

# THE BRAZZIER

Passed by  
The Chief Censor  
First Canadian Division



Published by  
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Lt.-Col. J. E. Leckie, DSO

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## KING'S BIRTHDAY HONOURS FOR THIRD BRIGADE

On the occasion of His Majesty's Birthday—June 3rd—the following members of the Third Canadian Infantry Brigade were recipients of decorations for bravery and meritorious service in the field:

### D.S.O.

Lt.-Col. V. C. Buchanan, 13th Batt.  
Major A. G. Cameron, 13th Batt.  
Major T. L. Morrisey, 13th Batt.

### D.C.M.

C.S.M. W. G. Fraser, 15th Batt.  
C.S.M. C. F. E. Hall, 13th Batt.  
C.S.M. A. Handcock, 14th Batt.

### MILITARY MEDAL

Lce.-Corpl. A. A. Harper, 13th Batt.  
Pte. T. Hodgson, 14th Batt.  
Corpl. R. Scott, 14th Batt. Sergt. R. Urquhart, 15th Batt. C.S.M. H. Marshall, 15th Batt. Sergt. J. G. Boyes, 16th Batt. Pte J. Payne, 16th Batt.

### MENTIONED IN DESPATCHES

The following members of the Third Brigade are brought to the notice of the Secretary of State for War for gallant and distinguished conduct in the field in a despatch from General Sir Douglas Haig, under date of April 30th:

H.Q.'s Staff—Capt. H. MacI. Urquhart.

13th Batt.—Lt.-Col. V. C. Buchan-

an, Major G. E. McCuaig, C.S.M. G. E. Race.

14th Batt.—Major G. McCombe.

15th Batt.—Major C. E. Bent, C.S.M. W. Maybin, Sergt. W. J. Binny.

16th Batt.—Major C. W. Peck, C.Q.M.S. G. F. Palmer, Sergt. G. B. Goodall, Corpl. S. D. Johnson.



BRIG. GEN. G. TUXFORD, C.M.G.

## SIR SAM'S CONGRATULATIONS

Text of a cable sent by Sir Sam Hughes, Minister of Militia, to the Canadian troops at the front:

"Heartfelt congratulations to the gallant lads of the Canadian Division for their splendid conduct. Canada rejoices in her heroic work, but deeply

## NEW OFFICERS COMMISSIONED ON THE BATTLEFIELD

Owing to recent actions and the depletion in the commissioned ranks during the past month the following non-commissioned officers in the Third Canadian Infantry Brigade were created Lieutenants:

13th Batt.—Sergt. W. J. Anderson, Sergt. G. L. Earle, Sergt. D. C. Grieve, Corpl. H. R. Monsarrat, Lce.-Corpl. S. L. Reaume.

14th Batt.—R.S.M. J. W. Green, R.Q.M.S. W. Sharp, O.R.S. Plow, C.Q.M.S. G. H. Sullivan, Sergt. F. K. Higginson, Sergt. R. H. Hood, Corpl. A. L. McLean.

15th Batt.—C.S.M. N. Maybin, Sergt. S. O. Winnitrith, Sergt. W. B. Venner.

16th Batt.—R.Q.M.S. G. Skinner, Sergt. R. C. Lyons, D.C.M., Sergt. J. Russell, Sergt. J. R. N. Ellis.

Capt. V. Hastings recently returned to the 16th Batt. and resumed his old command—No. 4 Coy.

mourns the loss of so many gallant heroes. On behalf of the entire Militia Force, heartfelt appreciation goes forth for their glorious conduct and gallant deeds, which will never be forgotten. Canada applauds the heroic sacrifice, but foremost of all to send congratulations and love are the mothers of those lads who are out to lay down their lives for their Empire."

## ABEELE

Frontier village partly in France and partly in Belgium, on the main road from Cassel to Ypres, and about half-way between Steenvoorde and Poperinghe.

*Special features*—Speed limit, the limit.

## ARMENTIERES

A very ancient city on the river Lys. In Roman days *Armentarium* was an agricultural centre and cattle market of importance. During the Middle Ages it earned fame and prosperity by its woollens. Before the war, the population of Armentieres and suburbs was over 50,000. In the autumn of 1914 the Boche left the city and took up a more eligible rural residence upon some hills in front of Lille. Ever since, Armentieres has formed a salient in the German line and has shared with other salients the privilege of being shelled from several sides. There is nothing in Armentieres of superlative beauty and interest, either from an artistic or historical point of view, a fact which has probably saved it from sharing the fate of Ypres or Rheims. The Boche might easily have completely wrecked it, but he has not, and the most cruel part of it is that even those whom he has spared so generously do not love him one little bit.

*Special features*—Ecole Professionnelle and *Lucienne*.

## BAILLEUL

An ancient market town eight miles south of Poperinghe. The oldest monument in Bailleul is the Town Hall. Its belfry was built in the sixteenth century, when Bailleul was under Soanish rule, but the lower chamber dates back to the twelfth century. The church of St. Vaast is gothic and has one of the finest pulpits in Flanders; it was built in the early years of the sixteenth century. St. Amand, or the Jesuits' church, was built a little later, and, although less ornate, is equally interesting. There is in Bailleul a very large asylum for mad women; when he came in the late summer of 1914, the playful Hun let loose all the unfortunate inmates, but he did not remain to enjoy the tragic results of his kultur.

*Special features*—Very fine antique furniture (Museum) and *Tina* (Cafe du Nord).

## SOMEWHERE IN FLANDERS

(By A. L. S.)

## BOESCHEPE

One of the most justly cursed villages in Flanders. It lies on the railway from Ypres to Bruges on the Ypres-Furnes canal. It is about two-and-half miles north of Ypres by the bloody road which runs alongside the canal, and where the aforesaid road is crossed by an equally gory one leading from Elveringhe to Langemarck.

