boss we're beholden,
You could take quite a cruise
On the skilly he stews,
At turning out stew he's a (Y)oulden.

Round the camp fires gleaming,
Dixies all asteaming,
Why, oh, why, the same old ruse,
Nothing but stew, stew, stew, stew, stews.

HEARD IN THE ORDERLY ROOM.

Orderly Room Sergeant:—"If you don't think I'm right, look up K.R.&O."

Orderly Sergeant:—"I don't think I'll trouble. I haven't much use for K.R.&O."

O. R. S.:—"Why, what's the matter with it?"

O. S.:—"Oh, nothing only the covers are too far apart."

PARODY ON

"MY HOME IN TENNESSEE."

Back home in Germany,
That Zepp will never see,
Count Zeppelin on his knees,
He thinks the world of thee,
All he could picture that night,
Were the searchlights shining bright,
Shells were whizzing,
Bombs were hissing,
The Zepp was all alight.
The people at their doors,
Gave shouts of loud cocores,
Our Airman brought it down,
In a field near Enfield town,
And we were right there to meet it,
Just imagine how we greet it,
When it came down, when it came down,
To its doom near Enfield town. G. H.

SAYINGS APRES LA GUERRE.

Pte. Jones (at dinner table): "Hand me that blank blank butter."

Wife of late Q.M.S.: "Can I have ten dollars, dear, for a new hat?"

Late Q.M.S.: "When did you get the last one?"

Doctor (absent-mindedly): "Take this No. 9, have a rest for to-day and report back to morrow."

A SISTER'S LOVE.

You are playing a game that is straight and
Brother of mine, [true,
And I'd give my soul to stand next to you,
Brother of mine,
The spirit, indeed, is still the same,
I should not shrink from the battle's flame,
Yet here I stay—at the woman's game,
Brother of mine.

If the last price must need be paid,
Brother of mine,
You will go forward, unafraid,
Brother of mine,
Death can so small a part destroy,
You will have known the fuller joy,
Ah, would that I had been born a boy.
G. HUGONNET.

CONCERT.

A MOST enjoyable evening was passed by those who were fortunate enough to have an opportunity of attending the Concert given by the 3rd Canadian Battalion.

The Brass Band of this Unit and the Chorus of the 2nd Canadian Battalion both received a warm reception.

The talent of the 2nd Canadian Field Ambulance was loudly applauded and many cried for the Quartette. Owing to the exigencies of the Service this was not available. Corporal Reed and Pte. Lovell, however, provided an excellent substitute as *Sponge Bros.* in the little Sketch, "Soaking Wet." Two baritone solos were rendered by Pte. E. Roberts, the pianist being Pte. Sharpley. This was also accepted with enthusiasm.

The evening came to a close with a Wrestling Exhibition and a few holds in "Catch as Catch Can" by Corpl. Stacey, M.M.P., and the well-known boxer of the 2nd Field Ambulance, Pte. W. O'Brien.

HEARD AT THE A.D.S.

Curious Officer (with his head and shoulders in the door of a dug-out, hurriedly exclaims): "Is this the Ambulance Dump?"

Private: "This hat doesn't fit."

Q.M.S.: "Well, what do you want, jam on it."

THE KAISER AGAIN.

IT was on one of our ambulances that I met him. He was young and fair—Canada's pride, and without doubt the light of his mother's eye. Oh, he was a good looking boy—but alas for the terrible exigencies of war! But for the black shadow of the mantle of that infamous War Lord he would still be untouched. He was only seventeen. She was the only girl he had ever known—in France—and now he would see her for the last time. "Poor kid," he said, "it is too hard—what will she say when she knows?" "We have heard that before," remarked a certain heartless Lance-Corporal, who was taking him to the A.P.M. for a certain purpose. Perhaps there is a moral in my story, dear reader.

He was a useful sapper and prided himself upon being a carpenter, but his Trade Test revealed a knowledge of dovetails and stub-tennons which surprised and grieved the corporal in charge. After watching his frantic and despairing efforts, he addressed the youth:

"Do you know 'ow to 'it a nail on the 'ead with a 'ammer without 'itting yer finger?" he asked.

The perspiring sapper shook his head, "No, sir," he replied. The Corporal regarding him sadly for a moment, then, as he passed on to the next man, said, slowly and impressively:

"'Old the 'ammer in both hands, my son!"

R.O.S.: "What do you mean by having your light burning at this time of the night?"

Private (just out from England, sleeping): "I always understood the Bugler blew lights out."

