

Folder 207

THE Dead Horse Corner Gazette

A Monthly Journal of
Breezy Comment. . .

Souvenir Number.

Price One Franc.

Published, when possible, by the 4th Batt. First Canadian Contingent, B.E.F., on Active Service.

No. 1.

OCTOBER, 1915.

[Passed by the Censor.]

OURSELVES.

Let "Welcome" usher in our birth
 In gratifying measure—
 We aim to hold your interest,
 And give, we hope, some pleasure.
 We may not reach Elysian heights
 Whene'er we twang the lyre ;
 But still we hope, with printer's ink,
 To give, with "rapid fire,"
 This souvenir, at modest cost,
 Your appetite to whet.
 Your smile will grow, provide you
 read
 The "D.H.C. Gazette."

Honour Roll of the Battalion.

Awarded the Distinguished Conduct Medal.—10857 Sergeant A. Kaye and 10538 Lance-Sergeant W. E. Hart.

D.S.O.—Major J. Ballantyne.

Mentioned in Sir John French's Dispatch (31st May, 1915).—Lieut.-Col. A. P. Birchall, killed in action ; Captain J. D. Glover, killed in action ; 10940 Private E. Shipman, 11187 Private W. C. Wright.

The Military Cross.—Lieutenant W. D. Sprinks.

The Medal of St. George (3rd Class).—19103 Private D. J. Broomfield.

The Cross of St. George (4th Class).—11317 Sergeant T. Elliot and 10865 Private A. Sheppard.

EDITORIAL

Our Aims and Hopes.

VOILA! We have at last emerged from our shell, and now brave, for the first time, the fearsome and awe-inspiring surroundings of cold print. We come to you as an infant—"puny, and crying in his nurse's arms," as Will of Stratford words it in his "Seven Ages of Man." We are puny, but with your tender care and solicitude we may attain robustness and even virility.

Take an interest in us and we shall grow. Feed us with sympathy and financial nourishment, and we shall blossom out into something that shall be at once—to you and ourselves—an achievement and a pride.

We desire to justify our existence, and our justification shall be the merry laugh and entertainment which heralds the breaking-down of dull monotony and routine living. If we accomplish something of this nature, we feel we shall have justified our existence.

Altogether, life in the particular locality whence this initial issue of the *Gazette* emanates has not been especially irksome or dangerous, and those of us who are destined to live through this war will cherish many pleasant memories of the days spent here. To those memories, we fain would hope, will be added our present effort at entertainment.

An Explanation.

THE derivation of the name of this little journal will be easily understood by the members of the battalion. To friends outside the war zone, we must explain that "Dead Horse Corner" is a spot "Somewhere in Flanders" where units of the battalion have often been quartered.

It may possibly be noted that our "Personalia" deals almost exclusively with 15 Platoon. This is explained by the fact that it was originally intended to run a "local" paper for the platoon named. Owing to the interest taken in the venture by Col. Colquhoun and officers of the battalion, we have at the last moment decided to widen the scope of our efforts and make this the initial and a "souvenir" number of a regimental newspaper.

Owing to the exigencies of our present life, publishing days cannot easily be defined, but we hope to make the *Gazette* a regular feature of the social life of the battalion. Items of interest will be welcomed from any quarter. Our aim is to make the *Gazette* representative of *all ranks* in the battalion.—
The EDITOR.

"Build Strong."

WILL there be, as in 1902, a distribution of *largesse* (i.e., script of homestead lands) after the war? The question is prompted by no ulterior

motive, but because it affects us individually and collectively, and because it means so much to the welfare of the land we love. Whatever action is taken by the Federal Government, the effect on the future life of the Dominion will be of vital importance. In a nutshell, the situation is this: Will Canada, by wisely making grants of land to those who have seen *active service*, build up its future prosperity on the sure foundations of patriotism and self-sacrifice? Or will she, by *continuing to give away to alien races—and possibly potential enemies—the best and richest of her homestead lands*, permit the entry of an insidious poison which, slowly polluting the arteries of our political, social, and economic systems, will one day be strong enough to destroy the entire fabric of our national life?

This is a vital problem of the near future, and for the present we do no more than visualise for our readers its tremendous possibilities for good or evil. Meantime, however, it would appear to us that the first step is the drastic revision of the present Immigration Laws, and, later, of the Home-steading Regulations. Such a revision should aim to make it possible for only Britishers, Americans, and members of the Allied nations to settle in our midst and enjoy that freedom which is our birthright and for which so many of our own countrymen have already laid down their lives.

[Oversea cables show that the Commonwealth of Australia has already decided on the organisation of a comprehensive scheme on the lines indicated.]

The Cigarette Scandal.

THE British — and Imperial — "Tommy" has come to look upon his weekly issue of cigarettes and tobacco as of equal importance to his daily ration of food. Keep a soldier from his pipe or his cigarette and he becomes as "grouchy" as a caged bear tormented by trippers with umbrellas and walking sticks. The truth of this simile was forced upon us when the First Contingent, crossing from Canada, found a tobacco and cigarette famine on several of the transports. Thus when Tommy is confronted with "Soldiers' Specials" and pestered by refugees to buy them, he is apt to momentarily forget himself, and must be excused if he sends the cigs. and the sellers to that place where ice won't keep! "Soldiers' Specials" are a Government issue. How, then, do consignments of these cigarettes get

into the possession of itinerant retailers?

There is a serious leakage somewhere, and it looks to us as if Tommy is being made to pay through the nose for what he has a right to expect as an ordinary issue. The soldiers have it largely in their own hands to stop the evil. This can be done by the co-operation of N.C.O.'s and men. Let everyone refuse to buy "Soldiers' Specials" and the boycott will have the effect of killing the illicit traffic in them. It will also have the effect of tying the hands of the regimental Shylocks who instigate the traffic for their own gain.

Honour Where it is Due.

NO one with a sense of justice will cavil if, on the conclusion of the campaign, the survivors of Canada's First Overseas Contingent put their heads together and formulate a demand that they be accorded the honour due to them. By this, it must not be understood that they can, or will, claim any material reward. Rewards, monetary or in kind, will be a secondary consideration. Probably each and every survivor will be only too pleased to be able to return to Canada with a whole skin! But, pursuing our train of thought, the men who constituted the First Contingent will be well within their rights if they ask that they shall now and for all time be officially designated the "First Canadian Contingent."

That will only be claiming honour where it is due. We do not desire to preach a "Separationist" creed, or wish to see internal bickerings. There were probably hundreds of men in the Second and Third Contingents who from various causes could not get away with the First Contingent in September, 1914. Business demands and the handicap of distance were two of these causes. Hundreds of men in unsettled portions of the great North-West were without the means of learning, for some considerable time, that the Mother Country had become involved in war. No section of the community responded to the call of the blood more readily than did these men on the frontier-posts of the Dominion, and it would be rank injustice to all parties if our suggestion were construed into belittling the patriotism and sacrifices of these men.

