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BRITISH EXPEDITIONARY FORCE.

No. 2.

15th JUNE, 1916.

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WHY NOT THE CARIBOU ?

By RATIO SPOTTONLEY.

"Corn" Evans, the well-known Polar explorer (who must not be confused with that equally famous explorer of the same name, Commander Evans) is of opinion that the horse, although a noble animal and the friend of man, could well be replaced by the caribou on the Western front, and if we only had a Business Government, the horse would undoubtedly be pensioned off, and the caribou would take his place for the following good reasons:—

(i.) The caribou although as strong as a horse, would cost practically nothing to keep. Accustomed as they are, to live on anything they can pick up in the Arctic regions, they would live comfortably on the garbage that is at present burned and buried. Hence the time and expense taken up in building incinerators and digging holes would be done away with. (Personally, we think an ostrich would shine better in this connection—but we'll let that pass. Ed.)

(ii.) The troops would not have to carry around emergency rations day after day, for if the grub supply gave out they could eat the caribou, which is a highly edible food, whereas no self-respecting British Tommy would eat a horse, unless he absolutely had to.

(iii.) If the blankets or supply of goat-skins ever cashed out in winter time, they could use the skins of the caribou, which are warm and worn by the Esquimaux, and they ought to know.

(iv.) Lastly, but by no means least, from an æsthetic point of view, the caribou would be most picturesque, and if at Christmas time, drivers and teamsters were all allowed to discard their razors, they would all look like "Kris Kringles," (it is a well-known fact that Father Christmas uses these noble animals on his annual visit) and their appearance would be very cheering and heartening to the Tommies now on our front.

SAFETY FIRST.

(We are open to receive offers from manufacturers of Safeties for the serial rights of this Limerick. Don't all speak at once!)

There was a young fellow named Gazer,
Who started to shave with a razor,
His hand slipped with fear
When a shell dropped right near,
Now he uses a safety each day, sir.

**UNNATURAL HISTORY NOTES.
CONCERNING ALGERNON.**

We read in an English paper some time ago, of some Tommies adopting an earwig as a mascot and calling him Percy. They've got nothing on us, anyway. When the present writer was living in those dugouts at Romarin during the last wasp season, there used to be a member of that species, who was a real favourite with the boys; they used to call him Algernon. This particular wasp was about the cutest insect outside a circus, you ever saw. He used to be particularly partial to "Plum and Apple," until one day a tin of strawberry arrived, and after that "P and A" was not good enough for him, and he cut out using jam altogether, waiting for some more strawberry to arrive, I guess.

When we drew the rations every afternoon, he used to take one glance at the tins and read "Plum and Apple," then fade away in disgust. One day, however, after we had drawn the rations, when all the tins were labelled "Plum and Apple" as usual, there was one tin that he seemed to freeze right on to, and wouldn't leave until we opened it, when we found to our delight that it contained—Strawberry. Algernon's premonition had been right, although the tin had been labelled incorrectly. Algernon's comrades, however, didn't all behave like Algy did, and at last they became such a nuisance, that the boys decided to smoke them out of the hole between the sandbags where they made their nest.

Algy, however, wasn't going to leave a good home, with free rations every day for the asking, not he. He wasn't that kind of a wasp. What did he do? He had on several occasions watched the boys put on their smoke helmets, and had also attended the lectures on their use. This super-intelligent wasp, as quick as lightning, flicked some strands off a nearby sandbag, and with these made a miniature-sized gas helmet, and chased through the smoke to his now deserted home, as pleased as Punch, and happy as a sandboy. Can you beat that for real downright insectual intelligence?

CAUTION !

When you see the mail clerk coming from the direction of the Brigade Post Office looking like an over-laden pack mule, with six bags on his head, three under each arm, and fourteen mail sacks on his back, don't ask:—"IS THE MAIL IN?" It annoys him.

**AN ACROSTIC TO THOMAS ATKINS.
Esq.**

(By a Soldier at the Front.)

Thomas Atkins, Britain's son,
Here's to brave deeds you have done;
Oft' we have toasted a health to you.
Man and warrior, staunch and true.
All of us your praises sing,
Soldier of our glorious King.
All of us for you do pray,
Thomas, friend, "Here's to the day,"
Keep you are to face the foe,
In every test, come weal come woe,
Now emulating deeds of old,
Soldier of Empire, brave and bold.

(Private G. J. CURRIE, R.A.M.C.)

MARMALADE.

What is it that we often get
In sunny weather and in wet,
In manner that we won't forget?
MARMALADE.

What is it each and every day,
Be our spirits grave or gay,
Comes to cheer us on our way?
MARMALADE.

Though bacon be a mass of fat,
(And not exactly cooked at that),
What do we eat "right off the bat"?
MARMALADE.

When skilly's just a mass of grease,
Our appetite does not increase,
What makes our hunger often cease?
MARMALADE.

When beef is extra special tough,
Why should we ever "cut up rough"?
Of "pozzy" we have heaps enough.
(MARMALADE).

What is so succulent and fruity?
What helps us in our line of duty?
What do we spread upon our "rooty"?
MARMALADE.

ANSWERS TO ENQUIRERS.

(What we have to put up with.)

"Yes! we believe that the next number of the 'N.Y.D.' will be out soon."
"No, it doesn't mean 'Not Yet Dead.'"
"Quite right, it isn't nearly as good as the 'Listening Post.'"
"Sorry the Censor cut out Mike O'Brien's last poem. Guess he thought the Poet Laureate might get jealous and it would lead to complications."
"Yes, we hope its appearance will be less intermittent in future."
"No, it doesn't mean 'New York Daily' nor 'New Year Despatch'?"
"Sorry, the next number hasn't been diagnosed yet—but we hope it will soon."
"What's that? will the paper still be published after the war is over?"
"We guess not!"

The Iodine Chronicle

Printed by kind permission of Lt.-Col. R. P. WRIGHT, Officer Commanding

No. 1 CANADIAN FIELD AMBULANCE.

MANAGING EDITOR:

Major George J. Boyce.

CIRCULATION MANAGER:

Capt. A. D. McConnell.

NEWS EDITOR:

Corpl. R. O. Spreckley.

No. 8.

15th JUNE, 1916.

HEN-OUGH.

To the Editor of the "I.C."

