

# THE BRAZIER



A Trench Journal printed and published at the Front by The Canadian Scottish for the Third Canadian Infantry Brigade. Passed by Chief Censor.

No. 6

France, November 15, 1916

Price 2d.

## P.P.C.L.I. Comedy Co. Give Excellent Concert

**D**URING the first few days of rest at the beginning of October the battalions of the Third Brigade were entertained to a splendid series of concerts by the P.P.C.L.I. Comedy Co. in the Y.M.C.A. at W———. There is an abundance of talent in this company and the concerts were greatly appreciated. The programme was full of good clean humour and some of the numbers pleased the audience so much that they had to be repeated several times. Perhaps the most popular item was the duet, "The Bad, Bad Boy," from the "Quaker Girl," by J. W. McLaren and F. Fenwick. The latter's impersonation of the "good, good girl" was an extremely clever piece of work. McLaren, who, by the way, is well known in Canada as a newspaper cartoonist, is apparently the handy man of the company as he is never long off the stage. His burlesque skit depicting the worries of a general tickled the audience immensely. His song, "No Change," was also well received. W. J. Cunningham as Charlie Chaplin made friends with his audience from the start. His make-up is excellent and the gestures and antics of the original "Charlie" seem to come natural to him. S. Morrison and T. J. Lilly also put themselves on good terms with the audience and the singing of P. D. Ham rounded off a splendid bill. The whole performance reflects great credit to the artistes and it is seldom, if at all, that such a

talented company has been brought together in the Canadian Corps. Their efforts are worthy of every encouragement.

## An Appreciation of The Soldiers' Institute

**W**HEN the Soldiers' Institute opened free coffee stalls near the reserve lines for the benefit of weary men coming from the trenches they did something of which many have expressed their hearty appreciation. They have set an example which similar organizations might well follow. Too much cannot be done for the welfare and comfort of the men who take their place in the front line trenches and the Soldiers' Institute deserve great praise for the work they are doing. The Institute was organized by the chaplains of the Canadian Corps under the direction of Lt.-Col. Almond, C.M.G., and Captain A. H. McGreer. Several dry canteens and a cinema are operated by the Institute, the profits going entirely for the Canadian troops. Athletic outfits have been supplied to various units and free writing and reading materials can be obtained at the canteens. Latterly it was decided to open free coffee stalls as near to the firing line as possible, where tea, coffee, biscuits and cigarettes were given to men coming from the trenches at any hour of the day or night. With the winter months ahead such organizations as the Soldiers' Institute could not cater to the comfort of the soldiers in a better way than by utilizing a good portion of their profits in the same manner. The Canadian Corps is fortunate in having enterprising men at the head of the Soldiers' Institute and we believe their efforts are appreciated.



MAJOR G. ERIC McCUAIG,  
O.C. 13th Batt., R.H.C.

Capt. Fingland, Y.M.C.A. officer of the Third Brigade, has recovered from his recent illness and expects to return to duty soon. Capt. Sharpe is in charge during Capt. Fingland's absence.

## The Brazier

Printed and published at the Front by the Canadian Scottish for the Third Brigade.

Contributions are invited.

Address all communications to

The Brazier,  
16th Batt., The Canadian Scottish.

Editor and Manager—Piper Geo. Inglis.

NOVEMBER 15, 1916.

**WE REGRET** that No. 6 issue of The Brazier is somewhat late owing to recent movements of the Brigade, but we hope to be able to publish regularly once a month from now on. We will heartily welcome any suggestions which may help to keep our paper up to a high standard and worthy of the traditions of the Third Brigade. We assure all those who are willing to contribute to our columns that their contributions will be gratefully received.

**WE EXTEND** our hearty congratulations to our contemporary of the Second Brigade, "The Listening Post," and to Captain Orr the editor, on the occasion of the paper reaching its first anniversary in the Field. "The Listening Post", always merry and bright, has the proud distinction of being the pioneer active service journal of the Canadian forces.

**"THE CANADIAN WAR PICTORIAL"** is the first number of a photographic record of the work of the Canadians at the Front issued for the Canadian War Records Office by Hodder and Stoughton, London and Toronto. Nearly all the photographs have been taken by the official photographer of the Canadian Corps and depict in an admirable way the life of the Canadians at the Front. The net profits from the sale of the pictorial go to the Maple Leaf Club. Sir Max Aitken and his staff are responsible for the production.

