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« LA VIE CANADIENNE »

CANADIAN SECTION,

G. H. Q., 3rd ECHELON



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It has been some little time since the last Number of "La Vie" made its appearance in our midst, but however quite within the remembrance of the "Oldest Inhabitant".

If you will scan the first page of this issue you will notice that there is yet another and a new name under the heading of "Editor."

Owing to the fact that this is quite a new enterprise and a new and untried field of operations for me. I hope that you will shew a certain amount of leniency.

You will further note that our last issue was number -12 and therefore I am starting my Editorial career hampered by the awful number 13 but :

*How can man die better  
Than by facing fearful odds  
For the ashes of his Fathers  
And the Temples of his Gods.*

As a closing clause of this, my first Editorial I would like to draw the attention of any of my readers who may have a grievance and who come to the Editorial Chambers with the intention of killing, maiming or otherwise disfiguring the Editor or any of his Staff, the little sign on the door, symbolic not only of Verdun but of our Office also... Ils ne passeront pas ici.

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There are many who have left us to go up the Line in the last few months, and to those our old comrades we sent our warmest greetings. They have gone to join one or other of our noble Divisions at the Front and of whose great deeds we daily see proof. We are proud to be Canadians and members of the Great British Empire.

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To the many new arrivals "La Vie" on behalf of the Section extends welcome.

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"La Vie Canadienne" is as you know our own paper and depends entirely on all the Section for its very existence.

No Paper or Magazine can be run without contributions and we the Editorial Staff earnestly request that everyone who can write Prose or Poetry, can draw Caricatures, or thinks he can which amounts to the same thing. Will send these children of their brains to us at once.

Yes. This means YOU.

THE EDITOR.





## “ Pat Casey’s Prayer. ”

---

An Irish soldier, after ten months of hard, active service, applied for a furlough. His request was granted, and then it dawned on him that he had no money to take advantage of his holiday. He wanted 100 dollars to go to Paris.

He was at his wit’s end, there being no time to be lost, when he recalled his old Mother’s advice to apply to the good God above in time of trouble. So he wrote and posted his letter.

“ Dear Lord : Here I am after fightin’ ten months in mud up to me neck. The work is somewhat unpleasant, but Ye’ll be glad to hear that I killed fifty Germans. Now I’m a little tired and I have me furlough all right, but I have no money left, having spent most of what I had for prayer books. Ask Father Mc Carthy if ye don’t believe me. So, Lord, I ask ye in the name of all the saints for the small sum of 100 dollars. Sure, ye’ll never miss it, and if ye send the money I’ll never forget ye in me prayers.

PAT CASEY. ”

In due course this appeal reached the censor’s Office which happened in this particular locality to be housed in the Y.M.C.A. quarters. The letter was passed around and aroused considerable attention and interest, as Casey was known to be a brave and cheerful fighter.

Contributions were sought, and finally the sum of 50 dollars was raised. This was sent to the applicant, without comment, in a Y.M.C.A. envelope. The next day the following acknowledgement was received :

“ Dear Lord : I’ve received your 50 dollars as per application for furlough money, and I thank ye. May yer shadow never grow less. But I make so bold as to give ye a word of warnin’. Send the next money by the K. of C’s. Ye sent the last by the Y.M.C.A. and they nipped half of it on ye.

PAT CASEY. ”



## *The Wail of the Billeted.*

*When first I came to Rouen,  
I found that I was free,  
To live like any gentleman,  
Where best it suited me.*

*And there I lived like Lucullus,  
Or anyone you please,  
While Madame cooked me dainties,  
Suzette sat on my knees.*

*So I sought a chambre à louer,  
And did install me there,  
For Madame was a kindly soul,  
With daughter passing fair.*

*But now alas ! they've moved me,  
To a " Billet " cold and hard,  
Where I sleep upon the floor, Boys,  
And wash me in the yard.*

*And now I'm strictly rationed,  
On hard tack and bully-beef.  
From biscuits and Machonachie,  
I fain would seek relief.*

*So when the shades are falling,  
Suzette, I'll think of thee,  
And of Madame cooking dainties,  
While you cuddle on my knee.*

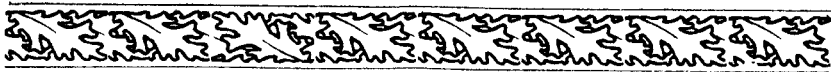
*For alas ? my dainty Suzette,  
An incredible decree,  
Has confined me to my billet,  
When I fain would be with thee.*

### *APOLOGIA*

*Now lest the captious reader  
My morals should bewail.  
Suzette's a little fairy,  
Actat six, avec pig-tail.*

C. P. P.





## LEST WE FORGET.

---

There is a growing tendency to speak slightly of the cause for which we are fighting. We are told by the self-righteous Pecksniffs that :“ The Neutrality of Belgium ” was a very clever war cry. But for it we should not have entered the war. There is also growing tendency to consider it broad-minded to palliate the conduct of our enemies to our own detriment.

Attempts will even be made to condone the use of poison gas by the Germans. The Hun was solely responsible for this outrage against humanity. Now that it has been turned on him, he is trying to persuade his enemies to abandon it. Such is the Hun.

The Pecksniffs tell us that we are no better than the Germans. For are we not using it? Implying that it was only because we did not think of it first that we did not spring it as a surprise on the Huns.

True. That we did not use it first is no excuse for our use of it now.

But that the use of it, in self-defence, was forced upon us by our enemies, does excuse our conduct; and exemplifies the danger of the German menace in this ability to force practices upon us which, but for compulsion, would be abhorrent to mankind.

The Pecksniffs will tell us that it was the fear of annexation of the north Belgian coast line that drove us into the war.

True. There is always that side to the question, and it is a very serious one for British interests. For as Napoleon I, said : Belgium in the hands of a nation hostile to Great Britain, is a pistol held to her head.

If that was so in those days, how much more is it now in these days of the aircraft and the submarine.

Granted that this was so. It is, however, extremely doubtful if this vital problem affected even a minority of the British peoples in those fatal early days of August 1914.

No? The real thing that stirred even these present Pecksniffs, was “ the principle of the thing ”.

In 1832, Great Britain, France, Russia, and Prussia, were signatories to the Treaty of London which pledged Belgium her liberty and neutrality.

Prussia basely renounced her pledge Her sense of honour in her obligation was too small. The strategical advantage was too great to be barred, as she afterwards cynically announced, by “ a scrap of paper ”.



Belgium invaded, in her extremity, relied on us to honourably redeem our pledge. Our shame would have been everlasting if we had not done so.

It was that, and their righteous indignation against Prussia which, when they understood it, so profoundly stirred the British peoples all over the world. This sense of honour towards our pledged word to protect our small neighbour was the real *casus belli*.

For our policy had always been to protect, to the best of our power, the rights and liberties of the smaller European States; so that in time Great Britain had become the champion of the smaller European nations; a title which, except in the case of Denmark in 1864, she fully deserved.

That this policy of protection was relinquished on that occasion was due to the lamentable weakness of the Premier, Lord Palmerston.

The result was the bare-faced annexation of the Danish provinces of Schleswig and Holstein by Prussia in 1867. The cutting of the Keil canal followed, connecting the North Sea with Baltic; a matter of the greatest strategical importance for the German Navy.

So much for weak statesmanship and the abandonment of a noble policy. This weakness of the fathers has cost the children dear. It should show us the folly of the peace at any price policy of that "Bright and Cobdenite" period.

Today we see the result of this moral weakness. It has to a great extent nullified the enormously superior power of our Navy by enabling the German Grand Fleet to hide safely in the Keil canal or in the Baltic; and at will to operate there or in the North Sea.

History and the lore of Ages teach us that great nations who cease to respect their pledges, disregard the rights of others, adopt the policy of "Might is Right". And in their dealings believe that "The End Justifies the Means", always sooner or later fail to retain their prestige or place in the world.

Therefore for the honour of his country, it behoves each citizen to do his utmost for the cause.

He must remember that there can be no true sincerity in the man who palliates the conduct of his enemies to the detriment of his friends.

From palliating the enemies atrocities, to thinking that after all they are not so bad, and thence to asking why we should continue to fight him, are but steps towards pacificism. This is the real danger.

It is playing the Hun's game. For in his heart of heart's he wants peace. He knows that he has failed in his object of world conquest. He wants peace to prepare for the next war. When he will, he thinks, profiting by his present experience, attain his desired ends. So he endea-

vours to create an atmosphere of peace-talk, even while fighting, in order that he may delude his enemies into a peace which will save his skin and give him time to prepare for a greater war effort.

This is the policy with which he defeated Russia torn and distracted by internal disensions and peace-whisperings of Hun-traitors; she succumbed to German gold where German arms had failed.

Let us take warning by such an example, lest we too fall into the insidious snare of the altruistic Hun who would persuade us, like deluded Russia, that his peace proposals are for the good of mankind, and that he is really working for its benefit.

We must purge ourselves of such traitors, and thus set our house in order; so that we may devote all our energies to our external enemies, for a house divided against itself cannot stand.