## CASSEL

An ancient city built upon the highest hill in Flanders. It was the most advanced stronghold that the



Lieut.-General the Hon. Sir Julian Byng,  
K.C.B., K.C.M.G., C.B., M.V.O.

Romans held in the country of the Menapii, and the best roads today which lead to and from Cassel were built by the Romans

*Special features*—The Casino.

## DICKEBUSCH

Once a charming rural summer resort, close to Ypres; particularly popular among the industrial classes from the manufacturing towns of the Lys valley. Its greatest attractions were its lake, the work of Robert de Bethune, who dug it in 1320 to supply Ypres with drinking water, and

the eelpies, which were the specialite of the "Vijverhuis."

*Special features*—The Huts.

## HAZEBROUCK

An important market town and railway junction which wakes up every Monday (market day).

## METEREN

A village on the main Dunkirk-Lille road. Three nave red brick church with curious carved beams (sixteenth century) and nonagenarian parish priest.

*Special features*—M.T.

## OUDERDOM

A few houses, mostly estaminets, where the Vlamertinghe-Reninghelst road crosses the road from Poperinghe to Dickebusch.

*Special features*—Coal.

## PLOEGSTEERT

Once a peaceful village near a charming wood, the favorite courting rendezvous of romantic lovers. Robbed by the war of its peace, charm, romance and lovers, it became a fashionable rendezvous for members of British and Overseas Suicide Clubs

## PONT DE NIEPPE

An industrial suburb of Armentieres.  
*Special features*—Bathes and Vaseline.

## POPERINGHE

A quiet market town on the main road from Cassel to Ypres. For some months after he had to leave it in a hurry, the Boche was kind to it; the old place was more animated, lively and gay than it had been for centuries past. British and French troops met and made merry in Pop; maidens were fair and kind; brewers worked overtime. Then the Boche turned nasty; he pushed down a few houses and let in an abundance of fresh air in others. Well-to-do inhabitants, colleges, hospitals and monasteries vacated excellent billets where many less fastidious people soon made themselves quite comfortable. Ever since, the flow and ebb of the khaki tide has swept Poperinghe night and day, regardless of the Boche's titful strafing, and neither the three venerable old churches nor its three-score noisy estaminets have ever

(Continued on Page 3)

closed their doors or failed to give shelter and solace to saint and sinner.

*Special features*—The Fancies and Emma's Bowling Alley.

## RENINGHELST

A big village of the Poperinghe hop-growing district. Quaint old church.

*Special features*—The Mudlarks.

## ST. OMER

An unwholesome atmosphere envelops the dull old city at present, and the mere man hurriedly crosses its sleepy streets with bated breath, uncomfortably conscious of the unseen but nevertheless awe-inspiring and all-pervading presence of *Greatness, Holiness and Quietude*.

## YPRES

Before the war, Ypres had a population of about 19,000. It was the chief city of the Westernmost province of Belgium, and the shrine to which men came from all parts of the world to admire one of the most beautiful gems of Gothic architecture—the Cloth Hall, now all but brick dust. During six centuries, foreign armies and civil wars left ugly scars upon Ypres, but its hallowed shrines and great hall had ever been religiously respected both by men and time. The Hun came and now Ypres and all its art treasures are a shapeless mass of broken stones over which stand forlorn and desolate the carcass of the old belfry and the tottering tower of St. Martin's! Bloody stumps of once fair arms pitifully lifted in agony to heaven where justice has fled so far away from poor Ypres.

*Special features*—Souvenirs.

"Somewhere in Flanders" is a description in tabloid of this war stricken district with an A.B.C. epitomizing the places most frequented by Tommy.

WYMAN & SONS LTD., Fetter Lane,  
London, E.C. 6d nett.

Adjutant: "Have a look down the barrell of Mulvaney's rifle, sergeant-major, as I can scarcely credit my eyesight."

Sergeant-Major (after a pause): "I make it out a cockroach, sir!"

Adjutant: "No, it's a spider, for I can now see the web. Look down the barrell yourself, Private Mulvaney," ordered the Adjutant, in a tone bordering on a fit.

Complying as ordered, Mulvaney, after a protracted gaze, yelled: "Begorra! The Adjutant wins, for the little devil's just after dragging a fly into the magazine!"—*Blighty*.

15<sup>TH</sup> BATT. SECTION

It is but a few weeks since the writer remarked on the fact that Lt.-Col. Marshall was the only combatant officer who had come from Canada with the 48th Highlanders and served with the battalion throughout its fifteen months in the field. We remarked too on the great debt which the battalion owed to the late commanding officer for all he had done for it with his tireless energy, patience and courage. The brief article on the progress of the 48th Highlanders in Flanders was written while the Colonel was still alive and well, but before it was published, he was killed. We can only say now, as then, that there can be no better monument to his memory than the bat-



THE LATE LT.-COL. W. R. MARSHALL, D.S.O.

talion itself, wrought out of many parts into a solid whole.

Few members of the 15th were able to be at the funeral, the battalion then being in the front line. The rest may be glad to learn some particulars of that last ceremony, in which our comrades from other units of the Third Brigade took part. The funeral took place Sunday, May 20th, from the 3rd Field Ambulance. The firing party was supplied by the 16th Batt., The Canadian Scottish, under the command of Capt. R. O. Bell Irving. It was followed by the battalion pipe band and by the pipers of the 13th Batt., The Royal Highlanders of Canada. The casket with many floral tributes was borne on a wheel stretcher and carried from it by the four company quarter-

master sergeants. His charger was led by his groom, with boots reversed in the stirrups. Then came the mourners and friends of the deceased officer.

