

The

Twentieth Gazette

A JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE 20th BATTALION C. E. F. (NORTHERN AND CENTRAL ONTARIO REGT.)

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On Active Service.

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(Sd.) D. C. JENNINGS,
Capt. and Adj. 20th Batt.

Editorial.

To all our Readers and Contributors we sincerely wish a Merry Christmas and a Bright and Victorious New Year.

Battalion Notes.

On behalf of the Officers, N.C.O.'s and men of the Battalion we tender our heartiest thanks to the ladies and gentlemen who have so kindly and unsparingly sent gifts of comforts and luxuries from Canada.

At the time of going to press we are not in possession of a complete list of these generous donors, but they may rest assured that their thoughtfulness is highly appreciated, and brightens our lot in wet trench and dreary billet.

Considerable change has taken place in the Battalion during the past year. Many old comrades have returned to England wounded and sick, some have gone to other spheres of activity and others have passed to the Great Beyond.

To take their places men have come to us and have with a sense of quiet determination and content found a home in our ranks.

For these we cannot but express our admiration. The keen desire for knowledge and their appreciation of the experience of their older comrades pronounce them of the best type of soldier: eager, willing, and alive to their work.

But excellent as these are, we desire to impress on them the knowledge that all these soldierly qualities may be exalted, duty made nobler, arduous tasks made lighter, if permeating the whole is that spirit of pride in the Battalion, which only those who have taken part in its glorious undertakings and shared its hardships can fully understand.

It is for those who have come to us recently to endeavour to absorb this spirit.

No Battalion of the Canadian forces has more glorious records, and we feel assured that, imbued with pride in those records, every man will move forward determined to hasten the desired end.

* * *

We received a letter from an old comrade who, unfortunately, reached Hospital in England through severe illness. It was shortly after leaving the Somme.

He wrote: "How I wanted to be with the Battalion, but to-day I am proud to wear the 20's on my collar." —That is the spirit.

* * *

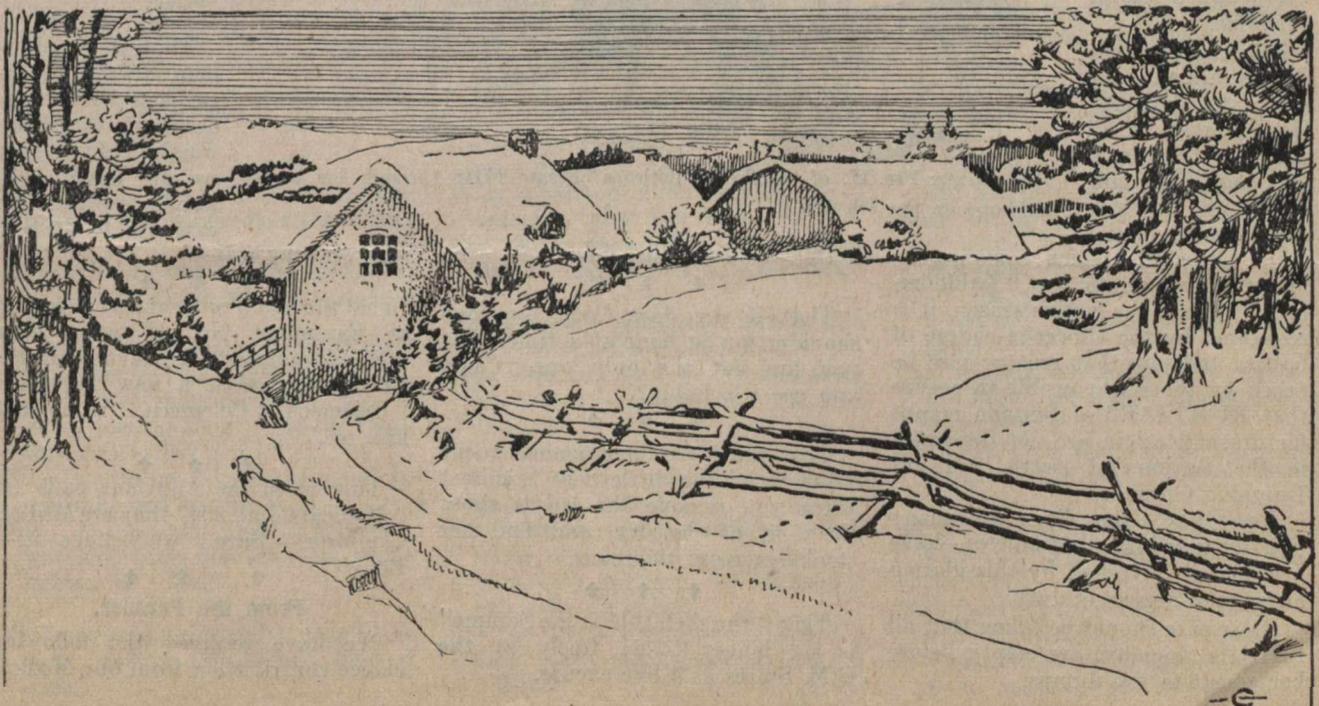
It is with pride we look on the long list of honours bestowed on officers and men of the Battalion.