This is why our Pecksniffian friends are a real danger to the cause; although they themselves may have no part with the Pacificists, who are at least honestly open in their misguided convictions.

The Teuton stands for " Might is Right " and all that bullying state represents. Since the beginning of the war he has sloughed his skin. He now stands revealed in his true colours.

We are now fighting so that our fate may not be that of enslaved Belgium, dismembered Russia, robbed Roumania, or Serbia bled white by the cruelty of the Austro-Bulgar.

We are fighting to restore liberty to These unfortunate nations.

We are fighting to drive the murderous Hun out of Northern France; to restore to her the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine filched from her in 1871 by the rapacious Prussian.

We are fighting for the right of mankind to live in liberty, and that our descendants may enjoy a lasting peace free from the menace of military despotism.

Which is it to be? World wide military despotism? Or liberty for mankind? Remember the writing on the wall. " You are weighed in the balance and found wanting ". We are all, even now, in the balance.

Let us therefore not forget for what we are fighting. So that we may have unity of purpose. And not be found wanting.

C. P. P.



## A TALE OF A TANK.

It is stated that the Germans in their anti-tank tactics are preparing traps for our tanks. On a certain occasion one of our tanks stuck in front of a Boche trench. The crew turned out and raked the trench with machine guns, etc., until the survivors surrendered.

*Thomas Atkins had a Tank  
Whose skin was made of iron.  
A crawling, rolling, lurching, thing  
He could not quite rely on.*

*This brute would wobble overland  
Until it met some mud  
But there it stuck and floundered  
As useless as a dud.*

*Fritz he was a Teuton bold  
Who fought for Bill the Kaiser  
And being scared of Tommy's Tank  
Determined to surprise her.*

*His front was dry and quite as firm  
As any Billiard table.  
To catch the tank he made a swamp  
As well as he was able.*

*He camouflaged this tricky work  
With sods and growing grass  
To hide it well from Tommy's Tank  
When it came rolling past.*

*All went well with Tommy's Tank  
Until it hit that trap  
Where it wallowed like an elephant  
Then would not budge a rap.*

*Joyful Fritz came o'er the top  
To occupy the wreck  
Forgetful of Mad Thomas A.  
So got it in the neck.*

*For Thomas was not waiting  
In that old iron Tank  
But from its innards he came out  
And made poor Fritz feel rank.*

*He sloshed him with machine guns  
And pelted him with pills  
Of a most effective nature  
Which, are made by Mr. Mills.*

*Soon poor Fritz had had enough  
So shouting " Kamerads ",  
With hands in air, surrendered there,  
To our brave British lads.*

C. P. P.





## The Parable of the A. I. D.

---

And behold in those days there came unto the City a man of Wisdom and of Knowledge and Powerful withal. The fame of this man had spread throughout the Land and his Name was a terror unto some of the dwellers therein. And his name was in every mouth in the City for many days before he arrived therein and when he was yet a great way off there were some who were sore afraid.

And when he was come nigh unto the City unto a place called "Le Bureau" behold all the inhabitants of the City, many of whom were afflicted with diverse diseases and disabilities came unto him.

And when the people were gathered together he looked upon them and did harken unto all that they did say unto him and another that was with him did harken unto the beat of their hearts and the working of their respiratory organs.

Unto some he did say "Active" and these went their various ways rejoicing. But unto certain others he did say "Ye are of the category "B 1" or mayhap" Ye are of the category "B 2." "Go ye straightway unto the Pool which is called "Labour" and wash therein and, when ye have so done, come again unto me."

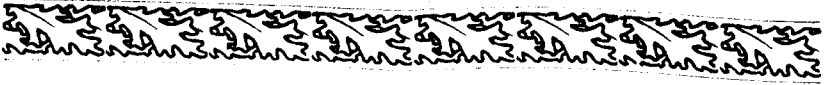
And there were others unto whom he did say "Ye are of the category "B 3." Depart unto the country which is called CANADA and return no more unto the land of FRANCE for ever."

Those unto whom he so spake went away exceeding sorrowful,—  
PERHAPS.

This is the parable of the A. I. D.

"WERDNA."





## What of the night ?

---

Can we win ? If we do win is it worth while ? Will this war end wars ? These are questions that we have heard asked hundreds of times the last three years. It is because the writer believes we can and will win, that it is worth while and that this war will end wars that he is writing this article for "La Vie Canadienne".

He does not pose as a prophet but has been a student of history, especially the history of the progress and power of the Gospel of Christ, consequently is driven to the above conclusion.

You say, "Why do you think we will win?" "Is it because our forces are superior to those of the enemy on land, in the air, on the sea and under it that you are so certain we will win?" No. We have the supremacy in the air, on the sea and under it and we have or will have superior forces on land—and let us increase and strengthen these as far as possible — but we must remember that both sacred and secular history prove to us that God is not always on the side of the strongest forces, as Napoleon and others found to their sorrow. It is said that during the American Civil War a delegation waited upon Abraham Lincoln and urged him to proclaim a Day of Prayer, a day on which services would be held in all the Churches of the North to pray that God might be on their side. Lincoln replied "That doesn't concern me. The question is, Are we on God's side". Now it is because the writer firmly believes that we are on God's side in this war, that he is so positive we will win.

Have you ever known any just cause to fail in the end? Never. For a time it may seem as if the forces of evil would prevail and that righteousness and truth and freedom must go under, but they always win in the end. A Julian determines to stamp out Christianity, but dying he exclaims "Thou, O Galilean hast conquered". The Galilean will conquer. He has taught us the meaning of freedom, of justice, of brotherhood and life and, when we fight for these against a cruel tyrannous foe who would by brute force crush the weak and take us back to the dark days of Caesar or Nebuchednezzar, we may be sure that we are fighting on the side of the Galilean and we must win.

But you ask, "Considering the millions who have fallen and who may yet fall, is it worth while?" True it is at an awful cost that we are holding not only for this but for coming generations

the unspeakable blessings of liberty and righteousness but we believe it is worth while. We believe that Patrick Henry's words express the feelings of the millions in our forces today "Give me liberty or give me death."

When we consider the state of Belgium and the other small nations crushed beneath the heel of the cruel Hun and realize that the fate of these nations would be our fate and the fate of coming generations, if physical force and fiendish ingenuity could impose it upon us, then every one worthy of the name of man must feel that death would be preferable to this.

Altho' our salvation must cost the lives of millions, yet those who are spared to see the end will say and a free humanity in the ages to come will say "It was worth while."

It might not be worth while if this war had to be refought forty or fifty years hence, but this brings me to the question about which so many are sceptical "Will this war end wars?"

We believe it is worth while not only because it will bring liberty and peace to us and to our children but because this is a war to end wars and we believe that almost every man engaged in this titanic struggle has some faint idea and hope of this.

But you ask me "Why is the writer so confident that this war will end wars?" It is because of what Christ and His Gospel have already accomplished for this sin-cursed world, because of the evils they have already banished that we believe that the unspeakable curse of war is also doomed.

You say "What evils have been banished by the Master?" "What do you mean?" Look at the world to which Christ came. Never was there a darker world. You say "Wasn't the whole world at peace when He came?" Yes, the temple of Janus was closed, the world was at peace, but alas it was the peace of death. The world was crushed under the iron heel of old imperious and imperial Rome — exactly the same kind of peace that Germany is fighting to impose upon the world. The world was so very dark that life for the many was not worth living.

Let us briefly sketch the evils that have been overthrown by Christianity. When Christ came to this world woman in the Roman Empire was but a chattel, to be bought or sold, freed or enslaved, killed or kept alive according to the caprice of her lord and master man. This was one of the arguments brought against Christianity, by paganism, that if it prevailed it would set woman on an equality with man. The battle that Christianity fought on behalf of woman was long and severe. Did space permit me, I might

show you how the heaven worked. I might tell you how it began to show itself in the legislation of Constantine, Justinian and Charlemagne. I might describe to you the councils of Arles and Treves where the battle was fought out on behalf of woman by the Christians, till today where Christ and His teaching are known and followed woman stands upon a perfect equality with man.

Again Christianity abolished the gladiatorial contests which were so popular when Christ came to this world. In almost every city of importance in the Roman Empire you would find the amphitheatre in which the gladiatorial contests took place, where the gladiators fought to the death with wild beasts or with one another. The early Christians set their faces like a flint against these brutal shows and excommunicated anyone who would attend them, and under the mighty pressure of Christianity these gladiatorial contests have faded away, and today even the old Coliseum or Flavian Amphitheatre at Rome is in ruins, the wind whistling thro' her old lion cages, a witness to the power of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Did space permit, we might speak of the prison reforms that have been brought about by Christianity, the hospitals that have been built, the asylums that have been erected, the Red Cross societies and a hundred other organizations for the overthrow of evil and the uplift and blessing of humanity. All these things can be traced to Christ, just as the flowers and everything beautiful can be traced to the sun. Once more, when Christ came to this world slavery was one of the most deeply entrenched systems in the Roman Empire. It was an institution enshrined in the customs of the world, an institution hoary with antiquity, an institution that appealed directly to avarice and everything that was selfish and mean in man. But the early Church went forth to battle with slavery, strong in the conviction that this evil must fall before the onward march of the Gospel and it did, altho' it was nearly 1900 years after the birth of Christ before it received its death blow in every Christian country.

