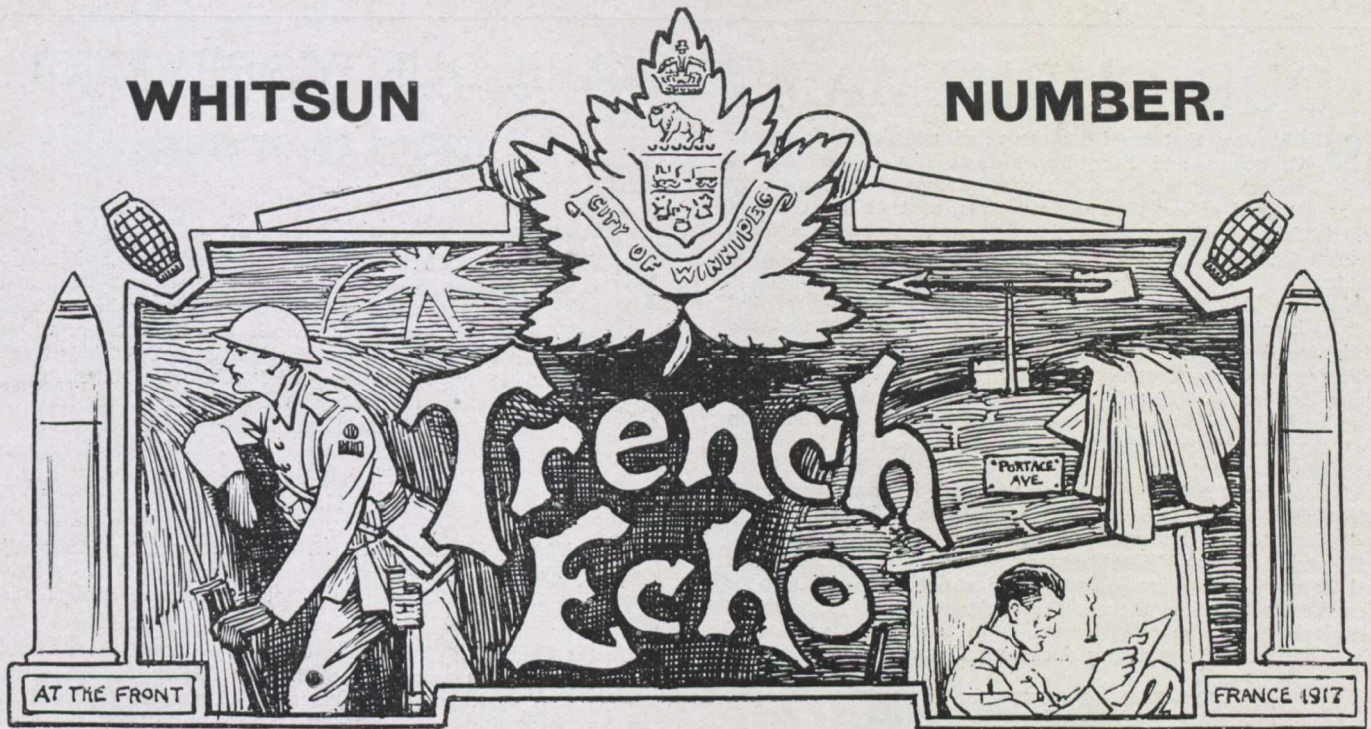


WHITSUN

NUMBER.



[Censored by General Staff]

[Canadians].

EDITORIAL.

THE "Trench Echo" once again makes its appearance. This is only its second "Season" at the front. Its contributors all were with the battalion when the "copy" left the hands of the editor to start on its long

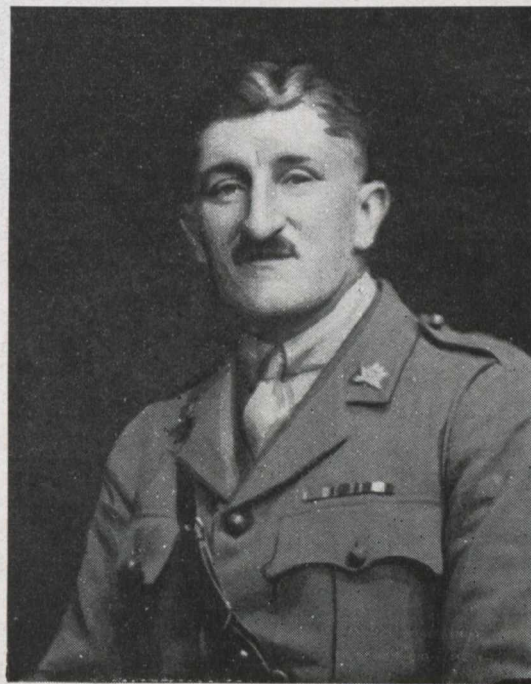


Photo Malcolm Arbuthnot
LIEUT.-COL. P. J. DALY, C.M.G., D.S.O.
Officer Commanding.

of magazines. The "Trench Echo" hopes to be what its name implies,—echoes from the trenches. What we lack in quantity we hope we make up in quality, and what we lack in quality we trust is made up in enthusiasm.