At the cemetery the impressive service was conducted by Major Cregan. The firing party gave its three volleys; the pipe bands of the 13th and 15th played the lament and the bugler sounded the "Last Post". The pipe majors of the 13th and 19th then played a lament and the mourners, headed by Lt.-Gen. Sir E. A. H. Alderson, K.C.B. saluted the body.

Among those in attendance besides a brother, Lieut. W. S. Marshall of the 3rd Canadian Pioneers, were Major General Currie, General Burstall, Lt.-Col. J. Edwards Leckie, Lt.-Col. Buchanan, Lt.-Col. Ross, Lt.-Col. Almond, Lt.-Col. Brutinell, Lt.-Col. Blanchard, Major C. W. Peck, Major Ware, Lt.-Col. Brown, Capt. Willis O'Connor, Major Villiers, Major Jones, Major Canon Scott, Major Batson, Major Dingwall, Capt. Bell Irving, Capt. Wood, Capt. Wallis, Capt. Donaldson, Capt. Thompson, Capt. Larkin, Capt. Cook, Capt. Graham, Capt. Ducken, Capt. Galbraith, Capt. Ward, Major Forbes, Capt. Mabee, Capt. Duguid, Capt. Macdonald, Capt. Houghton, and Lieutenants Wilson, Scott, Hibbert, Brookfield, Connell, and Cameron.

—P.P.A.

QUERIES FROM 3RD  
BRIGADE H.Q.

(By F. C. S.)

What our esteemed draughtsman said when they told him that leave had been cancelled?

Whether our orderly considers one tin of bully beef sufficient for supper?

And if there is a drug in this delicacy which induces sleep under shell fire?

Whether the Paymaster knows that we have two "At Home" days each month, or has he struck us off his visiting list?

The name of the clerk who swears "By the hole in ma coot"?

And why he joined a rifle regiment?

Whether the supplies at our Q.M. Stores are intended for grooms only?

And when the clerk with a hole in his coat expects to get a new one?

## QUERIES FROM NO. 4

We would like to know if the "Gold Dust Trio" can keep their thirst down these dusty days.

The "Gun runners" are very quiet. What is happening?

The "Coloured Troops" are still going strong and are always on the look out for stray "Listening Posts."

Will the members of the "Bucket of Blood" kindly avoid asking Paddy to say "when" in the event of any "Lime Juice" being around. Hand him the bottle instead.

The company wishes the "Big Strafe" (C.S.M. W. D. Mackie) a speedy recovery from his wounds and hope he will obtain a well earned rest in "Blighty" before taking up the "Cudgels of War" again.

—E. S. D.

## CAUGHT THROUGH THE LISTENER

"Welcome little stranger! Hoo's 'a wi' ye, Jock?"

Sandy returned from "Blighty" with an angelic smile on his face, and ——— "Thank 'ee, Sandy, don't mind if I do"

The burning question: Do we get leave, or do we get left?

Motto for working parties: "They also serve who only stand and wait."

Best wishes to Lce.-Corpl. Q. W. Minchin transferred to Division. May his path lay through pleasant places.

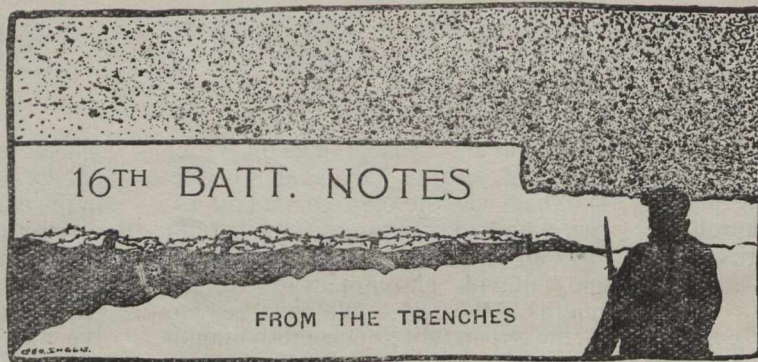
What happened to the "Mystery Bag"?

The section V.T.C. has now been disbanded owing to lack of funds. Each man now fills his own canteen. The founder now goes around with a long face, talking of the "good old times."

—A. H. H.

## TRANSPORT ITEMS

The whole world will soon be at war. The transport pioneer and the "mainspring" of the postal staff have started "straffing" each other. Hostilities were declared over the seizure of two six-inch spikes by the aforesaid Pioneer. The postal department claimed its rights to the spikes by



having "seen 'em first" and the Transport representative on the ground that "possession is nine parts of the law." We wonder what will start the next war.

We were surprised when Andrew Edwards of "Inverness" and water-cart fame, failed to compree what was ment when his attention was called to "pudducks" in a neighbouring pond

Many horses galloped riderless around the salient during the Second



MAJOR C. W. PECK, second in command  
16th Batt., The Canadian Scottish.

Battle of Ypres. One was captured by a member of the battalion. We are sorry we failed to congratulate him on the anniversary of his possession. A clean case of "find 'em, keep 'em."

Previous to the game who would have said the Bombers football team was as easy as "spending money from home."  
—W. G. C.

## HONORS WERE EVEN

A splendid game of soccer was witnessed when the 16th Transport and Q.M. Staff eleven met that of the Headquarters Company C.A.S.C. on the 3rd inst.

The first half consisted mostly of scraggy end to end play, the forwards on both sides finishing poorly and making little or no attempt

at combination. Several opportunities were thrown away when some "snap" might have opened the scoring. Half-time was called with no goals for either side.