The abolition of slavery in the U. S. cost that nation hundreds of thousands of lives but is there an American today who will say that it was not worth while? No, when Christ proclaimed His Magna Charta—the Golden Rule and His New Commandment of love He rang the death-knell of slavery. Now, think you that the Gospel of Christ, which has swept out of existence all these terrible evils, is not powerful enough to banish the unspeakable curse of war?

Yes, certainly it is. It is another enemy that Christ shall put under his feet. It has taken a few years longer to abolish it than it did slavery but its abolition is none the less certain.

No less eminent person than ex-premier Balfour made the statement several years before the war, that war was almost a thing of the past. He, like the rest of us, didn't know the awful cancer which was developing in Prussia, a cancer which has now broken out and affected the whole earth but the Great Physician can and will also heal forever this open sore of the world. During the last thirty five years, some twenty seven international disputes which a hundred years ago would have caused war, have been settled by arbitration. After this war *all* international disputes will be settled by arbitration. There is not space here to discuss the League of Nations and the international army and navy and air force — or call it if you will the international police force — which will keep the peace of the world, but he who knows the power of Christ and His Gospel and what has been accomplished the last 1900 years know that this is coming.

But we are now in the midst of the most gigantic struggle for liberty that the world has ever seen.

When Hannibal, in unutterable amazement and unspeakable grief came upon his father crucified by the Romans, he raised his hand before that Roman Cross and swore by all his gods that he would fight to the death the power that had crucified his father.

So in the presence of the nations stretched upon this awful cross, it behoves us as men and Christians to bind ourselves by all that is sacred that we will fight to the death the power that has crucified humanity.

Then the war drums shall throb no longer,  
And the battle flag be furled,  
In the parliament of man,  
The federation of the world.

May God hasten the day.

ANDREW D. REID.  
Canadian Chaplains Services

“ Here endeth the First Lesson ”

“ EDITOR ”







## The Fire Picquet.

---

Just because you happen to be appointed to the Echelon Fire Brigade dont think for a moment that your only duties are to put out fires or even to rush wildly onto parade with your Tin Hat in your hand when Mr. Crowe has his weekly Fire Drill. Your tour of duty is more like a game of poker with the cards stacked and the Joker running wild.

You go to bed at about 10. P. M. with every expectation of a nice quiet nights sleep. The sky was slightly overclouded the last time you went to the window to have a look, and so heaving a sigh of relief you turned in but whilst you slept the sky cleared and the moon rose bathing the countryside in light. You are dreaming of a land where there is no prohibition and no Orderly Rooms when you are half wakened by an unaccustomed noise. You lie for a second or two wondering what it was that wakened you and then the old Maroon around the corner goes off with a bang guaranteed to wake the dead, at the same time you suddenly remember that you are a duty Fireman. You curse fervently and spring out of bed only to land on the business end of a spur. You are of course greatly surprised and shocked and remove your foot with such unnecessary haste as to cause your knee to come into violent contact with a chair. By this time your temper is far from even and is not improved when you cant find those matches which you could have sworn you left on the table beside the bed. At last the light is obtained and you scramble into your clothes as fast as possible and leaving the Billet limp painfully to the Office. It does not in the least console you to know that there are nine other unfortunates not to mention the Orderly Officer and the Sergeant Major who have gone through almost the same thing and even though you can figure that the poor Orderly Officer has had to come all the way from the Town where he has been roaming around or waiting at the stage door of the Tivoli. (KA.-KR.-SPK.)

Perhaps you are one of the first to arrive and you wait at the gate for the others to come meandering in, when the barrage starts however there is a change and the late comers arrive running like rabbits, their steps hastened by bits of shell and other hardware which is whizzing about in the air.

You now congregate in the Hall where you are probably counted a couple of times by the S. M. and the Officer and are issued with Tin Hats. From now on there is nothing to do but stand about and make conjectures, which are always wrong, as to where any bombs have been dropped, and wait for the All Clear.

Suddenly above the other noises you hear the sound of a galloping

horse and a medley of trumpet calls. You ask the Sgt. a question and he replies. "No that is not a Cinema Company filming Paul Reverses Ride nor yet is it the Portugese. Its only a Gendarme giving the alarm. He'll do the same thing when he gives the All Clear but change his tune."

About two A. M. the All Clear comes through on the phone and amidst loud ringing of Church bell you wend your weary way home.

Verily it will take the Padre about three Sundays to save your soul after the amount of profanity you have used in the small space of three hours.

Lucky are you if there is not another Alert.

By

"BERMUDA."



## 1918. B. C.

*Up in the morning early,  
Clear-eyed and free from care,  
Setting a light to the fire,  
Sniffing the mountain air.*

*Open, the door of my cabin,  
Off on my way to the spring,  
Brushing the dew from the bushes,  
To the whirr of the pheasant's wing.*

*Back with my pail of water,  
On with the bacon and beans,  
Then off with my rod and rifle  
For a day in the hills and streams.*

*There lies the Glacier, mirrored  
In the still of the lake below,  
And it's mighty crest a gleaming  
With it's crown of eternal snow.*

*In the lake the steelhead is leaping,  
On the bank is the spoor of the deer,  
Got him that shot! Right thru' the neck.  
DAMMIT! STAND TO, d'ye hear!*

*God! to be back on my homestead,  
I'd give a leg to be there.  
But I guess it's been "sub-divided"  
By some Eastern millionaire.*

ARK.



## MY FIRST MAGAZINE STORY.

The genial Editor rushed into my Office the other morning and commanded me to write a story — a magazine story with some Punch in it — I never wrote a story for a Magazine in my life but have succeeded now in finding a plot.

The “*Adventure*” begins in rather a “*Novel*” way. A young lady lost her purse whilst shopping in the “*Strand*”. She had been purchasing a “*New*” hat at “*Munseys*” and inadvertently had left her purse on the counter.

Any one in “*The Wide World*” might have stolen it, for in that “*Cosmopolitan*” crowd were men of every nation. Now just outside the shop there stood an interested “*Spectator*”. He had come by “*Land and Water*” from far off “*Canada*” and the “*Forest and Stream*” of his “*Country Life*” had made their impression on his rugged feature. Miss England, our Heroine in distress, naturally attracted by this Canadian “*Captain*” blushingly approached and told him the whole “*Truth*” about her misfortune, and he true to the gallant tradition of the “*Mc Cleans*” vowed that he, Mr. “*Jack Canuck*” would get the purse even if he had to write to “*John Bull*” about it.

After two hours further search the lady who it would appear was a “*Womans Home Companion*” invited Jack to come to dinner the following evening promising him an introduction to her Uncle who was a member of Parliament at “*Westminster*”. Jack anxious to “*Judge*” for himself the advantages of “*Life*” in the country hastened to accept.

He dined well and was quite interested in the Uncles enthusiastic report of a speech delivered by the “*Premier*” that afternoon. He was naturally a good “*Story Teller*” and gave a very “*Graphic*” “*Sketch*” of the War in the Western “*Sphere*”. Mean while Mary chatted with a friend who was quite a star in the “*Movie World*”.

Uncle said that “*London Opinion*” was distinctly favorable to the Allies new push, and not for a “*Century*” had they been so favorably impressed. At ten o'clock Jack took his leave, having first arranged to take Mary to the “*Grand*” Theatre on the next “*Saturday Night*”.

The “*Youths Companion*” was a most fascinating girl, she had “*Red Book*” after book about Canada and was very keen on the “*Sporting Life*” as well as a loyal patron of both “*Rod and Gun*” and all “*Out Door Life*” appealed to her.

They took a trip to "Windsor" where Mary described the traditions of the ancient "Castles" to him. On returning to "London" they had dinner at "Pearsons". Here Jack purchased a "Popular" paper which contained a full description of the "Colliers" strike in the North whose "War Cry" was "Give us more pay".

Mary insisted that the "Scientific American" way of dealing with these not too "Popular Mechanics" was much preferable to "Blackwoods" method of compromise.

By this time Jack had come to look on Mary as a "Gem" and determined to declare his affections Mary said however that "Answers" should never be given too hastily, whilst she quietly adjusted her hat before a "Mirror". On being pressed she finally promised that she would say "Yes or No" by the next "Saturday Evening Post". Jack would have rather pressed for his answer there and then but an anxious "Bystander" interrupted by asking him the time.

After dinner they went to find the "Royal" Theatre. As they kept "Passing Show" after show Mary inquired if he really knew the way. Poor Jack had lost his way and felt pretty much like a "Jack Ass". He asked an "Aussie" the way but he didn't know either. At last he found himself outside the "Metropolitan" Variety House off "Pall Mall" and decided to go there instead.

