

Circulation 63



Printed by permission of Lieut.-Col. E. B. HARDY, O.C., No. 2 F.A.

JANUARY, 1916] Editor: CAPT. A. R. B. DUCK. Business Manager: CAPT. W. F. FOX. News Editor: SERGT. E. B. ROGERS. [Price 50 CENTIMES

Editorial Note

WELL here we are again with our second number. Our first exceeded even our expectations, both in the demand for copies and in the spirit in which it was received. This number which we hope to have in the hands of our readers early in the New Year will, we hope, meet with as good a reception. Quite a number of articles sent in for this number have not been accepted, not that they were without merit, but on account of their being copies or clippings. We welcome anything for our columns, but to ensure its publication it must be original, for if we are nothing else we are at least this. Clippings must be of more than ordinary interest to allow us to give them space in the "Record," as our aim is not to give you a review of the news of the outside world, but rather, as the newspapers say, inside information.

Kindly send in all articles for publication in the "Splint Record" to Sergt. Rogers, News Editor, not later than the fifteenth of the month in which you wish your article to appear.

We regret to announce the departure of Capt. W. F. Fox from our unit who has been called to take a position on the Staff of the Ontario Government Hospital at Orpington, England. Where he goes we cannot go, and we hope to goodness he does not go to prepare a place for us.

Copies of the "Splint Record" may be obtained at the following places, Y.M.C.A., Canteen, and all News Stands.

THE EDITORS.

WITH OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

Information for the Canadian Soldier?

(Extract from "The Listening Post.")

If you are taken prisoner and wish to assign a small portion of your pay, say three pounds a month, to the Canadian Red Cross Society for the purpose of purchasing comforts, write to the Chief Paymaster, Westminster House, 7, Millbank, London, and necessary action will be taken.

Would the Editor of the "Listening Post" inform us what action would be necessary to take in the case of anyone assigning three pounds to the Canadian Red Cross; would the prisoner be liberated as being mentally unfit for service?

The first number of "Now and Then," issued by and in the interests of No. 3 Field Ambulance, has been received. It is certainly a neat little paper, well printed and of convenient size for mailing to friends at home. Original in make-up, without being padded with clippings it is certainly a credit to the Editors and to the Company. We wish them success, and hope to have the pleasure of seeing their second number soon.

Our Work

The object of this short article is to give those interested in us a general idea of what our work is, and how, and where we do it.

Letters from our friends at home tell us that there exists a certain vagueness in their midst as to just what a Field Ambulance is, and where in the chain of medical arrangements it performs its task of caring for the sick and wounded. We have even received from official sources, communications directed to No. 2 Field Hospital, and letters addressed to the "Chief Matron, 2nd Canadian Field Ambulance." Little do they imagine that our Chief Matron wears riding breeches and shaves every morning.

The Censor will not permit us to tell in just what part of France or Belgium we are situated, so we put on our letters "On Active Service"—At the front—or—In the Field. These terms look very pretty, and are very high-sounding, but they are also most indefinite, and convey nothing to the outsider.

We are not a Hospital in the accepted sense of the word, nor are we located at the Base, in one of the Southern sea-coast Summer resorts of Sunny France. No fair nursing sisters grace our humble dressing station, to soothe the fevered brow of the sick, or to comfort the wounded when he is in our care.

In our natural position we form the connecting link between the Medical Officer in the trenches, with his Battalion, and the Hospitals four or five miles in rear of the fighting line. Sick and wounded men only encumber a fighting force and decrease its efficiency in action. So when men get wounded or take sick, the stretcher bearers of the Battalion gather them together in some sheltered spot just behind the trenches. This is called the "Aid Post," for here the man receives his first attention from the Regimental Medical Officer, who binds up his wounds, and gives such treatment as lies in his power. Those cases that are unable to return to duty are gathered together and a tag is attached to each, giving his regimental particulars, and the nature of his wounds or illness.

It is at this point that the Field Ambulance begins its work. A Field Ambulance collects the wounded from several "Aid Posts," at each of which are stationed two of our bearers, who keep in touch with, and arrange for the early removal of their casualties, either by hand carrying, wheeled stretchers, or if possible, by horse ambulance, back to our advanced "Collecting Post," some half a mile or so further to the rear. Here two of our officers are always on duty, and they examine the cases to see that the bleeding is controlled, dressing properly applied, and splints securely adjusted or re-inforced. The patients are then evacuated without delay back to our Main Dressing Station, which is usually situated about a mile and a half or two miles further to the rear. Here comparative safety exists, except for possible shelling. The wounds can be properly examined, cleansed and clean dressings applied. The wet dirty clothing is removed and the man made as comfortable as his condition permits. With a drink of hot beef-tea or cocoa, a

cigarette between his lips, and a cheery word from the Padre, the wounded man regains in a large measure his self-confidence and happiness.