The game brightened up considerably immediately after the interval and better footer was being shown. The C.A.S.C. defence was soon having a busy time and from a pass from Park, Raine opened the scoring for the 16th. Their opponents lost no time in equalising. With the score one all, both teams were putting forward every effort. The C.A.S.C. were fortunate to gain the lead with a soft goal, the ball rolling through from a scramble in front of the home posts. This reverse, if anything, seemed to put more "ginger" into the play of the 16th forwards and before long Taylor did the needful. Final score, two goals apiece.

—G. I.

## THE BRAZIER EXTENDS CONGRATULATIONS

To Captains W. F. Kemp and R. O. Bell-Irving on attaining their majority.

To Captain B. W. Browne on his promotion to Corps H.Q. Staff.

To Captain S. R. Heakes on his appointment to be Field Cashier to the 4th Canadian Division.

To Lieuts. H. B. S Strong and D. H. Bell on becoming Captains.

To R.Q.M.S. George Skinner on his promotion to Quartermaster.

To Captain R. M. Luton, M.O., on his recovery from illness and return to the regiment.

To Sergeants A. Lyons, D.C.M., J. Russell, R. J. M. Ellis and E. N. Anketell-Jones on receiving their commissions on the field.

To Corpl. J. F. Cadenhead on being granted a commission and attached to the London office of Sir Max Aitken, Canadian representative at the front.

To C.Q.M.S. D. M. Johnstone on his promotion to be R.Q.M.S.

# VERSES FROM THE FRONT

## EXCELSIOR-UM

The shades of night were falling fast,  
As down a trench a private passed,  
Looking cold and wet and glum  
And murmuring, I want my rum.

And when again at break of day  
The same man passed the self-same  
way,  
Saying low: Well, now I've come,  
I wonder if I'll get my rum?

He met a sergeant who felt gay  
And asked will there be rum to-day?  
The sergeant said, you gosh darned  
bum,  
I'll clink you if you ask for rum.

The man went back, resumed his place,  
A ghostly smile passed o'er his face.  
And soon he left for Kingdom Come,  
Still murmuring, I'd like my rum.

His soul reached Heaven in half a tick  
And at the Gate met Saint Patrick,  
Who said to him, why did you come?  
So he replied, I wanted rum.

Saint Patrick looked again and said,  
It sure is time that you were dead,  
For while on earth you were a bum,  
Who asked for nothing else but rum.

So here in Heaven you cannot stay;  
I'm sorry, but I must say nay,  
For here we only admit some  
Who don't insist on getting rum.

So then to H— that soul was sent,  
And Satan, who is a pleasant gent,  
Said, welcome, friend, I'm glad you've  
come,  
I expected you, so I got some rum.

So now in H— that soul remains  
And suffers no more ills or pains,  
For every night an imp will come  
And serve each one a jar of rum.

So when I die and I must go  
And leave this cold wet earth below,  
I hope that soul will be my chum,  
For then I know I'll get my rum.

And if by any luck, or chance,  
I meet a soul that's just from France  
Or Dardanelles or Bel-gi-um,  
I'll say, Hey, Partner, try some rum.

—W. O. W.

## MIGHT BE RIGHT

"Somewhere in France" or Belgium,  
Some place where might is right,  
To show how mighty we might be,  
We have to stay here and fight.

—G. A. F.

## MODERN HYMNS WITH ANCIENT AIRS

O Parados, O Parados,  
'Tis weary working here;  
This everlasting sand-bag stuff  
Makes life a trifle dreer;  
Where loyal hearts and true  
Stand ever in the rain,  
All soaking through and through  
Then soaking through again.

O Parados, O Parados,  
I'm getting tired of Fritz;  
Each night we build you up, each day  
He knocks you all to bits;  
Where loyal hearts and true  
Stand ever in the breeze,  
All frozen through and through —  
Especially round the knees.



O Parados, O Parados,  
It's getting far too hot  
For filling sand-bags now, although  
The sergeant says it's not;  
Where loyal hearts and true  
Stand ever in the sun  
All blistering through and through—  
And blisterings not much fun.

O Parados, O Parados,  
Who doth not crave for rest,  
Where the wicked cease from shovel-  
ling  
And the Hun is second best;  
Where loyal hearts and true  
Can rest all day and then  
Can sleep the whole night through  
Then rest next day again?

—B. H. R.

## THE CANTEEN WAGON DRIVER

At 6 a.m. I feed my team  
With oats and water from the stream  
Then to the cook-house on the run  
For my dixie of tea and fried bacon.

At 7 a.m. I work on the line  
With comb and brush my team I  
shine,  
But alas I have no time to stay,  
The canteen needs a wagon "right  
away."

Hitched-up ready for the road  
I ask from whence I fetch my load;  
"From Poperinghe," comes the order  
clear.  
"Bring out four barrels of 'Special  
Beer'."

—W. G. C.

## THE BRAZIER

The Brazier—number Three  
Has just been sent to me.  
Such a paper is a marvel I declare.  
It is full of lively matter, "gas" and  
billet chatter,  
Besides poetic talent which is rare.

The poem about the lice,  
A subject far from nice,  
Is treated just as such a matter ought,  
It is graphic, frank and clever, and of  
course the end was never  
—Reached until it gave the certain  
antidote.

About the telescopic rifle,  
A first rate poetic trifle,  
The writer has a gift that he should  
nurse;  
What although it means two guns, if  
he circumvents the Huns,  
He will bear the burden yet without a  
curse.

All hail! men of the West,  
You are giving of your best,  
Our gratitude is yours without a doubt.  
Yes you have the admiration of the  
good old British Nation.  
And the Huns will never put such men  
to rout.

—G. McL.

## 'TIS TRUE

No rose, no cheeks but one day fade,  
No eyes that lose their lustre;  
No five franc bill but must be changed  
Howe'er we hate to bust her.



How about a little darkness-saving?  
We have all the daylight we want just  
now.