Mary was much delighted with the "Physical Culture" turn and another act which portrayed "Everybody's" love of scandal. A little "Taller" came onto the stage and proceeded to give her friend little "Tit Bits" of City gossip. It was splendidly done and Mary thought it was simply ripping, a veritable "Review of Reviews" she called it.

Heres the part of the plot that "All Story" writers find difficult. As a "Delineator" of character they are splendid, its the conclusion that tries the authors ability.

To make a long story short Jack bought a diamond at "Hearsts" which proved a sufficiently attractive "Magnet" to win Mary.

They would have lived happily ever after had not Mary given Jack too large a piece of "Printers Pie" for breakfast. He felt as though he had swallowed a Hockey "Puck" and I grieve to say that this last "Literary Digest" after the manner of highly explosive Magazine went off inside him.

About a quart of "Punch" failed to revive him and now he has a "Top Notch" Monument bearing the epitaph.

Hark the "Herald" Angels sing,  
Where is Mary with Jack's ring.

R. J. IRWIN.

## THE MONITOR.

A British Monitor off the Belgian coast engaged a German battery in the sand-dunes. The Boche long guns replied. An Albatross flew over from the land and dropped bombs round : while U boats from the sea fired torpedoes at her. She successfully engaged all her opponents.

*A rolling waddling Monitor I  
Who lurch o'er the grey-backed seas  
With my two big guns poked out before  
With slanting muzzles and fifteen bore  
They'll carry twelve thousand yards and more  
And many's the hit on the Boche they score  
As I roll off the coast at ease.*

*I'm an ugly broad-beamed sea-washed hull:  
With the draught of a canal barge  
With funnel and bridge like a camel's hump  
And decks on which the green seas thump  
And rush right aft in a creamy lump  
As over the shallows I wallow and bump  
Like a Noah's Ark at large.*

*The Boche he loathes the sight of me  
As I anchor bows on to the beach.  
I hammer him with my heavy guns  
His shells splash round from the low sand dunes  
While my " Archies " strafe a flying Hun  
As he skims above in the noon-day sun  
And drops his bombs with a screech.*

*The Skipper he stands on the bridge so high  
Scanning the distant shore  
The Look-out hails him : " Sir ", says he  
" While the Hun be shelling and bombing of we  
" There's U boats yonder, there ye see,  
" With their periscopes showing above the sea "  
" Blow them to Hell ", the Skipper, says he,  
" When they show a little bit more.*

*The Gunner answered " Aye Sir ", says he  
As the torpedoes sped on their way.  
They hit me aft, and they hit me fore  
Columns of water on high they bore  
As they burst with a deafening thunder roar  
But I carried on as I'd done before  
Because I was built to stay.*

*For I've concrete " blisters " \* and double sides  
To break the force of a blow  
With armoured plate both fore and aft.  
I was built for work as a river craft  
I roll like a log, and steer like a raft  
The Skipper he says that I am daft.  
But that's his joke you know.*

*The Gunner he gave a coughing grunt  
And swung a 3-inch free  
As a periscope rose in the water bright  
He pressed the trigger with finger tight  
The shell burst true at the moment right  
The Boche rolled over out of sight  
And sank in the swirling sea.*

*The Albatross had " laid its eggs "  
And was but a speck on the lee  
The Hun on shore was " knocked out " now  
For his big guns had ceased their roun  
So I " up anchor " and swung my bow  
And sheered awry like an ancient scow  
Home, over the rolling sea.*

\* Sailors name for the concrete protecting belt.

C. P. P.





## WORDS FROM THE WARDS.

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The Hospitals have been full of our wounded warriors since this last "Great Push" started and I have talked and laughed and prayed with scores of them, and have yet to meet a pessimist.

There they are, some bound for Trouville, some for the Base some for "Blighty" and a few for that longer journey from which none may return.

One feels the thrill of real manhood here-and feels like taking off his hat to these heroic boys. "Padre" says a horribly mutilated lad for whom I am writing-tell Mother-a gasp for breath-that I'm coming on fine and not to worry." Fifteen minutes later his eyes are closed in death. He has fought a good fight and finished his course.

Here is a big husky Australian between two "Canticks." "Your a Canadian arn't you?" I ask. "No Padre. I haven't had a shave for over a week and that makes me look like one-and a stroke was chalked up in "Aussies" favour. Further down the Ward is an "Aussie and an American." Well "Aussie" what do you think of the "Yanks?" Oh they're alright as fighters Padre, but dont you think they're a bit rough.

Its a sweltering afternoon and on first entering the Ward one would think he had been dropped into Central Africa. Every man has dispensed with all unnecessary clothing and is as free from wearing apparel as decency will permit. Sundry remarks are dropped concerning the advantages of "Birthday Suits" and one big Scotch lad is brilliantly discoursing on the merits of "The Naked Truth," when the lad next him in the act of removing a

supurfluous shirt says." O I guess I'll have to bear with him Padre. Fungent Eh?

In ward 12 a groupe of Blue Boys are gathered around a bed which is simply littered withsouvenirs-razors, jack knives, watches and photographs a re on exhibition whilst the proud possessor tells of his adventures. I had quite a time getting these he says as he holds up a fine pair of gilt épauettes " pinched " from a German Staff Officer. He didnt want to come through with them says our twenty year old boy-so I had to bring my no 7 into rather close proximity to that portion of his anatomy which is most convenient. Those are not his exact words, but the meaning is the same and perhaps more fit for publication.

" Our Country " says " Aussie " is typified by the Kangaroo which goes ahead in leaps and bounds " Canada interjects " In other words you are a lot of beastly Bounders. Eh. where as Canada, says a 58th man, is typified by the " Beaver " which animal digs for himself a good deep dugout and then proceeds to Dam everything in sight.

Soit runs, pathos and comedy, pain and laughter side by side and one begins to realise how the heart that will laugh through suffering is making History, and how these boys are writing Canada's name large on the Fields of France, and when they do cross the " Great Divide, " we feel indeed convinced that " He never fails who dies in a Great Cause.

R.-J. IRWIN.



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*Gen. Manager.*

Head Office, POSTDAM.

*Kaiser Bill's the German man  
Who has a palace at Postdam  
Who had the nerve to sass old Sam.  
I often think that he will rue  
The hot air Sam he handed you.*

*He fancies he's a man of parts.  
A wielder of the Jovian darts.  
A Master of the Classic Arts.  
I often think that he should be  
Confined for mental lunacy.*

*Like Fagin, Dicken's famous Jew  
He rules a most ungodly crew,  
With Will that " Artful Dodger " too.  
I often think that thieving Will  
Should be confined in Pentonville.*

*And then there's Karl of Hungary.  
Who owns a dual monarchy.  
Who kow-tows to Berlin-on-Spree.  
I often think he wishes now,  
That he could quit this irksome row.*

*There's also long-nosed Ferdinand,  
Who rules the gruesome Bulgar Land.  
Who's scraping now in William's band.  
I often think, it may be true,  
A separate peace he'd like to sue.*

*And lastly there's the Turk Sultan,  
Who is the most unhappy man,  
Who fights for Bill and Ferdinand.  
I often think, that when we win,  
That we shall see the last of him.*

*So now a toast I'll give to you.  
Perdition to this Hunnish crew,  
Bill, Karl, the Turk, and Ferdie too.  
I often think, it would be well,  
If Bill and Co were safe in —*

C. P. P.





# SPORTS

## “ CANADA DAY ” SPORTS.

We celebrated Dominion Day, the 51st. anniversary of Canadian Confederation, by holding our Annual Sports Meeting.

We could not have wished for a better day from the weather stand-point.

The Sports were held on the large Rouen Football Field, the Grand Stand and Bleachers were packed far beyond seating capacity and spectators who were not lucky enough to get into either of these places were forced to stand about twenty deep around the field.

The refreshment Marquees were very popular, which however is needless to mention.

The Meeting was pronounced to have been the best organized Sports ever held in the District, which was no doubt due to the indefatigable efforts of Major Logan, Capt. Walters, Mr. Maxwell and others of the Committee. Who worked hard to make a huge success, and certainly succeeded, even beyond their expectations.

The actions and antics of about thirty Humourists kept the crowd in a constant roar of laughter, especially at such times when a clown found himself in the muddy water of the water jump or ignominiously held under the Tilting the Bucket erection, whilst one of his brother clowns Tilted the Bucket.

The Brass Band from the Camps entertained us with some very fine musical selections during the afternoon, no to mention the Pipe Band from the Base, who rendered the Pipers Lament every time a brother Scott got beaten.

The Winners of the Closed Events were as Follows :

100. Yds. 1st. Pte. Tucker. — 2nd. Pte. Mayson. — 3rd. Cpl. Barrie.

Long Jump. 1st. Pte. Tucker.

High. Jump 1st. Capt. Winch.

440. yds. 1st. Pte. Mayson. — 2nd. Pte. Barrie.

Officers Race. — 1st. Lieut. Wright. — 2nd. Capt. Winch.

