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1917





COLONEL R. P. WRIGHT, D.S.O., A.D.M.S.



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That Pass to Paris.

Just about a week before Tommy Canuck goes on leave to that great city which is the heart and soul of France, one can see him isolated in some place where he thinks that no one can see or hear him.

The first thing he does is to take from his tunic pocket a worn and threadbare-looking little book which is given away at most Y.M.C.A.'s, and he then begins with the aid of the book to muster all his French, regardless of whether it is patois or parisien. It is very amusing to hear some of his pronunciations of various words and sentences, for instance, for tres bien he says "tray beans."

It is when he considers his French just about perfect that the civil population of the town where his billet is begin to hear their language murdered, a la mode de Tommy. After bombarding the poor people of the town, who do all in their power to put him right, it is time for that long-looked for leave, and with buttons, badges, and boots all shining like the rising sun, he bids olive oil to his comrades, and makes his way to the station, where he is to entrain on that Paris choo-choo wagon.

The world wears a big smile for him that day, and he gives pennies away to the dirty-faced little urchins, who stop him on the way, along with a blessing, where ordinarily it might be something else. When the dirty, slow moving train pulls in, it looks like a golden chariot to him as he climbs aboard and is all impatience to be on the way. By the time he is halfway to Paris his spirits become dampened, as the train travels at a speed of perhaps 15 miles an hour. Just as he has about given up all hopes of ever getting there, and contemplates a sleep on the floor of his coach, he is whirled into that great city, which has changed so since the war. The scenes at the station, and hubbub and bustle seems to immediately grip him, and the life of Paris seems to fill his veins. In a flash he remembers his French, and looks for a suitable victim to try it on. He finds one, and trying to suppress his excitement, says, "Kel direction a la hotel for soldats tray bong." To his amazement and embarrassment, he is answered in perfect English, "Second turn to the right and first to the left, my boy, and how is everything up the line." Mumbling his thanks, Tommy follows his directions, and in time arrives at the hotel where all is life and gaiety. He makes this his headquarters, and for the unforgettable days he lives the life of a millionaire and sees the sights. He is hauled up twice by an M.P. Please, kind readers, do not misinterpret my meaning, thinking that M.P. means Member of Parliament. Far from it, it means—well ask any of the boys.

He says, "Have you got a pass, my man. Tommy answers, "Yes," but does not show signs of showing it. "Well, let me see it," says the M.P. After going through his pockets twice and is just on the point of being arrested, he produces the necessary goods to the, by this time, very impatient policeman, who at a glance sees that it is O.K., and passes on looking for another Tommy who perhaps is lured by Paris to stay a day over his allotted visit.

The time comes only too quickly when he must board the train to rejoin his unit. Instead of the



2ND ON LEAVE LIST

golden choo-choo wagon is the dreary, black-looking engine puffing out volumes of black smoke, which reminds him of the place that he was told about in Sunday school.

After a long and tedious journey he arrives back to his unit, in a pouring rain, still thinking of that gay and beautiful city. He is roughly aroused in the morning by the Orderly Sergeant, who howls in his ear, "Come on, get up, you lazy, half-drowned looking rat, and get on parade."

E. D. F.

The Last Salute.

Tis a busy day in Flanders,
And the sun shines overhead;
There's a little soldier's graveyard,
And a gallant lad is dead.

He lies upon a gun-carriage,
And his mates stand all in line;
The Chaplain and bearers are ready,
And the traffic stops at a sign.

There's a rider with despatches,
Some lorries, an ambulance car;
There are wagons of all descriptions,
And an officers motor afar.

And during the brief ceremony,
While the last respects are paid,
Not the least is the silent roadway,
And the lengthening parade.

Now the last prayers are uttered,
And our wagon starts again;
We leave our silent comrade,
Who heeds not sun or rain.

PAUL

A Day's Work on the Somme with the Ambulance Stretcher Bearers.

It was a dark cloudy morning, and the trenches were deep in mud, and the shell holes were full of water. Thus, as the dawn was the precursor of the day, so it was of the heavy and difficult task that lay before us. Soon we heard the call of "stretcher-bearers this way," so off we went, being detailed in squads of four and keeping our distances, in single file, we slipped and ploughed through the mud toward our destination, the battalion aid post.

No sooner had we reached a ridge overlooking the surrounding country and visible to Fritz, than the shells commenced to come our way. Two horse ambulances were laboriously making their way along the road and also making a good target. Then came the whistles and explosions of two coal-boxes, square on the road, one destroying one ambulance and horses, the other as near as we could tell in the midst of our party ahead. When the smoke cleared, those ahead had ducked into a near-by trench, and so had we, unfortunately however, not leading to the same place. So after travelling along this we found ourselves in a still warmer spot, and nothing to be seen of the party ahead.

After waiting for a while in a dug-out, word came that they had arrived safely, and so we were guided into one of the warmest corners of the whole front. Scrambling through the ruins of a French village as fast as we could, and still keeping our distances, we struggled on. Shells bursting along our path, high explosives overhead, made us realise that our work was going to be hard to say the least. Finally, much to our relief, we gained the shelter. In the cellar of the ruins of an old chateau a dressing station was located. It afforded durable protection, for although shaken by many shells it stood like a fortress.

In one of the back rooms we lay down on the floor and any place available in order to gain a little rest before being called out to take a stretcher case. There, as we lay around with a candle burning dimly, the chaplain, Canon Scott found us. After a few cheering words he said that we would have a little service. There, in that dark gloomy cellar began a service that few who were there will ever forget. How full of meaning seemed the words of that hymn, "Nearer my God to Thee," and then we listened to the words of Scripture, "God is our refuge and strength," while between the singing and reading would come the crash of bursting shell that shook the very foundations. Interrupted now and then by a squad being sent out with wounded, helped to remind us that soon our turn would come to go forth, perhaps never to return. With these thoughts in our minds, the benediction was pronounced, and we started our work of carrying them out. The boys "had gone over the top," and gained their objectives. The papers next day were reporting the gains made by our troops "with slight losses." Truly they were slight, but we worked on into the night and next day bearing out to safety and care those who had suffered amongst the "slight losses." Finally relieving squads came, and with hurried steps we made our way out.

For one, at least, the last post had sounded, others had received their beloved blighties, and were

receiving the tender attentions of the Red Cross sisters. Still others had nasty scratches, and were down the line "somewhere in France."

The rest of us were thankful to answer the roll-call once more, and with a good distance separating us from those ugly sounding shells. The grimness of expression soon relaxed, and many tales were told of the day's work that was done.

AKEM.

Ablain St. Nazaire.

As I came riding down the hill,
Down the hill,
Down the hill;

As I came riding down the hill
To Ablain St. Nazaire.

I passed by a little watered wood,
Where the violets peeped from their mossy hood
To smile at the old grey church that stood
In Ablain St. Nazaire.

As I came stumbling down the hill
Down the hill,
Down the hill;

As I came stumbling down the hill
To Ablain St. Nazaire.

The little dead wood was a cluster of sticks,
Her stream ran red to the fabled Styx,
And the old grey Church was a pile of bricks,
In Ablain St. Nazaire.

As I came proudly down the hill,
Down the hill,
Down the hill;

As I came proudly down the hill,
To Ablain St. Nazaire.

Oh! lift up your brave true head, my friend,
Not yet, not yet, is the fated end;
Even broken bricks can a shelter lend
To the gallant guns that her answers send
From Ablain St. Nazaire.

As I came dancing down the hill,
Down the hill,
Down the hill;

As I came dancing down the hill,
To Ablain St. Nazaire.

A new little wood was bright with May,
And the sunlight shone through her branches gay,
While the builder's whistled and sang that day,
In Ablain St. Nazaire.

M. B. (By courtesy from "The Sphere.")

The Abbey Towers.

O'erlooking the fertile country,
And the far-flung battle-line,
Like a sentinel posted on duty,
And heedless of rain or shine.

Are the skeleton towers of an abbey
That once was its builder's pride,
The old grey towers of Mont. St. Eloi,
Land-mark of the countryside.

They say that Fritz burned the abbey
In eighteen seventy-one;
But the shattered towers remain to see
That the sands of his hour are run.

He has battered them with five-point-nines
From the crest of Vimy height;
But grimly still they faced the foe
Till we drove him in headlong flight.

PAUL.

Paris Leave.

It is much regretted that Paris leave is suspended, but in the hope that by the time that this issue appears it will be open again. I am giving you the benefit of my experience in Paris, hoping that it will save you a few hours of your play-time, of which we have so few.

The museum of the Invalides is open every other day to the public, and is worth a visit. See Napoleon's tomb, the museum and the collection of war trophies in the courtyard.

The Bois de Boulogne has a fine park and lake, where one can rent a rowboat for the afternoon.

The view from Sacre Coeur Cathedral is very fine, overlooking Paris and surrounding towns.

Notre Dame Cathedral is worth a visit. I understand it to be almost a duplicate of Rheims Cathedral, now destroyed.

The Garden of the Tuileries and Garden of the Luxembourg are fine promenades, and very beautiful.

The Place de la Concorde is also worth seeing, not forgetting the obelisk in the centre.

The church of the Sorbonne contains the tomb of Cardinal Richelieu, which is very finely and elaborately carved of white marble, and is worth a visit if one cares for such things.

Also along the Seine near the Hotel de Ville and Notre Dame are statues of Charlemagne, Henri IV., and Admiral Gaspard de Coligny.

There is no need of describing the boulevards, as you will not miss them.

Along the Seine there are barges where, on the last four days of every week you can get hot and cold baths.

If you want to buy anything you will find large department stores where you can get almost anything that you want. They are Aux Galeries Lafayette, Au Printemps, *Magas in du Louvre*, and La Samaritaine.

If you want to stop at a place like the Maple Leaf Clubs in London, you will find the Hotel Moderne on the Place de la Republique.

The Y.M.C.A. at 130, Rue Montmartre, near the Boulevard des Italiens put up a very good luncheon and dinner at less than two francs, and also have a small canteen.

If you want a comfortable place for recreation and 5 o'clock tea I can recommend "A corner of Blighty in Paris, Place Vendome," which is staffed by ladies of the British Colony in Paris, and supported by voluntary contributions. As one of the boys remarked "they haven't anything like it in Blighty."

I had a very good room, centrally located, and the best coffee I ever tasted, with eggs as I like them, and bread and real butter at Hotel du Continent, 30, Rue du Mont Thabor.

I had what we know as a "business man's lunch," and some excellent beer at Restaurant le Meunier, Rue de la Chausse d'Antin, opposite Galeries Lafayette. And for a perfect dinner I can recommend the Restaurant Espagnole, opposite the Hotel du Helder on Rue du Helder, near the Place de la l'Opera.

By the way, you will find as a rule, that "Cafe" means drink only, while "Restaurant" means a meal with drink.

Taxicabs are quite cheap and numerous, but unless you are sight seeing or with a "petite amie," you will find the Metro (underground), and trams (surface), both cheap and speedy.

You may think a trip in the Ferris Wheel interesting and it costs about sixpence. The Eiffel Tower is closed during the war, as are most of the Art Galleries and Museums.

PAUL.

A la France.

O France, en m'approchant de ton sol maternel,
Il me semble que je vais commencer a vivre,
Et qu'en l'air pur dont à l'avance je m'enivre,
Je respire déjà ton grand coeur èternel.

Je me sens heureux de répondre à ton appel
Et d'ajouter un humble effort à ce beau livre
De gloire sainte, ou les fiers combats que tu livres
Vont redorer ton nom d'un éclat immortel.

C'est comme un sang nouveau qui coule en mes artères,
Quand je pense que sur la plus noble des terres
J'au rai l'honneur de te servir, ô grand-maman.

Car mon fidèle coeur a gardé souvenance
De tout ce qu'il te doit, mère-patrie, ô France,
Et je ne vis que pour t'aimer infiniment.

CAPT. ADRIEN PLOUFFE, C.A.M.C.

16 juillet, 1917.

Hill 70.

To the laurels of the premier division (in which we share) is added that of Hill 70, a notoriously hard nut to crack. As a German strong point, and for observation purposes, Fritz had put a lot of work into it, and remembering September, 1915, it was openly stated that the odds were against us. But the Old First turned the trick, and we shared in the praise that followed.

In this all the unit had their share, and probably neither the horse transport who brought equipment, supplies and patients through the shelled area, the M.T. who went ever farther for patients, for days at a time, the tent divisions who bandaged the wounded and fed the hungry in canvas tents and frail dugouts, nor the stretcher-bearers who "toted" from the front line to the dressing stations, would trade jobs with one another, and when the man from the battalions watch the bearers they says, "Let George do it, or Fritz if he's handy," and stick to their shelters.

PAUL.

A story is told along the line which really needs a misty morning at the zero hour to appreciate.

Two Irishmen were enlisted in Canada, and told that they would get five dollars for every German killed or captured.

One morning in the front line at the hour before the dawn Pat, who was on duty, called to Mike: "Wake up, Mike, the Germans are coming."

Mike: "How many?"

Pat: "About five thousand."

Mike: "Thank Heaven, our fortune is made."

The Iodine Chronicle

Printed by kind permission of Lt.-Col. GEORGE J. BOYCE, Officer Commanding

MANAGING EDITOR: Capt. H. W. Whytock.

NEWS EDITOR: Sergt. J. H. Paulding.

No. 14.

22nd DECEMBER, 1917.

Greeting.

The Christmas season has again come upon us, and still we are found carrying on that which is most incompatible with the spirit of the occasion. Yet we are doing our present work, in order that eventually the true spirit may be all the better realised, and universal harmony dwell among us.

During the year just gone, several changes have taken place in the Ambulance. Colonel Wright,



LIEUT.-COLONEL G. J. BOYCE, C.A.M.C.

formerly our genial Commanding Officer, has left us to take up the important appointment of A.D.M.S. of our Division. He has all our best wishes for every success in his new sphere of endeavour, success which is assured by his efficient administration during the past few months. To me has been assigned the duties left by him. To live up to his high standard will be very difficult, but the emulation of his example will greatly help us in the carrying on of the work.

Major (now Lieut.-Col.) Stone, Major Graham, Captain McConnell, have likewise sought new scenes, taking up more important positions. To each and all we offer our congratulations.

This is a message bearing to you all the Season's greetings, and we must not depart from the purpose in hand. What shall be my wish to you all? To me the most appropriate seems the old one renewed, "A very Merry Christmas in the Field, a very happy New Year in the prospect of Victory, a firm trust that twelve months hence we may spend the Christmas of 1918, with the loved ones at home, in the true Spirit of Peace and Good-will."

GEORGE J. BOYCE.

Awards.

We extend our congratulations to Corpl. G. M. Salt, Corpl. H. Grant, and Pte. C. G. B. Bannerman, who were awarded the Military Medal for work performed in the late action. These awards are very popular, and they will be worn to the honour of the unit.

Rumours.

I have read of the marvellous transmission of news through the bazaars of India and the jungles of Africa, but until arriving in France I had never seen it.

Whether the Indian troops introduced it, or some genius in the Army or among the civilians originated it I do not know. It was just before Loos that I first heard of messages passed along the line from La Bassee to the sea. Then we found that civilians knew of impending movements, and concentrations many miles away.

Nowadays a whisper passes like a prairie fire along the line, and although we find some are untrue, still never an action occurs that has not been preceded by the "unseen courier."

The thought occurs as to what formidable uses this primitive but mighty force could be put, if organised and directed by one with a purpose in view.

PAUL.

Can the wild rose lose its sweetness,

Can the violet change its hue;

Can the wild deer lose its fleetness,

Can the ocean lose its blue;

Can the turtle change its paces,

Can the cricket lose its hop;

Can a barmaid lose her graces,

Can a copper lose his cop?

Write to the "Iodine Chronicle" about it.

History.

For some time, the Sergeants have been arguing among themselves as to what their futures were to be. One night the argument reached such a climax that blows were nearly exchanged. So as to settle these arguments, and put their minds at rest, I at once began to think of a plan wherewith I could take a peek twenty years into the future, and see what the Sergeants were doing.

It happened as I was picking some sort of berries in a farmer's garden, and thinking what a good fellow he was that I fell unconscious in my tracks. When I awoke, as I thought, I found myself seated at a long table, which was laden with the most delicious grub and wines that one could imagine. At the end of the table was the R. S. M. Stensrud, with glass in hand, proposing a toast to the War Veterans, which was gladly drank. He began to tell us his history, and what had happened. It seems that the R.S.M. on his return to Canada had taken a trip on a steamer to Buenos Ayres, and there he had fallen for a princess, who, by the way, had "beaucoup jits." They had lived very happily together, and had settled in the U.S. The R.S.M. is very proud of his two sons.

Joe Quigley was next called on for his doings. It seems that Joe had studied Med. on his return to Canada, and is in charge of a big "nut factory," which has world-wide fame as a kill-or-cure joint.

Next to Joe arose Hedley Forbes. Hedley, on his return to Devon, had established a chemical works, where Forbes' Famous Painkiller and Hair Destroyer is manufactured. He is also in charge of chlorinating the Devon water supply.

Westby next rose, and told us of his missionary journeys in China. Things got too hot there for Ted, so he settled down in a Parish Church in Ontario.

Paulding was next in line, and told us that he was proprietor of a swell cafe in Paris, where he was making many "jits," and selling a new chewing gum, which he demonstrated every Sunday on the Grande Place.

Mills next rose and told us of gold he had struck in his back yard after prospecting the greater part of Canada. He offered us all a good job.

Scott told us about his hardware store back home, also the price of nails, hammers, screw drivers, etc.

Twohey rose and told us about his great crop of spuds and his family of twelve. Pete made good use of his time.

Doyle scrambled to his feet. Jack is a commercial traveller for Forbes' hair destroyer, and pulls down good money.

Orr greeted us with a smile. Earl has gone into the ship-building business, and has a good stock of "Orrs" on hand.

Winning told us about his success in the movies, his golden smile and Winning way had set the movie fans crazy after him. He has a trunk full of letters of proposals, but he's a canny lad, Jim.

Fletcher aroused from deep thought, and told the boys how prosperous his hot-dog wagon was, and offered to put up the feeds.

