

# NOW AND THEN

BEING THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF  
**No. 3 CANADIAN FIELD AMBULANCE,**  
**1st Canadian Division, B.E.F.**

(PUBLISHED ON ACTIVE SERVICE BY KIND PERMISSION OF LT.-COL. J. A. GUNN, OFFICER COMMANDING).

No. 1.]

DECEMBER 15TH, 1915.

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## PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

"Now and Then" will be published "now and then," as circumstances permit. All matter for publication should be forwarded to Staff-Sergt. Milborne. Contributions not accepted will be returned if accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. No responsibility is accepted for views expressed in these columns.

Advertisement rates will be quoted on application.

TO ITS FRIENDS and well-wishers, the Members of 3rd Canadian Field Ambulance extend heartiest greetings. At this season of the year our minds turn irresistibly to Canada and those whose thoughts and prayers have, we know, followed us during the past year. Their's has been in many ways the harder part. We are not discouraged, but if at any time we might have been inclined to be down-hearted, we have been cheered by the kind encouragement received in many ways from our friends across the sea, and we look hopefully forward to the time when Victory for the Allies shall bring to an end this terrible struggle.

AS CANADIANS we are proud of what Canada has done, not only here but at Home, where great and willing sacrifices have been made to help the common cause, and as a Unit we are proud of having been privileged to participate even in a small way in the work she has done here.

THOSE OF us who have been spared throughout the year realise that we have much for which to be thankful. We recall in kindest memory those of our Comrades who are no longer with us, and to the friends who mourn their loss we tender our deepest sympathy.

J. A. GUNN.

## Editorial.

IT affords us a great deal of pleasure to present this—the first number of "Now and Then." It is hoped that readers will overlook any shortcomings, owing to the fact that this issue has been somewhat hurriedly prepared in order to have it on the streets by Christmas. The need of a magazine devoted to a chronicling of topical news items affecting this Unit has been long felt, and the co-operation of all ranks to make it a success is earnestly solicited.

\* \* \*

We regret very much that so many of the officers originally with this Unit have been transferred to duties elsewhere. Working with them since mobilisation we had come to know them well. We must bear in mind, however, that as specialists in various branches of medicine and surgery their services are of greater value to their King and Country in their present posts. Our loss is somebody's gain, and the best wishes of the Unit are with them.

\* \* \*

Current copies of the "Listening Post," published by the Seventh Battalion, and the "Dead Horse Corner Gazette," the Journal of the Fourth Battalion, have been received and perused with interest. The existence of Journals published by military units in the war zone has been fully justified, and in entering this sphere of journalism we are confident of success.

\* \* \*

The Minstrel Troupe, whose activities are noted in another column, is doing great work amongst the troops of the Division, and it must be a source of the keenest pleasure to its members to bring a smile to the faces of those of our comrades who are finding their daily routine in the present period of quiescence, somewhat monotonous. It is gratifying to find these men giving up their spare time for the unselfish object they have in view, and we know their efforts are appreciated by the kindly remarks we have frequently heard made by officers and men of the various Units visited. The Minstrels look forward to further opportunities of driving away dull care.

THE EDITOR.

## CONGRATULATIONS TO :—

Lieut.-Colonel J. A. Gunn, on his promotion to that rank.  
Major F. C. Bell on his promotion. This officer's transfer to No. 1 Canadian General Hospital is a matter of keen regret to all ranks of No. 3 C. F. Amb. Major Bell's kindly interest in the N.C.O.'s and men, and his thoroughness in all matters, made him one of our most popular officers. The best wishes of the Unit are with him in his new sphere of activity.

Captain and Mrs. E. S. Woodiwiss on the birth of a daughter.

Sergt.-Major W. E. Case on receiving his Royal Warrant as Warrant-Officer, Class 1.

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**The Craven.**

*(With apologies to Edgar Allan Poe.)*

Once upon a midnight dreary,  
As I pondered, weak and weary,  
Shiv'ring in my frowsy blankets,  
Lying on the muddy floor ;  
Suddenly there came a tapping,  
As of someone gently rapping—  
Someone who was softly tapping,  
Tapping at my dug-out door.

Oh ! How well do I remember,  
It was in the bleak December,  
And no warm and glowing ember  
Cast its shadows on the floor.  
But the wind was wildly blowing,  
Water through the trench was flowing,  
So my grouch was quickly growing,  
Wind and rain and mud galore.