I beg to lay a protest with regard to a most unwarranted liberty taken by your unit with our feeding ground, and in view of the fact that you can now buy hen-fruit at the low price of 20 centimes from my owner, in the purlieus of whose barn you are now resting, we think the action all the more uncalled for. The outrage to which I beg to call your attention is—that you have put a *dressing of creoline upon our favourite manure pile*. We understand that you are in the habit of using H.P., Worcester, Al., and other brands of sauce when engaged in consuming our products, in company with another edible commodity known as *chips*. However that may be, we find that the choicest *grub* is absolutely uneatable when covered with *creoline* or even *chloride of lime*.

Your hen-raged correspondent,
PLYMOUTH ROCK.

[Sorry! Sanitary duties must be carried out at whatever the cost.—ED.]

AMPOULES.

In a recent number of our scintillating contemporary, the "Listening Post," there is a bright little story relating to two kippers, caught in a fire trench, being wrapped in an "Iodine Chronicle." The story sounds *fishy* to us.

Nevertheless, a lot of our readers are quite *wrapped up* in the "I.C." (Although we do not mean to imply that they are kippers, some of them are *carp-ing* critics, all the same.)

The rumour that some of the recently-promoted "Lance-Jacks" have contracted dislocated shoulders owing to the extra weight, caused by a chevron on the right arm, is absolutely denied in official circles.

"A" SECTION NOTES.

We learn that a certain "A" Section man who had his head shaved the other morning, so that it shone in a manner that reflected in the sun for miles around, was accused of signalling to the enemy by heliograph, as he was seen to lift his hat three times in succession.

Sergt. W. H. Button, "Josh" Robinson, and W. H. Bagley have lately been to "Blighty" on pass. "Bag." got a slight wound in the cheek the day before he went on leave, so he just escaped a "Blighty" of another sort.

Durlin Fletcher who got a G.S.W. in the leg has now returned to duty, whilst Phillips, who was wounded some time later, we now believe is in England.

SOME SNOWSTORM.

(But when it comes to mud!)

The snow it falls round Ottawa,
Full many inches deep,
And o'er the snow piles of St. John,
One often has to leap,
Whilst in the streets of Montreal
'Most nearly every day,
A tidy fortune oft is made
Just clearing it away.

The snowy flakes wrap old Quebec,
Each year in mantle white,
And blizzards howl round Charlottetown
Oft on a wintry night;
Whilst as for Kingston City, when
The icy snow-flakes fall,
I've heard it gets so deep that you
Can't see the town at all.

But tho' it snows in Canada,
As everybody knows,
(Thanks of course to Rudyard's sonnet,
"Lady of the snows,")
In Flanders came a fall of snow,
(It makes one's flesh to creep),
The snow it was so awful thick,
'Twas *fully one inch deep*.

STRETCHER BEARERS AT THE DOUBLE.

Two reinforcements arrived recently from England, one a sergeant, and the other a full blown private, and they reported to "No. One," when the following conversation took place:—

S.M. (to sergeant)—"We're sorry, but we sent down for reinforcements, not for N.C.O.'s. If you stay with us, I'm afraid you'll have to take off those stripes."

S.M. (turning to the private).—"And what are you?"

F.B. Private:—"I'm the sergeant's batman, sir!"

(Collapse of S.M.).

QUERIOSITIES.

Does the Censor have to read all of those 98 pages that an "A" Section man writes to a little girl in Scotland, every week?

How many "Lonely Soldiers" are there in "C" Section?

Who was the man who called it an "All-over" equipment?

Who is the greatest orator:—Jonesey or Ben Tillet?

Who was the "A" Section delegate who dreamed that he had a fifty thousand dollar-bill and couldn't get it changed?

Who was the man in the H.T. who called a strike when the ball went over the roof?

"B" SECTION NOTES.

Wanted.—Two efficient cooks for "B" Section, warranted not to set the *cook-house on fire*.

By the way, hearty congrats. to Clarence upon the acquisition of a second stripe. Also to J. Grey and E. T. Westby upon being made Lance-Corporals.

Recent reinforcements to "B" Section include T. H. Diechart, E. C. Dickson, J. D. Elliott and C. Thomas.

Sgt. A. M. Gibson, M. Crossman, J. Mitchell, and our celebrated circulation agent, Bill Long, have recently returned from pass in Angleterre.

"C" SECTION NOTES.

We regret to announce that Honest Joe is suffering from nerve shock owing to appalling circumstances. He had been carrying a tin around with him in his kit for three weeks thinking it was cold chicken, but when he came to open it he found that it contained—
M A R M A L A D E!!!

Our friend the noted Jimmy —

The famous Jimmy Camm,
(Dispenser in the Q.M. Stores
Of bread and cheese and jam.)

Has gained a fresh distinction,

Now has an added charm—

He proudly wears a "Bow-wow's leg"
Upon his sturdy arm.

G. S. Hitch has recently returned to England for the purpose of taking up a commission in a British Infantry Regiment. The good wishes of all go with him.

We thought we heard a gas alarm

A-calling the "alert,"

We sprang to at the signal in

A manner quick and curt.

But we did very soon find out

That we were "up a tree,"

'Twas Professor Cotti tootling

An extra prolonged "G."

A. Cockerham and G. Hainsworth have recently been in the old country on leave.

HORSE TRANSPORT NOTES.

Corporal D. A. McDonald has returned from Abbeville where he has been taking up a six weeks course in Cold Shoeing.

Congrats. to Staff.-Sergt. W. D. Foran upon his promotion, also to Sergeants W. Wingrove and C. Murphy, and Corporal J. K. Lacey upon their elevation to their present ranks.

Joseph Price, Esq., upon being elected President of the H. T. Baseball Club, has graciously donated 100 centimes to Club Funds.

Who is the rough-rider who uses a stock saddle on his broncho. (Blokey Lewis says when he was in the Esquimaux Navy they didn't never use no stock saddles).

THE DESPATCH RIDER.

(Respectfully dedicated to PRIVATE E. TROTTIER.)

- 1 He's a care-free tyke,
On a motor bike,
A-whizzing gaily along.
With a care-free load,
O'er the pavè road,
He blithely whistles a song.

(We've never heard "Trot." sing, let alone whistle, it is true, but then we have to make the 3rd and 6th lines rhyme at whatever the cost.)

- 2 Tho' his motor jumps,
When it hits the bumps
That may lay upon the track.
On his mission bent,
He is all intent
For he's bound for *there* and back.

(We think that the above verse is equal to Rudyard Kipling and Michael O'Brien at their best.)

- 3 Past horses and carts,
See he swiftly darts
Past wagons and lorries grim.
He dodges his way,
Like an elf at play,
They can't put it over *him*.