No unnecessary surgical operations are performed here, and we confine our energies to such emergency operations as cases demand. A complete and accurate record of each case is taken here, and with his original tag, upon which has been noted, any additional treatment given, and a proper transfer certificate, the patient passes from the care of the Field Ambulance and is evacuated to the nearest Hospital. Daily, weekly, and monthly official reports are made with reference to our work, in addition to answering all regular correspondence.

A fair idea as to the extent of our work and our possibilities may be arrived at from the size of our personnel and our equipment. To perform our work we have the following establishment: Nine Medical Officers, a Dentist, and about 250 specially trained non-commissioned officers and men. Our medical and surgical equipment is very portable. It consists of a large supply of drugs and three complete sets of instruments, with everything that the modern operating room demands, even to acetylene lamps and operating table. These are carried in a set of panniers, and are arranged in the most compact and serviceable manner. We have a transport of 53 horses and 15 wagons to carry our stores, as well as sufficient tentage to house us all and 150 patients; also three water carts, three horse-ambulances, and seven motor-ambulances to transport our wounded. We also number amongst us, a Quartermaster who fills our stomachs, a Paymaster who looks after our pockets, and a Clergyman who cares for our spiritual welfare.

We are a very mobile unit; we may be here to-day and gone to-morrow, and at one stage in our career, thought we could compete favourably with any Circus Show in pulling up stakes, getting away and settling down in any ten-acre field and opening out for business. We pride ourselves in the fact that every place we visit is left in a cleaner and more sanitary condition than when we arrived. Our boys have scrubbed and chlorinated more of France and Belgium than has yet been put on record.

And finally so that none of the glorious happenings of No. 2 Field Ambulance may be lost to future generations, a detailed record of all our doings is kept in an "Official Diary."

TRANSPORT'S NOTES.

Who is the N.C.O. who had to ask the transport men at the advance how to put on splints for a broken arm?

Who is the driver in the transport who expects to be in charge of ten horses when he returns from pass?

Who is the driver who went on pass wearing a sling belt? Does he use it for a stretcher sling when in France?

When is the "Little Man of Medals" going to learn to walk to his dug-out and not crawl on his hands and knees?

Any person wishing to learn the banjo please apply to T.H. transport billet.

Should Staff-Sergeant Hurst wear a Red Cross or a Blue one?

We hear that the cooks, farrier, wheeler, despatch rider, and bootmaker are going into the band now that they have lost their working pay.

SERGEANTS' MESS XMAS DINNER.

A Xmas Dinner was held in the Sergeants' Mess on the evening of the 26th December, and was a great success. The Mess room was suitably decorated for the occasion and reminded one of "home" rather than "active service."

There was a full attendance of Members of the Mess, which was ably presided over by our Sergeant-Major, J. P. McIntosh (W.O.), and all sat down to an excellent feast, which reflected great credit on the Committee in charge of the arrangements (Staff Sergeants Keith and Watts, and Sergeant Shadwell).

The menu provided was of an extensive character and included all the dainties one could wish for, these were put up in first class style by the Chef-Corporal, L. H. Mansell and his band of assistants. Amongst the waiters at table, it would be an injustice to single out anyone in particular for special praise, but mention might be made of Corporal Seear of the Motor Transport, who was most assiduous in his attention to the needs of the party.

During the course of the evening we had the pleasure of the company of our esteemed O.C., Lt.-Colonel E. B. Hardy, and his brother officers. Our O.C. gave us a very stirring address as to the way in which we carried out our duties during the past year, as well as pointing out one or two little things we had neglected to do.

Major J. J. Fraser in a short speech dwelt on facts which tended to show the good feeling which existed between the Officers and Sergeants of this unit.

Captain Fox, our Quartermaster, gave us one or two of his famous "stories," which caused considerable amusement.

The usual Toasts of an occasion of this sort were received and well honoured. A number of songs and speeches were given by the members of the Mess and a very successful evening was brought to a close with the singing of the National Anthem.