Then the door was opened gently,  
And I waited, watched intently ;  
To my boots my heart had fallen,  
Someone groping, stumbled, swore.  
In there came a mud-splashed figure,  
Looking like an unwashed nigger ;  
With my finger on the trigger,  
I was crouching on the floor.

'Twas the Sergeant with a jag on,  
Reeling like a Belgian waggon ;  
Underneath his arm a flagon,  
Which he pitched upon the floor.  
“ Sorry, chum, the rum's (hic) finished,  
Drop by drop it's (hic) d'minished—  
'Fraid your issue's gone—s'empty,”  
Quoth the Sergeant, “ There's no more.”

H.S.S.

**Honour Roll of the Unit.**

D.S.O.—Captain S. Alwyn Smith.

D.C.M.—No. 33303, Corporal H. T. Cameron.

The Russian Medal of St. George (Fourth Class).—

No. 33470, Priv. C. B. Tompkins.

Mentioned in Sir John French's Dispatch (31st May 1915).—

Lieut.-Colonel W. L. Watt.

Captain F. C. Bell.

Captain A. S. Donaldson.

Captain J. D. McQueen.

No. 33259, Staff-Sergt. A. J. B. Milborne.

No. 33442, Quarter-Master-Sergeant A. E. Rotsey.

No. 33280, Corporal A. Bartley.

No. 33365, Corporal W. J. Holloway.

No. 33358, Corporal R. L. Head.

No. 33387, Private F. J. Lisney.

No. 33461, Corporal H. G. Stewart.

No. 33470, Private C. B. Tompkins.

No. 33408, Private A. Millen.

No. O 32773, Sergeant J. G. Kinsell (A.S.C. attached).

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**In Memoriam.**

No. 33455, Private Walter T. Smart.

No. 33326, Private Judson H. Ellis.

No. 33390, Private Charles W. Lyttle.

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## Sport.

### BASE-BALL.

Base-ball was indulged in by the boys shortly after arrival in France. Games of the sectional variety were played, with the object of not only providing sport, but of rounding up a team that would represent the Unit in a creditable manner when opposed to other teams of the 1st Canadian Division.

Out of the number of exhibition games played one in particular commands attention—the game with the 3rd Battalion Machine Gun Section (Queen's Own, Toronto), played at Vlamertinghe, in Belgium, on the afternoon of the day the Germans made their fruitless onslaught on the Canadian position at Langemarcke. The M.G. Section had as their pitcher the late well-known all-round athlete, Ross Binkley, who was killed a few short hours after the game when going into action with his unit.

A brief summary of the season reveals the fact that out of 24 games played our team won 17 and lost 7.

The showing in the League was very creditable, the team landing second place, and winning seven out of ten games.

The ball team lost a good player, and one of its best friends, in Judson Ellis, who died of wounds received at Festubert in May. At all times he had the interest of the game at heart, and no small credit is due to his efforts in the successes obtained.

The following are the names of the players who participated in the season's games:—Pitchers, Luke Roe (captain), Lea Jones; 1st base, Tom Yeates (wounded), Ben Allen; 2nd base, Jud Ellis (killed); S. stop, Hank Coleman, Benny Beach; 3rd base, Joe Livingstone; L. field, George Secord; centre field, Captain J. D. McQueen; right field, Bill Partridge, George Parker, Bob Johnstone, Bill Thompson, Elmer McMasters, Jimmy Goode.

### FOOTBALL.

We are fortunate in possessing a good number of followers of the grand old game of football, and a start was made in England, but owing to the extraordinary weather conditions that prevailed while we were doing our training there only one game was played—with the Newfoundlanders, which we won with the score 1—0.

In the earlier games played in France we were led in the centre by Sergt.-Major H. F. Amps, and our successes were in a great measure due to his work in that position. The team were deeply grieved when the Sergeant-Major was struck down with illness and was invalided to England. It is hoped he has now fully recovered. Another tower of strength was Sergt. R. B. Francis. His brilliant play at centre-half was greatly missed when he left us for the O.T.C. Fortunately amongst the drafts received were two good men who have filled the vacated positions with credit to themselves and the Corps.

In the International game—England v Canadians—arranged as a benefit match for the Red Cross Society, the team was paid the honour of having four of its Members on the Canadian team, viz., D. Stewart, J. C. Eaton, B. Daley, and R. Mayson, and their inclusion was fully justified. The game ended in a draw.

