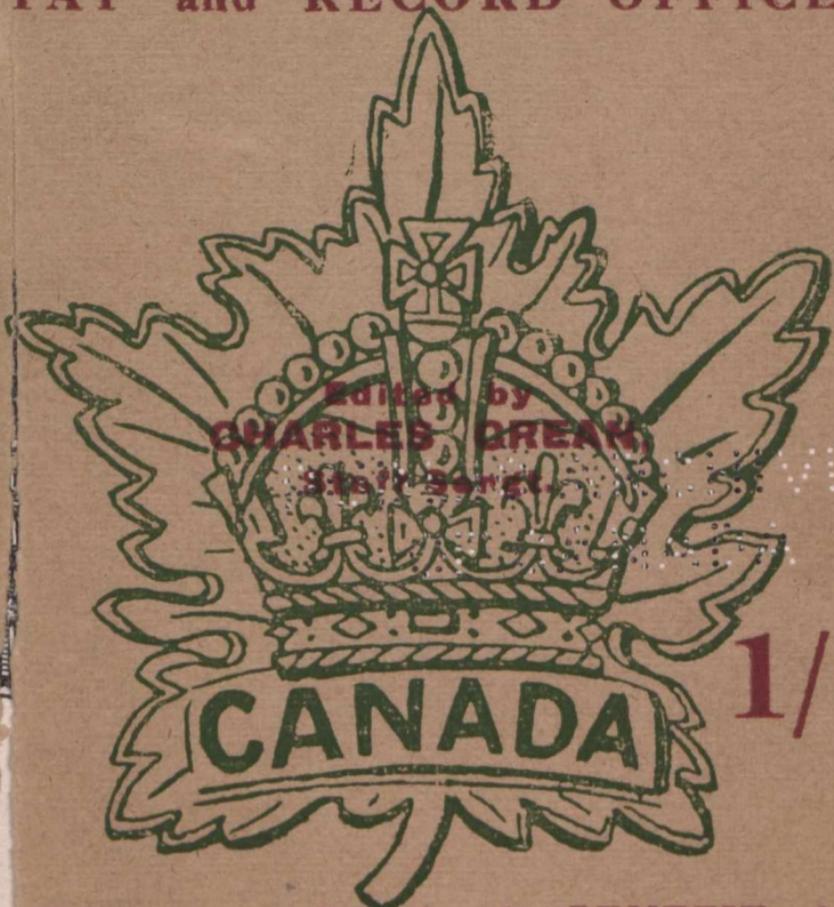


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The Maple Leaf

VOL. I. - SEPTEMBER, 1915. - No. 1.

The Magazine of the CANADIAN
EXPEDITIONARY FORCE
PAY and RECORD OFFICE



Edited by
CHARLES BREAN
Staff Sergeant.

1/-

Published and Sold for the BENEFIT of
CANADIAN (Pay and Record Office)
PRISONERS of WAR and FIELD FORCES
CIGARETTE and TOBACCO FUND

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DUTY is the
sublimest word
in the English
Language.

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AGARRAO 70

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Pay and Record Offices
CANADIAN EXPEDITIONARY
FORCE.



WESTMINSTER HOUSE
7 MILLBANK
LONDON, S.W.

Maple Leaf Magazine

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INTRODUCTION

I HAVE much pleasure in introducing Vol. I., No. 1, of THE MAPLE LEAF MAGAZINE of the PAY AND RECORD OFFICE in the hope that it will fulfil the object for which it is published, viz.: **to raise Funds for our Prisoners of War and Field Forces Cigarette and Tobacco Fund.**

A complete Nominal Roll of Staff, Military and Civil, will be found in the latter part of the magazine, compiled under their respective headings.

This little journalistic effort does not aim to be anything but the thoughts and musings of those who are practically unacquainted with original literary effort, and therefore offers no apologies, believing that it will be appreciated for its shortcomings as well as for any merits it may possess.

“Good wine needs no bush,” but because a man does not always himself see the full scope of what he has written, an introduction may have its uses for author and reader alike.

Finally, let me say in extenuation of any brusqueness or crudity of expression which may be noticeable, that I write as one whose hand has been trained to grip the rifle instead of a pen.

It has been decided to charge the small sum of one shilling for this magazine, the proceeds of sale, after cost of printing has been defrayed, to be handed over to our Prisoners of War and Field Forces Fund.

The Editor wishes to take this opportunity of again thanking those who have assisted, by their contributions and in other ways, to make this first issue a real success. And in anticipation extends his thanks also to those who will make its reception pleasurable to others.

THE EDITOR.



THE MAPLE LEAF FOR EVER.

IN days of yore, from Britain's shore,
Wolfe, the dauntless hero came,
And planted firm Britannia's flag
On Canada's fair domain.
Here may it wave, our boast and pride;
And, joined in love together,
The Thistle, Shamrock, Rose entwine
The Maple Leaf for ever!

Chorus.

The Maple Leaf, our emblem dear,
The Maple Leaf for ever;
God save our King and Heaven bless
The Maple Leaf for ever!

At Queenston's Heights and Lundy's lane
Our brave fathers side by side,
For freedom, home and loved ones dear
Firmly stood and nobly died.
And those dear rights which they maintained
We swear to yield them never!
Our watchword evermore shall be,
The Maple Leaf for ever!

Chorus.

Our fair Dominion now extends
From Cape Race Nootka to Sound
May peace for ever be our lot,
And plenteous store abound;
And may those ties of love be ours
Which discord cannot sever,
And flourish green o'er freedom's home,
The Maple Leaf for ever!

Chorus.

On Merry England's far-famed land
May kind Heaven sweetly smile,
God bless old Scotland evermore,
And Ireland's Emerald Isle!
Then swell the song both loud and long
Till rocks and forests quiver,
God save our King, and Heaven bless
The Maple Leaf for ever!

Chorus.

—Muir.

OUR PRISONERS OF WAR AND FIELD FORCES Cigarette and Tobacco Fund

SEND THE BOYS WHAT THEY REALLY WANT.

It is needless to state the objects of the above FUND, for as EVERYONE knows—

One of the things that is going to help win this War is TOBACCO.

That is what men home from the Trenches say.

It is one pleasure at the Front that our soldiers find the hardest to deny themselves.

A luxury at home, it is all but a necessity "OVER THERE," and also in the German PRISON CAMPS.

It is the great stimulus, the great stand-by, in times of great stress, when the ordeal comes near to breaking a man up.

The importance of TOBACCO and CIGARETTES to the fighting man is realised by the men who direct things at the Front.

The authorities provide every facility for getting the tobacco in sufficient quantities to the men.

So it has been with our FUND, for when I decided that something ought to be done for our comrades who were Prisoners, Col. W. R. Ward, Chief Paymaster, willingly gave me permission to organise a Fund.

This was two months ago, and it had been decided to confine the work to Prisoners only, but I feel that the time has arrived when our comrades at the Front should also benefit.

At this moment, in the pits and labyrinths of Flanders and in the Prison Camps of Germany, our comrades' burden is being lightened by Gifts of TOBACCO and CIGARETTES sent by our Fund.

Extensive arrangements have been made with the BRITISH-AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY, LIMITED, to supply the goods and to pack and ship same.

So subscribers to our FUND can rest assured that full value will be given for every penny sent, as nothing is deducted for management or other administration expenses.

WHY NOT LIGHT THE SOLDIERS' PIPE FROM YOUR HOME?

Every copper from you means a Happy Moment in the Trenches or Prison Camp.

Wills' Wild Woodbine Cigarettes.

430 Woodbine Cigarettes, 5's packages	\$1.00	} POSTAGE PAID.
1,000 " " " "	\$2.00	
2,050 " " " "	\$4.00	

In case lots of 10,000 \$1.67 per thousand, through the Military Forwarding Officer.

Players' Navy Cut Cigarettes.

200 Players' Navy Cut Cigarettes, 10's Packages 	\$1.00	} POSTAGE PAID.
470 Players' Navy Cut Cigarettes, 10's Packages 	\$2.00	
1,000 Players' Navy Cut Cigarettes, 10's Packages 	\$4.00	

In case lots of 10,000, \$3.75 per thousand, through the Military Forwarding Officer.

Wills' Three Castles Cigarettes.

	370 Three Castles Cigarettes, 10's Packages	\$2.00	}	POSTAGE PAID.
1,000 " " " " "		\$5.00		

In case lots of 10,000, \$4.75 per thousand, through the Military Forwarding Officer.

Wills' Capstan Tobacco.

	1 lb. Capstan Medium, ¼'s	\$1.00	}	POSTAGE PAID.
2¼ lbs. " " "		\$2.00		
5 lbs. " " "		\$4.00		

In case lots of not less than 20 lbs. @ 0.73 cents per lb. through the Military Forwarding Officer.

POSTAL RATES PAID BY US.

Up to 1,000	1/0
Over 1,000, under 2,000	1/4
Over 2,000, under 3,000	1/7

WE WILL FORWARD DIRECT TO ANY SOLDIER OR UNIT. WRITE PLAINLY, Name, Rank, Regimental Number, Company, Battalion or Battery, Regiment, Division.

We will enclose a postcard in every parcel, addressed to the SENDER, so that the recipient can acknowledge receipt of the goods direct.

Thousands of letters are being received from the Brave Boys at the Front asking for SMOKES.

The above Brands are the favourites with the CANADIANS and the BRITISH.

If you do not know a special regiment, we will send to those most in need.

This is a Real HUMAN FUND, as the Gift goes direct in your name and you receive thanks.

The quantities if purchased in the usual way would cost you between two and three times the amount. This is explained by the fact that the Tobacco and Cigarettes is duty free.

As this is the most HUMAN FUND known, I appeal to my readers to assist me with this good work.

All donations to this FUND should be made by Cheque, Bank Draft, or Money Order, payable to Staff Sergt. C. Crean, and crossed TOBACCO FUND.

With my thanks in anticipation,

Yours faithfully,

CHARLES CREAN, *Staff Sergt.*

Hon. Sec., Canadian Pay and Record Office,
Prisoners of War and Field Forces Cigarette and
Tobacco Fund.

*Westminster House,
7, Millbank,
London, S.W.*

OBITER DICTA

“Without or with offence to friends or foes,
I sketch your world exactly as it goes.”

Byron's "Don Juan."

UNITED WE STAND!

But we *don't* stand Muniton muddlers, Misery merchants, or mere Mischief makers.

Some P's we should like to see “shelled”—Pessimists, Pacifists, and Party Politicians. None of them deserves any better treatment than the enemy to whom they give comfort—a crime, you know, under the Defence of the Realm Act.

All the same, we are not going to have “Lord” back at any price. It was hard enough to get rid of him, and there is no place like home—his spiritual Home—for him.”

DO IT NOW!

Make cotton contraband and see
The Huns' campaign fall dead.
Their only hope of victory
Is hanging by “our” thread.

We are all glad to see this has now been done.

The “Separation” Branch is not a divorce office—
on the contrary, it encourages matrimony.
It is a body of great weight.

* * * *

Be good and when you die a pension awaits you
upstairs.—This has no reference to the top floor of
No. 3, Smith Square.

By the way, I liked Lord Derby's suggestion that the askers of "very indiscreet questions" in the Commons should be shot in the Palace Yard. Quite so, but there are others.

ON THE LIST.

A NICE little list I have got,
Of people who ought to be shot;
And I'm sure you'd agree,
If the names you could see,
We'd be very well rid of the lot.

There's the mad peace-at-any-price wight,
Who says we ought never to fight.
If a pellet of lead
Were to send him to bed,
Don't you think we could spare him all right?

There's the snarling, cantankerous hound,
Who lives to make mischief all round;
If we ended his day
In a similar way,
He'd never be missed, I'll be bound.

There's the world-bossing newspaper bore,
Who predicts dire disasters in store;
What a thing it would be
To make certain that he
Could perform Dismal Jimmy no more.

There's the Shirker who, perfectly fit,
Won't be shamed into doing his bit;
Do you think to the State
The loss would be great
If he thus got his notice to quit?

On the list there are more I could name
Who deserve to be treated the same;
But if any declare
My selection unfair,
Let them prove it by "Playing the Game."

WOMEN ARE ARCH DECEIVERS.

O H, yes, I know someone else said once that it was the men who were "deceivers ever," but I can't help thinking that the only reason this person didn't mention women in this connection was because he thought feminine deceit too well established a fact to need to be put on record.

You see, man's deceit is an artificial sort of thing, acquired mainly through force of circumstances and the straitened gate of the ten Commandments. No man, for instance, who could live the free, unquestioned life of a tabby cat or a South Sea savage would ever want to be deceitful; but a woman's deceit is second nature.

Woman simply must deceive somebody, it doesn't really matter who—her husband, or the neighbours, or her best young man, or even herself, or die. Deceit is food and drink to her, more invigorating than oxygen. The woman who lives in a perfect atmosphere of deceit flourishes like Jonah's gourd. Friend and foe alike will never pierce that impalpable armour of falsehood where-with she has gaily encased herself. Stronger than any giant, she defies the world.

A woman, believe me, is never so happy as when she has something to conceal. It is the woman who has nothing to hide who wears a worried look, because she is so good and so bored, and the virgin path she has trod so many years looks so white when she looks back at it that it makes her head ache. It is a woman's natural disposition to pretend to be other than she is.

MANNERS AND MOVEMENTS.

Marriage, we all know, in spite of the fond protestations of lovers—and lovers are beyond the understanding even of one so well versed in their habits as that super-Mormon, Solomon—is a risky business at best; but there is such a thing—as the Sergeant who took his best girl for a walk in the park and she insisted upon walking all the time, found out—there is such a thing as carrying caution too far.

WIT, WOMEN AND WISDOM.

In love, indifference comes in civility's garb.

Only in love is a man capable of his best and his worst.

Marriage should be as difficult as divorce, and divorce should be as difficult as marriage.

A man is as good as he can afford to be, a woman as bad as she dare.

A woman with slim ankles need never fear a wet day.

Time may be a great healer, but marriage is a big revealer.

When two people are found out, one is bound to be let in.

Love needs a cheque-book to back it up.

Unofficial journeys often end in legal separations.

No man minds helping a lame dog over a stile when it's pretty and wears silk stockings.

If a man agrees with a woman, she thinks he is a fool, and if he doesn't she considers him stubborn.

A skipping race for lady stenographers will be held next Saturday.

* * * *

The Enquiries Branch have been very successful lately in tracing missing husbands who have *not* gone to the Front. In fact, wife deserters are quite "huffy" about it.

* * * *

The reason why so many English parents send their rowdy sons to Canada is because they 'make good' there.

Canadians also 'make good' at other places—at 'Wipers' for instance.

* * * *

One officer in the Records Branch is known amongst the stenographers as the "Recording Angel."—Now then, don't all start singing at once!

FAMILY TRADITION

By W. PETT RIDGE.

I DON'T seem to remember, my dear grandson, very much about the Crimean War whilst it was going on. We lived then, you must know, on the south side of the Park (those were the palmy days of the Bickerstaffe family), and, as quite a little girl, I used to ride on a brown pony in Rotten Row. I fancy my mother had told Crimstone not to talk to me about the fighting, for when he met other grooms in charge of other young people he always winked and gave a jerk of his head in my direction before he started to talk with them in an undertone. My governess (who, I afterwards found, had lost a sweetheart in the Black Sea storm of November of fifty-four) sometimes cried, and when I asked the reason, blamed a persistent attack of earache. But when my papa came home during the winter of fifty-six with his empty right sleeve pinned across his chest, then mamma released everyone from bonds of secrecy. My governess explained details with the aid of the globe set near the window in the school-room; and, having become engaged to the son of a second-hand furniture dealer in Brompton Road, was able to teach geography and impart history without tears.

“Miss Henrietta,” she said, answering one of my questions, “if you ask me again why God allows men to fight each other I shall have to be very cross with you, and stand you in the corner with your face to the wall. You will please write out, on your slate, the word Dardanelles ten times, and I shall expect to find no mistakes in spelling.”

I recollect that my papa bought for me at the Soho Bazaar in Oxford Street a box of wooden soldiers, and when mamma remonstrated with him, saying that a china doll would have been more appropriate, he laughed and said it was a pity I was not a boy, but he thanked goodness for the fact that I was a Bickerstaffe.

Papa seemed to have nothing to do but to go to his club; it was on Sunday afternoons only that I saw him, and the games we had then with the toy soldiers were liable, at any moment, to be interrupted and stopped.