(We're quite proud of that allusion to an elf. All of the best poets do that sort of thing.)

- 4 When the road is shelled,
And the traffic held
By a heavy cannonade.
Nought must hold him back—
And his iron hack
Springs forward undismayed.

(After penning this last stanza we feel like asking "Trot." for a loan of 5 francs. One good turn, etc.)

A-dodging the shell
That may fall pell-mell,
Havoc and death in its train.
With his goal in view,
He must skelter through,
Tho' the shrapnel falls like rain.

(Now that hens' eggs are down to tuppence apiece, we believe that our D. R. has quite as much to do with egg shells as the other kind. But we'll let that pass.)

- 6 The boy at the front,
Who is doing his stunt,
A-hurting down the pike.
Is making a hit
And doing his bit
On his trusty motor bike.

(After that concluding stanza we really think we'll be able to raise that proposed loan to 10 francs at least.)

CHOP SUEY.

A bum cook spoils the skilly.
Ten francs in the hand is worth
twenty at the pay office.

A stitch in time does away with the
need for Bachelor's Buttons.

Private Bill Muffet,
Sat on a tuffet,
Eating some Bully for dinner.
An Allemand spied him,
A shell dropped beside him,
And he *hiked* like a Marathon
winner.

PLAY BALL.

Spring is here! so's the war, so are we, and so is baseball. Little did we dream when we left the Land of the Maple, that we'd be playing the National Game behind the firing line in France six months later. But it was so, and that over a year ago. Now another season is here, and the old team, weakened it is true by the loss of several valuable players, but as game as ever, is ready again (when the Huns permit) to uphold the honour of No. 1 against all comers. Last year we made a bold bid for the championship of the division, being beaten only by the fine team of the D.A.C. Better luck this time!

One game in particular will always be remembered by us, for while it was in progress, Fritz threw over a few shrapnel, a fragment from which, falling near the first base, caused the base runner to steal second in a hurry. Ty. Cobb had nothing on that fellow!

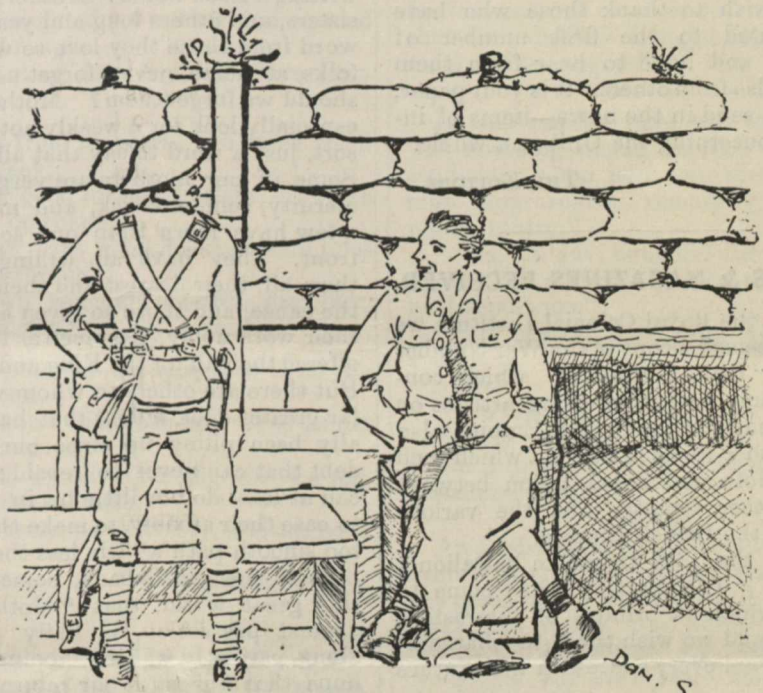
This year, we are without our old first and third base men, Ken Mundell and Louis Daley, but we hope to find

AN EDITOR'S DIARY.

Monday.—Get up this a.m. with a feeling of impending disaster—and my worst fears are realised when a full private informs me that he had "nearly kicked the slats off of his cradle" with laughing when he first heard a certain joke that recently appeared in our highly original paper, the "I.C." Later in the day gets a still further shock when another reader informs me that he first read "An ode to an Oyster," appearing in our columns by one of our distinguished poets, at the time of the Crimean War.

Tuesday.—Am informed to-day that there is by far *too much poetry* in the "I.C." Later another reader informs me that there is *too much prose* in the same journal. Feel still more discouraged.

Wednesday.—Bitterly criticised for not giving enough knocks in our paper; say I ought to be more personal. Later am held up by another disgruntled reader who says we are *much too personal*, and all such items should be discontinued at once. Begin to feel as if "I'd lost all ambition in life," as the song says.



"How do you like the new hard tack, Jim?"
"Fine! Makes the best dug-out floor I ever slept on!"

Drawn for the "I.C." by

Pte. Don Stuart.

equally good substitutes from the Section teams. These teams have played several exciting games during the past few days, C. Section beating A., B. Section beating C., and the sergeants' team trimming C. Section, after a hard game; but the game which caused most excitement was undoubtedly the one between our Officers, and the Officers of No. 3 C.C.S., which was won by our team after a hard tussle, by 11—10. Capt. Clarke pitched a great game for our side, and the appearance of Col. Ross, behind the bat in the fifth innings, was the signal for a great outburst of cheering from the spectators. The former O.C. of this unit fully maintained his great reputation both as a catcher and a hard hitter. Our team went to bat in the last innings with 2 runs wanted to win, and these they just succeeded in getting. Altogether the Baseball outlook seems very promising and in the intervals when we're off duty, we hope to meet (and beat) several of our old rivals of the Diamond.

Thursday. Received lengthy articles, 999,998 words in length, knocking the paymaster. Part of the complaint is that if he was really on to his job he would pay us 15 francs everyday and 20 francs on Saturdays. Quite agree with article, but dread getting in wrong with that official in case I ever want to solicit him for an extra *touch* at any time.

Friday.—Worse and worse! To-day receive no less than seventeen contributions knocking the cooks. Would like to insert them all, but scared of offending these worthies. (They'd get back at me when the daily bacon ration is issued out. Am particularly partial to bacon.) Don't know what to do. Strain of the situation beginning to tell on me.

Saturday.—Slightly encouraged to-day when I have wholesale compliments thrown at the "I.C.," and the usefulness of the journal in question is extolled—but hopes are dashed to the ground when my informant states that its usefulness lies in that it is so handy to *clean out his mess tin with*.