We should have liked to have published the list, but we hope in our next issue to do so.

To you, the recipients, we offer our heartiest congratulations, and with all our comrades in the Battalion express the hope that you may be long spared to proudly wear them.

* * *

Now to all those who through sickness or wounds are for a time



away from us, we send all Christmas Greetings and the hope of a speedy recovery.

To our comrades in the Field, the Best of Luck, hearty greetings, and may the New Year bring us Victory.

And let us at this merry season when toasts are given bring to the mind's eye the faces of dear departed comrades, and in silence raise our glasses to the immortal memory of our gallant comrades who have fallen on the field of honour.

Extracts from Unpublished Regimental Orders.

It has come to notice that certain delicacies, such as pine-apples, fish-tails and sausages, are being frequently forwarded by hostile agents to our troops in the trenches.

These delicacies, upon close examination, have been found to contain a small quantity of matter which renders them dangerous to the digestive organs.

The articles in question may be readily distinguished from the home-grown variety by their unusual shape and size.

It is pointed out, for the information of all ranks, that, with the exception of fish-tails, the above mentioned articles, of genuine manufacture and growth, may be obtained (on payment) from all army canteens and messes in the Canadian Corps area. Fish-tails can be obtained (on payment, also) from the Competent Authorities at Billingsgate, through the M.F.O.—as supplies become available.

Referring to recent Orders regarding the return to Battalion Headquarters of all empty bottles, rum jars, and other miscellaneous receptacles for liquids (and liqueurs) which invariably find their way into the "forbidden zone" during the festive season, it is requested by the Officer-in-charge of bottles and jars that greater care be taken by those responsible to ensure that RUM JARS of German manufacture and origin are not deposited in the Regimental Bottle and Jar Dumping Ground.

Heretofore, the lives of many friendly rum jars—and bottles—have been cruelly wrecked by this glaring instance of neglect of duty.

Great care should be taken that all rum jars (friendly) are empty before being sent to the dumps.

The above Order will be read on three successive parades to all troops now serving in this country, and to all ranks who may join the Regiment in the future.

W. B. M.

"Was there a Box of Medical Comforts for me in the rations to-night?"

In vain I cogitated
On this message briefly stated,
Nor its import could discover
In my books of mystic lore;
Then came a voice imploring,
From the ceiling or the flooring,
Did you——?
But not a word: the gallant
Captain's around.

Be it understood—

That because the fair-haired one at your billet answers to the name of Helen, there may be a doubt as to her "nom." It may be Eugenie.

That the "dug-out" at Ridgewood is also ancient history.

✦ ✦ ✦

That the afternoon band concerts are no longer appreciated by "the Three Graces."

✦ ✦ ✦

That all cattle now slaughtered for the troops are in possession of four front quarters.

✦ ✦ ✦

That we have received 89 contributions each commencing "'Twas Christmas Day in the trenches." In the words of the Immortal Bill:—"We're not havin' some."

✦ ✦ ✦

That we miss the cheery presence of Bob this festive season, with his hoary ditty, "Mussels and cockles, alive, alive-ob!"

✦ ✦ ✦

That despite the official fact "that every man will receive a portion of plum pudding as part of his Christmas Day fare," Fred declares that 779 parcels each containing pudding "that Mother has made," have already passed through his hands.

✦ ✦ ✦

That we say:—
"God bless those Mothers, and may they be spared many years to make Christmas puddings."

✦ ✦ ✦

That we are sure the next will be eaten at home.

✦ ✦ ✦

That the Coy.-Q.M.S. who is seen wildly waving his arms about "demonstrating" is a co-inventor of the Reaper and Binder attachment to the Tanks.

✦ ✦ ✦

That it is advisable, always, to dig garbage holes very deep. 15,000 francs-worth of cognac would have been ample reward for extra toil to the S.P.



No. 57xxx Pte. W. of the Scouts declares he saw THIS through his super-periscope on the 4th inst.

Bill—Billet—Billet-doux.

✦ ✦ ✦

That if she does hang on your shoulder for an hour at a time, that you are not the only one. Can't you see it's habit?

✦ ✦ ✦

That much of the romance anent "the twinkling little feet" is lost when you remove the lady's shoes (in a fit of chivalry) and find her stockings most righteous.

✦ ✦ ✦

That "the shell hole at the Somme" is no longer taken freely at the Q.M. Stores as a live excuse.

man who dug in B—.

✦ ✦ ✦

That the liquid refreshment purveyed at Estaminet No. 18 must have musical qualities. We have heard the welkin ring with a new favourite, "Celemeen! Celemeen! come and kiss me."