EYE-WITNESS.

CORPORALS' XMAS DINNER.

War had no terror with the Corporals of No. 2 Field Ambulance at the Xmas and New Year's festivities. Jollity and mirth prevailed throughout. On Xmas Eve they sat down to a table filled with luxuries, the party were highly honoured by the presence of our popular O.C., Colonel Hardy, and our genial Quartermaster, Captain Fox. After a hardy tuck in, drinkables were passed around and one and all did credit by them. Our O.C. having proposed the toast of the King and Royal Family, a sing-song and free and easy took place.

The evening passed all too quick and one and all had a great time, the evening broke up with the singing of the National Anthem.

New Year's festivities were on the same lines, and the evening was one of sing-song and speeches. Major Fraser, who kindly graced the table by his presence, amused the boys by his witty speech and his top-notch song. The usual toasts were drunk with musical honours, and great credit is due to those who worked so hard to make both nights such a successful issue. The company dispersed in the early hours of the more happy and bright.

WHAT WELL-KNOWN MEN DO NOT SAY.

Paymaster.—Don't be afraid to come and see me at any time you need any money.
Sergeant-Major.—Seeing that it is too cold these mornings there will be no need to shave.
Quartermaster-Sergeant.—During these cold nights rum will be issued each night.
Staff-Sergeant.—Who wants a green envelope?
A.D.M.S.—Everything lovely.
Captain L.—Who cares who is senior?
Captain B.—Keep the change.
Padre D.—I am going to R.E. farm.
Hospital M.O.—We are glad to have you, can you stay a month?
The Dentist.—I love my work.
Captain J.—ff.—I have ceased to write.
Captain F.—Take two.
Captain Dix.—Don't be afraid to ask for repairs.
Captain O'H.—French dogs are cheap.
Interp.—You owe nothing to-day.

Royal Grenadiers to the Women of Canada.

[From a Canadian paper distributed in Toronto.]

In addressing these few remarks exclusively to the women of the country it is to be understood that we have arrived at that period of the struggle where we realise the utter futility of recruiting meetings.

The men who have as yet failed to join the Colours will not be influenced by any eloquence from any platform.

THE REASON: The man we are trying to reach is the man who will never listen and the man who never for a moment considers the remarks as applicable to himself.

AND SO NOW WE APPEAL TO THE WOMEN—THE WOMEN WHO ARE THE MAINSPRING OF ALL MASCULINE ACTION.

In the First Division of the C.E.F. we swept up the young manhood of the country. In the first enthusiasm we secured the cream of the country, in the men who flocked to the Colours taking thought of neither yesterday or tomorrow.

At the second call men were stopping to calculate and hesitate. Since then the hesitation has developed into stagnation. Men who see a desperate winter ahead are joining the Colours and a few others, the remainder are deadwood.

THE REASON: Firstly, the man who prefers to allow others to fight for him, so that he may pursue a comfortable occupation, preserve his youth, be safe from danger, and explain to his friends that he would gladly join the Colours could he obtain a commission—and yet takes no steps towards that end. Second: The man who is influenced by the selfish

Congratulations to the undermentioned Non-Commissioned Officers on their well-deserved promotions:—

Lance-Sergeant E. B. Rogers, to Sergeant
Corporal W. Parmenter, to Lance-Sergeant.
Lance-Corporal H. Swann, to Corporal.

maternal appeal either from mother or wife. Third: The man who claims that his business would go to pieces without him, but is satisfied to let others throw away life and youth to sustain that business. Fourth: The others—call them what you may.

AND NOW MY APPEAL TO WOMEN.

You entertain these wretched apologies in your homes. You accept their donations, their theatre tickets, their flowers, their cars. You go with them to see the troops parade. You fowly wrong their manhood by encouraging them to perform their parlour tricks while Europe is burning up. While Canada is in imminent danger of suffering the same, were it not for the millions who are cheerfully enduring the horrors and privations of bloody warfare for the millions who stay at home watching the war pictures, and drinking tea.

Bar them out, you women, refuse their invitations, scorn their attention. For the love of Heaven, if they won't be men, then you be women. Tell them to come in uniform, no matter how soiled or misfitting, bar out the able-bodied man who has no obligations, show that you despise him. Tell him to join the Colours, while he can do so with honour. And the day is not far off when he will have to go. The Old Mother has issued the last call to her sons.