Who is the damsel with auburn looks  
Who waits at the table in dainty frocks  
And whose knowledge of English  
sometimes shocks (?) Ginger.

Calling their Bluff. What?

One of the many correct pronuncia-  
tions of Y-P-R-E-S rhymes with deep-  
er. Poets please note; we are getting  
tired of "snipers", "the breeze",  
"sleeps", "I guess" and "chips."

There was a little man  
And he made a little gun  
To annoy the Kaiser's folks;  
He took it to the —  
But they soon had quite enough  
Of the gun of Mr —.

Napoo Rum!!!!

What curious expressions these  
Australians have. Fancy calling a  
man a "bloke" or a "cove" instead  
of saying "gink" as a guy naturally  
would!!!!

Who is the owner of Jock's gas  
baggie?

Our Hilaire-ious statistical expert  
Has made it as clear as can be  
That whenever we pull off the next  
spurt

We cannot help reaching the Spree,  
With which optimistic conceptions  
The critics all haste to agree,  
"With a few unimportant exceptions"  
Including, unhappily, me.

Time: 3 a.m., a December morn-  
ing. Place: a trench. Rain and

## 13<sup>TH</sup> BATT. SECTION

other seasonably un-  
pleasant accessories.

Officer on duty:  
"You seem cheerful,  
Jones."

Jones (whistling ex-  
uberantly): "You've  
got to be cheerful,  
Sir; if you aren't  
cheerful you get de-  
pressed, so you've got  
to be cheerful."

The Lance Editor would like to re-  
peat last month's request for copy and  
also to thank all those who were good  
enough to respond to it.—L.-Ed.



LIEUT ALEXANDER WILLIAM AITCHISON

Died of Wounds 13-5-16.

He scarce had need to doff his pride or slough  
the dross of earth—  
E'en as he trod that day to God so walked he  
from his birth,  
In simpleness and gentleness and honour and  
clean mirth.

Lieut. Aitchison came to the R.H.C.  
last September from the Divisional Am-  
munition Column and quickly endeared  
himself to his brother officers and men,  
by whom he was held in universal  
esteem. The deepest sympathy of the  
Regiment goes out to his mother.  
His only brother, who was a Lieu-  
tenant in the 4th Royal Scots, was  
killed in action in the Dardanelles last  
summer.

## BRIEF ESSAYS ON UNPOPULAR SUBJECTS

### II—THE ARTILLERY

By special request of the Adjutant the  
article on the Orderly Room is postponed till  
next month.

In those far-away days "Before the  
War," artillery like All Gaul was

divided into three parts: Horse, Field,  
and Garrison. Now there are two main  
divisions: "Ours" and "Theirs";  
and even these are not so easily dis-  
tinguishable as they might be. On  
such occasions the only sure method  
of deciding "whence they came and  
whither wending" is by a careful  
scrutiny of the fuses—unless "ours"  
are using U.S. ammunition, which is  
easily recognized by its silent burst.  
Each of these classes is again divided  
into more groups called "guns" and  
"hows" after their respective inven-  
tors, Colonel Gunn and Admiral  
Howe. The chief difference between  
them is in the comparative difficulty  
experienced in anticipating and avoid-  
ing their projectiles. That from a gun  
gives scant warning but can be avoid-  
ed by the simple method of getting be-  
hind some impenetrable object. Try  
it. A "how", on the other hand, is  
fired seemingly at random into the  
blue. You hear the report and when  
you have presently forgotten all about  
it, something suddenly drops out of  
the sky with what the novelists call a  
dull sickening thud. Of course it may  
explode, in which case you wake up  
later in the blightie-wagon wondering  
what hit you.

Then there is the decorative artillery  
technically known as the Anti-Aircraft  
guns. Their uses are two-fold; first-  
ly, to provide imitation clouds for  
aeroplanes to hide behind, and sec-  
ondly, to make those ostentatiously  
visible shell-bursts the illustrated  
papers delight in. And there are those  
trench mortars; well—

Of course the great point about the  
artillery is their sense of humour.  
After having everyone cleared out of  
the front line at 2.15 ak emme, and  
withdrawn through abysmal com-  
munication trenches into a submerged  
support line in anticipation of a com-  
bined bombardment of heavies of all  
calibres from six to steen inches, they  
discover about lunch time that it is  
impossible to shoot today as the aero-  
plane is unfortunately lost. No  
sooner are you comfortably asleep in  
your dug-out again than they think  
perhaps it might be as well to have a  
little strafe after all. By the time you  
have waded back again they are busy  
having afternoon tea, and when that  
is over it is just naturally too dark to  
do anything. They accordingly pull  
off a terrific three hours' bombardment  
with 22-inch hows the next morning,

(Continued on Page 7.)

# REGIMENTAL POT POURRI



## THE BRAZIER

Printed and published while on active service, as occasion permits, by The Canadian Scottish.

Manager: Sergt. Percy F. Godenrath.

Mechanical Staff: Drummer A. R. McCreadie, Piper Geo. Inglis.

His many friends in No 2 Company welcomed the return of Corpl. Frank Salter, who has since been promoted Sergt.

Comrades of that old pioneer Imperial, Sergt. Tom Birch are glad to learn he is recovering from his wounds at Beaufort Hospital, Fishponds, Bristol.

Corpl. W. G. Crafer of the Transport section has received a commission in the Norfolk Yeomanry.

Friends of F. C. Swannell in No. 1 Company will be pleased to learn that he is now a subaltern in the Siege Artillery.

Capt. C. J. Marshall, formerly transport officer, has been transferred to the permanent cadre of the 17th Reserve Battalion.