Of the Open Events which were very keenly contested, the following First places fell to members of the Section :

Relay Race Team composed of Cpl. Roberts, Pte. Mayson, Pte. Tucker and Pte. Barrie.

The Obstacle Race was won by Pte. Corby.

In the 100 yds. Open we only succeeded in getting 3rd. place. Ptes. Tucker and Mayson running a dead heat.

As in the past Football Season, the R. E. Team was too good for us and took the First place, in the 5' a side Football Competition.

Our O. C. Licut.— Col. A. L. Hamilton C. M. G. A. A. G. Canadian Section presented the prizes at the finish of the Sports.

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### AMERICAN 4th of JULY SPORTS.

On the afternoon of July 4th the Americans in this District held a Sports Meeting to Commemorate the American Independence.

The only Entries by Members of this Section was in the Relay Race, which we won, and the 220 yds. Open which Pte. Mayson dead heated.

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### 3rd. ECHELON SPORTS MEETING. August 4th 1918.

The 3rd. Echelon Sports were held on the 4th anniversary of the War and it was sure a great day for our Section, as we captured six Firsts and one dead heat for First, two Seconds and two Thinds and of these Events, Four were open to all comers.

Capt. Winch following up his success at our own Sports carried off the First prize in the High Jump. All three places in the Broad Jump came our way. ie. Pte. Tucker. Pte. Barrie and Capt. Winch taking First Second and Third respectively. In the 100 yds (Open). Pte. Tucker dead heated with Pte. Eastlake of the New Zealand Section. This event was run over again, the Judges again giving a dead heat, although it looked from where the writer was sitting that the " Canuck " or (Moose Jaw Ball Player) was an easy First with inches to spare.

The 220 yds (Open) was taken by Pte. Mayson who won

easily by a margin of eight or nine yards. Pte. Mayson also won the 440 yds (Closed) in the same easy style.

Major Utton upheld the honour of the Officers of the Section by taking the First place in the Officers Race, which was a handicap event according to age.

The New Zealand Tug of War Team was a little too heavy for our boys and we therefore only got Second place in the final, of the tug of war.

Pte. Tucker succeeded in getting Third place in the 100 yds (Closed).

Undoubtedly the "Tit Bit" of the afternoon was the Relay Race. This was a "Gem" as far as running was concerned and Members of the Section sure must have imagined that they were back in old Canada once more watching the Victorias and Monarchs fighting for the Hockey Championship, by the way they carried on, standing on their chairs and shouting, and in fact behaving like a lot of Indians on the War path.

With a lead against him of from Fourteen to Sixteen yards the Fourth man started his 200 yds, and we had visions of first place going else where. The reader can easily imagine the excitement amongst us when our man gradually worked his way forward, and passing the leaders like a bullet romped home and past the tape three or four yards to the good. This race was run by. Cpl. Roberts, L/Cpl. Daley, Pte. Mayson and Pte. Tucker, the latter being the hero of the occasion.

During the Interval a very interesting Musical Ride was given by the British Cavalry and also a Horse and Vehicle Judging during which the spectators saw some wonderful turn outs.

A great discussion took place between the Representatives of the Q. M. A. A. C. as to which obstacles were to be used in the "Waac" Race, and much to the sorrow of the audience the Fence and Water Jumps were ruled out.

C. A. H.

At the Section Sports a French Spectator was heard to exclaim, at the conclusion of the High Jumping Competition. "Alors, c'est la grande araignée qui gagne." (SPK)

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## THE OFFICERS AND THE SPORTS.

In reviewing the Sports Meetings in which the members of the Section have taken part during the last few months we find that not a few Prizes have gone to the Officers, and those who have not been so lucky as to be winners have at least shown a sporting spirit in taking part.

Major Utton has taken all the laurels in the Officer's Races, and that with ease, we would however suggest that he refrain from racing his shadow and be satisfied with beating his Brother Officers.

Capt. Winch is of course in a class by himself as he has little difficulty in making a hundred yards in about ten strides, and therefore should be handicapped to somewhere beyond the horizon in future Officers Races.

The others who ran need no special mention, but we should like to remark that whoever told Capt. Johnston Mr. Crowe and Mr. Winter and several others we need not name, that they could run, must have wanted a loan of 50 francs, and should be prosecuted for libel.

We take great pleasure in congratulating Capt. Winch on his jumping both in the long and the High jumps. Capt. Walters was an "Also Jumped" but we suppose that he was weighed down by the cares of the Sports Directorate and therefore unable to go so high.

In Base ball and Cricket the Officers have been fairly well represented during the past season. We thought we had a second "Ty Cobb" in Mr. Knowlton until we saw him play, when we discovered it was only Camouflage.

Major Martin is our star performer in the Cricket world and there are other good players who only make their appearance on the field when the Officers deign to trim the Warrant Officers.

Mr. Anderson and Mr. Winter are great enthusiast and although they are not in same class with "Ranji Shingi" still play an average game. Mr. Hewett occasionally makes his appearance and we admire his style of bowling. His batting, however leaves something to be desired.

We would like to thank Mr. Hewett on behalf of the Section for the interest he has taken, in the track team, and even though

he did wangle a trip to "Gay Paris", out of it we feel that it was deserved.

Mr. Maxwell is also due for thanks for the way in which he looked after the Canada Days Sports and Capt. Walters for looking after our interests on the occasion of the 3rd. Echelon. Sports.

The Football Season is about to commence and we hope that the Officers will be well represented.

W. V. R. W.

## THE SOUTH AFRICAN SPORTS.

Ours Friends from South Africa are to be congratulated for the manner in which they carried out their Sports on the afternoon of the 25th. August. This Meet was one of the best yet held in Rouen.

Although the "Crack" runners of the Canadian Section had gone to Paris, the Section was well represented as the following description of the events in which we entered will show.

We succeeded in carrying off 5 firsts, 2 seconds and 3 thirds. Sgt. Armstrong who was a hot favourite simply walked away from the field in the 100 yards open, and he sure is "Some flier." In the Half Mile (Open) third place came to Canada. Cpl. Francis of the 26th. Battalion taking this prize. The High Jump went to Capt. Winch who did 5' 7" with the greatest of ease, 4" better than the second man. The sportsmanlike manner in which he lent his opponent his spiked Shoes was greatly admired by the onlookers. The Long Jump went to Sgt. Armstrong whose official jump was 19' 10" but the Judges measured the jump from his take off and found it to be 20' 4". Capt. Winch was a good second in this event.

The Officers made quite a clean up in their Race with Capt. Winch again a First, Capt. Walters and Major Utton taking second and third places respectively. Our popular Adjutant made Third in the Veteran's Race but his running for the day was not up to his usual standard.

Sgt. Thorpe (The winner of the Mile in the Canadian Sports in England in 1917). Represented the Section in the Mile event. He ran well but owing to the fact that he has had rather a rough time of it lately and is only about a week out of hospital he did very well in taking 4th. place. We feel sure that, had he been in training, he would have stopped at nothing short of First.

The Relay Race was the one event that we were afraid of. Corporal Roberts however gave nothing away in the first lap, Capt. Winch and Sgt. Thorpe made excellent time in their respective laps and Sgt. Armstrong romped Home with about 15 yds. to spare. This race was however was protested by a certain Section owing to the fact that Sgt. Armstrong, when well ahead of the Field threw his flag to a French soldier who shouted to him for a souvenir. This procedure was carried out at the last Olympic Games at Stockholm, but evidently the Section in question have never come in contact with Sport on so large a scale, where International Rules are in vogue.

The Members of the South African Section gave us some very fine exhibitions of Sport in the Closed Events. The way in which their Tug of War Team carried off the 1st prize was very much admired by the onlookers.

W. V. R. W.

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## ANNUAL SPORTS.

### Indian Royal Artillery Advanced Base Depot.

Members of the Section who were lucky enough to see these Sports certainly had their eyes opened.

By the feats of Horsemanship, the Tent Pegging and Trick Riding Events and by the performances of the Native Cavalrymen which was something quite new to them.

Other events which require special mention are the several displays by the Recruits and especially the riding and driving Competitions. The Mop contest was especially funny owing to the fact that one of the competitors having lost the head off his mop proceeded to clear the field with his bare pole much to the chagrin and discomfort of the other contestants. The Musical Chairs for the Q. M. A. A. C. and the Thread the Needle Race for Officers and Nurses gave the spectators something to laugh at and were a great success. It is not possible to mention all the events but suffice it to say that in our opinion the whole afternoon was a great success.

The Depot is to be congratulated on the most unique and thrilling Sports Meeting ever held in this District.

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## ALLIED SPORTS MEETING. PARIS.

The Members of the Section who went to Paris to take part in the Allied Sports Meeting which were held in the beautiful Grounds of the Racing Club of France, in the Bois de Boulogne on the afternoon of Sunday August 25th, did extremely well, when we take into consideration the stiff opposition they came up against.