✦ ✦ ✦

That when the Adjutant calls for "Medical Comforts," they are Medical Comforts.—[Sure! we believe it.—Ed.]

✦ ✦ ✦

From the Pannier.

We have received the following choice contribution from our Medical

Section. Their efforts in the past have been always of the highest quality. We give this with due apologies to Robert Service.

A Ballad of the Aid-Post.

A bunch of the boys were whooping it up in the aid-post up the line, The guy that handles the pills and dope was juggling a number nine, Canada Bill was raising hell—had a bad cold in his head—
And beside the stove was a rummy cove, the cook that's known as "Red."

When out of the night, which was dark and wet, and into the candle glare,
There stumbled a soldier fresh from the line, dog dirty, and much worse for wear,
He looked like a man with one foot in the grave, and scarcely the strength of a louse,
Yet he asked for rum, and tried mighty hard to clean up the eats in the house.

Till at last a tin of Mackonockie's fell in the way of his weary gaze.
The Asperin King was mixing some dope for a guy with pains in his dome,
So the stranger stumbles across the room and makes himself at home.
He says, "tres bon," the pain is gone, he's recovered the use of his feet,
And he digs right in to that ration tin—
My God! but that man could eat!

Were you ever down at the aid-post, when the sick parade is there?
They have pains in the head, and pains in the back, and pains nigh everywhere.

The M.O. looks with a piercing eye at a guy that's feeling bum,
And says, "Give him a dose of castor oil, and make him believe it's rum.
What he wants is no fatigue, and for work he is not keen,
The stuff he gets will make him hustle—soon wipe him off the scene."

Another guy comes slouching in, he looks quite worn and sad;

My God! there's another face to feed, some more hot drinks to make,
How in Hell can I get twelve rations, from a quarter of a pound of steak?

When will I get my morning sleep? who'll fill the water can?

I'm damned if I'll do all the work in the shack, for such a wolf-hungry clan."

"Quit your grouching, you ugly red-headed mutt—you're doped—take another pill;

This place is as cheerful as a morgue after dark," says the water-king, "Canada Bill."

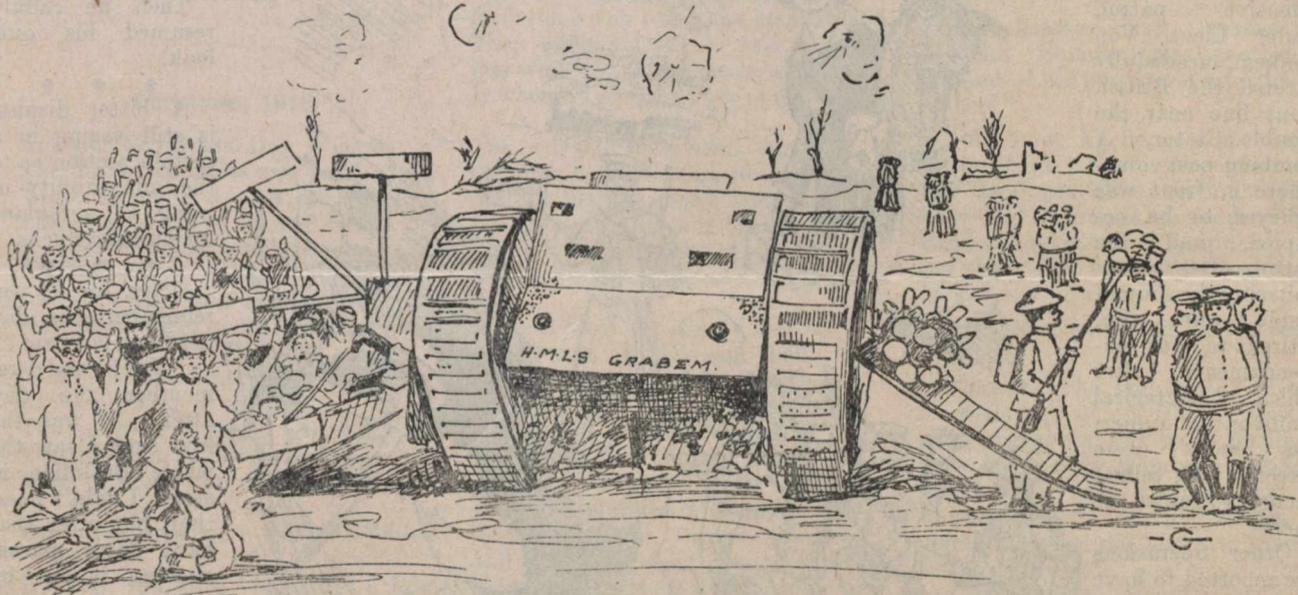
"I came up here for to do my bit, to fill up the water cans,

You don't know you're living, you're full of prunes, you're a poor bunch of 'also-rans,'

"Back to cold-foot farm for yours, you lop-eared son of a gun."