Our idea is that, when circumstances permit, the surviving members of the First Contingent should band themselves into an Association, with branches in all the great centres of the Dominion, for the purpose of consolidating the friendships formed and to keep alive, by suitable anniversary gatherings, the

memories of the comrades who fell in action in France and Flanders. More than that, such an Association would serve to keep track of the maimed veterans who might be too proud to ask assistance of strangers.

If properly organised and conducted, such an Association would be a benevolent and fraternal society in the best sense of the term. A system of registration would help to safeguard the members and the funds, and although such an Association would be unconnected with the Department of Militia, we feel sure that every means would be placed at the disposal of the Association by that body to check the *bona-fides* of the members.

War and National Honour.

DRYDEN, we believe, was the poet who asked for and gave, in one and the same breath, the definition of War:—

What is War but toil and trouble?
Honour, but an empty bubble!

And even General Sherman's famous definition of War, as being "Hell," has been improved upon by those high-brow (but nevertheless fairly truthful) critics who also declare it to be Hell—but "with the lid off!" Thus we have the poet's and the soldier's view-point, both given expression to in an era now past. But what of the present, when war has taken on forms of savagery which our language is powerless to adequately describe or condemn? What of our own ideas—the view-point of the rank-and-file?

We have to admit that war in itself is reprehensible, and a thing to be avoided if that can be done with honour. On the other hand, it is significant that the world has not yet found a satisfactory tribunal for settlement of international strife. We are forced to agree that the prehistoric manner of settling differences is still the only available solution. And as surely as we make this admission, so surely must we admit that our vaunted civilisation is but a veneer which, once torn away, reveals us as of much the same mould and fibre as our progenitors of a thousand years ago. Stripped of the ornament of Sham, we show the same primal passions, *but we still guard with jealous care the priceless legacy of Honour handed down to members of the Anglo-Saxon race.*

When Germany tore up the Treaty in which, with Britain, she had pledged herself to hold inviolate the neutrality of Belgium, that "scrap of paper" became symbolic of our national honour. That is why we Canadians are in

Flanders to-day. Blood is thicker than water, and the call was too insistent to be denied. If Honour be "an empty bubble," it is a thing of immense magnetic power. Our friends and comrades who were "gassed" at Ypres, and those who met a more merciful death elsewhere, died to uphold that Honour, and we ourselves stand pledged to make, if need be, the self-same sacrifice. Outside nations may think we rate honour too highly, but we shall have done something tangible if we hand on to our successors this unsullied legacy of national honour.

A New Industry!!

THE new ring-making industry instituted in "Plug-street" Wood is likely to develop into something more than a local scheme. Later, we expect to hear that the most famous jewellery houses of London, Paris, Toronto, and New York are placing large orders for aluminium rings and other trench souvenirs with the firm of Gillespie, Cundall, & Co., the pioneers of the industry. After that, it will be unnecessary for the firm to do any advertising, for the shops of the Rue de la Paix in Paris, of Regent Street in London, and Broadway in New York, will do the advertising for them! Those readers of the *Gazette* who have visited the Battlefield of Waterloo know to what an amazing extent the demand for "war relics" has grown, and how the manufacture of "fake" relics has developed in response to that growth. Waterloo has several "museums" where the gullible tourist is invited to buy (and generally does, to provide evidence in his home town that he has "travelled a bit") Waterloo Battlefield relics; such "relics" being manufactured, as a rule, in Birmingham, England! The "Plug-street" industry, being a genuine one, is likely to become as famous as that of Waterloo—so long as the supply of shell "noses," and other war material containing aluminium, lasts out! If "Plug-street" and its potential industry were in Western Canada, we would suggest the immediate formation of a Board of Trade and the appointment of a publicity commissioner! The supply of aluminium should at any rate last as long as the average real estate boom.

The Canadian Casualty Lists.

CANADIAN soldiers and their relatives have a genuine grievance against the Militia Department. The Canadian casualty lists can scarcely be called models of perfection, even if they are "displayed" more than those in the English papers. The big fault is the lack of the regimental number—the chief identification mark of a soldier. Scores of men who are hale and hearty have been reported as dead, wounded, or missing (and their relatives and friends caused unnecessary worry) simply because they are of the same



LT.-COL. M. J. COLQUHOUN, O.C. 4TH BATT. CANADIANS.

name as another man who has really been killed or wounded. And all this unnecessary worry might have been averted had the Canadian Department of Militia followed the British War Office custom of giving a man's regimental number! The Canadian newspapers should agitate for the desired change.

General Sam Hughes has been knighted. Next we shall expect to hear of him being "filmed." Nowadays film fame is real fame. Ask Charlie Chaplin!

The Regimental Sports.

THANKS to the initiative of Captain Archibald, of the Y.M.C.A., the regimental sports held on Labour Day were very successful. The track was "sticky" and uneven, but on the whole the performances were creditable. Captain Archibald's exhibition of pole-vaulting was the feature of the meeting. Private Lammie was champion individual performer, taking a grand total in prize-money of \$67. Results:—

100 yards.—1, Private McMann; 2, Private Horner; 3, Private Ferguson.

Shot Putt.—1, Private Irwin (30ft. 2in.); 2, Corporal Montour; 3, Lance-Corporal McLennan.

One Mile.—1, Private Lammie (5 min. 25 sec.); 2, Private Murphy; 3, Private Dawson.

High Jump.—1, Private Stickney; 2, Private Adams; 3, Lance-Corporal McLennan.

Pole Vault.—1, Private McLaren; 2, Private Booker; 3, Private Millard.

220 Yards.—1, Private Horner; 2, Sergeant Jarrett; 3, Private Gillespie.

Broad Jump.—1, Private Topham (16 ft.); 2, Private McLaren; 3, Private McDonald and Lance-Corporal McLennan.

440 Yards.—1, Private Wheeler; 2, Private Lammie; 3, Private Murphy.

Bomb-Throwing Competition.—1, Private Beatty; 2, Lance-Corporal Preece; 3, Lance-Corporal McLennan.

Hop, Step, and Jump.—1, Private McDonald (35ft.); 2, Private McLaren; 3, Private Lammie.

Three-legged Race.—1, Privates Lammie and Ferguson; 2, Corporal Mossop and Private Little; 3, Private McDonald and Private McMann.

Obstacle Race.—1, Corporal Mossop; 2, Private Ripley; 3, Private Dawson.

V.C. Race.—1, Private Brown; 2, Private Wheeler; 3, Private Gillespie.

