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No. 7.

3rd NOVEMBER, 1917.

Price 2d.

ESTAMINETS I HAVE KNOWN.

THERE was the estaminet at Wippenhoek which was nightly seized by a singing party who tyrannized every member of the company. To venture to speak to a friend or murmur, "Encore, Mademoiselle," was to call forth loud cries of "Silence! Order! Order, gentlemen, if you ARE gentlemen," accompanied by fierce scowls.

Then a brither Scot would pour forth one of those native melodies which enable one to clearly understand their national emigration figures, while everyone sat around with an expression of profound misery, not daring to even gulp a drink of vin blanc for fear one's throat clicked.

Such was the iron discipline of these tyrants during a "singing session," that once seated it was impossible to make an escape; the slightest movement calling forth a shower of abuse. There was a melancholy gentleman of the R.E.'s who would embark upon a long whining song something between a Chinese play and a lobster salad nightmare, telling of a young country girl (who apparently was born, weaned, and reared upon "a rustic stile, mossgrown and grey") loved by all the village lads who, "to church on Sunday went their way," until enticed away to the great and glittering city by a fascinating stranger with a "darksome eye."

The song then referred to gilded halls, etc., and winds on until the young lady is discovered carrying her "infant cheelde" on the banks of a murky stream, indulging in a monologue on the subject of marriage lines. After this things breeze along in a most exhilarating manner; her father proves to be a victim of consumption, and her aged mother appears to be in great danger of contracting a severe chill from being permanently bathed in tears, while her young brother goes and does it by joining the army. (Although the singer does not mention it, one feels sure that the brother is doing No. 1).

Other members of the happy family are vaguely referred to as "Hangels in Evin." We wore safely through to the point where she returns home, "dragging her steps to the door" (having already passed the inevitable rustic mill and green where she once used to play)—when a merciful figure with M.P. on his arm called "time!" And we staggered into the fresh air, free.

(Written for "Now and Then.")

**THE
LETTERS OF BERTIE, THE BATMAN.**

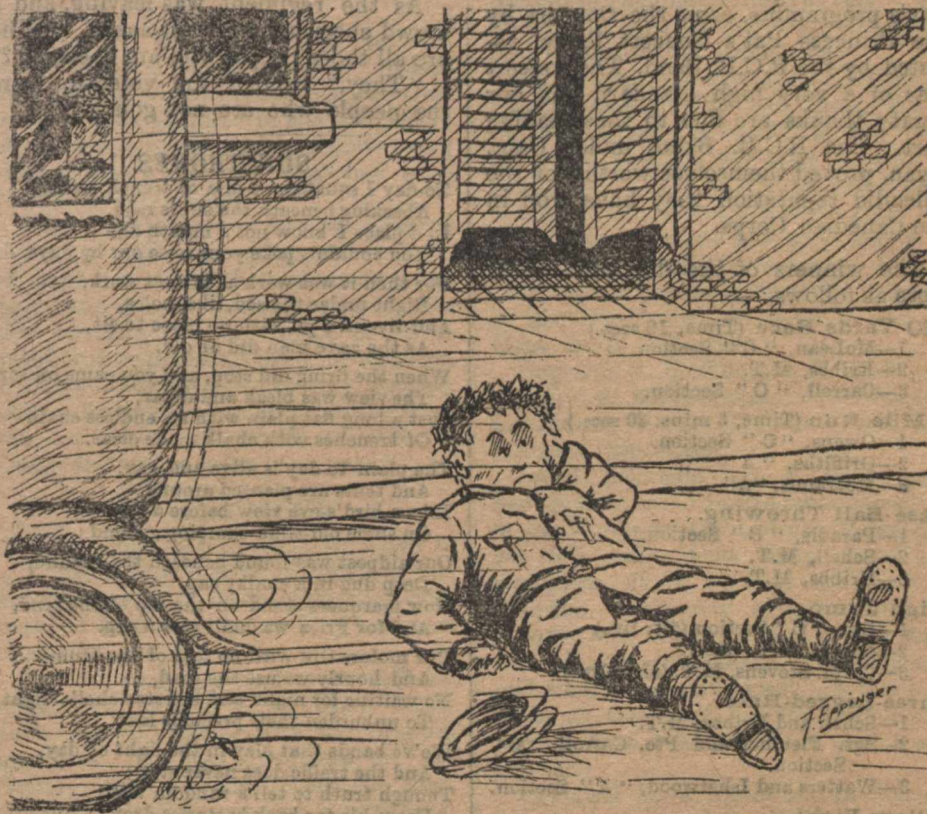
MY DEAR FLOSSIE,

As you will see by this I am in France and with the Field Ambulance. We are in the trenches around (deleted by the Censor), and it is terrible. I am writing this on the firing platform, and the rapid fire that the infantry is giving Fritz is the cause of my hand-writing being so shaky. I am broken-hearted. Our last farewell at Victoria was too much for me. I felt weak all over and the boiled eggs that you put into my tunic pocket for lunch were crushed in our last embrace.

He was particularly unfortunate in "making a landing" in the back yard of an Estaminet, where he was violently attacked by an indignant lady wielding a red-hot frying-pan. She was under the impression that he was indulging in some drunken frolic, and paid no attentions to his repeated cries of "Pardon, Madam! SEE VOO PLAY."

Making his escape over the wall in a somewhat piebald condition, he set off at the double to regain his clothes and some shreds of his outraged dignity.

Dodging round the side road, back to his position, the last straw was applied to his already overworked back, by a



"Where did that one go?"

We are constantly doped with gas by our friend Fritz, and it is so awkward to have to take one's mulligan through a tube inserted in the right ear.

The other day the gas was so dense that each man had to have a 50-lb. weight tied around his waist, to prevent him from rising bodily into the air.

Our O.C., who is very stout, was indulging in his morning "tub," when he had the misfortune to "slip his moorings," and only the excessive modesty of the German machine gunners saved him.

cheeky little boy asking for cigarette pictures.

A shell has just arrived in our trenches and has wounded one of the boys. I think he has been blown to pieces, so I must go and dress his wounds or he will bleed to death.

So I must close this letter. Well, dear, just let me say once more how much I love you.

Yours for ever,
BERTIE.

(Written for "Now and Then.")

The Iodine Chronicle

Printed by kind permission of Major G. J. BOYCE.

MANAGING EDITOR: Capt. H. W. Whytock.

NEWS EDITOR: Sergt. J. H. Paulding.

No. 13.

3rd NOVEMBER, 1917.

ANNUAL FIELD DAY.

THE Second Annual Field Day of No. 1 Canadian Field "A" Ambulance maintained the high standard set last year. All the events were keenly contested and much credit is due to the Motor Transport on winning the cup kindly donated by Major Boyce. Sergeant Waghorn has every reason to be proud of his men, for the popular winners of the cup have the smallest Section in the Unit.

Considering the condition of the track the records made were very fair indeed. Dupuis' manipulation in the pillow fight was very commendable—the cold water serving to stimulate him to his best.

All the Sergeants were forced to run or pay financial forfeit.

It is regretted that Capts. Gardiner and Gallagher will be unable to appear in the field again on advice of their trainers and Medical Officer in Charge. It is expected that both will recover from the effects of the race, but it is doubtful if either will ever be the same again.

The Horse Transport proved their spurs in the Horse-back Wrestling.