Such was the line of talk they used, it would shock a parson's son,

And so they swore, and swore some more, until the air was full;



The new Reaper and Binder attachment to the Tanks (Patent pending).

There was none of us there could see anything wrong, though it looked as if his brains were nil,
But we gave him a chair, and he flopped himself down, alongside of Canada Bill.

There's men in our crush that hate just like hell, to handle a shovel and pick,

And such one was he, and he looked to me like a man who was bluffing it sick;

He tried, it was plain, to work up a pain, his feet he could hardly lift,
And a voice soon rang out, with a harsh jeering shout, "Good Lord, this is Canada's gift!"

Then I got to figuring out who he was, and if he had lost his head.

And I turned, and hawk-eyed, watching him, was the cook that's known as "Red."

His eyes went rubbering round the room, and he seemed in a kind of daze,

"What's your complaint this morning man, you're looking rather bad?"

"I'm feeling pretty tough, Sir," says he, "they're working us far too hard,

I'd like to have my name engraved on a nice field medical card,

I've got fourteen different ailments,—outside of that I'm feeling fine."

The M.O. says, "Let's see your tongue—give him a number nine."

Another limp figure soon follows him in, his face is a pinkish hue,

He's been out three weeks, and sorry he came; temperature: hundred and two.

"You're all right, my lad, just a touch of the grippe, a common condition, indeed;

Stay here for a day and keep yourself warm, a rest is all you need."

A curse is heard from the kitchen, a man falls out of bed,

It's the Dixie Kid that handles the hash, the cook that's known as "Red."

With a Ross they couldn't hit a barn, but they sure could shoot the bull.

Then the stranger turned, and his eyes they burned in a most peculiar way,

He had cleaned up all the eatables, and was getting ready to stay.

Then his lips went in with a kind of a grin, and he spoke and his voice was calm,

And "Boys," says he, "You don't know me, and none of you give a damn,

I'm working my ticket, I've enjoyed the feed; to make things more cheerful still,

Let's start up something—an argument—to hell with "Canada Bill."

Then I ducked my head, and the light went out, something went through the door,

Milk cans flew, and tea bags too, and someone flopped on the floor;

We picked him up at the end of the scrap, he looked as if he were dead,

That red-haired lad, with a face so sad, the cook that's known as "Red."

These are the simple facts of the case, it's a joke too good to keep, The kid that we thought was hurt so bad had only fallen asleep; The Adjutant says he's a dope fiend; and he certainly likes his bed. He can't help that look, but he surely can cook—the cook that's known as "Red." L. L.

Comparisons in "Officials."

Being the various and varied reports of a trench raid, conducted on our lines by Lieut. Von Soakem, of the Prussian Remnants.

A.—Cold facts:—(The Report that was turned into Field H.Q.s. of the All Highest).—4.25 a.m. General Forlornhoper's Field H.Q.s.:—

Sanguinary minor operations were carried out along our front, in the Blank sector, Nameit front, during the night.

At 1.15 a.m. an offensive patrol, under Lieut. Von Soakem, successfully entered the British front line near the Double Crater. A bombing post somewhere in front was believed to be occupied, and the patrol, after reconnoitring the ground inside our wire, retired to our entrenchments; after which strategical manoeuvre, numerous flares were directed with telling accuracy against the enemy.

Other operations are reported to have met with equal success.—Ends.

B.—Some fiction. (How the "official" report read when printed in the *Frankfurter*, after passing the War-Lord's special censor and alibi department, so necessary to the Hun Staff in administering smashing defeats).—4.25 a.m. (official). With the German Army in the Field.

Covered by a murderous fire from heavy artillery, trench mortars and machine guns that withered the enemy's already greatly weakened morale and crumpled their entrenchments to powder, the long-anticipated "push" that ultimately will drive the British out of France, open the road to Paris, and bring all France to her knees, was launched last night.

That the titanic advance declared by German military experts to be of paramount importance, will bring ultimate success to the Fatherland is not questioned for a moment in German diplomatic circles.

Latest dispatches from the front, bringing tidings of the reported magnificent successes of our troops, are hourly expected and confidently awaited.

Declared to be at bay, the enemy is offering desperate resistance, which however, is reported to be gradually weakening, due to the intensity of our bombardment.

A strong wedge hurled with relentless fury at the centre of the foe's line has successfully penetrated his defences to an unstated depth.

A large haul of prisoners is expected within the next twenty-four hours, our advanced "cages" being already full.

Loyal sons of the Fatherland are reminded that victory will assuredly be ours if we but subscribe to just one more war loan. Our invincible

subordinate, and in a weary voice, said "I think they are straightened out now, just give them fifteen minutes extra section drill."