THE SPLINT RECORD

Printed by kind permission of Lt.-Col. E. B. HARDY, O.C.

No. 2 FIELD AMBULANCE.

1st Canadian Division.

B. E. F.

No. 4. EDITOR: Major J. J. Fraser.

15th JUNE, 1916.

NEWS EDITOR: Sergt. E. B. Rogers.

EDITORIAL.

There is a maxim in the Army—all that happens is not told. We could tell many interesting things about our present location, but *taisez vous*.

We have always pictured an editor as sitting in his shirt sleeves at a rosewood desk smoking a briar pipe, and reporters, composers, etc., rushing in to him with copy. In reality he is here to-day and gone to-morrow. One day in the salon of a fine chateau, sitting in front of a *bon* fireplace and drinking afternoon tea; the next he may be sitting in a damp little dug-out, over a brazier, mud oozing in from all sides, a half-dead cigarette between his lips, and trying to do a write up on the cheerful and optimistic spirit of Tommy at the front.

We wish to thank those who have contributed to the first number of N.Y.D., and hope to hear from them again, also from others. It is your paper, boys, so send in the news—items of interest concerning the Unit as a whole.

THE EDITORS.

BOOKS & MAGAZINES RECEIVED.

From the Royal Colonial Institute we have received a copy of the War Number of the "United Empire," which contains some very interesting articles on the Colonies of the British Empire, also many other items of interest which tend to promote permanent union between the Mother Country and the various parts of the British Empire.

From the 16th Canadian Battalion a copy of "The Brazier" has come to hand, which is brimful of interesting matter, and we wish those in charge of this journal every success in their future issues.

From Sir Max Aitken, M.P., Canadian Record Officer, we have received a copy of "Canada in Flanders," which we read with much interest, especially as we are approaching the anniversary of the many stirring events which are so ably related in this little volume.

The "Forty-Niner" is the title of the very interesting magazine of the 49th Canadian Infantry Battalion, of which we are privileged to have a copy. This journal has some 32 pages of very lively and interesting reading matter. We have taken the liberty of publishing in this number of the "Splint Record" a very good article, entitled "Mother," which is copied from its pages, and we wish the Editorial Staff every success in the future.

RATHER DIFFICULT.

Cheerful One (to newcomer, on being asked what the trenches are like): "If yer stands up yer get sniped; if yer keeps down yer gets drowned; if yer moves about yer gets shelled, and if yer stands still yer gets court-martialled for frost-bite."—*Punch*.

From the 'Forty-Niner,' the Magazine of the 49th Can. Batt. Canadian Overseas Expeditionary Force.

MOTHER.

It would surprise the average man if he were allowed to get a glimpse of the many, yes, very many, letters that are received by the officers of the Battalion, and not a few by the post corporal, asking if so-and-so has received any letters lately, and, if he has, would it be possible to let the writers know whether all is well, as they have not received a word for so long? Boys, these letters leave room for a great deal of reflection. Who are those who are neglecting this great duty, which is beholden of us all, that of writing a letter home? Mothers, fathers, sisters, and others long and yearn for a word from those they love so well. The folks at home never forget us, so why should we forget them? Mothers more especially look for a weekly note of some sort, just a word to say that all is O.K. Some of our mothers are verging near eternity, some are sick, and more than a few have more than one son at the front. They have all willingly given them all, their dearest and their best, for the cause, and those so given are doing their work nobly, inasmuch as they have offered their all for the King and country. But there are others to whom we owe a far greater debt, a debt that has gradually been piling up since our birth, a debt that can never be repaid; but we can at least do our little bit in an effort to ease their anxiety, to make their none too smooth path a little less thorny.

Somewhere in Canada, somewhere in this great world, that "Mother," our dearest possession, is daily plodding along, patiently waiting, hoping with a hope that burns for our return. Daily her milestones of life are running out, and one day that great separation must come when memory only will be left, and times like these will stand out the most clear. What shall we think if we have not done our duty by her in this little respect? So, boys, don't let the weeks go by without a word to her who has been our all in all. In travail and pain she bore you, and through your life has with a smile borne with your idiosyncracies, and when the day comes and she is gathered with her own, let that separation be such that she may know that where'er her son wandered she was never forgotten.

JUNIUS.

AN APPRECIATION.

We appreciate very much the kindness of Miss Florence Booth, of Manchester, England, in sending us the verses which appear in this issue of our paper. We are sure that they will be read with great interest, not only by our own boys, but also by those who are fortunate enough to secure a copy of our paper.

EDITORS.

THE RED CROSS CAR.

They are bringing them back who went forth so bravely.

Grey, ghost-like cars down the long, white road

Come gliding, each with its cross of scarlet

On canvas hood, and its heavy load
Of human sheaves from the crimson harvest

That greed and falsehood and hatred sowed.

Maimed and blinded and torn and shattered,

Yet with hardly a groan or cry

From lips as white as linen bandage—

Though a stifled prayer, "God, let me die!"

Is wrung, maybe, from a soul in torment,
As the car with the blood-red cross goes by.

Oh, Red Cross car! What a world of anguish

On noiseless wheels you bear night and day!

Each one that comes from the field of slaughter

Is a moving Calvary, painted grey
And over the water, at home in England,
"Let's play at soldiers!" the children say.

ADA LEONORA HARRIS.

A NIGHT AT AN ADVANCED DRESSING STATION.

By one of our M.O.'s.

———, '16.—Bosches dropped 100 shells in the neighbourhood of men's billets and cook-house, greatly to cook's discomfort, annoying him exceedingly, in that he was unable to continue his work, except at short intervals.

———, 6 p.m.—Shell activity shifted to village of ———, catching party, and wounding six, incidentally delaying the noble rescue work of our stretcher bearers, by curtaining off the road for fifteen minutes, by a very hot and rapid fire.

———, 7 p.m.—Gradual increase of incoming supply of German shells. Climax was reached at 4.15 a.m., when twenty-six shells were counted in four minutes.

———, 4.55 a.m. to 4.59 a.m.—Nineteen shells came in, and from then on they became more courteous, sending the remainder at about five minutes interval, with wonderful regularity and precision.

To quote from the big book, "Hell popped this night"—

Observation—(1) Conservative estimate of shells put in within a radius of one hundred yards, 300 in past ten hours.

Casualties—(1) Very slight.

Observation—(2) Under heavy fire, when alone in the darkness of night, there is almost an uncontrollable desire to wish the blank war was over. (Also personal).