**ANOTHER** publication which is of great interest to all Canadians is a booklet entitled "In the Ypres Salient", by Major Beckles Willson. It is the story of the fighting on the Canadian front from June 2 to June 16, 1916, and is written in a way that cannot fail to convey to the reader the splendid work of the Canadian Corps. The booklet is

fittingly dedicated to the memory of the late Major-General M. S. Mercer, C.B., and has a preface written by the burgomaster of Ypres.

**NEWS** of the death of Lt.-Col. V. C. Buchanan, D.S.O., was received with a feeling of genuine regret throughout the brigade. The 13th Battalion must feel keenly the loss of an officer who has shared with them the trials and hardships of nineteen months on active service.

**O**UR next number will be a special Christmas number and we would ask all who can contribute to our columns in any way to help us make the Christmas issue as bright as possible.

### Canadians in Switzerland

Information has been received by the Prisoners of War Department of the Canadian Red Cross Society, 14 Cockspur St., London S.W., that among the Canadian prisoners of war who recently arrived in Switzerland from Germany are the following members of the 13th and 15th Battalions: Lce.-Corpl. C. W. Baker (24224) 13th Batt., Pte. J. Feather (24128) 13th Batt., Pte. W. Long (27226) 15th Batt., Pte. J. Murphy (46509) 15th Batt., Pte. J. Rankin (24526) 13th Batt., Pte. F. J. Roselli (24294) 13th Batt., Lce.-Corpl. H. W. Templeman, 13th Batt., Pte. P. F. Whale (27586) 15th Batt.

The addresses in Switzerland of these men can be obtained from the Prisoners of War Department at the above address in London.

### Popular Parodies

Parodies on popular songs are always in demand. Here's a new one on an old song. The air is, "She only answered ting-a-ling-a-ling."

The bells of Hell go ting-a-ling-a-ling,  
For Fritz, but not for me;  
For me the angels sing-a-ling-a-ling,  
They're waiting there for me.  
Oh, Death, where is thy sting-a-ling-a-ling.

Oh, grave, thy victoree?  
The bells of Hell go ting-a-ling-a-ling  
For Fritz but not for me."

Try this on the march, there's a good "ring" to it.

Obey that impulse and send that "wheeze" along to The Brazier.

### Amusement Gossip

During the period of Rest (?) last month the 13th and 15th Battalions were treated to a good evening's entertainment by a concert party composed of a quartette from the Y.M.C.A. and Sergt. "Gitz" Rice, supplemented by talent from the battalions themselves. It was the intention of the party to organize similar concerts for the 14th and 15th Battalions but these were postponed. Should their intentions be fulfilled a good programme can be looked for.

"Gitz" Rice was a host in himself as usual. He writes his own songs and can be seen most of the time these days with a wet towel round his head composing new numbers for the coming season. We don't mean to say that the towel does the composing but "Gitz" says it helps quite a lot and he ought to know.

Perhaps his best song last winter was his parody on "They Didn't Believe Me" (relating the troubles of a poor downtrodden A.S.C. man while on leave). The chorus is as follows:

And when I told them  
A medal I had won,  
They didn't believe me,  
They didn't believe me.  
They said, "We know you well, old  
dear,  
Your many miles behind in rear.  
You're the loveliest liar  
We ever did see."  
And when I told them,  
And I certainly mean to tell them,  
That some day I would win a big V.C.  
They wouldn't believe me,  
They wouldn't believe me.  
They said, "Not while you're in the  
A.S.C."

Rumour says that the Miss Lena Ashwell Company, which visited the Canadian Army Corps last May, will be paying another visit before long. The company comes under the auspices of the Y.M.C.A.

The Soldiers' Institute are organizing a concert party to give concerts during the coming winter at different points in the corps area. Similar concerts proved very popular last winter.

### A Put Putter

Scene: T.B. at Anchor Calm evening.

"Listen, Bill, an aeroplane?"  
"That ain't an aeroplane. It's the Chief Engineer 'umming."—*The Sea Gull Gazette.*



# REGIMENTAL NOTES

## No. 1 Company's Notes

We are glad to welcome Sergt. Hill back to No. 1 Company. We hear that he was amazed at the improvements at the Front.

One of ours was all smiles when he went marching off to Blighty on leave. Keep the leave going!

Have a heart! Why couldn't the little black dog go also?

We hear that he has taken offence and beat it. There's a warrant out for his arrest. (We refer to the dog, of course.)

(Sergt. Hill has been wounded since the above was written. We wish him a speedy recovery.)

## No. 4 Company's Notes

The boys are pleased to see "The Big Strafe" back once more to the fold. No doubt some of the "bomb-proofers" were just as pleased to see him go. We are also pleased to see C.S.M. Burns and Sergt. Henderson once more with the company.