♦ ♦ ♦

In the last number of the *Gazette* someone remarked about the chicken being tough. That was all right, the chicken was there as evidence of someone's industry. But I am sure the sympathy of the Battalion is with the private, who, with canteen in hand, for nearly an hour, coaxed and wheedled a cow to stand still, and then found out that it wasn't a cow at all—at all.

♦ ♦ ♦

He may have been a draft man, anyway, he was on sentry-go.

Fritz was making things warm. As the Corporal in charge came round the corner of the bay, he (the sentry) anxiously remarked, "Say, Corp., hadn't we better beat it?" "Beat it, no, man. You can't, this is the front line."

"Hell! No!"

Then he calmly resumed his outlook.

♦ ♦ ♦

A bitter dispute is still raging in a certain section as to the adaptability of using an aeroplane for hunting ducks.

♦ ♦ ♦

"Say, Joe, do you remember the day the Band got paid?"

"Yes! and I remember the day after. It was the first time I saw the whole Battalion in step. I didn't mind that, but after that hard day's march, sticking it out by the help of anticipation, to find that just before dismissing, that the major had put all the boozers out of bounds,—it was too much,—too much!"

R. C.

♦ ♦ ♦

Certainly the Scouts are the Brains of the Battalion. Who would have imagined he would borrow a high-powered telescope from the artillery, inspect the washing hung out on the lines in the enemy side, and declare, with surprise, "Well, I thought we had all the mam'selles over here!"

♦ ♦ ♦

That N.C.O. had a heavy batch of mail that evening, and certainly something must have been on his mind when, in the quiet slumberous hours of night, he was heard to exclaim: "Don't! Margaret, please don't!"

♦ ♦ ♦

Did he really see a table walk down the enemy's front-line trench,



JUST DREAMS!

army is "invincible" than ever, but financially, we are nearly "busted." J. J. W.

Scouts.

Wayside Leaves.

"Hold on there—Halt! Form up two deep and don't be wandering all over the road in oneses."

Hardly drill book—but used on fatigue parties by a sergeant of our leading Company.

♦ ♦ ♦

But a certain platoon in "B" Company has every reason to remember the manoeuvres previous to entering the Somme.

Its commander, after two successive efforts to extricate the flank sections from the centre, turned to his



ALSO IN THE "SEDENTARY" CLASS.

or was the S.R.D. exceptionally generous that morning?

A. H. C.

Christmas, 1916.

Another Christmas Day is here,
The day of kindness and good cheer.
'Spite of many a past misgiving,
There are some of us still living.
So everyone now gladly sends
A Christmas greeting to his friends.
And in a land that's far away,
May we all meet next Christmas Day.

To all whose wounds are such we learn
As to prohibit a return,
You we send a hearty greeting,
Trusting soon to have a meeting.
Then to those who've "worked their ticket,"

The tired ones who couldn't "stick it,"
We wish you luck, you're but a few,
We've got on well in spite of you.

And comrades, you, who hear no more
Bursting shell or cannon's roar,
We turn the leaves of Memory's book,
And in your eyes once more we look.
Then reverently, each in its place,
Salute each well-remembered face.
And as you fade again from sight
We toast you silently, to-night.

A. H. C.

The Pilgrim of the Night.

When you take King George's shilling,
And express yourself as willing
To come out and fight the Hun,
Then your trouble has begun.
For there's another Germ to fight,
Who's called—the little "Pilgrim of the Night."

There are many things out here
That you will mistake I fear,
Hardships that you must contend,
While your Country you defend,
But the thing to make you grouse,
Is the aggravating louse.

When you're getting off to sleep
They are lining up two deep,
And when you reach the land of Nod
They are with you in the squad;
But what you'll find is most annoying,
Is when by sections they're deploying.

You will find little army corps
On your body forming fours,
Always making night attacks
Up the centre of your backs.
Till you shout with all your might,
Gott strafe the "Pilgrim of the Night."

O these pests are simply hell
Worse than any German shell.
Talk about the Kaiser's millions,
How about poor Tommy's billions?
It's enough to send you balmy
Wiping out the hungry army.

There are families in dozens,
Uncles, Mothers, Sisters, Cousins.
And they have their married quarters
Where they hatch their sons and daughters,
But they take a lot of catching
And any God's amount of scratching.

Though a hundred you may kill
You will find a hundred still.
For they hide behind each other
And they're good at taking cover,
And they have a hellish bite,
And, Good Lord, what an appetite.

You can pick them out in batches,
Also burn them out with matches,
You can kill them by the score
But you'll find there's plenty more,
You may scratch yourself to pieces
Just to find your stock increases.

We don't mind the German boasts,
We don't mind the German hosts,
We can always play the cards
When we meet the Prussian Guards;
But it sure does make you grouse
To be beaten by a louse.

THE LITTLE PILGRIM.

