



Printed by kind permission of Col. A. E. ROSS, C.M.G., A.D.M.S., 1st Canadian Division.
BRITISH EXPEDITIONARY FORCE.

No. 1.

10th MAY, 1916.

Price 2d.

EDITORIAL.

One of the subjects most frequently mentioned during the present campaign is the "Entente Cordiale" of the Allies. Constantly this splendid understanding is still further assured by the many conferences, the mutual interchange of facilities, the more successful results. There is no spirit of wishing to do better than one's neighbour, the only interest lies in doing that which is most helpful to the common cause.

This endeavour, naturally, has a far-reaching influence, and the various units of the different armies, particularly those having similar duties, greatly benefit thereby. In our own humble sphere we, too, have felt it. Believing that union of effort is better than limited competition, the medical units of the First Canadian Division, have joined together in the publication of "N.Y.D." It is our ambition to have it "triple strength," because in it are incorporated three well-known and popular journals of the day, to wit: the "Iodine Chronicle" of No. 1, the "Splint Record" of No. 2, and "Now and Then" of No. 3 Canadian Field Ambulance. Our purpose is to preserve for future generations, the literary efforts of the Aesculapian fraternity, under other than drawing-room conditions, to have it of such standard as to compare most favourably with the works of Chaucer, Macaulay, and Kipling, while at the same time, owing to peculiar circumstances, it may be necessary occasionally to crave the public indulgence.

To the kind reader we leave the solution of the title. Suffice it to say, that the term is much used in circles claiming association with the art of Hippocrates, that it precludes any possibility of definition, and that it is positively proof against mistakes. Our trust is that whatever the first impression may be, the final verdict will be like that of a child taking pleasant medicine, "Please, Doctor, may I have some more."

CENTURION.

MEMORIAL TO THE CANADIANS AT SALISBURY.

Most of the members of the First Canadian Contingent camped on Salisbury Plain will have lively recollections of the ancient Cathedral City of Salisbury, and of the kindness and hospitality of the citizens, to the soldiers from the land of the Maple Leaf.

A further proof of the bond existing between the good people of Salisbury, and the First Canadian Division was shown recently, when a very fine tablet with the following inscription was unveiled in the Council Chamber of the ancient borough:—

"Dulce et Decorum est pro Patria Mori."

To the honour of those brave men of the Canadian Expeditionary Force who on their arrival in England to fight for their Empire in the great European War, were stationed and trained on Salisbury Plain, many being the guests of the citizens, and by their gallantry at the front have since shown themselves to be worthy sons of their country.

JAMES MACKLIN, Mayor.

FRANCIS HODDIN, Town Clerk.

September, 1915.

CANADA'S COOKS' TOURISTS.

We of the First Canadian Contingent can with some justification lay claim to the above designation. Of course, when we commenced our travels we had no idea that they would be so long nor that they would have the bitter-sweet flavour that they now possess.

Firstly at the invitation of the Canadian Government we wandered across the broad Atlantic and settled at Salisbury Plain. There on our several passes we had, as strangers or old residents, the best of opportunities for travelling around and seeing Great Britain and Ireland.

Once again on the Atlantic we meandered, this time conducted in our sight-seeing by the British Government. On our two days and two nights journey across France to the firing line we passed through or near by most of the important cities of Northern France.

Through military necessities we have made many a march up and down on our front in French and Belgium Flanders. These marches are ingrained in our memory. Some were on wet nights and for long distances over the hard cobbled roads. In any case we now know the country fairly well.

Lastly the First Canadian Division was composed of men from all parts of the world, indeed, it was cosmopolitan in language and nationality. We can now say that we have completed the Grand Tour with exception of a certain promised trip to Berlin. This last trip to be taken in the near future. Only

that our travelling bags are not labelled with the advertising labels of our many hotels (in the barn and the stable), our equipment has all the virtues of the real travellers, *i.e.*, utility combined with compactness and lightness. The only desire near to our hearts, besides our little jaunt to Berlin, is a last trip over the sea to the Land of the Maple.

A. O'C.

BY THE WAY.

