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To Our Readers.

A Glance Back.

GREETINGS. May this, the New Year, be a year of happiness and prosperity to all.

As Editor of the first issue of this paper, I wish to thank all those who showed an optimistic and encouraging spirit, or assisted in any way—particularly do I want to thank all those who so willingly contributed articles.

The success and continuation of this paper will depend greatly on the enthusiasm and interest taken in it by its readers. From the articles and editorials already to hand, I have every reason to believe that the talent available is of a quality worthy of the best Active Service Journalism yet produced. There is, therefore, no reason whatever why our paper THE C.C.S. REVIEW should not in time to come be the leading active service publication in the B.E.F. on the Western Front.

In the second place, in working and aspiring to this standard, it will not be name or fame that one would achieve so much as the mental, moral, and intellectual stimulus to be gained thereby.

This issue speaks for itself.

Seeing that this is a monthly paper I would advise all readers, who desire to contribute articles or editorials of any description, to hand in same by the end of the first week, else publication in the following issue cannot be assured. In any event all material for publication must be in by the tenth of the month, so as to be forwarded to the Censor, Headquarters, and returned in time for press. It will be understood, therefore, that all articles handed in will not necessarily be published, unless passed by both Editor and Censor.

I myself, as Editor of this issue, have scarcely a right to make an apology simply because I am responsible for so little. Much credit is due to Capt. W. L. Archer for his earnest assistance, both in promoting the idea and in materially aiding in getting out this, our first number of the REVIEW.

In the succeeding issues, however, you may look for better articles and much improvement as there is a strong editorial staff, of real merit, under organisation at the present time. And all I ask of you is to give this staff your whole-hearted co-operation. If you do this, the readers of this young paper will have reason to look forward with an eager interest to its future issues.

AFTER nearly two years of work in the field, the retrospect of our life since enlisting affords many pleasant and amusing memories. Life has become quite settled and at times a bit monotonous, in comparison with the first few weeks. Each incident from the date of mobilisation in the middle of June, 1915, till we settled down to hospital duty at Moore Barracks a month later, flashes past our mind's eye like the shots of a machine gun, when the trigger of memory is pressed. Corporal James will remember the Colonel's doubt as to whether his teeth would stand hard tack tests; "Dad" Phillip's frame seemed frail when one thought of the privations he was to pass through; Reynolds' anxious glance was piteous as he strained his calves in the effort to shove his hair up to the height standard.

Sgt.-Major Paull's good old army tone, as he drilled the awkward squad in the new armories was in the next phase, along with the frenzied efforts of Woods and Milne and Stewart to run the Registry Office and Ready-made Clothing Shop at Headquarters. In spite of the rush, everything was snug and orderly when the train, with Milne running behind, pulled out of Winnipeg. At Montreal the embarkation went just as smoothly in the early hours of Dominion Day, 1915. The good comradeship of the 48th and their sturdy protection against submarines, while we lived on the *Grampian*, made that part of the journey a jolly pleasant one. It was mid-summer, and the boat was a passenger liner, and the weather was fine. The trip was pleasant, but the finish was a climax. The beautiful harbour with its background of green hills, and the stately transports, full of soldiers, moving past the old warships of earlier days, was a picture to hang for a lifetime in the brightest chamber of each soldier's mind. Before reaching our base at Storncliffe, we had a delightful run through the South of England. Letters home for weeks must have been bulky with the description of the beautiful landscapes seen from the train, and of the glimpse of London *en route*.

The months at Moore Barracks and the old Military Hospital were tedious to men keen to be at work near the front, but the time was not lost. The experience gained there in the care and disposal of patients, and the short period of work there with our kind C. C. S. neighbours, afforded the basis for a record of nearly two years, which we feel sure that Lieut.-Col. Blanchard and the new Commanding Officer, Lieut.-Col. Biggar, consider creditable to No. 3 C.C.C.S., ourselves, and the Canadian Force.

A C.C.S. During a Push.

WHEN a big battle is in process of development, the wounded are to a large extent rushed to the C.C.S. direct from advanced dressing stations near the line; consequently every wound requires attention before the patient is evacuated. No patient is allowed to depart on the hospital train with a field dressing on his wounds.

Many of the wounded, of course, receive medical attention in the A.D.S., but a large per cent. of such are serious cases, and require almost immediate attention on arrival at C.C.S.

The wounded, as mentioned above, are admitted from ambulance cars or light railway trucks, as the case may be. They are classified as lying or sitting cases and passed through the respective admitting rooms accordingly, where their particulars are taken and they are provided with cards admitting them into hospital.