Photo Chesney Ltd.
Regimental Sergeant-Major
E. B. UNDERWOOD, M.C.

trip via censors' offices, to Blighty. There this book of words was dressed in the proper and customary clothes

So read the "Trench Echo" and send a copy home to Mother or Wife or "the Girl."

—Ye Editor.



Photo Malcolm Arbuthnot
Major and Adjutant
W. BURTON FORSTER.

OUR CHRISTMAS.

WELL, now that we have recovered sufficiently from our Christmas and New Year's festivities to be able to collect our thoughts, we will attempt to put down on paper a record of our pleasant occasions, so that our children and children's children may read and know that once in a while at least their dads in the Great War had a season of merriment.

That's a frightfully long and involved sentence—but not half as involved as some of those uttered by speakers at these Christmas dinners!

To get back to our turkey and plum pudding. The battalion knew that in the ordinary course of events it would be impossible to Fletcherize on turkey on Christmas Day itself, for on that day our motto would be "Business as usual." Therefore the days immediately preceding the festive day were chosen. Each Company and specialist section had its own particular Christmas Day, while some officers and men had them "many and often." For instance, our statistician estimates that the C.O. and Adjutant ate at least seven real Christmas dinners and a round half-dozen dinners with a decided Christmas or New Year's touch to them. We understand that this heroic exploit is to receive special mention in the second volume of that official and illuminating document *Canada in Flanders*.



BILL: "Say, Archibald. This paper says that every good-looking fellow who comes back after the war is going to have a whole flock of girls after him!"

ARCHIE: "Oh! dash it all! I can see I shall be having a frightful time dodgin' 'em."

Now, while these more prominent officers, were carrying out this vigorous programme of dining, solely in response to the many calls made upon them for their presence, the same excuse cannot be offered for some of the junior officers. The manner in which some of these disposed of turkey and goose and plum-pudding, to make no mention of the more liquid forms of refreshment, was quite shocking, and would not be believed if set down in cold print.

But for real honest-to-goodness downright eating of the aforementioned turkey and plum pudding, one had to attend a company dinner. If there was one man at one of these dinners that didn't set new records, we'd like his name and regimental number! "B" Company started off one night and had a gay and glorious time. "A" followed, and tried to beat "B's" record. "C" came the third night and furnished a spasm all its own. "D" had the fourth night, and proved its might as "trencher-men." In between whiles the Signal Section, various company messes, and headquarters officers' mess got all fussed up and had little parties of their own.

And through it all, the band played merrily on. Much of the enjoyment and spirit of festivity of this pre-Christmas week was due to the great work done by our band. Here's a special toast to each and every bandsman!

And to the Y.M.C.A., whose hut was so generously loaned every night.

And then, after a few days' interlude, the season of dining was re-opened again, this time in — (we nearly said it that time). Bombers, Scouts, and Machine Gun Sections took the lid off the old town and their expense accounts, and had a royal time of it. And of course, smaller and more recherché parties were held here, there, and everywhere.

Finally, a long health to the one feature above all others that made this Christmas really "Christmassy"—and that is to the parcels and all the dear ones who sent them to us. What did it matter if the post office was swamped, and some of the cakes and candies and good things were a bit late? That simply added to the fun, for every fresh parcel meant another feast.

So passed Christmas, 1916, and New Year's 1917. We enjoyed them. But here's to Christmas, 1917, and New Year's 1918, which we will spend in "the old home town" in Canada.

MARIE DUFOY'S REVENGE.

A TRENCH GHOST STORY.

I.

PAUL DUFOY had lived his twenty years on a Western Canadian farm, with his parents and sister. Paul had been born in Canada some two years after his parents had settled on their homestead, which they had taken up on emigrating from their old home in France to the new "Land of Promise." It was the evening of Paul's twentieth birthday, in August, 1914, when the news of the outbreak of war reached the Dufoy farm. Paul enlisted in the fight for freedom.

II.

It is night-time in the trenches. A pale crescent moon sheds a faint light over the dreary scene. At rare intervals a flare soars into the air, throwing in ghostly relief tree stumps and torn earth.

Private Paul Dufoy, 65432, is on sentry duty. An unusual stir in the trench near him made him doubly on the alert. Suddenly an amazing thing happened. A woman appeared in the trench beside him! She spoke to him. "You are Paul Dufoy, son of Raymond Dufoy," she stated, in a low, clear voice. Paul's mind was a confused whirl of tales of spies and their cunning devices. But his tongue refused to say the words he thought. The woman came close beside him—so close that he could see her face, pale, distressed, the face of a typical French girl of some nineteen summers. She wore a dress of some black material, cut low at the throat. On her bosom was a little silver brooch, fastening a knot of French tricolour ribbons.

"Have no fear, my kinsman," were the words Paul heard. "I am your father's sister, Marie." The voice paused, leaving Paul as one bound by a spell.

"For the sake of France and all that is dear to you," she continued, "heed every word I utter. Then my soul at last will rest in peace. During the war of 1871 I lived on the farm at the left of the wood yonder. You can see it from where you stand. When my fiancé, Jules Bovet, was called to the Colours he gave me this brooch and tricolour as he bade me farewell. Ten days later the Prussians came. An officer with ten men rode up to our door demanding food and drink and beds. We did all we could. The officer saw my tricolour. He ordered me to take it off. I refused. He tried to force it from me. I struggled. He became enraged and was cruel and brutal. As I struggled with him, I caught his hand between my teeth. He roared with pain, drew his revolver, and I died—but it was for my country's colours.