“Samuel Bickerstaffe,” my scandalised mamma would say, in a deep voice, “it is not enough that you should yourself take the downward path that leadeth to destruction, but you must needs insist upon the company of this poor innocent child. Shame on you, Samuel Bickerstaffe. Be assured that one day Heaven will punish you for all your wickedness.”

It surprised me when papa died, and was buried in the West London Cemetery with military honours, first, to receive from my mamma an assurance that he was now with the angels, and accepting the reward of a good and beautiful life in this world; second, to ascertain that he had done in the Crimea great deeds that I had never gained from his own modest account. You have heard it all before, I know, but there is a special reason why I want to remind you of it to-day. Miss Burchett, who pretends to look after me, has found, by my directions, in a workbox upstairs this account—just look, my dear, and see if it is the right one; good—this account that appeared in the *Post*. You need not read it, I know it almost by heart. It says that “the gallant and distinguished officer, whose mortal remains have been laid to rest, was engaged in the glorious and ever to be remembered battle of the Alma. On that notable occasion the late Major Bickerstaffe showed that he possessed the coolness and the bravery that distinguish British officers; he also exhibited a humorous turn of mind which is perhaps a virtue less frequently encountered. It will be recalled, the notice says, that at one point in this historic engagement, after our gallant troops had rushed through the vineyards, crossed the river, mounted the bank, and pushed up the slope, the enemy brought up reinforcements, and attacked with such force that the light division were unable to hold their ground. It was at this perilous moment that the late Major Bickerstaffe came on the scene with his brigade. In front of them was a steep ascent to be climbed under the enemy’s fire. ‘Come on, boys,’ shouted the gallant Bickerstaffe, ‘this is a flea-bite to Primrose Hill on a Sunday afternoon.’ (For the

benefit of our country readers, it may be explained that the space indicated is a slight elevation on the north side of Regent's Park.) Thus encouraged, the men pressed onwards and upwards; as the first line arrived the enemy turned tail and ran."

I'll take the newspaper cutting from you, my dear; and now I am going to skip—let me see, how many years shall we say? Over twenty, I am afraid. About the space that your life has lasted, up to the present. Yes, the spring of eighty.

* * * * *

In the spring of eighty I was living in a boarding house in Powis Square, Bayswater, with my boy of ten who, my dear, afterwards became your father. I had married, when I was eighteen years old, a cousin, and I had not been called upon to change my name; some of the other boarders, in introducing me to friends, called me in an impressive way, Mrs. Captain Bickerstaffe. My husband was in the Artillery. He had gone to India where there had been fighting of sorts since November of seventy-eight. About a year later—you learnt about it at school, but you hadn't the same excuse for fixing it all on your memory that I had—ten months later, Cavagnari and the men with him were murdered at Cabul. I recollect what a start and a shock it gave to us in London when the news came.

"I'm sorry for you, Mrs. Bickerstaffe," said the proprietress of the boarding house, "and it's hard on your little son, but you see we've got to avenge this business, and I only hope your good gentleman will be kept safe and sound, well away from all the trouble. I can understand what your feelings are in that respect."

"I am not certain that I do," I said.

"You don't want him to be killed, do you?"

"Although he is my husband, I don't want him to be killed."

"Sometimes," she remarked, in a puzzled way, "I can't quite make out what you are driving at."

"Occasionally I am not certain myself. In the present instance my desire is that my husband may have the

chance of doing something that will make his boy always feel proud of him."

"Oh, but that means risking his life, you know."

"It has that drawback," I said.

The chatter of the boarding house during those trying times affected my nerves, I think, and certainly did nothing to improve my temper. My ten-year-old son was the only comfort I had, and we used to go out into Kensington Gardens, where, instead of playing with other youngsters, he sat by me, and asked questions, and spoke of the time when he, too, would be a soldier man. He pictured fights in which he was to be engaged; his triumphs were always highly satisfactory, and at the end I had to impersonate Queen Victoria, and pin crosses on his short reefer coat. The admiration he could spare from his father he gave to Sir Frederick Roberts, and ladies at the boarding-house complained that he always snipped out this general from pictures in the illustrated journals, keeping the cuttings as his own property. To my relief, a letter arrived by the Indian mail from my husband. It was very short; dated from Candahar it said:

Dearest Mary,

Just off under Stewart to join Roberts, who is at Sherpur. There ought to be some fun if everything goes well. All my love to the dear boy, and to you,

Your affectionate Husband.

On an evening in April I was putting my little son to bed; the hour was early because he had, in some trifling way, annoyed two spinster boarders, and having heard them remark that they wished they had the management of him, I felt it necessary to show authority. I waited in his room, and listened to make sure that he said his prayers fully and correctly.

"Teddy," I asked, "why have you left your father out?"

"'Cause he's killed."

"You wicked boy," I cried, "how can you make such a dreadful remark as that?"

"A black man," he said, "killed him to-day. With a piece of sharpened iron, fastened on the end of a stick. Then somebody shot the black man. I don't want you

to leave me by myself to-night, mummy. I'm frightened. I think I shall always be frightened now, all through my life."

You know, my dear, the story of your grandfather's end. Stewart found himself at Ahmed Khel opposed by fifteen thousand tribesmen. To these were added, as he advanced, some four thousand Ghazis. They were armed with heavy swords, knives, pistols, rifles and matchlocks; some, as my Teddy had described, carried pikes. Our cavalry, so the accounts said, were moving in front of the infantry, and this prevented some of our men from firing. The Ghazis rushed to the rear of our infantry, and the fighting was close, hand to hand. The Ghazis actually came to within thirty yards of our artillery guns. When they fell back they left a thousand killed on the field; our losses amounted to seventeen killed and about a hundred wounded. One of the number of the killed was your grandfather.

I had a note later from one of his comrades in Major Warter's battery. "Your husband," it said, "died as an English officer might well wish to die. He fought well and fought long, until one of the murderous pikes brought him down. I was at his side when he fell. 'I should like,' he murmured, 'to have seen the wife and the boy once more.' His end came within a few minutes. Your husband was a great man, and we all loved him."

* * * * *

I need not detain you at length, my dear, in regard to your own father. (Turn on the electric light if you want it; it doesn't make any difference to me.)

I saved and scraped every penny in order to carry out my plan of sending him to a military coach. At the last moment he refused to go. He went into a bicycle business and got on so badly that he felt justified in marrying. That was in '90 or thereabouts; I took but little interest in the affair, partly because I had to go to Switzerland to see a specialist about my eyes. The girl's father advanced money, and poor Edward let it all run away as though he had put it into a sieve. In consequence of his failure, my dear, you and your mother have had a pretty severe struggle, and I wish I had been

able to give her more help when you were young ; she declined to accept another penny when you started to work, and she sometimes annoyed me by talking about paying back. But what I wanted to see you about was this. Listen very carefully, please.

Miss Burchett has been reading to me about the war. She doesn't read well, poor soul, but I know that here we are in the month of August, and in the year of 1914, and your country is engaged in the biggest struggle it has ever been called upon to face. I am going to ask you, my dear, whether you are going to be like your father, or are you going to imitate the example of your earlier ancestors, and—

I didn't quite catch what you said, dear. My eyesight has gone, and my hearing begins to fail. You enlisted in the Coldstream Guards last week? You are in uniform now? You are stationed at Wellington Barracks?

Oh, my lad, my lad. Come here, and let an old woman try to tell you how proud she is to-day.



**See page 83. Win a Prize and help
our Fund.**

The Elusive Element

By NOLL AYTON.

A LITTLE more than fifteen years ago, just after our friends the Boers had caught General Buller at Colenso, held White in a ring of iron at Ladysmith, and had Kimberley and Mafeking invested all right, General Gatacre was snapped in the Stormberg "disaster" as we termed it that awful Sunday in December, 1899. We heard the news as we came from church that some fearful catastrophe had happened "along the line" (Stormberg being the railway junction leading from West to North and South-East), and we were hurriedly called from the quiet of our Sabbath rest to guard the bridges and the outer range of hills. It was only a week and a day before that we had seen the gallant Royal Irish Rifles leave the base at Queenstown (Cape Colony). Only ten days previously we had joined in a Gymkana and knew the splendid spirit of the men. On that fearful Sunday and for the next three days the poor fellows, shattered, maimed, and bleeding, were brought to the little town among the hills—"Old Queen," after Grahamstown, probably the most "English" of all the settlements in the Colony—and there in Town Hall, schools, warehouses and stores, and in private homes they were laid on hastily improvised beds and mattresses, everything of the kind having been hurriedly "commandeered" and willingly offered immediately the call was heard for supplies. The worst cases were sent to the local hospital, though already full with Refugee patients from the harassed North—Orange Free State and Transvaal—for Queenstown had suddenly been called upon to house and provide for three times her normal population (apart from 11,000 troops), and typhoid was rife in her midst.

When the first anxious rush was over and pressure of work subsided we had time to ask "the reason why" of the "disaster" and were not a little chagrined to know that the guide had led our soldiers into the treacherous

"basin" of the Stormberg, whence, from the spiral terraces encircling the range, the enemy had easily "sniped" the main body of incoming troops, who, finding themselves in the trap, endeavoured to retreat through the gulch and over the pass by which they had entered, but were met, of course, by the forces following in the rear, and were again caught in the back by the gloating guerillas who until that moment had kept well out of sight.

Disloyalty had again played its double game as it did at Waterloo a hundred years ago, when, according to Victor Hugo's masterpiece, *La Coste*, the Belgian guide, on the night before the great battle, assured Napoleon with a negative nod that there was nothing else in the neighbourhood to be anxious about after he had surveyed the prospective positions of the opposing armies. The hollow road of Ohain, which Napoleon had overlooked and the guide had not disclosed, proved the undoing of the famous French Chasseurs in their final charge, and into the trench the foremost ranks fell furiously as in their gallant headlong rush they could not distinguish the trench that nature had made as if a very trap for the flower of Napoleon's finest Guards—and three thousand Cuirassiers and chargers became the living bridge over which ten thousand of their comrades thundered heavily to a more glorious death. God, not Wellington, Blucher or von Bülow, had won the battle of Waterloo centuries before, and Destiny had marked the man of ambition for her own even ere he had turned crestfallen and chagrined from the fiery flames of Moscow amid the pealing of the great bell "St. Paul," since Europe and the World would never suffer the domination of an overweening personality or the spirit of powerful presumption which the ambitious little Corsican had too frequently manifested in his dealings with his kind. And Destiny will use her guillotine again ere long if "somebody" doesn't watch out.

But it was the elusive element which counted on that fateful day, or rather the evening before. *La Coste's* disloyalty had disarmed the calculating strategist whose plans had scarcely ever gone awry before. It was disloyalty on the part of the guide whom he trusted that led to Gatacre's reverse and consequent heartbreak; it is disloyalty that to-day hinders the progress of the present

war to its ultimate issue, and it also handicaps the constant thought and effort of every chief at the head of any organisation where co-operation, esprit-de-corps and goodwill should prevail if the work is to get done and results to be won.

I remember that for a long time the Boers were very hazy as to the cause which finally actuated their leaders in plunging the country into war. They used bad language against "Kimmerlin" (the late Mr. Joseph Chamberlain). They had denounced "Jimson" (now Sir D. Starr Jameson) for his intrusion in 1896 and were anxious to get him again if they could. They thought he might be in Capetown with Rhodes, or even at Kimberley, and they knew that Baden-Powell was at Mafeking—probably busy planning the Boy Scout Crusade, among other things, then—but they were most concerned to capture Mr. "Frankijs"—the Franchise for which Britishers had been clamouring in the Transvaal for many years—as "he" was surely the cause of the trouble, but when they caught "him" they would "shoot him dead!"

The elusive element again proved to be disloyalty—the disloyalty of the Krugerites, backed by the sinister sycophancy of Dr. Leyds, his evil machinations and intrigue with Germany—which led them to ignore their political obligations to England and to her sons, in the land which they had done most to make prosperous.

You cannot make a man loyal by regulation any more than you can make him sober by legislation; but if there is one thing I would plead for before any other—and I have done so often in addressing crowds of men and women from fifteen years old to eighty years young—it is for **LOYALTY**.

Be loyal to the house, to the "boss," to the institution of which you form a part. You strive to be honest because you believe "honesty is the best policy." But that is pure selfishness. If you cannot be loyal to the man who pays you, who bears the burden of your duty as well as his own and hundreds of others, you'd better get out. You cannot do your own work well, and you hinder others by your lack of co-operation and interest. Don't be the grit in the cogs that otherwise would let the machine move easily and sweetly. Be loyal and show

it, and it's you for promotion and the quiet confidence of successful work well done.

One of the finest instances of Loyalty which the world has known, the present fearful war has produced in General Botha. I knew him when he was simply Louis Botha, farmer; I stayed for two sessions with him when he entered the Raadzaal (Parliament) in Pretoria and felt sure that he would prove "sound" when the recent South African rebellion put him to the test.

Three years before Christendom became the quadrangle or playground of the devil and his myrmidons, using howitzers for battledores, with men's souls and women's bodies for shuttlecocks, Botha attested his loyalty to the Empire, to the principles for which he stood, and time and the Kaiser have helped him prove it again to the world at large in defiance of overwhelming odds.

But another illustration comes to my mind as I close, and though it is on a smaller scale it will serve to point the moral of my tale. A private soldier in Napoleon's army had been wounded in battle, and returning to consciousness while in the surgeon's hands he realised that a wound near his heart was being probed to find the bullet. In gasping tones he whispered: "Probe deeper, doctor, probe deeper, and you shall find the Emperor's image engraven on my heart!"

Every man who has a job to get done needs loyal helpers—not time servers, nor lip service—and nature works with the man who plays the game for himself and his fellows, for his Country, King, and God.

**Now turn to page 6 and help our
Brave Boys.**

GLORIOUS CANADA

By P. D. HIND.

WHEN the history of this great war comes to be written, and the glorious part taken by the British nation is chronicled for the benefit of posterity, the help rendered by the Sons of Canada to the Mother Country will not be overlooked by the impartial historian; but the writer of this short article believes it to be not inappropriate in this magazine to endeavour to pay some small tribute to the magnificent achievements of those splendid Colonials who have responded so eagerly to the call of the Empire in its hour of need and are fighting so nobly for the great and splendid cause at stake.

The men of the land of the Maple Leaf have indeed shown the grit that is in them, and the valour of their splendid stand against the terrific German onslaughts and murderous gas attacks directed against their lines when, outnumbered and almost surrounded, and even totally unequipped to withstand such barbarous methods of warfare, they fought as only heroes can fight, and though even almost half their number were put out of action, yet still they proved the British pluck which is their heritage and fought steadily on until relief could be sent to their aid. The casualty lists show only too truly how great was the cost to that gallant body of heroes whose bravery alone averted dire disaster, and however deeply we deplore those terrible losses, we yet realise that so magnificent and glorious was the feat accomplished that nothing less than this almost super-human courage and endurance would have saved the armies of the Allies in that terrible conflict.

There is still more work to be done, and those Canadians who are yet training in the Old Country, as well as those in Canada, will, we know well, prove worthy fellow countrymen of those who have already stood the test and earned the admiration of the whole of the British Army and Empire, and indeed of the whole world; and though the cost may be high, yet the sacrifice will not be thought too great which shall so greatly help to rid the world of the awful German scourge and restore peace once again to the peoples of the earth.

And thus would an Englishman pay his tribute to the bravest of the brave.



Photo by Swaine]

[London and Southsea.

**Col. W. R. WARD,
Chief Paymaster.**



Photo by Swaine]

[London and Southsea.

**Col. S. G. ROBERTSON,
Legal Adviser.**



Photo by Swaine [London and Southsea.

Major S. L. THORNE,
Paymaster, Assigned Pay.



Photo by Swaine [London and Southsea

Major J. L. REGAN,
Assistant Chief Paymaster.



Photo by Swaine]

[London and Southsea.

Major F. L. ARMSTRONG.



Photo by Swaine]

[London and Southsea.

Captain C. W. WARD,
O I/C Claims.



Captain J. W. DOWDING,
Officer in Charge Separation Branch.



Photo by Swaine [London and Southsea.

Captain W. H. GIMBLETT,
Officer in Charge Details.