Taking into consideration the numerical strength of the Unit, we consider we have a team second to none in the first Canadian Division. This claim is borne out by the summary of games played to date:—Played, 39. Won, 30. Lost, 5. Drawn, 4. Goals for, 97. Goals against, 45.

This is no mean record, for all comers have been met, including many Imperial Units who have in their ranks some well-known Old Country professionals.

### CRICKET.

Through the kindness of the Red Cross Society we received a cricket set, and in any spare time that has been available the game has been played by its devotees. In Capt. S. A. Smith, D.S.O. ("Doc" Smith, of Winnipeg), the game was in excellent hands, and the record of games played proves that in this brand of sport the Unit can hold its own. Lord Stratheona's Horse, Capt. Gregg's team from the Royal Engineers, and No. 8 Casualty Clearing were all met and defeated.

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**Some Doggerel !!**

Some sage has said, perhaps he boasted,  
To be well done, we must be roasted.  
Take no offence, for none is meant.  
And follow then the argument.

Colonel Watt, our late lamented,  
Has gone to "Blighty" and now cemented,  
Safe and rigid, warm and cosey,  
Where the life will be more rosey.

Colonel John, so large and firm,  
The helm has taken for a term.  
I almost fear that in his eye  
One sees approaching a "Good-bye."  
Banish the wish his career to retard,  
But we know his hankering for Dr. Blanchard.  
These two inseparables—almost one—  
Doctor Blanchard and Doctor Gunn.  
But this, of course, is all surmise—  
Like most forecasts—really lies.

The Brandonite, so hale and hearty,  
Surely he won't leave the party ;  
We like his smile, his shoulder square,  
His feet so large, and his crown so bare ;  
The swaggering gait when he approaches,  
Hard on the heels and poor cockroaches.  
Oh ! No ! Don't leave us, Major T.,  
If you do, just TEMP-orarily.

The Bells have tolled their parting chime,  
The Bells we'll miss most all the time.  
Mary and his little lamb,  
So keen on lobster, cake and jam,  
He left for England, home and smoke,  
Where his talents have larger scope,  
And time to read "Ophthalmoscope."

The Major Bell, now all alone,  
Is fretting his soul in gay Boulogne ;  
Examining smears and snuffing a smell,  
That is the work for Dr. Bell.  
Up to snuff in sanitation,  
Adding to his reputation.

Ere long our ranks will thinner be,  
For "Smithers" leaves immediately.  
He—so fond of joints and bones—  
Is going to follow Robert Jones.  
Stanley, the ALL-WYN, "Smithers" for short,  
His setting his sail for restful port,  
There to bask in the balm and sun  
Of laurels gained and duty done.

The Calgary Eye-Opener, gray and sedate,  
The Transport Officer, up early and late.  
The collector of swag, junk, and loot,  
Dealer in real estate, stump, and root.  
Corner lots, oil shares, poker and chips,  
Merits attention, for he does all by fits.  
His spirit is strong, but his stomach weak,  
So leave him alone for dear pity's sake.

The Stork to the home of Woody the Wiss,  
Has left, just lately, a welcome young Miss.  
In the Class of '36 she's started,  
We hope, from her Dad, she'll not long be parted.

Now Padre McGreer, is really a dear,  
A man of some parts is he ;  
He's on the spot, be it cold or hot,  
He's the pride of our family.  
Nothing "fazes" him, look at the smile of him,  
Seated in the centre of minstrel ring,  
Primrose West and Lou Doxstader,  
With their jokes and funny patter,  
Cannot show him anything.

John Pringle is a rolling stone,  
A rolling stone is he.  
His Klondyke dope gives him awful rope,  
He's at it continually.  
Just mention the name of any person,  
The name is all you need,  
He knows the Mother, he knows the Father,  
His business—"Flour and Feed."  
Under the spreading chestnut tree  
He weekly takes his stand.  
His talk is soulful, never doleful,  
A good man in the land.  
Long may he live and happy be,  
Returned to his home town,  
In realms Elysian, a Scotch-byterian,  
Of credit and renown.

### To a Sodger's Louse.

Wee scamperin' irritatin' scunner,  
Hoo daur ye worry me, I wunner,  
As if I hadna lots to dae,  
Blockin' the road to auld Calais.

Without ye.