Throwing Baseball.—1, Private Watson; 2, Lance-Corporal Harbord; 3, Private McDonald.

Half-mile.—1, Private Lammie; 2, Private Moore; 3, Private Murphy.

Notes and
Comments

IMPERIALISM is at last beginning to be understood. It is not a mere incident engendered by excessive flag-flapping, but is born of national exigencies demanding sacrifices by and for the people. True imperialism is too broad a thing to be hurt by petty jealousies and intrigues, too vital a state to allow of the incursion of politics. Imperialism has ceased to be an empty phrase; it has become an actuality revitalised by national sacrifice.

We have been favoured with a glance—free copies evidently being very scarce—of the first number of *The Listening Post*, the “trench newspaper” of the 7th (B.C.) Batt. Canadians. The one contribution of outstanding merit is “The Diary of a Real Soldier.” The bulk of the advertising space is taken by the Right Hon. R. L. Borden. Typographically, the production is capable of some improvement, and we feel sure our British Columbia friends will take the hint kindly, especially as the O.C. of the 7th is not entirely unknown in the Canadian newspaper world.

We are glad to announce that the *Gazette* has secured the good offices of Private Gitz-Rice, of the 3rd Field Ambulance. Private Gitz-Rice, who does a column of theatrical and musical comment for the *Montreal Herald* (under the pen-name of “Munday Knight”), is the well-known concert singer and accompanist. He has promised to contribute a series of “Forthcoming Musical Events”—a barometer showing the type of “social service” the battalion may later expect from our good friends and entertainers of the 3rd Field Ambulance. Mr. Rice will, of course, be ably backed in all his enterprises by “The Listening Post” (Private Sarson, also of the 3rd Field Ambulance). One of Private Sarson’s contributions appears in this issue.

Though it has not yet seen the glory of print, *The Weekly Bull*, the organ of the 4th Batt. Telegraphists, can give more pretentious sheets “a start and a beating.” It has a private—and maximum—circulation of 16 copies, and is smartly illustrated and written. We feel honoured that Editor Troules has placed us on his exchange list.

We hear the latest thing in Canada is for magistrates to offer prisoners brought before them their freedom provided they immediately enlist. What a compliment to us Canadians of the First Contingent!

The foregoing may or may not be true, but it is evidently necessary for a man to wait for the ninth or tenth contingent if he would look forward to a presentation of a gold wrist-watch or similar bauble. Somehow we feel we are glad that we only own a one-dollar Ingersoll!

The Canadians at the Front and in England are to have a semi-official organ—the *Maple Leaf Magazine*. But it’s a safe bet to prophesy that if a soldiers’ journal were run *after* the war, it would contain more of the *real dope*!

Certain ranks of the British Army, and more especially the Canadians, are to be given “special attention” by the Germans if they become prisoners. Here’s hoping the British Home Office will adopt Reciprocity.

**In Memory
of
Fallen Comrades.**

Present “volunteers” in Canada for war service are asking that they be allowed to go threshing ere they don the khaki. When will the public learn to discriminate between a *volunteer* and a *conscript*?

Après la guerre, when men meet in private and business life to talk over old times, it is likely that those who joined later than the First, Second, and Third Contingents will be faced with this poser: “Did you Go, or were you Pushed?”

Led by an Ottawa newspaper, the Canadian Liberal Party are endeavouring to secure a share of the rich plums of office by proposing the formation of a Coalition Government.

Canadian recruits rejected as medically unfit are being granted “honour” certificates, printed in red, to save them from persecution as “slackers.”

The closer we observe the British private soldier, be he old-time Regular or “Kitchener’s man,” the more we are

impressed by his bravery, his intelligence, and his cheery optimism under the most depressing conditions.

THE IMMORTALS.

Down the broad highway of the years,
In gold the deeds shall stand
Of those who died unflinchingly
For Home and Motherland.

The Overseas Club has decided to plant an avenue of maples at Lange-maarcke, to beautify the Canadian Soldiers’ Cemetery at that place.

Those of us who are homesteaders would be able to build quite a pretentious little shack out of the \$650,000 said to have been lost to the Manitoba taxpayers in connection with the erection of the new Parliament Buildings at Winnipeg.

A Russian Battalion, to be attached to the Canadian Overseas Force, is being formed in Ontario.

The town of Kindersley, Sask., has contributed \$1,000 to equip a machine gun section in the 65th Battalion, and asks that Kindersley recruits shall operate the gun.

Married men who enlist in the Canadian Overseas Force do not now have to get their wives’ consent to do so.

The approximate average age of infantrymen in the First Canadian Contingent is 25-26.

The Manitoba elections, fought on the Parliament Building scandal, resulted in the crushing defeat of the Roblin Government. The Liberals of that Province now hold 39 seats, the Conservatives five, and the Independents two.

British Columbia miners are being offered work in the English coalfields.

Roblin, Montague, Howden, and Coldwell, ex-members of the Manitoba Government, are charged with conspiracy to rob the Province in connection with the Parliament Buildings at Winnipeg. They may be tried—or they may not!

The 1st Battalion Newfoundland Regiment has been ordered to Egypt. The 2nd Battalion will likely follow.

“Bill” and “Dan,” the C.N.R. finance prodigies, have negotiated a \$11,500,000 loan in New York.

Our Thirst for Knowledge

WANTED TO KNOW:

WHO is the member of the 2nd Contingent who, when on leave in London recently, wore cord breeches, Fox's spiral puttees, a cane, tan gloves, and *patent-leather shoes*? And if it would not be advisable, in the interests of science, to preserve to posterity this interesting specimen?

If it is not culpable negligence on the part of someone when the water-carts are found empty when the battalion is ready to move off to the front line trenches?

If being in the front line is a novelty properly appreciated by the cooks!

WHETHER the Editors of *Jack Canuck* and the Calgary *Eye-Opener* would not give a year's salary to be able to harvest all the journalistic fruit which at present falls unheeded to the ground in this locality?

WHETHER the one-time possession of a commission will hereafter provide the *open sesame* to the highest social circles in Ottawa?

WHETHER the war would not be over in a month if that famous soldier, Private Mackenzie ("The Khedive"), and Sergeant Reynolds, the renowned tactician and theorist, had been given the jobs now held by Lord Kitchener and General French respectively?

WHETHER the officer of a certain Canadian Battalion who ordered one of his men to pick up scraps of paper from the top of a communication trench in broad daylight attended the man's funeral?

WHETHER Private Blank has received a new pipe in place of the one smashed in his recent fistic encounter?

WHY such fine Corps like the 9th and 11th Battalions never had a fair show; and who was to blame?

WHY the Eastern Battalions are so anxious to secure drafts from Western regiments?