Pte. Mayson ran well and succeeded in capturing 2nd place in the 300 Metres Race, Cpl. Barrie took a third in the 100 Metres as also did Pte. King in the 1500 Metres and all three succeeded in getting themselves Mentioned in Depatches, ie. The "Dily Mile."

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### REVIEW.

The Canadian Section has something to be proud of in the record made in the different Sports members of the Section have taken part in during the past three months. Especially have our Track men covered themselves with glory. We have yet to be beaten in the High and Broad Jumps and our Relay Teams have yet to meet defeat.

Taking into consideration the limited amount of time there is for training and the size of the Section in comparison with some of the other Units in the District we can feel that we have done extremely well.

W. V. R. W.





## Officers and Warrant Officers Play Ball.

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Last evening we were wandering along in the direction of "Champs des Courses" and en route were attracted by the cries and cheers of many thousands of people who were watching a game of Base-ball on the ground of the "Second Rouennais."

On taking a seat in the Grand Stand, we turned to the man next to us, who, by the way was no other than the Mayor of Rouen, and asked that we might be informed as to who, or what, the two teams were composed of, and if we were correct in assuming that they were playing Base-ball. He, (the Mayor), we thought smiled when we mentioned the word *playing*; however, he informed us that a friendly game was being played between the Officers and Warrant Officers of the Canadian Section, 3rd Echelon, G. H. Q. We thanked him very much and turned our attention to the game

The first man that caught our eye was Sergt-Major Hod Carrier, who was catching *behind* the bat, we were quite sure he was *behind* the bat, as a matter of fact had he been much farther back, the Pitcher would not have been able to see him. Anyhow whoever told him he could catch should get 10 days F. P. No. 1. He couldn't catch a cold.

Our eyes then travelled in a straight line towards the pitcher, and say: We never saw a scratch man yet who could play ball, 'cept Highball. Well, 5es had them higher than that, and it did not take him long to discover that he could sling the Bull faster than the Ball, so retired to Second Base, and was replaced by R. S. M. Lidon. Now immediately this W. O. hove in sight, it was obvious he could "heave." His tall, manly form stood out, and one could easily see he was a soldier "through and through." We have often listened to this Sergt-Major's word of command on the 8 a. m. parade and thought to ourselves what a wonderful voice and manner he had. Now he did not say a word, but just calmly took the ball and threw it over. Someone near said they thought the ball was intended for Third Base, but we could easily



see from our position, he was throwing towards Hod Carrier. His second and third were strikes though we are afraid the "Ump." will not agree. Next the batter got a hit, this was quite easily muffed by Lidon amid cheers from the crowd. As a matter of fact he received a great ovation during the time he was allowed to twirl. Some of them "phwat a game," "vell, vell," "ataboy lkey" etc. We enquired as to the land of birth of this gallant W. O. and were first informed Jerusalem, but the Mayor informed us that his native land was Sweden, so we subsided.

Our attention was then drawn towards First Base, and there we discovered George Iron, the Captain of the W. Os., team, say; if George would put on a Base-ball rig and learn the game, he would make a fairly good player, he is easily the best man on *First Base*.

We went from there over to Second Base, and well — Boss can hide files, but we're sure he can find them quicker than he could find the ball. He was hopeless and helpless absolutely. We were disappointed too, "cause he played such a good game last year. We suggest this "player" be allowed to remain in C. R., next game.

And so, on Third Base. Here Corton was holding forth. We hardly recognized him without his "Frock-Coat," but he told us he had let the Duke of..... have it to go to some swell affair en ville. He plays a fairly good game (not ball) and we left him.

Wandered away out to the Field and found Fairplay. He assured us he could play marbles and tiddley-winks, but ball, no; we didn't argue the point.

And so we strolled towards "Sarden" Major Wallon, he was playing away out by the fence. Now Wallon is a good Superintending Clerk and all that, is very popular with the opposite sex, but we suggest that until such time as this W. O., has completed his training and forgets about "Bonsecours," that he be allowed to play "spare." Of course his batting was good and though declared "out" by the "Ump" several times, still thought he was to remain at bat. The fair sex were much amused at the way he could twist his kilt when *waving* at the ball, though he assures us this was quite unintentional. One ball he attempted to reach in the field, we thought he was sliding for a base, but such was not the case.

We almost overlooked Sergt-Major Sadder but, to tell the truth, when he takes off his coat, it is difficult to make out whether it is Sadder or a shadow. This in no way affects his playing though and it was evident that he *had* played ball before. When asked how long since he had played, he replied, "When I was a boy," so we came to the conclusion that this was somewhere in the "eighties." We are of the opinion if Sadder would leave Bridge alone, go home at night, stop smoking cigarettes, and even if he can learn base-ball, he will make a player.

By this time the Officers had taken the Field, so we looked them over. Now we admit, had the W. A. A. Cs., been playing, we could have looked them over better, however we went on with it. As we were still in the Field, we ran across Mr. Blackbird in Left. Joe is one of those chaps who play base-ball in the Winter, and, as the Winter has passed, perhaps we shouldn't be too severe and criticise too much, but really he is a failure. Only one ball came within seeing distance of him and he missed that. Of course he made a "home-run" at bat, but we can assure Mr. Blackbird that this would not have been the case had he been playing against the "Giants." Joe said after the game that anyhow he played as good a game as he could. We suggest he be allowed to practice (Ball as well as his French).

Then we came to Captain Ashbarrell. We were glad to see Capt. Ashbarrell, he was pressed into the game and agreed to play in a manner becoming a Gentleman. He said he knew nothing about the game, though enjoyed a bit of fun. Now our opinion is that if we had more like Capt. Ashbarrell it would not be so difficult to establish any sport. He too, made a "home-run," which brought down the house. As he crossed the "home plate" ten thousand people rose and cheered again and again. Ashbarrell thought they wanted him to run again, but he was assured it was not necessary. Several times later he made an attempt to get next to First Base, but the "Ump" was stingy and would not allow him to go. However, he fooled the "Ump" when he was not at bat by going in the direction of Third and there holding conversation in French with one of France's Fairest.

Then we came to Mr. Your-it. Now right here we want it to be known that whoever coaxed this chap to play Base-ball, should be drawn and quartered. Chess we suggest as a more pleasing

Pastime for this gentleman. We gave him a fair chance, and from what we could see, it's no use, he must have more practice. We understand that he is *trying* to learn French and we suggest that a book of rules be handed Mr. Your-it, for his "information and necessary action." He claims to be a Cricketer. We hear the Echelon has a Cricket Team and if he could make a place on their team we understand the Base-ball people are willing to let him go "gratis."

Then we strolled towards the infield and a *few feet* off Third Base whom should we meet but "Skin." Now "Skin" is a ball player, as a matter of fact he plays any kind of a game inside or out. He told us he tried to get a pair of sneakers in town but was informed a special pair would have to be made, and as the size was so extra-ordinary, new machinery would have to be installed, therefore, the cost would be enormous. We were reading in the "Dily Mile" the other day where a chap in the U. S. had to be discharged from the Army cause they couldn't get boots large enough to fit him. Now we don't suggest for a minute that Skin's are so large as this, but he admits himself that they would be a trifle large for a Chinese Maiden. However, as we have said he plays good ball and with eight more good players, he could challenge "K. H." even.

We then cantered out towards Johnnie B., who was playing Short-stop. Johnnie did his best which is rotten at his best moments and we are of the opinion his success was not the same as that beverage, which his name represents. Then it must be taken into consideration the fact that he is no longer single, also that he is "manager" of the Echelon "9," and managers are not supposed to play ball, are they?

Cap. Cinch then loomed up on Second Base. We went towards him cautiously, "SPK" stood out all over him. We got a Ladder, climbed up and asked him who was the person responsible for putting him on the team. He informed us that he put himself on, also that he could play as good a game as any man in the Section, and if we didn't believe it, ask Central Registry to get a "file on this." He can't play ball, we don't believe he ever could, or ever will, and right here we say that any man who goes to the theatre every night and after the show goes "Star-gazing," can't hope to be an athlete. He has speed and one time went from

Second to Third in three leaps, so you can imagine the length of his branches.

The First Baseman then came to light. Capt. Waters would like to have people think he can play ball, but how can they after such an exhibition? The old cry "learners use both hands" seemed to fit his case, and usually he was running away from the ball when he should have been running towards it we admit that he is a fast walker, likes theatres, has good taste, his *line* is excellent, etc., but he can't play ball.

The Pitcher made a noise like "la même chose" and we steered a course in his direction to see what he knew about the game. It only took a few minutes to find out that he knew nothing whatever about base-ball. "Knowlt" is fond of telling tales of the game he "used to play" but as "no trace can be found in this office" of any previous honours awarded for games played, we couldn't accept his word. The only thing about him that reminded us of a ball player was the cap he wore, (borrowed). Someone said he was camouflaged to deceive the throng that he was a player. He's hopeless though, and we suggest that in the next game he be allowed to play in the Left Field, providing no one else is available. Of course, "Knowlt" worked hard to stage the game and a bit of credit is due, though we think he knew victory was certain before challenging the W. Os. If he would "take steps" to rid himself of superfluous weight, leave "Picons" alone, and practice, he might make a player.