When did Sergeant Steele join the cavalry?

Who was the C.S.M. who said, "I'll give you one more chance, kid"?

Who told him that four diamonds and a heart beat three kings? Have a heart, Robbie!

"There is no wind today. No, Ding-Dong is away.

When are the old boys going to have another re union?

("The Big Strafe" has once again gone the Blighty route. We wish him a speedy recovery.)

## Gifts to the Regimental Funds

The battalion is indebted to Mr. Norman M. Allan, brother of the late Lieut. E. B. Allan, for a gift of 1,000 dollars to the regimental fund. Mr. Henry Bell-Irving, of Vancouver, also donated the sum of one hundred pounds to the fund on the completion of the second year of the war.

## Congratulations

The Brazier extends congratulations to the following N.C.O.s and men on obtaining their commissions: Sergt. Bevan, C.S.M. Cameron, Arm.-Sergt. Russell, Sergt. P. F. Godenrath, Corpl. S. D. Johnston, Lce.-Corpl. L. F. Robinson and Pte. W. H. Forrest.

## Wedding Bells at Folkestone

We have received the following news item from England:

"A quiet wedding was celebrated at the Church of St. John the Baptist, Folkestone, on September 27, when Sergt. J. Wright was united in marriage to Miss Ethel Eastland. Following the ceremony, at which Sergt. P. F. Godenrath acted as best man, the bride's parents entertained a number of 16th boys attached to the 17th Reserve Battalion."

Sergt. Wright is an original member of No. 2 Company. Congratulations.

Brig.-General R. G. Edwards-Leckie, C.M.G., formerly in command of the Third Brigade, has taken over the divisional training command at Bramshott Camp, England.

Who was the member of the Medical Section who, on being transferred temporarily to the water detail, blushing informed M'selle Leonie that he was attached to the "Wagon du lait"?

Why did certain sergeants of No. 2 Company study French so earnestly during the recent rest period. Could one of them enlarge on the subject?

"The Big Strafe" is writing a book entitled, "How to Make the Blighty Trip and Return in Four Months." It should have a big sale at East Sandling (we don't think).

Sergt. P. F. Godenrath, until recently editor and manager of The Brazier, has returned to Canada to take a commission in the 236th Batt., New Brunswick Highlanders.

There's an old saying, "Safe as a church," but it doesn't seem to be very appropriate in these parts.

## A When Notes Frae the Baun'

Is it true that the goat is being transferred to the Baun'?

Judging by the way some members of the Baun' can make a biovuac out of next to nothing there must be a "bit o' the tinker" in a few of them.

It is time the chaplain was paying the Baun' a visit. Someone said the other night that a whale can swallow only one herring at a time and another member of the Baun' remarked that that could not be true because "it was a whale that swallowed NOAH!"

Who took three empty rifle cases from the Q.M. Stores to the transport lines thinking they contained rifles? What did they say when they found them to be empty and had to make another trip?

Two men from the band  
Were lending a hand  
To give each driver a gun;  
But when they got there  
The cases were bare  
And so the poor drivers got none.

## Chips From the Pioneers

Is the water detail issued with rations?

And do they have a cook?

Is it possible to have too much of a good thing (R.S.D. included)?

Who is the finest little "bull con" artist "this far north"?

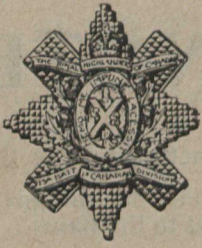
Do the signallers march on the dot and dash system?

Where did the pioneers cultivate their expensive taste in drinks?

Was it merely specks of wool "the lamb" was picking off his collar at the general inspection, or was it something with more "kick" to it?

If the Canadian Mounted Rifles were really MOUNTED would we see a mounted pipe band? Someone please tell us.

Re. the "fag" issues, in the words of the immortal Bruce Bairnsfather, "When the 'ell is it going to be 'Players'?"



# 13th BATT. SECTION

## Late Lt.-Col. Buchanan, D.S.O.

During the time the Division came to France in February, 1915, it can safely be said that the 13th Canadian Battalion has never suffered a greater loss than the death of Lt.-Col. Buchanan, Major Peterman and Captain Green.

It was a great blow to the battalion to lose at one time three such gallant officers, and especially Lt.-Col. Buchanan, whose period of command has been one of the brightest in the history of the battalion.

In private life Lt.-Col. Buchanan was the floor member on the Montreal Stock Exchange for C. Simpson Garland & Co., but he was perhaps better known in the realm of sports where for many years he was one of the most prominent members of the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association, having been captain of the rugby football team and later president of the association.