Cpl. A. H. Williams, of the 14th M.A.C., whose fine poetry "The Collier," appears in this number, is known to many members of the Canadian Field Ambulances. By the way, in view of the fact that he himself has worked in a coal mine would we be correct in calling him a *miner* poet?

A wonderful book is "Canada in Flanders," by Sir Max Aitken, the Canadian Eye Witness, and altho' it is replete with interest and thrilling incident yet those who took part in the various engagements so vividly described will agree that they are by no means overdrawn. The price is one shilling, and the Publishers are Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton.

We are sure that our readers will agree that the illustrated heading to "N.Y.D." on our front page, is a fine piece of work. The skilful young artist is L.-Cpl. Whitefoot, of No. 3 Can. Fld. Ambulance.

We have to award a hard tack biscuit to the versifier in a London weekly who defines so accurately a feature of the Flemish drains, with which some of us have had some experience—

"I have seen a Rugger scrum in a whirl of sticky gum,
When the game was but a maze of muddy movements;
I have seen an entrance hall when the plumbers made a call,
And I've floundered in suburban street improvements;
I've seen it when it rains at manœuvres on the Plains,
I have skidded round in London when they're digging up the mains:
But I never, 'pon my Sammy, saw a mud more soft and jammy
Than the mixture in our clammy Flemish drains."

The Iodine Chronicle

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

No. 1 CANADIAN FIELD AMBULANCE.

MANAGING EDITOR:
Major George J. Boyce.

CIRCULATION MANAGER:
Capt. A. D. McConnell.

NEWS EDITOR:
Corpl. R. O. Spreckley.

No. 7.

10th MAY, 1916.

DEPARTURE OF AN OLD FRIEND.

There has recently departed from our midst one of the original officers of the First Canadian Field Ambulance. Those of the unit reading these lines will know the officer referred to—Capt. Chas. R. Graham.

With us since Valcartier, throughout his stay Capt. Graham was ever remarkable for his keen devotion to duty. No matter what he was asked to do he was always ready to carry on. As President of the Standing Medical Board for Mental Diseases, he rendered most valuable service to the whole First Canadian Division, and at times to others as well.

Not alone, however, in the line of duty will Capt. Graham be remembered. In every-day intercourse, at Mess and elsewhere, he was always most pronounced in his war views. His ideas did not always coincide with those of everyone, but were ever worthy of attention, and very often justified in the outcome.

Capt. Graham has left us to take up a more responsible position, as head of the Psychiatric Department of the Ontario Government Hospital. We will watch his career with interest, knowing that our loss is their gain. Here's hoping, Capt. Graham, may all good luck attend you; think of your old comrades at times, and rest assured of a hearty welcome if you ever pass this way again.

CENTURION.

IN MEMORIAM.

Capt. D. E. Robertson, of our unit, has the sympathy of all ranks in the death of his brother, Lieut. J. E. Robertson, of the 27th City of Winnipeg Battalion. Lieut. Robertson had only been out here since December, having spent but a short time in England. During that period, besides his many old friends, he had made a host of others. He was ever a welcome visitor at our Officers' Mess, his cheery disposition appreciated wherever he went. Thoughtfulness for others was his main characteristic, thus he met his end, warning his men to beware of a sniper, he himself fell a victim.

A keen soldier and a sterling man, he made the supreme sacrifice in defence of principles which have made our Homeland what it is to-day, principles of good government and fair dealing. The reward of a just Providence awaits those who have thus passed into the Great Beyond, and while recollection cannot bring the departed back to us, yet their spirit of self-abnegation will ever serve as an example to those who are yet to come.

CENTURION.

"A" SECTION NOTES.

The following "A" Section men have recently returned from pass in Angleterre:—Sgt. L. B. Warnicker, Cpl. H. McKay, T. Kelly, R. Ross, H. Andrews, E. J. Hargreaves, A. Dupuis, J. Merrick, J. A. McDonald, T. Harton, P. J. Beston, A. Adler, J. Kessinger, J. A. Williamson, H. Norman.

SOCIETY NOTE.—A. E. Wood, D. Fletcher, E. Hargreaves and Johnny Lecaine are at the time of writing guests of *Monsieur le Maire*. There is a rumour abroad that they have been to the Q.M. stores for a larger size in hats.