Band Notes.

"Gather round, boys, and keep the old brazier warm. This roof is as full

of holes as Jim's bassoon that he torments Fred with."

"Some bassoon that, Orpheus, believe me. Some say Noah tootled the tail end of his menagerie into the ark with it."

"Anyhow, Apollo, it adds variety to the Band. Not much variety now the Band are all so saving. Those 'bewtiful Christmas souveneers' that Regina soaked us, 20 and up for, put a big kink in our wads, and gave us the war economy habit."

"S'pose the saving is for leave, Orpheus?"

"Leave—who said leave? Here's a wedding in Scotland waiting, photographs wanted, more flashlights to be bought, the trombone section to swank their G.C. badges, and the Bandmaster to get his glasses repaired. Leave, did you say, Apollo? Leave be —."

"Turn out for practice."

Things We Want to Know.

If a sponge cake rises does a chocolate drop?

If a train ran off the track would the air brake?

If apples are fruit are grape nuts?

If San Francisco is a golden city, is Paris green?

If Sam Hughes ran away, would Jesse Ketchum?

If a cloud burst, would the water-fall?

If the moon had a sun, would the sky rocket?

If a cornet is brass, is a trombone?

If an auto went a mile, would the rubber tire?

If a girl got married, would the match holder?

If a rooster crowed, would the barn dance?

If the dandelion roared, would the cowslip?

If the moon laughed, would the sunbeam?

If Noah was afraid in the dark, would the ark light?

If Eaton's buyer is on the top floor, is the seller in the basement?

If the Turbinia weighs 6,000 tons, how much does the gangway?

If King George said "Farewell" to the Navy, would the ocean wave?

If the cat fell in the milk pail, would the cream separator?

If the Royal Alexander took the Princess to the Gaiety to see Star, would Shea's sing a Lyric at the Strand?

If Albert chased Louisa down Yonge to Shuter, would Victoria go to Church?

If a girl went wrong, would the typewriter?

If the desk is sick, is the inkwell?

If a girl ran the railway track, would the cowcatcher?

If a girl fell in the dining-room, would the kitchen sink?

If Three Rivers is part of Quebec, is Montreal?

If an old woman went up Sherbourne, would she come down Yonge?

If a bottle of milk ran down the hill, would the cream puff?

If you stick a pin into a horse's side, would its tail start a-wagging?

If Washington is 200 miles from New York, is Baltimore?

If they raided our Coal Mine at B—G—, would the coal chute?

[No! Perhaps the kindling wood.—Ed.]

When our fellows advanced on Courcelette, did Martinpuich?

[Ask Albert. Many 'Tanks!'—Ed.]

The Infantryman.

[We have culled the following, by an unknown Contributor, from a Canadian paper].

Who is it, who is always fit,
And always ready to do his bit,
And keeps on fighting, till he's hit?
The Infantryman!

Who in the grey and early morn,
Sits in his dug-out all forlorn,
Of all his beauty, he is shorn?
The Infantryman!

Who is it, when the bullets zip,
And bombs, and shells, give him the "pip,"
And feels as though he'd like to "kip"?
The Infantryman!

Who is it that the Fritzie's hate,
And "strafe" their hardest, early and late,
And try to wipe them off the map?
The Infantryman!

Who is it, who withstands attack,
And when he's pushed, fights back to back,
From gas and smoke, with faces black?
The Infantryman!

Who are the boys, who never kick,
About soiling hands, with shovel and pick,
Who "bully" and biscuits don't make sick?
The Infantryman!

Who is the man, who carries his pack,
Or a wounded comrade, on his back,
And keeps a'digging, till his spare ribs crack?
The Infantryman!

Who was it, when we lost the guns,
And laughed at the way that "Fritzie" runs,
But took them back, all Canada's sons?
The Infantryman!

Who is it, though the line is thin,
Keeps on a - smiling through the din,
Who'll be the first man in Berlin?
An Infantryman!

Vibrations.

*Shiverin' up to the sandbags,
With an icicle 'stead of a spine,
Don't it seem funny, the things you think,
Here in the firing line?
(Whee! Whut! Zig! Zut!
Lord! How the bullets whine.)*

And one thinks of Scrooge, the essence of pessimism according to Dickens, sitting in secure comfort and soured by a sluggish liver, muttering to himself, "And so tomorrow is Christmas, and folks will be enjoying themselves . . . poor miserable fools."

In almost every walk of life one meets both the optimist and the pessimist, but Christmas coming as it does just once a year, finds us "just out" of pessimists, or, as they say in the debating societies, "the optimists have it."

For most of us it is the second Christmas in the "Shell-torn fields of France," and the third in khaki (how little we anticipated this) but, as the auctioneer says, so is our great hope, that it is "for the third and last time, gentlemen."

And in the words of the prosaic Christmas greeting card, "May the New Year bring us a glorious victory and a permanent peace."