Then we made a dash for the catcher and found "B. J." holding forth in his usual good form. "B. J." is a fairly good ball player, and if he would play less tennis, golf, etc., and not smoke O. P. Cigarettes, he would make a place on the team. We are informed that the one reason that Johnnie consented to play, was the fact that it would not cost him anything.

Mc Dermott (Staff-Sergt) started the game as "Ump" and gave complete satisfaction, though he made many mistakes. Tucker then carried on and "Tuck" can carry on too. He told us after that it was as good a game as he expected.

"Twas getting dark then so we had to leave.

"Au Revoir."

"JAP."

## BASEBALL — 1918.

One may talk of all the different kind of games that help to make up the "Sport Circle," but I believe when it comes down to a game that is full of "Pep" and excitement, we all have to take off our hats to what is known as Baseball.

This Season's baseball started out good and is still going strong, more and more interest being taken in it every day. As usual the Canadian Section formed their intersection League at the beginning of the season, which was composed of four teams, each team being scheduled to play six games during the first series.

Every game was, as good as one would wish to see and the players were always well supported by the members of the various sub-sections who, quite naturally, always went up to root for their own team.

There was one game towards the end of the first series that was no doubt one of the greatest games that has been played between the Canadian Section teams. It was between these two teams to decide who were the winners of the inter-section league and at the same time it was a challenge game. Cash was floating quite freely and at the last amounted to maybe an odd thousand or two, (francs of course).

The game was called for 6-15 p. m. and at the proper time all the players were on hand and a large number of spectators. Numerous "Army Wafer" tins could be seen all around the Field, Megaphones and other things with which one can make a noise were also made good use of.

Now to make a long story short the team that won shouldn't have, at least not by such a big score but as the other team seemed to be absolutely "off", which was very hard luck both for the team itself and their supporters. Some of the guys went off the Field "Millionaires" and others went off "Broke". By the way, I believe this space is for Baseball and not financial matters so I guess we had better chase back to the Ball ground. One of the KT's met with an accident which we were all quite sorry to see, breaking

a bone in the back of his hand in two places. It was arranged that the same two teams would play again but as we are continuously losing our players, we will have to let things ride as they are. Our sole wish is that these two teams could have clashed together once more in the battle for the championship of the inter-section league, the result of which would be much different from the last.

Sub-Section games have been very much in the running this year, which only goes to show the interest that all the fellows are taking in Ball.

Talking about the different games that have been played during the season we must not overlook the close exciting game that was played between the Officers and Warrant Officers of the Section.

Every man was on his toes from the time he stepped on the diamond, "Ty Cob" would have had to take a back seat.

The best game of the season was played between Le Havre and No. 12 Gen. Hosp. At the end of the third inning the score was one all and from then until the 13th inning neither side was able to register a run. In the last half of the 13th inning, Le Havre, through good luck on their part and hard luck on the part of No. 12, managed to get two runs bringing the score up to 3-1. It was a pitcher's battle from the word "GO" and when a base-runner was quick enough to steal a base, he certainly deserved it. Everyone will agree that that was one of the very best games that they have ever had the pleasure of witnessing and we only hope that we will have the opportunity of seeing more like it.

It will soon be the end of the Ball season now, and by this time next year Baseball will be able to hood its own with any game there is and in a very short time it will be the "Game of the World."

"BEELEE."

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## CRICKET — 1918.

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In reviewing the Cricket Season of 1918 there are too many reverses which present themselves, reverses that should not have been reverses which makes it impossible to term the season a successful one.

Possessing a stronger batting side than that of last year, having the same bowling strength, which was responsible for these victories we won in 1917, there seemed at the outset a fair chance for the team to obtain a place in the upper four of the Inter-Record Office competition. But conditions reversed themselves this year. Weak in Bowlers we were strong in Batters, and have to thank the run-getting abilities of Goodall, Carter and Hodsman for those victories we did obtain as well as for putting up creditable scores against the best teams in the league. Against Australian "A" Goodall played a splendid innings of 50 never giving a chance Carter against R. Es for his inning of 50 gave two chances, but fully deserved his runs. He scored mostly by an accurate leg stroke. Hodsman did well against Infantry No. 3, second only to Australian "A" in all round strength, contributing 28 by a fine forcing drive stroke. Goodall was the only consistent Bowler. Pickles last year's stalwart could not find his form, Strong who also did well last season could not succeed as of old in fooling the Batsmen, Parrott early in the season gave up his chances of success, discouraged perhaps by his immediate inability to find his form. Daley, who played in but one game against Infantry Section No. 2, met with a fair measure of success, and had he been able to turn out in other matches would have been a bowling asset to the Team. Our Fielding could never be termed brilliant although fair at times. It is certain that had we practised more the art of getting down to the ball, the result of some of the games would have been different. Our own ground is well studded with stones, and that to get down to a ball you were gambling your chance of a black eye against a clean "pick up" at about even

odds ; but when a victory was in the balance the chance was worth it, yet perhaps some of us did not think so. We have played 10 games, won 3 and lost 7. Our best win was against Cavalry Section. Dismissing them for 110 runs, we quickly hit up 124 runs for 5 wickets. Lambe with 35 not out being to scorer. Cavalry in tempting Lambe to hit, played the wrong card, for nothing delights him more than to smash balls to the boundary.

Our unluckiest loss was against R. N. D. & A. V. C. Section, who beat a poor representative first Team by six runs. Luck was dead against us, although we made no superhuman effort to persuade it to smile upon us.

It is hoped that, should at some time or place this Section or members of this Section attempt to form a cricket team, they will bear in mind that there is a proportion of work to be done which all should equally share and that for the success of a Club, esprit de corps is essential.

There has been quite unlooked for activity among the different Dept's of the Section in arranging inter-department matches. K. I. 4 has played no less than 9 games, and have only lost 1. This good showing can be accredited to the hitting abilities of Hodsman, and the bowling of Lieut. Anderson and Clarke.

K. X. has a fairly strong side and inflicted a defeat on K. I. 4 which avenged the former defeat suffered by K. X.

K. W. however possess the cricket talent necessary for a good team. They were defeated by a "Circus XI", but were unlucky, and should easily avenge their defeat in a coming return game. Montefiore is their star player It is regretted that cricket activity among the Dept's did not commence earlier in the season, and so have permitted the drawing up of a competition which would have yielded more fun and controlled more enthusiasm. But experience is a great teacher. Should there be a next years committee they should profit by errors of this season, and foster the inter-office spirit.







### ADDITIONAL HONOURS.

“La Vic” extends its heartiest congratulations to our O. C. Lieut.-Col. A. L. Hamilton on his receiving lately the honour of Commander of the Cross of St. Micheal and St. George, for services rendered during the present War.

Capt. Skinner is also to be congratulated on his having recently had conferred upon him the Order of the British Empire.

The following Other Ranks are to be congratulated on the honours shewn after their names.

Sgt. Maj. T. Haynes . .	Meritorious Service Medal	
Staff, Sgt. Fisher. . .	—	—
Sgt. Link . . .	—	—
Pte. Palmer . . .	—	—
Sgt. Aitken. . .	Mentioned in Despatches	
Cpl. Pickles . . .	—	—

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### RECENT MARRIAGES.

“La Vic” takes great pleasure in wishing every happiness to the following members of our Section who have strayed from the Flock as it were, and set up housekeeping for themselves.

S. maj. A. L. Norton.

Sgt. Catt. A. J.

Having been so successful with his Army Records evidently decided to start a Family Record. The same would appear to apply to Pte. Beecham, H. Sgt. Chenier R. A., Lce/ Cpl. Jones A. H. C., Sgt Peattie. M. W. and Ptes. Trenham and Scott.

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## “ IT IS SAID ” that :

The war will be over before Christmas. “ Quel bonheur ”. In view of the fact that a certain N. C. O. of the “ Governor-Generals Body-Guard ” has taken the field, this does not seem at all improbable.

The “ big move ” will take place in either 1918, 1919 or 1920.

When it does take place, many dramatic scenes and tragic “ goodbye's ” are likely to eventuate.

Hence the camouflaged departure.

Instead of the “ eternal triangle, the hitherto unknown spectacle of a “ quadrangle ” is causing deep anxiety among three O. R. Sergeants in K. G. It is reported that the landlady's daughter, who is the unwilling and unfortunate recipient of their attentions, is in imminent danger of going “ N. Y. D. Nuts ”.

A certain landlady was heard enquiring a few days ago at the gate for “ le capitaine Voltaire ”.

Shocking!!!

That a touching memento of boyhood's days has been inaugurated in the “ Plummervic Aerial System KX to KR ”. Why not indent for “ Rattles large, two ”.