Make your son, your husband, your lover, your brother, join now, while he yet retains the remnants of honour. Compulsory training is in the offing. Get the apologist, the weakling, the mother's pet, into the service. Weed out all, and we will find out who are the cowards. Analyse your friends you women, refuse their attention, and tell them why. Make them wake up.

THE KING CALLS—GOD BLESS HIM.

Join the Royal Grenadiers, Overseas Battalion, 123rd C.E.F.

Here and There

*Little bursts of laughter, little shafts of wit—
If it's jokes you're after, these are simply "it."*

Who said that N. 2 F.A. hasn't any talent?

What about a certain Major that we have who says that "It is nice to get up in the morning," to practice singing? "Some" phrase, eh!

Who is the man who washed himself with a shaving brush?

Said a certain Staff-Sergeant in charge of dressing station. "How many units did you say, Sir? 10,000?"

How did our master cook escape from the Germans? In the first place, how did he get up so near to their lines?

Heard in the Dental Parlour.

"What's your trouble?"

"Toothache!"

"Let's look. Say, I will have to pull it out."

"I don't want it pulled out."

"You don't, eh! Good morning. Next please."

Who is the cook who strained the tea instead of the potatoes? They say his name is—well, never mind.

Say, there was some "dust-raising" when our advanced dressing station was shelled. Of course, we didn't all have time to take cover in shell holes.

Who gets the V.C. for saving the rum jar when the above-mentioned took place?

Have you heard yet of the "shining lights" in A. section?

Medical Orderly from the —th Battalion: "Have you any Iodine ampoules?"

N.C.O. in charge of Hospital: "Yes, ample."

I am sorry to say the N.C.O. still lives.

*If the sergeants steal your rum, never mind,
And he puts you on the bum, never mind,
He's entitled to a tot, but takes the blessed lot,
And he doesn't care a jot, never mind.*

Has our new Sergeant-Major wet his stripes yet? He's Scotch, too, you know.

Can anyone tell us what "S.R.D." on the rum jar stands for? One man remarked that it stood for "soldiers' rum diluted."

It is about time we cut out the remarks about rum in the "Splint Record." Of course, there will be more issues of the "Splint Record" than issues of rum.

Who is our senior compounder now?

Who is it who insisted in getting up all the time at the Sergeants' New Year Dinner to "say a few words." And every time he opened his mouth he put his foot in it?

We have a "budding" Bud Fisher in our unit. What price the comic section in this issue? Instead of calling them the Gold Dust Twins he ought to call them the "Busy B's."

Who was the brilliant mind that suggested that if the Sergeants put their heads together we might have a first-class wooden floor for the cookhouse?

Who was the aspiring individual who hoped to fill the Padre's pants?

Heard in the Dental Clinic.

Patient (whose mouth was sadly in need of a tooth brush): "What kind of powder would you recommend me to use?"

Dental Sergeant (with thorough knowledge of high explosives): "Gunpowder."

Medical Officer: "What is the result, orderly, when a patient's temperature goes down as far as it can?"
Orderly: "Why—er—he gets cold feet."

Heard in a Certain Orderly Room.

"He ought to drop dead for the awful lies he's telling," said the prisoner excitedly, listening to the N.C.O.'s version of the case.

"Don't say that," admonished the Colonel.

"He ought," repeated the prisoner.

"Don't say that again!" warned the Colonel.

"Well, I won't; but he ought!"

If the Scotchman who is responsible for the most unearthly sounds being heard around the Postal Department when practising on his fife would not make a better job of it with the bagpipes?

At the Morning Sick Parade

Sometimes civilians come in on the morning sick parade, as there are no doctors up here. After diagnosing a case the following conversation may take place:—"Deux; kat-hours, you compree dat?" "No compree" (wiggle two fingers). "Two, deux (four fingers) kat, four oors." "Ah, oui compree, merci bein, good afternoon, m'sieu."

The first man complains of sore throat. On examination the M.O. finds he has tonsilitis. But he remembers having sent in a diagnosis of tonsilitis (correctly spelt) before, and getting



OUR S/M ON CHURCH PARADE.

a flare-back two months later from Capt. (re marginally noted) S— at the Base, wanting to know "which tonsil it was, right or left? Was it follicular, phlegmonous or oedematous? Congenital acquired or accidental? Loose or natural?" He turns up his nomenclature and finds that Heartburn goes, so he treats him for tonsilitis, and marks him heartburn, for art is long and time is fleeting.