A gentle trickle smote upon his ears. Well he knew the sound! It was the water running into the cistern. He had washed his hands in his dressing room, and now, without the least effort on his part, the water was running into the cistern to replace the water he had drawn off. And men say, "the age of miracles is past." It did pass for several months, but we



"Say, Bill! Which is the way to our Transport Lines?"

"Keep straight on, Bob, turn to the left and ask for the Abode of Love—you'll find it."

lived to see it resurrected, and we have been on leave, and for a time we were civilized and heard the water running into the cistern!

Good old Blighty!

"No, thank you, no cream in my tea. We wern't allowed cows in the trenches—got out of the habit, you see," and when you come back, they say: "Well, did you have a good time?" and you say, "I should smile!"

They ask you of the girls, and you tell them, and of the skirts they wear, "dear, ridiculous, fluffy little things, that show —." But how short is one's leave, leave so glorious to anticipate, so exquisite of itself, and now only of glorious memory. Oh! it's hell to come back and join the "has beens."

* * *

Old soldiers, they say, never die, they only fade away. Over fifty per cent. of those who came from England with us have faded away. Two of ours have faded into the eternal shadows, and at such a time as this it is appropriate to honour their memory. "Signallers! 'Shun!"

The others have faded into various fields of military activity, and to them all, especially our wounded, we send our heartiest Christmas greetings, in the sincere hope that, whatsoever their station may be, they are O.K.

R. D.

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G. H.

The C.S.M. of No. 3 Coy. has started an investigation.

"Who runs that Matrimonial Agency for the Company, I wonder?" he has been heard to say.

"Not only men who go on leave manage to put their heads in the noose, but others expecting leave openly declare their intentions."

"Why, they even go on a course, get leave, and come back fully married."

"And, mind you, we have an instance of American methods—leave—wedding—addition to family. That's business for you. Someone's busy with an Agency somewhere!"

Rhymes of a Red Cross Man.

A new collection of verses under this heading, by Robert W. Service, has just been published in London (Fisher Unwin, 3s. 6d.).

Robert Service is on active service with the Red Cross, and his brother was killed in action only a few months ago. The poems are quite up to his usual and familiar standard of excellence and are a wonderfully true and vivid poetical expression of our trials and tribulations, both mental and physical.

They give such a realistic description of our own experiences during the last few months that they are bound to be very popular with all ranks.

We take the following seasonable selection:—

A Song of Wintry Weather.

It isn't the foe that we fear;
It isn't the bullets that whine;
It isn't the business career
Of a shell, or the bust of a mine;
It isn't the snipers who seek
To nip our young hopes in the bud:
No, it isn't the guns,
And it isn't the Huns—
It's the MUD,

MUD,
MUD.

It isn't the *melee* we mind.
That often is rather good fun.
It isn't the shrapnel we find
Obtrusive when rained by the ton
It isn't the bounce of the bombs
That gives us a positive pain:
It's the strafing we get
When the weather is wet—
It's the RAIN,

RAIN,
RAIN.

It isn't because we lack grit
We shrink from the horrors of war.
We don't mind the battle a bit;
In fact that is what we are for;
It isn't the rum-jars and things
Make us wish we were back in the fold:
It's the fingers that freeze
In the boreal breeze—
It's the COLD,

COLD,
COLD.

Oh, the rain, the mud, and the cold,
The cold, the mud, and the rain;
With weather at zero it's hard for a hero
From language that's rude to refrain.
With porridge muck to the knees,
With sky that's a-pouring a flood,
Sure the worst of our foes
Are the pains and the woes
Of the RAIN,

the COLD,
and the MUD.

Officer to new draft sentry. "What would you do if you saw the enemy coming across?"

Sentry.—"Run to the dug-out and tell the Sergeant."

♦ ♦ ♦

A Hun prisoner who had been captured at the Somme, in the course of conversation, remarked: "English fight for what he think is right. German fight for what he think is right. Canadian—he fight for souvenirs!"

— Bombs. —

The Boys of Section Three.

This is a truly wonderful bunch,
The Boys of Section Three;
There's Jimmy and Ted, and Jack,
and I,
The best of pals are we.