Collaps of R.O.S.

NOW AND THEN

(Published by kind permission of Lt.-Col. A. S. DONALDSON, O.C.)

MANAGING EDITOR ...
NEWS EDITOR ...

Capt. D. J. Cochrane.
L-Cpl. G. R. Street.

No. 7.

12th JULY, 1917.

IT'S THIS WAY WITH US.

SINCE our last edition we have passed over Vimy Ridge and the Corps has added to its laurels and its fame. The work of preparing dug-outs and dressing stations for the wounded of the 9th of April reflects much credit on the Officers, N.C.O.'s and men who so gamely wrestled with the mud and sand-bags. Sunny France belied her fair name when the work was under construction. Amid snow and slush and mud they laboured and built strongly and safely.

The team work of the bearers and tent men showed to advantage during those busy and trying days of long carries of the wounded, through nature's and the enemy's obstacles. We feel proud of the men who do these tasks with such fortitude and courage, and we heartily congratulate those who have been honoured in being decorated with the Military Medal for this recent good work. It is difficult not to be extravagant in the use of the superlative in connection with the men and events which surround us at present.

A period of rest and training is now with us and is being used to advantage. The rest, to be sure, was earned, and the stiff training is essential also—otherwise how else may we show to advantage when the G.O.C. comes to inspect the Unit and take with him a good impression of us!

APPLE BLOOMS IN FLANDERS, 1917.

The world is full of care,
Of hate and strife, of murky doubt,
But I—oh, I am just aware
The apple bloom is out.

And trees are clothed in gold-green light;
Beneath the children, loitering, pass,
And heedless of the cannon roar, pick daisies bright
Among the green and shining grass.

PADDY.

THE old-timers are getting scarce in this Unit, and that reminds me of our faithful mascot, "Paddy." Paddy is an original member of the First Canadian Contingent to land on the shores of La Belle France. He has wandered from Ypres to the Somme and consummated many marriages. We wont say "we hope his tribe may increase." It has. He, in all probability, according to reliable information, is the dad of one hundred and forty-four puppies. His kin must therefore be countless. There are few dogs with Paddy's keen sense of rats and civilians, both of whom he, for some reason, places in the same category and daily pursues. The mud and wet have played the dickens with our canine patriot this winter, for each morning now he awakens with a stiff back, the pain of which causes him to cry, "Oh! oh! oh! Hell!" in the doggie tongue. He looks like a Blighty.

CONGRATULATIONS TO

Lt.-Col. C. P. Templeton on receiving the D.S.O.

Lt.-Col. J. D. McQueen on receiving the D.S.O.

Major A. S. Donaldson on being promoted to Lt.-Col. in Command of the Unit.

Capt. A. B. Chapman on receiving the Military Cross.

Sergt. Bill Bateman on his Italian Decoration.

Sergt. Jim Leckie and Corpl. George Secord on receiving the Military Medal.

Corpl. Charlie Yates and L.-Cpl. Jack Belfield on receiving the Military Medal.

Driver Benny Beach on receiving the D.C.M.

Pte. A. Millen on receiving the Military Medal.

AEROPLANITIS.

The boy stood on the dug-out roof,
Whence all but he had fled,
His eyes were focussed on the plane
Which circled overhead.

And obstinate and firm he stood,
As born to rule the scene;
The Sergeant said, "Who is that guy?
He must be bally green."

He shouted out but once to say,
"By gum, but Fritz is cool!"
He knew not that his friends below
Had cursed him for a fool.

The shrapnel burst; he would not go
Until he'd seen a fight;
He swore he wouldn't budge an inch
As long as it was light.

The cook he shouted out aloud,
"Roll up for cheese and jam,"
He scarcely turned as he replied,
"Well, I don't care a damn!"

There came a burst of thunder sound:
The Sergeant hollered, "Come,
It's time for us to knock off work,
Fall in this shift for rum."

"Hey, you up on the dug-out roof,
It's time for us to slumber,
Come down and wet your blooming throat
And dry your box-car number."

Now we must not betray his name,
For he's so nice and cheery,
So if you hear it on the sly,
Please, don't forget it's Leary.

THINGS WE DO NOT HEAR.

"Doctor, can I get inoculated every week?"

"Why don't they cut out the rum ration?"

"I never want to see the Paymaster any more."

"No, I don't want any more leave."

"No, thanks, I am just going to buy some fags."

"Why doesn't the Town Major close all the estaminets and wet canteens?"