From the admitting room the lying cases are distributed to the various wards in the hospital, according to the condition of the patient. He may be sent to the resuscitation ward, where every appliance is used which can possibly tend to restore his vitality and so improve his physical condition that he may undergo a successful operation, or, being in condition, the patient may be removed to the preparation ward direct from the admitting room, where he is prepared for the operating theatre.

Again, a patient, while requiring to undergo an operation, may not need immediate attention, and he is sent to the evacuation ward, where his wounds are redressed, and whence he is conveyed to the base hospital on the first Red Cross train.

In the case of the sitting wounded, they are passed from the admitting room into the dressing room, where their wounds are redressed, and they are classified as *evacuation* or *hold* cases, according to their condition.

In the dressing room quite a number of the patients are found to be in a serious condition, and to require almost immediate operation. In the rush and excitement of the line they have managed to conceal the real extent of their injuries, unselfishly making way for others whom they consider to be worse off than themselves. These men are discovered in the dressing room and are sent to the preparation ward, where they are prepared for the operating theatre.

Many others—particularly those with head and limb wounds—are evacuated. Again, every wounded man requires to be inoculated—alike for slight and serious cases—as soon as possible after wounds have been received, and this work also devolves largely on the C.C.S. in the rush of battle.

Our dramatic experts are now at work on the production of a play of which great things are whispered. It is said that the caste includes several artists who have, till now, been keeping their fame hidden in the anonymity of the C.A.M.C. So be prepared.

All ranks will offer their best wishes to Miss C. M. Hare, formerly Sister-in-Charge at No. 3, who was married on Nov. 28th at St. John, N.B., to Mr. G. E. Barbour.

Gas (Not Shell).

NO, do not grab your box respirator—it's not necessary for this kind of gas. * * *

Notice the four brave soldiers who had their photos in the *Buffalo Times*? My! their chests are out—that is, three of them; the fourth (unknown nationality) has an exuberance of rotunda, which sticks out just as well as any chest.

Four other members are studying attacks and defence, strategic and otherwise. Wonder why?

The famous articulator of the "Originals" is doing great work just now with thread and needle. What a useful husband he will make, in these days, when women are coming to the front in everything! Perhaps he will undertake the home duties if he gets "harnessed" up.

Now the mid-weekly trips to the coast are cut out, it behooves "us" (the members who like a gargle, oiling up, and complexion renovator) to attend regularly at the shrine, because it's the only "real goods" in these parts, and it's *scarce*, boys, not plentiful—comprez? Makes me feel thirsty, writing even the above few lines.

The football team is starting out in good shape, and every encouragement should be given them. Don't criticise individual members if they do not show up to form. They are out to win. Good luck to them.

A SCHOOL GIRL'S IDEA OF MEN.

Men are what women marry. Men smoke, drink, swear, and don't go to church. If they wore bonnets, maybe they would. They are more logical than women, also more zoological. Men and women sprang from monkeys, but the women sprang farther than the men.

Captain G. W. Stephens is now on staff duty at the C.A.M.C. Headquarters, London.

Captain J. W. Macdonald is "practising" near London, and assisted in the work of vote-taking in the Canadian Election.

Will some energetic person please try to organise an instrumental quartette at No. 3? It would be a most useful and popular institution. Eh, Barker?

Several of our "family" have taken advantage of "Blighty leave" to enter the married state. We understand that the custom is going to be continued—so look out for our next issue!

Captain J. Nicholson, C.F., is with the C.M.R. Brigade, where we know his good fellowship and devotion will find full appreciation.

A Farewell.

By "STRONG."

DIM grows the distant ridge of white,
Beyond the water's heave;
And so dear England fades from sight—
The land that holds the love I leave.
The mist that rises is not rain,
No cloud across the sky-line moves;
But he must feel a stab of pain
Who says "Good-bye" to all he loves.

The childish hands that held my knees
Had not the strength to keep me there;
I felt the call across the seas,
Where great adventure lays its snare.

I tore myself from piteous lips,
Whose trembling pleading bid me stay;
Drew back my hands from friendship's grips,
And, little caring, sailed away.

Sometimes the rushing course of life -
Its beating drums and bugle calls,
The martial harmony of strife—
Into an awesome silence falls;
And then are heard its softer notes
That louder tones have rendered vain,
Bringing the sorrow to our throats
With tender cadences of pain.

R. STARK (L/Sgt., R.A.M.C., No. 10 C.C.S.).

THE C.C.S. REVIEW

is written and edited in the field and
within range of the enemy's guns.

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places:—

3rd Canadian C.C.S.
2nd Canadian C.C.S.
10 C.C.S.
17 C.C.S.
Expeditionary Force Canteens.
H.Qtrs. Y.M.C.A.

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EDITORIAL.

THE NEWS of Sir Robert Borden's return to power as a result of his overwhelming victory in the recent Canadian Election was received with great satisfaction in Flanders.