Last, but by no means least in the day's programme, came the Concert by the Princess Pat's Concert Party, assisted by the R.C.R. Band. The concert was of a very high standard and our hearty thanks are due to those taking part. The R.C.R. Band, under Capt. Ryan, proved themselves worthy of the splendid reputation they have won in the Canadian Corps.

The winners of the different events were as follows:—

100 Yards Race (Time, 10 secs.)

- 1—McLean, "C" Section.
- 2—Kribbs, M.T.
- 3—Carroll, "C" Section.

1 Mile Run (Time, 5 mins. 30 secs.)

- 1—Owens, "C" Section.
- 2—Griffiths, "A" "
- 3—McManus, "A" "

Base Ball Throwing.

- 1—Paradis, "B" Section.
- 2—Schell, M.T.
- 3—Kribbs, M.T.

High Jump.

- 1—Box, "C" Section (5ft. 1in.)
- 2—Schell, M.T. (5ft.)
- 3—Corpl. Stevens, M.T. (4ft. 11in.)

Three-Legged-Race.

- 1—Schell and Kribbs, M.T.
- 2—Sgt. Fletcher and Pte. Carroll, "C" Section.
- 3—Watters and Isherwood, "A" Section.

Pillow Fight.

- 1—Dupuis, "A" Section.
- 2—Bryant, "A" "
- 3—O'Toole, "B" "

Shot Put—

- 1—Benford, "A" Section (30ft. 10½in.)
- 2—Cameron, M.T. (29ft. 6in.)
- 3—Monette, "C" Section (29ft. 5in.)

220 Yards Race.

- 1—McLean, "C" Section.
- 2—Kribbs, M.T.
- 3—Carroll, "C" Section.

Sergeants' Race (Time, 10 secs. + +).

- 1—Sgt. Waghorn, M.T.
- 2—Sgt. Fletcher, "C" Section.
- 3—Sgt. Doyle, "B" "

Running Broad Jump—

- 1—McLean, "C" Section (18ft. 9in.)
- 2—Cosgrove, "B" " (17ft. 8in.)
- 3—Harris, "A" " (16ft. 3in.)

Officers' Race (Time, 10 secs. + + +).

- 1—Capt. Macdonald.
- 2—Capt. Whytock.
- 3—Capt. Tidmarsh.

Hop, Step and Jump.

- 1—McLean, "C" Section (39ft. 8in.)
- 2—Cosgrove, "B" " (36ft. 11in.)
- 3—Lloyd, "A" " (33ft. 3in.)

Tilting the Bucket.

- 1—McAuley and Bagley, "A" Section.
- 2—Harris and McManus, "A" "

Tug-of-War.

Mechanical Transport.

Sack Race.

- 1—Kribbs, M.T.
- 2—Lafontaine, "A" Section.
- 3—Cpl. Stevens, M.T.

Obstacle Race.

- 1—McMillan, M.T.
- 2—Kribbs, M.T.
- 3—Cosgrove, "B" Section.

Relay Race.

- 1—"C" Section—
Carroll, Owen, Paton, McLean.
- 2—M.T.—
Slater, Sgt. Waghorn, Cpl. Stevens,
Schell.
- 3—"A" Section—
Griffiths, Brown, Clark, McAuley.

Horseback Wrestling.

Horse Transport—
Anderson, Hainalt, Grube, Sgt.
White.

THEY ALWAYS CHEER.

As the regiment was leaving, and a crowd cheering, a recruit asked, "Who are all those people who are cheering?"

"They," replied the veteran, "are the people who are not going."

SUNSTROKES.

To-day I squats on a pile of trench mats,
Abasking beneath the sun's rays,
In a place I know not a month ago
You couldn't poke your nose out by days.

For then it was work as miners work,
Right under the sod, like moles,
And live in a pit with no place to sit,
As the cave man did of old.

When the firing did stop, and you came on top,
The view was bleak and drear,
Just a long flat plain with an endless chain
Of trenches with chalk made clear.

The plain to-day is alive and gay,
And tents are planted around
Like a bird's-eye view before a review
On some old-time camping ground.

Our aidpost was found beneath the ground,
Deep dug in a chalky sap.
Now marquees stand on the top of the land,
And for Fritz we don't give a rap.

Our motors run with no fear of the Hun,
And hourly we use the road,
No waiting for night and the star-shells' light
To unburden their precious load.

We've bands that play in the light of day,
And the traffic does never stop;
Though truth to tell a random shell
From his far back batteries drop.

And the reason why—it is plain to the eye
Old Fritz is off on the run,
He's shown his back, but we're on his track
With men and plane and gun.

His talk is fine of his Hindenburg Line,
Its mathematical, yet I fear
No trace of it is found on the shell-swept
ground,
But perhaps it is still in his rear.

So we'll plug him yet with a bayonet,
No rest will he get till the end:
We've men and money, and munitions, old
sonny,
And spirits that never bend.

O may he go, this maker of woe,
To a place where it's always warm,
Be tormented with shells, and gas as well,
And we'll go back to the farm.

HARRY W. CLARKE.

"B" SECTION NOTES.

Congratulations to Fred Mayer, who was awarded the Military Medal.

Also to Jimmy Grey and Bessey, who were made full Corporals.

Ken. Magner and Scotty Gillis have joined the Non-Coms., both having put up the "dog's leg." Success to our new Non-Coms.

"Say, Bud, when are you going to have the old bag of bones ready for the ring?"

Welcome to our new arrivals; one of them was a "Bute."

NEWS FROM "BLIGHTY."

We hear that Staff-Sergt. Walter Bardon, "A" Section, Ptes. Cresswell, Geo. Gibson, Baffy Day Armstrong, and Marsh, have made "Blighty," and are now recovering from wounds and illness contracted at the front. With a large number that had crossed from time to time since we landed at St. Nazaire, old No. 1 is pretty well represented in old England. We wish them all speedy return to health and strength, and hope to see them all some day when we get leave, or get in the way of some of Fritz's scrap iron, or get something that a No. 9 can't cure.

LAYS OF A LINSEED LANCER

(No. 2).

Oh, what's the use of grousin' when you're out
here at the front,
For you know you volunteered to come and do
your little stunt,
And that the Sergeant-Major 'll give you 'ell
and make you jump,
But SAGO in your porridge! It gives one the
blooming hump.

Old Fritz has kept ye busy, and straffed ye
quite a lot,
And you've eat your rations frozen coz you
couldn't get them hot;
You haven't had a blink o' sleep, and you
cuss the horrid Hun,
Yet SAGO mixed with oatmeal! Why it
takes the blinking bun.

Now if the Quartermaster gets a case of
issue rum,
And he shoots the lot right up the pike and
you and me get none,
And you mutter that the blinkin' deal is
looking kind o' raw,
But SAGO in your burgo! It's the last old
blooming straw.

When you're dollin' up for Blighty, and your
heart with joy it hopt,
And you get the bloomin' damper that the
passes have all stopt,
And your heart slips down your bootleg and
your soul with grief does thrill,
Yet SAGO in your porridge! Why, it's just
like eating swill.

R. J. R.

THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW.

Has John W——n a small appetite, or
is he "Jest plum pinin for her?"

How to get a pass to Blighty.

How to lure, entice, or seduce a new
outfit out of the Q.M. Stores.

Who made a Mess-o-potamia

Has Scotty managed yet to get "a
wee bit o' breid."

HORSE TRANSPORT NOTES.

There have been many changes in the H.T. lately, three of the original members of the unit being lucky enough to get three months' leave to Canada.