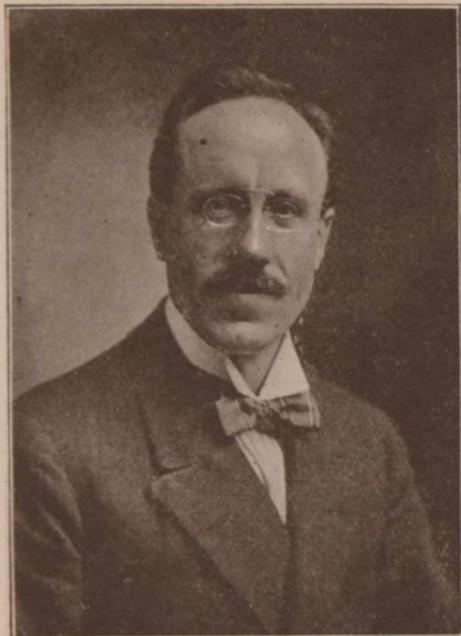
Photo by Swaine [London and Southsea.

Captain C. W. LINDSAY,
Paymaster No. 2.



Photo by Swaine [London and Southsea.

Lieut. V. G. REXFORD,
Cashier.



OLIVER A. MINNS, F.I.S.A.C.,
Chief Registration Clerk.



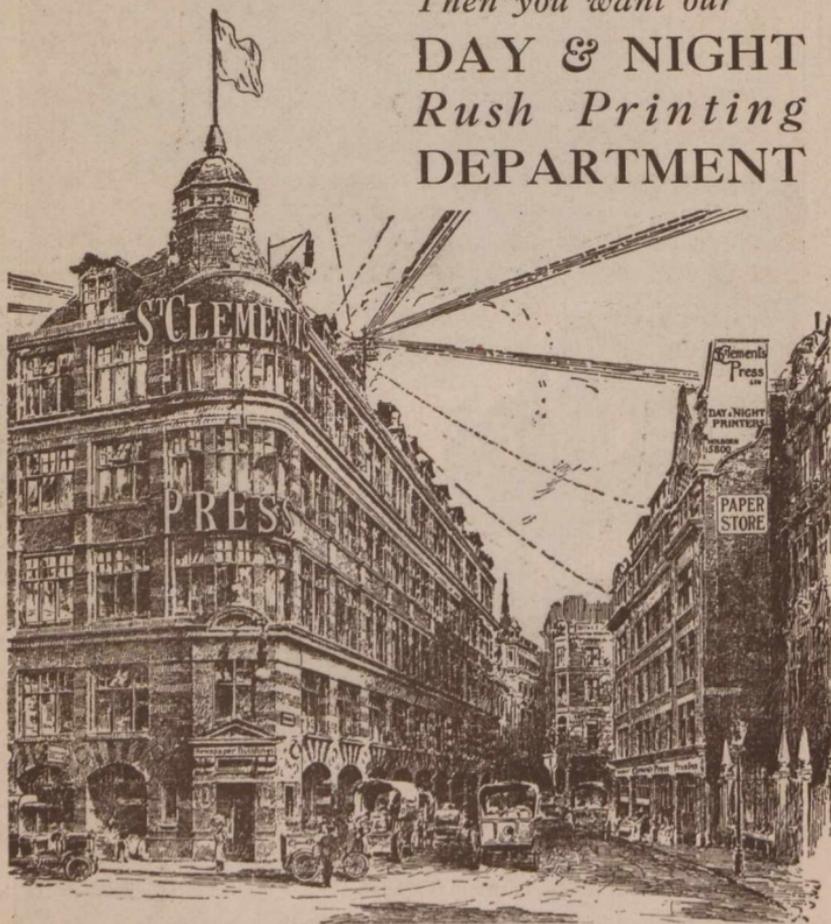
Staff Sergt. CHARLES CREAN,
Editor.



HOW WE DO IT: Somewhere in France.

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Organisation Pay & Record Office Canada's War Office in London

AN approximate estimate of the cost of Canadian troops under arms at the front, in England, and in Canada, comes to the sum of a quarter of a million dollars a day. In it is included pay for ——— officers and men, supplies, forage, and transport.

Necessarily this is approximate only, for the Pay and Record Office, which is Canada's War Office in London, is far too busy all day and every day to ever dream of getting out such a thing as a balance sheet for a while.

To keep pace with the current work means that there can be no let up from eight in the morning until very late at night, and, indeed, some departments are obliged to work through to the early hours of the morning.

It takes the full time of 44 officers and 716 clerks to do that, and this is not to be wondered at when it is considered that every detail of Pay and Record of the Expeditionary Force from the front, from the base, and the camps, is dealt with by this one central organisation.

Chief of this Head Office is Colonel W. R. Ward, Chief Paymaster, assisted by Major J. L. Regan, Assistant Chief Paymaster. Lt.-Col. H. Kamis Betty is in charge of Records, assisted by Major F. L. Armstrong, Capt. A. M. Houston, Capt. H. Hough, Lieut. H. F. Bray, Lieut. A. W. Kelly, and efficient staff.

Major Armstrong organised the Record Office and brought it up to such a high state of efficiency, and it is to this officer great credit is due.

The various departments include General Inquiries, Casualties, Pay for the whole Force, Assigned Pay, Separation Allowances, Central Registry, Details, and the multifarious ramifications of Records Departments.

In charge of the various department are :

ASSIGNED PAY.—Major S. L. Thorne is Paymaster and Officer in Charge of this Department, which has an

efficient staff numbering twenty-six and deals entirely with assignments of pay of all Officers, N.C.O.'s and men of the contingents, and one can imagine the amount of work entailed when it is considered that 75 per cent. of the force assign part of their pay to wives or other relatives, or to their own bank accounts in England and Canada; all notifications of these must come to this Branch to be recorded and payments made for those in England, and the necessary advice forwarded to Ottawa for those payable in Canada. Besides this, it is the duty of this Branch to see that payments are stopped in all cases of those killed in action, missing, etc.

PAY DEPARTMENT is divided into two Branches, as follows:—

PAY 1.—This department deals entirely with pay and allowances of Officers of the force and Capt. O. Loble, who is in charge, is assisted by Captain E. E. Morton and Lieut. B. J. W. Spink and a very efficient staff.

PAY 2.—This department is responsible for the pay of all N.C.O.'s and Men, and Capt. C. W. Lindsay is in charge and is assisted by the following Officers: Capt. G. C. Sircom, Capt. H. S. Harrison, Capt. F. Bayliss, Capt. A. A. Sanderson, Lieut. H. T. Goodeve and a very efficient staff.

CLAIMS.—Capt. C. W. Ward is in charge of this department and is assisted by Lieut. S. Baxandall and an efficient staff, and it is needless to state the amount of work entailed considering that all claims have to be carefully investigated and approved before payment is made.

NON-EFFECTIVE BRANCH.—This branch has to deal with accounts of all Officers and N.C.O.'s and men who have been killed or missing. Capt. H. J. P. Davison is in charge of this department and is assisted by an efficient staff.

ADVANCES.—Capt. R. T. Townsend is in charge of this branch, which deals entirely with all advances of money required for the different departments.

SEPARATION ALLOWANCE.—Capt. J. W. Dawding is in charge of this department, which looks after the wives and dependents of all members of the Contingent.

AUDITORS.—Hon. Major L. A. Dowie is in charge of this department, and is assisted by Capt. C. M. Ingall, Capt. E. J. Griffiths, Capt. H. M. Cherry, Lieut. Sherman, Lieut. Slater, Lieut. Jackson, Lieut. Oram, Lieut. P. Newhouse and Lieut. B. Snider, and a very efficient staff.

CASHIER.—Lieut. Rexford is Cashier and his duties are many, as it is this branch which deals with all payments to N.C.O's and men, also to all staff in this office.

STATIONERY.—Lieut. J. S. Redmayne is in charge of this department, and is responsible that all departments are supplied with sufficient material required for their work.

Lieut.-Col. Robertson is Legal Adviser, and Capt. J. M. Taylor is Medical Officer.

CENTRAL REGISTRY.—This branch deals with all Mails, inward and outward, for all branches with the exception of that for Assigned Pay, and Mr. O. A. Minns is Chief Registration Clerk.

OFFICER IN CHARGE DETAILS.—Capt. W. H. Gimblett is Officer in Charge Details, and his duties are many for he has not only to see that good order and discipline are maintained, but is responsible for the employment of all staff both Civil and Military.

The present headquarters have been in use since March 26th. The whole organisation was initiated under the superintendence of Col. W. R. Ward last November at 36, Victoria Street, when the staff consisted of Col. Ward, Major Regan, Capt. Ward, Lieut. Redmayne, four clerks, and a stenographer. For a few weeks the former little band had the time of their lives preparing systems and worrying out and puzzling out a working basis and a beginning.

Colonel Ward not only worked all day through those trying weeks, but nearly all night as well, and other officers say that what he did would have killed nine men out of ten. Then the Salisbury Plains Staff was moved to London and new headquarters became imperative. The Westminster House Offices were secured through the generosity of the Directors of The British American Tobacco Co., owners of the building, who loaned them

to Canada "rent free." Even then these new big headquarters were no more than was required.

THOROUGHLY ORGANISED.

Notwithstanding all the stupendous difficulties met with in inaugurating such a huge system, order soon began to appear out of chaos, and to-day all the departments are thoroughly organised and running smoothly.

In the organising and running of an institution such as that of which we have the honour of being members of the staff, great credit is due to Col. W. R. Ward, Chief Paymaster, for the able manner in which he has arranged everything, with the help of a staff of very efficient officers. Great praise is due to all Warrant Officers, N.C.O.'s and men, and also to the civilian staff, for the able manner in which they have carried out their respective duties and attended to the needs of all our comrades and dependents.



LONDON'S RECEPTION TO OUR PREMIER

By CHAS. CREAM.

ON Thursday, July 29th, at the Guildhall, the oldest and the newest in British life came together for the reception of, and presentation of the Freedom of the City of London to, Sir Robert Borden.

The great city which was already flourishing in the childhood of Europe, and whose historic liberties are traced back to the ordinance of a Cæsar, has extended its citizenship to the Chief Statesman of Canada—a Dominion vaster by far than the widest extent of territory that ever knew the government of Rome, yet only a part of the Empire which pays allegiance to King George. It is not the first time that a Premier from overseas has received the Freedom of the City; but there never was a period when that symbolic honour could be conferred with such a sense of deep significance as must be felt now, when the blood of our kinsmen from all over the world is being shed for British ideals in the most appalling military struggle of human history. Never at any time since self-government made the Dominions what they are has England been in any grave danger until now. The strength of the bond was never tested. Its power was doubted and underrated by many. By our enemies of to-day it was laughed to scorn.

What European quarrel could awaken fighting blood in these peaceful communities, absorbed in the development of new prosperity and culture hundreds and thousands of miles away?

What was the South African war but a mere adventure? Let but the hour strike when the Dominions should have to choose whether or no to draw the sword for Great Britain in a fight for life, with ruin as the penalty

of failure for all, and the world would see what the British Empire was worth.

The hour struck a year ago and the world has seen. It will see much more before the close of this wonderful chapter in the annals of British world-state; but it has already marvelled at the sight of Canadians, Australians, New Zealanders, South Africans, performing in the name of the Empire deeds of heroism never excelled in the history of arms. That is no figure of speech but is the bare truth about what has been done by the men of the Dominions, before Ypres, in Gallipoli, and in South-West Africa. What the fertile German mind is making of this mysterious development we do not know; it has not been communicative on the subject, and no wonder. But Sir Robert Borden has put the explanation in admirable words. Why have these free nations submitted themselves with full enthusiasm to the fortunes of this terrible war? Why—as he said of his own gallant fellow-citizens—are the descendants of those who fought under Wolfe, and the descendants of those who fought under Montcalm, standing together in the Empire's battle-line? Why do we find the grandson of a Durham, and the grandson of a Papineau fighting side by side? What is the secret of this great, over-mastering impulse? There is the love of freedom, the large democratic ideal which has made the Empire. There is the knowledge that this war was forced upon us without alternative, save that of betraying a nation whose liberty we were pledged to protect. And beyond this, as Sir Robert tells us, is the realisation that this is a fight for the future of civilisation and the destinies of the world. What he has said in the name of Canada is true of all the Empire. And the honour that is paid to him by the City of London—the invitation to take part in the innermost Councils of the Government—is the recognition made through him of what England owes to every man in the Dominions who has declared for Imperial Unity, for blood-brotherhood, and companionship in arms in this war. That decision will have effects reaching far beyond the military issues of to-day. It will bear noble fruit, as surely as Canada's Emblem will flourish over the graves of our fallen comrades where Sir Robert Borden has planted the seeds of the Maple.

THE WELSH GUARDS

By OLIVER A. MINNS, F.I.S.A.C.

AMONG the numerous innovations brought about through the present World War, probably the most striking and interesting event in the military annals of Great Britain was the formation of the Welsh Guards. The announcement in *The Times* of August 4th to the effect that the first colours were presented by the King to the Welsh Guards in the grounds of Buckingham Palace recalls the fact that it is less than six months ago since my friend Mr. J. Aubrey Rees first suggested in its columns the formation of this regiment in recognition of the military ardour of the men of Wales, and that ten days later the gratifying intimation was made that "the King has been graciously pleased to sanction an addition to the Brigade of Guards by the formation of a battalion of Welsh Guards."

The institution of this regiment gave considerable satisfaction to the people of all classes throughout the Principality, and, indeed, throughout the world, since Wales is well represented in Canada and every other Dominion and Colony where flies the emblem of the Empire—and beyond. But those unacquainted with the characteristic traits of the Welsh were possibly not a little surprised to discover that quite an animated controversy has arisen as to who was really responsible for initiating the proposal; indeed, the interest aroused has been so keen that one instinctively recalls Isaac Bickerstaff of the early *Spectator* and the controversies which he set out to settle in his "Court of Honour."

Those familiar with the writings of Addison will recollect that on one occasion a Jew and a Welshman were indicted by the keeper of an alehouse in Westminster for breaking the peace (and his earthenware jugs) in a dispute about the relative antiquity of their races. The Welshman contended that the Welsh were a more ancient people than the Jews, but Dathan would

have none of it, "I can show," said he, "by this genealogy in my hand that I am a son of Mesheck, that was the son of Naboth, that was the son of Shalem, that was the son of——" The Welshman here interrupted and told him that he could produce "shennalogy" as well as himself, for that he was "John ap Rice, ap Shenkin ap Shones." He then turned himself to the Censor and told him, in the same broken accent with much warmth, that the Jew must needs uphold that King Cadwallader was younger than Issachar. Mr. Bickerstaff, we are told, was very much inclined to give sentence against Dathan as being a Jew, but finding reasons, by some expressions which the Welshman let fall in asserting the antiquity of his family, to suspect that the said Welshman was a pre-Adamite, he allowed the Jury to consider their decision without any previous guidance from the Bench. It is almost unnecessary to add that, unfortunately for posterity, the Jury failed to settle the knotty point referred to them, but ordered both delinquents to be tossed in the same blanket and there adjust the superiority as they could agree on between themselves.

In the present instance one almost wishes that some twentieth-century Bickerstaff would re-construct a Court of Honour in order that the merits of the respective claimants from the Church, the Army, the Stage and, last, but not least, Journalism, may be considered and justice awarded to the satisfaction of the persons concerned and the domestic peace of the Welsh people themselves.

Taking the case of the Military first, we find that claims have been put forward on behalf of three officers of the Army, namely, Captain Charles Slack, who wrote to the *Standard* in July, 1911, advocating the formation of such a battalion; Sir Arthur Pendarvis Vivian, K.C.B., who publicly suggested a brigade of Welsh Guards at the opening of the Swansea Drill Hall in July, 1912; and Captain H. E. E. Phillips, who wrote to the Press and to the Military Authorities on the subject in September, 1914.

Apparently these suggestions were not very widely circulated, since the *Liverpool Daily Post* recently informed its readers that the Rev. Ll. Nicholas, the

Rector of Flint Parish Church, was "entitled to the honour of having first mooted the desirability of forming a Battalion of Welsh Guards," he having suggested it at a drumhead service on Empire Sunday in May of last year.

It is not surprising to find that, human nature being what it is, this claim of the Established Church could not be allowed to go unchallenged, so we were subsequently informed in a letter to the Press by Mr. E. Tyrrell Green that "the honour of having made the first public and definite effort towards the formation of a regiment of Welsh Guards belongs to Mr. D. E. Davies, of Lampeter," who in a letter to the Press in December, 1910, urged the formation of such a battalion, and approached at the same time several leading Welshmen and the Military Authorities.

With such a number of claimants springing up like the buds on Aaron's rod, it is not surprising to find that the Fourth Estate desires full credit for originality, and the *South Wales Daily News* has entered the lists, and under the heading "Genesis of the Proposal" seeks to finally settle the matter by its declaration that "the suggestion first emanated from our London representative some four or five years ago." What one likes about this statement is its delightful vagueness; but the writer had evidently left out of account the Dramatic Profession, which felt that by this time that it, too, had some title to be heard.