Corpl. W. F. Fiddes of the Pioneer Section has transferred to the C.O R.C Corps

Corpl. L. Rolston, who, since the organization of the battalion on the plains of Valcartier has handled the mails, is now wearing three stripes as well as the smile that won't come off.

### ESSAYS ON UNPOPULAR SUBJECTS (Continued from Page 7)

to which Fritz replies with a flock of assorted projectiles, to the great inconvenience of the poor unfortunate infantry whose bacon gets absolutely and irrevocably congealed.

Of course the artillery has some redeeming features. We are always thoroughly, even if silently, grateful to them for their method of dealing with Fritz when he has the presumption to get fresh. And sensations! You know what a four-base hit feels like to the batter. You have experienced the ecstasy of a nice cut past cover to the boundary. You may recollect the joy of a beautiful tackle round the knees when he was past the back with an open goal. You remember the first successful accomplishment of an outside edge when the ice was like marble. The combination of all these is nothing to the spiritual uplift of the spectators of a collision between a concrete Hun emplacement and a 92. And even that fades into insignificance when a German 8.9 lands in the same bay as yourself and — "Thank God that's a dud."

— "24681"

*The Brazier regrets that No. 4 issue is somewhat late. Unfortunately we cannot control the actions of the Huns, as our readers at the front will appreciate. They certainly played us a nasty trick as the last forms were going to press. Happily alls well that ends well, and so here we are with a genuine war baby — and we modestly claim the only and original publication of its kind produced under the stress of a genuine bombardment. Our billets are na poo, but the little old press is still prepared to "carry on"*

Pte. W. M. Asher, for many months clerk in the Orderly Room, has now been transferred to the staff and appointed O.R. Sergeant.

Captain Gavin Davis, who was badly wounded at the second battle of Ypres, has rejoined and is acting Transport Officer.

### "MILLIONAIRES" DINE

Back in the good old days of the Willows Camp, Victoria, B.C., the Northern British Columbia boys from the 68th Earl Grey's Own Rifles were dubbed the "Millionaire bunch" by reason of their happy, good-natured faculty of extracting the best out of life and the easy way in which they permitted themselves to be separated from the coin. Dinners, dances and theatre parties enlivened the burden of many a weary recruit after the daily routine of drill. After spending fourteen months in Flanders this spirit of gaiety has not been imperilled judging from the merry time that was had on the evening of June 1st, when fifty-two old boys foregathered at a reunion and supper. They came from fifteen different units at the front, for the "pottlach." Major C. W. Peck, formerly C.O. of the Earl Grey's Own Rifles, popularly known at home as the "Big Chief", presided, and had with him Lieut. G. E. Gibson—"The Major." There was an abundance of

good things to eat, drink and smoke and the three precious hours sped altogether too quickly. Not the least pleasing feature of the evening was the presentation made to Major Peck of two handsome brass flower jars made by Belgium artisans from French 75 shells, as also a match stand in the shape of a British Tommies hat. Sergt. Bob Cameron did the honors in his best Chinook and it was with feelings of emotion that the Big Chief responded to the cheers that accompanied the gift.

The evening was enlivened by the reading of several telegrams (?). One to Lieut. Gibson was as follows: "Regret inability to be present at tonight's reunion, but am attending important council meeting to arrange terms of Peace," (signed) Charley Thorne, Mayor of Ypres. The Mayor of Prince Rupert sent Major Peck a cable inviting the gathering to hold its next reunion at that city, whose generous-hearted citizens had made the supper possible. The committee who arranged the affair were: Sergt. Tom Birch, Sergt. Bob Cameron, Corpl. F. Batchelor and Pte. Percy Godenrath. An artistic souvenir menu, carrying an itinerary of the "Great Adventure" tour, printed in the field by The Brazier Press, proved a most acceptable memento of the first reunion of the "Millionaires."

### THIRTIETH REUNION

Rarely has the spacious theatre at the central headquarters of the Y.M.C.A. housed for a few brief hours such a thoroughly happy bunch of campaigners as those former members of the old Thirtieth who foregathered on the 22nd ult to cement in toast and song a comradeship engendered by fourteen months strenuous service at the front. Some seventy-five sat down to tables loaded with good cheer and after doing justice to a six-course menu listened with enthusiasm to toast, song and story.

Those responsible for the success of the function were Sergt. G. Tucker, Corpl. J. W. Thomson, Sergt. C. S. Cameron, Sergt. F. Abrams, Pte. G. R. Middleton, Lce.-Corpl. J. Halliday, Sergt. D. McGregor and Corpl. T. A. Darke. R.S.M. J. Kay, D.C.M., was an honoured guest, whose words of appreciation of the work of the Thirtieth draft gave great satisfaction.

# BOMB MOTS FROM OUR REGIMENTAL CONTEMPORARIES

## SARCASM OR WHAT?

Signboard in one of the convalescent camps "Somewhere in France": "Canadians to the right, soldiers to the left." Fact!—*La Vie Canadienne*.

## GRIM HUMOUR

Hun (shouting across to Canadians): "Say, do you know Ottawa?"  
Canadian: "Yes."  
Hun: "Well, I've got a wife and three kiddies in Ottawa."

Canadian: "Just put your head over the parapet for a minute and you'll have a widow and three orphans in Ottawa."—*Trench Echo* (27th Batt.)

## ITS PURPOSE

Real estate in "No Man's Land" is placed there for the express purpose of allowing one to dig for souvenirs, and on no account is one allowed to use it for any other purpose.—*The Forty-Niner*.

## SOME TEST

Suggested as a test to be used by the guard, when the legs appear to be all right: She saw six shy sergeants in silk socks suffering from shell shock.—*Canadian Hospital News*.

## GETS HIS GOAT

Sergt. Microbe: "Don't take water out of that shell hole, there's dead Germans in it."