Garnett came to life and spun his story. Steve manages the Shoreline Railway, and guarantees that

the train won't leave the track more than twice during a run.

Bessey stood up and shot a line about Bessy's Blinky Bank and Co. He is a man of means, and has many branches.

The last to rise was Arthur, yes, Art. Stewart. Poor old Art! "Boys," he said, "I was a rich man a few years ago, but I invested too heavily in Bay of Bundy Dulse, and lost, but I have been doing well with——"

Just then I awoke, and saw the owner of the garden coming towards me, so I beat it as fast as I could to the Hospital for some dope to cure my terrible stomach ache.

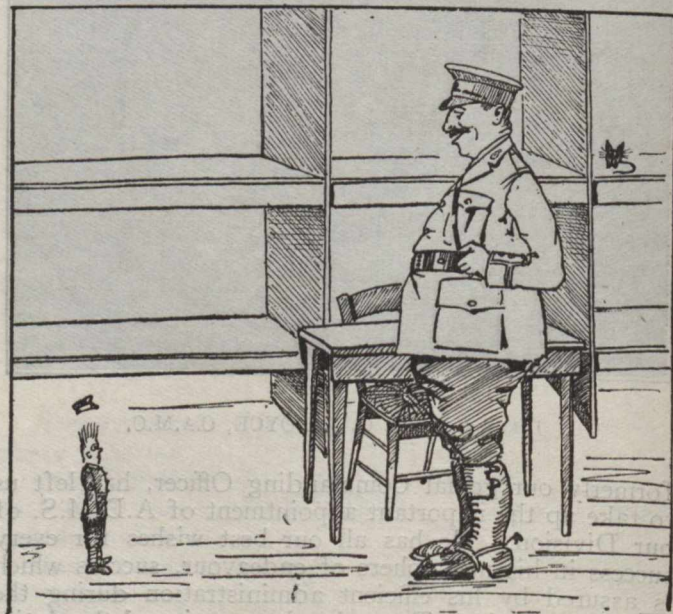
E. D. F.

Two Years at the Front.

This issue is the anniversary number of the close of the second year of the "Iodine Chronicle," the second trench paper to be published by the Canadian Expeditionary Force in France, being preceded only slightly by the "Listening Post."

During this time we have published fourteen issues, as time and place permitted.

We have mentioned at various times the editors connected with it, and the difficulties encountered, but though the old faces have gone, and new hands have taken up the work they left, the paper still continues, and we hope is as full of life and humour as in its infancy, and that the boys will feel that in the reading of it they have passed a pleasant hour, and that when the souvenirs are brought out in the days to come they will be able to show it with pride to the ones at home, and say, "There is a souvenir I value of the faces and places I used to know."



Pte. : Please. Sir. have you any silk underwear ?

Q.M. : !!! ??? * * * !!! - - - !!!

The Canadian Army Dental Corps.

By CAPTAIN HUGH CLARKE, C.A.D.C.
 It gives me the greatest pleasure on this, the second Anniversary of the first issue of the "IODINE CHRONICLE," the official paper of No. 1 Canadian Field Ambulance, to contribute a few words.

Before going further, I desire to extend my congratulations to the Editors, past and present, who have worked so faithfully under trying conditions, to give us such a splendid paper. Every praise to them and may their good work continue.

With these few words, I will pass along to the subject of this paper.

It was not until the spring of 1915 that the Dominion Government, realising the great benefits to be obtained by the troops, authorised the formation of the Canadian Army Dental Corps. From the day of its authorisation, the Corps has received the generous support of the dental profession of Canada. Beginning with only a few officers, N.C.O.'s and men, the Corps has expanded with the growth of the Canadian Army, until now its strength, overseas, in officers is 192. The first N.Y.D. draft of the newly formed Corps to leave Canada was composed of 29 Dental Officers, 1 Quartermaster, 34 N.C.O.'s, and 40 privates. There were already overseas 4 Dental Officers, who came with the 1st Canadian Contingent, and 7 Dental Officers who came with the 2nd Canadian Division. The work of the Corps is not confined alone to the troops overseas. In Canada, each Military District has its Dental Officers, and the soldiers are given every opportunity of having their teeth placed in a healthy condition before leaving Canada. That

the Corps is justifying its existence can best be judged by the great amount of dental treatment that has been given.

It might be of interest to mention that New Zealand has followed Canada's lead, and now has a separate Dental Corps.

Coming to the Front with the first dental draft of three officers and three Sergeants, the writer looks back over twenty-seven months active service as an Ambulance Dental Officer. How well I remember the first rush for dental treatment. It was in the good old "Plugstreet" days we came, and everybody seemed to have a tooth to be filled or an old root to be extracted. Each morning now, one finds a good line-up of troops outside the "office," which may be in a tent, hut, house, school or barn. A day's work includes all forms of dental treatment, from the cleaning and scaling of teeth to the making of new dentures. To give some idea of the amount of work done, it might be stated that since the arrival of the writer to the First Canadian Field Ambulance, he has personally treated over 8,000 patients, and the writer is only one of the 15 Dental Officers engaged in looking after Canadian front line troops. Besides the foregoing officers, there are many attached to Casualty Clearing Stations and Base Hospitals in France, and to the numerous camps and hospitals in England.

In closing, just a word on the teeth. Always bear in mind that good teeth mean good health, and nothing is more important to a soldier than good health. Do not carry your tooth brush because it is required to complete your kit. Use it two or three times daily to clean the teeth (not your buttons), and you will delay a visit to the dental chair.



Activity on the Western Front (Un-official).

Memories.

One might say that the spirit of tumult, in harmony with the tendency of the day, is broad to-night. The rain beats steadily upon our frail shelter, the wind threatens to demolish anything coming across its pathway, and the night outside is typical of the fabled Stygian darkness.

At such times, our thoughts naturally turn to things more serious than otherwise. In fancy we again review scenes that have passed long since, we call to mind happy recollections of friends now gone, very probably we return to days of childhood, spent in the loved homes across the sea, when actual warfare and all attendant thereon was not even dreamt of.

We all remember the first days of August, 1914, the rumours of war, the conflicting reports, the great expectations. A mighty power, associated with another, had chosen to disregard a sacred treaty. Our Empire, in concert with worthy Allies, had championed the cause of the weaker sister. Over the Colonies spread a wave of enthusiasm, and in a wonderfully short space of time, was formed the nucleus of the mighty Colonial Army.

Canada was not last among the Colonies, and the memorable Camp of Valcartier will ever stand as a monument to commemorate the formation of the Dominion's Overseas Forces.

The sojourn at Valcartier was not too long a one. Soon came the orders for departure, and quietly, without ostentation, the troops boarded the transports, and sailed for Europe. What a convoy, truly indeed, was the sight wonderful as we set out upon our way, with banners gaily flying, and all hearts keen for the Great Adventure.

On arrival in England the welcome accorded to the first Colonials could not have been more enthusiastic. Of the experiences at Salisbury Plain enough has been said; suffice it to state that it was one means of learning the virtue of patience, and almost caused those early pioneers to become amphibians.

Then we sailed for France; we trained with famous British troops, and were eventually assigned to duty in the Ypres salient. Do you remember those days? The constant stream of gassed cases coming down? That was war brought home to us, impressed upon us in its most cruel, most devilish aspect. Yet do you also recall the magnificent spirit of those who suffered most? Then can you not remember the —th French Corps which came up in support, with what "élan" they went into action? Truly might we say that France sent the Flower of her Youth to help Canada in her first experience of fiendish ingenuity.

Other engagements afterwards were part of the routine, until some months later, when further lustre was shed on the Division, and an important part of the line retaken. Then a long march to new fields and scenes of endeavour, where, in conjunction with other Colonial troops, fresh ground was gained and new laurels won.

Once again the prospect changes, this time we are on ground hallowed by French blood, and made glorious by our Allies' achievements. To us is given the supervision of this area in preparation for special attention on our part. After a time comes the test,

and with the excellent facilities placed at our command by the Army, the Maple Leaf is once again brought to the fore.

But we are verbose, and our kind readers deserve consideration. The title of this little essay tells the tale. All memories, memories personal, memories general, memories mostly of those who have gone, of Major Duval, of Brisebois, Fortnum, Demeule, and Selborn, of Paton and Lacourse, of MacNutt and Heidt, of Syer and Black, all met things cheerfully; all, whatever their faults, are remembered by us as men deserving of all praise, and soldiers worthy of constant emulation. These, and other fallen Canadians, we toast to-night, gentlemen, our Glorious Dead.

CENTURION.

Sport News.

"That a boy," "He's easy," "The pitcher's up," "Swung like a barn door," and many other fan expressions were hooted and howled across the diamond on September 10, when a composite team of the three field ambulances of our division played the First Brigade. It was air-tight for two innings, then the balloon went up, and in the next two eight runs were scored for Brigade. Then the fun commenced in the next three, when the Medical Services redeemed themselves with six runs. With the score eight to six the excitement was intense. If yelling could have won there would have been no doubt of the victory. But that sensational hero-making hit did not come, so two would-be runs were "napoo fini" on bases. The First Brigade scored three more in the 9th, and thus the game ended.

The game was good in spite of the fact that the composite team of the ambulances had never played together, and had little opportunity of "knocking the pill" around during the season. Plenty of good material, kidding especially trying to get the pitcher wild, and to impair Umpire Baker's judgment in the momentous decisions that were made.

Sidelights on the game:—

Colonel Wright perched on the ten-foot fence. The question is, "Would he have stayed there if an M.P. had put in an appearance?"

Lieut.-Col. Templeton needs to be congratulated as he was seated perilously in front of an enthusiastic sergeant.

Major Boyce controlled his emotions very well indeed, even when the much-needed run was not forthcoming.

AKEN.

Tommy (guarding a railroad crossing along the front): "I wish they would put me in the class with the engine that just passed."

Pal (in the shelter): "Why?"

Tommy: "It was marked C 3."

Bert: "I see that the General got a C.B. the other day."

Alf: "So did I, lad, and they promised me a D.C.M. next time."

Exchanges.

We have received since our last number a varied assortment of War Journals. All of them good, but some better than others.

From Paris came "La Musee at L'Encyclopedie de la Guerre" which needs no interpreting for our boys.

Its title brings us back recollections of the "Rue de Musee," where we spent many happy days and nights.

They mention the "Iodine Chronicle," "journal of a medical section," among a list of English trench journals.

Also from Paris comes "La Chronique Medicale," a medical review.

They have written us up in style among "medical journals of the British front."

After a short preface explaining our titles and units, they say that the Canadians are known for their Free-Speaking (franc-parler), and that a glance over our paper shows that this reputation is deserved.

They follow with a page of translated parts of our jokes and sketches. One of them the old-timers will remember "of the delegate who carried around in his haversack what he thought was a tin of roast fowl, but which turned out to be the odious marmalade."

They also show good reproductions of a drawing by Don Stuart, and one by Sgt. White, of No. 3.

We have received "L'Echo des Guitounes," the last word we understand meaning bomb-proof or dugout, the journal of the 18th French Army Corps.

We miss most of the local knowledge which makes trench humour interesting, more so when one must translate, but it is well filled with prose and poems, and is a front line journal throughout, and shows that intimacy which makes the French regiments one big family.

One feature which is novel to us is that the prices of the paper is doubled to civilians, a note saying that the profits are divided among men going on leave who have very little money.

They also remind their subscribers that anyone who changes his address must send a tin of food, a cake of chocolate, or a bottle of old wine.

From G.H.D., Canadian Section, 3rd Echelon, we have number nine, "La Vie Canadienne" (not to be confused with "La Vie Parissienne.")

This paper is one of the best that we have seen for some time. They give a prominent place to their baseball and football news, and to read them one might be back on the sandlots in Canada.

We have received Nos. 59, 60, 61, 62 of "Blighty," which is as good as ever, and one could not say more.

We are just in receipt of No. 7, anniversary number, "The Listening Post."

The price is one-and-a-half francs, but it is all meat, including the covers.

There are a large number of sketches by Pte. Hugh Farmer, which are good enough to put him in Capt. Bairnsfather's class. Altogether it lives up to its reputation as one of the first and best of the trench papers published. They reproduce letters of congratulation from Sir Robert Borden and Lieut.-Gen. Sir A. W. Currie on the excellence of the paper.

To Lieut. Spreckley we are indebted for No. 3 "Chevrons to Stars," journal of the Canadian Officers' Training School. As is fitting, most of the articles deal with their work and athletics, while the General Officers who have visited them are mentioned.

However, they have sprinkled it with humour by prose and verse, and among the contributions we noticed Lieut. Spreckley. Among extracts from battalion journals is quoted "The Red Cross Car" from the "Splint Record," June, 1916, and we notice that Lieut. Reade reports the baseball news, and Lieut. Spreckley the tennis notes, while Sergt. McKee's cartoon of No. 5, N.Y.D., is reproduced, so that we are well represented in this number.

We have just read "Tommies Two," by Blanche Wills Chandler, a collection of short stories of England in wartime, and they are good.

We miss some of the local knowledge, but all of us have met some of the characters mentioned since we left Canada.

Why don't we see some books of Canada in war time? Canadian authors, please notice.

We are in receipt of Nos. 3 and 4 "The Breath of the Heather," the paper of the 236 Canadian Overseas Battalion (Sir Sam's Own), of which Capt. P. F. Godenrath, formerly of the 16th Battalion, is editor.

It is some paper, especially No. 4, which is a recruiting number, printed in Boston, and we notice that one of our old boys, Bobby, now Sergt. R. J. Hagans, is mentioned. They expect to be overseas soon, and we hope that they can continue their paper.

We are indebted to Pte. P. Collins, of the 8th M.A.C., for the sketches in this issue, and he hopes to be able to publish more of his work.

IN MEMORIAM.

CORPL. D. A. BLACK.

Killed in Action,

August 15, 1917.

"Dave," as he was familiarly known to all, joined us at the Somme, and he soon rose to the rank of Corporal, making a popular and efficient N.C.O. He received the Military Medal for work at Vimy.

His body was brought from the lines, and buried in Barlin cemetery, Major Boyce, and all available members of the unit being present.

Also present at the short ceremony was the lady at whose house Corpl. Black and some comrades had been billeted before the attack.

Why should we mourn our loss,
Is he not happy now?
A hero's death, a hero's grave,
Small recompensate for all he gave
In the great cause, Liberty!

He paid the price in full—his all!
What more could he give?
Life through death bought at a price,
The cost Supreme Sacrifice
In the great cause, Liberty!

J. H. SHIMMEN.

Chris's Farewell.

And the old man is gone, gone far from the mud and shells to a real bomb-proof at the base. No more will we hear his Irish brogue in argument with some brand-new N.C.O. about a certain form of drill. No longer will we hear his "And I at Rangoon in 1903 that was done away with." He settled a great many arguments with those few words.

How we miss his voice on pay-day, when he enticed the boys to give up their 15 with his innocent little game. Oh, lucky old Sgt.-Major! How often have you been responsible for dry throats and empty pockets on pay-night? How often have I risked my all on you? And—lost. Now that you are here no longer what a jingle there is to the pockets! We simply don't know what to do with our money. But the old man's smile on pay-night as he counted our money was worth the fourteen days of drought. His pay-night smile was surpassed only by the loving grin that he bestowed on the sergeant with the S.R.D.

The flow of Anglo-Celtic was wonderful. He argued fiercely and forcibly, and when the argument happened to be about the respective merits of Cork and other places on earth, especially Waterford, he simply surpassed himself.

He was a splendid soldier and a perfect pal, and was always ready to lend us some of our money when we went up with that thirsty look and our "You see, it this way, Chris, that register of mine, etc."

One dark spot only have we in our hearts for the old boy, and that one the boys will never forget. It is the "Drink up, Canada" affair. Oh, my, what wonderful stories he told us on the old Megantic of the wonderful reception that we should get in England. I think it was sixteen bands he promised, and we certainly were not going to be allowed to buy a drink. All we would get the chance to do was to enter the pub, when a chorus of voices would greet us with "Drink up, Canada." I, for one, will never forgive him for the awakening I got on my first leave. It was "Drink up, Canada," with a vengeance, and buy another one.

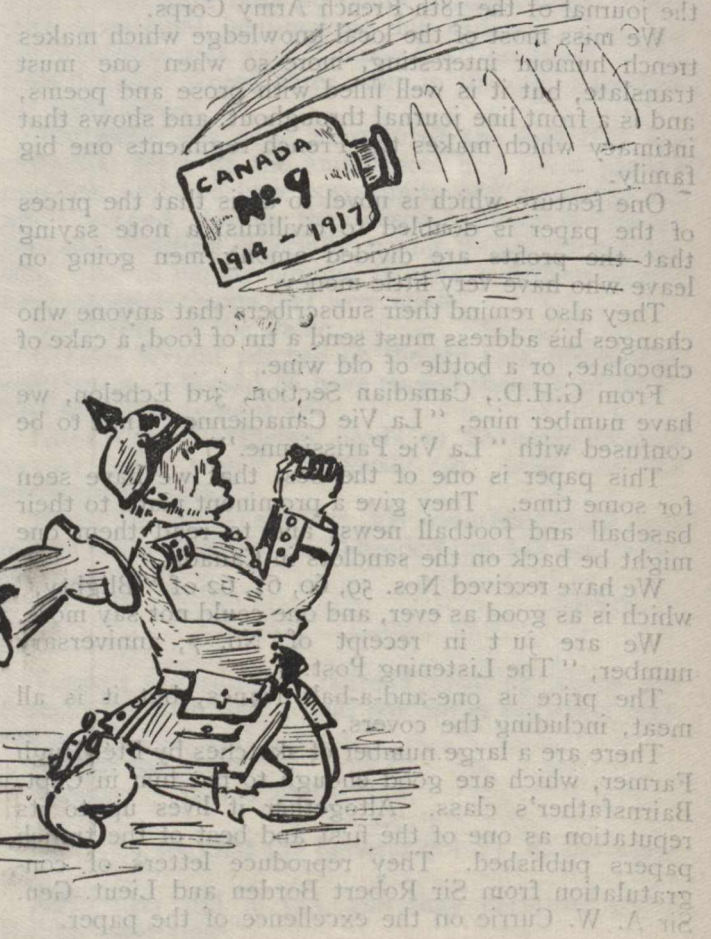
But he is gone, and as absence makes the heart grow fonder it may soften mine so that in time I will forget this unfulfilled promise and remember him only as a good pal with a great big heart and a fiery Irish tongue.