That well-known veteran, Frank Kelly, desires us to insert in the columns of this paper that he is willing to challenge anyone in the unit (including those well-known champions, Cpl. McKay and Staff Sgt. Frank Smith) to a walking race in full marching order.

We learn that Steve Garnett has received a pair of boots made from the skins of grass-hoppers and crickets shot by him on his numerous hunting trips. Anyone wishing to see them may call between the hours of 2 a.m. and 10 p.m.

A story is going about that a man was looking for a store where he could buy talcum powder and he thought he was in the vicinity of one by the pleasant atmospheric aroma, but it was only due to the fact that G. W. was 50 yards away and the wind was blowing from that direction.

Why is a certain member of "A" Section like a music box?

Because they are both always giving forth the same old tunes.

APRES LA GUERRE.

By DON STEWART.

You're stony broke; it's a cold, wet day,
You could do with a drink to drive care away,

You go to the Paymaster; what does he say?

"*Apres la guerre.*"

You've had no mail; you're feeling glum,
You speak to the mail man but he keeps mum,

You ask "Where's my parcel," he says "It'll come,"

"*Apres la guerre.*"

You're weary and worn; your heart doth grieve,

And you sigh for a glimpse of your sweet Geneveire;

But they say when you ask for a few days' leave,

"*Apres la guerre.*"

We grumble and grouse, and though we've some fun,

We'll all be glad when the strafe-ings done,

What a time we will have when we've walloped the Hun,

"*Apres la guerre.*"

CELEBRATED COMMENTS OF CELEBRITIES.

"Sit down, you're rocking the boat."
BLOKEY LEWIS.

"Anyone who would expectorate on the floor cannot expect to rate as a gentleman."

A. O'C.

"What! a desertah! back to the barracks."

THAT OLD-TIME S. M.

"Its all very well singing 'Keep the home fires burning,' but burning up the Parliament Buildings like that is carrying it a bit too far."

TOMMY HUTCHINS.

QUERIES.

Who was the "C" Section man who (according to a certain Canadian publication) looked after 2,000 wounded at the second battle of Ypres?

Who was the night orderly who was *savage* because his slumber was interfered with during the night?

Who was the Police Corporal who suddenly woke up to the fact that a "Policeman's lot is not a happy one?"

Is a certain "C" Section man going to patent the home-made respirator he uses when engaged in sanitary duties?

Who is the member of the A. O. B. who says that Winnipeg has the largest harbour in Canada?

THIS AND THAT.

Congratulations to the 14th Battalion upon the success of the initial number of their paper, "The Growler."

The resource of the Editor of "The Brazier," the new 16th Battn. paper, is to be commended. Being unable to get any civilian printers to undertake the work, he hired a local printing press, and his paper is now being printed by men of his Battn. Editor Godenrath, who is well on to his job, hails from Prince Rupert, B.C.

Driver St. Onge, of the M.T., informs us that a Christmas number of the "I. C." he sent to a friend at Fraser-ville, P.Q., brought in \$150 for Red Cross Funds. That's the record as yet.

We like to get a bouquet flung
Our way just now and then,
It fills us with a modest pride,
Although we're modest men.
The latest that we have received
(We think that its a "beaut"),
A lady writes from Oakland, Cal.,
And says our paper's cute.

"B" SECTION NOTES.

Certain stretcher bearers of "B" Sections have been indulging in cold baths recently, whilst in pursuit of their arduous duties, just in rear of a certain aid post. Further particulars with reference to this interesting winter pastime may be obtained from Lance-Cpl. Hope and Pte. Chevalier.

The following "B" Section members have recently returned from England, where they have been on pass:—J. Mitchell, A. Day, G. E. Russell, P. J. Cassidy, N. Marshall, and J. Lacourse.

O. Hurteau we learn has returned to Canada, due to eye trouble.

Blondie Knight has two brothers in the 60th Can. Bn.

We understand that Staff-Sgt. Reade is open to receive offers for the recipe for his patent mixture. No tenders under six figures will in any way be considered.

MARVELLOUS VEST-POCKET HOWITZER.

Invented by clever young Inventor,

Lance-Private J. DAWSON, "B" Section.