A. A. A.

The First Book of The Chronicles of the
2nd FIELD AMBULANCE.

CHAPTER III.

1. Now it came to pass on the same day, that the Great Chief spoke unto the Chosen Commander, saying:

2. This day shalt thou also have journey to the Great City, even unto the City of Quebec, thy chariots, thy horses and the horsemen thereof.

3. And they shall take with them all thy substance, thy tents and thy goods, even unto the soothing herbs for divers diseases.

4. And it came to pass after the Great Chief had spoken, that one, chosen above all the others, appeared before the Chosen Commander.

5. Unto whom was given power, and he was set over all manner of transport.

6. And he hearkened unto the words spoken to him, he being learned in the ways of obedience from his youth up.

7. And forthwith was summoned unto him, one Perley, he being wise in the ways and manners of horses, unto whom he spoke, saying:

8. Unto me this day is given a commandment which I give unto you.

9. Straightway shalt thou prepare thyself and the people that are under you, and they shall journey this day, even unto the Great City.

10. And behold, it came to pass at the sixth hour, that Brown, the leader of horses and transport, skilled in the treatment of all manner of diseases of man and beast, did set out upon the day's journey.

11. And with him went one McKillip and one Jeffs, and all the transport of horses and waggons, and great was the length and the fullness thereof, even unto the vessels containing the water.

12. And it came to pass that at the hour of sunset, they halted near the Great City, even in the field of the park thereof.

13. And the Chosen Commander spoke unto the Leader, saying:

14. Do thou and thy transport tarry awhile here in this place, I pray thee, even unto the day that one, Langton, a Commander, doth bid thee.

15. And behold, five days did Brown, the Leader, and Jeffs, his companion, tarry in the wilderness.

16. And their wrath waxed greatly even unto the saying of many words; and with them stayed Flossie, a mascot.

17. At the end of the fifth day, did they call together unto one place, Perley, the Sergeant of horses and his horsemen, and Kells, the master of cooks and his helpers, and spoke unto them, saying:

18. Five days have we dwelt in this place of desolation, and our souls have cried against our inaction.

19. Five days have we borne the wrath of the heavens, and our spirit is troubled within us

20. Five days have we borne with thy strife and thy conduct, even the drinking of much and fiery liquids.

21. But on this the sixth day, are we gladdened in heart, for the word of the Commander has come unto us.

22. And straightway with a shout and great joy, they gathered together all their possessions, even unto the least

thereof, and journeyed through the Great City even unto the Great River.

23. And entered the good ship "Arcadian," a ship of pleasure and happiness, with the kindest of masters.

24. And it came to pass on the same day, the horses and waggons and all the stores and equipment were, with great toil, put in the dark places in the bottom of a great vessel.

25. And the heart of Brown, the leader, was lifted up, and he rejoiced and cried: "All is well with my men, my horses and my waggons; come, let us make merry."

TO THE BOY AT THE FRONT.

An Appreciation of the "Splint Record."

We are pleased with the "Record," but want something more,
For my heart gave a bound, when it came through the door,
Hoping perchance, a long letter too
Would have been included, dear boy,
from you.

Though the paper is full of excellent stuff,
And no doubt you thought it a dose quite enough;
While delighted we read it and re-read it through,
Still a letter, dear boy, we crave from you.

We note from its pages, you have risen in rank,
For your good luck and safety, the fates we do thank,
And pray that good fortune will pilot you through,
While we welcome a letter, dear boy,
from you.

We are proud of the fact, that to us you belong,
For we know that your heart is so tender and strong,
And will bravely face all, for the red, white and blue,
So it cheers us, dear boy, a letter from you.

FLORENCE BOOTH.

FOOTBALL.

On the afternoon of the 24th March, we had a very pleasant football match with No. 3 Field Ambulance. The day turned out very wet, and the ground was in anything but good shape. Our boys did remarkably well under the circumstances, although No. 3 played superior football. In the first half of the game we were leading by the score of a goal to nil. This goal was presented to us by one of No. 3 players accidentally putting the ball through his own goal.

In the second half of the game, our boys were showing signs of fatigue, and No. 3 placed two goals to their credit which on the play they fully deserved. A very enjoyable game ending in favour of No. 3 Field Ambulance by the score of two goals to one.

The following team represented No. 2 Field Ambulance on this occasion:—Private Dalziel, Corporal Swann, Privates Birkett, Davis, Boswell, Lamont, Duncan, Hackson, Neal, Stiles and Young.

ABSENT-MINDED, VERY.

There was a certain Corporal,
Filled with needless alarm,
He thought he'd lost the Convoy Book,
'Twas underneath his arm.

TIT BITS FROM HOME.

Pat, wishing to enlist for overseas, presented himself at the recruiting depot. The Sergeant in charge looked him over and said:

"No, we can't take you."

"Why?" asked Pat.

"Because you are blind in one eye," said the Sergeant.

"What difference does that make?" asked Pat.

"Why," said the Sergeant, "don't you know that when you shoot off a gun you have to have one eye closed."

"Well," retorted Pat, "begorra I'm all ready to shoot now?"

A returned soldier was telling his thrilling adventures on the field of battle to a party of young fellows, one or two of whom were very sceptical as to his veracity. "Then," he said, "the surgeons took me up and laid me carefully in the ammunition wagon and"—

"Look here!" interrupted one of the doubtful listeners, "you don't mean the ammunition wagon, you mean the ambulance wagon."

But the soldier shook his head, "No," he insisted, "I was so full of bullets that they decided I ought to go on the ammunition wagon."

It was raining hard and the sentry was standing inside his box eating a sandwich, when half way through it a man approached, remarking: "Wet night, sentry."

"Yes, ain't it; but don't stand talking to me, the corporal is sore to-day and he'll report me."

"But sentry, don't you know who I am?"

"No!"

"I'm General —"

"Holy smoke! Hold my sandwich while I present arms," exclaimed the astonished sentry.

An Irish soldier on sentry duty, having orders to allow no one smoking to pass the lines, halted an officer with a lighted cigar and made him throw it away before proceeding to his destination. No sooner was the officer's back turned than Pat picked up the discarded cigar, and the officer, on glancing back, saw a cloud of smoke issuing from the sentry box. Returning he challenged Pat for smoking while on duty.

"Smoking is it, Sor!" exclaimed Pat. "Sure an' I'm only keeping it alight to show the corporal when he comes around as evidence against you."

WHAT THE BRITISH FLEET HAS DONE.