S/Sgt.-Major W. D. Foran, Cpl. D. J. MacDonald and Driver Frank Gaynes were the lucky ones. The good wishes of the boys go with them, and we all hope that they won't forget their comrades who are left behind.

Sgt. Hawley, of the Div. Train, who was attached to our transport just before the Vimy scrap, was wounded in one of Fritz's midnight visits, and went down the line, but he didn't make "Blighty," and we had a visit from him the other day on his way back to the train. Hawley was very popular during his stay with us and we hope to have him with us again some day. He tells us that he had a trip to Paris during his stay at the base.

Sgts. J. H. Wood and S. White have joined our unit from the Div. Train, and we hope to see much of them in the days ahead of us.

S/Sgt.-Major W. Taylor has joined our unit from the Div. Train to take charge of our Horse Transport, and made a hit in his work on the Sport's Committee. He has a position which will keep him busy, but we hope that he will find time to enter into the relaxations of the unit, where his initiative and energy will be appreciated.

THE OLD-TIMER.

From the *Punkville Bugle*, A.D. 1957.

A war-scarred fanatic resides in an attic
Above Murphy's bar down the street,
He lives on hard tack, which he eats from a
sack,
And he sleeps on a cold rubber sheet.

Though grey-haired and old, there are strange
stories told
Of his dubious habits and ways,
How he peddles his shoes when he's out on the
boozes,
And goes without washing for days.

He gambles and bets and accumulates debts,
And when creditors get on his track
He retires to our lawn with his gas-helmet on,
And calmly awaits their attack.

They say he is "barmy"—he'd served in the
Army,
And from the Great War had come back.
To the cronies he knew with a Blighty or two,
And a few souvenirs in his pack.

Oh, the stories he tells, and the fond way he
dwells
On the blood-curdling deeds he had done,
And we crowd round the bar while he puffs
his cigar
And explains every notch in his gun.

All the whizz-bangs he'd dodged, and the duds
that had lodged
In the mud but an inch from his track,
And the shell-holes he'd filled with the
Germans he'd killed,
And the wounded he'd packed on his back.

How he crept in the mire through the tangled
barbed-wire
And captured a battery of guns,
And the prisoners he'd made in a dashing
trench raid,
When he bombed a dug-out full of Huns.

Of course he was there at the Ypres affair,
Givenchy, Festubert, and Loos,
He can tell you the how, when and why of
each row,
You can pick any battle you choose.

'Tis a wonder that he never got a V.C.
For all the V.C.'s he had won,
But of that we'll not ask, nor a further bit task
His mighty imagination!
Oh, no, don't tax his imagination!

THINGS I HAVE SEEN.

In a French town, which for three years has been a target for Fritz's hate, is what was once a little shop, fronting on the battered "Grande Place."

The front has been blown in, and around it stand others of its kind, some roofless and only an empty shell, through which one sees the small court-yard and pieces of the furnishings.

However, the inhabitants cling to their homes and this little shop has been boarded up and is in use as a tea-room, and over the doorway a sign reads "The Hole in the Wall."

In the ruins of a small French village which we have just released from Fritz's observation, I noticed the other day a new feature, and stopped a moment to read the legend.

Standing back in a little garden off the straggling village street were the foundations of a cottage, and at what was once the doorstep was an oblong mound of earth. The earth around it had been cleared of the weeds of two years' growth except two red poppy plants, which were growing on the grave, and at the end of the mound was a new white-painted cross, which read in English: "Mme. Delabre, Celinie. Killed by the Germans, October, 1914. R.I.P." When or by whom the cross was placed and the grave cleared I do not know, but it was probably done by Labour Companies who are clearing the battlefields.

Recently I went to "O Pip" to see a friend of mine and on the way I passed over ground where Frenchmen and Germans fought and died in the early days of the war, ground which is now being cleared, and I came to what had once been a famous chapel.

Within the walls our men had levelled the debris and dug and paved a flight of steps into a shell-hole about ten feet deep, and placed a shrine against the side, covering it with a piece of corrugated iron to protect it from the weather.

There it stands with its tiny statues, and an inscription which might be from the dead who fell around it: "Notre Dame de Lorette priez pour nous."

IN MEMORIAM.

SINCE our last number we have to record the deaths of some of our comrades who a short time ago were with us in the flesh, as they are now in spirit.

Second Lieut. J. S. Brown, still remembered among us as Staff Sergt. Jack Brown, was one of our original members. He was in charge of "B" Section Tent Division from the first, and during that time it was hard to beat. Jack was one of the finest types of our "New Armies." He was always a gentleman and he had the knack of getting the work done willingly and often under difficulties. He went through Ypres (1915), Festubert, Givenchy, and again Ypres (1916) and the Somme. He offered himself for a commission in the R.G.A. and was gazetted with a high percentage, and would undoubtedly have gone far. However he was killed shortly after returning to France while carrying out his duties, and I have no doubt he made the sacrifice willingly.

I remember well his parents, who came to see him off at the wharf before we embarked for over-seas, and while they will sorrow for his loss I

know that they will be glad to hear of the esteem in which we held him, who shared our hardships for two-and-a-half years.

Pte. A. E. Syer joined us just before we went to the Somme, and did his bit cheerfully in a very difficult time with "C" Section bearers.

He always had a smile and a kindly word, and while a quiet fellow was always ready to take his share when there was work to do. He died of wounds received while on his way to succour the wounded, and we will long feel the loss of his cheery presence from our midst.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THROUGH wounds received by Col. Ford, our O.C. has been called to fill the post of A/A.D.M.S. of our Division. We wish to extend our best wishes to Lt.-Col. Wright on his appointment to the Div. Staff, and while we shall be very sorry to lose him, we hope that he will retain the position. It is a credit both to these officers and to No. 1 that the posts of D.D.M.S. of the Corps and A.D.M.S. of our Division are filled by Col. A. E. Ross and Lt.-Col. R. P. Wright respectively.

Major Stone (now Lt.-Col. Stone) and Major Graham, both members of the First Contingent, have left our Unit to proceed to England, and we understand that they will join No. 15 Canadian Field Ambulance as O.C. and Second in Command respectively. We all wish to congratulate these officers on their well-deserved promotions.

In consequence of Lt.-Col. Wright's appointment to the Div. Staff, Major Boyce becomes Acting O.C. of our Unit, in which position we hope he will be confirmed. He has been Managing Editor of the *Iodine Chronicle* since its first appearance and has contributed in many ways towards its success. He has now been compelled, through pressure of his new duties, to hand it over to Capt. H. W. Whytock.

Captains R. H. Thomas, D. A. Morrison, and A. E. Macdonald have recently joined our Unit. Captain Clarke has returned from leave.

S/Sgt. Mills and Sgt. A. H. Stewart have just returned from a reconnaissance in the No-man's Land of gay Paree, and we will hope that they were not wounded. It is hard to get them to describe what they saw, except that "She's tres bon." The O.R. has been flooded with applications to follow them, and we hope soon to know as much of Paris as we do of London, and here's hoping that the casualties aren't any greater.

Corporal D. A. Black and E. Watters have been awarded the Military Medal.

HARD ON THE SCOTCH.

Scotland is a braw wee land on the north of England. It has water nearly all around it and whiskey over a large part of it. The population is about four-and-a-half millions, including Mr. Carnegie. It has a peculiar language of its own and if one can pronounce it coherently it is an infallible test of sobriety. It possesses considerable wealth of minerals, but very little of it finds its way out of the country. Gold has at times been discovered in certain districts, as well as in the pockets of natives, but in both cases it has been found difficult to work.