Sergt. calls up the next man.

M.O.: "What do you complain of?" "Sciatica, sir." "Where is the pain?" "It runs up my leg." "Which leg?" "Left sir." "Does it run up you back?" "Yes, sir." "Over your shoulder?" "Yes, sir." "You have a devil of a long sciatica nerve. Next time you get some one to coach you, learn your lesson better. M. & D. for you."

Next man has a broken bridge. On examining his mouth you find the bridge was made by a dentist or a jeweller, not by the engineers. You can always tell a native-born Canuck by the gold in his mouth. It is all lit up like the Royal Mint. He is referred to the Dental Officer with the Field Ambulance, who is one of the busiest men in the Division.

Private S— says he has rheumatism. He can't have rheumatism because it is not in the book. Rheumatism in the army died of overwork. He has no temperature, but a little stiffness in the right shoulder joint, so he is given Arthritis, medicine and two days light duty. He goes out wondering why his mother ever raised her boy to be a soldier.

"Private Murphy? What's the matter with you?" "Phits, sur." "Fits, did a medical officer see you in a fit?" "No, sur." "Well, don't do it again." "What do you mane, sur?" "Don't throw another fit, it gets to be a bad habit. Take this." Sergt. gives him castor oil, which he gulps down. "Thank ye, sur."

The Labor Battalion is left till the last to give the boys as much time to rest as possible, and sit by the stone and drink hot bovril, if

its cold. Also they act on the M. O. like a Chinook among the foothills. His frosty exterior melts away, and what is genial about him comes to the surface. They are the only ones who can put anything over on him. Some day a man will make his name by writing a book about the Labor Battalion.

They are a hard-riden, hard-bitten lot of old fellows past the age limit, but anxious to do their bit. They have roamed the Rockies, fought grizzlies, and mined from Mexico to the Yukon. They have roughed it all their lives, but the regularity, the rotten weather and the monotony of trench warfare get their goat. More than anything else is the lack of warmth, for it's a long cry from a Quebec heater to what masquerades as a stove in France, and Belgian beer is no bon.

They pal up to Jack Johnson and Minnie Wurfer, but their old foes rheumatism, bronchitis, and sclerosis get them. They are brought in by a lance-corporal, who is an old soldier, and as proud of his one stripe as any General of his cross-swords.

The first man who comes up no questions need be asked, as he is coughing the cough that would carry anyone off but a sour-dough.

Next—As he comes up the M.O. is looking him over, and the first thing that strikes him is that the pupil of one eye is dilated. He has memories of an interesting brain lesion he saw, what seems many years ago before he became an army doctor. But when he goes to evert the lid—"That's a glass eye, sir."

"M.O.: "So it is, and a damn good one, too."

The next man has a few red spots on one arm. "Does it hurt you?" "Just when I work, sir." Here the Corporal steps up, salutes, asks if it will be necessary to isolate him. He is assured it is not necessary.

They think a whole lot of the M.O., and his word goes with them. One was carried in on a stretcher the other day. He walked out and carried the stretcher with him.

"Private M?" "Here, sir."

M.O.: "How old are you?" He whispers in the M.O.'s ear, who looks amazed and thinks the patient is sure a direct descendant of the old geezer mentioned in the Good Book.

M.O.: "How did you get here?" "Well, sir," he says, "the people of B— paid my way to the war. If I'd something for my back, I'd be right as rain."

M.O.: "Right-o, up you go, and good luck to you." Corporal curses them into line and marches off at their head like an old bell wether with his flock.

(To be continued).

FAMOUS SAYINGS.

Sergeant-Major McIntosh.—"Get your hair cut."
Staff-Sergeant Paterson.—"Is your father angry?"
Sergeant Matthews.—"Put up or shut up."
Sergeant McLaughlin.—"Open wide."
Staff-Sergeant Keith.—"Encore, s'il vous plait."
Sergeant Rogers.—"I don't know."
Sergeant Samuels.—"What do I see in the offing."
Sergeant McKay.—"Tout suit."
Quartermaster-Sergeant Rogers: "When was your last issue?"
Sergeant Field.—"Do you want any coke?"
Sergeant Thom.—"Lend me a franc."
Staff-Sergeant Watts.—"Is there salt in the porridge?"
Sergeant Perley.—"Do you want me to re-model your face?"
Sergeant Neff.—"My man, it's quite obvious."
Sergeant Stewart.—"I'm not dead yet."
Staff-Sergeant Page.—"I coom frae Lancashire."
Sergeant Brown.—"When I was in the R.C.R.'s."
Staff-Sergeant Hurst.—"Where's my putty knife?"
Sergeant Rowe.—"I want to go home."
Sergeant Holland.—"I can fix it."
Sergeant Bach.—"Mein Gott."
Staff-Sergeant McGernon.—"Hooray for ould Oireland."
Sergeant Shadwell.—"Give me an order."