It is a tribute to the people of Canada, and shows in quite a convincing manner that they are united for the one and only purpose, and that is to sacrifice themselves even more than ever, so that in the end the War may be won and victory obtained.

If the Opposition had been returned, what would have been the result? Only this: the disarming of the 100,000 men training in Canada now, and possibly the whole Canadian Corps too, for want of reinforcements. This would have meant that Canada would have been forced to lay down her arms once and for all, with nothing won to show for the awful sacrifice she has, up to the present, made. What a blow this would have been to the country, one could hardly conceive. Thank God this will not happen, and the sacrifices will not be made in vain; and now that the crisis is over, Canada goes back to her duty, piloted by as true and as capable politicians as she has ever reared. With greater zeal than ever, and fired by renewed spirit and determination, she now places her shoulder to the wheel in a manner in which she has never done before, and unceasingly will continue, until a lasting and profitable peace is proclaimed to a blood-stained, suffering world.

MINUTE details of the great disaster at Halifax have not yet been received, but sufficient news has come through, which, coupled with our own knowledge of the country and its climate at this time of the year, brings home to us the suffering of some 20,000 homeless beings.

It is said that the explosion devastated some two square miles of the city, and, besides rendering the above number homeless, caused casualties estimated at 2,000 killed and 3,000 injured. The material damage amounted to over twenty millions, but this is reparable, and cannot be compared with the loss of life and with those left destitute.

We are glad to say that relief has been forthcoming to a great extent. The Governments of Great Britain, Canada, and the United States have appropriated huge sums for the disaster, and individual contributions have been large. The Hon. Minister O.M.F. of Canada has opened a fund for soldier contributors, and to the best of our knowledge it has met with great approbation.

The Editor is pleased to say that at an impromptu meeting, when the majority of the Unit were present, its members unanimously approved of the drawing on the Regimental Fund for £20 for this relief. Besides this amount, the Paymaster has forwarded cash amounting to 425 francs and cheques and remittances totalling £18, being personal donations. Altogether this makes a contribution from this Unit of over 1,400 francs.

OWING to the Christmas rush it has been impossible to obtain statements of the Regimental and Canteen Funds, but these statements will appear in our next issue.

IT MAY interest our readers to know that to the last issue of War Bonds by the Canadian Government this Unit subscribed \$5,100.

Of this amount, \$2,300 were "outright" purchases. The remaining \$2,800 were "instalment" purchases, 10 per cent. of which was also cash, the balance payable—

10 per cent. in January,
20 per cent. in February,
20 per cent. in March,
20 per cent. in April,
20 per cent. in May.

Considering that the strength of our Unit is a little over 100, this is very satisfactory, and once more affords ample evidence of the still existing strong patriotic spirit of old.

WANTED—A Printing Press (portable, foot-power) suitable to print
"The C.C.S. Review," with type complete for one issue of eight pages.
Write, Editor, "The C.C.S. Review," 3rd Canadian C.C.S., B.E.F., giving
prices delivered to Military Forwarding Officer, Southampton.

Liberty, Equality and Fraternity.

Answered in a Series of Questions.

What is the Law of Liberty?

The right of every man to act as he thinks is right, providing that he infringes not upon the equal rights of all other men.

What is the Law of Mental Freedom?

Tolerance. The right of every mind to think and judge for itself upon all matters of belief and opinion.

What is the Law of Equality?

That to all, the same opportunities of attaining Knowledge and Truth shall be thrown open unreservedly.

What is the Law of Fraternity?

That every man is bound to assist his comrades and to work with them as a Brother, instead of against them as an enemy, making Love the Guide as well as the Crown of Human Achievement.

What is the basis of these Laws?

Conscience and Justice, the common conscience of Mankind.

What is the completion of the Law of Liberty as taught by Conscience?

That of Duty, which imperatively demands of each, subserviency to Right, fulfilment of Obligations and earnest Activity in doing Good.

What is the completion of the Laws of Equality?

That of Individuality, which discovers to us that absolute equality or similarity of natural gifts is unknown, and that therefore we must allow for Differences and Degrees.

What is the completion of the Law of Fraternity?

That of Wisdom, which demands the due development of each along with that of the whole, and recognises itself as a component unit of humanity which it is its life purpose to exalt.

How, then, shall the world be made a heaven?

The power is within us, Justice and Tolerance, Liberty and Duty, Equality and Individuality, Fraternity and Wisdom are the angels of our deliverance.

But the beginning and end of all is Love.

(Culled from the works of ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, by PTE. J. PARKINSON, 3rd Canadian C.C.S.)

MR. EDITOR,

In making the above contribution to the 1st Edition of the C.C.S. REVIEW, I take the opportunity of welcoming such an innovation for I know that such a move has long been needed and I wish it a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Christmas Day.