THE name of the "D" Company officer who received such a lot of new clothes from his tailor a few days before he went up to the fire trenches. And if he was not greatly disappointed in having to "go up" instead of going on leave?

How much it cost Jack Preece for his initiation into the ancient and honourable game of "Brag"?

If our late M.O. did not spring a neat surprise on a certain "runner" in "D" Company when the latter (having

received a blackened optic from a Belgian Gendarme) attended sick parade suffering from "a cold in his eye"?

If "Percy" means to take home as a souvenir the bed-sheet he borrowed from Madame X—?

THE reason why an optimist like "The Khedive" writes home to say he hopes to get his leave in August, 1918?

THE name of the attractive young woman who met Sergeant Rothery at Victoria Station when he went home on leave? And if Frank did not have some trouble in catching his train to Leeds?

WHY it is that men proceeding to England on leave are recommended by the M.O. to take a double dose of lime-juice?

WHY Lance-Corporals Flanagan and Preece have discontinued the mutual admiration stunt which had such an auspicious send-off at Shorncliffe?

THE name of the high staff officer with whom Private Archie Cronie

EDITORIAL AND BUSINESS STAFF OF THE GAZETTE.

Editor - - - Pte. R. W. Trowsdale.
French Editor - Pte. Cyril France.
Art Editor - - L.-Cpl. V. C. Collins.
"Social Service" - Pte. Gitz-Rice, 3rd F.A.
("Munday Knight" of *Montreal Herald*).
Circulation Manager Pte. A. Gillespie.

Offices - - - "Somewhere in Flanders"
(But liable to be moved to Berlin at short notice).

shared his hymn book on a recent Sunday?

If the officers' batmen are in love with the hornets' nest chosen as the site for their tent?

If it is true that Private H. B. Jamieson uses up old currant cakes as part of his bomb-throwing material?

If Sergeant Rothery's gift of cigars is a prelude to a similar gift from "higher up"?

WHETHER Private McNair means to preserve his sweater-coat and toque to be used as family heirlooms?

If the Company cooks relished Lance-Corporal Scrivener's recent platform criticisms?

If stolen beer tastes better than the other variety?

If Private Creasey still uses "Keatings" in lieu of pepper?

THE name of the N.C.O. who tried to make a mess tin of tea out of respirator solution?

A "Babel" of Good Wishes.

Bilingual Readers send Greetings.

"I am glad of this opportunity of wishing your paper every success."—Lieut.-Col. COLQUHOUN, O.C. 4th Batt., C.E.F.

(FRENCH.)

"Je suis heureux d'avoir l'opportunité de souhaiter à votre journal beaucoup de succès."—CYRIL ("Anatole") FRANCE.

(SWEDISH.)

"Jag är glad för detta tillfälle att önska eder tidning fram-gång."—E. C. ANDERSON.

(WELSH.)

"Y mae'n dda gennyf gael y cyfleusdra hwn o ddyuno pob llwyddiant i'ch newyddiadur."—JOHN JONES-JONES.

(INDIAN, MOHAWK TRIBE.)

"Awh-yah-weh ne-o-kwa-yah-do-se-rah owh-dkwa-dah-go."—19072 Sergt. A. STYRES.

(GERMAN.)

"Ich werde ihnen das beste gluck nacher den kreig wunchen."—"FRITZ."

(FLEMISH.)

"Ik ben zeer gelukkig de gelegendheid te waar-nemen aan uw daga-blad eenen besten uitslag te wenschen."—19133 Private C. NOT.

"Somewhere in France."

(IN MEMORIAM.)

"Somewhere in France"! Speak soft the words. In fear they prod,

With grief renewed, some stricken heart,

That 'foretime centred all its hopes On one who sleeps beneath the sod.


"Somewhere in France"! Speak low the words. To you and I They mean so much. Your friends and mine

Lie there together, side by side, Under the vault of God's blue sky.

"Somewhere in France"! Speak proud the words! Their glorious end

Kills vain regrets. The pain we feel Is numbing, yet can never quench Our pride in those who called us Friend!

R. W. TROWSDALE, 13164,
First Canadian Contingent.
France, 1915.



RICOCHETS



By "The Sniper."

WHO said Mines?

Has anybody seen a Smoke Helmet?

A very affecting "Goodbye" was given the bomb-throwers prior to their trip to the new "crater" recently.

Seeing that we are nearly a "fixture" in this country, it might be a good idea to take out naturalisation papers.

Will someone tell us how it comes about that only batmen can get the chance to use "D" Company sniping rifles?

We are sure of some cosmopolitan bunch. In a certain section the following nationalities are represented:—English, Scotch, Irish, Welsh, Manx, Canadian, American, French, and Swedish.

Lieut. Stirling is some hustler when it comes to improving his dug-out. We bet poor old Dibbin sometimes wishes his boss wasn't quite so energetic.

The age of miracles is not yet past. Private Fricker was actually seen fetching water one day last week.

We frequently get an address from the O.C., occasionally from the M.O., but never from the Paymaster. We'd like to see more of Capt. McComb (or his deputy) than we do.

The Regimental Chaplain will, on Sunday morning next, preach to the N.C.O.'s of 15 Platoon on the text "Love one another."

The officers of "D" Company are casting jealous eyes on the *chef* of 16 Platoon. This is not to be wondered at, seeing that Brigadier-General Mercer recently had occasion to praise the delicious product of "Windy" Free's patent field oven.

We note that some members of the late draft have already attempted to disguise themselves as members of the "Old Fourth" by losing the badges and allowing the buttons to rust.

"Slackers" in England can get a drink any old time of the day, soldiers on leave from the Front only at stated intervals. As the activities of the *Gazette* are naturally limited, will our our contemporary *John Bull* please take this matter up?

Rat-traps for use in the trenches have been ordered by the Government. Another staff job going for someone!

The 15 Platoon twins—"Halky" and "Malky"

The acmé of enjoyment—Mud Lane in the rainy season

The German armies on the Eastern front are to be the guests of the Russians this winter. We hope they will enjoy their stay there.

The man who keeps Lloyd George and his munition workers busy—"General" Lees.

Who put the first-aid dressing on the mandolin after a string had snapped?

Now that regimental drums and hymn books have been disposed of, perhaps there will occasionally be room on the transport wagons for the men's packs. But it wouldn't do to be too optimistic!

Small wonder we cannot get enough rifle rag when George, the S.M.'s batman, goes around wearing a collarette of the stuff.

The pen may be mightier than the sword, but in a front line trench we'd rather bank on bombs, rifles, and machine guns.

What was the precise language used by Private Not when he found the rats had taken his issue of steak?