"Some seven or eight years ago," writes another correspondent to the Press, "I saw the production of Miss Cicely Hamilton's Comedy, 'Diana of Dobson's,' and I remember that among the characters was an Officer and a Private of the Welsh Guards. Miss Hamilton no doubt . . . intended her characters to be prophetic, as indeed they now prove to have been."

It now remains for someone to appear with a claim to have inspired Miss Cicely Hamilton, and we may later be able to trace the evolution of the idea from the actual date of its inception to that particular day in February, 1915, when Mr. J. Aubrey Rees, grasping the psychological moment, wrote his letter to *The Times* which led to official sanction being given to the proposal so shortly afterwards.

In order to avoid the question becoming a "hardy annual" and to set at rest any lingering doubts as to the originator, or as to whose proposal really became effective, we would suggest that the promoters of the next "Eisteddfod" might well include the subject in their programme under some such title as "The Welsh Guards—who suggested the formation as sanctioned by His Majesty King George V., and when?" Two conditions, however, might be laid down: No competitor should be allowed to endeavour to trace the idea to pre-Adamite days, and, for the sake of harmony among the County families of Wales, no member of the Committee of Adjudication should bear the name of Davies, Nicholas, Phillips, Rees or Vivian.



Don't Forget to Read page 6.

THE MOTHERLAND.

One day there came calling across the blue sea
A Voice from the Motherland—home of the free,
“Oh, fair daughter Canada, what of thy sons?
Are they men for my flag? are they men for my guns?”

“Quick march!” came the answer; it swept like the tide
From ocean to ocean, far reaching and wide;
And to there came marching the thousands as one,
The pride of the Empire, each Canada’s son.

THE SLACKER.

ON each budding British beauty
Lies the patriotic duty
When the male who isn’t khaki-clad she sees;
If he’s young and strong and healthy,
Be he poor or be he wealthy,
Of arousing him from lethargy and ease.

Let her snub him if she meet him;
Though she know him, fail to greet him;
Be contemptuous, as pretty woman can;
Till at length, in shame and anger,
He casts off his slothful languor
And acquits him like a soldier and a man.

It’s not courage he is lacking,
Though he’s stay-at-home and slacking,
But the sense of understanding, I’ll be bound.
If she manage by derision
To awake his clouded vision,
At the bottom she would find his heart to bound.

Once he joins the clash of battle,
And he hears the bullets rattle,
To the winds his cloak of indolence he’ll fling;
And amid the hellish stench
Of the gassed and poisoned trenches,
Do his duty to his Country and his King.

Muster Roll of Officers.

PAY & RECORD OFFICE.

August 30th, 1915.

RANK.	NAME.	BRANCH.
Colonel	Ward, W. R. ...	O.C. Chief Paymaster
Lieut.-Col.	Kamis Betty ...	O.C. Records
"	Robertson, S. G. ...	Legal Adviser
Major	Thorne, S. L. ...	Paymaster, Assigned Pay
"	Regan, J. L. ...	Assistant Chief Paymaster
"	Todd, J. S. ...	Records, 3
"	Armstrong, F. L. ...	D.A.A.G.
Hon. Major	Dowie, L. A. ...	Chief Auditor
Capt.	Ward, C. W. ...	Claims
"	Dowding, J. W. ...	Officer in Charge Separation Allowance
"	Ingall, C. M. ...	Auditors.
"	Gimblett, W. H. ...	Details
"	Lindsay, C. D. ...	Paymaster, No 2
"	Griffiths, E. J. ...	Auditors
"	Houston, A. M. ...	Records, 1
"	Lobley, O. ...	Paymaster, No. 1
"	Sircom, G. C. ...	Paymaster, No. 2 B
"	Bayliss, F. ...	Paymaster, No. 2 C
"	Hough, J. H. ...	Inquiries.
"	Townsend, R. T. ...	Advances
"	Taylor, J. M. ...	Medical Details
"	Morton, C. E. H. ...	Pay 1
"	Cherry, H. M. ...	Auditors
"	Harrison, H. S. ...	Pay 2 A
"	Davison, H. J. P. ...	Non-Effective
Hon. Capt.	Sanderson, A. M. ...	Pay 2 A
Lieut.	Redmayne, J. S. ...	Stationery
"	Rexford, V. G. ...	Cashier
"	Goodeve, H. T. ...	Non-Effective
"	Oram, W. P. ...	Auditors
"	Jackson, W. H. ...	Auditors
"	Butler, W. C. ...	Claims
"	Potter, T. D. ...	Records, 1
"	Sherman, F. J. ...	Auditors
"	Slater, K. R. ...	Auditors
"	Snider, B. K. ...	Auditors
"	Baxandall, G. ...	Claims
"	Spink, B. J. ...	Assisting C.P.
"	Stanford, J. H. ...	Separation Allowance
"	Bray, H. F. ...	Records, 2
"	Kelly, A. W. ...	Casualty
Mr.	Minns, O. A. ...	Chief Registration Clerk
"	Coulter, G. G. ...	Estates

Nominal Roll Military Staff

CANADIAN PAY & RECORD OFFICE.

August 30th, 1915.

REG. No.	RANK.	NAME.	BRANCH.
19365	S/Sergt....	Addy, C. E. R.	Records 2
7601	S/Sergt....	Affleck, W. G.	Records 2
48702	P/Sergt....	Akerman, A. C.	Pay 2 C
21675	A/Sergt....	Alder, E.	Advances
429	Private ...	Andrews, A. A.	Records 2
18465	Private ...	Alberts, F. J.	Pay 2 A
34122	Private ...	Andrews, A. L.	Cashiers
107062	Sergeant .	Armstrong, R. W.	Pay 2 B
1094	S/Q.M.S..	Atkinson, R. W.	Pay 2 A
50885	Sergeant .	Badcock, J. T.	Records 3
42435	Sergeant .	Badger, W. A. R.	Records 2
22016	S/Sergt....	Bain, W. S.	Pay 2 A
9173	L/Corpl. .	Baird, F.	Records 2
13604	Private ...	Baldwin, A. F.	Audits
21797	S/Sergt....	Balfour, R. E.	Casualties
12823	S/Sergt....	Bamfield, P. E.	Claims
29053	S/Sergt....	Barnard, T. W.	Casualties
18622	Private ...	Barrow, F. L.	Pay 2 A
32712	P/Sergt....	Bates, H. J.	Pay 2 C
21794	S/Sergt....	Beardsworth, R. J.	Records 2
18564	Private ...	Beck, H. A.	Pay 2 A
79613	Sergeant .	Bell, J. M.	Pay 2 A
10618	Private ...	Bennett, C. F.	Pay 1
22009	Private ...	Berger, W.	Details
59058	Sergeant .	Bernard, W. S. H.	Pay 2 A
A30380	Sergeant .	Best, F. W.	Pay 2 A
27447	Private ...	Bethley, F.	Details
30911	A/Sergt....	Biggs, K.	Pay 2 A
29073	Private ...	Bigsby, J. H....	Pay 2 A
43218	P/Sergt....	Billings, C. A.	Pay 2 B
2129	P/Sergt....	Binnie, A. W.	Pay 2 B
3510	Corporal	Bishop, F. W.	Details
12606	P/Sergt....	Bolster, H. D.	Pay 2 A
35007	S/Sergt....	Boocock, B. F.	Cr.
950	Sergeant	Borchard, H.	Pay 2 C
5927	Gunner ...	Boucher, J. S.	R 2
31793	S/Q.M.S.	Brooks, J. L....	Pay 2 C
21	Private ...	Brown, H. A.	Auditors
109242	P/Sergt....	Brown, P. L.	Pay 2 B
12604	Sergeant	Brierley, J.	Pay 2 A

REG. No.	RANK.	NAME.	BRANCH.
24797	Private ...	Brokinshire	R 2
40379	Sergeant	Bronskill, F. H.	Pay 2 B
21798	Private ...	Brown, D. P. M.	Auditors
27838	Sergeant	Brown, H.	C. R.
19996	S/Sergt....	Browne, R. E.	R 2
77203	Corporal .	Buck, J. T.	Casualty
18783	S/Sergt. .	Burford, S. J.	Casualties
9093	P/Sergt....	Burningham, G.	Pay 2 A
15486	A/Sergt....	Burton, R. H.	C. R.
9272	Sergeant .	Bushell, A. J.	Records 1
50530	Private ...	Butterfield, R. D.	Records 3
45088	Sapper ...	Campbell, G. F.	Casualties
237	Sergeant .	Carley, A. B.	Pay 2 C
19249	Sergt-Maj. (W.O.)	Carpenter, F. N.	Details
16413	Private ...	Chaffey, C. R.	Pay 2 C
19844	Private ...	Challinor, J. J.	Auditors
22654	A/Sergt....	Chalu, S. A.	Claims
35015	Corporal .	Chapman, J.	Details
20750	Private ...	Ching, H.	Postal Sec.
20751	Private ...	Chipperfield, E.	Records 2
332	Sergeant .	Christie, D. S.	Pay 2 C
153	P/Sergt ...	Christie, K. G.	Pay 2 B
40063	P/Sergt....	Clark, O. W.	Pay 2 B
10708	Private ...	Clarke, T. W.	Details
77028	L/Corpl. .	Claxton, B.	Pay 1
37044	Private ...	Clinger, R. C.	Pay 2 C
28009	L/Corpl. .	Clayton, H. H.	Casualties
513	L/Corpl. .	Colman, F. C.	Casualties
73610	Sergeant .	Colley, G. W.	Pay 2 A
44059	Sergeant .	Collins, J.	Details
19609	S/Sergt....	Colombe, H. W.	Details
24709	Private ...	Cosh, R. F.	Pay 2 A
21060	Sergeant .	Cottam, J. M.	Pay 1
22000	P/Sergt....	Cottam, P. A. J.	Pay 2 B
16492	S/Sergt....	Cox, R. G.	Pay 2 C
27711	P/Sergt....	Crane, G. A....	Pay 2 A
18842	Private ...	Crane, G.	Pay 2 C
35018	A/Sergt....	Crawford, F. W.	Advances
13063	S/Sergt....	Crawhall, H. F.	Records 2
7844	S/Sergt....	Crean, C.	Assigned Pay
29193	Private ...	Cruickshank, J. D.	Pay 1
25576	Bugler ...	Cullum, W. G.	Advances
20759	Private ...	Cummings, G. H.	Pay 2 A
21450	Private ...	Cuetee, C. J.	Pay 2 B
19626	S.Q.M.S.	Dacre, C. V....	Pay 2 C
27648	Private ...	Dall, D.	Assigned Pay
50784	Sergeant .	Daniels, W. G.	Records 3
13452	S/Sergt....	Daunt, A. O.	Claim
13728	Private ...	Davidson, A. L.	Auditors

REG. No.	RANK.	NAME.	BRANCH.
1585	Private ...	Davison, N. L.	Assigned Pay
19636	A/Corpl. .	Dàvidson, R. W.... ..	Details
40634	Driver ...	Davis, E.	Casualty
21691	Private ...	Deeks, A. E.	Pay 2 B
20475	Private ...	Denny, J.	Cashiers
941	Private ...	Deligiariis, A.... ..	Details
26431	Private ...	De Lonchamps, J. E. ...	Pay 2 A
36058	S/Sergt....	De Marrais, L. A... ..	Stationery
1224	Sergeant .	De Volpi, P. B. W. ...	Claims
28550	P/Sergt. .	Dey, C. E.	Pay 2 A
15068	S/Sergt....	Dix, M. D.	Enquiries
22140	Sergeant .	Dodwell, G. P. D. ...	Assigned Pay
28876	L/Corpl. .	Donaldson, A. C.... ..	Records 2
13729	Private ...	Douglas, F. C.	Records 2
41	Sergt.-Maj. (W.O.)	Dudman, P. G.	Pay 2 B
20111	Private ...	Duff, J. E.	Records 2
41666	P/Sergt....	Dundas, L. E.	Pay 2 B
22046	Private ...	Dunham, A. W.	Records 2
22995	Corporal .	Eaton, R. C.... ..	Pay 1
36	Sergeant .	Edmunds, R.	Pay 2 B
29095	Private ...	Ekman, O.	Audit
222	Private ...	Elsey, C. E.	Advances
19395	Private ...	Ellis, K. S.	Pay 1
18640	Private ...	Emmerson, F.	Pay 2 B
3501	S/Sergt....	Evans, J. E.	Claims
13733	Private ...	Eyre, V.... ..	Audits
19245	P/Sergt....	Farrell, R. L.	Pay 2 A
844	P/Sergt....	Felton, C. F.	Pay 2 A
17001	Private ...	Field, C. E.	Assigned Pay
1404	S/Sergt....	Fisher,	Pay 2 C
9196	Corporal .	Fitzpatrick, J. F.... ..	Records 2
17192	Sergeant .	Flack, R. J. B.	Pay 2 A
1103	Private ...	Fleming, S. G.	Details (Orderlies)
77823	S/Sergt....	Flinn, E. W.... ..	Casualties
19125	Private ...	Ford, W. C.	Pay 2 A
41667	Bty. S.-M.	Foote, F. A.	Records 2
1558	Private ...	Foote, J. A.	Pay 2 A
55006	Sergeant	Foreman, J. E.	Pay 2 A
18643	Private ...	Ford, P.	Details (Orderlies)
28729	Private ...	Frampton, B.	Pay 2 A
18756	Private ...	Fraser, H. G.	Assigned Pay
5785	P/Sergt....	French, H. H.	Pay 2 B
42064	Corporal	Fry, O.	Cashiers
28908	Private ...	Games, W.	Pay 2 A
144	Corporal	Gallagher, C. T.	Pay 2 C
1233	Private ...	Gaul, H. J.	Details
29550	A/Sergt.	Gibb, J. B.	Pay 2 A
700	Private ...	Gibson, R.A.... ..	Pay 2 A

REG. No.	RANK.	NAME.	BRANCH.
20899	Private ...	Gilmore, G.	Records II.
76294	Sergeant	Gilpin, H.	Pay 2 A
1229	Private ...	Gill, F. D.	Records II.
23658	Private ...	Golding, H.	Pensions & Claims
14419	Sergeant	Goodday, N.	Pay 1
51032	Private ...	Goodfellow, R. T. ...	Records 3
705	Sergeant	Goodhugh, E. H. ...	Auditors
85517	Private ...	Gordon, J. A.	Pay 2 B
8210	A/Sergt.	Graham, D. G.	Records 2
21601	Private ...	Graham, J.	Pay 2 A
19129	Corporal	Graham, W. S.	Assigned Pay
18192	Private ...	Gray, A. W.	Auditors
132	L/Corpl.	Graham, C. W.	Pay 2 C
27476	S/Sergt. ...	Greene, E. M.	Records 2
35014	Corporal	Green, J.	Details (Orderlies)
21604	Private ...	Griffiths, G. C.	Casualty
23387	L/Corpl.	Griffiths, R. A.	Details (Orderlies)
12988	Private ...	Covenlock, T. G. ...	Auditors
20775	L/Corpl.	Gwinn, C.	Records 2
	Sergeant	Halliday, W. M.	Pay 2 A
8057	Corporal	Hannaford, J. H. ...	Records 2
13641	Private	Hardy, C. C.	Pay 1
9214	Corporal	Harper, H. E.	Pay 2 C
17132	S/Sergt. ...	Harrison, F.	Records 1
1660	P/Sergt. ...	Harrison, G. E.	Non-Effective
42820	A/Sergt. ...	Hay, R. A. W.	Pay 1
37336	Sergeant .	Hay, L.	Pay 1
	Private ...	Hastings	Details (Orderlies)
22826	Sergeant .	Hawkins, S. H.	Advances
21968	A/Corpl. .	Heatly, J. J.	Central Registry
35236	Private ...	Heaton, H. R.	Postal
21479	Private ...	Henshall, F. B.	Casualty
27559	P/Sergt. .	Hermitage, G. T. ...	Pay 2 A
1271	L/Corpl. .	Hewett, H. M.	Casualty
21711	Private ...	Hinchey, E. R.	Records 2
5053	M.G.W.O.	Hird, W.	Records 2
458	Private ...	Holland, J.	Records 2
10576	P/Sergt. ...	Hollister, E. A.	Pay 2 A
9566	Private ...	Holmes, O. R.	Details (Orderlies)
2954	Private ...	Hollely, W. A.	Details
1923	Private ...	Hornby E.	Cashiers
71132	Q.M.S. ...	Houston, R.	Pay 2 A
65467	Corporal .	Howard, M. C.	Auditors
12716	Private ...	Hubert, R.	Pay 2 A
62663	Private ...	Hughes, H. E.	Records 3
47010	Private ...	Hughes, G.	Details (Orderlies)
35248	Corporal .	Hughes, H. J.	Postal
12639	Private ...	Hughes, N.	Casualties
12717	P/Sergt. ...	Hulbert, G. K.	Pay 2 A
28528	A/Sergt. ...	Hunter, H. D.	Pay 2 A
77396	Private ...	Hunter, R.	Pay 2 A