Pte. Scared Stiff: "Oh, I don't mind the dead Germans—its the live ones that get my goat."—*The Listening Post*.

## SCOTS WHA HAE

Two Scotchmen very much in evidence on our Western front: Mac-hinery and Mac-onochie.—*The N.Y.D.*

## BROKE ALL PRECEDENTS

It was late, dark and raining. The battalion had just settled down for the night after marching to a new camp when the door of the Pioneers abode was suddenly pulled open. The flickering light of a candle silhouetted the form of some warrior loaded like a pack mule, but regimental to the last ounce of equipment. "Get out, these are not your digs" came a chorus of disapproval, which only provoked a

## WAR MARKET REPORT

(By F. R.)

Metals have been quite active, especially steel, lead, brass, copper and aluminium.

Howitzers soared. Shrapnel broke suddenly and nearly caused a panic. Whizz bangs are very lively.

A quantity of first class bayonet steel was traded to Germany for quite a supply of live stock and dead stock.

Unpreferred stock of R.A.I.N. has been falling steadily, causing a reaction and a corresponding abundance of M.U.D. The market is slipping with shares of the latter commodity.

Mining stock has been low with occasional activity and upheavals.

Sausage is reported scarce at any price.

Wood, large and small, has been shattered and is not dependable.

Brick is plentiful, but undesirable at this time owing to the condition of the shell market.

Good quality of trenches are scarce and a very high price is asked.

There is an effort to build up and support the Parapet line and kindred stocks but they are very uncertain. Dug-outs are nearly off the market, none being offered.

"Gats" are in abundance and there are evident symptoms that the strain the market has been undergoing for some months will shortly be relieved.

It is advisable at this time to invest in a first class Blighty as they will not drop in value.

The market did not close



A METAMORPHOSIS IN HEADGEAR

"Carry-on" from the weary one as he sank in a heap to the floor. It was Corpl. Sandy of the 16th Sanitary squad whose very first appearance in full marching order, since arriving in France had so flabbergasted his room-mates.

Major C. M. Roberts, formerly of 30th, has been appointed A.D.C. on Major-Gen Currie's staff.



That is a good one the Sixteenth Bombers are telling at the expense of Fritz. Following the free use of "Tickler's Artillery" as a means to a speedy evacuation of certain dug-outs occupied by the Huns, the boys came across some welcome loot in the shape of excellent cigars. It transpires that the "smokes" were sent specifically to celebrate Fritzs' supposed victory over Johnny Canuck—but this was a clear case of "to the Victors belong the spoils."



Officer of the Guard: "You say you found a man bleeding and groaning from a wound in the head, and that you cured him with a tourniquet?"

Private Muldoon — "Yis, sorr. Oi put th' tourniquet around his neck an' afther twistin' it a couple av minutes, bejabbers, there wasn't another groan out av him."  
—Life.

AN AUTHORITY

The Captain and Lieutenant were discussing different matters when the latter's batman hove in sight. "Isn't that right, Jock?" exclaimed the subaltern, desiring to pull Jock's leg. "Yes, Sir," replied Jock, "but what are ye talkin' about?" "Oh, I was remarking that there's no great men who come from Glasgow." "Guid Lord!" ejaculated the astonished servant, "ha'e ye no heerd o' Spud Tamson an' Wee Macgregor?"

PASS WORDS

Sentry: "Halt! Who are you?"  
Pre-occupied C.O.: "Charlie Chaplin."

Officers at Toronto have been forbidden to go behind the scenes at theatres. Mars scores one on Venus.

PER-HAPS?

Two Sixteenth batmen were talking over the merits of their respective employers. The S.M.'s batman more than held his own when he mentioned the matter of an occasional extra ration of rum. But when the conversation drifted to financial advantages the officer's batman remarked that he was paid five francs per week. "How much do you get?" he queried. With a wistful sigh the other replied, "Five francs per - haps."

The Two Dromios—Zepp and Tirps

UP-TO-DATE GEOGRAPHY

According to a youthful enthusiast the correct method to bound Germany is as follows: On the West, Joffre and Haig; on the South, Cardona; on the East, Ivanoff and Alexieff, and on the North, Admiral Jellicoe and the E-boats.

Original Canadian Scot to one of new draft: "You should have seen how the boys charged at Ypres and Festubert."

New Rookie: "I dinna ken about that, but that was a guid yin when we got the new regimental buttons."

THE WAR-R-R DIARY

The 16th Battalion (The Canadian Scottish) has an "official historian." The Battalion is to be heartily congratulated on its foresightedness, for in the years to come the Sixteenth will possess a complete and intimate record of its gallant deeds in the greatest of all wars.—*The Dead Horse Corner Gazette*.

SPORTS

Now that each battalion in the Third Infantry Brigade has pulled off its Regimental Field Day there is talk again of a Brigade Day. As far back as mid-February it will be remembered arrangements had been made and programmes printed for the sports, but beyond the completion of the inter battalion football series nothing further done. Then came the move north and subsequent activities that precluded any opportunity of holding a field day. Both Empire and Dominion Day found the Brigade doing its tour in the trenches.

Who started the rumour that survivors of the First Canadian Division would be sent home as "relics" on June 31st.

Whether the Canadian Engineers intend to accept the idea of "submarine" bridges as built (without tools) by a Brigade sergeant.



THE BRAZIER taken from life.

COLTS ONLY

Clipped from "The Breeder's Gazette": Third Brigade Machine Gun Co. No draft horses but plenty of colts.

A suggested title for a new trench paper—"The Gas Alarm."