The British Fleet has guarded the transport of 2,500,000 men. It has brought home more than half a million invalids. It has protected the carrying of 3,000,000 tons of food and supplies for Great Britain. It has made safe the conveying of 800,000 horses. It has insured the supplies and munitions to the value of a billion and a half dollars. It has patrolled and policed the sea lanes of the world for a year and a half; so, though the most colossal war that ever shook the world is in progress, the remotest sea lane outside the mined areas is safe as in times of peace.

NOW AND THEN

BEING THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF

No. 3 **CANADIAN FIELD AMBULANCE,**

1st Canadian Division, B.E.F.

(Published by kind permission of Lt.-Col. C. P. TEMPLETON, O.C.)

EDITOR Staff-Sergt. A. J. B. Milborne.

No. 3.

15th JUNE, 1916.

EN PASSANT.

Usually when an Editor sits down to write his foreword he has his previous efforts available for reference, but in this case our second issue has not yet been received from the printer, and as the publisher, who incidentally belongs to our sister Unit No. 1 is at present residing in a cellar, from which it is reported he can only emerge at night with safety, the publication may be rather indefinitely postponed. However, it is hoped to get this issue out on time.

We have had the pleasure of exchanging with *L'Echo des Guitounes*, the "organe officiel des poilus du 144e de ligne," and with the aid of our French-English dictionary we have much enjoyed the contents of its bright pages.

It is with deep regret that we note the death of Lieut. Harold Heber Owen, of the Seventh Battalion, killed in action on the 31st January, 1916. It is interesting to note that Lieut. Owen previously held a commission in a British Columbian Regiment, but when the First Canadian Division was formed at Valcartier a vacancy could not be found for him. Rather than be left behind he resigned his commission and joined the 3rd Canadian Field Ambulance in which he served with the rank of Sergeant until the 4th of June, 1915, when he received a commission in the Seventh Battalion. Whilst with us he did excellent work, particularly at Sling Plantation Camp. He was a fourth year medical student and admirably fitted for his various duties. For a time he acted as M.O. of the 17th Battalion. All ranks of this Unit unite in sympathy and condolence with the bereaved family.

We are glad to welcome back to the Unit, Staff-Sergt. G. J. Bowen, who, after being laid low for some time with trench fever and a combination of other ills, has now regained his health.

Congratulations to—

Lt.-Col. Templeton on his promotion to that rank.

Major A. S. Donaldson on receiving his majority.

Capt. D. J. Cochrane, on the occasion of his marriage.

TRANSPORT NEWS.

(Deleted by Censor.)

Why have the Sergeants got such a rattling good mess at present?

Because the Cook is a Ford!

(The perpetrator of this has been evacuated.—Ed.)

Sporting Writer required at once on the staff of this paper. Full particulars as to salary on application to the Editor.

THE NEWS RAG-BAG

(To the music of "They built Piccadilly for me.")

(Readers will recognise in Sergeant Rowland's parody a description of the quaint news vendor at —.)

You can tell by my style and my clothes I'm the bloke, yes, that everyone knows, It's one life of pleasure, I walk at my leisure,

My stride to an inch is correct soldier's measure.

I walk up and down old B— from sunrise to closing of day,

I do the same beat till I've worn out my feet,

And the soles of my boots half away.

Good news this morning from England and Scotland,

You hear me shout out all the day, It's always good news, Sir, from Russia and Persia,

For I'm always cheerful and gay; Kitchener's good, Sir, so's Harry

Lauder, The Dardanelles too, Sir, is full up

with water, That's news, Sir, good news, Sir,

and will make all the lads shout "Hooray!"

The Germans are beat, Sir, they've nothing to eat, Sir,

Bon jour, Sir, merci, Sir, good-day.

With a piece out of each trouser leg, And a crease that a soldier might beg,

I saunter and toddle, the real tailor's model,

Selling my papers and wagging my noddle;

I stroll in the bar at the "Faucon,"

The troops they all bow in my train,

I shout out "what cheer," then I drink someone's beer,

Kiss the barmaid and walk out again.

Good news this morning from London and Dublin,

Ten Zeppelins brought down to-day. Canada's good, Sir, and so is Gib-

raltar, The Isle of Man's floating away.

Horatio Bottomley's joined the New Army,

And Mrs. Pankhurst has been certified barmy.

That's news, Sir, good news, Sir,

I said to the General at tea, if on leave you should go, Sir,

I'll manage the show, Sir,

General Humbug, the big bug, that's me!

In the morn when I awake from the doorstep,

I'm off and I tango and goose-step,

The children all chase me, the dogs they all bite me,

And the folks in Bug Alley they all want to fight me;

I make bags of money, it's funny, by shouting I've good news to-day.

It's always the same—but I've got a good name— And I'm loved by the soldiers Anglais.

Good news this morning, and good times are coming,

George Robey has joined up to-day,

And so has George Formby, the pride of Old Wigan,

We're getting the lads now, hooray! Who'll buy my papers, they're only

a week old, I'm off to Patee for a month when

they're sold. Good news, boys, plenty good, boys,

A soldier I'd much like to be, So when the war's over, I'll pack

off to Dover And 'list in the old A.S.C.

E. C. H. ROWLANDS, Sergt.,
H.Q., 2nd Corps, B.E.F.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Mac."—Unfortunately we haven't got a copy of water polo rules with us, so we are unable to answer the point you raise.

C.S.—If you do not intend to accept, of course, you will have to buy the lady a silk dress.

C. Section Bearer.—We refer you to the R.A.M.C. Training Manual for the methods of using a tourniquet. Perhaps your Sectional Staff Sergeants could help you out.

LITERATURE RECEIVED (?)

"Communique, their Value and Uses, (By Arthur Turner.)—This book, now published in pocket form, is a treatise on the art of reading Official Communique. It discusses from both the optimistic and pessimistic view points the value of the various official statements. The edition also contains a glossary of terms used and the final chapter, "How I think the War will end," is a summing up of conclusions formed from a careful reading of parliamentary news, blue books, and the press of Fort William.

We are informed that one of our Staff Sergeants is composing a parody of the song "If you can't get a girl in the summer-time." We expected to be able to print it in this issue, but it is evidently not yet completed. We hear it starts something like this:—

If you can't carry a pack in the summer-time,

You'll never carry a pack at all, Packs are light in the summer-time, Practically nothing at all. &c.

OVERHEARD AT THE BASEBALL MATCH.

"They call it rahnders over 'ome, but the way they play it, it looks like blankety murder."