Lt.-Col. Buchanan was always a very ardent member of the Canadian Militia, having been first in the 3rd Victoria Rifles and later in the 5th Royal Highlanders for a period of nearly eighteen years before the present war and he was never missing from any military duty, whether a parade or summer camp.

He came down to Valcartier as a major with the contingent from the 5th Royal Highlanders, which afterwards became the 13th Canadian Battalion, and after passing through all the vicissitudes of training in England, came to France with the battalion as junior major.

After the battle of Ypres in 1915 where Lt.-Col. Buchanan's gallant conduct was specially mentioned, he became second in command of the battalion, which position he filled until he took over the command from Lt.-Col. F. O. W. Loomis, now Brig.-General, on the 1st of January of the present year.

Since then Lt.-Col. Buchanan has maintained the battalion in a high state of efficiency and set a splendid example, never sparing himself from danger or hardships.

The G.O.C. 1st Division paid a splendid tribute to his memory to the battalion on parade when he

said that he had never had an officer under him in whom he had placed more implicit trust or whose loss he had more keenly felt, and this sentiment has been expressed by all the officers who knew him as an officer and a comrade.

Such deep and sincere expressions of sympathy will help to alleviate the grief of his wife and little daughter.



The Late Lt.-Col. V. C. Buchanan, D.S.O.

Congratulations to Sergt. A. McLeod, 13th Batt., on his being awarded the Russian Cross of St. George, 3rd Class.

One of our comrades is such a good "artist" that he can actually "draw" the enemy's fire.

There was a young man in Bailloo  
Who had nothing whatever to do  
But look for shell noses,  
And now the wild roses  
Grow over his grave—he's Na Poo.

The Brazier can now be obtained from A. W. Gamage, Ltd., East Sandling, England.

## Idle Flappings of a Flag Flapper

Among the various curious and quaint decorations adhering to the sleeve of His Majesty's God-fearing servants is that of the Crossed Flags. This happy and appropriate symbol denotes that whatever instruments, weapons or Hun-exterminating devices he may use—the wearer does not use flags—that, of course, in the way the Lord evidently intended them to be used. They may very possibly be used to sit on, or to dust off the piano in the dug-out, but that is another story. The only modern occasions in which the flags played a prominent part were the bloody battle of Bramshott and the charge for Shorncliff Heights. The motion of the flags in the air was found to be highly irritating to the enemy and in many cases radical changes in the scenery were made by him in the near vicinity of the signaller. In defence to this unexpressed but real aversion to Flag Flapping entertained by Fritz, the signallers retired into the bowels of the earth and conducted their business with the aid, or rather in spite of, that triumph of modern art, the field telephone. After having been carefully and prayerfully kicked around the dug-out, jerked and twisted into submission, it is said that the human voice has actually been heard over it. This, however, is only semi-official.

The general trend of the conversation, except for very occasional lucid, semi-lucid or translucent periods, consists in "Hello! Hello! Hello!!!" (continued to the nth power) on the one end of the line and that objectionable and aggravating remark, "Shake your phone," on the other. This request is usually given after the operator has given a correct imitation of a gentleman suffering from Delirium Tremens, shell shock, apoplexy and any other "vibratory" diseases which the compiler has unhappily omitted from our dictionary.

The shaking of the 'phone occupies much the same place in the telephonic world as the No. 9 pills do in the medical. As these latter have been used with equal success as a corn plaster, a hair restorer or a billious attack elevator, even so the 'phone is supposed to heal all breaks in the wire, restore the weary "S" cells and hold down the pressed

switch, all of which just goes to show that "you never can tell."

When communication has been established (i.e. the party at one end of the line can detect the voice of the party at the other end such a way that a more or less rational conversation can be carried on without repeating each sentence in every key from a rising inflexion in D minor to a sob in high G) it is known as a "Signal Victory." This is fractious Fritzzzzzz cue. With the natural grace and thoughtfulness peculiar to the Germanic people, he proceeds to make mineral deposits over that portion of the landscape immediately confronting him. Result—a lull on the wire—and the operator on each 'phone has the doubtful pleasure of talking to himself through his own ear-piece. It is then that the linesman must gird about his loins and carry on with the dark and mystic secrets of his trade.

According to the base multitude the signaller, like the lily-of-the-valley, toils not neither does he spin (except, possibly, yarns) but makes a noise like a rabbit and hibernates in his dug-out and eats and sleeps and busses, and busses and sleeps and eats. According to their uncharitable opinion, when the question of ration parties or working parties or any other such festive gathering arises, the signaller renders himself temporarily invisible only reappearing with the appearance of the rations. This is, of course, a violent "rending of the fair truth" and is only inserted to show how the righteous suffer from the vilely caluminous mis-statements of the Gentiles.