VELVET.

How "Buteful" up the line it must have seemed lugging a stretcher after all those speedy route marches. The varying degrees of heat and cold is a little hard to explain, owing to difference of environment. The question to-day is in what proportion would you say that the tongue wags loudest when in the line and when out. Our answer seems to bring out the fundamental ideas of the inverse ratio of varying degrees.

IN MEMORIAM

CORP. D. A. BLACK.



Current Events.**NEWS OF SOME OF THE OLD BOYS.**

Millard Noble, once a member of A Section, is now at his home in Canada, after being invalided from the Army. He holds a good Government position, and all the boys wish him success in his new office.

Ted Hargreaves, our old-time Tetanus kid, has a tres bon job with a well-known firm in Toronto. He was an old A Section man.

F. M. Cahill is doing the grand in Toronto. He was wounded with this unit some time ago. Needless to say his loss was greatly felt. We envy him his billet just now.

J. Le Cain left us some time ago, and was fortunate enough to see his home town, St. John. He is now at a hospital "Somewhere in France."

Percy Henry, known to most of the boys as Hank the Hermit, is in Blighty holding down a good job, which he deserves. He is one of the old-timers, and was wounded while with us.

Bert Boone—will we ever forget him? Guess not; the best natured kid in our mob. He is keeping the home fires burning in Blighty.

Art Phillips, an old-timer, as well as a Spud Islander, seems to have disappeared from our sight. He is still remembered by the boys, and his name is often mentioned of a pay-night. We hope his wound gives him no trouble now.

Don Stuart, our famous cartoonist, we hear from the wireless, is on his way back to the boys.

The darkness closes on a reddened sky,
Another day of hardship past, gone by;
But still we trust our God to send
Victory to the Allies in the end.

There is a restlessness among the boys, and here and there one sees small groups of soldiers gathered, and in deep discussion. No, you are wrong, it isn't revolution, but the rumour has gone forth that the remainder of the old first are going to have leave to Canada, and they are telling what General —'s batsman and Colonel —'s groom said that they were told by the boss.

We are all very glad to hear that Cadets J. C. Reade, R. O. Spreckley, and J. F. Smith are gazetted Lieutenants, and it doubtless meant a lot of hard work. However, we all knew that they would make good.

Who were the delegates that found themselves with M.T. pockets when part way through their Paris leave.

We have had the pleasure of a surprise visit by Lieut. J. C. Reade, one of our old-time comrades, and better known as "Joe Reade of the dispensary." Becoming an officer hasn't changed Joe except outwardly, and he is a very smart-looking officer.

We all wish Joe the best of luck, and hope to see him whenever he can find time to visit us.

To Major A. L. Jones we all extend our congratulations on his promotion. Major Jones came in charge of our first draft, and was with us in the second battle of Ypres, continuing with the unit ever since.

Capt. E. L. Densmore has joined us from No. 9 Stat. Hosp.

Capt. A. L. Plouffe has come to us from the "Land of the Maple," and has found very good friends already.

To all the old-timers the names of Tom George, Pat Sherman, Mike O'Conner, and Gibby are well known, and the news we have will be received with mingled joy and sorrow.

Flight Sub.-Lieut. T. L. George is at present in England in training for a new machine after some months in France, where we hear that he received the Military Cross and brought down two Fritzes.

Flight Sub.-Lieut. P. Sherman was killed near us "somewhere in France," his machine being brought down in flames in an air battle.

Sub.-Lieut. M. O'Conner was around the "salient," the last we heard of him, and we hope to hear that he came through safely.

Sub.-Lieut. A. M. Gibson has written one of the boys lately, and is also in the "salient," and we wish him the best of luck and a safe return.

Congratulations to Lieut.-Col. George J. Boyce on his well-deserved promotion. Lieut.-Col. Boyce is the only original officer serving with the ambulance.

We are glad to welcome Capt. R. D. Mackenzie, who has rejoined the ambulance again. Capt. Mackenzie was wounded in the battle of Hill 70 while serving with the 15th Battalion.

Capt. M. A. Carmichael has joined us from No. 7 Cdn. Gen. Hosp. Capt. Carmichael replaces Capt. Plouffe, who has left to join a French-Canadian hospital in Paris.

While in Paris I was fortunate to meet Driver Herrington, M.T.A.S.C., who was with us in the second battle of Ypres, he being one of the English drivers who brought out the Austin ambulances and drove them for a while. He has had a good billet in and around Paris for about two years, and he told me that most of his comrades now had good jobs. He was with Sebborn, who was killed and their car set afire and which we salvaged before we left the salient and cleared up the problem of the missing front wheels, which they removed before they left us.

Congratulations.

For some little time before Guy Daye went on leave many of the boys noticed a mysterious and far-off look in his eyes; this little mystery was not cleared up until Guy's return.

We all wish Mr. and Mrs. Daye many Dayes on this dear old globe of ours. Who's next?

John Williamson, our famous prophet, has always told the boys that something big was coming off. We didn't believe him at the time. You can bet that we do now! Our very best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. John Williamson. It looks as if John was going to take a new kind of peach back to that farm of his in the West.

Chop-Suey.

If, as they say, eating porridge makes one grow, no one can say that Shorty Kerr hasn't tried his hardest. Shorty says that the way that he sees things is by standing on his dignity.

Arthur S. looking at the salad: "Say, Hedley, please pass me that large bouquet; the smell of beautiful flowers always satisfies me."

Hedley: "You seem to be a great lover of nature, Art."

Carterer, talking to the cook and loosening up his belt: "That meat we had for dinner was *bully* stuff alright."

Pete, speaking to Scott: "Lettuce, please Scott."

Scott: "Let us what?"

Pete Aw chase up the salad.

One on the Q. M.
Private saluting the Q.M. "Please sir, I want a pair of socks."

Q.M.: "Where are your old ones?"

Private: "Well, sir, it would be a shame to hold a P.M. on the H.T. goat."

There is an old-timer named Spencer,
In fact he is our dispenser.

He ladles out pills and syrup of squills,
He's small but his tongue is immense, sir.

New recruit to old-timer: "Gee, the factory across the road makes an awful noise."

Old-timer: "That's only Paddy B. taking off his boots."

Wounded Tommy being given Tetanus: "Gee, those things never leave a fellow alone."

Orderly: "That's all right, its only the prick of the needle you felt, Jack."

Harold A. to Dick: "Say, Dick, I have been gassed."

Dick: "Yes, Harold, I have always believed it."

Ed.: "I would be in the infantry now only I can't see well enough."

Art.: "You can't see the infantry you mean."

The pshychological moment had arrived and the long thin ranks of "B" section waited for the parting words of the Major. After wishing all the best of luck in a very sincere way he would have us remember to be sure and bring back the stretcher slings.

Why doesn't Pegg apply for a Commission, or at least a Staff-Sergeant's job, for he's sure can lead a crowd even though he loses the way on the majority of occasions.

Poor old Haffy carried away part of the Krupp works. Haffy was quite sorry his tin hat was so tough for he was afraid he might not make Blighty. Congratulations!

All gas cases in No. 1 will henceforth be known by the new-coined medical term "swingtheleaditis," and careful treatment will be given, including Calomel grs. 5 along with M and D and No. 9's.

What a time those sergeants have! One hungry private saw the mess caterer buying one cabbage. "Say, but you must be going to have a big feed to-day. Give us a bid for dinner, won't you."

Kelly sweeping up leaves.

"A fine job you got this morning."

"Sure, it's a pity all these leaves falling down."

"Why don't you get some safety pins from the hospital and pin them up?"

Please take notice. A new book is to be written on how to stay in Paris when your money is all gone. Suggestions thankfully received by Hughes and Brennan.

Officers mess discussing as to the various advantages of the decimal over the British currency.

Captain: "There is no sense to it."

Colonel: "No, they are all pennies."

BORN to Canadian Chaplains services—Six registered puppies.

What was wrong with the braw Scotchman who, while on leave stood on his own doorstep and wanted a cabby to drive him home.

Tommy says an optimist is a delegate who brings his mess-tin lid to the cook-house at supper-time.

Marie (to a sergeant coming back from the line and, entering an estaminet): "Comment, mon ami, I heard that you werè tue" (killed).

Pete: "No, Marie, that's my name."

Decorative Equipment of an Original Field Ambulance.

- 1 Medal, Military.
- 1 Stripe, gold, wounded.
- 2 Crosses, Geneva, yellow and black borders.
- 2 Chevrons, jack, lance.
- 1 Stripe, conduct, good.
- 3 Chevrons, service.
- 1 Brassard.
- 1 Badge, cap, with snake.
- 1 Strap chin.
- 2 Badges, collar.
- 2 Straps, shoulder, maroon.
- 2 Titles, shoulder.
- 1 Lanyard.
- 2 Patches, distinguishing.
- 1 Belt, dress.
- 1 Face.
- 1 Good supply of yarn.

THE SPLINT RECORD

(Printed by kind permission of Lieut.-Colonel J. J. FRASER, Officer Commanding.)

No. 10 EDITOR: Major J. H. Wood. 22nd. DECEMBER, 1917. NEWS EDITOR: Sergt. H. Macdonald.

Reminiscences.

When the Editors of N.Y.D. asked me to write something for the second anniversary number, I was at a loss to know what would be of interest. It was suggested that, as I was the only original officer still with the ambulance, I should write a short account of its work. But that would be too long, no matter how condensed; the mere mention of the names of places we have lived in—one hundred and sixty—would fill the space itself.



LIEUT.-COLONEL J. J. FRASER, C.A.M.C.

I well remember when the "Splint Record," the forerunner of N.Y.D., was inaugurated. It was during the rainy weeks we spent in front of Messines in 1915. If the sun ever did condescend to rise, it set again at eleven o'clock, and it was dark at three. The mud bore a slight resemblance to that on Salisbury Plain.

The paper was started to cheer things up, and to preserve some of the bon mots heard in the unit. If

one could follow a battalion of Tommies on a march on a dark rainy night, he would hear more wit and humour than could be found in a year's issue of "Punch," "Life" and "Judge" rolled into one. In early days all our marches were at night, and it always rained. You couldn't smoke a pipe above a whisper miles behind the line, for fear of giving away your position. Drafts and reinforcements nowadays cannot imagine why it is, when three or four of the old timers get together, they always seem to be laughing their heads off. They do not understand that most of the fun has gone out of the war. It is not only that boredom has settled on it like a blight, but when we were only a Division, and a sort of flying column, things were different.

Dame Rumour is still a busybody, but it is getting old and decrepit; in the early days she was an airy fairy Lillian young thing. One of her first appearances announced that the First Contingent was going home in the winter for three months. Another was that the war was going to be over by Christmas. Now, if anyone says he thinks the war will be over by the fall of 1918, the original just looks at him and asks, "How long have you been out?"

But to return to the paper. The first Staff was made up of Capt. Duck, Capt. Fox, and Sergt. Rogers. These gave it a good start, and they are now back in Blighty. In the spring of 1916 it was decided through "Military Exigencies" to amalgamate the papers of three Field Ambulances. I was interested in it then, as I always had been, and felt a special interest in the new combination as I had proposed the new title. It was rather a puzzle at first, but to those who know it was quite appropriate and has so remained. It has had a varied career. During the Somme and Vimy, when we were bringing cosmos out of chaos, it was little in evidence, but it has never missed an issue for the simple reason that it never had a regular time of issue. What an ideal journal for an Editor.

The paper has never descended to petty personalities, which has made other trench papers casualties. It has lived up to the reputation of general excellence gained by the unit. We were originally a Western Ontario Ambulance, the officers were all graduates of Toronto University, and many of the men undergraduates of the same institution. Now, we are all parts of Canada but the esprit de corps is the same.

We do not wish the N.Y.D. a long life, for that would mean a long war. These trench papers are not going to beat the Bosche, but with their wholesome humour and piquant satire they all help.

We hope it will continue to carry its message of cheer and brightness as long as the war may last, and that the Victory number will be ready for publication before too many Anniversary numbers have been struck off.

J. J. FRASER, Lieut.-Col.

At the Advance.

Any member of the unit who has vainly tried to sleep at an advanced post during a "Go" will be familiar with the following sample of conversation that has probably kept him awake on more than one occasion.

You will have made several trips up the line, and want to catch a few winks before your squad is again ordered out. You have at last got to sleep, when you are awakened by some orator loudly exclaiming, "Yes, the war will be over in October. We'd be out of this long ago only for the profiteers and munition manufacturers. The working class is all in the grip of the capitalist. Class is 'the staying hand.'" "What's the matter with your friend Brussilloff and the Russians, Sandy?" asks someone of the speaker. "Good man," says Sandy, "he knows what he's doing, he's only retreating for strategical purposes. You watch him. Yes, the war will end about the last week in October." Hope to Heaven it does, you say, as you roll over.

Here a noisy squad arrives, and as you see them you think what an assortment, a barber, pugilist, actor and a divinity student—one of them says, "You guys are a lucky bunch sleeping here. We've just made our trip to-night from No. 2." "Pshaw," someone cuts in with only three:—"Rats, we made five trips. Say, Slim, didn't we make five trips from No. 2." "Five or six, I forget which," says Slim in a sleepy voice. "It beats H— how these reinforcements get so cocky over a few trips. They sure learn to swing the lead early. Why, at the Somme, we had it harder and hotter than this little 'go.' I had no sleep for five days." "Oh, shut your face," yells an old "Veteran" from an upper bunk, "The ink on your papers ain't dry yet." "At the second battle of Ypres we were in for two weeks. I was carrying night and day—shells—this is a picnic. Why, coming down from the Beehive, a Fritzie shell blew me into a hole and another right out of it into another one. Us original men never get a show with this unit. Ah! 'You ain't been here five minutes yet.'" This is his final argument. You sincerely wish the ink had never dried on his "Paper," and are about to sleep again, when from the other end of the dug-out, where an Imperial Field Battery have their Headquarters, a very English voice is heard 'phoning the O.C. "Oh, I say, Major, you heard that 'Straff' an hour ago, we opened up for a hundred rounds. Ripping go, wasn't it? Top hole, I say—Eh, what, good night, Major—Right you are." Just here a volunteer vocalist sings in a nasaly tenor, a song about "I ain't going to tell any stories, I ain't going to tell you any lies," and a long story about a lady named Frances. This is popular, and for an encore he gives "I want to go home, I don't want to die." "You'll die, die tout suit if you don't shut your mush," some sleeper interjects. Here Private D— asks, from a flop on the floor, "Did Sergeant X. give you guys any rum when you came in? He didn't, eh—He's a piker. He and Corporal B— were handing it to the other Ambulance chaps, and were stewed themselves. Helava Sergeant for — Co. to have. The church people at home needn't be scared about this unit going

to blazes with rum. Some one must peddle it, we never see it." "Speaking of rum," says a voice from the darkness, "Any you fellows seen the Jane at the Staminet in —. Some kid. I'm the candy boy there. Sure won a home, beaucoup eats and drink."

"Say, Fetch, when you going on leave?" "Sweating on now," says Fetch, "been here 26 months without it. These new men putting in their names got their nerve with them; they've only been here a few days. And the officers going and the N.C.O.'s, no wonder they say the Leave Boat is like the Yankee Flag. Stars and Stripes, these new guys ought to be labelled conscripts; took 'em so long to get over here."

"Say, Red, did you hear about Smithy getting a job on the Water Wagon. Old bombproof, —they never offered me a job like that." Here a cockney orderly reports to the battery that several shells had dropped among the guns coming up the road, and on being asked what damage, answers, "Not much! Just a 'orse and a left-tenant."

Someone asks Pte. McGee to tell them a story, and he tells them about the time he was "clerking" in a boot and shoe store in Quebec, when the manager of the store received an order from an out-of-town Frenchman, which read:—

"Monsieur, you will kindly put some shoe upon my little family like this and send by Sam Jameson, the carrier.

"One man Jean St. Jean 39 years, the one woman, Sophie St. Jean 38 years, She Hermedes and Lenore 19, Honore 18, Celena 17, Narcisse, Octavia, and Phillias 16, Bateese 15, Celeste 14, Phillipa 13, Emile and George 12, Babette 11, Madore 10, Pierre 9, Eugene we lose him, Bruno 7, Marie 6, Paul 5, Alphonse 4, Gaston 3, Armand 2, Muriel 1, Hilare he go arefoot. How much?"

"Oh, that guys shooting the bull again," someone says, and you say D—m rotten story as you turn to the other side. Here another squad come in with a case and are asked, "Hows it out to-night?" "Shellin' to beat blazes," answers Glynn, a new man. "We came through a regular barrage of gas shells. 'Suckholed' all the way down. You fellows know that sunken road; well, he sniped us with whizz bangs clear to the Crucifix. Wish we could sleep like you guys; gotta make another trip." Sleep be D—d, you say, and tuck your head beneath the blankets. The battery outside the dug-out is now pounding away on its morning straff, and the voice of Cpl.— is heard, "Now then, you guys, shake a leg. "Next squad out Jones, Brown, Hope and Crosswell." You are this time awakened out of a fitful dream of the food you will eat in Paris. You are Crosswell, so you roll out and rub your eyes, adjust your gas mask, glad the morning has come and another night up the line over.

Pte. X.

C.C. to Dental Officer: "Why were'nt you working when the gas alarm practice was on?"

Dental Officer: "Well, sir, I could work with a mask on, but the patient thought it was a real alarm, and he puts his on, too."

The Prospect at Sea.

Having followed the sea for several years, I do not think a few remarks on what the prospects of our supremacy would be out of place on this, the second anniversary of the "N.Y.D."