[*By our own Special Correspondent.*]

His fellow members of "B" Section are congratulating their illustrious colleague, Pte. J. Dawson (sometimes known as "Dowse"), upon his latest invention, to wit:—A Vest-Pocket Howitzer, weight $2\frac{3}{4}$ ozs., colour mottled green, length 15 feet from breach to muzzle (when fully extended), height $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet. Throws projectile 80 lbs. in weight two miles at the rate of a mile a second. It is mounted on a base of 3 lbs. of hard tack biscuits, cemented together by three rolls of adhesive, purchased from the dispensary, and it is drawn into action by two khaki coloured mice, specially obtained from the London Zoo, and a piece of binder twine. It is surrounded by 15 feet of barbed wire entanglements, and has six electric fans to keep the heads of the gunners cool and steady. Shells are dipped in lard, extracted from two tins of Fray Bentos, donated by the Q.M. The lard prevents recoil of gun, and at the same time greases the barrel, so that more shells are slipped through in a hurry at the rate of 60 per minute. The recommendation of this gun weapon of defence by the War Office is largely accounted for by the fact that such was the accuracy of aim at a trial that a fly was knocked off a tooth-pick at 780 yards.

The range of a target is accurately obtained by means of a dummy aeroplane, operated by movable sky-hooks, which were obtained at a cost of 3 sous 1 centime each. As this weapon has caused much Hun-rest on the other side of no-man's land, this information must on no account fall into the hands of the enemy. Recruits desiring to join a Vest-Pocket Howitzer Battery must present themselves before Mr. Dawson, who will examine them as to their qualifications, whilst further particulars with regard to this unique invention may also be obtained from him.

RETURNING FROM LEAVE.

Its O. K. while you're on pass, but it's coming back that gets a fellow's goat. When the day for your return comes, you rush for the station with half the population (feminine) hanging on your neck, all shedding enough salt tears to float the "Queen Lizzie." Into the station you rush, and make one huge leap into the already moving train, then disengaging the last sobbing dear from your manly bosom, you imprint one last long lingering kiss on her pale brow, and then politely heave her through the carriage window.

The platform fades from view to the accompaniment of convulsive sobs, cheery howls and fluttering handkerchiefs.

Gloom, heavy and thick, settles upon you. You turn to your fellow passengers for consolation, but its of no use: some are darkly brooding and uncommunicative, some are coughing and wiping away a furtive tear (something in my eye, you know), whilst others have sought refuge in the arms of Morpheus, and are breathing stentorously through nose, mouth and ears; at length, to your relief, you reach and scramble aboard the boat. Toot, toot, goes the whistle, the vessel gives a shudder, lurches, and then—your troubles begin.

"How nice she sails, doesn't she?" "Oh! but that was a big roll. Oh! ooh! I like it better down below, don't you? I do wish I hadn't had such a huge meal before starting. Groo! I'm going on deck to g-g-get some f-f-fresh air! Gooooooly, she rolls. Negh! run for the rail, Johnny! or you'll be too late. Whoop! Ger!! oh dear! I don't care if we are torpedoed. I'm tired of life, ooooooh! ooh! phew!" and so you mutter on, occasionally intercepting your groans by distributing—on the instalment plan—you last three meals to the fishes. Oh, how you long to be back to the dear old trenches, which you use to revile so profusely. "Toot," at last you stop, leap ashore, march to the train, get aboard, and off for the front again.

Oh! what a joy ride! bumpity!! bang!! clack!! You've heard of rough-riding in carriages with square or oval wheels, but this contrivance doesn't seem to have any wheels at all. She runs on her axles, sure. It costs a lot of money to tour the Continent, but if this is the sort of conveyance provided, nothing short of kidnapping would bring me here. She rattles, rolls, staggers, bumps, stops, crawls, and toots, and after what seems a never-ending fiendish nightmare you stop, get off, and stagger to your destination, often 10 or 15 miles away. There you are welcomed with open arms and searching fingers by your loving comrades; with tender care they deprive you of everything eatable and drinkable you had brought back, and then throw a blanket over you and bid you sleep. You do, and dream you are in dear old blighty again, but awake disillusioned in the land of little guns, big guns, trenches, bombs, and barbed wire.