Ye'll hardly let me hae a doss  
For you paradin' richt across  
Ma back, ma neck, and doun ma spine,  
Thinkin' nae doot ye're dain' fine  
Sookin' ma bluid.

When at ma Country's ca' I came,  
To fecht for Beauty, King and Hame,  
I read ma yellow form twice,  
But it said nought 'bcut fechtin' lice,  
Or I had gibbered.

When "Little Willies" skiff ma heid,  
Or me about to draw a bead,  
I fain would stop to scart ma back,  
To shift ye off the bitten track,  
Afore I fire.

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

Whit Labyrinthine dug-out too,  
Ye're makin' in our kilts the noo.  
Ye're reinforcements tak' the bun,  
Encouraged by the Flanders sun,  
To keep us lively.

Gott Strafe ye, little kittlin' beast,  
Ye maybe think ye'll mak' a feast  
O' me, but no, ye'll get a had  
When next ye try to promenade  
Across ma kist.

The mixture in the bottle here  
Is bound to mak' ye disappear.  
Nae mair I'll need to mak' ye click,  
Ane dose, they say'll dae the trick  
As shure as d'ath.

### We Want to Know—

IF we will ever get that Web Equipment?

WHY a certain officer always calls an ambulance a "bus?"

IF Captain Donaldson is going to tour Canada with his collection of trophies apres la guerre?

WHAT is the lowest temperature experienced by Captain Pringle? 118 degrees below zero is surely mild for the Yukon.

IF a certain N.C.O. has given up riding until he has learnt to swim?

WHEN the next re-union of the Engineers is to take place?

IF it is really necessary for the Orderly Officer to inspect the horse lines so frequently during his tour of duty?

WHEN the Minstrel Show is being produced at the London Coliseum?

### Literature Received.

TALES OF THE YUKON (By Dr. John Pringle).—This book, an advance copy of which is just to hand, provides most interesting reading. The writer's long sojourn in the Far North entitles him to speak authoritatively on the many subjects that are dealt with. The incidents he relates of the faithfulness and sagacity of his canine companions could only be accepted *cum grano salis* were it not for the fact that we know the doctor so well. Although somewhat lengthy, there is not a dull page between the covers of the volume.

LEAD SWINGING (by C—).—A perusal of this handbook, covering a subject with which "C" is a past master, is well repaid. As a guide to the art it is invaluable, and can be recommended to recruits and reinforcements.

PORTABLE LIGHTING SYSTEMS (By A.P.D.)—This little pamphlet, the second of a series, deals in non-technical language with the many ills that portable lighting systems fall heir to, and the attention of the Tent Subdivisions is directed to it.

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## Answers to Correspondents.

ENQUIRER.—The names Harlock, Hutton, Huntley, Head, &c., are all spelt with an initial H, which should be pronounced.

MINSTREL.—Yes, we heard that it was intended to start up a circus in opposition to your show, but no details are available.

S.H.B.—Our advice is to leave Norwich alone until bye-and-bye.

W.E.C.—We note your complaints and agree that you must have been hungry, but where were your emergency rations?

E.B.J.—Leave is not granted to Denmark.

X.Y.Z.—Your enquiry, *re* the Shoe at Blug Street, has been referred to Captain McGreer.

## The Troubles of "Props."

You see, 'twas like this. I volunteered for the job of "Props" at our Minstrel Show. To bring the "end men" on the stage it had been arranged to pull off a stunt with an armoured anti-aircraft car. For weeks they had been painting it. Nobby did most of the work, being a born artist. He could paint so realistic that the O.C. said as how we'd lose our right to the protection of the Red Cross if a German aeroplane seen it, so we had to take it in the Hospital to finish. Nobby sure was a nut, an' his rivets, wheels, and searchlight beat the band for accuracy of detail. For the gun we was goin' to use a piece of stove pipe, but we couldn't buy it in this one-horse town, so we took a piece of roofing off the building we was billeted in and used that, and it sure was some gun. The whole car was painted in the latest varticust—or whatever they call theirselves—style. It wasn't what you'd call gaudy—jes' plain red and yaller, with bits of green and blue here and there.

Well, the night of the show arrived, and we took the outfit up the Hall. The idea was that Jimy was to spot a 'plane, and after a violent discussion as to what kind of 'plane it was, Jack Higham was to 'phone to the gunner to shoot at the blame thing. A shell was then to hit the car—a tremendous explosion—and the car was to be run off of to the wings, leaving the funny guys on the stage.