THE SPLINT RECORD

(Printed by kind permission of Lieut.-Colonel J. J. FRASER, Officer Commanding.)

No. 9. EDITOR: Major J. H. Wood.

3rd NOVEMBER, 1917.

NEWS EDITOR: Sergt. H. Macdonald.

THE FIRST BOOK OF THE CHRONICLES

Of the —nd Canadian Field Ambulance.

As it is written by William, the son of Hisdad, surnamed the Fox, and a Captain and a Master in the Great Army.

CHAPTER V.

1. On the 15th day of the month we did leave the ship, and at the eleventh hour the tribe, the horses and chariots were on the train.

2. And for three nights and three days we did travel through the foreign land of France.

3. The men of the tribe were herded together to the number of forty in each wagon, that in times of peace were used for swine and other beasts of the fields.

4. And great was the discomfort thereof; but they murmured not for they were true soldiers, and knew the paths of pain was theirs, and they would go forth with healing and with hope.

5. And it came to pass on the 18th day of the month we did arrive at a place called Strazelle, which was a village not far from the city of Haze-brooke.

6. The night was dark and the rain did fall in abundance, and the horses, after their long journey, could not draw the chariots with their heavy loads.

7. And many were left on the roadside and some in the ditch. The drivers knew not the road and the sharp turns thereof, and great was the fall; and the tempers all were sorely tried.

8. The night was far spent when we arrived at the billet assigned to us, it being a farmhouse of many years standing. The men did huddle together in the straw in the barns, and did sleep soundly, which the noise of the guns in the distance did not disturb.

9. The officers, to the number of eleven, did go into the house and did make up their beds on the floor, which was of stone, and as did Jacob of old, who used a stone as a pillow, and did dream dreams.

10. On the morrow we did arise early and did go into the school-house in the village and did make it into a hospital, and did minister to the sick.

11. On the 20th day of the month the great General and Commander-in-Chief, whose surname was French, did inspect us and our hospital.

12. And did say unto our Commander: "On the morrow you will send your section leaders, each with four men and one ambulance, to a place called Armentieres, that they may learn the ways of the tribe of the Red Cross in battle.

13. And the Commander of the tribe did call unto him the Section leaders, whose surnames were Bently, Hardy, and Snell, and did give unto them the message he had received, and they did go to the place appointed.

14. And the remainder of the tribe did tarry in the village and did care for those that were sick.

15. And on the 21st day of the month the General sent a message to the

Commander, saying: "Send me three more of your officers that they may also gain knowledge."

16. And the Commander called unto him one Brown, Burgess, and McKillup, and said: "Get ye your horses and go to your brethren," and they straightway did as they were told.

17. And it came to pass that we did tarry in this village for thirteen days, and when those who had been sent away returned, we did journey to a place called Bac. St. Maur.

18. Here we did again make a Hospital in a school-house, and did send a portion of the men and officers to a place called Fleurbaix, in order that they might be close to the trenches to minister to the wounded.

19. For we were now on the fields of battle, and by night and by day the noise of the guns did not cease, and in the night-time the heavens were alight with the star shells sent up from the trenches.

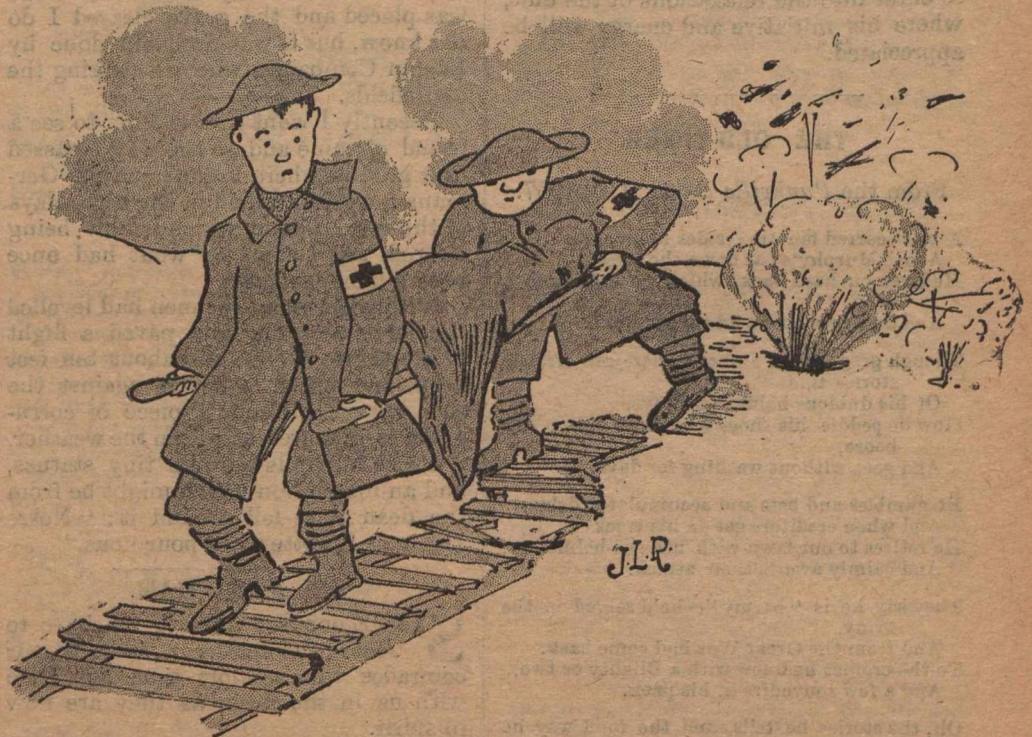
command. On the morrow you will journey to a place called Ypres in Belgium.

24. Here you will come close to the enemy, who is very truculent and you must always be on your guard by night and day." Thus spake General Smith-Dorrien.

25. And on the day appointed we did journey to Ypres, and did make our hospital in a large chateau in the city and did make great preparations for the care of the wounded.

27. And when all was in order as had been commanded, and the advance stations had been opened at a place called Wieltge, and another at a place called St. Julien, the officers and men did go into the city of Ypres, and did behold the ruins of the Cathedral and of the Cloth Hall.

28. And their hearts were filled with grief when they did behold these works of centuries laid waste by the guns of the enemy; and said one to the other



"Where are they throwing them — things, Bill?"
"Oh, they're just firing at random."
"Well, I hope to 'ell they don't take me for him."

20. For twenty-six days we did dwell in Bac. St. Maur; and on the twenty-seventh day of the month did again journey to a place called Neuf. Ber. Quin, and did again prepare a hospital.

21. For ten days did we tarry here, and on the sixth day of the month did again journey to a place called Steenvorde, and did again make a hospital in a school-house.

22. And it came to pass that on the eleventh day of the fourth month we were well gathered together in a field, it being the Sabbath Day, and the General of the Army with which we were to fight in the trenches did speak unto us saying:

23. "Comrades from across the seas, I am greatly pleased to have the honour of having such gallant troops under my

"Surely this is the work of the devil, and the Lord will give us the strength to smite these doers of wanton destruction."

29. And it came to pass that in the evening of the sixth day of the week, and the seventh day of the fourth month, whilst the soldiers were yet at their evening meal, lo and behold there was a great noise of guns; yea, greater than even the noise of a great thunderstorm, and the flash of the guns was like unto the lightning thereof.

30. The earth trembled, and the heavens were as a fiery furnace and the people of the city did gather together with fear and trembling, and the children did cry and cling to their mothers, and the soldiers did hasten each to his post of duty.