"Why can't I have 28 days No. 1 instead of a reprimand?"

"Our Postal Orderly is the best in the Division."

"God bless our Q.M.S."

"That old melody—'And we've white-washed every wall from ———.'"

"Chestnuts are better than spuds in a mulligan."

"Please don't step on my dinner."

ARTHUR.

IT is with deprecation that we have to chronicle still another of our old Valcartier veterans—Sgt. Arthur Turner, who last month left us abruptly to fill a new position in Canada.

It is somehow good to think that he knew, before he went, that the stores which he so ably and affectionately guarded and supervised for so many months, have reached an ideal standard of efficiency.

It forms a tribute to his energy, his never-failing geniality, and his extraordinary gift for making friends; and the lines I have to add on behalf of the members of this Unit need be but few.

Arthur loved the world, and the world loved him. A busy man and well occupied with affairs—his own of late—he found time to exchange views, and to give and take anecdotes—also anti-dotes.

He would go into the mess and discover its members sitting round the old drum, who having differed on the right way to conduct the war, or on the topic of "who the h—'s running the Q.M. stores," was in the grip of silent depression. But before he left the whole circle had become animated, amused, and even friendly.

I remember that he and I, who agreed on nearly every point, were especially agreed on one, and this was that Pte. L— should never receive Pte. Horne's rum issue.

As an amateur detective he was a fiasco, so of this I need say little.

We, who have known him since Valcartier days, will miss his breezy presence in the field; we shall not soon forget his familiar figure, especially those who had to perform the domestic duties of scrubbing the floors of his "little grey home," and how he rewarded us for our labour—and of how we rewarded ourselves.

In his young days he saw service both in India and S. Africa, for which he wears the ribbons, together with the coveted "long service" ribbon. It can be said of him with truth that he has fulfilled his duty to his country and grown old and shaggy in its service.

The game, so far as he is concerned with this Unit, is ended, and the books on which his signature appears can be closed.

Sgt. Arthur Turner was a dear, generous-hearted man, and I hope, and I do believe, that he will be successful in his new position.

HEARD IN THE SERGEANTS' MESS.

Sgt.: "Look here, waiter, is this plum or apple tart?"

Waiter: "Can't you tell from the taste?"

Sgt.: "No, I can't."

Waiter: "Well then, what difference does it make?"

THE LETTERS OF ADAM

[Continued].

The Major said it did not matter in the least (I told you that this was a true story), and after lending him one of our spare gas helmets, we continued on our journey.

The pole method being dangerous, I sent my helper out in front of the car with a sixty fathom lead line, and when he called out "No bottom," I knew that I was about to encounter a severe bump and would slacken down to about twenty.

You may think this rough riding, but to a man who has driven his cousin's Ford round the main street of Calgary it was mere child's play.

We were now well advanced towards the German front line, having passed "Case's Post," and were rapidly nearing "Rotsey Point," about two hundred yards to the left of "Mansfield's Avenue."

Here we were greeted by a shower of hand grenades from Fritz, and took advantage of this to collect about 4 cwt. as souvenirs for the O.C., taking care to hide them carefully under the blankets in case the Major saw them and made first claim. This completed, we climbed aboard and with one wild dash cleared the lines and made for the open country round Lille as fast as the barbed wire would allow.

Some four miles further on we encountered a number of our reinforcements, who in their eagerness to handle wounded has passed clean through both our own and the German lines, and were now so far ahead that the only case they could find was a German Quartermaster-Sergeant who, having indulged over-heavily in Sauerkraut, was discovered writhing about in the road.

Skilfully placing his stomach in splints (with characteristic ingenuity they used some old barrel-hoops for this purpose) and binding his mouth with adhesive to silence his cries, they were rolling him along towards our advanced post with the object of securing a patient and a prisoner in one fell swoop.

I complimented them upon their enterprise, but they assured me that they simply could not keep away and could scarcely enjoy a meal unless it were taken in No-Man's-Land. I agreed with them that they would probably find more grub there than further back, and we parted on affectionate terms.

No further incident occurred until we reached the "Nunnery" (as Sergt. N— would insist on calling it). We easily recognised it by the sign "Debit de Boissons," and when on entering we saw a large piece of meat and a row of bully beef tins, we knew at once that we were in the right place.

Here we encountered a lady of some fifty summers, who had considerable difficulty in negotiating the doorway owing to what is known in nautical circles as "breadth of beam!" We explained our mission and the lady "compree'd" him—but here a delicate situation arose. With a rosy blush mantling her fair young cheek the lady announced that she was wearing the article we had travelled so far to secure.