The main interest of the Naval situation naturally centres in the question as to whether, and if so, when, the German fleet will come out and directly challenge our own grand squadrons for the command of the sea. It is in my opinion quite impossible to answer such a question, but we have a few facts available which have an important bearing on it. At the outbreak of war our combined strength in completed ships of the Dreadnought type was 38, against the German-Austrian total of 24. We had under construction at that time 40 vessels to Germany's 6. It is thus reasonable to assume that, if the enemy's fleet did not think advisable to "come out" against the original odds, it is not likely to do so now, after they have been doubled and redoubled. Without at any time believing in the power of their fleet, to meet and defeat the British in a stand up fight, the enemy trusted largely to his destroyer flotilla's to diminish our superiority or even destroy our navy completely, by means of a sudden attack made coincidentally with the declaration of war. However, this was frustrated by the disappearance of our main battle squadrons a few days before war was actually declared. Germany, I suppose, thought it a fine opportunity, all her fleet mustered in the Royal roads, but thanks to old Battenburg, our fleet suddenly weighed anchor, and quietly steamed away. So the enemy then, with much apparent confidence, transferred his faith to the war of attrition.

It is impossible to arrive at a reasonable correct idea of the progress which this campaign has made, because the addition of fighting power has been many times greater than its depletion. For instance, we have lost 7 Pre-Dreadnoughts, while Germany has lost only one, but between the outbreak of war and the end of 1916, we should have added many more dreadnoughts to our fleet in commission, the majority of which carry 15 in. turrets, while we do know that Germany has not added more than six, three only carrying guns of this calibre. The British fleet, besides being reinforced by an enormous number of vessels taken from the Mercantile Marine, has been strengthened by many scores of vessels built to meet the special requirements of the Admiralty. Only one type of craft have been mentioned to the public, namely, the Monitor. The vessel is specially designed for shallow waters, and to evade the treacherous torpedo, which as a rule strikes a vessel six feet below the water line. Monitors only having a draft of six feet can enjoy a certain amount of safety, and when bombarding the enemy forts they can also creep through a mine field with practical safety. There are numerous other types, whose characteristics will presumably be allowed to filter through slowly to the public. Our torpedo-flotilla's have been augmented at a really phenomenal rate. Many submarines, too, have been put together in Canadian yards, and sent across the Atlantic to reinforce our flotilla's in European waters.

What is going on behind the veil that shields the German shipyards from view we do not know. In all probability they are concentrating upon Mosquito craft, torpedo boats, destroyers, and submarines, even so, the first two years of the war contain nothing to suggest that these will be able to exercise anything approaching a vital influence on its ultimate decision.

Many people have vague ideas of what the Navy means for us to-day. When a few enemy torpedo boats make a wild dash in the channel, you hear them say, Where was our Navy? In such an area as that to which our main fleets are necessarily confined, opportunities for successful work on the part of hostile submarines and swift moving torpedo craft are bound to occur frequently, and to be taken advantage of occasionally, but I think it safe to believe that, in spite of dangers that must always exist, the British Navy has now every possible development well prepared for, and that its supremacy will remain unchallenged save by small craft down to the end of the war.

Therefore Germany's alternative is either to let us command the seven seas while her fleet lies safe in its harbours, or let us go on commanding them after her fleet has been destroyed.

Herr Von Jagow has declared that all Germany wants is the freedom of the seas. The views of Herr Ballin, head of the Hamburg-American Line, are very startling. He demanded for Germany not only freedom of the seas, but also Naval bases at the entrance and at the exit of the (English Channel), and strong bases overseas. He did not specify which side of the Channel he wanted his bases, but I presume he would be well satisfied with Plymouth as with Cherbourg, or with Dover as with Calais.

Unquestionably Germany is very severely handicapped by having all her ports in a bay excellently shadowed by the British Isles. I conclude by saying that it is equally unquestionably the vital interest of the British people to see that the war, so far as the sea affair is concerned, ends where it began, with the open German Coast confined between the Ems and the Island of Sylt, and with the freedom of the seas remaining the perquisite of the Nation having the strength to command them.

Three rousing cheers for our silent and watchful Navy, also the brave and fearless Mercantile Marine.
S. C. S.



A "stretcher" case passing "Whizz-Bang" corner.
An Impulsive Moment.

Sunshine and Shadow.

An ideal autumn day! The birds are singing in the trees; the brilliant remnant of the summer's flowers are blooming in the light of the glorious September sun. Gaudy winged butterflies, their bright and varied tints scintilating in the golden rays, flit lightly from flower to flower. The tall trees cast inviting shadows on the long grass, seeming to call mankind aside to rest and lay aside, if but for a little while, the burden of the day. The horses in the meadow speak their appreciation by their attitudes and actions, as they graze in leisurely contentment or roll in the luxuriant grass, as though full of the joy of being alive on such a day as this. The leaves are donning their autumn garb of the varied and picturesque hues attendant to their easy transition from life to death, and stand out in pleasing contrast to the dull shade of the evergreen. Over all, stretches an expanse of blue sky flecked with a few wisps of snowy white which look like little handfuls of fleece suspended by invisable threads. Over against the horizon rests a solitary greyish red cloud, like smoke tinged with blood. The air is filled with the drowsy hum of the bees, accompanied by the rustling of a zephyr breeze through the foliage. No other sound disturbs the silence of a perfect autumn day, and one could almost imagine that hatred, emnity, and greed

were banished from the universe, giving place to love, peace, and contentment.

Suddenly the silence is broken by a sharp report, followed by another, not so sharp, not so near. High in the heavens appears a tiny puff of white, as though another miniature cloud had been added to those already there. But this little speck of white, innocent as it appears, is all that is left of the messenger of death hurled at something almost invisible. With a painful wrench our thoughts are torn from the beauties of nature to the grim realities of the day. From somewhere near that snowy puff, which is gradually growing thin and transparent, like wool as it is carded, comes a faint hum. Across that foam flecked sea of azure blue glide something which gleams from time to time like a silver gadfly. Turning it catches and reflects the sunbeams, and then almost fades from sight. Yet this, too, despite its fascinating grace and beauty, is a bird of ill omen, and if not bearing death on its wings, is the eyes of that which tears and rends. Yes, the spell is broken. The little choir of autumn song grows faint amid the crash of the guns, and the memory recalls a picture, clear and vivid, as though present now, of a desolate country wherein death, and death only, reaps a rich harvest. Yonder lies what was once a shady wood, where the grass, dotted with cowslips, grew neath the



Things that never happen. An officer refusing his leave.

shade of the stately elms, whose interlacing branches formed a natural canopy, sheltering countless feathered songsters. Of all these gifts which nature had bestowed with lavish hand, nothing remained. The trees' are blackened trunks, and where the grass and wild-flowers once formed a springy carpet the ground is scarred and seamed, and littered with the debris of war. The guns bark spitefully as they send their missiles whining through the air, and the sounds echo and re-echo from trunk to trunk till they are multiplied a thousandfold. At intervals there are slight lulls in the gunfire, and then can be heard the voice of the song bird telling us that the song of hope is not lost for ever, though unheard in the din of the strife. There is the place where a quiet village was set on the green slope overlooking the plain. In its place, is a mass of ruins, scarcely four walls stand together, no sheltering roof remains, and of some places once called home, nothing remains save the memory. Across the plain, and on through the village flows a steady stream of stricken humanity, the most pitiful sight of all. In their suffering friend and foe forget their prejudices and antagonisms while they think of the pain, the weariness, and the senselessness of it all. Here is man, God's masterpiece, bruised and broken. Villages may be rebuilt, the ground may be sown anew, but these wrecks must linger on till death shall release the heroic spirits that

dwell therein. Farther back is a series of little mounds, freshly made, and underneath each one rests some warrior whose conflict is o'er. Friend or foe, it matters not, for all must return to the dust from whence they were formed.

Such is the shadow of war, making the land upon which it rests dreary and depressing. Coming back, for a few weeks, to the place where the blight of war no longer lies upon the land, where nature has touched with her healing hand, where the birds sing, and the lost flowers bloom, and the butterflies play in the sunlight, the assurance is renewed that God is in His Heaven, beautifying and recreating the stricken land.

M. McI.

My Soldier.

(In Memory).

God's your helper, friend, and soldier sturdy,
 While you break, and beat the foeman;
 Tearing ground, and breaking mansions,
 Wounding hearts, and killing gallants,
 Making sorrow deep and woeful,
 Sowing sin, and reaping death;
 Planting good, and having life,
 Praising God, attaining heights,
 Making right the song of might.

H. C. H.



Fritz (to guard at the cage): "Do you know my brother Hans who vos working in Winnipeg."

The Anæsthetic Pudding.

We were located in the Brick Pile Post at the time. Our "home" was a small "dug-out," which from its bomb-proof construction suggested the old-time legend, "Made in Germany." Small, did I say? you bet it was. Why! there was scarcely enough room to change one's mind. Fritz had left some "souvenirs" for the first night of our occupancy; bed bugs of a typical Prussian militant species, made a night raid, and almost succeeded in driving us out. This was a new evidence of Hunnish "frightfulness," but by a spirited counter-attack we inflicted heavy losses on the "enemy."

Soon we learned that our quarters were at once the admiration and envy of some artillery "blokes" who were our immediate neighbours. "Hold the post at all costs" had been the O.C.'s orders. However, our right of tenancy was disputed by the bombarding guys, who sought to dislodge us with salvos of "bluff" and "threats," interspersed by clouds of gas of the deadly "hot-air" variety. Our Corporal, a veteran of '14, was a man of action. Shall we ever forget his majestic figure as he stood yonder, with a look of Napoleonic determination on his face, and a light that boded ill to any aggressor gleaning in his eye, like a modern "Horatio" holding the Bridge. Oh! hang it, the stairway I mean. Alone, I say, this "C" Section "Spartan" met and repelled the invader with a withering fire from his improved "Booth" machine gun. Surely a passion like that of his great prototype must have surged in his bosom.

How could a "Corp" die better
Than facing "fearful" odds;
For the honour of his section,
And the comfort of his squads.

The "wordy" battle over, he remained victor in the field, and having posted "signs" which must have struck terror to the hearts of our adversaries, amid the plaudits of his henchmen, he plunged into the "abysmal" depths of our subterranean dwelling, and soon we settled down to the "hum-drum" life of a Field Ambulance Aid Post.

But I started to tell you about the anæsthetic pudding. Well it was Saturday evening. We were sitting on "annexed" chairs around a "pinched" table after supper. The "Quarter-bloke" must have had a fit of liberality. Bless him! may he have many more, for our "larder" was fairly well stocked. A full bread ration resulted in our being a loaf and some fragments to the good.

Mac Sporan had volunteered to cook the Sunday dinner. Of course, with such a name he couldn't be other than Scotch, and lacks nothing of the national trait of "thriftiness." Feeling the burden of his self-imposed responsibility he donned his thinking cap, and sat silent, evidently indulging in that army luxury, meditation. Suddenly a light of superior intelligence broke upon his face as he exclaimed: "There's nae need to waste the braid, I'll mak' a braid pudding fur denner the morn." He then launched forth in a flow of rhetoric graphically enumerating the many excellencies of his "pudding ideal." Such eloquence, plus the mental vision which floated before our eyes, secured our approval, and there and then it was irrevocably settled that our

Sunday was to be supplemented by a real "home-made" bread pudding. After mentally reviewing what must have been a prehistoric recipe for steam puddings in general, our Gael announced his intention of securing some items he considered indispensable to the success of the dinner.

The morning following he spent so much time arranging his toilet that we began to tremble lest "Brasso" and "shoe-polish" were to be among the ingredients. At length he set out, and bye and bye returned with a sand bag swung across his shoulder, and beads of perspiration threatening to engulf the look of inspiration on his face. And then, yes THEN, began an exhibition of the culinary art that might have made a certain cook of "stew" fame green with envy.

This chieftain of cooks had secured a "Primus Stove," and some gasoline. Not that he intended putting these in the pudding, but simply as means of securing success. As he proceeded with his task we heard him mutter ominously against two luckless artillery batmen, who, he alleged, "had spent the greater part of a day 'heatin' Mac Conoachie' fur their 'officer's mess.'"

First he soaked the bread, and then putting it in the gauze bag used for tea-making, he sought to expel the water. (I have since wished that he had used a mangle or a clothes wringer). In the process he transferred it from one dish to another, working it as an Irish labourer would mix cement. Seemingly satisfied with the concocting business, he finally placed the abused mixture in successive layers in a "Billy can." The "Primus" did the rest.

Dinner time came. Our "chef" wore a bland smile. We hurried through the first "course" in our anxiety for the second. With glowing face the clansmen handed the "Billy" to a "brither Scot." The latter removed the lid, then slowly raised the thing within smelling distance of his "boke," sniffing the while. He took a taste, sniffed again, and then, looking around enquiringly, exclaimed: "It smells exactly like—and—it tastes exactly like—by the way, what became of that 'cresole' we had for sanitary purposes?" The Corp. laughed, Mac frowned. The taster plunged the spoon into the blue-grey matter which was on top. The "cook" said that was "black currant jam." Perhaps it was, but it looked mighty like "refined shrapnel." Under the blue-grey was a sickly white, which he averred was the bread. Bread! It may have been, but it certainly looked like the twin brother of "soft concrete." Our friend's Scotch ire was now rising, so to avert trouble we hastily helped ourselves. What a blessing that he brought some "Blue-Ribbon" condensed milk. The pudding threatened to spoil the milk, but better that than that milkless pudding should spoil us. After sampling it the "Corp." suggested spreading it on the "Splint Record," and using it for fly paper.

To demonstrate his faith in his own cooking, our friend had a second liberal helping. But no sooner had the stuff reached his stomach than he showed signs of drowsiness. Loosening his belt, and gathering his strength he arose, and made for his "bunk," and he had scarcely hit the straw before he was fast asleep, sound as the third stage of

"anæsthesio." We became somewhat alarmed, as visions of sleeping sickness, ptomaine poisoning, and "mustard gas" entered our thoughts, but as the patient developed no dangerous symptoms our fears were allayed. The "Corp." soon left us with the excuse that he had to visit another post, but I'm not without suspicion that he spent the afternoon as a "sleeper" on the "Narrow Gauge Track." About 6 p.m., the "victim" showed signs of returning "consciousness," but the memory of the pudding made him dose off again.

The following day we received orders to evacuate the "post." There was still some of the pudding left, and anxious to avoid waste, and at the same time secure a measure of revenge, our "hero" handed it to one of the gunners. Having done so he came back chuckling with delight like that of a "bomber" who has slipped a "Mills" souvenir with the pin drawn into the pocket of an unsuspecting Fritz. Whether that gunner was shot at sunrise for sleeping at his post, or whether he still patrols the shell holes as a mysterious "somnanibulist" only a future historian can relate.

Comrades mine! should you ever be the victims of insomnia don't resort to "dope." Let us prescribe this infallible remedy. Again, if in the fortunes of war you should receive a "Blighty" which involves an operation, beg of your surgeon to dispense with that trinity of pain killers; "Ethel chloride, Chloroform and Ether. In your most persuasive tones entreat him thus: "But give me a liberal helping of Mac's anæsthetic pudding, and I'll trouble you no more."

In the distant future I can see him. As "Grandpa's pet boy for the 'umteenth' time makes request, saying, "Tell me what you did in the 'Great War.' Yes, I can see his eyes sparkle and his bosom heave with honest pride as he exclaims:

"'Twas I who cooked the Immortal Anæsthetic Pudding."

J. A. J.

Life.

The world is a vast creation,
Made pleasant by good works.
First love the world,
Then interest yourself
In its life and welfare,
Associating yourself,
With its joys and sorrows.
Trying to do for your fellowmen
Not with the desire of gain,
And they will honour you,
Then shall life be worth while,
And you will know,
The world was made for you.

H. C. H.

Cpl. G. T. (pulling blankets from his bunk): "Do you know what are the worst enemies we have in this war?"

Unsuspecting remount: "No!"

Cpl. G. T.: "Why, CRUMS! You can't get rid of the Sons of Guns, do what you will."

The Late Private O'Brien.

Below we give a short record of the famous Pte. "Kid" O'Brien's fights at the front. Pte. O'Brien was welter weight champion of New York State, and his fights in France caused many an evening amusement to hundreds of men.

On the 17th February, 1917, Pte. O'Brien fought Cpl. Kent, eight rounds, and won on points.

In the beginning of March, 1917, in a 15 round bout with Cpl. Kent of a Tunnelling Coy. (ex-lightweight champion of the Indian Army), Pte. O'Brien lost on a foul.

In April 1917, Pte. O'Brien fought Cpl. Kent a return match, 10 rounds, and won.

In April 1917, Pte. O'Brien fought Bombardier Leedham, welterweight champion, Lahore Division, a 10 round contest. Pte. O'Brien won by a knock-out in the second round.

On the 25th May, 1917, Pte. O'Brien fought a 6 round contest with Pte. Hadley, of a Canadian Battalion (amateur middleweight, 168 lbs.), of Saskatchewan, and won.

In July 1917, Pte. O'Brien fought Gunner Harvey, R.G.A., amateur welterweight champion of England. Pte. O'Brien won on a foul in the 7th round.

In August 1917, Pte. O'Brien fought a return match with Gunner Harvey, 10 rounds and won.

For the Canadian Corps Championship Pte. O'Brien won the championship of two Divisions and a third by default.

Pte. O'Brien has since been killed in action.

A Soldier's Comfort.

ODE TO GEORGE P.

His bed was in a billet breezy,
The cold caused him to feel uneasy,
'Till stray puss came that way!
But now with pussy at his feet
And wool cap on his bright bald pate,
Wrapped in his clothes and blankets too,
He sleeps quite warm instead!

E. R.

Rum-Our.

Who it is drinks our rum, we ask?
To find them would be an awful task,
For there's Q.M.S.'s and S.M.'s too
Who drink the rum for me and you.

Some nights I lay in my bunk and thirst,
So dry I think my lungs will burst;
And I think of the jar in the Q.M. Store,
And it makes me long for it more and more.

I don't think it fair, do you Old Chap,
That while WE are helping a great big scrap
That THEY should drink that tot of ours,
While we go dry through the tiresome hours.

They say the Q.M. got tight one night,
And lay in a field in an awful plight;
The picquets say at the break of day,
He was still alaying among the hay.

So now we know where the rum issue goes,
To the same OLD GUY that issues the clothes;
nAd while we sit here licking our lips,
He's drinking our rum in bountiful slips.

The Nation's Care.