31. And one James, whose surname was Fraser, and William, whose surname was Fox, did hasten to the gates of the city in order that they might learn of the battle.

32. And as they passed outside the city they did meet a soldier and they said unto him, "What meaneth this bombardment?" and he answered them saying "The Engineers of our Army have laid a mine under the enemy on Hill 60.

33. Which when the enemy has been driven to his dug-outs by the guns, it will be fired, and our soldiers will rush over the open and will hide themselves in the crater that has been made by the explosion of the mine."

34. And even as he spake the earth did tremble as an aspen leaf and there was a great light in the heavens.

(To be continued.)

AN ODE TO SGT. PEASE.

Who is it wakes us from our bed;
And calls us all a sleepy head;
Especially our poor old red,
'Tis Sgt. Pease.

Who goes about with all his care,
And swears that we shall get our share;
But try to grumble if we dare,
'Tis Sgt. Pease.

Who always finds out something wrong,
With every care he walks along,
And makes the drivers look forlorn,
'Tis Sgt. Pease.

Who wants the cars all spotless clean,
And sends each one down the stream,
On its return his eyes doth gleam,
'Tis Sgt. Pease.

Who calls the orderlies in their turn,
And says it's time for them to learn
That cars were never made to burn,
'Tis Sgt. Pease.

Who when his day of troubles o'er,
His legs are tired, his heart quite sore,
Next day his worries start encore,
'Tis Sgt. Pease.

Who is it after days gone by,
And war is over, we will sigh,
We'll ne'er forget, nor will we try,
Our Sgt. Pease.

No more his smiling face we'll see,
But it will always seem to me,
The smile of content, gay and free,
Of Sgt. Pease.

(A FAITHFUL SERVANT.)

THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW.

If Paris wasn't too much for the M. T. Sergeant after the exigencies, etc.?

If the Café De La Paix isn't rather too expensive to take two ladies to dine?

How Officers' Batman manage to get to the Rest Camp?

Why the S.M. comes so promptly to attention now when he hears a band play?

When the sentry opposite the Main Dressing Station, who discovered signalling, is to transfer to the Staff of Herlock Sholms?

Heard at the Orderly Room.

"Can I apply for leave."
"Sure, there is no objection to applying. How long have you been in France?"

"Two months."

"Ha! ha! ha! Call again in two years."

HEARD ON THE PARADE GROUND.

"What's a blank file, Sergeant?"
"A blank file, Sir, is a hole in the rear rank made by a man who isn't there."
"All right. When he comes back put him in the Guard Room."

Corporal who sees two men walking out of step:

"Sure if I knew which of you was out of step I'd put you both in the Guard Room."

A Fan asks: Who were the two Johns who kept "Butts" from pitching the ball game. Was it Johnny Walker and Johnny Dewar?

Myrtle says: "Our home would not be complete if we missed a copy of the 'N.Y.D.'" It just fits the pantry shelf? Thanks awfully, Myrtle.

Curious:—Opinions differ. Books say a kilometre is equal to about 3/5ths of a mile. Soldiers with packs say it is slightly over 5/3rds of a mile. The old saying—"Rather walk a mile than a kilometre."

THE ham we used to get from "Mac,"
We don't get now alas, alack.
But still, we do not care a d—,
We get it from Cap. Gooderham.

(This, with apologies.)

By the way. The man who thinks the only way to avoid hitting your finger when you are knocking in a nail is to hold the hammer with both hands, is a bit behind the times.

I discovered long ago that the best plan is to keep one hand in your pocket and hold the hammer with the other. It doesn't make you feel so tired.

OVERHEARD IN THE DRESSING STATION.

BUTTERNECK. I saw two men in the Dressing Room at the same time with the right ear shot off.

CHEERFUL. Which is the right ear to get shot off?

Can you picture this.

Wounded man on the table, fractured skull, brains protruding. Orderlies tenderly and skilfully dress and bandage head.

Infantry Captain (who has been looking on), "What is the matter with this man?"

Staff-Sergeant (tired of answering foolish questions), "I don't know, Sir, but I think he has a headache."

Dressing Station busy, everyone rushed to death. Clerks unable to make out Medical Cards to keep up with the rush.

Telephone rings.—A.D.M.S. wants to know how many cases of scabies you have remaining. Collapse of clerks.

CAN A BOY FORGET.

CAN a boy forget his Mother's prayers
When he has wandered God knows where,
Down the paths of sin and shame,
But Mother's prayers are heard the same.

Can a boy forget his Mother's face,
Whose heart was kind and full of grace,
With sighs and tears she said good-bye,
Meet me, my boy, beyond the sky.

Can a boy forget his Mother's door,
From which he wandered years before,
Her loving voice, it echoes sweet,
She waits, she longs her boy to greet.

Can a boy forget that she is dead,
Tho' many years have passed and fled,
That face, that prayer, that sweet good-bye,
She waits to welcome thee on high.

D. S. C.

THE tough entered the dentist's shack and looked around at various appliances suspiciously.

"Well, what's your trouble," asked the sergeant.

"Toothache—bad," replied the big one.

"Just sit in this chair and we'll have a look at it. Ah! badly decayed. That tooth must come out; (sarcastically) will you have gas?"

"Will it hurt much if I don't," asked tough, anxiously.

"I am afraid it will," replied the sergeant, still thinking it a joke.

"Well, then, I guess I had better take it for your sake!"

And they say the dental sergeant collapsed.

Two Canadians were comparing recent fighting with the 1915 Ypres vintage. The new man gave a harrowing description of a bayonet charge he had been in.

The old-timer scoffed: "Why, on one occasion," he said, "I had two heinies on my bayonet at one time!"

"How do you know there were two there?" inquired the new man.

"I heard one telling the other to move up and make more room!" was the reply.

Sergeant-Major of the F.P.S.: "Now then, straighten up, my lad (sarcastically), you know that we tame lions down here."

South African: "Huh! that's nothing; we eat them where I come from!"

Sergeant (to conscientious objector on duty cleaning up the village mud): "You've got a lot to grouse about, ain't yer!" Wot you'd like to do would be to 'and over the country to the Boche and then apologise for the blinkin' mess it's in!"

M.T. Sergeant (in the middle of the night awakened by horrible snoring): "Ere, mate, get a handkerchief and blow yer blooming exhaust!"

The Countess of the Chateau: "May we have the pleasure of your company this evening to dinner, Colonel?"

"Company, Madam, Company! I command a Field Ambulance!"

Colonel: "Didn't you see if the butcher had pig's feet?"

Mess Waiter: "(Hell!) No, sir, I couldn't; he had his boots on!"

Officer (to guard on bridge of transport): "Send that man down here."

Guard: "There ain't no man here, sir."

Officer: "But I see one."

Guard: "He ain't no man, sir; he's a sergeant!"

The Major: "Don't you know its against orders to take hay from this farm? What the blazes were you in civil life?"

A.S.C. Driver (attached to F.A.): "In a draughtsman's office, sir."

Major: "Draughtsman, eh? What would you say if I came into your office and pinched some of your draughts?"

AN ODE TO THE Q.M.

(To the tune of "Sprinkle me with Kisses.")

Won't you sprinkle me with Keating's,
Lots of powdered Keating's,
If you want my lice to go?
Each louse is like a rabbit,
And breeding is their habit,
It's the only way I know!

NOW AND THEN

(Published by kind permission of Lt.-Col. A. S. DONALDSON, O.C.)