"Now, this very night, in that same farm yonder, even in the same room, is a Prussian officer, the son of my murderer. With him are men. They are putting telephones into the room. Do your duty, Paul Dufoy. Revenge my death and strike a blow for beloved France."

The next moment Paul was alone. A crescent dimly lit the tangled waste of No Man's Land before him. Had he been asleep at his post and dreamed this thing? The question troubled Paul. His vision to him was too real. He even thought that in the distance, over yonder in the farm near the wood, he could hear a woman's voice calling, calling—for a just revenge.

III.

In this war, many strange things have happened. It was strange, perhaps, that Private Paul Dufoy, 65432, should have had a vision in the night. It was stranger still, perhaps, that his Colonel, to whom he told his story, should have planned an attack on the farm the next day. But it was strange that a Prussian officer and his battalion staff should have been counted among the dead in that farmhouse! Or was it strange that a prisoner should have related that his Colonel was the son of the late German General "Iron" von Herzog? Or that, what was well known, that von Herzog had had only one hand, for he had lost the other by poisoning in the Franco-Prussian War of 1871?

But if you ask him, Paul Dufoy will tell you quite seriously how that Prussian lost his hand, and, if you care to listen, he will relate how Marie Dufoy's murder was revenged half a century later.

BILL.

C O'S Bill? Thousands of Bills in this male outfit of ours. Well, Bill was and is—yer see, 'e never transferred to the Transport or got shell shock—just an or'nary private in that Headquarters detail misnamed the Scouts. "Pork-an'-Beans" outfit, we've 'eard 'em labelled, besides other names more descriptive than polite.

But to return to Bill. 'E 'ad hadventures, 'e 'ad. Misadventures 'e called 'em. And so 'e joined or transferred, as they says, to the Scouts as a sniper. Sniper, mind yer!!! W'y, wen we was together, me and 'im, down at 'Ythe, 'e was the only one 'oo missed the target at 200. Still, that cuts no ice. If yer joins the Army as a Scout, yer most likely gets a job on the "Sanitary Police"—and vicus versus. O yus, I've 'ad a cormsopolitan edication, allright. I knows my Roman!

'Owever, to get along wif Bill.

As I says, 'e joins as a sniper.

There was seven or eight snipers and somethink over twenty o' them others, and of all the mixed bunches yer ever come acrost—well, they was the mixedest. Mixed! I should say so.



FOR FATIGUE.

WHEN WARNED.

FOR LEAVE.

There was two or three remittance men, five or six rawncers, han Hoxford M.A., one o' Timothy Eaton's dry-goods salesmen, an Edinburgh Academical, two Fraser river salmon fishers, a chemist, an ex-Cape Mounted policeman, a hactor, one married man with seven kids and (as 'e used ter say) hepectations, four High School pets, and Bill. Then, there was our officer. I never did discover what 'e 'ad been—

'Ow some ever, to pursue, as the swell journalists says, Bill joined as a sniper and then 'is troubles began. Course, bein' a sniper, Bill thought 'e was goin' to snipe. But 'e was most 'orrible mistook. 'E 'ad no proper understandin' of the Headquarters, mind. In fac' that was the only fac' Bill was ever certain of.

So Bill lies low 'till the Somme was reached and 'e 'ad somethink to do.

To get this straight, it must be told that our bunch, along wif the rest of the Brigade, 'ad done a bloomin' show and 'ad been duly praised and decorated on account of our doings. Bill 'ad done 'is bit an' been duly forgotten—the only decoration 'e ever got was a black eye from a brother sniper. And then, to our joy and satisfaction, we was honoured by bein' told to 'old the old 'ome town—for it was like 'ome to us before we got through wif it—for an extry forty-eight hours.

"Great army rations! Includin' Tickler's jam. Wot do yer think of that?" says Bill when 'e was told the glad tidings. But there weren't much time to think. And, in order to make everyone in the Scout Section acquainted with the roads leadin' into the pleasure resort—a French spa it was, onect—the Scout Officer with two Scouts make their way in durin' daytime and then leads the bunch in at night. O' course, bein' scouts and sichlike things, the bunch was supposed to have eyes like a cat.

Bill will tell yer that that forty-eight hours beat all the Chancery law suits for quarrellin' that 'e ever 'eard tell of!

Them scouts and snipers bickered with every party they guided in or guided out. One scout was lucky! 'E got five francs for telling the Colonel of the O.M.I. battalion w'ere 'e got off at!

However, ter continue on with them fearful two days. We —me an' Bill—are not consarned with any o' it, exceptin' the final ack, and it was Bill's.

'E 'ad to lead a party out of that sweet little burg, 'avin', as mentioned, been over that road onect, an' that in the dark. 'E 'ad done one or two little guidin' jobs—includin' a party o' four sufferin' from emergency rum ration. Se 'e was considered a hexpert. Well, along about midnight the penetratin' but otherwise musical voice of our Hofficer was blown down into the thirty-foot-deep dug-out we was in—along wif about half o' the whole bloomin' brigade—demandin' the immediate presence o' me an' Bill at Headquarters. So we goes.