Scene.—The Dental Clinic.

Hour.—Noon.

Mons. Gadsby-Smith (flying to luncheon) encounters officer at the entrance to the Chamber of Horrors.

Officer: "Is the dentist in?"

Mons. Gadsby-Smith (springing to attention): "Yessir! My co-workers are in, but as the hour of noon approacheth their manual labours have ceased until I return."

What We Would Like to Know

Has a certain N.C.O. found the wish bone of the rabbit yet?

If Dick Calder was captured by the Huns, who could run the Pack Stores?

What relation is Corporal Kells to the ham that vanished so quickly from the A.D.S.?

Can he give us any information as to its whereabouts?

We are tickled to death to see the reinforcements coming up to join us, but how many will there fall out for the band?

What is the nature of the new duties which Sergeant Neff is likely to be called on to perform in the near future?

Perhaps Sergeant Perley will explain.

Who are the married men who are receiving the "Lonely Soldiers'" parcels?

And if their wives are aware of the fact?

How much did it cost "Crappy" for the souvenirs he is taking with him on pass?

And what tale will he tell about them?

Who is the late member of our unit at present in hospital in England who causes much amusement to the nurses of his ward during the peaceful midnight hours relating his many experiences during the period he was with us in France?

What time does the balloon go up?

Who was the Sergeant on the journey from Boulogne to Folkestone who was requested to put the cigar out and was not smoking?

Whoever heard of a locomotive 180 feet long? For particulars see the "MICKADO."

N.Y.D.

A certain Lance-Corporal of No. 2 would like to know if the 10th Canadian Battery went through the battle of Mons?

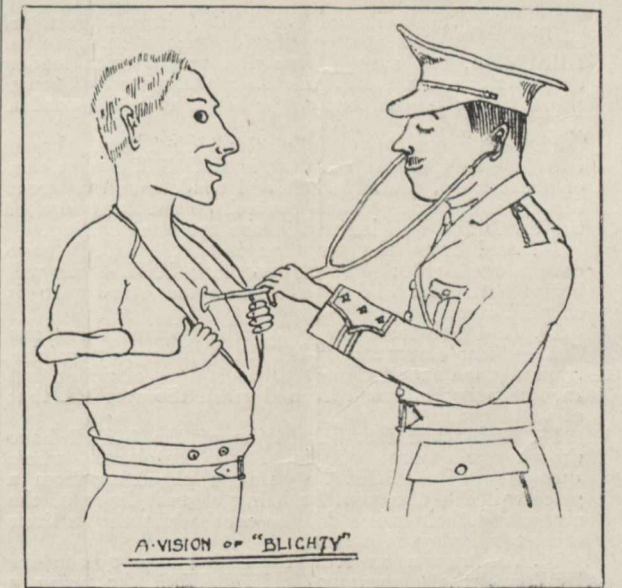
We are unable to give you the necessary information as our war adviser, Private Bowler is laid up in hospital.—(Editor.)

Who is the Staff-Sergeant who plays the title rôle, "Are you a Mason?"

Who are the Infantry Staff-Sergeants attached to this unit?

What Sergeant Perley does for his "Ducks Disease"?

How did "Molly" put it over Staff-Sergeant Hurst the other day? And where was his lasso?



Why do they call the game which is quite popular in the Sergeants' Mess "Rum," when the ultimate result is always "Beer"?

When is the big "bombardment" coming off, as Staff-Sergeant Page was heard to remark that they had been uncovering the guns for the past two weeks? Perhaps Sergeant Neff will explain.

Where did Sergeant Matthews get hit while at the A.D. Station?

And what struck him?

Who are the two gunners in "C" Section?

Is it true that the new officer in charge of the transport wished the men to clean the horses' teeth each morning, and if the boys think him Jake?

THE FIRST BOOK OF THE CHRONICLES

Of the 2nd Canadian Field Ambulance.