MANAGING EDITOR ...
NEWS EDITOR ...

Major D. J. Cochrane.
L-Cpl. G. R. Street.

No. 8.

3rd NOVEMBER, 1917.

FOR THE LORD'S SAKE.

"BUCK-UP" and write something for "Now and Then." Remember that your paper goes down to posterity as a record of what we were—"By their writings ye shall know them." Then shall a future generation call us dull dogs? No. A thousand times no! The best Field Ambulance of the best Division in the best Army in best War, etc.!

"Now and Then" is NOT a funeral card. Are you aware that one of the proof readers only the other day suddenly burst into tears, and seizing his hat rushed out and secured a permanent job as gate-keeper at the cemetery? He said he felt that he needed cheering-up. (We understand that he is waiting to see the author of "The Letters of Adam" and "The Idler of the King" carried in feet first.)

Then to arms! Eyes "write!" Seek inspiration! If necessary seek it in strong drink. Eat lobster suppers and chronicle your dreams. Fall off church steeples and describe your sensations.

Write us a good yarn, and we'll give you a headline that will make you use smoked glasses.

Draw cartoons with the same intensity of purpose with which you draw your pay and the regularity with which you draw your breath.

Get involved with mademoiselles and and give us the details. Learn French and take in the gossip at your billet, and when you have calmed down a bit, tone it off for publication.

Give us HUMAN INTEREST and we will print it even if we have to go to press on sheet asbestos.

Listen at the door of the Officers' Mess for scandal and naughty stories.

Do these things so that people reading our Chronicles in future ages shall pause, and say, "This was SOME Ambulance."

"WHIZ-BANG AND SCHRAPNEL."

Harry Currie and his famous Ypres cats, "Whiz-Bang" and "Schrapnel" have departed from this France for a three months leave to Canada. Both pussy cats were found long, long ago in the Ypres Salient close by the Cloth Hall—very wild and scarry and visibly shell shocked. For days they were fed through the bars of a derelect bird cage until one quiet and beautiful day in the green meadows under the tall chestnut trees of E——s, someone left the wire door open and the kittens escaped—it was then discovered that they were perfectly tame and could no longer in conscience be called wild cats. Since then they have been held high in the affections of the unit and it is with a feeling of regret that we miss their presence around the dressing stations. Good-bye cats? Good-bye, Harry!—perhaps we shall see you some day, soon—in dear old Canada.

ON THE TRAIL OF THE JOHNSON HOLE.

PLACE: Somewhere in France.

TIME: Midnight or thereabout.

SCENE: Four stretcher bearers with a stretcher case on their shoulders, floundering through a sea of mud.

No. 1 S. B.: "Why the *! ? *!!! don't you boobs in front tell us when we come to a shell hole? I nearly broke my neck."

No. 3 S. B.: "Ah! shut yer trap; do yer think we got cat's eyes to see in this blinking dark? Curse this mud, anyway, I think I'm getting wet feet."

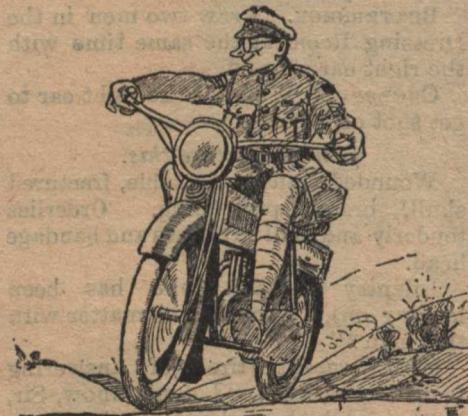
No. 4 S. B.: "Alright, you guys, quit yer grousing and lower the stretcher for a rest."

Patient: "Oh! my leg! How much further have we got to go? Bur-r-r-r! It's cold, have one of you fellers got a fag?"

No. 4 S. B.: "Here yer are, here's a fag, we only got a few yards to go now. Alright, boys, change places and we'll get out of here. Ready? Lift!"

After about five minutes of slipping and splashing through the mud and an occasional expletive:

No. 2 S. B.: "We're off the blinking trail and we ain't going the right way."



"NICK."

No. 3 S. B.: "By gosh! I believe we are lost, we should have passed that Johnson hole an hour ago; who says a little rest until we figure this thing out? My shoulders are getting sore."

No. 4 S. B.: "Lower stretcher and you two guys beat it off and look around for the road, but don't get out of shouting distance."

Patient: "Ain't we ever going to get there. Bur-r-r-r! It's cold! Ain't you got a snort of rum on yer?"

No. 4 S. B.: "No, we ain't got no snort of rum—we ain't seen none for a month. Holy smoke! If this rain keeps up them Huns will be sending submarines up to the front line and then what with being torpedoed and rammed we'll get it. Orter be getting light pretty soon now. Hey! Have you guys found the trail or have you fallen into the hands of the enemy?"

Voice in the distance: "I think this is the road; we'll try her anyway."

No. 4 S. B.: "So ye're back. Huh! I had thought you had found a canteen. Let's get out of here before we are blown out."

Whi-z-z-z-z BANG!

No. 4 S. B.: "Good night! I told yer so; that one pretty nearly got us; let's mosey on out of here."

Patient: "Was that a shell?"

No. 2 S. B.: "Oh, no! that was no shell—that was a premature machine gun bullet."

No. 3 S. B.: "Come on; quit yer yapping, what do yer think this is—a funeral procession or closing time in an estaminet?"

Another interval of five minutes of the mud.

No. 1 S. B.: "We're on the right road alright—there is that dead Fritz; I could smell him a mile off."

No. 4 S. B.: "At last! Here's the dressing station—mind the steps."

Chorus of S. B.'s: "Whew! that was some trip—I'll be glad of a night's rest."

A. D. S. Sergeant: "Come on, you guys—what are you hanging around here for? you have got to go to the umpteenth Batt. Aid Post for another stretcher case, but come in and have a snort of rum—it's just come up!"

Chorus of S. B.'s (putting it down): "Ah! that's great stuff—can we make another trip? Well, I guess! Good old war!"

ROTTEN RHYMES.

Our Crow has gone,
And everyone,
Dejected, ask "Where is he?"

So pass the word,
Fly back Old Bird,
For you are never "Dizzy."

Old Donald's son will go on leave,
And cross the channel tide,
That fair wide ocean passage cleave,
To ladies fair and wide.
A-meeting Coras, Mauds and Hatties,
Around the Troc. and Old Frascatti's.

This is a dirty planet. Very.
The sons of men are mean,
And keep their lines unsanitary,
And tents are far from clean.
But those who would escape arrest (Quick)
Must keep away from Corporal West (Dick)
Be sure you quiet complete your fleet,
Or you and he will feet to-neet.

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner,
And left his mess can at the door,
Along came a shell; blew the mess tin to—well
There's lots in the Q.M. Store.

I couldn't believe that it could be leave,
Till I went to the office to see,
But it must be leave so I must believe
My bad luck's leaving me.
And since it's leave, you'd better believe
I'm leaving here in glee.
So with your leave I'll leave on leave;
You can leave the rest to me.

ATHLETIC NEWS.

Major Cochrane will box the compass before taking the unit on another move.

**THE NUTS OVER THE WINE IN
BILL THOMPSON'S OLD ESTAMINET.**

Congratulations to Major D. J. Cochrane on his promotion and the same to Major E. S. Jeffrey, M.C. These events we are glad to notice were celebrated in the good old way. It's a way we have in the Army.

The troops are taking a lot of French leave this summer.