Well, the orchestra started up, and the opening chorus was put over, and then we moved on to the stage. There was Jack Higham, Jimmy Goode, Ed. Barrows, and "Stinse"—the corner men—behind the car, with me and Smithy holding it up and carrying the props. I fell over the strut holding up the wings, and said something as I was glad the Padre didn't hear. But I recovered myself and carried on.

Well, "there's strange things done on the marge of Lake La Barge," allright, allright; but there was stranger things done behind that dog-gone car that night. The first part was allright except that the car wobbled so, Jimmy's binoculars—a couple of Vichy bottles tied together with adhesive—fell off and was smashed. The audience seen the joke and laughed, though I couldn't see anything to laugh at. Then Jack was to telephone to the engine-room. My cue to ring the bell (taken off the Orderly-room cycle) was 'telephone,' but I couldn't find the bell. "Stinse" was trying to help out, but couldn't make the grade as he was wearing gloves. I dropped my hat, an' grabbed the bell out'n his hand and I got it to ring, but long after Central had 'em connected. Well, then they started to argue about aeroplanes in front, and before I knew where I was, they was goin' to fire the gun. Jack got up on the gun platform and then I had to fire off a pistol. Well, Jack blew out flour from the gun before I was ready, and then I couldn't find the pistol, though I had stuck it in me pants so as to have it handy. Well, Ed. seen what was happening, seen the "gat," grabbed it and fired it, just as a man in the wings was pulling the shell out'n the gun with a piece of string. The darn string broke and the shell fell on to the stage. Then Finn hit a biscuit box with a hammer to show the shell had exploded, and let go a chicken. We sure had that chicken trained. It flew out over the stage, and landed on the bonnet of the car. Then it turned it's back on the audience. Well, I don't like to say what happened. I sure thought it was goin' to lay an egg. Next the shell was to burst, but some guy had taken my cap to sweep away the broken glass. I had the powder for the 'terrific explosion' in it, an' as I couldn't find it there weren't no bang, and we run the dam' contraption off the stage.

That finished the act.

Now, I'm wondering if I've lost my job.

## Extracts From Orders :—

786. HORSES.—Horses are not be tied to trees, as they are liable to bark and bite them.
413. DRESS.—When on pass, N.C.O.'s and men will wear the belt only.

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**Rumour.**

(WITH APOLOGIES TO LONGFELLOW.)

Should you ask me whence the Legends,  
 Whence the stories and traditions,  
 And the wild and furious rumours,  
 That in never-ending numbers  
 Come and spoil our sweet existence;  
 Rumours of defeats and victories,  
 Rumours of impending troubles,  
 Rumours of forthcoming pleasures,  
 Growing like a mighty mushroom,  
 Travelling swifter than the swallow  
 Through the quiet of our billet.  
 I would answer—I would tell you.  
 Through the yard and past the cook-house,  
 Past the mess-tent and the washstand,  
 You will find a wall and doorway,  
 On the other side the land is.  
 Birthplace of all fearsome rumours,  
 Where they live and grow and flourish.  
 Coming thence in countless thousands,  
 To bestrew our lives with anguish.

H.S.S.

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**The 3rd Canadian Field Ambulance  
Minstrel Troupe.**

Thanks to the hearty co-operation of the Officers,  
 quite a number of entertainments have been given by our  
 Minstrel Troupe to various units of the 1st Canadian  
 Division since our residence in France.

The success which has crowned our efforts to date is  
 due in no small measure to the enthusiastic and untiring  
 efforts of Captain McGreer, our Chaplain, as "Show  
 Manager." The booking of engagements and the  
 necessary transport and stage arrangements have all been  
 in his hands, and, in addition, he makes an excellent  
 interlocutor.

The scheme of operating on an extensive scale to  
 provide concerts for the "boys from the trenches" was  
 formulated during our stay at --- last August, but there  
 is no doubt that the idea sprang from the never-to-be-  
 forgotten effort before the footlights at Bailleul last July  
 of "Flight Commander Higham's Awkward Squad," who  
 "took a chance," played and sang, and were acclaimed  
 before a highly appreciative audience, which filled the hall  
 to the nethermost rafter.

Since August the Minstrels have performed about  
 fifteen times for different units, three performances being  
 given at Divisional Headquarters.