In some place not far from terror
I am sitting down to write
With thoughts of awe and wonder
Of the days so long and slow.

Where beneath the cannons roaring
And the thundering of the clouds,
By the fearful God of Battle,
And the noise of His dreadful throng.

I have heard the wounded groaning,
And the dying Hero cry,
To his God, His King, and Nation,
For his children's loving care.

Of the living I've no memory,
For beneath that awful sky,
Rises the noise of dreadful trouble,
For the boys of the "Thin Red Line."

'Tis not, the line of "Red Clad Tommies,"
Of our Nation's glorious past,
But the line of Khaki Heroes,
Destined to fight for right.

'Tis the blood of life's strong young ones,
That battle with this might
And make that line a Crimson
The blood of Life's young right.

That speaks of England's glory
And stands for freedom's rights,
Which binds to her, her colonies,
To bid in an honest fight.

'Tis not of this I wonder
But of the mother's care;
And the broken hearted girlies,
That never had a care.

For now their brave young Hero
Is buried 'neath the sand
Of some far distant country,
Beneath some foreign flag.

Marked only with some faggot,
Because no workman dare,
There, study life's mementum,
Of the living and the dead.

But oh! the open spaces,
And oh! the empty chairs
Of some dear broken household,
And the broken hearted there.

There shall be some childless girlies
And many a children's tear;
For many of them shall wonder
Who's child of life they were.

But no disgrace shall follow,
For the child without a care;
For our brave Tommies babies
Will be the Nation's pride and care.

But far above all others
The God of all the earth
Has written down for glory
These Heroes of the earth.

And now my deathbed mothers,
And my childless dying girl
Remember your God's promise
To be ready for Him there.

H. G. H.

A Search Party.

The regiment was waiting to go "Over the Top," when further down the line, in a section held by Highlanders, a dozen or so flares went up—sure sign of something going on. "What's the matter down there?" asked Pte. Smith of a corporal. That worthy grunted, "If you ask me," he said, bitingly, "I should say one of those Scotchmen has lost a tanner."

The Vital Question.

When is the Big Advance to be?
This is the question uppermost in every mind,
From front line trench, back to the most distant
billets in reserve.

For evidence it is, from signs innumerable,
That an advance more great than any we have
known

Is to be made,
But—that time is not yet.

For everything suggests that these are days of
preparation,

These fine, bright days of sunshine, with blue sky
overhead,

In which fly swiftly, those busy, humming
aeroplanes,

That hourly bring fresh messages of vast importance
Concerning the latest movements of the Huns.

Also, there are the hardy road makers,
Paving the way for all the stream of traffic

That needs must flow towards that sea
Of packed humanity

O'er which shall sweep so soon, that cruel
Destructive storm of bursting shells!

Then hither and thither pass innumerable working
parties

Each to perform a necessary duty,
Some in the fuller light of higher noon complete their
task,

Others through darker hours—by night, in places
more exposed to danger

Conduct their work as best they may with dogged
perseverance, until their task is done,

Thus all prepare, silently, carefully, for that
momentous day,

The day of retribution, that soon shall break with
such terrific force

Upon the heartless Huns,
But that time is not yet!

It was a little after seven in the evening, when the
group of Officers had collected around the mess table.

The C.O. had started the meeting, and had his
juniors attentively studying from maps, advantageous
points which were to be taken from the enemy in the
next push.

An N.C.O. belonging to the same unit, who had
been indulging in too much oil from the canteen, but
very well versed as to how promotion was allotted to
the rang and file, suddenly strode right into the
middle of the meeting, paused to look around the
group, then exclaimed, "What the Devil is all this
going on! Are you going to make another Lance
Corporal without pay?"

J. B. M.

We have just discovered that although our circula-
tion may not be large it is very wide. A friend called
to tell us the other day that he had just dispatched a
copy of N.Y.D. to a chum in Hong-Kong. One
would not imagine that our little "squeak" would
reach such remote parts of the globe.

Editors.

The Baseball Reporter.

The baseball reporter, after hearing nightmares all night handed in this:

The game opened with Molasses at the stick and Smallpox catching. Cigars was in the box with plenty of smoke. Horn on first base and Fiddle on second, backed by Corn in the field, made it hot for Umpire Apple, who was rotten. Axe came to bat and chopped. Cigar let Brick walk, and Sawdust filled the bases. Song made a hit and Twenty made a score. Cigar went out and Balloon tried to pitch, but went straight up. Then Cherry tried it, but was wild. Old Ice Cream kept goal in the game until he was cracked by a pitched ball; then you ought to have heard Ice Cream. Cabbage had a good head, and kept quiet.

Grass covered lots of ground in the field and the crowd cheered. Then Spider caught a fly. Bread foaled on Third and pumped Organ, who played fast, and put Light out. In the fifth inning Wind began to knock; Trees began to leave. The way they roasted Peanut was a fright. Knife was put off for cutting first base. Lightning finished pitching the game, and struck out six men. In the ninth Apple told Field to take his base; Corn was shocked. Then Song made another hit. Skate made a gallant slide for home. Meat reached the plate, followed by Soap, who cleaned up. The score stood 1 to 0. After the game was over Door said, if he had pitched the game he would have shut them all out.



Orderly (to badly wounded infantryman who has complained of the bully): "You guys don't seem to know that there is a war on!"

NOW AND THEN

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

MANAGING EDITOR ...
NEWS EDITOR

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

No. 9.

22nd DECEMBER, 1917.

Congratulations and Good Wishes.

In extending my congratulations to the Editor of this excellent Magazine upon the publication of a Christmas double number, I also desire to take this opportunity of wishing all ranks under my command a Merry Christmastide, and every good fortune and success in the approaching New Year, which, we hope, may witness a successful conclusion to hos-



LIEUT. COLONEL A. S. DONALDSON, C.A.M.C.

tilities, so that, once more, Peace and Good Will may again, never more to be violated.

During the past year numerous instances have occurred which will always adorn the annals of the Unit, and we have been privileged to share many of the successes of our comrade in arms, whom we

have served, I trust, with some measure of success. It is for these services, and the unfailing support which I have received, that I wish to offer my sincerest thanks to the officers, N.C.O.'s, and men of the Unit.

Truly great feats have been performed by the Canadians throughout the year, which has gone by; feats which will be deeply graven upon the imperishable tablets of a glorious history, and be read with eager eyes and admiring hearts by coming generations.

To my regret, many of the boys, including well-seasoned old-timers, have been sent down wounded or sick, and will not be with us to share our happy Christmastide this year; but at the same time I welcome the newer members who have joined our ranks during the year, and who have already given an excellent account of themselves, thereby assuring me of their efforts to maintain the usual high standard that has been the pride of this unit.

In conclusion, I believe that the great crisis in the history of civilisation is approaching its vital point of ascendancy; therefore I appeal to you to stand united in creating even greater success in the work that we have to do. Strive to improve, and create, and by your effort you will increase your strength of character and add to the crown of laurels already won, in the service of your country and your comrades.

A Christmas full of cheer, and good fortune and gladness in plenty be yours!

A. S. DONALDSON,
Lieut.-Colonel, C.A.M.C.

To Mamselle.

Her roguish eyes are laughter-lit,
And she is wise in witching wiles;
A dozen hearts go patter-pit
When Mamselle smiles.

Her slightest whim must be obeyed,
For she's a queen whom beauty crowns,
A dozen figures droop dismayed,
When Mamselle frowns.

But she will plight her troth to none,
Their whispered vows her tact averts;
Eleven sigh and envy one,
When Mamselle flirts.

And if she changes in the end,
Whatever choice she then shall make;
There'll be eleven hearts to mend,
And one to break.

C. JOHNSTONE,

M'Alice in Dunderland.

M'Alice was seated on the roadside near a little pool with her feet dangling in the water when she heard a loud cackling and flapping of wings overhead, and down swooped the "Belge-bat-man."

"Bon jour, M'maxelle," said the Belge-bat affably as he drew out a tape measure and started measuring the footprints in the muddy road.

"Good morning, Belge-bat," said Alice politely. "Please, why are you doing that?"

"Well, you see," said he, picking up a hob-nail, and examining it closely through a magnifying glass, "so many people are walking about, to estaminets and things, wearing out their boots, and costing, oh! ever so much money that HE is going to stop it."

"But can HE stop it?" inquired M'Alice.

The Belge-bat winked, and produced a large card. "You read this card," he said, knowingly, "you compree?"

M'Alice read: "Try 'MURPHINE,' half a franc is better than no franc at all."

"What a nice card!" said M'Alice.

"Yes," said the Belge-bat, "a regular Joker running wild; but why are you sitting here, my dear, looking so sad?"

Poor M'Alice burst into tears. "Oh! the Oh Sea Serpent said a word to me this morning, and I am so stupid that I cannot tell what it means. It seems so silly not to understand one word, doesn't it?"

"A'ha," cried the Belge-bat, "You no understand languages. Me speak seven language. Voila—Comment Pro Bono Publico; Vive La Italiane; Deutchland Uber Sandy Hook; Compree; Git me? You tell me the word—I understand!"

"Well," said M'Alice, it's Whatthellareyoudoing heredontgoawayatoncestopherthisinstantwheresallmy thingsIdon'tknowwhattheh—lsthematterwithyouanyway."

"Oh! La! La!" said the Belge-bat, "some language is different. I no understand THAT."

"No," said M'Alice sadly, "neither does anyone else. So I am waiting for the Oh Sea Serpent to come out of this pool and tell me what it does mean."

"Oh! La! La! La!" cried the Belge-bat, "the Oh Sea Serpent in that little pool! What does he want in a tiny muddy place like that?"

"Oh! I don't know," said M'Alice. "He appears to enjoy it—there may be some mermaids in there. But sssh! here he comes."

They scuttled back to the shelter of some bushes and suddenly the surface of the pool was violently agitated, and out popped the head of the Oh Sea Serpent. It was evident that he was in a terrible rage, for he was threshing and diving about, churning the muddy water into foam while endeavouring to seize a tiny fish that was darting from side to side to avoid the angry serpent.

"I'll get you," roared the infuriated Serpent. "D—n your eyes. You dare to be fresh with me! How dare you be fresh?"

"Oh! sir," piped the tiny fish, barely dodging the murderous rush, and missing the cavernous mouth by the fraction of an inch, "Please, sir, I AM fresh. I can't help it. I was born fresh."

"That don't go with me," roared the Serpent, and made such a terrific lunge that most of the water was splashed out of the pool, and in the flurry the little fish escaped. Muttering and grumbling the Serpent wriggled out on to the grass, and cleaning off the mud and weeds with a few deft shuffles of his shining coils started off up the hill toward the Monastery. As he went by they heard him mumbling in a low tone, "Fresh! I'll fresh him!"

Soon they heard him roaring for the Abb-bat. M'Alice and the Belge-bat crept quietly after him, and found that his loud outcry had disturbed a large colony of "Bat-men" who were roosting amongst the "Eves" of a neighboring estaminet.

"Abb-bat! Abb-bat! Where the H—ls the Abb-bat! Have the Abb-bat braught to me!"

"Oh! sir," piped one of the trembling bat-men, "Abb-bat is very busy, sir, very busy indeed!"

"BUSY," snorted the serpent, "how dare he be busy when I am not here. Hey?"

"Oh! please, sir," faltered the wretched creature, "he's er-er—"

The Serpent gave one threatening twist of his limber tail-end, and with a shriek the bat-man stuttered, "M-Marking time on his own ground, sir." "Marking WHAT on his own WHAT?" asked the Serpent glowering at the unhappy being.

"Time, sir, ground, sir."

"DON'T say time; ground to me! NEVER say, time; ground, to me.. Time; ground? What the H—l do you say 'time; ground' for?" and waving his flexible tail tip in the air the Serpent administered a sound slap which sent the bat-man howling into the bush where he was discovered some hours later trembling violently by a kindly M.O., who sent him to Blighty as a shell shock case. (I told you this was a fairy story).

And now a fresh young voice was heard from within the Monastery carolling this ancient ballad,

"Ho, this morning I was sick,
And to-morrow I'll be sicker.

But still I'll lick, and lick,
And lick, and lick, my liquor."

The door opened, and tripping lightly down the ancient steps came the Abb-bat himself. He bore himself with the natural dignity which becomes one who severs himself from the petty cares and trials of this sordid world; and with his scholastic countenance enlivened by the inward glow of spiritual well-being he beamed down upon the little group.

At his appearance the Serpent gave a convulsive shudder, and coiling himself into a sort of pedestal, surmounted by his awful head, he surveyed the ABB-BAT with stony fury.

Pausing upon the lower step the Abb-bat broke into a blithsome twostep, accompanied by a melodious chant, "Oh! say, Merry brother, will you say have another? And I'll say, yea! And we'll toss, who'll pay. But if you win, I'll—"

Here the Serpent suddenly rose to some seven-sixteenths of his full height, and spitting three distinct jets of flame from his mouth demanded in a voice of thunder, "Wherethehellismybillet?"

The Abb-bat stayed his animated action, and bowing gracefully dived his hand into his bosom, and

drew forth a card bearing the magic words—"Try MURPHINE." Half a billet is better than no billet at all." The tip of the enraged Serpent's tail described more curves than the head of the unit in a week's route marching, and it was some time before he could trust himself to speak. After a time he calmed down to something approaching the condition of Vesuvius on a busy day, and as then able to utter, "HAVEHIMBRAUGHTTOME."

At once the bat-men flung themselves away in pursuit glad of any excuse to get away from that awful presence. Presently one crept back fearfully back with the news that he had found HIM.

"My body and bones!" screamed the Serpent, "Why in the name of my sacred tail did you not bring HIM along?"

Miserably the bat-man explained that HIM and the MARQUIS had been strolling convivially together when they had the good fortune to discover a gold sovereign, and were now so occupied that no power on earth could detract their attention.

Pausing a moment to spit four distant flames, the Serpent dismantled his monumental attitude, and shuffled rapidly after the bat man. Bursting through the bushes they suddenly encountered the entranced couple who were bending over the little shining disc in passionate admiration. HIM was saying, "Oh! what a DEAR little dragon, do let me hold him for just a moment."

Reluctantly his old friend the Marquis passed over the coin, and the onlookers noticed that while when the Marquis held it the Dragon only moaned faintly, but as soon as HIS fingers closed on it, it yelped in mortal agony.

Turning HIS head HIM came suddenly face to face with the vengeful Serpent, and with a howl fled precipitately, closely followed by the Marquis.

The Serpent was coiling off in hot pursuit, when he encountered the faithful St. Bernard, trained to receive and retain messages, who handed him a telegram, on which he read:

"Sir,—The inevitable has happened. In spite of all our efforts we have reached our destination. WE HAVE ARRIVED.

(Signed), HeBirdShower."

"My hat!" gasped the Serpent, "this is too much!" He sat down. (Sitting down is a long operation with Serps.) After a while he reared up a few feet and moaned, "Well, it can't be helped, the journey is finished. We'll have to have an inspection, and throw away all our things. I'll have to get a new rig-out from Merryweathers!"

Curiosity had prompted HIM to return, and HE now came forward with some helpful suggestions. "I'm sure that some old gas pipe would fit you a treat," he said soothingly, "and it's SO reasonable." The Serpent muttered something about having had enough of "old gas pipes," and they all hurried away to the "ditching parade." Here they found all the victims ready like lambs for the slaughter, and barely pausing to spit five distinct jets of flame, the Serpent "got to business."

From one to another he passed "frisking" each one deftly with the tip of his extremely sensitive tail. From the breast pocket of one wretched victim he

drew forth a photograph. "What!" he roared, "carrying your Grandmother's picture! How dare you? And a gold tooth too, I see. Throw them away this instant!" Take all the lead out of that pencil at once. I can't understand it at all. Here you go and have that boil bled at once. Such surplus stuff!"

One hardened ruffian had the timidity to carry a toothpick and being sentenced to fatigues was hurried away with other offenders to give a lift with the billiard table and grand piano.

From here the Serpent passed on to the Fantacnechions, and here the stress was terrible. Victim after victim was led away and flung to the lions or burnt at the stake. The climax was reached when a large box was discovered on one of the "fantacs." The Serpent recoiled in horror at the sight and shooting his head to the skies spit a complete Royal Salute of Flames.

Overcome at this awful spectacle, and abandoning all hope the "fantacnacionites" cast themselves upon the ground, and shivered as the awful voice thundered, "WHATTHEHELLISINHERE?!"

One stricken victim raised his head. "What a nice little dragon!" "Nell's Pups," he gasped.

"Oh!" said the Oh Sea Serpent, and passed on.

M'Alice and the Belge-bat stole quietly away, and walking up the hill took on a job at the munition works. D. J. N.



Flapper: "You have a cushy job, eh?"
He (sarcastically): "Oh, yes, with the 1st Canadian Field Ambulance."

Evergreen and Holly.

Nearly two years ago (an eternity, and then some!) we celebrated Christmas. That statement is simple enough, but the word *celebrated* has a sinister meaning when it is used in such an expression.

The morning dawned—mornings *will* dawn, you know, just as fine as a Christmas Day ought to be. Even the advocates of temperance were feeling gay, and the looks of benevolence and goodwill that glimmered in the fishy eyes of the devoted followers of Bacchus, bespoke the advent of that day when Peace on Earth "reigns till it pours," and then the battle commences.

Those experienced old timers, accustomed to Christmasses, with uncanny foresight, predicted a dry day, and visited the fountain early, and therefore faced the approaching festivities with calm features. The celebration fared well to prove a success. Lovers of the heroic in poetry can find themselves "living" such thrilling moments as Tennyson recorded for us in the "Charge of the Light Brigade," but to have been there and watched the wild charge that swept down upon the tables as the S.M. flung wide the barrier, would have given you a thrill that would leave your knees permanently weak.

When all were seated, the sergeants, charmingly dressed alike in dainty khaki suits, came "tripping" in, bearing aloft heaped plates, loaded to the muzzle with real turkey, and all the other impediments to a perfect digestion. But even in the Christmas feast Germanic influence was discernable. How? Because Turkey only entered in order to reinforce the Central Powers, and the result was, as the tablets of History will tell us, turkey vanished from Europe, grease was wiped up, and a particularly strong offensive was launched in the champagne district!