Signallers, in common with several other branches of the army, are very susceptible to that fatal disease or condition known as being "broke." The plague frequently breaks out disgustingly soon after pay day and is practically incurable unless one is lucky enough to have some visible or invisible means of support (invisible preferred). The whole constitution and by-laws is undermined and the poor victim gradually "fadeth away like the mist of the morning, only remembered by how it was done" (or words to that effect) as the hymn so eloquently expresses it.

Just at this point, as we sit with the golden moonshine splashing in resplendent glory over our daintily shod No. 9's, it has occurred to us that it would be an excellent time to—in short—stop. Hence, we will "obey that impulse" and

VIC E.

## DECORATIONS

*Rank is as on Date Honour Awarded*

### Military Cross

- Oct. 15—Capt. J. H. Lovett, Lieut. C. Llwyd, 13th Batt.; Lieut. G. B. Murray, 14th Batt.; Capt. H. J. Hall, Lieut. V. G. Tupper, 16th Batt.  
Oct. 23—Major J. D. MacPherson, 13th Batt.; Capt. J. C. K. Carson, Lieut. W. J. Holliday, 14th Batt.

### D.C.M.

- Oct. 15—C.S.M. C. A. Bullock, C.S.M. F. V. Spencer, Sergt. F. T. Fraser, 13th Batt.; Sergt. P. H. Crockett, 14th Batt.  
Oct. 23—C.S.M. A. Close, Pte. R. H. Jones, Pte. J. Labelle, 14th Batt.

### Military Medal

- Aug. 30—Corpl. J. R. Watt, 13th Batt.; Corpl. J. Barton, 16th Batt.  
Oct. 6—Pte. W. J. Rickey, Pte. J. B. McKay, Sergt. J. C. Davis, Sergt. J. Craig, 13th Batt.; Sergt. J. H. O'Brien, Lce.-Corpl. J. Fotheringham, Pte. G. Matthews, 14th Batt.; Lce.-Sergt. J. W. P. Clark, Pte. H. McNeil, 15th Batt.; Corpl. J. Rogers, Pte. R. Little, Sergt. J. McIvor, Sergt. C. E. Swannell, Sergt. R. Kennedy Lce.-Corpl. V. C. Anderson, 16th Batt.  
Oct. 15—Pte. J. H. Forbes, Pte. F. W. Lee, 13th Batt.; Sergt. W. M. Millar, Sergt. G. Snideman, Corpl. E. S. Taylor, Pte. R. L. Bagshaw, Sergt. W. Peat, Pte. J. Bertram, 14th Batt.; Sergt. E. J. Picton, Sergt. R. L. Wilson, 16th Batt.  
Oct. 23—Sergt. McPherson, Pte. E. E. Rogers, Pte. H. Briggs, 15th Batt.; Pte. A. Anderson, 3rd Fld. Amb.

### Bar to Military Medal

- Pte. P. Costello, 13th Batt.; Pte. J. Labelle, 14th Batt.; Pte. W. G. Pavey, 15th Batt.

### Cross of St. George

- Sergt. A. McLeod, 13th Batt.

### All He Wanted

Pride in the national dress of his country and love of his profession were blended in humorous fashion in the answer of a Scottish farm laborer who called at a Glasgow recruiting depôt recently.

"Now," said the officer when the necessary preliminaries had been gone through. "What regiment would you like to join?"

"Never mind that," was the hearty response, "just gie me a kilt an' horse an' let me awa' tae the war."

## War Stocks and Shares

### Markets—

On the Somme Exchange there has been great activity since the 1st of July. High levels have been reached in many cases and numerous advances have been made. Messrs. Aikins, Canuck & Anzac traded off large quantities of steel in exchange for "Fritzies." Though the latter were not in first class condition by any means, what they lacked in quality they more than counterbalanced by reason of being traded off in large quantities. Trade continues brisk, further advances being expected daily.

### Railways—

There was a steady demand for railway shares from the 15th to the 25th of last month but they were unobtainable. The Canadian Scottish, Ltd., R.H.C. and allied companies were intending investors but failed entirely to obtain any holdings. These companies are perfectly sound and are a first class investment for anti-Hun investors. Light railways are well up to the front as usual, and are doing an immense freight business.

### Live Stock -

The Live Stock market continues active in spite of the cold weather. Owners report large increases and a continual movement all round. Slaughterers are working overtime. They report "Small Reds" are hard to find but "Large Greys" may be picked up anywhere.