Imagine this awful blow! We had suffered and risked all in vain. Disgusted, we adjourned to the "Nunnery" next door, and abandoned ourselves to despair and a little liquid refreshment.

The Germans sitting around were at first disposed to resent the intrusion of British troops into their quarters, but on our explaining that we were not soldiers, but M.T., they at once changed their tune and expressed themselves delighted to see us. As one of them explained, no one could assist in the financial ruin of any Government better than the M.T., and with the best of good fellowship we were given a safe passport back to our lines. It was a very touching thing to hear their really splendid band playing "Get Out and get Under" as we drove away.

Our journey home was without incident. Needless to say our splendid Labour Battalions had repaired all the roads, which were now level and smooth as a billiard table, and save for the fact of having to run home on the back axle (both rear wheels having been blown off) we had a pleasant run.

Arrived back at the unit we at once proceeded (one always "proceeds" in the Army) to the Q.M. stores to make our grave report. Here we found the staff occupied in deftly splitting currants preparatory to issuing rations, while in the corner sat Sergt. T—, busy with high-power microscope and slide rule, getting out statistics for the 1918 rum issue.

We were informed that the Unit had had the good fortune to secure a discarded steam roller (to be used for making Bologna for the Sergeants' mess), and having absorbed this into the equipment of the unit, the loss of the undershirt was balanced by this added item, and all was O.K.

I understand that I am to be one of the fatigue party that is detailed to go and fetch medals and things, and I will wear mine when next I have the pleasure of examining your complexion.

Sergeant N— was so overcome with joy that in sheer spirit of thanksgiving he devoted twenty-five minutes to canteen affairs, and we can now buy Egyptian Cigarettes at five francs per box.

She's some war, kid.

Best love, etc.,

ADAM.

J. D. N.

A DREAM.

Calgary, Victoria, Vancouver, Montreal,
Brandon or Winnipeg, or any burgh at all,
Each and all, everyone look mighty good to me,
Somewhere in France!

Halifax or Edmonton,
Toronto or Quebec;
Put me off at either one,
Then watch my smoke, by heck!
London (in the bush I mean),
Not London in the smoke,
Would cheer again the eyes of one
Somewhere in France!

St. Thomas or Regina,
Though now so far away,
Red Deer, in Alberta,
Where it's sunny all the day,
Moose Jaw, or Ottawa,
Or down there by the Soo,
They all seem just about as near
As Timbuctoo!

Don't think I'm getting homesick,
For that would never do,
When the war is only three years old,
Ten more should see it through.
But here on V—y R—e,
Taking our chance,
We love to dream of Canada
Somewhere in France!

H.

VOT A CONK, IKEY!

THE long, winsome proboscis of the Hebrew is proverbial, but even that tribe will have to pull their noses, or this pleasant distinction will gradually fade away by comparison.

We claim a challenger—mark that of Ikey—some conk!

Have you ever noticed some of the nasal adornments of a few who indignantly disclaim all connection with the daughters of the House of Israel?

The beauty possessed by Mr. Bugler Boy, whose name is famous for its loafing qualities, sure is some classic. Several of his friends allege that on one occasion it actually set his handkerchief alight, but the writer is inclined to think that this came about in some other way.

Reliable witnesses say that a few minutes previously he had, in a fit of abstraction, placed his fuming pipe into the same pocket wherein reposed the towel he uses to polish his beak.

However, we do know that he has earned—and answers to—the name of "Lighthouse," and that the Orderly Corporal has had to throw a blanket over his head on officers' rounds after "lights out."

We would recommend that the O.C. post this man in a convenient place, as the Government is desirous of economising in matches.

Another peach blossom on the dial of our envied friend, "Quo Vadis," of "C" Section. We do not wonder what he feeds it on, but would like to know where he gets the stuff. Once started on the subject of "conks" there is a danger of prolonging the discussion indefinitely, but it would be an injustice to close this little article without a reference to the facial protuberance of the Staff of Ireland, that little bit of heaven immortalised by the bards. The old saying that "Paddy was never bate, except wance whin he was not there," has been proved again right in our Unit. In one day he has surprised even his own expectations and given birth to a luscious pomegranate, the appearance of which might have been responsible for that melody, "Oh, the fireman is the man to put the fire out." It was the talk of the Unit, and its equal has yet to appear. Comparisons with the sun, stars and electric torches are all vain; nothing like it has ever been seen, and the only difficulty is, now that he has got it, how to get rid of it. It declines to respond to lotions, poultices, or massage, and an appeal to Bacchus only seems to make it glare out more furiously. It is hopeless. We often look at a conk that is continually at that left-hand salute, but how many ambulancers realise that, when calling to its owner, they are claiming a blood relationship?