REG. No.	RANK.	NAME.	BRANCH.
5687	Gunner ...	Hirst, H. A.	Postal
83031	Sergeant .	Ingram, R. E.	Pay 2 B
11803	P/Sergt. .	Inwood, J.	Pay 2 B
53349	Sergeant .	Jackson, A. H.	Pay 2 A
834	Sergeant .	Johnson, G. A.	Cashiers
00210	Sergeant .	Jones, H.	Pay 2 A
6157	A/Sergt.	Jones, H. E.	Records 2
28870	A/Corpl. .	Jones, C.	Separation Allce.
77144	A/Sergt. . (Chauffeur)	Joy, G.	Details (Chauffeur to O.C.)
13062	C.Q.M.S.	Kapadia, K.	Advances
25086	Private ...	Keen, G.	Records 2
305	Private ...	Keith, A. R.	Assigned Pay
35004	S.Q.M.S.	Kelly, P.	Pay 1
11377	Private ...	Kenyon, C.	Pay 2 A
MCG46	Private ...	Kerr, J. S.	Pay 2 A
21384	Private ...	Kitchen, J.	Pay 1
13001	Private ...	Knott, E. C. M.	Auditors
O 2667	Private ...	Koller, E.	Records 3
262	Sgt. Piper	Laing, H.	Records 2
1150	Private ...	La Montague, L.	Pay 2 A
20499	Private ...	Lane, W. G.	Records 2
35006	S.Q.M.S.	Laurie-Dighton, T. E.	Pay 2
23013	A/Sergt....	Lawler, J.	Pay 2
26057	Private ...	Leat W. J.	Records 2
16660	Private ...	Lecky, F.	Auditors
O 2668	Private ...	Leith, W.	Records 3
20790	Private ...	Lemmon, W. T.	Records 2
11007	Sergeant .	La Rose, J. H.	Pay 2 A
32138	Sergeant .	Lewis, C. F.	Pay 2 A
1264	Private ...	Lilley, H. B.... ..	Casualty
14604	Sergeant .	Lindsay, G. S.	Pay 2 A
21277	Private ...	Little, D. A. D.	Pay 2 B
81517	Private ...	Little, J.... ..	Pay 2 C
69533	Sergeant .	Logie, W. W.	Pay 2 A
33621	S/Sergt. .	Lowery, A. E.	Pay 2 C
21083	A/Sergt. .	McAughey, A. B.	Cashiers
150	Sergt.....	McBrearty, R.	Assigned Pay
28648	Private ...	McCarter, D.	Advances
64011	Private ...	McComb, S.	Pay 2 A
13524	Private ...	McCulley, C.P.	Auditors
18935	Sergeant .	McDonald, J. A.... ..	Claims
1880	Private ...	McDonnell	Details (Orderlies)
A12211	Private ...	McEachern, J. D.	Pay 2 A
35238	Sergeant .	McKenzie, A. R.	Auditors
13661	Private .	McLaren, W. G.	Pay 2 A
16792	Private ...	Martin, D'A.	Pay 2 B

REG. No.	RANK.	NAME.	BRANCH.
21073	S/Sergt....	Martin, S. H. C.	Records 2
35222	Private ...	Martin-Gardiner, P. ...	Postal
28767	Sergeant .	Mason, J. F.	Pay 2 A
A20476	Sergeant .	Mason, W.	Pay 2 A
28503	S.Q.M.S..	Masson, J. S.	Records 2
1799	P/Sergt....	Matcham, S. H.	Pay 2 A
13659	Private ...	Matthews, C. A.	Auditors
1923	S/Sergt....	Matthews, W. T. C. ...	Pay 2 B
769	Sergeant .	Maver, J. M.	Pay 2 C
46595	C.Q.M.S..	Melvin, J. P....	Pay 2 A
20345	Corporal .	Merrifield, H. C.	Records 1
28882	Private ...	Middleton, A. S.	Pay 2 A
01063	Sergeant .	Midgley, W.	Records 3
16737	A/Sergt....	Milligan, A. W.	Estates
	L/Corpl. .	Mitchell, R.	Casualties
33136	Private ...	Morgan, T. H. C.	Pay 2 A
26513	C.M.S. ...	Morgan, W.	Pay 2 A
51336	Private ...	Morgan, P. B.	Auditors
23344	C.Q.M.S..	McLean, E.	Advances
24745	Private ...	McNeish, J. S.	Pay 2 A
27142	Sergeant .	McMaster, M. L.... ..	Details (Orderlies)
30406	Sergeant .	McMullen, A. R.... ..	Cashiers
28704	Corporal .	McPherson, J. P.... ..	Pay 2 C
24735	Corporal .	MacCartney, A. A. ...	Non-effective
MCG254	Private ...	Macdonald, A. B.	Estates
46961	Corporal .	MacDonald, B.	Estates
34564	S.Q.M./S.	MacFarlane, R. H. ...	Auditors
A12194	Private ...	MacGuire, J. A.	Pay 2 A
35325	P/Sergt....	MacLachlan, A.	Pay 2 C
36156	Corporal .	MacLennan, A. K. ...	Pay 2 C
35239	Private ...	Mackin, W.	Postal
28654	Private ...	MacPhee,	Auditors
23028	A/Sergt....	Malcolm, E.	Pay 1
77086	Sergeant .	Malins, W.	Records 2
8513	P/Sergt....	Mansell, A. J.	Pay 2 A
11195	S/Sergt....	Marsh, W.	Pay 2 A
28508	Private ...	Marshall, F.	Records 2
19611	Private ...	Marshall, G. L.	Pay 2 B
667	Private ...	Morley, F. E.	Pay 2 B
30884	Sergt. ...	Morris, S. W.	Pay 2 C
9811	Private ...	Morton, N.	Auditors
35224	A/Cpl. ...	Mourault, V.	Postal
35021	Private ...	Mountstephen, A. E. ...	Auditors
35019	Sergeant .	Moynes, W. T.	Assigned Pay
19748	L/Corpl. .	Mount, J. A.... ..	Records 2
1609	Private ...	Muddeman, S. T. ...	Details
18375	Private ...	Munro, D. B.	Pay 2 A
794	Sergeant .	Nelson, H. J.	Auditors
633	Sergeant .	Neilans, J.	Pay 2 C
1710	A/Sergt. .	Nicholls, S. C.	Pay 2 A
49046	P/Sergt. .	Niemeyer, C. W.... ..	Pay 2 B

REG. No.	RANK.	NAME.	BRANCH.
24751	Corporal .	Oborn, J.	Records 2
8670	A/Sergt. .	O'Brien, M. M.	Records 2
25985	Private ...	Odell, O. H. C.	Records 1
A18764	Sergeant .	Orr, C. A.	Pay 2 A
290	L/Corpl. .	Oxby, R. G.	Assigned Pay
9235	S/Sergt....	Painter, H.	Records 2
26159	Sergeant .	Pain, A.	Pay 2 A
40077	Gunner ...	Parker, E. W.	Pay 2 B
1404	Sergeant .	Parkinson, G. V.	Casualty
1730	Act. Sergt.-		
	Maj. ...	Patterson, G. D.	Pay 2
28782	Private ...	Paul, A. S.	Pay 1
28816	Sergeant .	Pawsey, A. J.	Details (Orderlies)
891	P/Sergt....	Peake, N. A.	Pay 2 A
18984	P/Sergt....	Pearce, N.	Pay 2 A
15075	S/Sergt....	Pentland, W. W.	Records 2
21255	Sergt. ...	Perriam, H.	Pay 2 A
19588	L/Corpl. .	Perry, C. E.	Cashiers
21089	S/Sergt....	Peyton, C. C.	Records 2
77483	L/Corpl. .	Phillips, F. W.	Casualty
35288	Private ...	Pickard, H. L.	Postal
2910	Sergeant .	Pincock, J. W.	Assigned Pay
6985	P/Sergt....	Playne, L.	Pay 2 A
36017	P/Sergt....	Porter, W.	Pay 2 C
1196	Corporal .	Potts, A. T.	Assigned Pay
40310	Bomb'dier	Powell, J. G.	Details (Orderlies)
15169	P/Sergt....	Preston, V. B.	Pay 2 B
19478	S/Sergt....	Proctor, B. P.	Casualty Br.
21189	S.Q.M.S..	Purdy, J. R.	Assigned Pay
A10979	Private ...	Purdy, C. W.	Casualty
835	Sergeant .	Rea, T. C.	Pay 2 C
1996	P/Sergt....	Renahan, M.	Pay 2 C
19485	Private ...	Rennison, G. W.	Pay 2 C
21194	Private ...	Reynolds, G. E.	Details (Orderlies)
46003	C.Q.M.S..	Richards, D.	Pen. & Claims
77462	Sergeant .	Richards, S.	Assigned Pay
445	P/Sergt....	Roberts, L.	Pay 2 C
25999	Private ...	Robertson, A. G.	Pay 2 A
28815	C.S.M. ...	Robertson, R. W.	Pay 2 A
26675	P/Sergt....	Robinson, H. P.	Pay 2 A
826	Private ...	Rooks, L. G.	Pay 2 A
15028	P/Sergt. .	Rodger, T. J.	Pay 2 B
21246	Private ...	Rodriguez, A. M.	Advances
488	Private ...	Rogerson, J. W.	Central Registry
85502	S/Sergt....	Ross, W. B.	Pay 2 B
2270	Q.M.S. ...	Rothery, J. H.	Records 2
6264	Corpl. ...	Rouse, C. E.	Casualty
12946	Sergt. ...	Rowe, J.	Pay 2 A
104	Corpl. ...	Rudolf, L. J.	Casualties

REG. No.	RANK.	NAME.	BRANCH.
46	Q.M.S. ...	Salmon, H.	Estates
25761	Private ...	Sampson, P.	Details (Ordinary)
1418	Private ...	Sandbrook, A. J.	Auditors
26002	Private ...	Sanders, A. L.	Advances
7792	Private ...	Saunders, H.	Ass. Pay
12017	Private ...	Scobie, S. H.	Pay 2 A
25639	Private ...	Scott, A. S.	Pay 2 A
5552	P/Sergt. .	Scott, F. R. B.	Pay 2 C
6379	A/Sergt. .	Scrimshire, L. H.	Records 2
14880	Sergt. ...	Scully, D.	Assigned Pay
13277	Private ...	Seaman, J. C. S.	Records 2
81803	Sergeant .	Sindair, D.	Estates
19256	Private ...	Slade, W. L.	Records 2
15080	P/Sergt. ...	Smale, S. R.	Pay 2 A
18090	Private ...	Smith, A.	Pay 2 A
20527	P/Sergt. ...	Smith, A. G. H.	Pay 2 A
28791	Private ...	Smith, A. M.	Details (Ord.)
24532	P/Sergt. ...	Smith, E. J.	Pay 2 A
22920	A/Sergt. ...	Smith, H. W.	Advances
42035	P/Sergt. ...	Smith, S. G.	Non Effective
754	Private ...	Spalding, L. T.	Pay 2 A
25893	Private ...	Spencer, W. W.	Assigned Pay
19352	Sergeant ...	Stafford-Bush, J.	Pay 2 A
20668	Private ...	Stair, H. J.	Pay 2 A
28901	Corporal .	Stanford, P. N.	Advances
501	Private ...	Steele, J.	Records 2
19827	Sergeant .	Steel, A. K.	Pay 2 A
21524	A/Corpl. .	Stephoe, S.	Details (Orderlies)
5903	Bomb'dier	Stewart, A. L.	Pay 2 B
77876	P/Sergt. ...	Stewart, G. T.	Pay 2 A
1761	Corporal .	Stewart, J. M.	Pay 2 C
1695	Sergeant .	Stewart, T.	Records 2
19944	S/Sergt. ...	Still, J.	Pay 2 C
35243	Corporal .	St. Marie, H.	Postal
2784	P/Sergt. ...	Stockly, J. A.	Pay 2 A
21223	Private ...	Storr, H. L.	Auditors
674	Sergeant .	Stroud, W. G.	Pay 2 C
23351	Sergeant .	Strudwick, E.	Details
23340	P/Sergt. ...	Stuart, H. J.	Pay 2 A
286	Sergeant .	Sugden, W. C.	Pay 2 B
29393	S/Sergt. ...	Thomas, H.	Records 2
81879	Private ...	Thomas, J. P.	Assigned Pay
23059	Private ...	Thompson, F. A.	Pay 2 A
30329	Private ...	Thompson, G. G.	Records 2
2847	Corporal .	Thompson, S. C.	Pay 2 C
909	Private ...	Thornley, J. E.	Records 2
303	Private ...	Thornley,	Details (Orderlies)
40505	Sergeant .	Thunder, P. A.	Details
26017	Private ...	Thwaites, A. P.	Casualty
21265	Sergeant .	Tinkess, J. W.	Pay 2 A
20826	Private ...	Trim, F. W.	Postal

REG. No.	RANK.	NAME.	BRANCH.
20825	S/Sergt....	Trim, G. K.	Records 2
14598	P/Sergt....	Truscott, A. L.	Pay 2 B
33194	P/Sergt....	Turnbull, C. L.	Pay 2 C
14847	Corporal .	Tytherleigh, P. J.	Records 2
20839	Private ...	Upton, F.	Details
9288	Private ...	Upton, F. M.	Details
c40542	S/Sergt. .	Waite, H. E.	Casualties
A6200	P/Sergt. .	Walker, W. J.	Pay 2 A
63941	Sergeant .	Walsh, W. H.	Pay 2 A
508	Private ...	Walters, H.	Records 2
81919	P/Sergt. .	Walton, F.	Pay 2 A
46204	Private ...	Watson, E. G.	Pay 2 A
65539	Gunner ...	Watterson, A. D.	Pay 2 B
2691	Private ...	Webb, H. S.	C. R.
24604	Private ...	Welch, G.	Details
16859	P/Sergt. .	Welford, H.	Pay 2 A
77798	Private ...	Welland, W. J.	C. R.
47420	S/Q.M.S.	Wells, J. Y.	Cashiers
21217	S/Q.M.S.	Wermig, S.	Casualties
68113	Sergeant .	West, S. C.	Pay 2 A
634	A/Sergt. .	White, R.	Records, 2
23458	Private ...	Whitfield, F.... ..	Advances
21777	S/Sergt. .	Wickens, A. J.	Pay 1
1422	Sergeant .	Wiglesworth, H. L.	Pay 2 B
514	Private ...	Wiggins, J. K.	Auditors
8620	Private ...	Wilder, S.	C.R.
21673	Private ...	Wilkie, J.	Casualties
35249	Private ...	Wilkinson, E. H.... ..	Postal
8273	S/Sergt....	Wilkinson, A. B.	Details
916	L/Corpl. .	Williamson, B. Y.	Casualties
21445	S/Sergt....	Williamson, F. O.	Records 2
51483	Private ...	Wiltshire, A. C.	Casualties
68138	Sergeant .	Wintrup, H.	Pay 2 A
29053	Sergeant .	Wolff, M. A.... ..	Records 2
66078	Sergeant .	Wones, B. B.	Pay 2 A
19013	A/Sergt. .	Wright, H. H.	Claims
46109	Q.M.S. ...	Wright, N. R.	Details
30491	Sergeant .	Wylie, J.	Pay 1
21222	Corpl. ...	Young, T.	Records 2

Nominal Roll Civilian Staff

PAY AND RECORD OFFICE.