Arrivin' there, we was politely told, army-style, that we would be movin' out last of all, and incidentally 'ave to guide the Y.R.U. Company back to brigade headquarters, the hofficers

o' that particular 'pearing to 'ave neglected to note 'ow they 'ad come in!

"Sure," says Bill to our little Major; "we'll fix 'em." Never was no fancy stuff about Bill; no trimmins like.

So off we starts down the Sunken road, both of us wif our flanks in the air, so to speak, and wif a shadow-like idear—like the chap what dreamed 'e was drawin' an extry rum ration—that we might get this company somewhere, sometime before morning.

Bein' duly come to the company 'eadquarters, we asks for the Major—not our own little Major—an' told 'im he was ready to guide 'is bunch out to a 'ot meal an' the 'ome fires burning.

From that minnit Bill 'ad no peace.

Says the Maje: "W'ere's the Scout? Are you the Scout? Then stick close to me!"

So we sticks, and the party moves on a yard or so.

Then up comes a yell from 'arf way down the line: "Not closed up yet."

"'Alt Scout!" says the Ho See. "'Alt, I says! 'Ere, w'ere the 'ell's that bloomin' Scout got ter?"

"'Ere I be, sir!" says Bill, peevish like, for e's standin' right under the hofficer's 'elmet.

"Oh! Good 'eavings," says the Ho See. "Is that you! Thought you was a trench mat!"

'Course, Bill bein' a bit under reglar Army size, this didn't make 'im feel any too 'appy or peace-on-earth-good-will to that Ho See!

However, Bill 'e says nothin', but after goin' for hours through messy trenches 'e says:

"'Ere's w'ere we climbs out."

"'Ow do you know we does?" says the Maje.

"'Cause I climbed in 'ere," says Bill.

(Continued on page 8).

RUNNING A BATTLE BY 'PHONE.

Scene: Forty-foot dug-out. Yes, Somme dug-out.

Well-known Brigade Major at his desk, apparently juggling two or three telephones. His General sits beside him, listening, thus securing an accurate, lucid, and running description of the progress of events.

Brigade Major (voice a trifle high pitched): "Hello! Hello! Who's speaking? Who? Oh, yes! Yes, yes, yes! I heard you! You've done what? What's that? Oh! Oh, yes, I get you now, Colonel! You've gained all your objectives! That's fine! Just a minute! What did you say, sir? Hello! Is that you? Colonel, the General says to hang on for all you are worth. No, no! Hang on—stay where you are! Not move on, but what you have you hold, you know! Understand? Yes, yes! That's right! What's that? Who's on this line now? I say, get off, will you,



I'm talking! What in h—is wrong with these 'phones? Where's Captain Blank? Orderly! Tell the Signalling Officer I want to see him quick! Hello! Hello! is that you, Colonel? Good! By the way, how many prisoners did you take? How many? What's that? No, no! Not dead—I said pris—!!!"

Bang! Something hit the dug-out! The candles went out! The 'phones went out! The B.M. gazed at the 'phones on his desk for a minute. Then he went out! His General was present, you see!!

IT'S A BAD HABIT.

THIS is a tale of carbon paper and how one piece left an impression behind it.

A certain Company Commander—we mention no names, but whenever anyone wants anything, they always go to see his dad—well, as we were saying, a certain Company Commander once got a nice little Blighty. It did not put his arms out of business, so, after an S.B. had tied up the spot, this Company Commander pulled his message-book toward him and dashed off a little note to his wife.

"Just to let her know I'm not hurt, so she won't worry," he remarked.

Then he went out of the trenches to the Dressing Station. The C.O. was there, and two or three other officers. The M.O. began to get busy.

"Say, doc," pleaded the Company Commander, "you can fix me up so that I won't have to be sent back to England?"

The Doctor wasn't sure it wasn't a serious matter, but it would probably keep the C.C. in bed for a few weeks.

"But I want to stay here," declared the C.C., as he was led off to the ambulance.

"Now, if all our officers were sorry to leave us, it would be wonderful," remarked one of the bystanders.

An hour later an officer came to take charge of this certain C.C.'s Company. He looked through the message-pad, as was natural. The last used sheet bore these words in carbon:—

"Dear Wife,—Got slightly wounded, and will be home with you in three or four days. . . ."

Of course, the laugh was on the certain Company Commander! The moral is: Don't mix Army and domestic regulations, or, watch your carbon paper, for it is apt to leave a lot of little things behind it.

JOCK WANTED THE CASH.

The raid had not been as successful as the Colonel had hoped or expected. So next morning the Adjutant held an unofficial Court of Enquiry to find out what had gone wrong, and why there had not been the usual quota of prisoners.

ADJUTANT: "Well Private S—, and what did you do?"

PRIVATE S—: "A weel, sirr, I'm gangin' awa' strong when I gets inta yon Fritzie trench. Then I sees they blatherin' Huns slippin' awa' doon the trench—and me after them. One took a wee bit dive inta a dug-out, sae I pit me book in after him, and he quit his antics. Thinkin' I'd be better with me ain

lads, I come back a bit, then I saw Lieut. H—and Sergt. B—a-pushin' a Hun over the parapet."

ADJUTANT: "And did you go to their assistance? You knew we wanted a prisoner?"