Was it thoughts of the impending issue of rum (or merely an optical delusion) that made Private Fricker imagine he saw a zepp. the other morning?

Is it true that Private Fox (one of the new arrivals) is to be granted an honorary degree in medicine by Queen's, Belfast?

I hear that in spite of the "high living" obtainable at the Base, our old friend Freddie Morris (valet to Major Raikes) is losing flesh rapidly. Is he suffering from a "good time"?

How would it do for the signalling staff to have Cliff Lawrence, the "rubber man," as their physical instructor?

Private Lammie won 63 francs in prize-money at the sports. Is he going to invest it in the War Loan?

Judging by their performances at the sports, the new draft is sure some athletic bunch.

The Q.M.S. who forgot the Company's mail should at least get the same punishment as the unfortunate whose smoke helmet is stolen.

We hear of a Sergeant in 15 Platoon who "bagged" 16 onions at a recent "ration scramble" in billets. It would be interesting to hear the views of Sergt. Meek on this contributory cause to the famine in his Platoon on the same day!

One Platoon at least dines well occasionally. Quite recently the dinner menu of this enterprising bunch of "old soldiers" comprised the following:—Steak, mashed potatoes, fried onions, eggs, bread and butter, black-berry jelly, and tea. Who said there was a war on?

The most popular man in "D" Company—Johnnie Miche, mail-carrier.

We have been asked to say a word on "Passes." It can't be done this trip, boys. Speaking personally, we hope the usual courtesies will be extended to the Press!

Sir W. S. Gilbert may have fancied that "A policeman's lot is not a happy one," but he could never have known much about regimental police, or seen our battalion guardians in all their glory.

What's this persistent rumour about a regimental band? Break it to us gently.

Can anyone recognise our old friend Booker since he became an orderly and made his buttons and badges scintillate in the sunlight?

Thank goodness it *occasionally* rains! This has the effect of cleansing the turgid stream in which we make our daily ablutions when in billets.

Congratulations to the following, who have recently been granted commissions:—Sergeant Sam Jarrett and Corporal Goldsworthy. Others, we hear, are likely to follow.

Edward Printy, of the machine gun section, picked up quite a nice little stake the other evening when he challenged and beat the regimental spring champion in a 100 yards' dash.

The battalion pay song is evidently growing popular. Sung the other night to the accompaniment of the 10th Battalion Band, it sounded great. But it failed to move the stony heart of the Paymaster *pro tem*.

This is to notify Private C. Parsons that when he next comes into the Orderly Room with a tale of having quaffed a bottle of champagne before breakfast, he will be liable to the extreme penalty of military law.—(Signed)—J. MCGREGOR, Sergeant; W. T. REID, Corporal; V. C. COLLINS, Lance-Corporal.

Consternation was caused in the batmen's ranks the other morning at daybreak when the N.C.O. on duty went his rounds and woke up all these "chocolate soldiers" for the "Stand To."

The new "no treating" legislation came into force in England on October 11th. We know of some fellows who, if they were in England now, would

have to dip into their jeans a little oftener than in the old days.

Private Wingham is inconsolable since he lost his pal "Goldie." It reminds us of David weeping for Jonathan.

Ptes. Flanagan, Not, Cundall, and Healey close up like oysters when any "outsider" desires information as to the location of the "Farm of the Seven Daughters." They evidently believe in the policy of holding on to a good thing.

"The Sniper" is anxious to know who is meant by "Gussie"? There is a suspicion that he is the same gentleman who sometimes takes refuge behind a monocle.

The cook-wagons *did* eventually turn up, and the casualty list was only one unseated horse-man, but oh! what a period of anxiety for the hungry Companies concerned! The poultice-wallahs think they are not getting prominently enough into the "pass" ranks. We would suggest that Private Creasy, who is really eloquent, should go as a deputation to the Orderly Room.

Soldiers on leave will no longer be able to wear mufti, but must appear in khaki on all occasions. This is the result of a new Army Order.

Ministers on Trial.

The ex-Premier of Manitoba, Sir R. Roblin, and Dr. Montague, Mr. Howden, and Mr. Coldwell—three other former Cabinet Ministers—were, on October 8th, committed for trial at the close of the preliminary hearing of the charge of conspiracy to defraud the Province of Manitoba in connection with the erection of the Parliament buildings.

Muscular Christianity.

From a Sub-Lieutenant, R.N.R., in the Dardanelles:—"With some Terriers we escorted was a real Fighting Parson; just the man to be among soldiers about to go through the thick of it. He was really a splendid fellow: a sport and a thorough wag. It was impossible to be dull near him. One day a fellow officer asked him if he intended to take his Bible in the firing line? 'Yes, certainly I am,' was the reply, 'and the first Turk I come across will get the Word of God in the ear!'"—*London Opinion*.



OFFICERS OF THE 4TH BATTALION CANADIANS.

This photograph was taken some months ago, prior to the battalion going into the trenches at Givenchy.

Standing Orders.

Entrenchment at the front and re-entrenchment at home are the standing orders.—*Edmonton Bulletin*.

Recent official figures show that the sewers of the cities of the United States are long enough to girdle the earth.

A Canadian officer, describing General Joffre, says "he looked to me exactly like an American politician." He omits, however, to mention the occasion on which the French generalissimo said he was too proud to fight.—*Punch*.

Our Casualty List.

BY THE M.O.'S BATMAN.

Bomb. Sergeant-Major Geary, "Nerves." (We *don't* think!) Sergeant Rothery, loss of wisdom teeth.

Corporal George Clark, overdose of No. 9's.

Captain Dias, victim of a love of sport.

Private Jamieson, inertia through postponement of bomb attacks.

Corporal Ferguson, loss of hirsute adornment.

"Smoky" Halcro, slight loss of blood from nasal organ.

Private Creasy, insomnia owing to overhead noises.

Private Whiter, injury to headgear.

No Equipment.

"Why don't you become civilised?" asked the missionary.

"We're willing," replied the savage chief. "But we have no facilities for studying high explosives."

Washington Star.

A Saskatoon movie audience was surprised to see on the screen the title, "God's Handiwork," and under it, "Approved by the Saskatchewan Board of Censors."

Heard at Shorncliffe.

Subaltern of Second Contingent (patronisingly): "Our men are having hard work to live down the name your First Contingent made over here."

Subaltern of First Contingent (convalescent after wounds received at Ypres): "Yes; but you'll find it a damned sight harder job to LIVE UP to the name we made at the Front!"

Concert Notes

AT the moment of writing, our future movements as a unit are uncertain, but it looks as if we shall not have the use of the fine new Y.M.C.A. tent for long. However, let us be thankful that we have had the use of the tent for a couple of our concerts at least. And very enjoyable concerts they were, too.