### The Money Market—

Money was scarce towards the end of the month. Short loans were eagerly requested but were not granted in most cases. Bankers have been making advances generally since the first of the month but a general tightness is expected towards the 15th. The Crown and Anchor Banks report numerous deposits and few withdrawals.

### Answers to Enquiries

HOPEFUL — "Blighties" are a doubtful investment though many investors find them attractive.

MAC (and others)—The demand for R.S.D. shares greatly exceeds the supply at present but more plentiful supplies are confidently hoped for during the winter months. They are a first class investment.



The Rev. Mr. Blodgett was a missionary at  
A parish where the congregation dressed so sparsely that  
They all wore scarcely anything—and very rarely that :  
But they had a most intensely catholic commissariat.



*The Rev. Mr. Blodgett was a missionary*

Though the costumes weren't extravagant they showed delightful  
taste :  
A goo-goo feather girdle, for example, round the waist  
Would provoke the admiration of the very straightest-laced,  
And a human finger neckiace was considered rather chaste.

The shark's-tooth bangle was, of course, the kind most often seen,  
Though for fashionable gatherings round the festive soup-tureen  
The haddock's-eye is now the vogue, on that they're rather keen ;  
And at weddings bride and bridegroom always paint the eyebrows  
green.

To the uninstruced visitor the custom might seem vile  
Of using ears as ear-rings—'twas a very common wile—  
For they lend an eerie wistfulness to any maiden's smile,  
Though their acquisition's scarcely always innocent of guile.

Mere masculine attractiveness was sometimes much increased  
By the antiquated topper of some late lamented priest,  
Which would lead to endless envy of its owner, nor the least  
Of his many troubles being that he soon became deceased.

The manners of the islanders were most urbane and quiet :  
A murder, for example, scarcely ever caused a riot ;  
I've already intimated they enjoyed a varied diet,  
Though some especial delicacies visitors might shy at.



*The manners of the Islanders were not urbane and quiet*

The restuarants were crowded when "baboon" was on the bill ;  
The Rev. Mr. Blodgett quite enjoyed this dish until  
He saw it being cooked one day, that made him rather ill ;  
He avers the operation gave him quite a nervous thrill.

The crocodile, if not too fresh, was much appreciated,  
And pickled scorpions' eggs on toast I've often heard it stated  
Are the only things you'll look at if the palate's vitiated.  
But last year's oysters, personally, I find are over-rated.

Their only vegetable was the succelent ban-yan,  
Their single drink, save rum, a kind of concentrated tan,  
Their favourite dish at all the public functions of the clan  
And at all official banquets was a nicely roasted man.

The Rev. Mr. Blodgett, I am happy to relate,  
Was not the man to let a thing like that intimidate  
Or/in any way disturb him : " Kindly tell the King I'll wait  
On His Majesty this evening at a quarter after eight."

The King, whose name was Vermicelli John de Kuyper Wuff,  
Received them very graciously, then helped himself to snuff  
And, offering Mrs. B. a pinch, remarked in accents gruff :  
" How well you're looking Madam ; I don't think you'll be tough !"



*I don't think you'll be tough!*

The luckless Mrs. Blodgett, who, I should have said before,  
Accompanied her husband on his missionary tour,  
Was inserted in a barrel and then stowed beneath the floor,  
And barbecued next morning at exactly half-past four.

I believe that Mrs. Blodgett made a really first-class dinner  
And was much appreciated by that venerable old sinner,  
King Wuff, who wittily observed : " She's got some stuffing in her ;  
At first I rather fancied she would prove a trifle thinner."

With nice consideration for the feelings of his guest  
The King excused the preacher from attending with the rest,  
Remarking : " You'll rejoin her very shortly." Such a jest  
Left the Rev. Mr. Blodgett feeling very much depressed.

But the Rev. Mr. Blodgett instead of giving way  
To the terrible forebodings to which he was a prey,  
Determined very wisely that he'd try and find a way  
To palpitate the Monarch ; and he did, I'm glad to say.

The Rev. Mr. Blodgett cured his toothache for the King  
With some patent toothache mixture he'd been wise enough to bring  
From his home in happy Bugville, in the state of Wyoming.  
I believe that cloves and opium were the basis of the thing.

The King was quite delighted, for the cure had been phenomenal,  
And as he sometimes suffered after meals from pains abdominal  
Made Blodgett Court Physician—the fees of course were nominal—  
And wed him to his daughter, Princess Guava Yum-Yum Tommy  
Moll.