Did we enjoy that dinner? Ask the survivors—the old contemptibles! They will tell you! However, the next act opened with a little number, entitled "Bubbles and Pops," and was a *howler*. Such an enthusiastic uproar greeted it that even the stolid Scot who was drawing the corks from the champagne bottles, grew excited and forgot which way to turn the corkscrew. But just to show that we *could* rough it, we had the priceless fluid served in common bowls, and as "Rabbie" said, "It's a good bowl that has a clean bottom," so we all agreed. All good things end, however, so with Good Will toward Men written largely across our faces in stray bits of turkey and gravey, we rose, as best we could, and permitted the relieving battalion to take up our front line position. Full? Yes, and No! It all depends, for there are many stages of fullness, and the night was a long way off.

Outside in the yard, presents were given to each one, and we knew that the "Hame Folk" were not unmindful of their stray lambs. Our stretcher bearers, up the line, were not forgotten, either, but received the same kind tokens as we who at that time were fortunate enough to be at the Main Dressing Station. After that splendid meal came diversion in the shape of an impromptu brass band, whose music greatly affected the feet of our elevated soldiery. Friends met, shook hands, and embraced, who had never before seen or heard of each other.

XXX., a short-sighted individual, mistook the Sergeant-Major's pocket for his own, and received alimony to the value of two Xmas packets and three cigars. Another convert to the Society of Friends evinced a strong desire to shake the Colonel's hand for a period of not *more* than five minutes—a privilege that was laughingly granted. Everybody was happy! Methinks I can yet see the rotund form of MacKay gracefully draped about his beloved soul mate, Andy, as they swooped majestically into the melee of tango, polka, highland fling, two step and lame duck wobble, which terminated the whirlwind performance of the band. It was touching!

To go further into the festivities of the day would mean a tour of estaminets, "homes" and alleyways, too painful to be interesting, but everyone arrived home all right. No, we did not say, *walked*, but they all arrived! No bones were broken, and casualties were less than at a successful *wake*, where everybody but the corpse has a broken nose. Thus, then, ended in musical slumbers, the joys of that day of days, Christmas, 1915.

Another year has passed. The same preparations were thoroughly made, in order that Christmas cheer might not be washed up on desert island shores, but a throng of new faces smiled across the bare board tables, and new voices rang lustily in the songs that we were wont to sing in the days gone on before. What Ho! There's a life in the old dogs yet! and it was proven satisfactorily in the hearty way that that dinner was permanently "polished off." This time, however, no sparkling bubbling champagne caused the laughter to rise high. No, no! Everywhere were brimming jugs of a dark brown liquid, with a froth that stared you in the face like the snow on the tops of the Rockies. "Hi! Sergeant, a little more of the *hoo-be-jah* right here, 's'il vous plait!" There, that's fine—O all right, only don't spill it all over the table!"

Nothing marred the gladness of the day. The spirits of the troops were excellent! During the evening one mishap threatened to dampen these spirits, for a deadly, new projectile, called the "Lindywerfer," filled with a particularly violent explosive liquid, came sailing over the parapet, and stretched one of our giants prone upon the chapel floor. Happily, however, he has recovered from this battle wound, and the usage of this terrible weapon was discontinued by the enemy.

Many a letter was written that day, and many a heart was made glad from the effort put into the writing. But the brilliance that was shown in the numberless discussions fell mostly on barren ground. William Jennings O'Brian would have had to revise his oration on the "Prince of Greece" had he listened to the learned discourses of S/S/M Mansfield (punctuated with pokes on the chest), and it would have made even Lord Byron feel *cheerful* to have shared in the farewell scenes of a certain S/Sgts. departure! Peaceful night! The stars shone like silver pin points: snow lay white and pure upon the ground: the cheers and laughter echoed and died away, and sleep, sweet and balmy, rested on all eyes. Our hearts were glad, for had not our Ideal promised us a refreshing route march, *with packs*, early on the morrow?

"Lucifer" C.

The Last Grains.

Shorty was stumbling forward across the broken shaking ground, his eyes fixed upon the goal—that line of broken, shell-battered earthworks.

Suddenly the world dissolved in a blinding flash and storm of hot upheaval! He was spinning and falling, and the earth leapt up and struck him!

This was Death. Must be. The soul shaken from the bruised body.

No! It was not so bad. He could breathe, and see the sky. But some clumsy ass must have dug his elbow into his chest. The clumsy asses! They would get in other people's way.

Well—he would sleep for just a few minutes, just a few.

Who was the old guy rowing the boat, anyway? Gee! What black, inky water!

He opened his eyes to find himself comfortably installed in an armchair in a handsomely appointed office apartment.

Somehow this discovery failed to surprise him. He should worry, anyway, and it was very pleasant to lean back and rest.

The noise of the door opening suddenly compelled him to jump up, and he encountered an elderly benevolent looking gentleman who cordially seized his hand and pumped it vigorously, exclaiming, "My dear Sir, delighted to see you. But really you are very early. We did not expect you for some time."

A little surprised at the warmth of his welcome, Shorty stammered, "Would you mind telling me where I am?"

The old man beamed upon him for a few seconds, then, diving into a pocket, proffered a card.

With a start Shorty read, "DEATH, Esq., R.I.P."

"What! Then am I dead?"

"My dear boy," said Death, kindly, "If you weren't you would not be here. But, as a matter of fact, we had no notification of your coming. We issue many invitations in the course of a day. The H.E.'s are always busy, and the "Flying Pigs" are so very effective. The gas shells keep me so busy that I have hardly time for a quiet smoke. A large party of Fritzes have just arrived from Ypres, and are being issued with asbestos underwear before being conducted to their quarters."

Shorty sat down suddenly. "Well, I'm damned!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, no, my dear Sir," smiled old Death. "But they are. You yourself have nothing to fear. Now, come Sir, pardon the vanity of a foolish old man. What do you think of Death now you meet him face to face?"

Shorty subjected him to a long, close scrutiny, even walking round him to see that no long barbed tail was concealed behind the well-tailored back.

"Well," he said at last, "You ain't such a bad old cuss! I'm awfully—er—glad to see you."

Old Death grinned delightedly. It appeared to Shorty that he winked. "You've hit it, my dear boy," he said. "What am I to say? Trench feet or toothache?"

To the man of good heart DEATH is but the rest which he must one day surely take; kind and natural; sinking into the all-embracing arms of nature.

Perhaps the most natural thing you do in these unnatural times. The passing may be hard, but who should fear the end?

He dug Shorty playfully in the ribs, and continued, "Each man sees me through the window of his own mind. If that be warped, so is his vision. But I must investigate your case at once. One minute, please."

He skipped nimbly to an adjoining room, the walls of which were covered with shelves bearing countless little shining objects. He selected one, and returning, placed it carefully on the table in front of Shorty, who was astonished to see that it was a tiny crystal hour-glass, neatly labelled with his own name.

With a start he perceived that only a few grains of sand remained in the upper portion.

Old Death smiled pleasantly. "You will notice, my dear sir, that your sands have not quite run out, and you are therefore somewhat of a premature! He! He! He!"

Shorty examined the little object critically.

"Looks very like an egg timer," he remarked.

"Well," tittered Death, "It only timed the shell for you. Ha! Ha! Ho! Ho! Ho! You must really pardon my mirth, young sir, but I meet so many good fellows that their humour infects me. Why, the other day I was crossing our little river on a matter of business, and old Charon hit me up for a rise! And, will you credit that I told him to increase his income by gathering Styx? Oh dear, it's so very foolish of me, I know. Not at all professional. Not at all."

Shorty watched the glass intently. Now and then a grain would fall into the lower half, now almost full—while the upper half held, oh, so little.

He turned suddenly to Death. "When the sands cease to run a man's life is ended?"

"That is so," said Death, with a changed manner.

"But suppose you turn it over. The sand would flow again?"

"None here may do that. None but a higher power than mine."

A wild idea surged into his brain. It would be good to see the boys again! Remembrance of Life entered into his spirit, and he seized the glass.

"No!" screamed Death, divining his intention and seizing his wrist in a grip of iron.

Shorty fought wildly, striving to turn the glass.

It was useless.

His strength was exhausted, and the relentless grip was crushing his wrist.

He screamed, "Oh! my wrist! Let go! Let go!"

A kindly voice was saying, "All right, laddie. I'm only feeling your pulse. You're all right now."

He sat up and looked around.

Long rows of white beds!

"Oh, Doc, I've had an awful time, I've—"

"Now, you be good, laddie, and lie quiet. We're sending you to Blighty by to-night's boat. How will that suit you, eh?"

"But, Doc, I must tell you. I must."

The doctor listened patiently, and after a few soothing words, left him.

Stepping briskly towards the hospital the next morning, the doctor paused to read the bulletin.

"The Hospital ship — struck a mine at 10.25 last night. All perished." J. D. N.

The Final Test.

We have had a few rather lively actions, and at times "gone through it" to some extent, but neither the anticipation nor the actual business seems to affect anyone to any great extent. But when that simple message reaches Unit Headquarters, "The G.O.C. will inspect the unit at—on—! then strong men pale and tremble. Then the stern O.C., before whom all men quail, starts as if stung by some venomous insect, and with a quaver in his voice calls for his S.M. And soon, through the unit, the dread news is spread like some insidious poison vapour into every nook and corner. The Q.M., harrassed by the fact that all the tall men need clothes, and that he has only 5ft. 6in. pants in stock, is at once assailed by an impetuous host, who noisily demand anything from a "housewife" to their identity disc. The canteen is swamped for cleaning material and brushes, and even those lords of creation, the batmen, condescend to turn out their officers with a little shine.

For a while the M.T. is prostrate, save for a continuous flexion of the right forearm, solving the problem of how to spend your days lying under a car in grease and mud while oil drippings tastefully mark your clothing something in the style of a faded leopard, and then to turn out like unto Solomon in all his glory, and all in the one suit of clothes.

Upon this fateful day the tension is terrible. The Sanitary Section beat it into the bush like rats deserting a sinking ship. Things soon become unbearable, and an earthly realisation of heaven would be to receive your leave pass on the morning of an inspection. Even at the eleventh hour one would hail the bit of green paper with whoops of relief.

Down at P—— the M.T. arrived on the square not with too much time to spare, and things were not improved by some of the boys showing a tendency to back their cars up the estaminet steps when lining up. After things had been straightened out a little, and regular breathing had been restored, up rushed one worthy who had been absent on detached duty. He was tastefully attired in hip boots, boko mud, and carried no tin hat!

He was told to allez for the love of Pete; to beat it, and to get put of here before the G.O.C. comes. Thunderstruck, he asked, "Where?" "Anywhere; go to h—l. Beat it!"

In the hurry to escape he dived into the nearest house, where he found, too late to escape, that the family had not yet completed their morning toilet, and so he had to sit through that long inspection trying to hide his furious blushes behind a cup of coffee.

By this time all was ready, and the drivers lined up in front of their cars trying to reassert "Buzzins" long misplaced by constant stooping over the steering wheel. Taking up a position at the right of the line I was devoting my time to wondering whether anyone had any buttons unfastened when I became aware that I had attained an unusual degree of popularity with the so called civil population. First a youth of some fourteen summers asked for a cigarette. Sternly keeping "eyes front," I ignored him; when he, thinking that I had not heard him, gently prodded

me in the back. This was too much, and I muttered, "Allez toute de suite!"

He was now joined by several little boys and girls, who started a game of tag, in which I figured as a sort of pivot. Finally an elderly lady appeared, carrying in her hand one of those tiny automatic lighters, and persisted in droning into my ear in a garlicky whisper, "Sergon Sompree essence you no compree ESSENSE; petit pur."

Thus assailed in the flank and rear this seemed too much, and so I made my escape to the other end of the line. Here I enjoyed a brief spell of peace, but alas, not for long. We all remember that delightful hound of Jimmy Goods, known as the "Hooten Pup." Naturally he insisted on parading with the unit, although he stood a chance of losing marks for "clothing," as his fur was in places conspicuous by its absence. Having been kicked away from the vicinity of the cars this gifted animal sought diversion by leaning up against my good self and wiping all the mud off his feet on my clothes. This completed to his satisfaction he hit upon the happy idea of inducing several other dogs to join him in a game of hide and seek in the cars—dancing around in the muddy square, and then bouncing all over the clean floors and cushions "scrubbed," so to speak, with our very hearts blood. This was too much. The inspection was now in progress, so again I stealthily deserted my post, and thirty seconds later it is probable that the G.O.C. heard a piercing prolonged howl as a somewhat mangy body sailed through the air, and then raced madly down the street.

Then back to parade and inspection in a soldierly manner.



Reinforcement: "Can I get a bath and a change of clothes up the line?"

Oldtimer: "Sure thing, you'll find a shell-hole handy, and the Q.M. keeps a stock of clothes on hand at the A.D.S., I.D.T."

Camouflage.

This word which baffles most of civilians and confounds and bewilders our enemies is pronounced thusly :

KAM—OO—flah—zhe,

But it conveys volumes to the military man, and covers a multitude of devices.

If there is one word more baffling than another in our war lingo, that word is Camouflage—Kam—oo—flah—zhe! Probably the answers to the question, "What does Camouflage mean!" would be just as varied as *Answers*. Camouflage means, primarily, making something look like nothing. It means generally the art of fooling the enemy, hoodwinking him!

Take the Tanks, for instance, that everyone at home sees going into action, in the moving pictures, like crawling ships covered with streaks and patches of vari-coloured paint, thus reproducing light and shadows to make them look like nothing, and so fool the eye of the Hun birdman. This is the art of Camouflage.

Another example of this gentle art is seen in the placing of green branches and burlap interwoven in the Chicken Wire over the sites of big guns, and ammunition dumps. Then we have a few examples of ancient Camouflage. Probably the oldest example of the art is the wooden horse of ancient Troy, of which we read in our happy school days down on the farm, or in the little red school house on the hill. There is also the scene in Macbeth, where Sancho or is it Duncan and his Scottish warriors approach the castle, wherein Macbeth is besieged, each warrior carrying a small fir tree over his head while he marches on, thus imitating a moving forest, if there be such a phenomenon.

As for modern examples of camouflage we have a multitude, indeed. Take the Army Medical Corps for an instance of this practice. Good synonyms for camouflage are found in the following expressions:—"Bluff," "Swinging the lead," "Putting one over," "Telling the tale," and malingering—although the latter is not a slang word. The wily trick of painting a large spot of indelible ink on the leg to simulate a bruise is the art of camouflage—making something look like what it is not. Concealing a piece of hot potato in the mouth, and then inserting the thermometer thus simulates P.U.O., and the marking of the patient "C.R.S." or even "C.C.S." by the M.O. This again is the gentle art of camouflage—making something like what it is not.

Camouflage has also been introduced into the greatest of indoor sports. I mean the game of Poker! We see the false baby stare of the player, who tries to disguise the fact that he has filled that four card flush, or that he's drawn to that middle straight. How often do we see camouflage on parade and inspection days when our best front is in evidence! How often do we find cotton wool and paper in the kits, to give it the proper contour but minus the weight; packets of spearmint and cigarettes in the pouches of the bandoliers of the transport instead of the much heavier clips of

cartridges. Neglecting to remove the daily growth of face-fungus and rubbing into the dark blue cheek and jowl of Colgate's Talcum Powder is also practicing the gentle art of camouflage. The sergeant-major has another name for this, however. But everybody's doing it now!

The private in the rear rank "puts one over" on the Corporal; the Corporal "swings the lead" on the Sergeant; the Sergeant "bluffs" the orderly officer; the orderly officer "tells the tale" to the commanding officer; and so on ad infinitum. It's a problem to find out what really does happen near the top of the ladder—wield at any rate.

On looking into the spirit of "bluff" and deception so widely used to-day, one experiences a feeling of insincerity—a feeling of awe, in fact. Is anything above us real? Is war really a bad dream? Anyway, Reveille is real, and so is "lights out," and it is a fact that the paymaster will not part with more than forty francs to each man per month—one cannot put anything over in that quarter, and you cannot make an overdrawn account look like anything at all. This is anti-camouflage.

One can fool some people all the time, and all the people some of the time, but it is useless to expect to fool all of the people all of the time. Phenias T. Barnum, of Circus fame, once said this, long ago, and he knew, if anybody ever did or does. As a necromancer and devotee to the art of camouflage "P.T.B." was in class A, and passed "ad astra" full of years and well beloved by his countrymen. And he left a huge fortune behind!

So there is something in this camouflage which we should mark, learn, and inwardly digest.

Some People Have a Heart After All.

Somebody, with malicious intent, had mailed the officer who controls our fiscal policy a copy of Charles Dickens' Christmas Carol. This is no joke, but a serious thing for the fair ladies who operate estaminets in the theatre of war. 'Twas Christmas Day in the field, and the noble officer stood appalled at the thought that anybody could have the heart to compare him with Scrooge. "What!" thought he, "am I really like that? Am I Schooge, or am I Turkey?" Deeply and long he thought upon this unkind criticism. "Nobody appreciated me," he wailed, "they don't realise how much money I am saving. They seem to think that it is their money that I pay out!"

Nevertheless, it broke the old man's heart. His hair grew whiter, and his hand less firm over his cash box. No longer was there the old delight in thinking how much dough reposed within. The old man wavered—his mouth grew firm with a sudden resolution. And the glad news spread through the camp that old Turkey was going to pay that extra fifty at last!

Things We Want to Know.

Who was the N.C.O. in "C" section caught painting his steel helmet?

The Kaiser's Christmas Oration to his HUNGARY Troops.

"My dear sons, generals, and soldiers; it is with strange feelings stirring within me (damn the British blockade) that I stand before you on this Christmas Day. I am proud of you, my sons. Well have you served me, and got to resist the blandishments of those treacherous Allies. No, never shall they deprive you of your Kaiser.

As I have said before, I did not want this war! I swear it before gott, and I can prove it by my infallible logic. Even our enemies admit that God did not want this war—they say it was the devil. Well, since gott had nothing to do with this business how could I? Is not I and gott one? Are we not in partnership? Again I say to you, my brave soldiers and Zepliners, I did not will this war!