WELL, boys, Christmas Day is over, and what a day it was! Everybody and everything seemed to fit in exactly. It was the best yet. Not that we expect any other—perish the thought! We have had our last one in the army.

First thing in the morning greetings were exchanged; then came the football match, where the boys of the old team held their own, and gained a large appetite for their dinner, which was beyond reproach.

At the dinner tables, what a boisterous, merry throng! Jokes were exchanged, endearing terms were pregnant with familiarity which could only come after the close friendship of two and a half years together. Plenty of everything. Let us go through it again.—Roast turkey, potatoes, cabbage, brown gravy, mince pie, plum pudding, white sauce, apples, oranges, rasins, nuts, chocolates, cigarettes, and café noir and beer.

The Colonel's speech was short, snappy, and gave a hint which was most encouraging, just the words at the right time. Major Young and Major Scrimger, V.C., also said a few words suitable to the occasion. The Sergt.-Major blossomed out as an orator and further cemented the friendship existing between the boys and himself. "Dad" Phillips responded nobly on

behalf of the boys. Spinosa, *alias* "Spike," could not get his speech out of his system, laughter, "bursts of it" taking all the "little fat man's wind."

Captains Lyall and Ward looked in and wished the boys the compliments of the season.

The tables were gaily decorated and involved quite a lot of time and work. In fact the dinner would have lost much of its piquancy if it had not been for the finishing touches thoughtfully done by the sisters.

Dinner over, snow came to make the day more festive and realistic, and by the time the concert was on, Mother Earth was covered with a mantle of white.

The "Hollies," our concert party, were a huge success and the boys who took part in it worked hard to bring it out for Christmas Day. Added fame will now be ours because invitations will pour in and, "Have you seen the 3rd Canadian C.C.S. Concert Party?" will be common talk for miles around. Before I close, it is rumoured that there is another event coming off very soon, also that after Capt. Ward's success Christmas night with "Alouette," he will be one of the concert party.

The Sergeants did their duty nobly and made good waiters. If we have another function, we hope they will apply.

Our thanks to all Officers, Sisters, N.C.O.'s and men who helped to make the day a real Christmas Day, and one which we can look back to in after years as the best Christmas Day in the Army.

Hymns, Ancient and Modern.—A grandfather and a baby.

* * *

A man takes contradiction and advice from a woman much more easily than people think, only he will not bear it when violently given and without tact, even though it be well founded. Hearts are like flowers, they remain open to the softly falling dew, but shut up in the violent downpour of rain.

* * *

The "Canadian" verse of the National Anthem is deemed by some to be by far the best verse of that anthem. Could we not hear it a little oftener?

"Our fair Dominion Bless,
With peace and happiness,
From shore to shore:
And let our Empire be,
United loyal and free,
True to herself and Thee,
For evermore."

HEARD HERE and THERE.

"Who's taking in?"
"Supper up!"
"Bipp, please."
"Train to-day?"
"Have you any false teeth?"
"Orr-derly!"
"Canadian mail to-day!"
"Was that a bomb?"
"When I was on leave—"
"Case for Major S—"
"Do you think I'll make Blighty, Sister?"
"Toot! Toot! Toot!"

Everybody hopes a recreation hut may be secured during the winter. Its *raison d'être* would be manifest from dawn to lights-out, and our walking patients would not be least in their appreciation.

* * *

The author of a recent article on "Military Operations of 1917" ought to have his attention directed to those performed here on a certain October night—and to the operators. There was no speech-making on that occasion, but several people had the floor at once. For a summons to action, there is nothing like a "Toot! Toot! Toot!"

* * *

"MENTIONED IN DESPATCHES."—We are glad to see some of our old friends in the latest lists—Lieut.-Col. R. J. Blanchard, Lieut.-Col. Rev. F. French, Nursing Sisters K. Shaw, H. E. Carman, and A. A. Thompson.

* * *

Pte. McPhail has gone to the fighting forces, and has our good wishes for useful service and a safe return.



The Officer Commanding, N.C.O.'s and men of the 3rd Canadian Casualty Clearing Station, taken on Active Service, September, 1917.

Reminiscences of a Memorable Night in Tunnel Ave. No. 3.

TUNNEL AVE. No. 3, situated just opposite Paddy's window in the Dental Laboratory, was, at the time referred to, occupied by several of the most august personages of the far-famed Unit, No. 3 C.C.C.S. I said some of the most august personages of No. 3 C.C.C.S. because they do not all live in the afore-mentioned dwelling. Tunnel Ave. No. 4 very closely rivals Tunnel Ave No. 3 in that three of the famous leaders who took part in the attack on Remy Ridge lodge within its walls. However, the rivalry between Tunnel Ave. Nos. 3 and 4 has nothing to do with the happenings which took place one fine evening in August last.