Adams, J., Scout	Cowen, P., Miss
Albery, J. A., Mr.	Cowley, W. H., Mr.
Alexandra, J. A., Mr.	Cox, A. E., Miss
Allen, F., Miss	Cox, W. E., Mr.
Allen, R. C., Mr.	Croak, H. M., Miss
Anderson, J. W., Mr.	Crova, A. A., Mr.
Auberge, F. G., Mr.	Crocker, D. E., Miss
Baines, J., Mr.	Curtis, A., Miss
Baldwin, W. H., Mr.	Davies, A. C., Mr.
Ball, E. C., Miss	Davies, J., Miss
Ball, W., Miss	Davis, E. C., Mr.
Barnett, A. E., Mr.	De Whalley, D., Mr.
Bartlett, E. A., Mr.	Dickinson, E., Miss
Barter, F., Mr.	Doughty, L., Miss
Beale, C., Mr.	Dowie, L. A., Mr.
Bedford, W., Miss	Dyer, W., Miss
Bellchamber, I. L., Miss	Eccott, F., Mr.
Bishop, F., Mr.	Elliott, M., Miss
Black, R., Mrs.	Evans, C. B., Mr.
Blake, H. S., Mr.	Everett, E. G., Mr.
Boddington, T. E. A., Mr.	Fawatt, G., Miss
Boore, W. J., Mr.	Fieldhouse, J. W., Mr.
Bowen, M., Miss	Finzle, A., Mrs.
Bradley, H., Mr.	Fisher, G. H., Mr.
Brand, A., Scout	Fitz-Patrick, I. A., Miss
Brian, H., Mr.	Fitz-Simmonds, M. A., Mrs.
Bridle, F., Scout	Ford, E. E., Mr.
Bristow, W. J., Mr.	Foss, M., Miss
Buckingham, G. D. L., Miss	Fox, M., Miss
Burch, A. W., Mr.	Fox, M. F., Miss
Buret, G., Miss	Fraser, J. C., Mr.
Burnett, G., Mr.	Freeland, S. M., Miss
Burns, I. J., Miss	Frisby, E. M., Miss
Cadman, T. H., Mr.	Frost, D., Scout
Cairns, V. G., Mr.	Fryer, D. W., Mr.
Christie, M. R., Miss	Gabbitas, N. W., Miss
Clare, M., Miss	Garrick, R. A., Mr.
Clark, W. W., Mr.	Geekie, A. R., Mr.
Cocking, D. M., Miss	Gibbons, M. A., Miss
Collins, R., Scout	Godley, J. A., Mr.
Collins, W. E., Mr.	Golding, E., Miss
Coustantina, A. L., Mrs.	Gordon, D., Mr.
Cooper, D., Mr.	Gorman, F., Miss
Cowen, C., Miss	Goss, J. R., Scout

Grace, W., Miss
 Grant, R. S., Mr.
 Gray, F., Scout
 Gregg, K., Miss
 Green, B., Mr.
 Griffin, M., Miss
 Griggs, L. F., Mr.
 Grooves, M., Miss
 Hall, E. A., Miss
 Hammond, Miss
 Harris, T. L., Mr.
 Hart, E. E., Miss
 Hassell, F., Mr.
 Harves, J., Miss
 Hawes, S., Mrs.
 Hay, T., Mr.
 Hayward, J. H., Mr.
 Henna, J., Mr.
 Helm, G., Miss
 Heywood, O., Miss
 Hicks, Scout
 Higgins, F., Miss
 Hill, W. P., Mr.
 Hockett, T., Mr.
 Hodges, H. T., Mr.
 Hoggard, M., Miss
 Hoggard, E., Miss
 Hollway, L., Mr.
 Hood, G. P., Miss
 Houston, A. T., Mr.
 Howard, E., Mr.
 Howard, G., Mr.
 Howling, W. C., Scout
 Hughes, M. E., Miss
 Hume, E., Miss
 Hunt, V., Miss
 Hurt, Miss
 Hutchings, J. G., Mr.
 Ingerson, M., Mrs.
 Jackson, R., Mr.
 Jacobs, M. J., Miss
 Jay, Wm., Mr.
 Jay, F. W., Mr.
 Jenner, H. M., Miss
 Jessup, G. H., Mr.
 John, R. H. A., Mr.
 Johnson, F. G., Miss
 Jones, M. A., Mr.
 Jones, W. E., Miss
 Judge, F., Mr.
 Kaclin, W. C., Mr.
 Keating, P., Miss
 Kemm, E. T. C., Miss
 Kemp, S. P., Mr.
 Kerr, R. A., Mr.
 Kersch, Scout
 Kidd, J., Miss
 King, P. A., Mr.
 King, W. F., Mr.
 Kingston, O. L. M., Miss
 Knight, W. E., Mr.
 Labouritch, M. J., Miss
 Lamperd, F., Mr.
 Lane, D. M., Miss
 Larm, F., Mr.
 Larrington, A., Mr.
 Leasley, M., Miss
 Leckie, E. L. L., Miss
 Ledoux, C. J., Mr.
 Lee, M. E., Miss
 Leo, L. M., Mr.
 Little, A. G., Mr.
 Lock, C. J., Mr.
 Ling; E. E., Mr.
 Loveguard, V., Miss
 McCabe, D., Mr.
 Macfarlane, J. G., Mr.
 McKee, A. O., Mr.
 McNamara, J., Mr.
 McNaughton, D., Mr.
 McNicol, G., Miss
 McWilliams, M. F., Miss
 March, Wm., Mr.
 Marchand, D., Miss
 Marchland, O., Miss
 Marks, S., Scout
 Marlow, G., Miss
 Marsh, A. C., Miss
 Marsh, A. L., Miss
 Marsh, D., Miss
 Martin, G., Miss
 Martin, M. M., Miss
 Massey, M., Miss
 Maskill, J. F., Mr.
 Mathers, T., Mr.
 Mathey, A. W., Mr.
 Mander, W., Miss
 Medhurst, A., Mr.
 Mercier, E. L., Mr.
 Michaelson, J. T., Mr.
 Moore, R. W., Mr.
 Morgan, L., Mr.
 Morris, J. H., Mr.
 Morton, L., Mr.
 Moule, L. E., Miss

Mowbray, C. M., Mr.
Multon, E. A., Miss
Muggeridge, G. V., Miss
Murphy, P., Miss
Murray, D., Miss
Murray, Scout
Nairn, M. I., Miss
Newton, S., Miss
Nixon, F., Miss
Odell, Wm., Mr.
Old, F. E. M., Miss
Olwer, Scout
Orrom, G. E., Mr.
Parker, B. L., Miss
Parker, W. M., Miss
Parry, J. B., Mr.
Pate, G., Scout
Patrick, I., Miss
Penney, N., Mr.
Perrett, E., Miss
Pew, A. E., Mr.
Phair, W. R. G., Dr.
Phillips, W. G., Mr.
Piks, L., Scout
Powell, M. J., Miss
Prearst, Scout
Price, T. A., Miss
Pritchard, J. G., Mr.
Pughe, W. B. H., Mr.
Ray, W., Mr.
Rayment, Miss
Reid, E. M., Miss
Reid, L. M., Miss
Relph, W. G., Mr.
Renshaw, N., Mrs.
Rheims, S., Mr.
Robbins, S., Mr.
Roberts, E. E., Mr.
Robins, M. A., Mrs.
Robinson, R., Mr.
Rodwell, Scout
Rogers, W. P., Mr.
Rubens, J. D., Mr.
Sale, Scout
Sandison, A., Miss
Sanderson, M., Miss
Samford, P. M., Mr.
Scammell, E., Miss
Schmidt, Scout
Scott, J. B., Miss
Scrimshaw, A. L., Miss
Scrimshaw, J. W., Mr.
Sealy, H., Miss

Senior, E. M., Mr.
Sewell, F. E. J., Mr.
Sidderd, D., Miss
Siggers, C., Scout
Simkins, V., Miss
Simmonds, L., Miss
Simmons, E. R., Miss
Simmons, H. V., Miss
Skeate, D. J., Miss
Smart, J. E., Mr.
Smith, E. J., Scout
Smith, H., Miss
Smith, M. M. C., Miss
Smyth, N. C. T., Mr.
Snow, G., Miss
Snow, M., Miss
Spratt, A. W., Mr.
Stagg, L. H., Mr.
Stephens, D. E., Miss
Stephens, L., Miss
Steward, R., Scout
Stiles, S. M., Miss
Stokes, F. W., Mr.
Stone, E. N., Miss
Stuart, S. W., Mr.
Stuckey, M. B., Miss
Stuckey, E., Miss
Sturgeon, M., Miss
Sutton, G. W., Miss
Swaine, H. G., Miss
Sydney, H. W., Mr.
Symes, N., Miss
Farr, J. C., Mr.
Taylor, M. E., Miss
Taylor, M. T., Miss
Telfer, A., Mr.
Tewson, C., Miss
Tewson, W. M. M., Miss
Theobald, V. M., Miss
Thomson, H. A., Mr.
Thorburn, A. B., Miss
Thorne, M., Miss
Tilbury, M., Miss
Tinner, S., Mr.
Toone, J., Mr.
Topping, H. G., Miss
Tye, S. E., Miss
Tyler, C., Miss
Ussher, K., Miss
Valentine, M., Miss
Vibert, H. H. R., Mr.
Voigt, M. W., Miss
Walkem, H. C. C., Mr.

Walsh, J. C., Mr.
Walsh, S., Miss
Walters, G., Miss
Wanstall, A., Miss
Ward, F. W. D., Mr.
Ward, W. R., Mr.
Watterson, A. E., Mr.
Webb, J. T., Mr.
Welham, S. H. E., Scout
Wells, F. E., Scout
Wells, G. M., Miss
West, W. D., Miss
Whittaker, E., Miss
Whittaker, J. A., Mr.
Whittaker, L., Miss
Whitehead, V., Miss
Wickens, H. M., Miss

Wickstead, W., Mr.
Wilkinson, R., Mr.
Williams, G. M., Mr.
Williams, H. M., Mr.
Williamson, M., Miss
Wilmot, N., Miss
Wilson, A. M., Miss
Wingate, Wm., Mr.
Wingfield, A. M., Miss
Wood, W. C., Mr.
Woodhouse, L., Miss
Woodruffe, H., Mr.
Wright, Wm., Mr.
Yates, H. Jas., Mr.
Yonwin, E. M., Miss
Young, J. P., Mr.



See page 6 for Particulars of our Scheme.

The Battle of Ypres

BY PTE. W. W. SPENCER, No. 25893.

ON the night of the 16th April, the 14th Battalion Royal Montreal Regiment, to which I belong, relieved the French at Ypres, and we were in the trenches until the 21st. Most of the time was very quiet, with the exception of the German snipers, who accounted for the lives of some of our boys. At certain parts of these trenches we were separated from the Germans by no more than a distance of 25 yards, and at times the boys threw tins of bully-beef over at them, and also often called out different remarks, replies to which the Germans always gave. Well our time came when we were to be relieved of our responsibility, and the 5th Royal Highlanders, of Montreal, took our place in the trenches. Things were very quiet that night, which was on Wednesday, April 21st. They came into the trenches and we went out without, as far as I can remember, a shot being fired by the Germans, which certainly was a very rare occurrence to happen. Thus we all at once started to form different suspicious opinions on the matter. It was about midnight when we arrived at our billets, the company to which I belong going into Brigade Reserves, and the balance of the battalion went into a village near to St. Julien. We were, of course, glad for the rest from the trenches, and next morning most of us slept on until about 10 a.m. It was a lovely day, the sun was shining brightly, and the skies were clear and blue, and we all got outside and got busy in shaving and washing up in general. In the wrecked once-on-a-time house in which we were billeted we happened to have a piano, and the boys got playing, singing and dancing, making the best of things under the circumstances. German aircraft were very busy all the morning around our way, and at about 3 p.m. we were treated to a shelling with asphyxiating shells. We were all formed up in our billets, issued with 200 rounds of ammunition, and told to get into skeleton

equipment, which we did, marching out afterwards in the open field where shrapnel and shells were bursting every minute. Our eyes started to burn and water terribly. and we were at once told that some kind of gases were being used in the shells which were sent after us like rain. After lying in the field for about twenty minutes, we witnessed, to our great surprise, hundreds of Algerians coming down the road. We did not then know the reason for it, but at once realised that we were in for some most exciting work. Orders were received from Headquarters that our Company be marched up immediately and take up position at the left side of the road in St. Julien, as the Germans by the use of gases had broken through the Algerians' line, and were fast advancing on Ypres. We were formed up, and in columns of two, with an interval of about five paces between each column, we marched up to carry out our instructions, which were: hold on at any cost until reinforcements come up. I think we succeeded in reaching our destination without a casualty, but the sights we witnessed of the sufferings from gas of the poor Algerians and lots of the boys of the 5th Royal coming down the road, just seemed to put extra strength and determination in us, and we took up our position and awaited, most of us with cigarettes in our mouths, the approach of the Germans anxiously. We did not have long to wait when in hundreds they came through the bush, and were treated by us to a nice surprise in the form of rapid rifle fire. Of course, in return, we were treated to the same thing, and our Major, realising that our position was none too safe, ordered us to retire to a hedge about fifty yards to our right, which would have afforded us better protection. In our retirement we lost Captain Stacey, who was killed, Major Hanson and Captain Knubley, both wounded, and lots of the boys killed and wounded. As it happened to be, just where we were supposed to retire to, two of our Artillery guns were posted, and a Major of the Artillery ordered us back to our old positions, and kept ten men to assist in turning the guns on the Germans, who were no more than about 300 yards away at the time. The guns opened fire on them at that distance point blank, and mowed the Germans down like flies. The lucky ones of them who were left ran for their lives, and we at once started to dig

ourselves in awaiting reinforcements, which arrived at about 9 p.m., joining in digging themselves in with us. We made a very good job of that part of it and awaited later developments. The next day, Friday 23rd, the shelling of our trenches was terrible, and it was kept up all day and the greater part of the night at certain parts of the line of trenches which we were holding. Gas was frequently used, and lots of our poor boys fell victims to the cruel ideas and doings of the barbarous brutes with whom we are fighting. Still we held on all this time without a wink of sleep and under, I must say, very trying circumstances. Saturday morning at about 4 a.m. shells were poured at us like a hailstorm and our trenches and men suffered very badly by it. My section of platoon found ourselves in a rather awkward situation about 1 p.m. on that day. It happened that the whole of our brigade had retired in the morning, also the Algerians, who were on our left, and to our surprise we found that we were in the trenches, one corporal, one lance-corporal, and about 11 or 13 men all alone and practically surrounded by the Germans. Two things were left for us to do: first, give ourselves up as prisoners, or take a chance in retiring in the open until we could get hold of our battalion. They both seemed to me certain death. However, we decided to adopt the latter. Up over the parapet we got, when shrapnel, machine guns, and rapid rifle fire were turned on us in such a way as to show one a true and real picture of hell. However could one survive such an ordeal is a question I often since have asked myself, but I was one of the few out of our party who came through it unscathed, much to my appreciation of the fact that April 24th, 1915, was the luckiest day of my life. I afterwards joined in with an English battalion, and on Sunday, 25th April, was taken off the field suffering from exhaustion and the effects of gas poison.

Glory of Our Comrades

BY CHAS. CREAN.

*Go, and in regions far
Such heroes bring forth
As those from whom we came;
And plant our name
Under that star
Not known unto our North.*

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

IT is with great pleasure and pride that we quote here a bald report of our comrades in the trenches. Nevertheless, it is a true account of what took place. I could, however, say a good deal more than we intend to, but shall leave that for some abler pen than mine. However, I trust that what I do say will give you some idea of what lies behind the smooth, impersonal stage directions of war.

After the great battle of Langemark, our boys, worn but not shattered, retired into billets until May 14th, when the headquarters were moved to the Southern Section of the British Line in readiness for new operations. During that time reinforcements had poured in from our base at Shorncliffe, where were gathered our troops, whose numbers and efficiency we owe to the large vision and untiring energy of Sir Robert Borden, assisted by his Cabinet. His direct and comprehensive methods are an example which the Empire might follow with advantage.

On May 17th the re-made infantry brigades advanced towards the firing line once more.

It must, however, be understood that on the afternoon of May 18th the 3rd Brigade occupied reserve trenches, two companies of the 14th Royal Montreal Regiment, commanded by Lieut.-Col. Meighen, and two companies of the 16th Canadian Scottish, under Lieut.-Col. Leckie, being ordered to make an immediate advance on La Quinque Rue, north-west of an orchard which had been placed in a state of defence by the enemy. One company of the 16th Battalion was to make a flanking

movement on the enemy's position in the orchard by way of an old German communicating trench, and this attack was made in conjunction with a frontal one.

Little time was available to make dispositions, and as there was no opportunity to reconnoitre the ground, it was very difficult to determine the proper objective; but owing to lack of covering fire, it was undesirable to make an attack on the orchard at that moment, and they accordingly dug themselves in so as to connect up with the Wiltshire Battalion on their right and the Coldstream Guards on the left, and by so doing had gained five hundred yards.