But before I go wandering off into details I want to express the indebtedness of the 4th Battalion to Captain Edward Archibald, the Y.M.C.A. representative, for the way in which he has helped us out in the way of entertainment. It was Captain Archibald who first set the ball rolling in the matter of regimental sports, and then two days later he worked up what was, I think, the best regimental concert I have ever listened to—and I date my experiences in that line back several years.

That first concert, held in the open-air, was largely made up of outside talent, such as the 13th Battalion Pipe Band (under Pipe-Major Manson) and other turns. Little Mademoiselle Esther's expressive singing of popular ditties put to shame many a Scot—and, for that matter, many an Englishman, too!

Speaking of that first concert, Lieut. Warburton says it was an accident that made him Master of Ceremonies. The "accident" was later repeated, and it proved a happy event for entertainers and entertained. Mr. Warburton can handle a crowd admirably, although the feminine element nearly proved disastrous on the occasion of the last regimental concert!

Talking of that last concert, "Frenchy" Adams had better quit amateur theatricals and concert work. Nature never intended him or his party for the business.

Our friend "Bones," of the 3rd Field Ambulance, was a rare good turn. Proof of this was had by the way he made the Belgian refugees laugh. (So he *must* have been O.K.)

Talking of the "invasion" of refugees at the last concert, I wonder what would have happened if General Alderson and Brigadier-General Mercer and

their respective staffs *had* come! There were hardly enough chairs to go round as it was.

The best turns at the concert were "Rev." H. I. Scrivener (in a "strafing" sermon and series of announcements), Sergt. Frank Rothery (a pleasing surprise), Lance-Corporal Horn, Private Cliff Lawrence (contortionist), the 48th Highlanders' Pipe Band (under Pipe-Major Keith), the 10th Battalion Band—(oh, how "homesick" the music of "H.M.S. Pinafore" made one feel!)—and Private John Geddes, of the 3rd Field Ambulance. Of course, Gitz-Rice and "The Listening Post" were there, too, but they are part and parcel of *every* show worth going to these days!

The recent concert arranged by "D" Company was (as the Canadian cub reporter would say) a "ring-tail snorter." I am also reminded that 15 Platoon, which is rich in talent, intends putting on a show very shortly. Rothery's lads can do it, too!

The piano used in the "Y" was brought from A— by Capt. Archibald under shell fire. Gitz-Rice, "everybody's accompanist," has since then subjected the poor old instrument to several severe bombardments!

The 4th Battalion Pay Song.

(To the Tune of "Onward, Christian Soldiers.")

Onward, 4th Battalion,
At the close of day,
Trudging on a route march,
Looking for your pay.
Crowns and francs may vanish,
So the parsons say,
But the 4th Battalion
Still can get no pay!
Onward, 4th Battalion,
March and fight and pray!
When you're dead and buried—
Then you'll get your pay!

Now we've come to billets
For a little stay,
What's the use of "resting,"
If we get no pay?
Discipline is dandy,
But we're growing gray
In this great adventure
Looking for our pay.
Onward, 4th Battalion,
March, and fight and pray!
When you're dead and buried,
Then you'll get your pay!

R. W. T.

The First Contingent.

(A REPLY TO THE CANADIAN PRESS
CRITICISMS.)

You say that the First Contingent
Are bums, and rotters, and snydes;
You say that we sullied our honour,
And a whole lot else besides.
We are probably all you call us,
But you must admit we're men,
So I smile when I hear you bragging—
For we fought at St. Julien.

We were a bit wild and roughish,
Though a soldier isn't a lamb,
And we drank, and squandered our
money,
And none of us cared a damn.
So you thought us as black as painted,
But you'll change your opinion when
You meet the souls of the Germans
That died at St. Julien.

When you've learnt the lust of battle,
When your bravest and best have
gone,
When seventy per cent. are stricken,
And the rest keep fighting on—
You cease to mind the ravings
Of an Editorial pen,
When you've tasted blood and
slaughter,
At a fight like St. Julien.

For though we of the First Contingent
Are bums, and rotters, and snydes;
The dregs of the nation's manhood,
And a whole lot else besides.
Though we ruined your reputation
And blackened your name, but then—
We held the line for the Empire
At the fight at St. Julien!

H. SMALLEY SARSON.

Vlamertinghe, Belgium,
April, 1915.

Answers to Correspondents.

No, "Anatole," the supply of "green envelopes" has not entirely given out. But, on the other hand, what's the use of being an N.C.O.?

No, "Daniel," we cannot tell whether Private Scrivener works harder now than he did in pre-war days. (Besides, having borrowed 3 francs from the ex-banker lately, we dare not assume an unnecessary offensive.—Ed.)

"Vocalist."—The best lubricator for the throat, according to Sergt. Rothery, who is *some* singer, is common or garden (otherwise English) beer. So you should have little difficulty in starting a Battalion Choir.

Shrapnel

By "BILLY" SUNDAY
(The "Baseball Evangelist").

The man with an idea has done more for the world than the man with a gun.

If all the preachers preached the truth, I would be out of a job, the devil would be in the hospital, and hell would be for rent.

There is no measuring the trouble one wayward boy can bring to a mother's heart.

Don't look at your bank-book to find out whether you are rich or poor. Look at your character. The worst bankrupt is the bankrupt in character.

The best preparation for to-morrow is to do your best to-day.

Lifting on the burden of another beats training in a gymnasium for increasing strength.

The Lord sends a great idea into the world whenever He can find a man great enough to receive it.

There is something wrong with the man who never wants to help the under dog.

It is far better to limp all the way toward Heaven than never to make the start at all.

Faith is trust with its coat off and its sleeves rolled up.

It doesn't take any more ground to raise a flower than it does a jimson-weed.

Lincoln said, "I hope it may be said of me that I always pulled up a thistle and planted a flower, wherever a flower would grow."

The nickel has dried more tears than the five-dollar gold piece.

If every black cloud had a cyclone in it, the world would have been blown into toothpicks long ago.

If the glamour and glitter could be taken out of sin, the devil's right arm would come off at the shoulder.

Some folks cannot see anything but rheumatism in the rainbow.

Love is a wonder-worker, but it gets along better when it has brains to direct it.

If it were not for the help he gets from the church loafer, the devil would have been round-shouldered long ago.

Adapt your means to the end. You cannot catch a jack-rabbit in a mouse-trap.

Many a man is on the flat of his back to-day because he was not more earnest yesterday.

The man who is always wanting to know where Cain got his wife would generally be happier if he paid more attention to his own.

The man who tries to hide behind a hypocrite is a bigger fool than the one who builds his house on the sand.

Forthcoming Books.

The Great War—Mistakes I Could Have Put Right. By "General" EDWARD LEES. (Edition de luxe.)