PRIVATE S—(modestly): "Yis, sirr, I did ken that richt weel, for wasna the Colonel givin' awa' ten pounds for every presoner we got. And sae I was vera anxese to get one for me ain sel'."

x x x

OUR LATEST RAID.

The C.O. sat in lofty state,
While blue-prints strewed the ground.
His thoughts ran at a fearful rate—
His Subs were seated round.
Scouts, Guns, Bombs
Were seated round.

The C.O. spake, the Subs did quake:

"This peaceful life I much deplore.
Let's raid the Bosche—a prisoner take—
And make the other C.O.s sore."

Scouts, Guns, Bombs, They all were sore.

"So, get ye hence. Think up a scheme.

Combine your wits with our F.O.
And plan a raid—a perfect dream."

Thus spake C.O.—as we all know!

Scouts, Guns, Bombs, Yes, we all know.—C.



VOICES FROM BELOW.

"Well, Sergeant, how much earth have we got on top here?"

"About forty feet, sir?"

"Good heavens! That'll never do at all! Have another twenty feet put on at once."

BATTALION HONOURS.

ONE of those incidents that makes this war worth while, and that recompense for the grind and discomfort of life in the trenches, took place a few miles behind the Canadian firing line when Major-General R. E. W. Turner, V.C., C.B., D.S.O., decorated the heroes of this battalion for acts of gallantry and devotion to duty. Within the eighteen months that the battalion has been at the Front, fifty-eight of its members have been awarded military honours by the Commander-in-Chief of the British Expeditionary Forces in France. The majority of the decorations were for acts of heroism in the great battles at St. Eloi and on the Somme, while the others were gained by brilliant work in raids on the enemy lines carried out during the routine of trench warfare.

The following is a list of those who have brought distinction to themselves and to their battalion:—

COMPANION OF ST. MICHAEL AND ST. GEORGE.

Lieut.-Colonel P. J. Daly, D.S.O.

DISTINGUISHED SERVICE ORDER.

Major Arnold Edward McElligott.

MILITARY CROSS.

Major Percival J. Montague.
Major William Henry Puddicomb Collum.
Major William Morgan Macaw.
Captain Kenneth Lawrence Patton.
Captain Arthur Wilton.
Captain Samuel Parkinson Lough.
Lieut. Sydney Baker Harris.
Lieut. Guy Seddon Clarkson.
Lieut. James Arlow Hamilton.
No. 71051 R.S.M. Underwood, F. B. (W.O. 1).

DISTINGUISHED CONDUCT MEDAL.

No. 71410 Lce.-Corpl. Milne, J. J.
No. 72176. Private Bonner, A. V.
No. 71860 C.S.M. Patterson, T. (W.O. 2).
No. 72037 Sergeant Haines, F. W.
No. 71409 Sergt. Mackie, J. M.
No. 72038 Sergeant Hancock, A. P.

BAR TO DISTINGUISHED CONDUCT MEDAL.

No. 71860 C.S.M. Patterson, T. (W.O. 2).
No. 72037 Sergeant Haines, F. W.

MILITARY MEDAL.

No. 71131 Private Jessiman, A.
No. 71339 Sergeant MacRae, J.
No. 96 Private Dawson, W.
No. 489276 Private McAvoy, J. M.
No. 71548 Private Burrell, H. C.
No. 71198 Sergeant Muir, G. S.
No. 71836 Private Rogers, J.
No. 71689 C.S.M. Fraser, H.
No. 424448 Lce.-Corpl. Snape, H.
No. 71206 Private Paterson, S. D.
No. 72072 Private Charest, H.
No. 430618 Sergeant McIlvride, R.
No. 71514 Private Robson, J. S.
No. 71923 Private Mackie, A. K.
No. 71527 Coy.-Sergeant Stewart, H. R.
No. 426053 Private McInnes, H.
No. 71252 Corporal Dick, W.
No. 72079 Private Grant, J. H.
No. 438055 Private Earnshaw, J.
No. 71796 C.Q.M.S. Collingwood, J. W.
No. 71084 Lce.-Corpl. Adams, J.
No. 71439 Private Wakeman, H. H.
No. 71171 Lce.-Corpl. Kilborn, A. R.
No. 71352 Private Bowden, H.
No. 71443 Sergeant Withell, H. P.
No. 436053 Corpl. Kennett, H.
No. 71409 Sergeant Mackie, J. M.
No. 71848 Lce.-Corpl. Wright, J.

BAR TO MILITARY MEDAL.

No. 71339 A/C.S.M. MacRae, J.
No. 71084 Lce.-Corpl. Adams, J.

FRENCH MEDAILLE MILITAIRE.