A certain esteemed member of the company was to proceed on leave after a long sojourn in Sunny France within the precincts of the camp of No. 3 already mentioned. After many false alarms as to the arrival of the leave-warrant, our friend became disinterested, and would not have gone on leave at all had not another member—rather a pugnacious sort of being—impressed upon him that it would be safer in London or some other city where there are tube railways for protection.

The company had all assembled for a night's rest when a stranger put his face in the doorway and started things going. By "things" might be meant any article that a soldier has about him. The strange face at the door soon beat a retreat with heavy losses, though not before he had done considerable damage of military value.

A revolution had been started, but the odds were against the revolutionary party, the originator deserting at a critical moment, leaving only our pugnacious friend to carry on. Even though odds were against him, he carried on the struggle till the wee small hours of a.m. During the desperate struggle the enemy carried out many methods of attack and defence. Being more or less of a sand and cement mixture, our worthy revolutionist was able to withstand the heavy projectiles hurled against him from a great distance. At first he used a portion of the P.M. staff as a parapet, but the shelling became so intense that the parapet gave way and vanished, as did the fading light. Under the cover of darkness the revolutionist shifted his position to the rear of an appendix, which had been giving its proud possessor trouble for some time. This appendix formed quite a formidable redoubt, being some six foot odd in height. The missiles continued to fall on the evacuated position for some little time, but with no result. The position taken up behind the appendix was given up, the revolutionist returning to his old position, from whence he was able to bombard with disastrous results to his enemy. Thus the struggle was again renewed till both sides had exhausted their supplies of ammunition and brutal strength as well.

Neither side could claim a decisive victory, so the conflict was to be renewed some two weeks later. On that fine moonlight night, however, the common enemy came overhead in force and promptly dispersed the local parties, who had "wind up."

Sayings of the Mulligan Kings.

You can't drive a nail with a sponge, no matter how often you soak it.

* * *

When is a goal not a goal?—Ask Kirkpatrick.

* * *

Just Out (referring to observation balloon): "And what is that big thing in the sky?"

Out-since-Mons: "A canteen for airmen."

* * *

What is all this talk about 5/- a week?

* * *

Meeting at 2 a.m. to discuss the following:—

- 1.—Does a sock improve the flavour of the mulligan?
- 2.—Can you cut mutton chops off a fore-quarter?
- 3.—Which is the deepest dug-out around here? Who shall be the first to enter when Fritz comes over? No early doors. Is it possible to beat an aeroplane by running? Some people say "Yes."

* * *

The two biggest mysteries of the Army: Quartermaster's salary and a cook's dinner.

* * *

Great Fat-reducing advert.:—Stir 7 dixies of Mush over a big fire when it's 90 in the shade.

* * *

Who was it said that the cooks should wear crossed dixies on their arm as a Divisional mark?

* * *

OH! LA! LA!!!

Where is Dixie Land?—Ask the cook who tried to fill a dixie with water when it had two holes in the bottom. No names—no pack drill.

* * *

Some one said "Good beer is a luxury." We have an idea that he didn't get it "on tick" either.

ESTAMINETS.

ON being asked by the Editor of the REVIEW to contribute an article on the above-mentioned well-known land-marks of this fair land, we were a little dubious as to whether he had come to the right people for it or not. We are quite sure that we are not the most experienced hands in the Unit when it comes to being habitual visitors of these estaminets, but we will admit that we have knocked around them a little, so will try to elucidate to the readers of this young paper some of our experiences in connection with some of these well-known places.

These estaminets line the main roads from the danger zone back, although one will occasionally be found isolated, standing back from the main lines of communication, and very often in the middle of the owner's farm, who has given up the less profitable tilling of the soil for the more profitable dispensing of alcoholic beverages to the thirsty members of the B.E.F.

The estaminets vary as to size, appearance, etc., according to their location and the private means of the proprietor. Some of the better ones, besides having the main room with its tables and chairs (where most of the *clientele* gather to allay their thirst), very often have one or two ante-rooms, where the privileged patrons occasionally can secure a drink after hours. The estaminets are only open four hours a day—two at noon and two at night—so you can imagine what a privilege it is to belong to this class, and thus be able to secure a "pick-me-up" any time of the day or night, providing there are no gendarmes or M.P.s hanging around.

The other class of estaminet only has the main room, and besides being used as a café it serves as a living-room of the residing family. These individuals, when the estaminet is open, sit around their urn-shaped stoves, and although they appear to be ignorant of what is going on around them or what is being said, generally are very attentive when the men of the various units there start telling one another where they are located or when and where they are likely to be moved to. In these estaminets, owing to lack of room, the privileged class does not exist, and hence one can only get an eye-opener when the place is open for business.