English—and How to Speak It. By CYRIL FRANCE and CHARLES NOT. With introduction by JOHN BAYLIS
A Night Out, or Over the Parapet. By Privates NOLAN and KEMP. Sent free to any part of the world for 10 cents.

Frolics in France and Flanders. By BILLY BETTS and "BUSTER" ALLISON. With illustrations by ALEC. TURNBULL, EDWARD HUNT, and SAM EDGE. Price 2 francs.

The Estaminet Epidemic in France. An Anti-beer Crusade Pamphlet. By W. VICTOR TAYLOR and HUGH MCNAIR.

The Rest Cure. By GEORGE SMITH. An invaluable guide to Soldiers and Canadians behind the firing line. Recommended by the M.O. Price 15 centimes.

Engineering: Past, Present, and Future. By JAMES HEALY, M.Inst.C.E. (London). An invaluable text-book from the pen of one of the foremost engineers of the day (or night). Price, 15 francs.

Goats and Their Uses. By JOHN LONG NORTHCLIFFE. Being the result of extensive research and experimental work in Flanders.

A Flemish Flirtation. By PERCIVAL JOHN TEESDALE RIDDLE. Limited edition.

Card Games and How To Play Them. By C. REYNOLDS-BEATON. An inexpensive guide book for gamblers and "poker" fiends. Price 10 cents. Instruction free.

Promotions and Changes.

Privates Creasy, Whiter, and Flanagan to be poultice-wallahs.

Sergeant Sloan, for probationary course with The Suicide Club.

Private Weston to be small arms examiner.

Private Billy Worrall to be pigeon fancier, and to be temporarily attached to the "flying corps."

"Belgie" to be kitchen mascot.

Private Mackenzie ("The Khedive") to be sniper-in-ordinary.

Privates Smith and Wilson to be inspectors of trench hygiene in Flanders.

Privates Watson, Edge, Cronie, and Hall to be members of the Institute of Mining Engineers.

We're Coming, Mother England.

We are coming, Mother England,
One hundred thousand more,
To help you guard your island home
As we helped you once before;
But then we fought with honour,
For we faced a worthy foe,
While now we fight the Kultur of
Three thousand years ago.

For they drown our little children
And they crucify our men;
They bombard your defenceless towns,
And in the trenches when
They fear to meet us face to face,
Their Kultur finds excuse
To save what they term "honour"
By the deadly gas they use.

We're coming, Mother England,
Seeking neither wealth nor fame;
We want to meet the ruffian Huns
To whom honour's but a name.
For them "The Day" is come and gone,
But for us the hour draws near
When we'll hail our final victory
With an old-time British cheer.

So, we're coming, Mother England,
To help you in your need,
And the Huns will find we're bulldogs
Of the old-time British breed.
For we won't lay down our weapons
'Till this bloody war is o'er,
And the faithless Hohenzollern falls,
To rise again no more.

HERBERT V. HARRIS.

Things Unlikely to Happen.

Full scope for the Editor of the Gazette.

Four pay days a month.

A section without a kicker.

Stoppage of working parties.

Establishment of a battalion canteen.

A full issue of rum for the privates.

Fair prices at the estaminets.

Jack Baylis singing "Sister Susie."

The cooks voluntarily giving up their jobs.

Any of *John Bull's* prophecies coming true.

A surplus of bacon or bread.

An immediate return to civil life.

The M.O. to lose his stock-in-trade of No. 9's.

To see the C.O. or Captain Dias without their riding crops.

An issue of "clean" laundry.

Belgium's Prayer.

The fruit-trees bear their harvest,
The berries reach their bloom—
We know God's in His Heaven,
Despite War's wrack and gloom.
The giant oaks bear witness
That Nature still rides free
In our dear land of Belgium—
Fair home of Liberty!

From rich, warm earth the tokens
Of honest toil appear—
The farmer whets his sickle,
The warrior grips his spear!
The peasant in the cornfield
Cuts down the golden grain;
The Prussian War-lord gathers
The harvest of the slain.

The furrow'd fields, the homesteads
That mutilated stand,
In eloquence so silent,
Throughout our blood-steeped land.
The ravishing of Virtue!
The dying mother's wail!—
What evidence more damning
To place in Justice' scale!

Look down, O God! In pleading,
Earth's children turn to Thee.
Haste on Thy great Tribunal
Of Right and Equity!
Give Freedom to our country,
By rapine fury-fed.
Uplift our Arms! Avenge, Great Judge,
The Harvest of our Dead!

R. W. TROWSDALE, 13164.

First Canadian Contingent.

In the Trenches in Flanders,
August, 1915.

The Signs.

A warning comes from Canada
To aviators all,
That none across her boundaries
Must either fly or fall.
The pilot of a plane that skims
Aloft from star to star,
From those that on our neighbour shine
Had better keep afar.

When through the green of city parks
By winding ways we pass,
We often see the staring sign
That says, "Keep off the grass,"
And soon we may expect to be
Confronted when we fly
With bold black letters on the clouds
That read, "Keep out the sky!"

Town Topics (New York).

UNAVOIDABLY CROWDED OUT.

Battalion Band Notes.
"No Pay" correspondence.
"Flanders as a Winter Resort."

From a Dug-out.

[*Well-meaning people, sending literature to soldiers in the trenches, often exhibit an amazing misconception of the kind of reading Tommy likes.*—Daily Paper.]

When we ain't a-sniping Strafers,
When we ain't inhalin' gas,
When we ain't exchangin' chaffers,
With a Frenchy, or a lass:
When the firmament ain't moving,
An' we've got an hour to waste,
We employs our time, improving
Of our Liter-ary taste.



Who's your Tailor, Sergeant-Major?

[Our Artist has endeavoured to portray the effect of the sartorial splendour of Regt. Sergt.-Major Jaminson on one of the battalion N.C.O's.].

Drawn by V. C. COLLINS.

We 'ave studied Mrs. Beeton
On the makin' of horsdœvres,
(It's a chapter that I'm sweet on,
'Cos its soothing for the nerves).
We 'ave picked out trains and stations
In a Nineteen-seven Guide,
An' our volume on "Equations"
Makes us swell with joy an' pride.

We 'ave scanned the spicy verses
In the Parish Magazines,
We 'ave studied "Hints for Nurses,"
An' the "Care of Kidney Beans."
But I fear this lurid writing
Soon will 'ave its final shunt,
For it's really too exciting
For a soldier at the front.

C. W. C., in *London Opinion*.

The Comrade.

No more the sudden night alarms
Shall startle with the cry "To arms!"
Him resting there. Too calm he lies,
Too still his lips, too dark his eyes.