We would draw attention to that of our friend Lindy. It is reported that, since he has begun studying the early Italian classics, he has made the night-ingle sing rather frequently of late.

Said the fair Estaminet Lady, who is deeply interested in our Dental Sergeant: "And do you also drill the soldiers, mon chere?"

Sgt.: "No, I drill their molars."

"Whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad." It looks to us as if this applied to "Kaiser Bill and Company."

Le Havre, May 15, 1917.

To Monsieur l'Editeur, "N.Y.D." (I do know not vot zeese meens.)

Mon cher, Monsieur,

I, who am of an intelligence grand, ave studee for a longtemps ze language so difficile of you, and I speak eem très bon, write eem no so très bon, and comprehend mooch. But, monsieur, I ave now as you say so droll, "copped a snag," and eet appen like zeese.

I proceed to eer to pass away my "leaf," as you call eem, and I promenade to zee café, as zere ees a feeling ongrly een my chest. I observe on a wall een ze rue zeese vords—"SWIMMING TANK," veech I no understand. I at ze café do arrive, and zee garçon approach queekly. I a dictionnaire demand, veech, ven ee eet produce, I open, and percieve zat a tank ess a cistern or a reservoir. so a swimming tank ees a reservoir, veez l'eau, for zee sweem. I mak commence of my déjeuner veez un bon appetit, and zee omelette aux herbes ees of a fragrance eemense. I at zee same time do studee one of your papiers illustrie, and do observe dereen a picture of a machine de guerre, or a size and ferociousness orrible, and deeze ees call a tank, so I am sadden, for how can a tank be a swim reservoir at ze same time as a machine de guerre of a ferocity unknown? A party of officers ees dreenking at a table close to, and one beeg one ee dreenk mooch and mooch, all dee time, but ee no get fool oop. I remark to my viz-a-viz, zee oo ees a officier Anglais zat zee big officer ee swallow a lot, and ee larf, and say ee to me, "Oh, ee ees a tank, ee could ze ocean drownd." Monsieur, my brain ee go wirlegog. Eeer vas zee tank again once more. I summon ze garçon, as my appetite ees depart, and I ave no more enjoy of zee café et cognac, and zee cigarette of a fine deliciousness, no, mon ami, all deeze ees depart, so I queekly away from zat café do go. I promenade veez a queekness and soon at ze Quai, vere zee sheeps do come and go, do I arrive. Zere ees a sheep of a bigness up to zee side close of zee quai, a sheep from zee Nordland, as she do bring vid er mooch of zee bois so of along, and a sailorman off of zee sheep, e ees stand by zee sheep, on zee quai. E possess air of zee color rouge, and ees face, eet look like dat eet of zee bois eet ees compose, but eem up to I promenade, and I question eem,— "Ow can eet possible to be, for a reservoir for sweem also a machine monster de guerre, of a prodigious terryfyingness, also likewise a officer oo a ocean could swallow, ow could it possible to be for all deeze to be a tank?" E, zee sailorman, e slow from ees face ze pipe remove, e open ees mouth, e speet the quai on, and e say, "Ah, tank so." Monsieur, e try to make of me one fool. Monsieur, I eem approach to near, and my fist I shake ees nose under, and I call eem one damn couchon rouge. One time more e remove ze pipe, and a smile creep slow ees mouth along, and e speet ze quai once more on, and zen e remark—"I tank you bane 'tanked.'" Monsieur, I mad go, e make of me a game, me oo a officier Francais ees, of a bravery unique, and e try to play of me a sport. I jump eem around, I shake at eem my feest, names of zee most atrocious I eem call, and enfin, zee wind of me she all go out, so I stop. E look at me some time, and zen e say—"I tank you."

And zen ees back e turn to me, and e speet zee water een. Monsieur, I promenade ome to my hotel, and I seet at zee table of write, and now zeese letter to you I send. So eef you vill me let to know tres queek vot ees a tank, zee armee Francais you vill save from a calamity of the most serious, for should it to be that I a tank vot eet ees I do not know tout de suite, of a sureness my brain chest do I shoot up, and zee armee Francais a loss of zee most prodigious do ave. Avec felicitations, Mon cher Monsieur,

Votre tres humble serviteur,

FRANÇOIS FOURCHETTE,

Lieutenant.