As a general rule the name of the estaminet is painted in big letters across its front, such as "In den Waghackerij," "A la Yser," "Au cheval blanc," etc. To the customers of the various estaminets, however, these mean nothing, and very rarely are they used to designate one. They are known by the first name of the prettiest barmaid the place employs, such as "Alice's," "Jenny's," "Maria's" (which, by the way, are very popular ones with the boys), "Madeline's" etc. Very often they are known by a nick-name that the place has received, such as "Dirty Dick's" (Fritz seems to be after this one, as he very often "plants" a few around here), "Rum-Jar's," and "Gun-Cotton's."

It is good business on the part of the proprietor to employ a good-looking barmaid, and as a result one never sees a good-looking dame, or rarely so, outside of the various estaminets. These young ladies speak very good English, everything considered, and are out tooth and nail for all the spare coin they can get; consequently this region, anyway, is more prosperous than before the War.

Naturally enough, one must say a few words about the beverages these young ladies hand out. Invariably they all stock the old stand-bys—beer and stout—and for a couple of days after pay-days, champagne. That is about the extent of their stock, with the possible exception of a couple of bottles each of red and white wine. The patrons of the B.E.F. don't favour the latter very much, as it doesn't give much "response," and is rather hard to get down.

Regarding the beer—their most stable and saleable article—we have very little to say. It is hardly worth mentioning. Has no "kick" at all, and one could drink a large quantity without feeling any effect. It is no doubt partly due to this that our Unit has such a very good standing as far as sobriety is concerned, and that drunkenness is practically unknown. Player's cigarettes, Flags, and some other brands of cigarettes which are impossible to smoke are generally stocked too.

One can readily see why there are so many estaminets on these roads. Very little capital is required to start one, and the chief feature in the host's eye is the large return for the money expended.

At night, as we have said, the estaminets are open for two hours only—from six to eight—and it is during this period that the greater amount of business is done. The boys have finished their day's work, and besides the pretty barmaid, there is some-entertainment of some sort—chiefly music—arranged for every evening as an additional drawing-card, and for a change they flock to the nearest estaminet (in our case generally Jenny's, sometimes Maria's). As the evening performance is practically the same in all estaminets, it is really immaterial which one you go to, as they all offer you a good time. Every one of the better class boasts of a piano, and often, if the proprietor is a hustler, a paid pianist too. If not, then anyone who can play is entirely welcome to sit down and give the gathered assemblage a display of his talent. In return for this the barmaid keeps him refreshed gratis, and more than once it has been our regret that we were unable to play, more especially when our finances were strained.

Occasionally a chap drifts in who thinks he can sing, and without much coaxing waxes strong over such songs as "Because," "Good-Bye," etc., and which, needless to say, are out of place and very often not suited for the singer's voice. It is awful sometimes what we have to go through while having our evening tonic. On the other hand, "Rags" are sung by fellows who can really sing them, and everyone present enjoys these far better than the above classic pieces.

This is how we spend a profitable evening, until the hammer falls on the bar, the pretty maid says, "Time, gentlemen," and with a heavy heart we depart for less comfortable quarters. As we have said, these little evenings are the only break from the monotony of this Army life, so it is no wonder the estaminets are so well patronised.

HANKAM.

THIS AND THAT.

1.—A conversation overheard in a barber's shop went like this:—

Barber: "Good morning, sir."

Customer: "Bon jour, monsieur. Say, did you ever shave a monkey?"

Barber: "No, sir, but I'll have a try."

The peculiarity of this is that the customer belonged to the 3rd Can. C.C.S.

* * *

2.—Noiseless kisses are really the only dangerous kind.

* * *

3.—It is a sin to believe evil of others, but it is seldom a mistake.

* * *

4.—There is but one fault to find with discretion—there is always a tendency to carry it too far.

* * *

5.—When a woman tells a man she loves him, she always has a reason. It may be that a bill will arrive the next day, it may be a new hat she wants, it may be another man.

* * *

6.—When a woman is sure a man loves her, she tests his love in every imaginable way. When a man is sure a woman loves him, he looks around for an exit.

* * *

7.—Have you seen a cat play with a mouse? That is the way a woman plays with a man who loves her, with this difference: the mouse sometimes escapes.

* * *

8.—True love starts at a temperature of 110 and ends in a cold sweat.

* * *

9.—Favouritism: Where a husband shows a preference for his wife.

* * *

10.—The first time a woman cries, it is a catastrophe. The second time it is a calamity. The third time it is unfortunate; and after that it is simply a nuisance.

* * *

11.—Politician: A fellow who aids in making laws and then laughs at those who keep them.