No more shall stir him shrieks of shell,
The thunder of the guns, the hell
Of charging men. Too still he lies,
Too darkly gaze those troubled eyes.

No more the laugh, the kindly word,
The cheerful song, shall now be heard
By us his comrades. Faint he lies,
With silent lips and dying eyes.

J. C. H., in *Sunday Chronicle*.

The Hand to Hold.

If I might hold that hand
again
Clasped lovingly in mine,
I'd little care what others
sought—
That hand I held lang
syne!

That hand! So warm it
was and soft!
Soft! Ne'er was so soft
a thing!
Ah, me! I'll hold it ne'er
again—
Ace, ten, knave, queen,
and king.

The Canadian Post Office,
says the *Ottawa Free Press*,
is now censoring all letters
addressed to Canadian news-
papers owing to the flood of
pro-German literature.

Uncle Sam.

When he heers of a liner blowed up on
the sea,
He gits mad as a hornet, he does, yes,
sir-ree!
An' he cables acrost—"Wuz thar
Yankees aboard?"
By jimmy! if so, gimme Bunker Hill's
Sword!
But in course, if thar warn't, it's naw-
thin' tu me,
I'm a jestic of peace, an' fer
nootralitee;
I'm tew proud fer tu fight for ole papers
an' scraps,
Tho' I mebbe hev signed 'em—gol'
darn 'em—perhaps!"

Toronto World.

Canadians' News Items

A Militia order just passed provides that during the war all members of the Canadian permanent staff and permanent force who are married, including widows with children under age and those who are given permission to marry, may be considered as on the married establishment.

Sir Sam Hughes states that the Second Canadian Division has been furnished with the Ross rifle in place of the Lee-Enfield, the chamber now having been enlarged. The First Canadian Contingent will also be furnished with Ross rifles.

Major Hercule Barré, of the French-Canadian Hospital, who recently returned to Canada wounded, has undertaken the formation of a Foreign Legion in Canada.

A branch of the Canadian Red Cross Society has been organised among the Indians in the Filehill Reserve in Saskatchewan, with "Painted Cap," who is 108 years of age, at its head.

It is expected that Manitoba will receive over \$250,000 from the estate of the late Lord Strathcona, who owned lands in the Province valued at \$2,400,000.

Mr. Richard Reid, Agent-General for Ontario, has received notification of the despatch from Toronto of a further consignment of Ontario apples for Canadian soldiers in Hospital. Similar consignments are expected to follow.

The funeral of the largest man in Elgin County took place when John H. Dennis, who had lived all his life on the farm where he died, was buried. His weight was 569 lbs., his waist measure 9 ft., and his chest 8 ft.

Rural mail deliveries in Ontario have resulted in the closing of 1,100 small post offices in that Province in the last three years.

Plans have been made for the largest public school in Canada. The building will be located in Sydenham Street, Toronto. It will contain 37 rooms, and cost approximately \$200,000.

The Hamilton health authorities state that the city's death rate for the past year is the lowest in Canada, and probably in America, being 10.9 per thousand of population.

There may be a plebiscite on the question of woman suffrage in Alberta. If the Legislature of the next session, which will be held about February, does not concede the right to vote, the aid of the Direct Legislation Act, under which Alberta recently voted the Province "dry," will be again invoked.

The Dominion police of Canada have set aside 1 per cent per month of their salary for five months, from August to December. The proceeds will amount to about £270, and will be devoted to the purchase of a machine gun for the 77th Canadian Battalion. The balance will be given to the Tobacco Fund, or will be used for the benefit of Canadian prisoners of war.

The Hon. Thos. Johnson announces that Manitoba will contribute \$10,000 to the new school of aviation there to train men for aeroplane service with the Canadian forces.

JUST SO.

SALESMAN: Now, here, sir, is the real thing in men's hose!

OLD CODGER: Young man, the real thing is never found in men's hose.

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To the Slacker.

Young sir, you often claim my thoughts,
When I have time for thinking;
I think of you, a young galoot,
From duty daily slinking.
I think I see you in the park,
Your socks and tie a-gleaming,
I see you saunter down the Mall,
In new clothes, idly dreaming.
At office desk you make pretence
That you're my country serving.
I wish I had you near my hands—
You'd get your full deserving!
Our sisters spin, our men-folk toil,
With patriot's firm endeavour,
But you—a sluggard all your days—
You idle on for ever!
Some day we'll meet. (May it be soon!
I'm keen to try your mettle.)
So live your selfish life of ease
Till we our old scores settle!

R. W. T.

J. W. BENSON'S Regimental Badge Brooches.



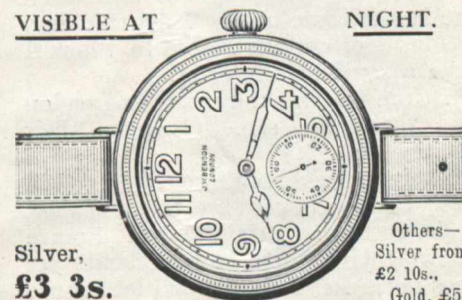
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The Boys of La Bassee.

You'll see from the La Bassee Road,
on any summer day,
The children herding nanny goats, the
women making hay.
You'll see the soldiers, khaki clad, in
column and platoon,
Come swinging up La Bassee Road from
billets in Bethune.
There's hay to save and corn to cut,
but harder work by far
Awaits the soldier boys who reap the
harvest fields of war.
You'll see them swinging up the road
where women work at hay,
The straight, long road, La Bassee
Road, on any summer day.
The night breeze sweeps La Bassee
Road, the night dews wet the hay,
The boys are coming back again, a
straggling crowd are they.
The column's lines are broken up and
gaps in the platoon,
They'll not need many billets now for
soldiers in Bethune,
For many boys, good lusty boys, who
marched so very fine
Have now got little homes of clay beside
the firing line.
Good luck to them, God-speed to them,
the boys who march away,
A-singing up La Bassee Road each
sunny summer day.

—PATRICK MACGILL, in the
Westminster Gazette.

When the Heroes Return.

(LEST WE FORGET.)

Mother England has been forgetful
before; Mother England has been
forgetful. I wonder if she will be
forgetful at the end of this war, when
the heroes come back. I am thinking,
I admit, of certain heroes in whom I
take a particular interest.

Before the war they were in London
and threw up, some of them, their
positions unasked.

Their places now are filled. Will
they be kept open for them against
their return? Belgium and France
know their worth if England yet
does not. Let Belgium and let France
speak.

Let them speak. I cannot—the
subject moves me too strongly. But
let England answer, and let her answer
soon. What will she do when these
heroes come back to her? What will
the hostelryes of England do when Hans
and Fritz and Carl return?—*Punch.*

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Author of "When It Was Dark," &c.

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