While this is not an advertisement column yet we notice that some very pleasant times were had on the leather cushioned seats of the "Cafe de l'Universe."

And the "Quaker Girl," stands across the street—just opposite—good old, "Universe,"—indeed, the boys were unanimous in saying, "Good old war!"

Many of us would like to be Colonels but we'd all like to have Col. "D's" home in "B." Indeed, he's quite at home.

Say, Middlemas, you are a pretty good water cart man and I am familiar with the booze; what do you say if we join the tanks?

We are all familiar with those cartoons running in Canadian papers called "Indoor Sports," and with those ten-inch sensations, but what about the kidding the man gets who has just cut his slacks into shorts and then wakes up to the fact that in his unit there are stringent orders against this very stunt—Ah! this is some sport, particularly if he is an acting N.C.O.

Alberta's soldiers have voted and these votes will send two of the troops to the provincial legislature—and there is a lady in the House and they say that the beautiful nurse on the list has good chances of making it. And Bill Davidson has made it—you remember Bill of the "Morning Albertan"?—same old Bill, boys. And Arthur is still at the helm. And Bob has ambitions, Bob Pearson, we mean. Some Parliament!

This reminds us of our Railroaders; Scotty Anderson received a letter from an "original." "These parliamentary debates are just like our old arguments, but dog-gone it, only one man talks at a time.

The Y.M.C.A. cinema operator couldn't make "her" work right and one disgusted Tommy rising to pull out, exclaimed, "Rotten, let's go!" "Arf a mo, Ebenezer, maybe he'll burn hisself."

I've heard of soldiers going through Vimy Ridge without a scratch but I've been scratching ever since.

Jones was going through the doorway. The elephant was trying to get out, too, and roared, "Who the 'ell ye're pushing." The elephant made it but they had to get a spade to pick up poor Jones.

"C" Section had a "Rippin" cook.

"That plane must be an imperial."
"Why?"

"Because when signalling just now he only sported one star.

THE IDLER OF THE KING.

From old Maroc, that city grim, there strode one night a band
Of warriors worn and scarred with war, close to their chieftain's hand.
And who their chief, that noble lad? None other than Sir Galahad,
Charged by his King a duty grim to faithfully perform for him.
By reason of his high condition, he chose the Knight to fill this mission.

"Sir Galahad," the King had said, "I place my trust in thee;
I need this band, with rations, lead safely to Number Three."
"Sire," quoth the Knight, "Upon my knees to thee I truly swear
I will not rest, nor eat, nor sup till all is safely there.
Swiftly upon my way I speed"; bowed to his King, bestrode his steed.

Forward to where the crimson glare did wound the dusky sky,
The silent band stepped swiftly on to Loos fast drawing nigh.
The crossroads reached, then cried his page, "My Lord, your passage choose!"
The Knight with holy mien replied, "We tread the road to Loos!"
Leading his band [with lordly stride, to where his kinsmen fought and died.

And o'er their heads great signals soared, all flaming in the sky:
All round them Hell's own engines roared, and winged death whistled by.
Turned to his men, Sir Galahad cried, "Heed ye these words from me;
Tho' many fall, all living men press on to Number Three.
It is our good King's noble will: his sacred charge we must fulfil."

Courage prevailed. Their firm steps led at last up to their goal,
And some dumped down a sack of bread, and some a sack of coal.
For each man had his burden sound, spreading it forth upon the ground;
While all the men from Number Three pressed eagerly around.
The blind, the sick, the halt, the lame, the good Sir Galahad to acclaim.

In trumpet voice the Knight proclaimed, "Each man shall have his share,
I pledge my sainted knightly name, division shall be fair."
Then sinking on his bended knees dished out the bread, the tea and cheese.
"Good people, herethy portion see. This much, I say, for Number Three.
And thou, stout vassal, bear you that across yon mead to good St. Pat."

"Nay! stay one moment thy swift feet, and I will portion out the meat."
But now the Knight was much delayed, and with hot anger shaken;
While all did seek in vain to find a knife to cut the bacon,
Then while wild uproar had its fling, from out the darkness strode the King.
"Peace! what is this? have all gone mad? Ho! here to me, Sir Galahad."

"Tell me, Sir Knight, what means this strife—this uproar loud and wide?"
"O King we could not find the knife, the bacon to divide."
Then quoth the King with darkened brow, "Base herald that ye be!
So thus ye fill the sacred charge I trusted, Knight, of thee.
Lucky that I this murmur heard, My warriors empty, like thy word."

Then stooping to his regal knees, with countenance of passion,
The King endeavoured to appease each warrior with his ration.
The Knight looked on and judged his life lost, even as the fateful knife.
No word he spoke to clear his name: bowed was his head in guilty shame:
And saw his King's imperial silk all spattered o'er with Nestle's Milk.

Sore vexed, the good King raised his head, and loud the false Knight rated—
"King's duties do not easier come, but get more complicated.
Strange now indeed are royal fashions when Kings must needs serve out the rations!"

Scarcely these words the King had spoke, when through the throng a herald broke,
Bowed low, and cried, "O Sovereign Lord! They say the town is taken."
"To Hell with Lens," the King replied, "I have to cut this bacon!"

"O King!" the ancient Herald cried, "If ye these words will heed,
This meat we surely must divide. Then mount it on my steed,
To bear it on his nimble feet, swift to Maroc. There cut the meat."
"Wise Herald," cried the noble King, "Tis well that thou didst come.
Swift step into the A.D.S., and take a tot of rum."

Meanwhile, the Knight was moping round with saddened downcast eye,
When trampled in the sodden ground the knife he chanced to spy.
He grasped it—started at full speed to overtake the speedy steed.
His hair flew wild, his breath came hot, a tape streamed from each puttee;
The King could not forbear a smile. He said, "They've all gone 'Nutty.'"

J. D. N.

BALLOONITIS OF THE HEAD.

"Pullthrough" had just been made a sergeant, so he strolled over to the Q.M. Stores, leaned up against the counter and requested the extra chevrons. He got 'em; then took off his service cap, anxiously inspected it once more as if to make sure, and, apparently satisfied, he spoke to Horace thusly, "How's chances to get a larger size cap?"

"THE RAG-TIME ARMY."

The Snickendorfers had been straffing the Advanced Dressing Station—in fact he was putting them over as fast as his guns could deliver the shells—when a lieutenant and a gunner came travelling into the ruins to wait until the storm was over. When they had recovered their breath, said the officer "Say, we covered that last hundred yards pretty quick!" "Yes, you were going so damn fast that I thought I was going the other way!" sarcastically replied the gunner with a grin.

COLONELS.

Some Colonels ride; some can't—ours does.
Some Colonels like inspections; some don't—ours exercises his wit on these occasions.
Some Colonels are human; some are not—ours is, very.
Some Colonels are woman-haters; some are not—ours is NOT!
Some Colonels play poker; some can't—ours is a past master.
Some Colonels are teetotalers; some are not—ours gives the boys beaucoup rum up the line.
Some Colonels drink whisky; some don't—ours prefers it neat.
Some Colonels carry corkscrews; some don't—ours just says, "Anybody here from Vancouver?"
Some Colonels collect souvenirs; some don't—ours does.
Some Colonels have a heart; some haven't—ours has, most of the time.

Why does our paymaster go to scotland on pass.

DRAWING WATER.