So Blodgett stayed there many years and labored with a will  
To convert these gentle cannibals and in their minds instil  
The simple Christian maxim that it is not right to kill  
And eat one's nearest neighbours; and no doubt he'd be there still

If there hadn't been a famine in those far Fijian Isles.  
There was lack of tan and b-n-yan, there was dearth of crocodiles,  
Baboon was not obtainable for miles and miles and miles.  
And a mask of gloom replaced the congregation's happy smiles.

The food got scarce and scarcer and the people lean and leaner,  
They began to look at Blodgett with a very queer demeanor,  
And the way that wretched King behaved could scarcely have been  
meaner,  
For he eat his daughter Guava and her sister Phillipine.



For he eat his daughter Guava and her sister Phillipine.

The Rev. Mr. Blodgett then began to be perplexed  
For King Vermicelli John De Kuyper Wuff seemed rather vexed  
And would eye his son-in-law as though his turn were coming next;  
And once he interrupted in the middle of a text.

At last the King gave orders Mr. Blodgett should be cooked,  
And all the seats for dinner were immediately booked,  
Which made it clear to Blodgett how extremely black things looked;  
He realized the potentate had got him nicely hooked.

Now the Rev. Mr. Blodgett, who was sadly in the lurch,  
Had devoted quite a lot of time to psychical research,  
And had studied mesmerism with the great Professor Kirch  
And practised it for several years before he joined the Church.

The Rev. Mr. Blodgett after due consideration  
Decided he would mesmerize his hungry congregation;  
He commenced with Vermicelli not without some trepidation—  
And the King was soon experiencing a most unique sensation.

He was very soon persuaded to believe he was a rat,  
The cook in less than no time was behaving like a cat;  
A most ferocious fight ensued; I draw a veil on that.  
But the cook had quite a banquet for the King was pretty fat.



The cook in less than no time was behaving like a cat

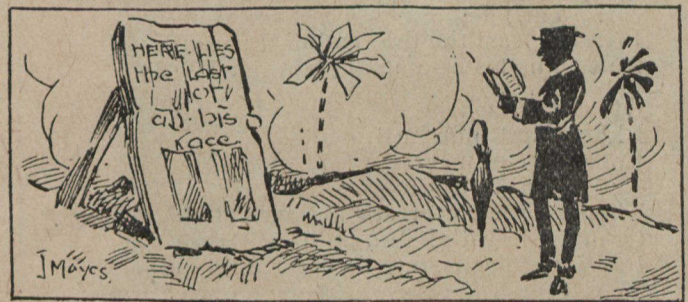
The clergyman's mesmeric powers were soon in daily use,  
There was frequent repetition of that simple little ruse;  
Although the cannibals and he held such divergent views,  
He couldn't bear to see the people starve was his excuse.

At last there came a day when Mr. Blodgett's troubles ended  
When all of his parishers by one were represented;  
For in that dusky gentleman the rest were nicely b'ended,  
An outcome of his powers that Mr. B. had not intended.

This survivor soon grew hungry and was shortly on the brink  
Of starving, all he lived on was some soup that looked like ink,  
Till one day the Rev. gentleman persuaded him to think  
He was just a Spanish onion, so he popped into the drink.

Then Blodgett buried all his congregation by the shore  
And carved upon his tombstone (made from Vermicellis' door):  
"Here lies the last of all his race with quite a number more."  
Then caught the P. & O. boat and got off at Singapore.

—13th Batt.



### To a Lachrymatory Shell

Sweet shell! That burst abaft my booby hutch  
And brought me tears, the blessed gift of tears,  
Although in quantity p'raps overmuch,  
Still, tears to me who have not wept for years.

I've seen men die, and have said good-bye  
To her I worshipped. Heavens, how I've tried  
To ape the crocodile, and yearned to cry,  
As she who wandered down the mountainside.

I've heard, at Penny Readings, "Home Sweet Home,"  
Seen Cubist paintings, cockneys play the Dane,  
And prayed for tears, and yet they would not come,  
E'en Satan's Sorrows did I read in vain.

I've dived into the depths of sentiment,  
Struggled to open the floodgates e'en an Inch.  
Rushed to the angels' side when they have wept,  
Nor, furtive, scorned an onion at a pinch.

Good shell! How is thy mission difficient  
From shrieking shrapnels and explosives high  
And low, and gaseous poisons, 'tis thy bent  
Merely to make a foeman pipe his eye.

This message to the gunner who has sent  
Thee bolting through the blue. Mighty his deed  
And truly great his prestige who has won  
A flow of tears from our non blubbering breed.