* * *

12.—I've heard some people say they were the guys that put the salt in the ocean, but if lies were waves, they would be the Pacific.

IN THE DINING HALL.

1: "We should get better food, and more of it."

2: "I wish the Orderly Officer would come round."

3: "He would like the taste of it."

4: "If he had my share, he'd have no taste at all."

5: "Three together might do for a taste."

Orderly Sergeant: "'Shun! Orderly Officer."

Orderly Officer: "Any complaints?"

1: "No, sir."

Personal.

WE regret the loss to our Unit, recently, of three of our original officers—Lieut.-Col. Blanchard, Major Gardner, and Captain Mann. All three specialised in surgery, and were M.O.s of the highest standing. Their most conscientious, valuable, and constant services out here for over a year and a half, where first-hand surgery is vital to the saving of life, can never be estimated. In the new field of labour which they have chosen we wish them all success and happiness.

* * *

Lieut.-Col. J. L. Biggar, who succeeded Lieut.-Col. Blanchard in the Command of this Unit, took over his new duties at the beginning of November, and has already in many ways demonstrated to all ranks his ability to manage in an efficient way a Unit of this nature. Not only is he a clever M.O., but also a keen administrator, and everyone who has met our new Colonel has been very favourably impressed by his personality. The REVIEW sincerely hopes that he will have a happy and pleasant sojourn with us as O.C.

* * *

We regret the loss of one of our originals, Sergt. Milne, who fell ill in England while on leave. His illness, we understand, is not very serious, so there is no cause for alarm.

* * *

We are also sorry to have lost Nursing Sisters Coulter and Nesbitt, who were attached to us for some months, and rendered invaluable service.

* * *

May success and happiness crown the efforts of Pte. A. R. Wilkins, who forsook us just lately, having obtained a position as dispenser at No. 2 C.C.S. No. 2 have in him a good man.

* * *

On behalf of the boys, the REVIEW wishes to thank Nursing Sister Marston sincerely for the good wishes and cigars kindly sent us at Christmas time. Miss Marston is now at No. 1 Canadian General Hospital. May her stay there be pleasant, and may 1918 bring her much happiness.

* * *

Corpl. Kirkpatrick is now recognised by all to be the footballer. His ability as referee has become undisputed. His decisions are just and final. This was evidenced by the recent inter-league matches, at which he handled the whistle to the complete satisfaction of all.

* * *

Pte. Dupee, who left this station some time ago without his appendix, is now convalescent, and we hope to see him again shortly.

* * *

By kind permission of the Colonel, the canteen was open on New Year's Eve from 10.30 to 12.30, thus to watch the passing of the Old Year. Between the cups there was an impromptu programme—very varied. The Colonel stepped in for a few minutes and said a few words, which were very encouraging and backed by much logic. Corpl. Reid responded nobly on behalf of the boys. The New Year came in amid the chatter of many voices, the shriek of whistles from neighbouring locomotives, and the roar of the British artillery. We trust that Fritz accepted the latter greeting with the spirit usual at this season.

* * *

Congratulations are in order to Q.M.S. Woods. Sam slipped one over us while on leave, sang the well-known "Good-bye, Bachelor Boys," and is now a benedict. May the couple have every happiness in 1918, and may their separation owing to the War be short.

* * *

Our welcome to Nursing Sisters Carpenter, Gray, Morewood, Thompson, Arnoldi, Bradley, and Stevenson, who have been recently attached to this Unit.

* * *

We learn through official sources that Jack Budge, our old Quartermaster-Sergeant, has taken out a Commission as Lieut.-Quartermaster at the Granville Canadian Special Hospital. Well done, Jack!

* * *

Captain A. H. Denoon, who has been on two weeks' leave to Rome, Italy, is back with us again. He reports an enjoyable trip, and talks very encouragingly of the general conditions there. We can look forward to an interesting article from him in the next issue.

* * *

We are all pleased to learn that Nursing Sister M. E. Bruce has been awarded the Royal Red Cross of the first order. She was one of us all summer, and is now at No. 1 Canadian General Hospital.

Hank's "High-faluting Hollies," OR Skinny Graham's "Christmas Revue."

AT last "Skinny" has demonstrated to the members of this Unit his ability as a theatrical troupe promoter. For the coming season he has gathered together some of the best Army artists in the country, and now it is up to the members of this Unit—commissioned ranks or otherwise—to back it up and make it a success.

"The Hollies," after much hard work at rehearsing, gave the first show Christmas night, and, like the good wine, being left to the last, proved a fitting climax to the day's festivities. It was immediately pronounced a great success. So many engagements were made on the opening night that, so far, the troupe has not been able to catch up with their dates.

The nature of the show is similar to that of a revue or army pierrot troupe with only first-class turns.