They call me brutal, and accuse me of murder—me, who never did a mean thing! They say I shot Nurse Cavell. No, that is wrong! It was that damn fool the crown prince, there, who was DRUNK and intoxicated with ambition. He left his poor old father all alone and rushed away. Imagine his feelings when he saw this woman, and you will, I know, excuse his UNDIPLOMATIC frenzy. She was tall and slim. So unlike our beautiful round and fat women! Ah! they always remind me of roast pork. What a beautiful thought—is it not? Cannot you NOW, HEARING THE REAL TRUTH FOR THE FIRST TIME, sympathise with his great disappointment? I have not the heart to blame, and I know that you or I would also have shot her dead—is it not so? We Germans are all alike, and a thing that disappoints or resists our desires must perish.

Again, my culuminators accuse me of murdering the women and children of the Lusitania. Have I not already said that it was not a gentlemanly thing? That it was cowardly and that an inhuman monster did it? What's that? Soldier, how dare you interrupt me! Oh! you say that it was a good and noble deed? Why, of course it was, but don't talk too loud. Why of course I gave the commander the Iron Cross. What I said before was for the benefit of neutrals only. I thought that everybody in the Fatherland would understand that.

Again they accuse me of the deportation of the Belgian women for vile purposes! But here, as a true German, I would defend myself. Necessity knows no law; that is universally acknowledged, and was it not necessary for you, my lads, to amuse yourselves? A thousand times, yes! Ah! I am glad to see by your cheers that you are of my opinion—true sons of the Fatherland—Germans every inch! And have we not a classical example of this very thing? Did not the ancient Latins do this very thing to the Sabine women? Ah! false Allies, have you not done this also? I accuse you! Have you not deported horses and mules from America? What difference is there between mules and women? I answer in thundering accents—NONE!

I have been accused of wantonly destroying the Churches of France and Belgium. But this I have done by the command of my clergy. It is necessary and seemly, for do not these pagans worship an alien God? A false God? Their God has nothing in common with our gott of Fire and Blood! Germans

one and all have beseeched me to level these places of false worship. I could cry when I think of their ignorance—Ah! my gott, may I and you ever work so smoothly together as we have done in the past. It is my pious wish.

Ah! you gratify me; those cheers denote our great victories by land and—
What's that? You don't want victories? So it's bread you want? What? To hell with victories? Oh! my gott! Bread! Who ever heard of bread? Have you not your kadavir butter and potted meats? Do you not get it by the car load? Why every day we lose twenty thousand men! Are you not satisfied, my brave men? No! Of course you want something to put the butter on! Ah! but you shall have it. The General Staff have invented a delightful substitute. It is made of powdered bones and cod liver oil that we can get from Sweden. You will never know the difference. Ah! you cheer! Well may you. What would you do without your good Kaiser? Make peace, I suppose? PERHAPS YOU HAVE NEVER THOUGHT AT ALL IN YOUR LIVES WHAT YOUR KAISER HAS DONE FOR YOU.

But let me wish you happy thoughts for this Christmas.

(And the poor wretch, very proud and vain of his abilities for fooling the Huns all of the time, clinked his sabre and spurs, and made his exit). G.R.S.



A Landsturmer on his way to Blighty after meeting the Canadians. Just once is enough.

That Blighty.

From my own experience I have found that this much-longed-for little bit of Heaven is by no means the cushy place I had imagined! In the first place, I was taken there in an Ambulance which, I think, must have been a furniture van before the war, and which had certainly no more respect for my weary bones than it had for the kitchen table which it was wont to carry.

On my arrival, I was seized by, at least, a dozen well-meaning but decidedly inexperienced and clumsy orderlies, and deposited in a drafty, though artistic entrance hall, whilst they discussed who should have the honour of bearing my head—and who be satisfied with my feet—which, by the way, were positively itching to lift the whole outfit to Kingdom Come, or



better still, to the land which I had recently left. This interesting and vital question settled, I was propelled up the ancient winding stairway, feet foremost, so that I might obtain a truly impressionistic view of the architectural beauties.

On reaching my ward, I was gently but firmly requested to exchange my delicately-hued and well-fitting pyjamas for a pair of a texture which made a "shower-and-needle" bath quite superfluous treatment, and of proportions which, being a man of mean stature, gave me a decidedly Charlie Chaplin appearance. Later, I discovered the advantage of this excess of material, for by thrusting my whole body

into the one leg, the other was free to be used as a muffler—a very necessary article, as according to hospital bed-making regulations, patients do not need blankets on their shoulders. (Strictly entre-nous; I believe the nurses have a crazy idea that the beds look neater that way, and that the patients' health is only the alleged reason). Of course, if you are a colonial, and according to Beach Thomas, all colonials are giants (with swinging gait, quiet eyes accustomed to long distances, and all that sort of thing), chances are that you be given a garment, the tightness and lack of length of which would make even Jay Laurier green with envy!

Well, after having manipulated my pyjamas and bedclothes, and answered innumerable questions, I was allowed to partake of my "dinner." I was on fish diet. This, I discovered, spelt in the imaginations of

the kitchen authorities "S-A-R-D-I-N-E-S." I also soon discovered that one's nerves are likely to be oft and severely tried—for instance—the charming young skittish V.A.D., in endeavouring to fill my glass from a cider-sophon—pardon, soda-syphon—propelled the contents into my face, thereby removing the neat dressing from my probosis and spraying my wound with a liquid quite as efficacious as Peroxide! I managed—being ever full of revenge—to get my own back most effectually later on that evening! "Nursie" had left for the first time to prepare the dressings and was, unfortunately for her, at a loss to know how to make a foment. When appealed to, I

informed her that it was gauze boiled in Eau-de-Cologne. She, being sweet and young and credulous, handed this dope to the sister for use, and, well! my revenge was not as sweet as I would have wished.

I have discovered, incidentally, that a V.A.D. hates to be contradicted or made sport of. For instance: if when she is trying to raise the bedclothes



in order to place a hot-water bottle at your feet, she makes a desperate grab at your big toe, it is better not to inform her of the fact, because she will certainly deny the implication and contradict you, and you her, and then woe betide you next morning at tea-leaf time! Oh, yes! tea-leaf time, or rather, I should say, times, for it occurs at least three times per diem; so that you begin to wonder how long the floor boards



will remain to protect you from your sworn enemies in the ward below (from whom you have incidentally "acquired" the gramophone!). Well, the first time is at 7 a.m., and if you have not already been "up and doing," you're likely to have a very bad half-hour, for "Nursie" enters armed with a massive broom and huge quantities of tea-leaves, these with graceful swinging movements (which confirm you in your (you in your) conviction that she once attended a gymnastic class) she proceeds to scatter hither and thither, and, if you have not already performed your natudinal toilet, you are likely to find your slippers filled with this



imaginary seed, and your studs and tie-pins will be securely imbedded in it, to say nothing of the quantities which adhere leach-like to your garments! When I asked the reason for this "sowing," I was told that it was to prevent the dust from rising, but I more than suspected that if tea-leaves were not scattered, "Nursie" would have nothing on her dustpan to reward her labours but a little bit of fluff! (this expression to be taken strictly literally, of course).

If you are a bed-patient, and not able to wash yourself, you must be doubly careful not to annoy this "fair ministering angel" for example, when she asks you where you would like the air-cushion, don't be sarcastic and say on your nose, otherwise next time she washes you, you are likely to have a very uncomfortable time.

Compensations? Well, I don't know whether there are, nay—for, according to one of our contemporaries, you may not even ask sister for a good-night kiss without being informed that the orderlies are there to do all the dirty work!

The Shrug.

It has been said that the most eloquent thing in the world is silence, and nearly everyone will admit that this is, at least, nearly true. But silence, accompanied by a simple gesture—the shrug—is, if anything, just a little more eloquent. Many different races have their own characteristic shrugs, which for the most part determine some predominant trait in the race. The best known, I should say, is the Hebrew shrug. It is inseparable from selling, buying, or making a deal of some kind. Then, there are the imperious gestures of the Latin races which they use so freely in their speech. I don't know exactly how one would describe the Teutonic shrug, but there is no doubt that, at the present time, it can only be termed a shrug of dismay.

Britishers as a rule do not shrug, though often you may read in novels how the hero or heroine "gave a shrug of the shoulders." When the Britisher shrugs he expresses nothing. It is simply an action, nothing more. Since coming from France we have had abundant opportunities of studying the shrug as it is used by the people of this country. It is the most expressive thing that one could wish to see.

Tommy is not long in making the best of things when he arrives out here. Very soon he acquires a few words and phrases of the language, which enable him to get along pleasantly, though somewhat humorously in conversation. It is quite amusing to listen to Tommy and Madame. His French is limited, as also the Madame's English, and inevitably, despite the utmost exertions on both their parts, there is something which provides a stumbling block. It becomes impossible to go any further, and in answer to Tommy's last appeal, "You compree, Madam?" she is forced to answer, "No compree, Monsieur." Then she shrugs.

It is astonishing what different moods and emotions can be expressed by the simple little action. Sorrow, anger, disdain, contempt, and unbelief, can all be far more forcibly expressed than by mere words. Madame's sorrow when she can't understand Tommy's wants can be read very easily when she has at last to resort to the shrug. It seems to convey to you that she is the most unhappy being in the world, and that she would do almost anything to understand. There are few who cannot recall many instances when Madame was very "fashy," and the more "fashy" she became, the more eloquent she grew, until she reached the stage of her greatest wrath which she expressed by a shrug. Then she walked away. There was no great burst of eloquence in speech for a final summing up of her feelings. Words failed, and in their place she used the shrug. Then we knew just how "fashy" she was.

I am not of tender years, nor am I good looking, and therefore can not write of the shrug disdainful, from personal experience. Often, however, from a quiet seat in a corner of some estaminet or farmhouse kitchen have I seen it administered. There are always "knuts" in every regiment who do their best to carry on a flirtation with the hearts of Madame's daughters, and it is good to watch how they wither when Mademoiselle slowly turns away with a shrug, that implies all the scorn in her little body.

To express his contempt for anything, a Frenchman will shrug, and you will certainly know what he means. Also, if you tell him something, and he performs the same little ceremony, there is no doubt left in your mind but that he doesn't believe you.

Shrugging, like P.U.O. and other things, is contagious, and Tommy has caught it. Unknowingly to himself he has developed the art to quite an extent, so that any day you will see him use it.

What will be the effect of this shrug which Tommy has cultivated when he gets back home? Will it be as contagious to the folks back there? If the British nation develops a shrug let us sincerely hope that it will be the shrug of our French Allies.

Unnatural History.

- THE BEACH: (Genus yappus). A nutty sapling. Noted for it's bark.
- THE CROW-MER: A sly old bird. Nests in "windy" situations. (A case of "caws and effect").
- THE TAFFYDIL: This rare plant flourishes in moist places. Kept away from moisture it rapidly droops. A great favourite with the ladies.
- THE PAYMASTADON: Very rare. Good specimens, almost extinct.
- THE OH SEA SERPENT: Despite the fact that it's existence is frequently denied we can give our personal assurance that it is very much alive. Dangerous at times. Anyone caught in it's coils is apt to be severely crushed.
- THE CROC-A-CAR: To be found in M.T. places or close to a stream (of bad language).
- THE BYESON: You can't Buffalo HIM.
- THE MORRISEAL: When in good condition has a "flapper" on each side.
- THE PICKLED PIPER: A bird of rare plumage. To be found amongst "reeds." Can be heard piping in some very "rum" places.
- THE DONNELLYPHANT: Noted for it's large gold tusks.
- THE QUARTERMELON: Plays the "juice" with you.
- THE FOSTAMATO: Has a very delicate skin. If burst makes an awful mess of one.
- THE MAJERAFFE: Carries chips in it's pouch. Noted for its wandering propensities.
- THE ARGUEANA: The skull is much sought by billiard ball manufacturers.
- THE BATMAN: Of nocturnal habits. Frequently "blind." Specimens can be preserved in spirits.
- THE MOTORCYCLONE: This is easily recognisable. It being a slow moving disturbance of the atmosphere, accompanied by a loud whirring sound. Gives ample warning of approach, and emits quantities of blue smoke.
- THE LIMBURNANA: Is much used in the kitchen for soups, etc. Unless properly "ripened" is very hard to "skin."
- THE HAMILCHCOW: Very domesticated. If handled yields large quantities of milk.

Profanity Idealised!

What man of misty renown, chronicled those soul-stirring words, "Our army swore terribly in Flanders?" True it was, at any rate, and I could slap him on the back till his bones rattled and he cried, "Ho! and let loose the dogs of war!" for has he not proven his contention and paved a way—a blazing trail, indeed—to this present maelstrom of blood and iron, and the lurid expressions that fly, like sparks from the anvil, from the tongues of our peerless Tommies?

Modesty (Canadian usage of that term, please), forbids a minute treatise upon the intricacies of plain terms, but, dealing with the subject as a smelter handles molten brass, we can view through smoked glasses the heated fragments of discussions, charged with x to the n th power calories of scientific profanity, floating upon the atmosphere.

Wonderful! Marvellous!! Such vigorous achievement!!! Name the onlooker, who can stand, with quivering ears and choking breath, and not admire, yea, gain inspiration, when some "innocent" from the wilds cuts loose and tells a yarn that would make a red hot cinder feel as chilly as Dr. Cook, when the Pole went West? And, speaking of advances in science, calls to mind an old associate, one known as "Bill" (not the Walrus, but a pristine Bluenose), and scientific!—why, after listening to Bill play poker, you could count the sun spots at high noon without a blink, and relegate the wizard Edison to the dust heap. Yes, while Bill held down the vocabulary with one foot, and kicked it into insensibility with the other, the world stood by, and gaped with jealous admiration. Remember Belgium! Aye, and remember the smoking barrages shot forth from the tongue of one whose memory even yet, provides steam heat for the dug-out east of Ypres, causing perpetual wonderment among the denizens of that, one-time, abode of love.

Was it something in the fog that rose from the sticky Flanders mud, that lent such mercuric wings to the tongues of our pals? Some claim it to be a gift. But after the haze from the barrage had lifted, our conclusion was that it was an ART! The ancient Greeks and Egyptians knew nothing of the "poetry of Motion" and "heavenly Harmony" that throbbed and vibrated through our hearts as the ex-Orpheus tuned his *lyre* up to concert pitch, and put to shame the bandmaster of the massed orchestra of Intensified Profanity!

However, there is another side to this interesting subject. As in ART there are ideals, even so, in NECESSITY, we rise, like fish to the fly, to airy ideals, or at least—aspirations. My sympathetic nature reaches out to commiserate with the man whose profane vocabulary is limited to the mere repetition and elaboration of three or four words. With such a man their usage is not so much a necessity as a disease. It is offensive! Bah! What a dark brown taste they leave! But necessity knows no laws, and a word, like a mushroom, will rise with the occasion. What would you say, if, as your rum ration ran gurgling down your throat, some brotherly idiot poked you on your second lowest tunic button? What's that? Certainly!—and so would all of us! Or, approaching Dante's seventh hell, when you have marched nineteen

weary kilometres, with full kits, the order sternly comes, "Quick march! It is only five kilometres more!" (Again dull booming stirs the air, and the sky assumes a Titian hue.)

Everywhere Necessity meets and embraces Profanity, and particularly, near estaminets, where necessities grow, not by leaps, but by "hops," and the arched, wavering pathways, homeward leading, echo with the triumphal song of necessity. He who trips over your mess-tin full of tea, or drops his tin hat in your "mush," or chlorinates the water, is shouting aloud to Necessity, and she lends an answer quickly. You bet! Not firearms, but fireworks, and plenty.

But after all has been said, and we live in that futuristic state, known as "après la guerre," it must be conceded that even though we lived up to the prophetic record of British profanity, the memory is scraped off with the last pound of Flanders mud that is shaken from our square toes, for, in the words of an honest teacher, "what is one man's meat is another man's poison," and the reverend gentleman said, "a good 'damning' does one good occasionally," so how about it? Swear *terribly* if someone sits too hard on the safety valve, but remember that your heart is the nation's richest treasury, to be kept sacred, and unprofaned!

LUCIFER C.

What They Thought of the Kaiser Before He Was Born.

The Kaiser has said that he is a reincarnation of Attila the Hun, and it seems as if he were a believer in the theory that all things repeat themselves. The following was written in 1848, by Victor Duruy, the famous French historian:

"These Huns, who had come three quarters of a century before from the depths of Asia, were a source of terror to all. They had nothing in common with the tribes of the West, either in personal characteristics or in habits of life. Their food consisted of the milk of their mares or a little raw meat.

Attila, their king, constrained all the wandering tribes from the Rhine to the Ural to join him, crossed the Rhine, the Moselle, and the Seine, and marched upon Orleans. The populace fled in unutterable fright before the "Scourge of God." Metz and twenty other cities had been destroyed. The immense army surrounded Orleans, the key to the Southern provinces, but Aetius arrived with all the barbarian nations settled in Gaul. Attila retreated in order to choose a field of battle for his cavalry, and he halted in the Catalaunian plains, near Mery-sur-Seine. There a fearful encounter took place, and the fields grew red with blood. Attila was defeated, but the Allies allowed him to re-enter Germany (451 A. D.). After an invasion of upper Italy in the next year he died, and his kingdom perished with him."

Perhaps the Kaiser has drawn an unfortunate comparison, though certain it is that the salient features of Attila's fortunes correspond with the past and probable future of Bill.

The Dream of Herbert Higgins.

No. A12345, Pte. Herbert H. Higgins had a grouch on, that much was obvious. More than that; it could be no ordinary grouch, this; none of your common, tame, "Regimental Issue, 1917 Pattern." This grouch that lowered darkly over the usually cheerful countenance of Higgins, H. H. was unique—in a class and category by itself! You felt it the moment you caught sight of Higgins. Higgins on that memorable day was a living personification of the Spirit of Gloom!

In justice to his mates, the remainder of "B" Section, be it known that they were deeply concerned for Higgins. They were brave men too, from the least even to the greatest! But they were only human, and if there was anything worse than Higgins' grouch it was Higgins' wrath!