The reserve companies of the 16th Battalion were sent forward to assist in the digging and to relieve the two original companies at daybreak. During the night the 14th Battalion were also withdrawn and their trench occupied by the Coldstream Guards and the 16th Battalion, by stretching out on opposite flanks.

On the morning of the 20th orders were issued for an attack on the orchard that night, and reconnaissance was made of the position by Major Leckie, who is a brother of Colonel Leckie, when patrols were sent out, one of which very neatly escaped from being cut off by the enemy. Another suffered a few casualties.

This showed that the Germans were in full force, but it did not deter our boys, who were as happy as if they were on a pleasure trip to Niagara Falls, but who all realised that they had a hard task before them. But by 7.45 p.m. the Germans realised that the boys from the Land of the Maple Leaf were masters of the situation, for when the order to fix bayonets and charge was given they were at it to a man, and as this charge was practically in daylight the masses of German dead told the story in its true form. Of course, casualties were many, but the Germans were at the least four to one of ours. Our boys were praised highly by the officers and men of the Coldstream Guards, who stated that they never saw a body of troops go forward with such dash, and whose steadiness and discipline were remarkable.

The Germans, although double our number, could not withstand the charge of cold steel, and, as is their habit, retreated to their reserve trenches.

It was through the speedy attack of our boys that the situation was saved, for had the advance been less rapid the Germans would have had time to ensconce themselves in their orchards near by, and it would have been a hard task to remove them.

The drawback to drill-book tactics is that if one side does not keep up the rules the other suffers. For example, after the charge one of our battalions put up a little arrangement with our ever-adaptable artillery in its rear. The artillery opened heavy fire on a section of the German trenches while the battalion made rather ostentatious parade of fixing bayonets, rigging trench ladders, and whistling commands, as a prelude to an attack the instant the bombardment ceased. The Germans, who are experts in these matters, promptly retired to their supporting trenches and allowed the storm to rage in front, ready to rush forward the instant our boys commenced the attack, but they were doomed to disappointment, for instead of attacking the battalion stood still and the artillery raised their fire and placed it nicely in the trenches, with the result that the Germans advanced to the front trenches in hundreds. No sooner had they done this than artillery changed the range and placed it again on the front trench, with the result that very few Germans were left alive to tell the tale.

The German wireless, however, reported next day that a desperate attack had been repulsed, but the general sense of the enemy was more accurately represented by a "hyphenated" voice which cried out next evening, "Say, Sam Slick, no dirty tricks to-night."

ATTACK ON BEXHILL.—On May 20th, at 7.45 p.m., all the battalions, including Strathcona's Horse and the Royal Canadian Dragoons, prepared for a new attack, and this battle continued incessantly until 5 a.m. on the 24th (Queen Victoria's birthday), when Bexhill was captured, also 130 yards of trenches.

We had every reason to be proud of our gunners that day, for several times during the morning the Germans made a vigorous attempt to counter-attack, but were driven back by our artillery, thus allowing our infantry to rest for a few hours.

Our boys continued to hold the territory won till the end of the month, when the headquarters were removed to the extreme south of the British Line, where the ordinary routine of trench warfare was resumed till the middle of June.

All through these attacks the spirit of our boys was of the best, numbers losing their lives, but they met death gloriously, and their deeds will remain in Canadian history for ever.

On Dominion Day a good number of our troops were relieved by a British Division, and for the present we must leave them.

When Dominion Day came they remembered with pride that they were the army of a nation, and those who were in the trenches displayed the Dominion flag decorated with the flowers of France, to the annoyance of the barbarians, who riddled it with bullets. Behind the lines the day was celebrated with sports and games, while the pipers of the Canadian Scottish battalions played a selection of National Airs.

But the shouting baseball teams and minstrel shows, with their outrageous personal allusions, the skirl of the pipes and the choruses of the well-known ragtimes moved men to the depth of their souls. For this is the first Dominion Day that Canada has spent with the red sword in her hand.



**Turn to page 6 and help us to send
Smokes to our Brave Boys.**

THE WATCH ON THE RHINE!

When we've wound up the watch on the Rhine,
How we'll sing, how we'll sing, Auld Lang Syne!
You and I, Hurrah! we'll cry,
Everything will be Potsdam fine;
When we've wound up the watch on the Rhine,
Then Keir Hardie, no doubt, will repine,
And his life will be grand, out in Hel—igoland,
When we've wound up the watch on the Rhine.

PARODY.

Sing me to sleep where bullets fall,
Let me forget the war and all;
Damp is my dugout, cold my feet,
Nothing but bully and biscuits to eat.
Sing me to sleep where bombs explode,
And shrapnel shells are "à la mode,"
Over the sandbags helmets you find,
Corpses in front of you, corpses behind.

Far, far from Ypres I long to be,
Where German snipers can't pot me;
Think of me crouching where the worms creep,
Waiting for someone to sing me to sleep.

Sing me to sleep in some old shed,
The rats are running around my head;
Stretched out upon my waterproof,
Dodging the raindrops through the roof.
Sing me to sleep where camp fires glow,
Full of French bread and "café à l'eau,"
Dreaming of home and night in the West,
Somebody's over-seas boots on my chest.

Far from the starlights I'd love to be,
Lights of old London I'd rather see;
Think of me crouching where the worms creep,
Waiting for someone to put me to sleep.

THE GREAT "I AM!"

By ROGER.

*The moving finger writes, and having writ
Moves on: nor all thy piety nor wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all thy tears wash out a word of it.*

OMAR KHAYYAM.

WHEN the world is in the throes of tragedy, when millions of heroic men are offering their lives so that freedom may not be destroyed and barbarism shall not dethrone human trust and kindness, the melodramatic roars and antics of the Kaiser are not to be examined as seriously as his outbursts in peace. They are not important events of war. His indiscretions of the past twenty years had enforced attention because they were extremely dangerous. His own Chancellor once had to promise the Reichstag and the German people that William the Second would hold his tongue in future. The satirical journals of Munich, a vitriolic school, thought it well to excoriate the All-Highest on suitable occasions. Germans many times felt his egomania, amusing to outsiders, to be humiliating for themselves.

Now that the sword is drawn, ten thousand boastful telegrams a day by the Kaiser will not win the war for him. But his orations have a certain pathological interest; for they remind us of the kind of man we have to deal with when the day arrives; and, what is more to the point, since the Germans themselves are now said to revere the Kaiser as a figure truly representative of the spirit of Germany, they help us to see more clearly what is in the mind of the enemy as a nation.

There are two new documents from the hand of the Kaiser which demonstrate that the war has taught him nothing. In a manifesto to his own people, the head of the army which has used poison gases and flame projectors, and slain and outraged the women and children of Belgium, the head of the navy which has stained the hands with the murder of fifteen hundred innocent people

—this rhetorical warrior asserts that “before God and history, my conscience is clear.” The monarch who could have saved Europe from the deaths or wounds of ten million men, audaciously says :

“I did not will the war.”

He says that the Entente Powers had prepared for ten years to attack Germany, and that they decided “the moment had come” to humiliate her.

When even Austria, appalled by the thunder clouds, would have accepted a discussion, this Sovereign, who calls upon God for His blessing, suppressed the fact. Not a gun need have been fired in Europe had he said one word—“Peace.” He knew that France passionately desired peace. He knew that his own Ally would have welcomed it. He knew that the Tsar wanted peace. From all the great capitals appeals rang out to him. He made war. He knew that “the moment had come.” His slaughter-machine had reached its limit of perfection. The plans for “making a corpse of Belgium”—a German phrase—were complete. For two or three years the Kaiser and his Government had known the hour at which they would set Europe aflame. History will deal faithfully with the Kaiser’s responsibility.

The second document, in which we see the old, old Kaiser, is a telegram to the Queen of Greece, his sister. It has the true Pistol quality which we must expect from this showman hero, in shimmering armour, who has acted so long that he has at last ended by deceiving himself :

“My destructive sword has crushed the Russians. They will need six months to recover. In a short while I will announce new victories—won by my brave soldiers, who have shown themselves invincible in battle against nearly the whole world. The war drama is now coming to its close.

“My kindest regards to Tino.”

That is the message. “Tino” is the abbreviated, familiar name for King Constantine of Greece. The people of Greece and the newly-elected Venizelos Party are in favour of intervention; so the Kaiser telegraphs to the Queen a hint that he has beaten the world in arms, and that Greece had better keep out of the row or she will run the common risk from “my destructive

sword." The Emperor can perhaps explain why the Russians are to be considered crushed, when in six months, according to him, they can recover. A greater soldier than the Kaiser made the mistake of thinking a retreating Russian to be a beaten one. The Kaiser is a bad prophet and guide. He promised his armies that they would be back in the "dear Fatherland" before last winter. He called himself the Admiral of the Atlantic, but the battle of Riga Bay confirms an earlier gibe that the German "High Canal" Fleet would probably turn up its "Kiel(s)" where it mostly lies.

THE KAISER'S FATE.

COME, all ye jolly lumbermen; to you I will relate,
Unto you all I'll tell the way the Kaiser met his fate—
Just how we took away his crown, and put him on the bum!
'Twas when we marched from Valcartier and went to Belgium.

We'd plenty socks and blankets, and plenty things to eat,
Our cosy little outfit was pretty hard to beat,
We answered to the bugle call, we answered to the drum,
And marched away from Valcartier and went to Belgium.

We fired some rounds of marmalade, some doughnuts hard as rocks,
We wadded them down with blankets, with wrist-bands, and
with socks,
We fired a handsome custard-pie, a dread soft-nosed dum-dum,
We brought it there from Valcartier to use in Belgium.

The enemy was starvin', and they were filled with woe,
We put canned salmon in our gun and fired it at the foe;
They all come in to breakfast—by millions they did come
To meet the boys from Valcartier that went to Bel-gi-um.

The Germans they surrendered, their eyes were full of tears.
They hadn't had so much to eat for many, many years.
They asked us in amazement, "Where do youse folks come from?"
We said, "We come from Valcartier to visit Bel-gi-um."

Oh! with our store of doughnuts, our pumpkin pie and jam,
Our stock of food, canned salmon, our bread, cheese and ham,
We all have come from Canada, and we will make it hum;
We'll capture all of Europe as well as Bel-gi-um.

Thus 'twas sealed.

ANON.

The Making of a Man

By SHOLTO.

HAROLD had just reached the mature age of twenty-seven, and though he had not been born with a silver spoon in his mouth, yet he found life very pleasant. He had a fairly good clerkship in a City office where, from ten in the morning until 5.30 in the afternoon, he worked at his desk for a salary of three pounds per week, a sum which enabled him to have quite a good time, and not being particularly extravagant, was able to indulge in the ordinary light amusements and recreations common to the young men of London. Politics did not stir him greatly, and he really had no idea as to the policies of Continental countries, so that it came upon him almost as a shock when war was declared between Great Britain and Germany. After diligently studying his morning newspaper, however, and perusing the various official publications, he recognised that no other course was open but for the British Empire to join the side of France and Russia against the Germans and Austrians.

Then came Lord Kitchener's call for men, and when almost every hoarding was covered with appeals for "Still More Men," he began to feel rather uncomfortable, as, although he was single and eligible for the army, still he was not a fighting man by instinct, and really did not feel called upon to give up all of what he considered the good things of life in order to don a khaki uniform and learn to become a soldier. Even when he had perused Lord Brice's Commission's report on the atrocities committed by the Germans in Belgium, and his soul sickened at the recital of such ghastly horrors, yet he did not have any inclination to take any action, and really only regretted that he had read the report.

One day, on his way to the office, Harold was stopped by a young recruiting sergeant, who asked him to join

them and "Lend a hand to our brave boys at the Front." Harold replied that he was sorry, but could not stop then, being in a hurry to keep an appointment.

And so, by various excuses, Harold managed to keep out of the army and avoid serving his country, until it seemed that nothing on earth could induce him to change his aspect and "do his bit" voluntarily. After the war had been on about twelve months, however, an event happened which suddenly altered his horizon.

One night, after going to bed, Harold was suddenly awakened by the sound of a loud explosion, which rocked the house and cracked the window of his room. He scrambled out and threw on his clothes as another, and still another, deafening report was heard. Looking out he could just make out the dim outline of a great Zeppelin high up in the air, whilst below half-a-dozen fires had already broken out where incendiary bombs had fallen. Shaken to the core, and frightened almost out of his wits, he rushed out into the street where a grim sight met his startled gaze. The bombs had indeed done their deadly work. Every window in the street was broken, and there was a great hole torn in the roadway, while on the opposite side of the street were the remains of what had been a couple of pretty suburban villas. The back walls were still partially standing, but the whole front and roof had been blown out and was a mere mass of débris lying across the roadway. Broken pieces of furniture were scattered all over the ruins, and sticking up in the middle of one heap were the shattered remains of a brass bedstead.

The victims of this awful crime were great friends of Harold's, and he felt dazed with horror. While wandering around, he caught sight of a little wooden horse, which had been the property of a little child whom he had often amused and played with. The sight of this toy seemed somehow to bring home to him the mean and cowardly nature of the despicable attacks on innocent women and children. It broke down his self-control, and, filled with blind hatred, he cursed the devilish blackguards and murderers who were responsible for such foul crimes, venting his feelings of rage as only a maddened man can do. No longer was he the quiet,

self-satisfied City clerk, but a man with unrestrained primitive emotions who felt deeply and cared not who knew it or what he did. Revenge was what he craved—revenge and justice. He was perhaps a little mixed, but of one thing he was certain, and that was a genuine desire to do something to help his countrymen to kill and crush this awful scourge.

Yes, at last he was aroused. There was no longer any need for a recruiting sergeant to tell him that the country had need of his services, for as he stood gazing on that scene of desolation he realised only too well how he had been blinded by his utter selfishness. The Empire had called for her sons, and he had not answered the call; but it was not yet too late to do his duty, and take his place as a soldier and a man.



See page 6 and Help our Brave Boys.

O CANADA!

O CANADA, my peerless native land,
Dowered art thou by Nature's lavish hand.
With majestic stream and lofty hill,
With forest, lake and plain,
With productive soil that freemen till
And treasure of the main.
O land beloved, whate'er betide,
For home and Empire stand with God thy Guide.

Chorus.

O land beloved, whate'er betide,
For home and Empire stand with God thy Guide.
(repeat.)

O Canada, no sordid dream beguiled
Thy pioneers to seek the forest wild.
With devoted hearts and purpose pure
Their lives they gave to thee,
That thy vast domain from foes secure,
Should freedom's dwelling be,
O land beloved, whate'er betide,
For home and Empire stand with God thy Guide.

Chorus,

O Canada, with boundless faith in thee,
Thy people hail thy glorious destiny,
May the circling years thy power expand,
Thy sway and fame increase;
May thy loyal sons united stand
For brotherhood and peace.
O land beloved, whate'er betide,
For home and Empire stand with God thy Guide.

Chorus

—Routhier.

The Editor begs to announce that he has received a copy of "The Listening Post" which is the official organ of the 7th Battalion (1st British Columbia Regiment), published on August 10th in France. This is the first paper published by any Canadian unit in the field.

It is full of matters of interest, and says a great deal for the Editor and members of this unit that in conditions which might daunt a Mark Tapley they can turn out such entertaining and vivacious copy.

Canadian Red Cross Society

REPORT ON INFORMATION DEPARTMENT.

IN February last Lady Drummond was authorised by Colonel Hodgetts to organise the Information Department of the Canadian Red Cross. The work began on such a small scale that only two voluntary helpers were needed, and one room was amply sufficient. After the severe fighting at the end of April, however, the rush of work was so great that the urgent necessity for enlargement was realised, and since then there has been a steady increase of staff and enlargement of premises until at the present time there are nine different rooms and thirty permanent helpers, assisted by a large number of occasional workers.

It is well known that the object of the Information Department is to answer inquiries as to the whereabouts and condition of the Canadian soldiers in hospital, and to endeavour to trace through every possible channel those who are unfortunately reported missing. In pursuit of these inquiries, we are grateful for the privilege of participation in the splendid organisation of the British Red Cross Society, to which we are affiliated.

The information which we are able to supply as to the condition and progress of the men in hospital is largely acquired through the medium of a very extensive staff of authorised visitors in all parts of the United Kingdom and Northern France. To their devoted and uniring efforts the success of our scheme is greatly indebted. Many of the visitors are themselves Canadians; but we cannot over-estimate the truly Imperial spirit which prompts so many of the women of England to give so willingly of their time and energy.