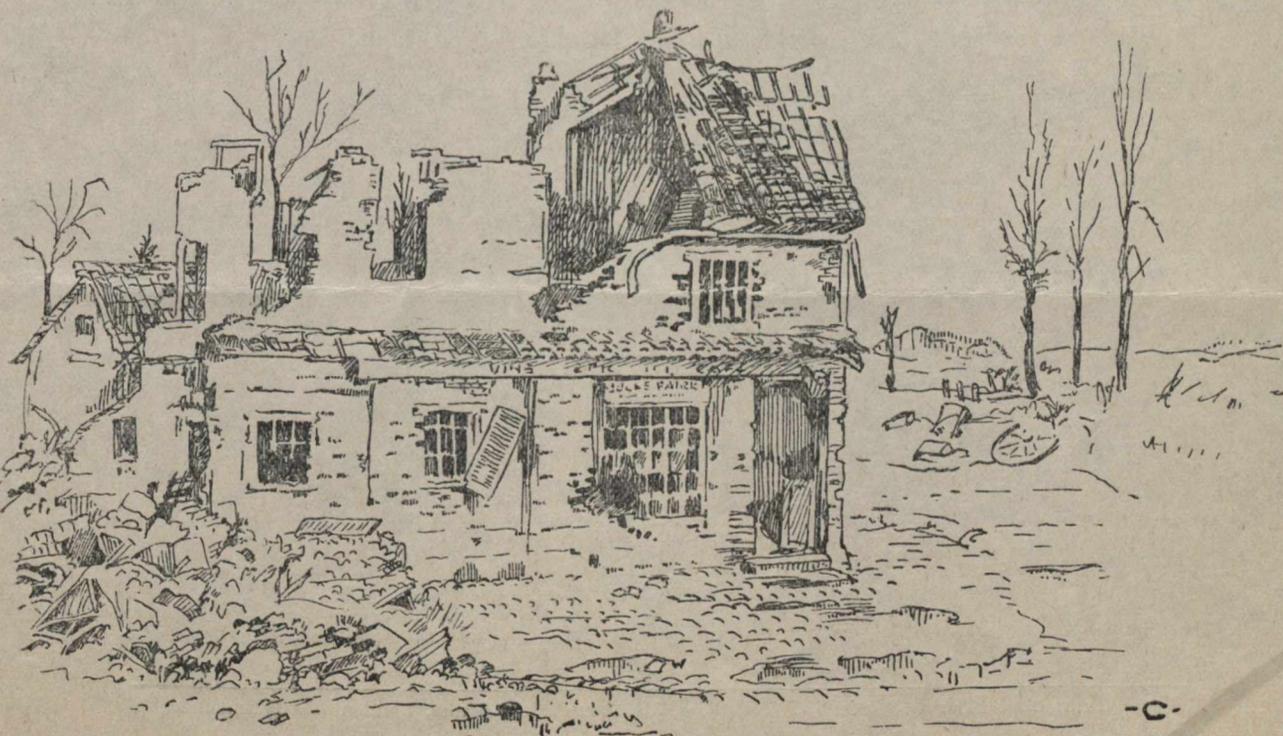
Of course, there's Bobby Watson,
He is a jolly bloke;
But, rare and fair, none can compare
With Tommy Easterbrook.

There's Gilham and there's Pringle,
Both good Scouts you'll agree;
Although the bunch are all "Good Scouts,"
In Section Number Three.

Our Corporal's name is Wheeler,—
Most popular with all,
When cards in hand each day he comes,
"The next man for patrol."

The man who cuts the highest card
Is the one detailed to go;
Of course the game is fair and square,
For all have got a show.

And when the mail comes up at night,
We're dead in love with him,
He's sure to slide along and say:
"Here's one for Jack and Jim."



Then "Cudge" (he is the Bombers' cook);
 Insists on steak for dinner,
 And "Cudge" knows how to cook it,
 too;
 So the bunch'll get no thinner.

Take good old "Cudge" just how
 you like,
 "Cudge" is a decent scout;
 And "Cudge" can take a glass of
 beer;
 Yes,—or a glass of stout.

Now, there is Fred, our Sergeant;
 He's a gallant Sergeant, too.
 It's "Come, boys, do your duty,"
 That's all he asks us do.

Now, take this crowd of Grenadiers,
 Sects. one, two, three and four,
 I've got a hunch, that with this bunch,
 You cannot beat the "Score."
 H. J. M.

Our Contemporaries.

We receive with pleasing regularity each issue of the *Canadian Hospital News*, the "Official organ of the Granville Canadian Special Hospital, Kent." Much credit is due to the patients and staff of this institution for this publication. We are particularly struck with Imaginary Interviews, by "Drub," and see excellent opportunities in his writings.

Pro Patria, the excellent publication of the Employees of Messrs. Shaw and Sons, our printers, has now reached its Sixth Part. Its contents again remind us of the severe toll the skilled trades have paid in the war. Correspondence from all the theatres of the war from men of every department form a leading feature.

The November number of *The Brazier* reaches us. We congratulate the editors of this number on the excellence and variety of their contributions. Every success.

✦ ✦ ✦

No. 3 Section, R.E. Signal Co., of an Imperial Brigade, have a bright and artistically produced publication. *Stray Shots*, to whose editors we offer congratulations. It can best be summed up in its own words:—

"A little smile, a broadening grin,
 Of hearty laughter—pots;
 A book that makes you double up,
 And there you have *Stray Shots*."