FOR ALL.

Learn to cultivate a smile,
You will find it worth your while,
Someone's trouble to beguile.
Let your voice be softly heard,
Speaking oft a gentle word,
Frequent grumbings are absurd.
All too soon your life will pass,
Do not spend your days, alas,
Vainly looking in the glass.
But for others have a thought,
Never let your love be bought,
Sympathy is best unsought.
Strive to live that in the end,
When your spirit shall transcend,
Some may feel they have lost a friend.

FLORENCE BOOTH.

SOME GAME.

I'll go one, said Belgium.
I'll go two, said France.
I'll go three, said Russia,
Because I've got a chance.
I'll go four, said Germany,
And wipe all off the map.
But the Hun collapsed, when Britain
said,
"I reckon I'll go Nap."



Present address required of this "South African Veteran." Please forward any information to the Mail orderly. It is reported that he was last seen in a shell crater.

SILENT HEROES.

(The following lines which were found on the person of a dead hero, who gave his life for his King and Country, speak for themselves).

All honor be to those who win
The cross "for Valour" on the field,
Who steadfast fought and would not yield,
Through all the battle strife and din.
But there are those who faced the foe
With gallantry as great and grand,
Yet no one saw them make their stand,
And thus the world will never know.

A CANADIAN EDISON.

(By our Special Correspondent.)

The Editor assigned to me the task of looking up Mr. Charles Bemberton-Pilling, who has sprung into prominence recently on account of his many inventions. I found him serving with a Field Ambulance in Flanders. It has been whilst on active service that many of his schemes have been evolved, although, unfortunately, his military duties prevent him from carrying out the necessary experiments to perfect his appliances.

Armed with a special pass, a note book and pencil, I found Mr. Pilling engaged in dressing a patient's arm in the Hospital.

On the completion of the dressing I introduced myself to the young inventor.

A smile passed over his face as he asked me to be seated. I found him very willing to talk and after a few generalities he entered into a few facts concerning his career. An Englishman by birth, he had emigrated to Canada in his teens and had spent a good part of his time in Regina. Of a mechanical turn of mind, machinery had always interested him, and he had hoped to take up the engineering profession. On account of a delicate constitution, however, he found he was unable to stand the strain of a mechanic's life and had been compelled to make his living as a salesman. Despite this handicap, his spare time has been devoted to the reading of technical literature, and experimenting on a small scale.

"What was your first invention, Mr. Pilling?" I queried.

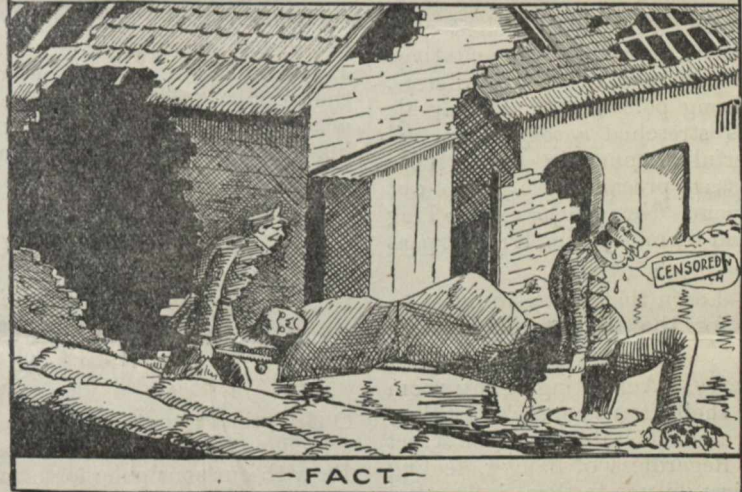
"The idea is not patented yet, but, as you know, the difficulty with anti-aircraft shells is the damage done and danger created to non-combatants, if the shell fails to hit the object aimed at and falls to the ground. Now my shell is rendered quite harmless and brought safely to earth by means of a parachute. The parachute is affixed to the interior of the shell, which is of the percussion type, and retained in position by the air pressure on the nose. On reaching the culminating point of its trajectory or flight, the velocity of the missile is practically nil, and the lowering of the air pressure releases the parachute."

"Wonderful," I cried in admiration, "and—"

"I hope you won't say too much," broke in the inventor, "as, of course, certain of the details are not yet worked



— FICTION —



— FACT —

Drawn for "Now and Then," by

Sgt. T. W. Whitefoot.

"There were so many things that I started on that I was unable to finish, so that is rather a difficult question to answer. My first patented machine was my Macaroni Drill for boring holes in macaroni. I made several hundred dollars on this appliance but, unfortunately, I lost all my profit in research work for my Potted Air for Divers. Other little things that I patented in the early days were a combined umbrella and fishing rod and an oxy-hydrogen blowing apparatus for welding spots on rocking horses."

"I understand that since you have been in Flanders, you have placed many ideas at the disposal of the War Office."

"Yes, quite a few," replied Mr. Pilling.

"My readers would be very pleased to hear particulars of any of your military inventions. What of your new anti-aircraft shell?"

out. Now you must excuse me, as I have to conduct some experiments with my new ray."

"Ray? Mr. Pilling," I asked, "I had not heard that you were experimenting with a new ray. What is its purpose?"

"It will de-atomise steel," modestly answered this young Edison.

"But the war!" I ejaculated. "Any power—"

"Yes, yes. The power that owns that ray will make the enemy's artillery and firearms crumble to dust. I must say nothing more."

Despite my repeated requests I could draw nothing further from Mr. Pilling. On changing the subject I discovered that Mr. Pilling for relaxation reads the "Daily Mail," and is greatly interested in the articles by Hilaire Belloc.

A warm handshake and mutual good luck wishes, and I wished the young Canadian "Good-bye."

A CANADIAN WOODLAND.

(A Springtime Wish from Flanders.)

A myriad trillions raise their heads
 Within the sylvan glades,
 The wild arbutus gently clings
 Beneath the woodland shades.
 The maple shoots its buds with glee
 At coming of the Spring,
 And with the cries of countless birds
 A million echoes ring.

Far from the conflict and the strife,
 Within a peaceful dell,
 Glad nature blossoms as of yore,
 And casts her subtle spell.
 O, gladsome woodland of delight,
 So peaceful and so fair;
 Just for one hour of sweet repose,
 I would that I were there.

FURTHER EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF A CANADIAN WAR CORRESPONDENT AT THE FRONT.