Here is a tribute to one of the latter :

“ I must tell you that the lady who visits me here is a very nice lady indeed. She has a heart of gold. I appreciate very much the way in which the visitors of the Canadian Red Cross treat us. It should never be forgotten in one's life.”

Reports from the visitors are received daily, occasionally numbering as many as 700 by one mail, and these reports form the basis of personal letters written to anxious relatives, who are not always able to depend with any certainty on hearing regularly from the boys themselves, and are often in ignorance of their whereabouts.

An arrangement whereby blue cards are forwarded to this office by the men on their arrival in hospital, greatly facilitates our efforts in ascertaining their whereabouts with the least possible delay ; but no such system could be satisfactory without the kind and courteous co-operation of the officials of the Canadian Record Office.

Already many thousands of enquiries have been answered, and the even tenor is constantly varied by questions relating to matters quite outside the sphere of our activities.

One lady writes about her nephew, who has been missing for over five years ; she thinks he may be in the Canadian Contingent, “ would we, therefore, ask all the Albert Smiths if they are her nephew.”

Another writes that she saw a young man with a vacant expression at a railway station in Derbyshire. She was too upset to speak to him, but was sure he was her brother—“ could we trace him ? ”

A few days ago we were asked to procure from the Secret Intelligence Office a list of hidden places in Belgium where Canadians might be in hiding. Such are some of the problems which sorely tax the ingenuity of our workers !

Out of the original scheme have developed two important branches. We have dealt elsewhere with the Prisoners of War Department. The Parcels Department sends, as far as possible, an individual present of comforts to every man who is admitted to hospital,

special delicacies being provided for serious cases. The men are encouraged to let us know if they have any particular wants, and the visitors are also expected to keep us informed of their requirements. Many of these requests are most surprising and demonstrate a much exaggerated idea of our powers. It is difficult indeed to answer to the satisfaction of the inquirers such requests as the following: "You ask if there is anything you can do for me, please procure my brown kit bag for me. I left it behind in Edmonton." "Kindly arrange for my wife and family to get across here as quickly as possible." "I'd be glad to have a commission if you could fix it up for me."

Following an appeal in Canadian papers, many sacks of newspapers appear weekly at the offices at Cockspur Street; these are then distributed to the various hospitals, and the men receive with the greatest appreciation the news from home so eagerly longed for.

The ever increasing number of enquiries encourages us to hope that our work is not without value, and the most cheering feature is the constant stream of grateful thanks which pour in daily from the furthest outposts of Empire.



See page 6 for Particulars of our Scheme.

PRISONERS OF WAR

By MARJORIE LOWTHER.

DURING the last two months the work in this department has increased very considerably.

When we first started work in here we only had the names of a few hundred Canadian prisoners in Germany on our list, now we have 1,366; this entails a great deal more work and correspondence, etc. We send out to each prisoner, who as far as we know is not being otherwise provided for, a four-shilling parcel of food a fortnight. All our parcels are packed in cardboard boxes and double brown paper. As they are packed in the presence of a censor and stamped by him, they are not unpacked until their arrival at the prison camps.

In addition to this we send a loaf of bread a week to each man. Up till now we have been sending it through an English firm, but as not all the reports of its condition have been very satisfactory, we have made arrangements with the British Legation at Berne to have it dispatched from there.

Several parcels that have been incorrectly addressed have been returned to us with all their contents quite intact.

A certain number of the prisoners are being looked after by their relations and friends, and of course to these we do not send.

Another point of interest is the number of letters received from the Commandants of the prison camps in Germany, all showing considerable human interest in the prisoners.

One of the Commandants of a Hospital writes as follows:—"I regret to inform you that.....was admitted to this hospital suffering from severe shrapnel wounds, and in spite of every care died of his wounds and was buried with military honours, and a cross with his name put on his grave."

He also gives further particulars of the number, etc., of his grave in the churchyard.

We have also had the notebook and other little personal belongings of a prisoner who died at Hofgeismar returned to us to forward to his relations.

A small number of the prisoners have applied to the Pay Office to have some of their pay remitted to them. This the Pay Office have consented to do. This money is sent to us, and we forward it in small weekly instalments.

The Canadian Red Cross warehouse in Tooley Street is responsible for the sending of the cases of clothes that are sent about once a month. These cases are addressed to the Senior N.C.O.'s of the different camps for them to distribute the contents. The cases contain an individual parcel for each man, the contents of which include shirts, socks, towels, soap, toothbrush, etc.

We have received some very interesting letters describing the life in some of the camps; one particularly interesting one from Giessen I will enclose a copy of.

Letter written by Pte. G. O. R. GREENHOW to his Mother,
GIESSEN,

June 12th.

My Dearest Mother,

We had a very full week last week. We started full of anticipations, as it was rumoured that parcels had arrived for us, and our anticipations were fully realised, and Tuesday night found us full of food, tobacco, etc., and last, but not least, full of gratitude to our relations and friends across the Channel.

Picture to yourself the sight of a large airy barrack-room with tables laden with dainties and luxuries of every kind, and imagine you see me and four pals (the survivors of my former section) gathered, with cheery faces, round one of these tables, and you would scarce believe your imagination had brought you to a prison camp in Germany.

The arrival of news and parcels has started a new era in our existence. Your parcel arrived in splendid condition, and absolutely intact, and I thank you with all my heart for it. We have selected a President at my table, and he, a canny Scot, realises the responsibility of his position, and after much forethought ordains when and what we shall eat, and sees that in case of a little too much of some particular luxury arriving it is shared with some less fortunate comrades amongst the British here. We were tickled to death with the first cup of tea, and passed a unanimous vote of thanks to the donor. I have now received three excellent parcels, also money orders, also cakes, chocolate, etc., from friends. The slippers were just what I wanted; in fact, the big parcel sent May 22nd, the day you knew I was a prisoner, could not have been packed or chosen to suit me better.

The bread will not keep and cheese is sometimes a trifle high this warm weather. Very many thanks for money orders sent, but I can manage now with so many good parcels sent weekly; also other necessaries, as we saved nothing but the clothes we stood in.

If I get work this will find me, and all letters, etc., will be forwarded. I will acknowledge all parcels through you, as we can only write two letters and two postcards a month.

Do not worry about us now; with letters and parcels time flies. Cheer up and look forward to our meeting, which I trust will be in the near future, etc., etc.

The following is an extract from a postcard written by Lieut. O'GRADY, at Paderborn :

"Your parcels are most welcome to the officers and a regular godsend to the men."

Of course, the treatment of the prisoners in the various camps varies a great deal. Giessen is by far the most comfortable, etc., of them all. We are continually receiving requests for "smokes" to be sent, as well as food, and as up till now we have had no special provision for this, we were very pleased to hear of Staff-Sergt. Crean's plan of starting a special fund to supply the prisoners regularly with tobacco and cigarettes.

Storyette.

WHY ?

PRIVATE JONES was hauled up before the Captain with whom was an angry civilian.

"Jones, this gentleman accuses you of killing his dog," said the officer, sharply.

"A cruel thing to do," snorted the bereaved owner. "You have done to death a defenceless animal, who never harmed anyone in his life."

"Dunno about 'armless," said Private Jones, heatedly. "'E bit pretty deep into my leg when I was on sentry go, so I ran my bayonet into him."

"Rubbish," retorted the dog's master. "He was such a gentle little animal. Why didn't you drive him off with the butt-end of your rifle?"

"Why didn't 'e bite me with 'is tail?" countered Jones, with suspicious meekness.

USEFUL INFORMATION FOR THE CANADIAN SOLDIER.

The Canadian Pay and Record Office is a central bureau of information which links you up with your friends and relatives in every part of the world; consequently, if you get sick or have the misfortune to be wounded, the first place which should be made acquainted with your condition and whereabouts is the Canadian Record Office, Westminster House, 7, Millbank, London, S.W.

Immediately any news is received in the Record Office affecting your sickness, etc., it is cabled to Ottawa, and the Militia Department informs your next of kin, or, if your next of kin resides in Great Britain, then the Canadian Record Office notifies them direct.

To assist the Canadian Record Office in answering the thousands of enquiries received you should attend to the following points:—

- (1) The address of your next of kin—wife' father, mother, etc.—is taken from your Attestation paper. If, therefore, they change their address, see that the Canadian Record Office is informed.
- (2) If you are sent to Hospital, when you are well enough to write send a postcard to the Canadian Record Office, stating name of Hospital and when you were admitted.

The Hospital authorities are supposed to report this, but unfortunately it is frequently omitted and men cannot be traced.

- (3) Don't forget to give your Regimental No., full name, and Unit when you write.
- (4) Hundreds of letters to men are delayed in delivery because information as to Regimental No. and Unit is omitted.
- (5) If you are sent back to England sick, etc., be sure to send a postcard to the Canadian Record Office, notifying name of Hospital and date of admission.
- (6) You will not be allowed to draw money while you are in hospital, but before you leave send a letter to the Chief Paymaster, Westminster House, 7, Millbank, London, S.W., applying for money and you will get necessary attention.
- (7) Take care of your Pay Book and always keep it in the inside pocket of your jacket. Don't leave it in a kit bag, etc.

THE LONDON "NUT."

Nut, Nut, Nut, with your Piccadilly cut,
And your little fads and fancies all your own ;
You've given up your walks in Leicester Square.
Your Bond Street crawl and your eyeglass stare.
Now that we see you dressed in Khaki,
You're the idol of the girls and fellows too ;
Nut, Nut, Nut, with your military strut,
The Empire is proud of you.

IT'S A LONG, LONG WAY TO TIPPERARY.

UP to mighty London, came an Irishman, one day,
As the streets are paved with gold, sure every-
one was gay;
Singing songs of Piccadilly, Strand and Leicester Square,
Till Paddy got excited, then he shouted to them there :

Chorus.

It's a long way to Tipperary,
It's a long way to go;
It's a long way to Tipperary,
To the sweetest girl I know!
Goodbye, Piccadilly,
Farewell, Leicester Square,
It's a long, long way to Tipperary,
But my heart's right there!

Paddy wrote a letter to his Irish Molly O',
Saying "Should you not receive it, write and let me
know!

"If I make mistakes in spelling, Molly dear," said he,
"Remember it's the pen that's bad, don't lay the blame
on me."

Chorus.

Molly wrote a neat reply to Irish Paddy O',
Saying "Mike Maloney wants to marry me, and so
"Leave the Strand and Piccadilly, or you'll be to blame,
"For love has fairly drove me silly—hoping you're the
same!"

Chorus.

Special to the Magazine by an Ottawa Friend of the Contingent.

[*Mr. T. A. Browne, of the Immigration Branch of Department of the Interior, has written a few additional verses, which were sung by Mr. Charles Parkinson at the opening meeting of the Ottawa Women's Historical Society. They were so well received that Mr. Parkinson was obliged to respond twice]. The verses are:*

Back to Tipperary started Paddy on the run,
But when half-way he heard them say, the fighting
has begun.
He wrote to Molly saying, "Dear, although I love
you so,
My country's callin', darlin' ; as I'm Irish, I must go.

It's a long way from Tipperary,
It's a long way to go,
It's a long way from Tipperary,
From the sweetest girl I know.
Farewell, Tipperary,
Goodbye, sweetest mine,
I'll come back to you in Tipperary,
When we've crossed the Rhine.

Now Paddy's in the trenches, fighting like a lion bold,
And Irish Molly's waiting, with a heart as true as gold,
But when the Kaiser's down and out and Belgium's
free again,
He'll start for Tipperary Town a-singing this refrain.

It's a long way to Tipperary,
It's a long way to go,
It's a long way to Tipperary,
To the sweetest girl I know.
Good-bye, Kaiser Billy,
And "Die Wacht am Rhein,"
It's a long, long way to Tipperary,
To sweet Molly mine. T. A. Browne.

WAR COUPLETS

IN AID of OUR PRISONERS of WAR FUND

WRITE A RHYME AND WIN A PRIZE

FIRST PRIZE.—Beautiful Water Colour Painting of Winner, or Relative, or Friend. Size, 20×24 inches. Value £5 5s. Painted by Editor.

SECOND PRIZE.—Beautiful Sepia Portrait of Winner, or Relative, or Friend. Size, 16×20 inches. Value £4 4s. Painted by Editor.

This Competition will revive memories of childhood, when you learned nursery rhymes by heart.

In addition to these pleasurable recollections there is the prospect of earning a beautiful prize by putting forth a little poetic effort—and which of us is not at times a poet?—and writing a couplet of your own.

The letter for this Competition is C.

All you have to do is to take the first line like—

C Stands for Canada, sending her Sons,

then write a second line rhyming with the first and forming a couplet, like—

To help Mother England to vanquish the Huns.

So you can go on making all sorts of Couplets commencing with a C as—

*C's Calais—the place which the Kaiser can't get,
He's tried for twelve months, but isn't there yet.*

Now set to work and see if you can do as well or better. When you have made your Couplet, write it clearly in ink, fill in your name and address, place it in an envelope with a Money Order for Sixpence (6d.), and address to EDITOR, MAPLE LEAF MAGAZINE (*Pay and Record Office*), WESTMINSTER HOUSE, 7, MILLBANK, S.W.

Make Money Order payable to PRISONERS OF WAR FUND.

All attempts must arrive before 30th September.

The Prizes will be awarded to the persons from whom the best Couplet is received.

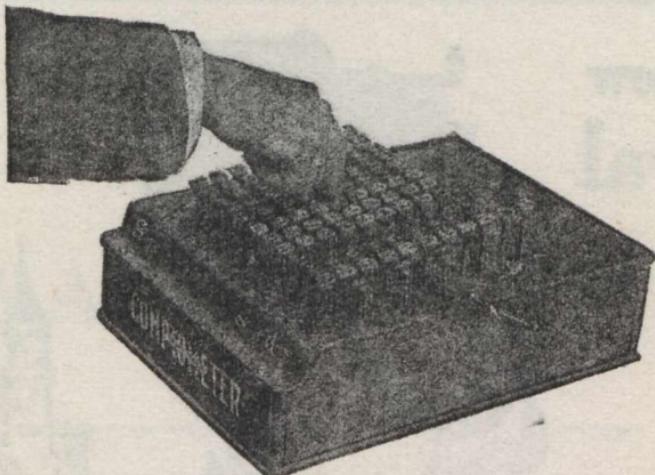
All those entering in this Competition must agree to accept the Editor's decision as final.

NATIONAL ANTHEM.

God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King.
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save our King.

O Lord, our God, arise,
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall.
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On Thee our hopes we fix,
God save us all.

Thy choicest gifts in store,
On him be pleased to pour,
Long may he reign.
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King.



THE COMPTOMETER ADDING and CALCULATING MACHINE.

A Necessity to Full Efficiency.

Every day more Engineers, Manufacturers, Wholesalers and Retailers are coming to recognise the great practical value to them of this wonderful Adding and Calculating Machine.

There was a time—not so very long ago—when the typewriter was looked upon as a superfluous novelty—as something rather freakish and aggressively up to date. To-day every business man knows that to do without a typewriter is inefficient and wasteful. When the advantages of a typewriter were recognised, the machine became a necessity.

The Comptometer—the world's fastest adding and calculating machine—will save even more time and money, and will add more to the efficiency of an office than any typewriter. This is known by those who use it. Those firms who have purchased Comptometers would not dream of going back to their old methods. They have reached a higher standard of efficiency, and the Comptometer is a necessity to them. Sooner or later you will instal the Comptometer in your own business; the sooner you recognise its advantages the better for you and the better for us. Therefore, we are prepared to do what we can to make it a pleasant and simple matter for you to test this machine for yourself.

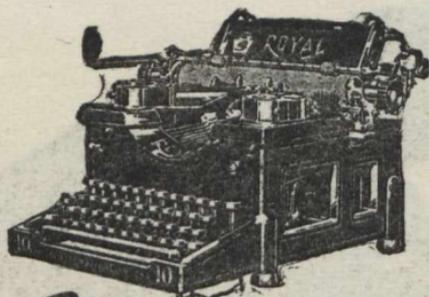
The most practical way is to lend you a Comptometer so that you may try it on your own work, and then if you prefer to return it you are at liberty to do so. In any case you will be glad to have a copy of our interesting booklet, "Rapid Mechanical Calculation." A postcard will bring it by return.

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The new Royal



The Herald of Better Service

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WAR PORTRAITS

OFFICERS AND NURSES OF THE CANADIAN CONTINGENTS

are invited by MR. SWAINE to honour him with a sitting for a Portrait as early as possible, in order that he may have the opportunity of presenting them with one or two finished Photographs before they go abroad.

106, NEW BOND STREET,
LONDON, W.

WALKER BROTHERS