DAME RUMOUR GETS BUSY, AGAIN.

"Stables" had just been sounded and Driver Clark turned out from his billet, and in company with Harkness, the Padre's groom, wandered over to the horse lines to look after their animals.

The Canadian Battery in which Clark and Harkness were serving had been relieved a few days previously and were now enjoying a well-earned rest, broken only by persistent rumours of trouble at Ypres. The enemy were reported to be massing troops for still another attempt to "hack their way" through to Calais, and the battery which had helped to stem those grey-clad hordes on two occasions was inclined to be a little fidgety in consequence, for the Canadians had always appeared to be moved to the scene of a likely "show."

Clark opened the conversation by observing that "Wipers was gettin' hell again." He had also heard that — Division was "standing to," and added, "I guess we're going to hike up North agin! Back to the blurry old salient for ours."

"Nothin' doin'," replied Harkness. "Somebody been peddlin' more Bull around here, I guess."

"What did they move our heavies for then? They went North, didn't they? A guy in Signals told me they had moved eight Divisions up there."

"Aw! you guys make me tired. Just 'cause a chap has a bit of blue and white round his arm you think he's the clear McKay in noos. Hell! one of them guys told me in Albert last Fall that the old Division was goin' back into the line again. And what happened? Didn't we darn well move out that night for Harrishart? Them guys don't know nothin'."

"Cut the fuss! Them guys got more chance to get noos than we have. It was a signaller told me about them tanks long before they was used at Courcelette. He'd seen 'em at — climbin' houses and goin' through forests in front of Joffre."

"Aw! g'wan. I never heard no yarns that come from signallers turn out right."

"There must be suthin' in this goin' to Wipers business all the same. One of the Corporals in the A.S.P. told me they was movin' all kinds of ammunition up there."

"Well, ain't they doin' that all the time? I'll tell you what my boss said about this move you're talkin' about."

"What does he know, anyhow," said Clark.

"Well, don't he eat at H.Q. mess?"

"What did he say, then?"

"It was the Belgians got the wind up, 'cos the flooded country up there was all frozen over, and they'd seen Germans about on skates."

"What, on skates?"

"Surest thing you know. That's why we sent the artillery up there. But we fixed 'em all right, all right!"

"Is thasso?"

"You bet your life. It was about two weeks ago, in that cold snap. The Bosche sent two Divisions over against the Belgians on skates, but they never got back."

"You don't say."

"Sure thing. When they got close enough the Belgians opened up 'Emma G.' on 'em. Our guns put up a barrage behind 'em, broke up the ice, and what weren't killed were drowned. I guess they got enough skating that day alright."

"Well, what the hell do you know about that?"

"Yes, and I'll tell you suthin' else. The French have —"

"Come on, you men," roared the Sergeant, "get busy on them hay nets." Clark and Harkness got busy.

STEW AWFUL!

Oh, list ye, all my merry men
And I'll recite to you
A little bit of poetry
About our famous stew.

Jim Youlden is the hero—
He knows a thing or two—
But he never won a medal
For his famous Irish stew.

We line up in our hundreds
And get it while it's hot;
But if we eat two spoonfuls
We consider that a lot.

It's made of meat and water—
But water more than meat;
We drink the bally water—
And the bally meat we eat.

The cookhouse for the Bearers
Is half a mile away;
If "John Bull" only knew it,
I wonder what he'd say.

Now, when we get our dinner,
We think it's just a treat—
We shut our eyes and mop it down—
And kid ourselves it's meat.

It's packed in gaily coloured tins,
And brought up on a cart;
If mother saw me eating it
T would break her poor old heart.

If things do not soon alter
I'll tell you what I'll do;
I'll eat my shrapnel helmet
Before Jim Youlden's stew.

Now, when we get the Kaiser—
The man who is so kind!—
We will not shoot him for a while,
Some better sport we'll find.

We'll place him gently in a chair,
Tied with a rope or two;
We'll stuff his belly then for weeks
With Youlden's awful stew.

When we start the next push
And the boys are breaking through,
We'll strafe the Hun and make him run—
With Youlden's awful stew.

Should this war last much longer,
(Oh, Bearer, do not grin)
Instead of eating bully beef
We'll have to eat the tin!