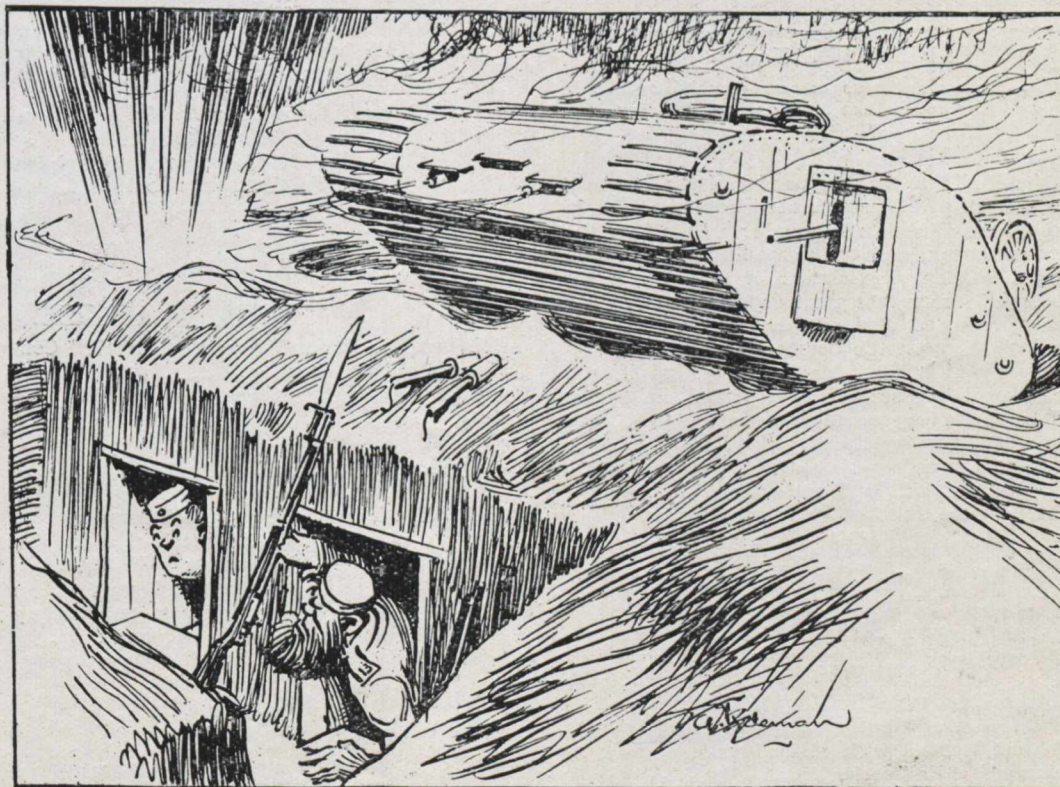
No. 72037 Sergeant Haines, F. W.

MERITORIOUS SERVICE MEDAL.

No. 71704 Sergeant Lunness, W. R.

(Continued on page 6).

THE TANK.



A Hun is done
When he doth see
A British Tank,

But we—the infantree—
Have just begun our fun.
Good old Tank!

BATTALION HONOURS

(Continued from page 5).

MENTIONED IN DESPATCHES.

Lieut.-Colonel Patrick Joseph Daly, D.S.O.
Major and Adjutant William Burton Forster.
Major Arnold Edward McElligott, D.S.O.
No. 71559 C.S.M. Williams, H.
No. 71564 Sergeant Moring, T.
No. 71478 Private Griffin, F. A.

While the Battalion watched with interest and appreciation, General Turner pinned the decorations on those of the recipients who are now with the Battalion. Some are in "Blighty" recovering from honourable wounds, while a few, alas, have found a hero's grave in French or Flemish soil.

After General Turner had congratulated each hero personally, he spoke a few words of congratulation to the Battalion on its excellent work on the Somme. "No Battalion had a more difficult task or did better than the —," said he, "and no Brigade had a stiffer fight before it than the —. And both Battalion and Brigade did all and more than all that was



ALL HANDS ON DECK.

An incident in the adventurous career of one, Guy S. Clarkson, who had four Huns take him on the first stage of his trip to Blighty!

asked of it." He declared that the Commander of the Canadian Corps realised the difficulty of the task set before the — in connection with the great attack on September 15th, where the — did such excellent work, and the Corps Commander himself had expressed his keen appreciation of the magnificent work done by the Canadians on that great day. General Turner reminded the new officers and men who have joined the Battalion since those busy days on the Somme that they now belonged to a Battalion with an enviable record behind it, and with many distinguished honours of war gained in twelve months' fighting. He knew they would continue the good work of the —, "than which," he concluded, "there is none better in the whole Canadian Corps."

The Battalion is commanded by Lieut.-Colonel P. J. Daly, D.S.O., who has been in the trenches for fifteen months.

x x x x

JUST A PARODY.

(With apologies to R. W. Service.)

A bunch of the boys were freezing to death
In an old B— woody hut.
Their howls were blended with chilly breath,
As they stamped each freezing foot.
When out of the morn, which was Umpteen below,
And into the hut, which was worse,
There stumbled an Officer "Sanitaire"—
Please don't criticise my verse.

Then this Officer to the men exclaimed:
"Why don't you light your stove?
For had I to bide in this hut, by my word,
For wood, coal, or coke I would rove."
Each to the other with wonder did look,
As he thought of the orders severe
Which were read out that morn by our worthy S.M.
Re "cancelling of leave"—which was near.
And they vowed each one that they'd sooner freeze,
Than lose this privilege dear!

SGT. TITHERINGTON.

CPL. HARPUR.

x x x x

A LITTLE BIT OF SHRAPNEL.

(With apologies.)