CHAPTER I.

1. Now it came to pass in the eighth month of the year 1914 A.D. in a far off land the clouds of war were gathering, and the cry went through the land for the soldiers to prepare for battle.
2. Now there dwelled in a City called Toronto a great Chief, great of mind and stature, who's surname was FOSTER.
3. He, being a Prophet of great wisdom, said this will be a long and bloody war, therefore I will call together the tribes of the Cross of Geneva.
4. And straightway he did send messengers unto the leaders of the tribes known throughout the land as the 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th and 19th.
5. Saying, on or about the sixth day of the eighth month, you and your disciples will gather together with one accord at a place called Long Branch and there dwell in tents in the wilderness.
6. Here they did gather, and for four-and-twenty days improved their knowledge of the great task before them.
7. Now on the thirtieth day of the month the Great Chief said on the morrow you will journey unto a place in the mountains called VALCARTIER.
8. And it came to pass that on the day appointed the tribes did arise early in the morning and rolled up their beds and walked to a station on a street called CHERRY.

CHAPTER II.

1. At the tenth hour all the tribes with their leaders, their horses, and their chariots were within the train.
2. The Great Chief in all his glory being within also.
3. Now on the first day of the ninth month at the fifteenth hour the train with the tribes did arrive at the camp in the mountains.
4. And as they marched into the camp their eyes were opened wide with wonder, for there lie before them the tents of thousands of the soldiers of battle.
5. Who had gathered together to wax strong in mind and body so that they might smite the "Boche" in the days to come.
6. Now, when all had been put straight in the new camp, the Great Chief sent a message unto the tribes saying:
7. We are all gathered together with one accord, and you shall no longer be known as the 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th and 19th, but shall be known to all the world as the 2nd Canadian Field Ambulance.
8. And I have chosen from among you one who is to be your commander, he being a Scotchman who's surname is McPHERSON.
9. He being a physician and of great learning in the ways of the Cross, a man slow to anger and possessed of great forethought, and he will work for good among you.
10. From the tribe of the 14th I have chosen to command B Section one David, who's surname is BENTLEY, he being a physician and a tribe leader of great fame, a man Sans Hair and gifted of song, who's favourite was that of the hen that had a wooden leg.
11. And from the tribe of the 11th I have chosen one Ethelbert, whose surname is HARDY, a physician of great fame, a man of wit and wisdom and of great daring and having great control of the language of the dumb and well learned in the art of signalling.
12. And from the tribe of the P.A.M.C. I have chosen one Arthur, whose surname is SNELL; he will bring with him his grand and noble steed who is called Peter.
13. And also from the 14th tribe I have chosen one George, who's surname is MUSSON, being a physician from a place called Chatham; he is slow of action but sure of purpose, much learned in all the arts but that of mind reading.
14. And again from the tribe of the 14th I have chosen one James, who is also a Scotchman, who's surname is FRASER, he being a physician from a place called Walkerton, he being a great lover of the pipes, and their music does so soothe him that a little child could play with him.
15. And now again from the 14th I have chosen one William, who's surname is BURGESS, he being a physician of some repute from a place called Leamington, a man who in his youth did travel on the great waters, and even like Jonah was cast into the waters, stirring tales of which he will import to you in the days to come.
16. From the tribe of the 11th I have chosen one Percy, who's surname is BROWN, he being a physician of great renown from a city called Toronto; he is a man careful of his sheekles, and should one falleth on the floor will search diligently till he doth find it, and woe be unto him that trampeth on his toes.
17. And from the 10th I have chosen one Thomas, who's surname is McKILLIP, he being a physician in the making, given much to detail, and who, when he doth come forth, doth bedeck himself with all his implements of war.
18. Also from the 10th I have chosen one Howard, who's surname is JEFFS, he being short in stature and likewise in temper and being possessed of the

strength of an ox, which it will behove you all to mark well. He will bring with him one who will share his tent and bed, and her name is FLOSSIE.