Dvr. Hopwood along with Pte. Grinston are the leading singers, and sing such catchy songs that before they are half through their "turn," the audience is singing with them.

Pte. Forster has an excellent naval song, which he renders very well indeed. He makes a "top hole" middy, too.

For reciting in a correct, forcible manner, Pte. Wilson takes the cake. He has two good selections, which he recites excellently, especially the second one—"Mending the Hole in the Road."

Pte. Young also commands the audience's attention from first to last (when he appears). Pte. Young is one of "Skinny's" importations, and has more than proved that in him the manager certainly obtained a "find," and not a "slim" one. He possesses an excellent voice, and was encored and encored at various times during the initial performance. No doubt his success is largely due to his teacher and prompter, Corpl. Couch.

The real success and the "real find" of the show, however, is "Skinny's" female importation from Paris—Mlle. Nevada. The main attraction of the show, she was immediately pronounced a wonder and a stage beauty not to be surpassed. She wasn't looking her best on the opening night, due to a mishap with a primus stove while getting her midday meal. The stove exploded, and her eyebrows and lashes went "west"; but nevertheless, devoid of these she made a great hit with the boys. The charm and "come hither" look in her eye, her slender form, her graceful step, and her well-turned ankle simply carried everything before her. Just as the performance was nearing a close she was the recipient of a huge bouquet of hop leaves, the only flowers obtainable out here. If the real flowers were not there, the real spirit was, so she should worry, we imagine.

To Pte. Stillman comes the credit of having rendered most artistically two old-time favourite standard songs which always find a hearty response from the "Tommies."

It leaked out afterwards from behind the scenes that Pte. Forster was the driving force that brought that evening's happy entertainment to a "first chop" state of excellence, though needless to say each individual member was inspired to do his utmost and gratify the wishes of the audience, who filled the house to overflowing, the boys having turned out to a man.

Pte. Barker, at the piano, reversed the old childhood admonition, and was heard but not seen. His work, however, requires no comment, as we all know him as a musician of the first water.

Taken as a whole, the show is very satisfactory, and the REVIEW wishes it every success. May it blazon forth, by its repeated performances and successes, the fair name of the 3rd Can. C.C.S.

"WANTED" By most of us.

A recreation hut,
Christmas Day every week,
More pay,
A few stripes,
Letters from home,
To stop "Taking in,"
Less stew,
Leave to Canada,
Na poo Fritz,
Warmer weather,
A change,
Through ticket to Blighty (by the patients),
A sight of Portage Avenue.

The Medical Corps Alphabet.

BY "S RONG."

- A* is for Army of the Medical Corps,
Some people say, which ought to do more.
- B* is the Bottle, the constant call
Given by man, and not by a doll.
- C* is for Cases, so many we've had,
All exports from France—some very bad.
- D* is the contraction, much used by the Press,
Also by Officers: "D— that bally mess!"
- E* is for 'E, that's the old man
Who deals out C.B., and more if he can.
- F* is for Flanders, or maybe for France,
So easy to enter, to leave—but by chance.
- G* is for Gee, soon followed by Whiz,
When a shell drops near that comes from Big Liz.
- H* with a P, a Tommy in a car—
Blighty? So near yet so far.
- I* is for Iron, so much of it flies
To be from it always, how Tommy sighs.
- J* is for Jerry—Fritz von Flery,
All napoo from the bombs he may carry.
- K* is for Kaiser. A case for the train?
L is the coach—with a rope and a chain.
- L* is for Leave, the dream of O.C.s,
A bon time at Christmas right over the seas.
- M* is for Maidens so many and fair—
Auburn hair! right here! but my heart is sae sair.
- N* begins these clear Nights,
When Fritz comes over to "assert his rights."
- O* is for Orderly, that living machine—
"Say, guy, I must have a screen."
- P* is for Prison, once an ill name,
Now the quarters of hospital fame.
- Q* is for Kew, in which gardens Sister Sue
Promenades with officers—one, or maybe two.
- R* is for Rest—in Tommy's dictionary;
Spell a slavery by the military.
- T* is for Tetanus, and I need not here mention
They use a vile weapon just for injection.
- U* is for U-boat, that means submarine,
A relief to the man or wet to the skin.
- V* is for Valour and Victory ahead;
Once back in Blighty—here's me for a bed!
- W* is for Windy, applied to superiors,
If "Bombs"—dots and dashes on the morse.
- X* is for Xmas! what a beano!
Even No. 10 expected a canteen O!
- Y* is for Ypres, who will forget it,
Though Fritz forever obliterate it?
- Z* is for Zipp! Here's to the Bipp;
Give a hand, and let it Ripp!
R. STARK (L/Sgt., R.A.M.C., No. 10 C.C.S.).

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