## A SPLENDID ORGANISATION THAT HAS RISEN TO THE NEEDS OF CANADIAN TROOPS AT THE FRONT

To those of us who perhaps followed only with cursory interest the splendid institutional work of the Y.M.C.A. in Canada—but have been privileged from the early days of the arrival of the first Canadian forces on the continent to become intimately acquainted with its growth in a new sphere of activity—have reason for pride and thanks for this adjunct to Army life. Back home it was the social and religious work that made the "Y" a centre of influence in all the larger towns. In Flanders this is by no means neglected, but the Association mindful of other needs of Canadian fighters has embarked upon a career of merchandising that to those wearing the Maple Leaf particularly—though its canteens are open to all in British uniform—is unique. We have for many months been accustomed to having our wants supplied by the numerous Expeditionary Force Canteens at the Front, several of which have grown to large proportions, but now in what is described officially as the "Canadian Area" are to be found Canadian Y.M.C.A. centres with canteens carrying stocks to supply all needs. In brief the "Y" has kept pace with the growth of the Dominion forces until it became a part and parcel of the Army catering to our wants, both mentally and physically.

Generous recognition of its many activities are accorded by men of all ranks, and the purpose of this brief review is to outline the remarkable growth of the "Y" in some of its departments so that its friends at home may know how greatly appreciative we are of its work. When the First Division was formed there was a Y.M.C.A. officer attached to each brigade. Today the work is carried on by eighteen officers, assisted by about 100 N.C.O.s and men chosen from the ranks.

Its first venture in merchandising was started in March, 1915, at Merville. Here in an improvised reading and writing room space was provided by Captain H. A. Pearson for Sergt.—then Pte—A. A. Hayden to display a small stock of chocolates and smokes. The first day's receipts totalled 15 francs, and the goods were had on credit. The Association has now established in Flanders 34 centres and canteens having an approximate daily turnover of 20,000 francs, with a buying staff and depot in London

whose daily shipments average over 1,000 cases. When the Canadians moved up to the front a year ago April, a convenient centre was selected and a larger stock installed. But the good work had hardly been launched when fortunes of war necessitated a temporary evacuation and the precious stock lost and the building subsequently shelled. However, notwithstanding this temporary set-back, the need was there and had to be supplied. One after another new centres were estab-

lished in a building nearly as large as the old Toronto West End Y.M.C.A. From his office in this building Captain H. A. Pearson, business manager, directs the activities of the "Y" throughout its numerous branches in Flanders.

Summarizing the figures given me for an average day we find that 30,000 hot and cold drinks are served; 12,000 sheets of writing paper are distributed free with necessary envelopes; some 4,000 soldiers find amusement

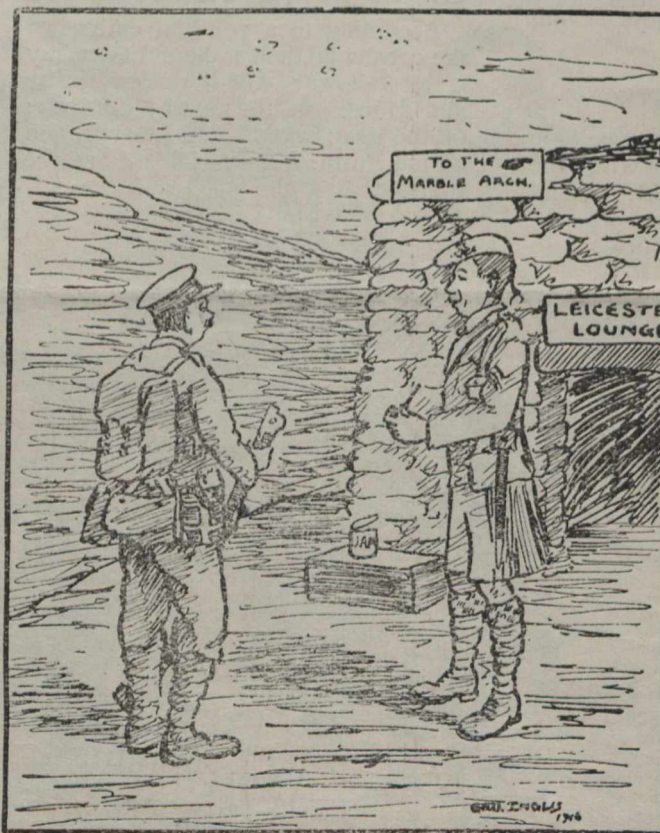
and mental relief nightly with concerts, lectures and cinema shows, and over 3,000 magazines and other reading material are given out.

The work is not without danger when one realizes that of the thirty-four centres some twenty are within range of the German artillery, and some are actually within rifle fire of the enemy. Happily the casualties have been light. As brave a deed as can ever be recorded to the honour of the Association was that of the late Captain O. D. Irwin, of Toronto, who at the second battle of Ypres volunteered and led a company of men into action. The noble self-sacrificing work of Capt. Whiteman, of Quebec, who succumbed to pneumonia, and who if

he had lived would have been decorated, will not be forgotten, nor the death of Lce.-Corpl. J. Lumsden, another brave worker who "went out" when his canteen was wrecked by a shell.

All profits made by the "Y" are spent for the benefit of the Canadian troops in Flanders.

—P. F. G.



Old-Timer (directing new man): "H.Q.? Go down Oxford St. till you reach Suicide Corner and turn down Lover's Lane. H.Q. is the last dug-out in Rotten Row, and keep your head down in Lover's Lane or you'll be getting a hole in it."

lished in the Canadian area, until the number reached those quoted above, and plans are always being formulated for more, and yet more. In these centres are five standard sized huts 30x100, seven are 30x90 tents, six in 20x50 tents, six are in buildings erected by the army, and others in battle-worn, deserted houses or barns, and five are underground. The premises at present occupied as a Central branch, headquarters and supply de-

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