19. From the 11th I have seen fit to choose one who is known to you all as FOX, he being not a physician, but has much learning in the ways of the Cross; he will be the Quartermaster, being a man of long memory and short conscience, taking ways, and some diplomat. Verily I say unto you, the sufferings of Job will be as nought to the discomforts of those that provoke his wrath by rending their garments or wasting their substance.
 20. And now that I have chosen those who shall henceforth be known as officers, I will give unto the Commander the power to choose those that shall be known as the N.C.O.'s.
 21. And it came to pass that the Commander did choose each according to his knowledge.
 22. To be Sergeant-Major he chose an Irishman who's surname was CLIFTON; to be Q.M.S., one of the same race, who's name is ROGERS.
 23. To be Commanders of Sections, one McINTOSH, a Scotchman; also one KEITH of the same race; and one WATTS, a Saxon.
 24. To be compounders of medicine, one JEFFREY, one WHITE, and one PATERSON.
 25. And the remainder were chosen, every man according to his knowledge in the ways of the Cross.
 26. And it came to pass that he divided them up into divisions, one Tent Division and one Bearer Division, and the remainder drivers of the chariots, making in all 250 souls.
 27. Now from those that were left they will be carriers of water.
 28. Now for four-and-twenty days did they tarry in the camp in the mountains, gathering together raiment and supplies of war, and marching in review order before Dukes and others high and mighty in the land, in order that we might be proven as to our fitness for battle.
 29. Now it came to pass on the 25th day of the 9th month they did again strike their tents, roll up their beds, and did journey to a city called Quebec, and did there enter into a great ship that was called Laurentic.
 30. Who's dimensions were 565 cubits long, 67½ cubits wide, and 15,740 tons burden and a speed of 18½ knots.
- (Here endeth the 2nd Chapter, the 3rd and following chapters will be continued in our next.)

"HEARD IN THE ESTAMINET."

Have I been out here long, Sir?
A thousand years it seems.
Through Ypres, Festubert and Givenchy,
And now I'm facing M—.

I would like to tell you the tale, Sir,
How I won my spurs from the first,
I can give you all the details, Sir,
But first let me quench my thirst.

At Ypres I fought like a hero,
Right in the thick of the fray;
I don't want to throw the Bull, Sir,
But t'was there that I won the day.

The shells were bursting in thousands,
And the shrapnell fell like rain;
I thought of dear old "Blighty,"
And said, "why left I my hame."

You may think I am swinging the lead,
And my story all a fluke;
But that was a bloodier battle
Than is printed in any book.

As you know its a low lying country, Sir,
And they didn't have to shoot very high;
But Fritz must have thought he was fighting the Gods,
For he wasted a lot in the sky.

They came at us in every direction,
From the four extreme points on the map;
I saw one fly so near into Heaven,
That it came down with snow on the cap.

Another one whizzed past my hat, Sir,
I thought sure it had grazed my hide;
But when I felt for the awful weal, Sir,
It had only shifted the peak to the side.

Say, guy, said the good-natured listener,
Your bull of that fight can flow;
But I was in the battle of Ypres,
So I guess I ought to know.

No doubt you have heard all the story,
When doing fatigues at the "base";
But tell it again to the "Marines," chum,
And they may buy you a drink in my place.

(Exit listener.)

A LESSON IN ETHICS.

He was only a Captain in the First Division, returning from a well-earned leave of eight days. The Channel had been in one of its most hilarious moods, and he had been forced to part with his dinner, eaten with so much relish on the Pullman from London; this, coupled with the knowledge that it would be three months at least before he would have this privilege again, did not make life look any rosier as he stepped ashore. An officer attired in the latest cut of khaki was busily engaged in forming up the men as they arrived. The Captain, thinking that if he stayed around he might overhear the Wharf Staff whisper to one another the hour the train might depart for the front, proceeded to light his pipe and enjoy a smoke of his favourite mixture, when he was accosted by the above-mentioned, and the following dialogue took place:

"Don't you know you are on parade?"

"No! I was not conscious of the fact."

"Well, you are, and you should know enough not to smoke on parade."

"Oh, yes, I see now. I am sorry, but you must excuse me. You see I have been in the trenches for eleven months and am not up in the etiquette of the Base."

Needless to say the one in Slacks saw something demanding his immediate attention at the far end of the pier, and our Captain was left standing easy to enjoy his smoke.

Another from Uncle Sam.

I ache to get into that scrap,
I'd quick wipe the world off the map.
But my big silver dollar,
Puts up such a holler,
And Bill knows my feelings by that.

Just Before the Lusitania.

Said the Kaiser one day to the Devil,
Will you join in a murderous revel?
But the Devil grew hot,
And said, "Certainly not,
I'd never descend to your level."

THE POTS-DAM LYRE

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