Good gentle Bosche, dear devastating Hun,  
Grinning I've faced the bludgeon foes of fate.  
Then comes this smack of Kultur and I weep.  
To dry my eyes—oblige—The Hymn of Hate.

—R.M.E.

## ODE TO A RATION BISCUIT

O! twice cooked one!  
Twice cooked and overdone!  
Oh! Hardest tack!  
My teeth—both front and back—  
Are sorely put to it, in vain assailing  
Thy stony substance—every effort failing  
Until, imagining thy name is Fritz,  
I bare my bayonet and thou art bits!

They say in thee  
The Cabbage and Green Pea,  
And Haricot  
And Spud are blended so  
Neatly, completely that one can't detect 'em  
(As good things happen when we don't expect 'em.)

Insert at least the thin end of the wedge  
And let us taste some old familiar Veg.!

Of nourishment  
I know that thou hast plentiful  
Eous store of meat  
And useful things to eat;  
Thou art the cleverest conglomeration  
Of much in little! but, an ideal Ration  
In spite of beans, and farinas, and fats,  
Thou bears't too close a likeness unto Spratts!

Oh doubly baked,  
How have my molars ached  
After a bout  
In which they've suffered rout

On thy inexorable flanks! Oh ruthless  
Bane of the dentist! Spectre of the toothless!  
One can but re-attack, and start anew  
To hammer off thee more than one can chew!

I call to mind,  
In years long left behind,  
On Trail and Track,  
How Damper and Flapjack  
For Grub or Tucker I have cooked and eaten;  
And staked a fine digestion, aye and beaten  
The woeful messes. But 'gainst thee to risk it  
Giving thee Victory as I take the biscuit!

'Gainst hunger's prick  
True thou hast proved a brick;  
Oft hast thou saved  
A life or two and staved  
Starvation off; and those who question whether  
More efficacious were a chunk of leather  
Are ingrates, or have never felt the pinch  
Or known the hour their belly bands to cinch.

They label thee  
Iron,—Emergency.  
Thou with thy chief companion—Bully Beef—  
Hast done thy bit in this dire Armageddon  
And when all's over, and I have a spread on  
And feeling mellow, then I may recall  
How true thou wert a Comrade after all.

—R.M.E.

## 15th BATT. SECTION

The 15th Battalion has had two very fine concerts since the last issue of "The Brazier." The first one was given by No. 3 and 4 Companies and it was a huge success. Lieut. Magladery was chairman and he told some of his good old stories in his own interesting way. There were numerous inter-company contests, amongst them a bareback mule wrestling bout that certainly did not lack in "pep."

The second concert given by No. 1 and 2 Companies had as its feature an act by Pte. "Snowball" in which he impersonated "Mademoiselle Marie Louise of Norlahooligan." A feature of the evening was a pick-a-back fight between the officers. In this event Lieut. Peppal managed to lose most of his clothes, much to the onlookers' delight. The evening concluded with some good old Canadian songs around the bonfire.

C.S.M. Gledhill is back from leave

with a happy smile and some still happier memories.

Everybody is pleased over the recent honours awarded to the men of the battalion. The list is published in this copy of The Brazier.

The R.S.M.'s little treat to the Pipe Band on a certain chilly night was apparently greatly relished because the brand of music turned out afterwards was of the very finest kind. The band has recently welcomed into its midst some new pipers and drummers, who will no doubt live up to all the traditions of the unit.

### Forward The Ration Party

Half a step, half a step,  
Half a step onward;  
On o'er the muddy fields,  
"Forward The Ration Party,"  
Wading knee deep they came,

Each loaded down the same;  
Though some of them were lame  
Gallantly they played the game—  
"Forward The Ration Party."

O'er ditch and road they wandered,  
Someone 'twas thought had blundered,  
When suddenly the sergeant thundered  
"Forward The Ration Party."  
Stormed at by N.C.O.'s,  
Onward the party goes;  
Acting like brave heroes,  
While the cry arose—  
"Forward The Ration Party."

"Onward," the sergeant said,  
"Follow the leader ahead,  
Your comrades must be fed.  
Forward The Ration Party."  
Into the dark trench they tumbled,—  
Someone in front had stumbled  
And their load had tumbled;  
They halted, then there rumbled,  
"Forward The Ration Party."

Sentry to right of them,  
Guards to left of them,  
"Halt" from in front and then,  
"Forward the Ration Party."  
Arriving at the S.M.'s bay,  
Down their loads they lay,  
Finished for the day,  
Still they hear him say—  
"Forward The Ration Party."

—A. W. Brown, 15th Batt.