Certain of the fire-picquet have had their photos taken, in their tin hats. “ Dear mother, we went over the top at 5.30. P. M. ”

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Members of the Section will learn with regret that our old esteemed friend Sgt. Ronnie Kay, of the Guards, who left us on February 5th for a more exciting seat of war, was the recipient of some portions of Jerry's Iron Rations on April 6th. He was hit in the head, right arm and sustained a fracture of the left humerus. After reaching No. 26 General Hospital, he was evacuated to England on the 12th.

Ronnie was always a good friend to all, and his cheerful nature found everyone reciprocal towards him in that respect. After returning from leave, he decided to “ get there ”, with some brighter prospect in view. After his discharge from Hospital in England we trust he attains the height of his ambitions — a S. B. Belt. His brightness and display of initiative will carry him through.

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## THE RECRUIT.

They took away my name and they gave me Number 976.

They took away my clothes and gave me a uniform.

They took me to church when I didnt want to go, and when the " Sky Pilot " said " Number 976, Art thou weary, Art thou languid. " I got 14 days C. B. for giving him a civil answer.

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New Recruit on Guard. Halt, " Who Comes there " ?

Voice from darkness " Army Chaplain. "

Recruit. " Advance, Charlie Chaplain and be recognized ".

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Absentminded One, leaving Barber's Shop, picks up an umbrella which looks like his own.

Indignant One from chair. Hey! Where are you going with my umbrella.

Absentminded One. " So sorry old chap, thought it was my own. "

Later. Absentminded One on crowded trolley car with his own and his wifes umbrellas in his hand which he is taking home from the repair Shop.

Enters the Indignant One of the Barber's Shop episode. Recognition is mutual and the Indignant One, spotting the two umbrellas, leans over and in a very sarcastic tone says " I see you have had a good day. "

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## WAR DIET.

Waiter. " How did you find your apple pie Sir ? "

Diner in a pained voice. " Oh I just turned over the little piece of cheese and there it was. "

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Scene Dark rainy night and Recruit on Guard at the Citadel.

Loud and continuous knocking at the gate.

Recruit " Halt. Who comes there ? "

Voice from without. " Officer of the day. "

Voice from within. " Well what in 'ell are you doing out in the night then. "

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**OUTCLASSED.**

*The Devil sat by the Lake of Fire,  
On a pile of Sulphur legs;  
His head was bowed upon his breast,  
His tail between his legs.*

*A look of shame was on his face  
The tears dropped from his eyes;  
He had sent his resignation,  
To the Throne up in the Skies.*

*"I'm down and out" the Devil cried,  
He said it with a sob;  
"There are others who outclass me  
And I want to quit my job".*

*"Hell isn't in it with the land,  
That lies across the Rhine;  
I'm a "has been" and a "Piker"  
And, therefore, I resign.*

*"Those ammunition sluggers,  
With their bloody shot and shell;  
Know more about Damnation,  
Than all the Imps in Hell.*

*"Give my job to Kaiser Wilhelm,  
And his Army in the Line;  
Von Terpitz or Von Hindenberg,  
Or some other child of mine.*

*"I hate to leave the old Home,  
The spot I love so well;  
But I feel that I'm not ue to date,  
In the art of running Hell."*

**WHEN THE WAR WILL END.**

*Absolute knowledge I have none,  
But my Aunts washerwoman's Sister's son,  
Heard a Policeman on the beat,  
Say to a Labourer on the street,  
That he had a letter just last week,  
Written in the finest Greek,  
From a Chinese Coolie in Timbuctoo,  
Who said that the Negros in Cuba knew,  
Of a Mulatto man in Texas Town,  
Who heard a man who claimed to know,  
Of a swell society Female Fake,  
Whose Mother-in-law will undertake,  
To prove that her seventh husbands sisters niece,  
Had stated in a printed piece,  
That she has a son who has a friend,  
That KNOWS when the War is going to end.*

**WHAT A HOPE!!!**

BILL. — What are you worrying about?

JOE. — My wife is out in this heavy downpour.

BILL. — Oh she will be alright. She will probably take shelter in some shop.

JOE. — Damn it man. Thats what I'm worrying about. She's got a fifty dollar bill of mine.

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KI. — Did you hear that they were going to change the initials of K. A.

KX. — You dont say. What's it to be now?

KI. — SPK.

*Continued in our next.*



## Dominion Day at Rouen.

1918.

From No. 111000. Pte. Micheal Doolan to his wife "Biddy".

(Note. No credence is to be placed in Pte. Doolans statements.)

Now Biddy dear  
Yer'll loike to hear  
We kept our great Dominion;  
Day, in this land  
And bate the band  
'Tis everyones opinion.

The football ground  
With flags was found  
All noicely decorated  
With "Poipes" and Band  
Placed near the Sthand  
The Populace was fated.

While tints in rear  
Supplied fine beer  
And lashions of good whisky;  
With Strawbs and crame  
To suit a Quane  
Made everyone quite frisky.

There was races soine  
In which to shoine  
For them thats good at running;  
And clowns galore  
Who made ye roar  
And kept the people humming.

There were Generals there  
That made yer stare  
With ribbins just amazing;  
Who watched the Sport  
And swigged the port  
Although the sun was blazing.

There were pretty gurls  
With oies and curls  
To tempt the Saint Anthonie;  
With ankles nate  
And dainty fate  
To plaze a Macaroni.

T'was soine to sec  
Our A. A. G.  
Upon the Grand Sthand sated;  
Loike an Imp'r'er soine  
With smile benoign  
His guests he duly grated.

There's long legged Winch  
Who made a cinch  
Of lepping in his shweather;  
Whoile Wroight he ran  
He always can  
And never did he bether.

The soight to see  
Was ould K. D.  
Who scored a soine walk over;  
When loike a dart  
He left the mark  
To prove an errant rover.

The Gurl Wack's race  
Was full of grace  
And a soine display of thocking;  
When underway  
They made great play  
But took a dale of Shopping.

The moile was won  
By ould Sam's son  
A lad by no manes lankie;  
But the Tug off War  
We made secure  
By pulling smart the Yankee.

The relay race  
Was won with grace  
By sprinting Pte. Barrie;  
But the fast R. A's  
Us bate ith aise,\*  
To end a pleasant swarrie.

\* Association Football five a side.



## A CIGARETTE.

1. *When the cold is making ice cream of the marrow in your bones,  
When you're shaking like a jelly and your feet are dead as stones,  
When your clothes and boots and blankets and your rifle and your kit,  
Are soaked from Hell to Breakfast, and the dug out where you sit,  
Is leaking like a basket, and upon the muddy floor,  
The water lies in filthy pools, six inches deep or more;  
Tho' life seems cold and miserable, and all the world is wet,  
You'll always get thro' somehow if you've got a cigarette.*
2. *When you're lying in a listening-post, 'way out beyond the wire,  
While a blasted Hun, behind a gun, is doing rapid fire,  
When the bullets whine above your head and sputter on the ground,  
When your eyes are strained for every move, your ears for every sound —  
You'd bet your life a Hun patrol is prowling somewhere near,  
A shiver runs along your spine that's very much like fear;  
You'll stick it to the finish-but I'll make a little bet  
You would feel a whole lot better if you had a cigarette.*
3. *When Fritz is starting something and his guns are on the bust,  
When the parapet goes up in chunks, and settles down in dust,  
When the roly-poly "run-jar" comes a-wobbling thro' the air;  
When it lands upon a dug out and the dug out is'nt there;  
When the air is full of dust, and smoke, and scraps of steel, and noise,  
And you think you're booked for golden crowns and other Heavenly joys,  
When your nerves are all a-tremble, and your brain is all a-fret  
It isn't half so hopeless if you've got a cigarette.*
4. *When you're waiting for the whistle and your foot is on the step.  
You bluff yourself its lots of fun, and all the time your kep'  
To the fact that you may stop one 'for you've gone a dozen feet,  
And you wonder what it feels like, and your thoughts are far from sweet;  
Then you thing about a little grave, with R. I. P. on top,  
And you know you've got to go across altho' you'd like to stop;  
When your back bone's limp as butter, and you're bathed in icy sweat,  
Why, you'll feel a lot more cheerful if you puff your cigarette.*
5. *Then, when you stop a good one, and the stretcher bearers come,  
And patch you up with strings, and splints, and bandages and gum,  
When you thing you've got a million wounds and fifty thousand breaks,  
And your body's just a blasted sack-packed full of pains and aches,  
Then you feel you've reached the finish, and you're sure your numbers up  
But you know that you're not down and out, the life's worth living yet,  
When some old war-wise Red Cross guy slips you a cigarette,*
6. *We can do without Maconachie and Bully, and hard tack;  
When Fritz's curtain-fire keeps the ration parties back;  
We can do without our great coats, and our socks and shirts, and shoes  
We might almost — tho' I doubt it — get along without our booze.  
We can do without "K. R. and O." and "Military Law";  
We can beat the ancient Is realites at making bricks and straw.  
We can do without a lot of things and still win out you bet.  
Wut I'd hate to think of soldiering without a CIGARETTE.*

Written in the trenches  
Corp. Jack TURNER, Newfoundland.