Sure, a little bit of shrapnel fell from out the skies one day,
And it hit a gay young soldier in a trench not far away.
And when the doctor saw him, he said to him, "Old man,
We'll get you back to Blighty just as quickly as we can."
So they put him in an ambulance, then put him in a train,
And they rushed him back to Blighty to relieve him of his pain.
Now, when he had recovered so that he could get around,
They sent him back to Flanders to start the same old round!

PTE. F. E. POOKEY.

x x x x

IT'S FUNNISH.

From my "Oh Pip" I love to gaze
Upon the Hunnish lines;
And watch his funny little ways
When Stokes do fill the skies.

Each Hunnish face is agonized,
And eyes like saucers are;
Each leg it seems is paralysed—
Each dug-out seems so far!

So here's to Stokes who makes me smile,
As from my "Pip" I view
Each Hunnish trench go up a mile,
Each Hunnish soldier, too!

—C.

x x x x

IS THERE ?

Breathes there a man in the Brigade,
Who, writing to his friends, hath said,
He'd been in France to seek his match
For fifteen months—without a scratch?

If such there be, we're from Missouri.
For though he's 'scaped old Fritz's fury,
To other friends we're most attached—
So where's the man who hasn't scratched?

BY ONE WHO HAS.

x x x x

THIS IS WORSE.

Why does Major Riley consider "C" Company the best in the battalion?

Is it because the others are B, A, D?

x x x x

THE GAS OFFICER.

Do ye ken Brownell,
At the break of day,
Between two blankets,
So warm and gay;
If you try to get him up
He will only say:
"We're shooting no gas
This morning."

x x x x

SOME FATIGUE.

NEW DRAFT (being posted on sentry duty in crater, about seventy yards in diameter and sixty feet deep): "Ma conscience! It will ha' taken a very large warkin' pairty a heluva wiles to dig yon."

NOTES FROM THE OATMEAL SAVAGES.

Censored By JOE DUPPLISSIE.

THINGS "A" COY. WOULD LIKE TO KNOW.

Christmas dinner funds!!!

Who is the good-looking Company Commander in this Battalion?

Who is the Staff Officer who, when asked by the sentry if he



HE WON IT.

FIRST DAME: "My son has been awarded a decoration, Mrs. Mulligan! He's got the D.C.M."

Mrs. M.: "Indade? An' so 'ass mine, bless 'im! 'E writes to say 'e 'as the C.B.!"

knew that "Gas Alert" was on, replied: "Yes, I know; I have one"?

Who was the Sergeant who, after having received his rum ration in a cigarette-tin lid, was asked if he could stand another?

Who was it said that somebody told him that he had heard somebody say that a certain officer had not seen his feet for some time until he reached Blighty? Does he use whale oil?

Who is the man of high rank who could not procure a box respirator to fit? The boys suggest a "marquee"!

Who was the runner who did not want to drown alone? Hint to runners: "Look before you leap."

Now that "One Biscuit Dick" is one of the family, should we have any difficulty about shortages?

Who were the two officers who started off before "stand-to" one morning to issue rum, and forgot to come back? Three flares in rapid succession!!

Who was the N.C.O. who landed at a certain post in his stockinged feet?

Who is our N.C.O. who, if he keeps on, will soon be too high up for us to reach? Can he give us any pointers on "square-pushing" at the Corps School?

Who was the "A" Company private who on the 15th went through the German trench calling "Any more for any more"? If his compatriots in the Russian Armies show the same spirit we should soon have the Bosche sending up blue flares.

Who was the lady who kidnapped Pte. C—r in London and locked him in a coach bound for his home in Scotland? Who ever before heard of "Y.M.C.A. angels in disguise"?

What would the German officer who was leading a company to counter-attack on the 15th say if he only knew that a Lance-jack with a Lewis gun and two privates with rifles drove him back?

"B" COY. WOULD LIKE TO KNOW.

If, under the present C.S.M., we are not in danger of going to Smither-eens?

Whether Corpl. Whiting's quartette broke into anything else when they "broke into harmony" on a certain auspicious occasion, and what became of "my little girl"?

Whether a certain Company Commander asked our O.C. Company where he could get an M.C., and if our O.C. truthfully replied: "From Fritz & Co., at the corner of Sunken Road and any Bosche trench."

The name of the officer who was given two water-bottles full of rum to issue, and returned one to the O.C. untouched!!

Why the Armourer Corporal required seven candles to find his bed.

If the quartette is open for engagements.

If a C.P.R. refrigerator has anything on a certain company hut in a certain wood not more than a thousand miles away.

x x x x

THE SCOUTS WOULD LIKE TO KNOW.

Why a certain Captain thought they were building their new dug-outs for "A" Company's gum-boots.

When the next raid is to be carried out.

Why O.'s C. Companies always ask the Scout who is guiding them: "Are you sure you are on the right road?"

The date on the Pioneer's Liquor Licence. Also whether their measure is a Government stamp. And when they plan to open for business again.

Whether the Scout Censor ever missed a word in the letters.

Is there a grouch in the M.G. Section?

Whether the Bandmaster could make his pace the regulation thirty inches.

Whether it is safe to leave your kit on your bed during a Q.M.'s inspection.



IF THE SERGEANTS DRINK YOUR RUM, NEVER MIND.

"Ere, I've been waitin' ere for 'arf-an-hour now.

'Bout time you chaps shifted. Yer don't take me for Charlie Chaplin, does yer?"