On Tuesday, September 14th, the Troupe put on a  
 show for No. 8 Casualty Clearing Station (Imperial),  
 where the staging arrangements were really excellent. It  
 was a treat to note the patients—some of them propped  
 up in their cots—enjoying the programme.

On Thursday, October 21st, the Minstrels furnished  
 part of the programme for a grand concert given to  
 Canadian Troops for the purpose of raising funds for our  
 Canadian comrades who are prisoners in Germany. The  
 hall was packed, the concert a success, and about £1,500  
 (\$300) was raised for the worthy object in view.

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### Successful Series of Concerts.

The Concerts given by the Minstrel Troupe acting in conjunction with the "Casualties" of No. 2 Casualty Clearing Station (Imperial) on the 15th, 16th, and 17th of November, in aid of the Prisoners of War Fund, were most successful. It afforded the Troupe the greatest pleasure to be associated with Capt. McKenzie and his Pierrots, and we extend our thanks to our Imperial friends for their help and assistance during the preparations for the Show. It was also exceedingly kind of the promoters to donate a third of the proceeds, which amounted to something over £3,000, to the Fund for Canadian Prisoners. It is hoped that this is the first of many similar entertainments.

The Sections of the Unit being at present on detached duty in various parts of the area, the programme was prepared under greater difficulties than we usually have to cope with. All the more credit is therefore due to Capt. McGreer and the Musical Committee for the excellent numbers provided. There was, perhaps, a great deal more nervousness shown on the first night than usual, but this is probably accounted for by the difficulty of getting every man at rehearsals without interfering with his military duties. Some slight changes in the programme for the second and third show removed this, and the performance was gone through with snap and vigour. Jack Higham and Jimmy Goode worked particularly hard, and the success of the show is in no small measure due to this pair. Higham's stories—told in his inimitable manner—never failed to catch the attention of the house, while the drolleries of Goode kept the audience in excellent humour. The chorus, under the direction of Gitz Rice, ably supported the vocalists, who, despite the bad acoustic properties of the building and the smoky condition of the atmosphere, gave a good account of themselves. The quartette—a new feature—was particularly well received. Jack Geddes was in splendid voice in "Mary of Argyle," and his rendering of "I'll sing thee songs of Araby" as an encore was perhaps the outstanding feature of the programme.

The character songs by Gitz Rice, "China-town," and "My Old Home Town," with lots of "business" from the chorus, and "My little Girl," sung by Bob Johnston, were first-class items.

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Harry Sarson's new topical song, "Rum," put to a very fine melody by Gitz Rice, was a decided hit. Ben Allen, in a new Irish song with harmonised chorus, was at his best. "If you can't get a Girl in the Summer-time," sung by C. J. Stinson, was well received, and Ed. Barrow's song and dance brought the inevitable encore.

The final chorus, "Take me Back to Canada," with a verse sung by L. L. Grieg, was a rousing number, and a fitting finale to Part I.

The Troupe was well supported by many willing helpers—Corporal Smith, Ptes. Leckie and Finn and others—in the wings.

From the Prologue to the Final Chorus the "Casualties" presented an up-to-date show in a highly creditable manner. It was evident that the party had been well trained in "business," and the costumes and properties, over which a great deal of trouble must have been taken, gave the finishing touches to an excellent entertainment.

Capt. MacKenzie's "I want to go back to Michigan" was a decided hit, while his dramatic powers were well brought out in "Murders." In "Son of the Desert," E. Angell's voice was heard to advantage. The duet, "The Fox-Trot," by A. Russell and E. Angell, was very well received, as also were J. T. Reynold's quaint songs, "Its s'lovely to be in love" and "S'what's s'nicer than a s'nice s'ice ice." T. J. Farley's songs, "The Sunshine of your Smile" and "Mother Machree," were tunefully rendered, and the harmonious chorus of "My Orange Girl," sung by E. Smith, was an excellent item.

"The Ragtime Goblin Man," sung by E. Russell with chorus, brought a well-deserved encore. An especially good number was "The Midnight Choo Choo," sung by A. J. Drew.

The finale was exceedingly effective, and the chorus was at its best in "Keep the Home Fires Burning" and "Home Again."

Gitz Rice at the piano for both parties left nothing to be desired in the matter of accompaniments.

The best thanks of the performers are tendered to Private Hill and his assistants of the Canadian Corps Headquarter Staff for the preparation of the stage, &c.

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