Monday.—Having been fired from the "Montreal Moonbeam" and the "Ottawa Owl," have been successful in being employed by the "Winnipeg Whisper," and "Calgary Calliope" to represent them at the front. To-day arrive in France, but the name of a town from which I am writing, wrapped in secrecy. Book a room at an hotel, but cannot sleep very well when I realize that the enemy's trenches are only 50 miles away. Fears are unfounded however, for one day at least, as I am quite undisturbed by enemy's *whiz-bangs*, of which one reads so much about.

Tuesday.—Take a walk round outskirts of town and marvel much at what are apparently marvellous preventatives against enemy air raids at different points.—Long poles placed at intervals with wires stretched across—surprised at wonderful manner in which these very necessary precautions are kept out of the papers. Nevertheless wrote long article upon them, trusting it might pass the Censor.

Later.—Learn that poles in question are used for the purpose of growing hops.

Wednesday.—Am sitting in my room when a shell from enemy's artillery falls with a considerable report on street outside. Regardless of danger, feeling that my first duty is to those influential papers that have employed me, run off 15 foolscap pages of copy describing the thrill and emotion of being under shell fire for the first time.

Later.—On going into street learn that report which I mistook for a shell was caused through the puncturing of a tyre on a Ford Car.

Thursday.—Absolutely marvellous in the manner in which sound travels in this country. Hear distinctly machine-gun fire coming from the first line trenches, although they are two score and ten miles distant. Write of this remarkable phenomenon fully for the "Whisper" and "Calliope."

Later.—Am afraid prognostication with regard to sound slightly incorrect. It appears that what I heard was infantry at machine-gun practice, two fields away.

Friday.—Rather quiet day until walking down side street, come across evidence of terrific havoc wrought by

German guns upon a row of cottages. Take photographs from 19 different view points of disastrous consequences of warfare upon the civilian population, and sent them to Winnipeg and Calgary papers.

Later.—Learn that the cottages were wrecked by a motor lorry backing into them.

Saturday.—Am told to-day by the Censor, much to my surprise and indignation, that I am giving the people in Canada an absolutely false and inaccurate idea of things as they are at the front, and he gives me 12 hours to get out of the country. However, "It's an ill wind, &c.," for I intend embodying my wonderful experiences of the past week in a book to be entitled "The Great War as I saw it," and I hope to first produce the same in serial form in the columns of "N. Y. D."

(*Nuthin' doin', Ed. "N. Y. D."*)

"FINE AND DANDY."

A short time ago we were required to fill up a form in which we had to state for the umptieth time, our name, rank, regimental number, length of service and so on. A popular character in "No. 1," who has had considerable publicity in the columns of the "I. C.," filled out the form with the exception of the item at the bottom, which was entitled "REMARKS." He gazed at the word with indecision stamped on his noble features for a few moments and scratched his head, but feeling at peace with all the world, a brilliant inspiration suddenly seized him, and he wrote in his usual flowing hand, "Fine and dandy." Having so satisfactorily solved the problem, he handed the form in accompanied with that honest smile of his which has made him so famous.

ANNIVERSARY OF ST. JULIEN.

(*This beautiful hymn was sung in Canada at a Memorial Service held on the anniversary of the Second Battle of Ypres.*)

O God, the strength of those who war,
 The hope of those who wait,
 Be with our sons gone forth to fight,
 And those who keep the gate.

We drew the sword to kept our troth
 Free from dishonour's stain,
 Make strong our hands to shield the
 weak,
 And their just cause maintain.

Give to our hosts in battle's hour
 Firm hearts and courage high,
 Thy comfort give to those who fall,
 Thy peace to those who die.

Breathe on our land the spirit calm,
 Which faith in right bestows,
 And in the hour of dark suspense
 A faith which stronger grows.

In Thee alone we place our hope,
 Thou keeper of the just,
 And Thou, through fight and fire and
 tears,
 Will justify our trust.

Thy ways are wonderful, O God,
 Who makest wars to cease;
 O, let this be the final war
 That ushers in Thy peace.

A LEAP-YEAR PROPOSAL.

A certain member of No. 1 Canadian Field Ambulance has received the following Leap-Year proposal, contained within a typewritten envelope, bearing the postmark of a certain city in Ontario, Canada. The "fair unknown" is evidently a regular reader of No. One's Family Journal, for she requests the recipient (spare his blushes) to "Get busy your brain so clever and comical, and print your answer in 'Iodine Chronicle.'"

"'Tis Leap-Year and each bird down
 South
 Is now bethinking her a spouse!"

My dear and most respected Sir,
 I send you this your love to stir;
 I know I have not lands or money,
 But I've a nature sweet as honey;
 I'd love you until life should close;
 I'd patch your socks and darn your
 clothes.

Now I'll recount my virtues rare—
 As to my fortunes you don't care—
 First must I dwell upon my looks,
 For dainty maids mean more than cooks;
 A cheek in bloom is wealth untold,
 Combined with heart which ne'er grows
 cold.

My eyes are blue, and passing kind.
 My hair is red—with gold entwined:
 My form is lithe as any elf—
 You see I think much of myself.
 In fact I am so full of charm
 To marry me don't be alarmed.

My feet are small, and dainty too;
 I know the fashions through and
 through;
 I only wear the latest mode—
 To see my Spring suit you'd explode—
 But 'twill enhance my beauty rare,
 And then, who cares if people stare.

Now as to cooking I'm a wonder;
 At every meal you'll sit and ponder,
 And try to guess what's in the soup
 That makes you feel like "loop the loop";
 My pies and cakes are most delicious—
 They make you feel like something
 vicious.

Bethink you of your lonely life,
 And tell me, may I be your wife?
 'Tis leap-year and my duty is
 To make some man get down to biz.
 In single gloom you've spent your years,
 While I have waited long in tears.

With beating heart and anxious mind
 I'll wait your answer true and kind;
 My waking thoughts shall be of you,
 My dreams will picture us as two
 Who soon will be as only one—
 Oh, joy! when I a man have won!

Now hurry up and send your answer,
 And let it be Silk Dress or Yes, Sir.

THE REPLY

(to foregoing Proposal).

Which will it be? A dainty ring?
 Or else a silken dress?
 A point so weighty to decide
 Fills him with dire distress—
 Sweet maiden of so many charms
 That writeth from afar!
 How can he rightly answer ere
 He knows *just who you are?*

SCOTS WHA HAE.

Two Scotchmen very much in evidence on our Western Front:—MAC-HINERY and MAC-ONOCHE.