"WELL! What do you do with it? Wash in it?" The question was so obviously sarcastic and unkind that the meek assurance that I had not washed for days and days was quite unnecessary. Still the water had certainly gone and in that wilderness of crumbling ruins every additional can of water meant much to all—but particularly to the water detail.

The question, "Do you wash in it?" carried with it, not merely a sarcastic effort to bring a blush to a cheek that was rapidly assuming the hue of a black bear, but also the hint that there would be Sam Hughes to pay if anyone was caught washing in what might otherwise be used in cooking, or in cases of emergency, swallowing as a liquid refreshment. This last, however, is only to be done by those in real need.

Amidst the battered ruins of the little town were several wells but each presented its own difficulties. Perhaps in ourselves we were unattractive, but the gunners who monopolized everything, blasted the reputation of each well by a board bearing a curt intimation that it was not to be used and additionally circulated mysterious rumours that the Borsche was one of the main ingredients of the supply. Careful observation, however, seemed to show that the gunners themselves took kindly to the dope. So confidence returned in spite of the strange taste. Does truth dwell at the bottom of a well? If so, truth as many have suspected has an uncommonly unpleasant taste. But what lay at the bottom of those wells was not connected with truth in any form, since when the unsuspecting reinforcement asked casually after a thirsty carry, the reason of the somewhat strong flavour, he was disconcerted by the answer being summed up in the one word "Fritz." And our own private well, like Cæsar's wife, was by no means above suspicion.

However, the water has still to be drawn and a few of us ramble over to the cook house where the collection of empty cans await us. Here Bob produces a rope and windlass. "Fritz dropped a shell right on the other one," he said, "so I brought this windlass along." Away we went and after a few minutes reached our well, and got busy. It got darker now and a solemn silence stole over the scene. An artillery chap appeared out of a gun emplacement and from him we gathered that a little earlier a shell had dropped in the road just to the left, and that he was expecting a straff. The cans, in some mysterious manner, now seemed to double in size and increase in numbers, and though previously I had insisted that five cans were the least we could do with yet now I guessed that my demands could be met with four. As the night became darker the job increased in difficulty. We had filled about ten cans for the A.D.S. and had still four to go when the first shell whizzed in. That started it. Fritzy, it seemed to me, had got wise to us and was putting a special barrage over to cut off my young and giddy career. Of course nobody believed me, and Bob flatly stated that I was an ass, and even intimated that the Kaiser had never heard of me. Visions of predecessors blown to the bottom of the well most unreasonably came to my mind, but now Bob comforted me nobly by announcing that the last can

was filled and that we could hop it with the goods.

Suddenly a huge explosion occurred—everything went red and then inky black—it must have been right on top of us and I wasn't sure that I was alive. But Bob's shrill voice cut in among the bursting of shells, "You bonehead, get your foot out of that dixie and come along—those ain't shells—them's our heavies firing!"

TWO WEEKS IN FRANCE.

(Written for "Now and Then.")

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MAC:—If the Dublin Fusiliers wore Highland dress they would be "kilt" entirety.

FLOSSIE: Yes, dear, the Pope's peace statements are rather wild, but you know he always had a tendency to "roam."

JAS. GOODR: Yes, the O.C. has managed so far but we hear that you are coming back soon.

ART: You say you have been eighteen months in the country without leave and are tired of the country. Die.

WILLIE: The bagpipes have their origin in the old Scottish custom of well-to-do folk carrying home on Saturday night a sucking pig for the Sunday dinner. When passing the neighbours' houses, the "guid man" would make the porker squeal long and loud by giving his tail a violent twist—"Jist tae let them knae." Moved to envy the less fortunate neighbours hit upon the plan of imitating piggy by means of what is now known as the bagpipes.

(Written for "Now and Then.")

THE ACTING TOWN MAJOR.

LIMPID LILYWILLIE, lance-corporal; erstwhile acting Town Major of Bozin, dropped in on the editor the other day. "I've come to arrange about the baths—you can have the seventh—oh! hello—shake—I'm in charge of the natorium works here. Yes, you can have the seventh." We thanked him because it was only the "first," and we were lucky to only have to wait six days for a wash down.

"Do you remember when I was at Bozin? Well, Doddywood made me put up three stripes and said, 'You are Town Major, now, Lilywillie—run the show but keep off the booze!' I started in O.K.—took a look around the town and saw that the estaminet people were hostile. Yep! I picked on one and closed her up; tight as a drum. That changed their music. I soon had 'em running after me and they closed up at eight sharp. I strolled along—there were two sergeants licking her up in an estaminet—it was about a minute after eight. I just popped my head into the door, looked round and silently departed. Madame came running after me, 'Un moment, Monsieur, vous tres bon sergent; une bouteille Champagne pour vous—tres bon, eh?', 'No—no bon,' and I sadly shook my head as if it were all over with her and that I had a painful tho' necessary duty to perform. Her offence was past compromise; and had I not my dire though dirty work to pull off? Well, in the end we made it up. Ah! yes, it was a good home. She was a bon war," and dismally shaking his head and full of dry woe, he slunk off.

(Written for "Now and Then.")

Extract from routine Orders:—

O.C. proceeded on leave -/-/17.

London weather report:—A marked rise in temperature. Stormy towards evening.

BY THE BYE.

LADIES are expensive company; very. If you doubt my word, ask Staff-Sergt. Bye.

One day whilst we were stationed at Oochang he felt the need of a little exercise and started on a visit to a small village in the vicinity.

Strolling along one of the pretty lanes, and occasionally giving his moustache an upward twirl on the off chance of meeting some rustic Mademoiselle, he was surprised and gratified to find that Fat Nell (the M.T. dog, otherwise known as "Lambface") had followed him out of camp and was padding along at his side.

Now the Staff was tickled, in there is something very pleasing in having a well-trained dog following faithfully at heel, looking trustfully into your face when you halt, as if to say "where next, dear master?"

They roamed along happily together until, down in the village Sam encountered one of those charming gentlemen with "M.P." on his arm. Suspecting nothing and feeling well disposed to all men (even to M.P.'s) the Staff nodded affably and was passing on when the Cop hailed him, "Hey! yer no right to have a dog!"

"No!" said the Staff, mildly, astonished.

"No. Army orders, all stray dogs to be destroyed! Shot four to-day."

"Yes. But this is no stray dog. Why, we've had that dog in our Unit since —"

"Well, yer no right to have it. Orders is orders. Yer know what orders ARE, don't yer?"

"Well, look hear" (stepping close to the M.P. and taking him affectionately by the arm), "She isn't really our dog. Belongs to a poor old woman at an Estaminet down the road. Poor old woman. Three sons at the front and a cripple daughter with seventeen kids. The lady thinks the world of her."

"What! Of a daughter like that?"

"Why no. The dog, of course."

"Now look here," said the Cop. "It's like this, I've GOT to take that dog. Orders is —"

"How's the beer in this burg?" ventured the Staff desperately.

"Oh, not TOO bad," said the Cop, brightening visibly.

"Well, come and —"

The Cop took a hurried look up and down the street.

"Over there on the corner. The back door's just by the pump"

And it cost the poor old Staff nearly ten francs to bring his lady friend safely back to camp.

The next evening, as he was setting out, he spotted the affectionate Nell toddling after him.

"Hi! Allez! Allez!" etc., etc. "Beat it. D—n your eyes!"

Poor old Nell turned back with a puzzled look in her faithful brown eyes. It seemed to say, "Oh, these men."

(Written for "Now and Then.")

Our Band is once more on the go. It makes an awful shindy. But that is natural, don't you know. The leader's name is "Windy."