TO "B" COY. CORPORALS.

We GAMBLE that if HARPUR had FAITH in WHITING, ROGERS would turn GRAY in a DAY.

x x x x

PERHAPS.

"Why did the Bosche walk?"

"Because the Arras rode!"

x x x x

OVERHEARD IN THE CANTEEN.

OLD SOLDIER (earning a drink): "Yes, you fellows have no idea what we have been through. Lots of us haven't had a single leave since we've been out here."

NEW DRAFT (very sympathetic): "That so? And how long have you been out?"

O.S.: "Pretty near three weeks, now!"

BILL*(Continued from page 3).*

Now, if you've ever 'ad the luck to do a bit o' guidin' for a company wot 'as been shelled considerable and 'as a mite o' wind up, yer'll know they hates to leave the trench at first. Well, Bill and Maje finally 'ops out of the trench and starts across country, the company follerin' simply 'cause they 'ated to be left behind, and not 'cause they was appreciatin' cross-country strolls there an' then. Bill, 'e 'adn't gone a 'undred yards afore all in the company was acursin' o' him and swearin' 'e 'ad lost the way—all, that is, exceptin' the Major, and 'e bein' a gentleman wasn't doin' any cursin'. Now, sayin' the Major didn't curse ain't sayin' he wasn't of a most suspicious nature. The questions that man asked! More than could be answered in the duration!

"Do yer know w'ere yer hare? Do yer rekognise that shell-'ole? Do yer mind passin' that ol' jam tin on yer way in?"—an' so on. It were 'orrible to 'ear 'im goin' on so!

So Bill final gets on a tramline. Then some bloke says it don't go w'ere we was 'eadin' for. So the Maje says we'd better 'it the Maple Leaf road as they calls it—probably because there ain't no leaf of any sort within miles of it! Bill never says a word. "Let 'em 'ave it their own way," he whispers to me. "We can stand the mud better nor they can!"

So we 'it the road! I'm sayin' 'it it, but 'twas more like the road 'ittin' us. No fear now o' the party losin' its way, for they couldn't lose the road no how. Only fear was of losin' the ole' party in the muck. It were wonnerful 'ow' deep it were an' 'ow slippery!

Final, 'owever, all gets safe an' sore to the kitchens. Bill 'e's so fed up 'e says 'e don't want nofink to eat—only a ration o' rum. Then 'e 'unts up our hoffer and says 'e's got 'is party in and would like to go back to his former company.

"Wait 'till we gets to billets," says 'e, "then, after we've 'ad a sleep an' a couple of real meals we'll talk about it."

Well, Bill ain't talked about it much since then. 'E's still a sniper, only now 'e does more snipin' and less guidin'.

Final, p'raps yer don't believe all this, but "Magna est veritas, sed rara." Wot's that? Oh, it means the same as steam-heated billets—a wonderful thing, but seldom met with.

"Dick," Scouts.

x x x x

"A. E."

Do ye ken A. E.?
He's a D.S.O.,
For at the Somme
He ran the show!
He carried on so well
That night, that lo!
He woke up famous
In the morning.

x x x x

AN APPRECIATION.

Written by one who was "there."

The Officers, N.C.O.'s, and men of "A" Company take this opportunity of showing their respect and appreciation of the splendid work of our C.O. and his Administrative Staff during our successful operations in the "Push." There is no doubt in our minds that the practical preparatory work before the Advance was responsible for our ultimate success.



"Hello Pat, back from leave? Did you have a good time?"
"Sure Oi did!"
"I guess it must have been hell, coming away again, wasn't it?"
"Ai, it sure was!"

A DAINTY BIRD.

The "rum-jar" is a dainty bird,
It flutters through the air,
And as it lights, I've often heard
It say a little prayer.

I may be wrong!
It may have been
A swear!!!

x x x x

THAT'S ALL.

Gas Guard being relieved by New Draft.

DRAFT: "Well, what have I got to do?"
FED-UP SENTRY: "You just sits here, and if any Heines come over you just takes their coin and lets them go."

x x x x

OH! HELL-UP.

Overheard near front line.

CANADIAN: "Oh! Look at the rat."

ENGLISHMAN: "Let's Kell et."



When, after an all night's
fatigue in cold and rain,
you hear:

"No rum to-night,
boys!"

A SURMISE.

Judging by the smoke from cook-house after Christmas, we think our Company Cooks must have traded off their presentation pipes for a few lengths of stove pipe.

x x x x

HE DOES.

The harvest bug has wings of fire,
The fire-bug, wings of flame;
The trench bug has no wings at all,
But he gets there just the same!

—From "B."

x x x x

GAS ALERT.

We are glad to be able to report that it was *not* the gas officer of this battalion who, in a written examination on what he would do in the front line when "Gas Alert" was put on, stated that he would immediately test the Strombos Horns to see how far the sounds would carry.

IN BETWEEN TRIPS.

The trench mat is a useful thing
When trenches flooded be;
Its praises then I loudly sing—
When it's not tripping me!

—C.

x x x x

KELLY'S COMPLAINT.

OR, THE WOES OF THE WORKING PARTY.
Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "No rum again!"

x x x x

"Bombs," in London on leave, introducing some Canadian friends of his to three Naval Commanders: "Come along, and meet my steam-boat friends?"