At last, however, human flesh could bear it no longer. And as they huddled around their bit of fire that night, the more daring spirits amongst them began to "feel him out," but ever so warily!

"Leave cancelled again, Erbie?" began Tucker, feeling this to be at once the most plausible and most crushing blow that a fickle Fate could deal.

He was miserably, hopelessly wrong. He realized it too late when Higgins turned on him that injured and reproachful glance.

"Jane jilted yuh?" This from Fat Hoggson, prompted by a painful episode in his own young life! Such a weak, frivolous suggestion met with a merited rebuke: it was ignored completely.

Then, when the overcharged soul of Higgins could contain itself no longer, he unburdened himself upon our sympathetic ears:

"I had a dream last night, mates."

"B" Sec. breathed again! A dream was a dream undeniably, but it might be worse!

"I dreamt it was Dec. 25th, 1917, and the war was finished. The Canadians had cut the Hinden Line, marched on Berlin, and the Willies had died of the shock! I was on the old Homestead again; in the old living room, looking just like when I left. It was twelve o'clock noon, and the table was laid for Christmas dinner. Oh! mates, that table! I thought I'd never seen such a table, and believe me, I've seen SOME tables!"

"B" Sec. was all attention.

"There was the white table cloth, and wasn't it white! But you didn't look long at the cloth, for all the time your nose would be coaxing your eyes to have a look at what was on the top of the cloth. Say, mates, no living man nowhere could remember all that was on that table! All the eats that you like best were all there! 'Nd if there's anything else you'd like better,—why, it was there too!"

"B" Sec. looked as though they were ransacking their brain-boxes for something they had lost! Herbie was getting warmed up to his subject. You couldn't see that grouch of his showing anywhere.

"There was everything on that table, and every kind of everything. And plenty? Say, if the Food Controller had a' seen that table he'd have committed 'Hara-Kiri!' At one end of the table was the big turkey, lookin' as swelled and imposin' as a bloomin' general on review, with all kinds of small fowl packed two-deep around him, for his staff. And

right from that turkey clear to the other end 'o the table there was sauces, pickles, vegetables, fruit, pies, and cakes—to say nothing of the daily issue—bread and butter and stuff. And the Christmas cake on the New York sky-scraper plan, in the centre of it all! And say, you could smell that plum pudding all the way from the kitchen just as easy as if it was Monty's Mulligan, only you didn't start fumbling for your respirator—you wanted to follow up the scent, and not miss any of it!"

There was an eager, expectant expression on the faces in "B" Sec. Herbie was hurrying on excitedly to the dramatic climax:

"Everybody was sitting in their places, watching that turkey out of the corner of their eye, while the gov'nor carved, and all trying to look as though they didn't want him to hurry—not on their account, anyway! And the mater says: 'Erbie, our 'ero, is to be served first, in honour of his brave deeds and safe return.' And the gov'nor knew without asking that I'd have a leg. You always feel that you have got something when you have a leg!"

"At last all were served, and we were ready to launch our attack. I got hold of that leg with both hands and says to myself: 'Here goes!' But try as I might I couldn't raise it from the plate. I braced myself and gave a last mighty heave, and something gave way. And," concluded Herbie, in a voice that matched the gloom that had settled again upon him: "I found myself sitting up in the blankets, nursing my pack!"

E. S. D.

Oh! Candle.

By thy light I commune my lady love.

I read my shirt.

I toast crumbs.

I worm my way through the solitary hours.

I cheer my soul.

The postman sorts my mail.

That wretched lighthouse practices on the bugle.

I think of the Rum Issue.



"Kamrade."

How Sinbad Interviewed His Satanic Majesty, the Devil.

'Twas Christmas Eve, and Sinbad, the hilarious, had celebrated. He was feeling rather well, and seemed greatly satisfied with his efforts to amuse both himself and that part of the world that immediately surrounded his glowing body. His tunic unbuttoned, his cap pasted on the back of his head, and his belt cast off all proclaimed the satisfied inner man. Sinbad had dined with Red Anna, and that pleasant damozel had well attended to his thirst.

He was on his way out, and encountered a strange looking tree in the back yard, and having nothing better to do immediately started for the same. Anna, who had her eye on him, shrilly called from the door, "Frederick, mon petit, leave that tree alone: it is very dangerous to go near it on Christmas Eve!"

"Wasomatter, old girl?"

"Come here, and leave that old tree alone, I tell you!"

"Ah! goway; you can't fool me."

"Listen, mon chere ami. If you embrace that tree to-night you will go straight to the bad place!"

The truth will probably never be known, because the infant refuses to enlighten a curious world as to whether he was just obstinate or whether because of his feet being somewhat shakey they gave way; but certain it is that our hero sprawled full length on the ground, and clapsed the fatal tree to his heart.

To the microbe the world seemed to change. No longer was everything swimming around him, instead it all seemed blank, and he knew no more.

When the lights lifted he was surprised and alarmed to observe that before him was seated a familiar-looking individual who was attired in a suit of red asbestos, fashioned at the back with a vent from which protruded a tail that writhed in agony. Sinbad—his faculties gaining power—recognised the Devil, and bucking up at the sight of an old pal, grew talkative.

"What's the matter with you, old boy?" he cried, "Why are you looking so glum? Holy baldheaded, but you must be down and out!"

"More than you think," replied the devil. "I've got a hunch that I am going to lose my job pretty soon!"

"What, lose your graft?" inquired Frederick.

"Just that—I've heard officially, mind you, that Kaiser Willie and the Crown Prince are slated for a big bomb explosion. The Huns are planning to extinguish them."

"Yes, I've been expecting something like that for the last three years, but where do you come in?"

"Why, boy, when that blasted pair get here I lose my job—Hell couldn't hold them and me! And where in Hell will I be? I tell you that it's the common talk in the local estaminets that I've got to go—I know that they will put me on the shelf—guess I'm getting old fashioned. They want new blood; my old tortures can't stand up against those that that pair have invented—I haven't the heart! Guess I'll have to change places with Bill, and try my hand on the Heinies."

Suddenly the lights went out, and Barnes found himself once more in the arms of Anna, who was carting her little visitor to his bed. Oh! what a headache!

G. R. S.

Getting His Goat.

Scene: Field Ambulance Rest Camp. Time 11.30 a.m. (The sick Parades have been attended to, and the Staff Sergeant is discovered superintending the cleaning of the Dressing Room).

Enter Corporal:

"Say, Staff, what's regurgitation?"

"Regurgitation, my good friend, is a condition due to the valves operating between the auricles and ventricles of the heart, not closing properly, thus allowing the blood to flow back into the circulatory system, instead of passing through the heart in the normal manner."

"Thanks, I wasn't sure. We've got a guy with it in "A" ward."

Enter Orderly Room Runner:

"Sergt. Blackfeet wants to know what diagnosis was given in Pte. Jackson's case, please, Staff Sergeant."

The Staff Sergeant goes through the sick reports.

"Tell him V.D.H."

"What does that mean?"

"Valvular disease of the heart."

"Thanks."

Enter "B" Section Corporal:

"Got a nomenclature, Staff?"

"No, what do you want to know?"

"What is V.D.H.?"

"Valvular Disease of the Heart, of course!"

"Thanks."

Enter "C" Section Sergeant:

"How do you show regurgitation of your returns, Staff?"

"V.H.D., of course."

"What d've mean, V.D.H.?"

"Valvular Disease of the Heart, damn it!"

Enter Orderly Room Runner:

"The Sergeant wants to know if you are sure it's Valvular Disease of the Heart that Jackson's got?"

"Yes, damn it, I told you once, Valvular Disease of the Heart."

Enter "B" Section Corporal:

"Staff, do you put regurgitation or valvular disease of the heart on your returns?"

"Go to Hell! Put what you damn well like! Seems to me there are a lot of bum hearts around this outfit."

Enter Orderly Room Runner:

"What do you want now?" asked the Staff.

"The Sergeant says it should be regurgita—"

"Go to hellangone outer here. I told you it was valvular disease of the heart."

Enter Orderly Officer of the day:

"Staff Sergeant, there is a man here with valvu—"

"Go to blazes! I know all about him! He's got regulgita— Oh! I beg your pardon, sir, I didn't know it was you, sir."

A. J. B. M.

Tail-end Waggings.

An Irishman who had just arrived in Blighty from the Front with a smashed foot, tells the following yarn. He says that the incident occurred in a tent at the base wherein Mike and Paddy "kipped" side by side.

The twain smuggled in a real bottle of Bass and at Paddy's suggestion it was hidden in one of his big top boots, for consumption at reveille next morning, a sort of "Cheery-awakening-to-be."

But whilst the day was still very young Paddy awoke suffering from a consuming thirst. He glanced at Mike who was still sleeping as peacefully and innocently as a lamb. A brief struggle with his conscience followed, and we will draw a veil over subsequent proceedings.

Blissfully contented, Paddy sank back "on the pillows," but he had disturbed Mike, who opened one eye and fixed it longingly on the top-boot. He glanced at Paddy, whose eyes were fast shut, and satisfied that the coast was clear, stretched out his arm in the direction of the boot. He had actually laid caressing fingers round the neck of the bottle when the voice of his companion caused him to start back guiltily.

"Phwat are ye after, Moike?" enquired Paddy sleepily.

"Nothing, Paddy, nothing," replied Mike nonchalantly.

"Sure, you'll foind it in the bottle, Moike!" said Paddy with a yawn, as he once more closed his eyes.

"Where were you wounded, my poor man?" said the kind hearted old lady who was visiting the sick and wounded.

"Solar Plexus, ma'am," replied the veteran.

The dear old soul nodded her head in sympathy.

"I read about the terrible fighting that went on there—poor fellow," and she passed on.

The cheerfulness of the British Tommy under all conditions is proverbial, but it is surely the most striking when he is in hospital and often enduring great pain.

A practical but harmless joke delights him beyond measure, and the following in an instance well worth putting on record. It concerns a nurse, a patient and a thermometer.

"Good Heavens!" ejaculated the nurse in genuine alarm, as she read the clinical thermometer after taking it out of the patient's mouth. "Temperature 109!" She seized his wrist, watched his respiration and found both in order. The patient regarded her stolidly. She questioned him closely but without any satisfaction, then, as she rushed to the door to summon the doctor, he called her back.

"I think I ought to tell you, nurse," he said gravely and without the flutter of an eyelid, "I stirred my tea with the thermometer just now!"

It must have been the same nurse who asked one of the new patients whether he had had his temperature taken.

"I don't know," was the doubtful rejoinder, "but I saw one of the sisters take my mate's bacca off his locker, so you never know."

"How long have you bin out, old sport," asked a Cockney who had just crossed over from England and arrived at the front line.

"Two years," replied his mud-bespattered companion, loftily.

"Lucky beggar," growled the Cockney, "you missed a blinking air raid on London the other day!"

Have you heard that story of the sapper who attracted the attention of the orderly sergeant because of his diligence in pursuing and examining every odd scrap of paper he saw? He had been in the Army for a couple of years and concluding that the strain had been too much for him and that he was showing signs of insanity, the orderly sergeant marched him off to the S.M.O.

Once in the presence of the Senior Medical Officer, the patient behaved in an extraordinary manner, snatching up official papers and chits—examining them and casting them away with despairing sighs. He went before a medical board and was discharged. A few days later his O.C. handed him his "ticket" and a sudden change was noticeable in the manner of the sapper. "At last!" he cried, "At last!" his face flushed and triumphant; "The bit of paper I've been hunting for for two years!"

Once upon a time there came to a certain hospital a man who was deaf and dumb. He was a private soldier, and was utterly and entirely fed up, and lo and behold, when ye Sgt.-Major saw him, being a wily bird, and up to all ye tricks of ye trade he said, "In sooth good Sir I see thou art deaf and dumb," and ye private spake not a word, and ye Sgt.-Major being by no means at ye end of his resources placed a chair for him, baited with a small but sharp drawing pin, and ye private sate himself down but rose again right hurriedly, but still (like ye skipper in ye wreck of ye "Hesperus") never a word spake he.

Then ye Sgt.-Major, reduced to his last and mightiest guile said suddenly unto ye private, "couldst thou imbibe a glass of beer?" and ye private uttered not a syllable, nor exhibited any sign of comprehension whatever, and ye Sgt.-Major murmured unto himself, "By Allah, I methinks he is deaf and dumb," and reported same to ye M.O. who also tried him with wiles and stratagems but all to no effect. So ye M.O. said "he is of no further use to the army so he must have his ticket." And lo and behold in due time ye little red book arrived and ye M.O. handed it over to ye private, who after glancing through it to see that it was Orl Krect said "Thank you."

MORAL: "Speech is silver but silence is golden."

An Irishman employed in a large factory had taken a day off without permission and seemed likely to lose his job in consequence. When asked by his foreman the next day why he had not turned up the day before, he replied:

"I was so ill, sir, that I could not come to work to save my life."

"How was it then, Pat, that I saw you pass the factory on your bicycle during the morning?" asked the foreman.

Pat was slightly taken aback, then regaining his presence of mind, he replied:

"Sure, sir, that must have been when I was going for the doctor."

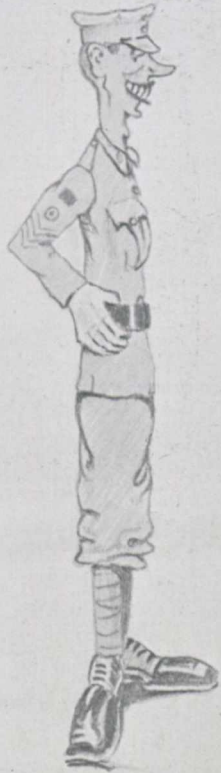
"What have you in the shape of cucumbers this morning?" asked the customer of the new grocery clerk.

"Nothing but bananas, ma'am," was the reply.

JACK: "Say, boy, your dog bit me on the ankle"

TOM: "Well, that is as high as he could reach. You wouldn't expect a little pup like him to bite you on the neck, would you?"

LUCIFER-LIKE
LOFTY.



"Purty nifty,
Gol ding 'ur !"

DICKY, DETECTOR OF
DOUBTFUL DOMES.



BUD, THE BUSH-BAGGANALIAN.



TOMMY, THE
TYNESIDE
TOBAGGO-FACTORY.



SAM, THE SUBLIMELY SUPERB.

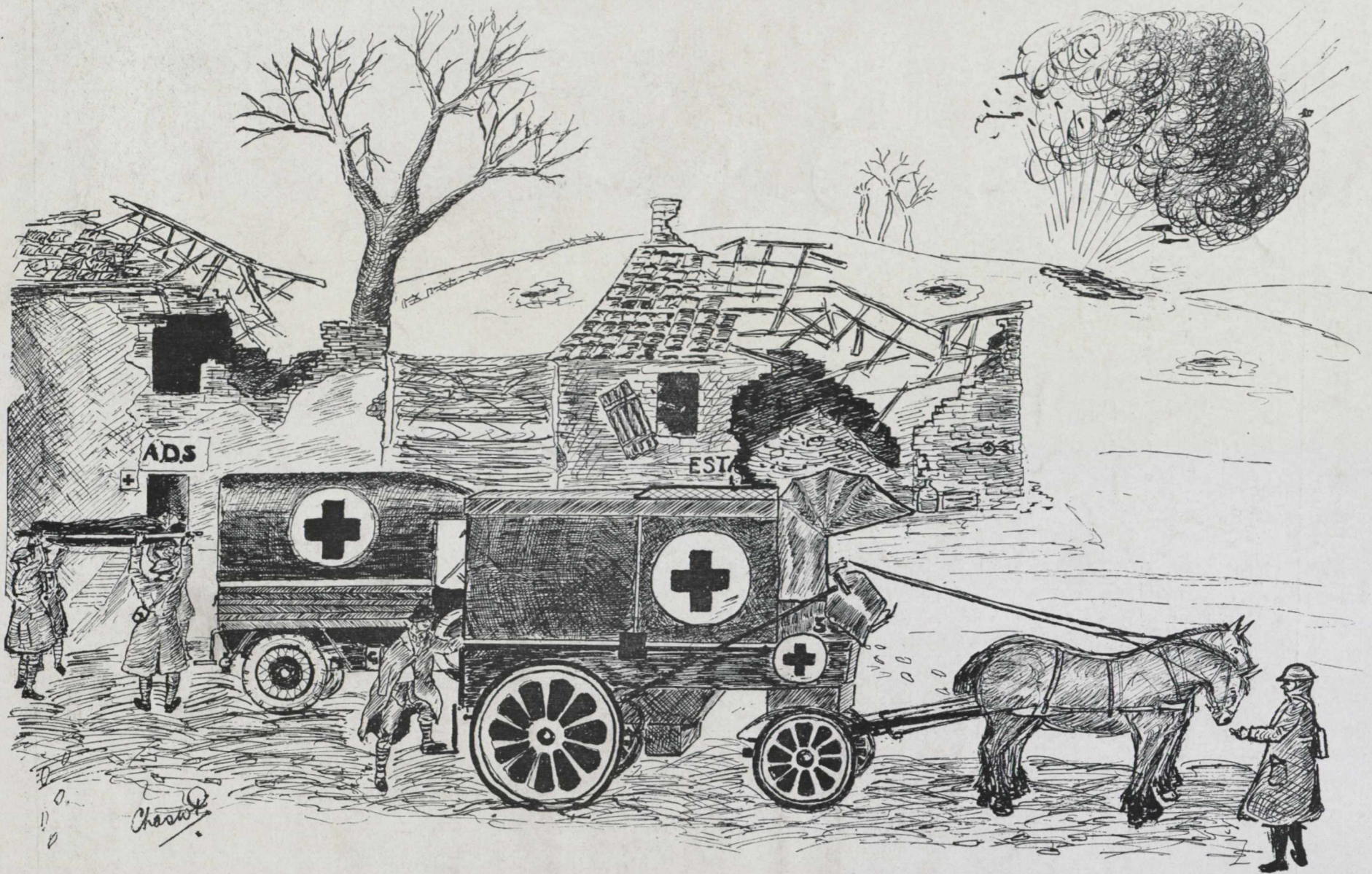


CHARLES
THE
CHATTERING
CHLORIDER.

HAPPY
FAMILIES.

No 3.





"THE A.D.S."