D.S.

SOMETHING WRONG.

Patient.—"I feel quite fit now, Sir, and I want to go back to duty."

M.O.—"Take this man's temperature, there must be something wrong with him."

"C" SECTION NOTES.

The good wishes of all go with Sergt. Tyler M. Brown, D.C.M., upon his promotion to a more important position in another Field Ambulance. He will be specially missed by the boys of "C" Section, with whom he has been ever since the old days at Valcartier.

I heard a most melodious sound

A floating on the breeze;
Said I, "whence come those weird strains?"

What eerie notes are these?"
'Twas just our old friend, Honest Joe,
A playing on his piccolo.

The following members of "C" Section have recently been to England on pass:—Sgt. F. C. Hoad, Ptes. C. R. Price, H. C. Hayes, N. F. Kennedy, J. Maycock, J. Marcotte, J. Crate, J. G. Maples, F. M. Cahill, D. Paton and G. W. Rose.

Congratulations to Lance-Cpl. L. S. Mills upon his promotion to the rank of sergeant.

SOME YEARS HENCE.

(*Moral*—Keep out of the Clink).
Young Hopeful.—"Daddy! what did you do in the big war?"
Daddy—(absent mindedly)"28 days."

FOOTBALL SCORES.**BIG LEAGUES.**

Russia 4—Germany 3.
French 2—Germhun 2.
Britons 1.1—Allemands 1.
Germans 1—U.S. 0 (by default).
Turks 0—Russians 2.
Belgians 2—Germans 0.
Italians 1—Austrians 1.
Russians 2—Austrians 0.
British Sailors 5—German Sailors 0.

MINOR LEAGUES.

Canadians 2—Germans 0.
Anzacs 1—Turks 1.
Japs 1—Germans 0.
Bulgars 1—Serbs 0 (game called before full time).
British Africans 2—Germans 0.

HINTS TO THE RAW RECRUIT.

Don't sleep after reveille, besides being very unwise it may lead to the guard-room.

Don't covet a stripe. Think of the worry they are if you did have one.

Don't put too much in your pack, for the ways in Flanders are long and arduous. Remember that grub and socks are better at the end of a long march than shirts or souvenirs.

Remember to be wise in the orderly room. Plead guilty and avoid 28 days.

Be not the butt of a joke if possible, for once a butt always a butt.

Never wear strange raiment, it provokes the ire of the S.M.

Don't abuse the cooks for it is a long road that has no turning and they will get you in the end.

A. O'C.

THE SPLINT RECORD

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

No. 2 FIELD AMBULANCE.

1st Canadian Division.

B. E. F.

No. 3. EDITOR: Major J. J. Fraser.

10th MAY, 1916.

NEWS EDITOR: Sergt. E. B. Rogers.

Heard in a Rest Station.

SOME COLD.

M.O.—“What's the matter with you?”

Pte.—“I have a cold, Sir.”

M.O.—“Take some cough mixture.”

Pte.—“I've taken cough medicine and asperin, quinine, and calomel, and I'm no better.”

M.O.—“You're taken too much already. Here, try those two pills; take one when you go to bed, and the other three hours afterwards if the cough has not stopped.”

Pte.—“Thank you, Sir.”

Later the Pte. reaches his billet, and remarks to his comrade: “Say, Bill, I got two pills from the M.O., and he told me to take one when I go to bed, and the other in three hours' time if the coughing has not stopped.” Then in a surly voice he remarked, “I'll be blanked if I'll lose three hours sleep for the sake of taking the second one; I wonder what he takes me for.”

Little songs and laughter,
Little drops of beer;
When the night has ended,
Oh dear, dear, dear.

NO QUARTER.

So-and-So.—“Can I have a new mess tin?”

Q.M.S.—“You had one last month.”

So-and-So.—“No, Quarter.”

Q.M.S.—“Well, you had a new cap.”

So-and-So.—“No, Quarter.”

Q.M.S.—“Well, did you have a new pair of pants?”

So-and-So.—“No, Quarter.”

Collapse of Q.M.S. and production of mess tin.

Where did the formaldehyde?

Under the acetane lid.

AT THE ADVANCED DRESSING STATION.

Some die of drinking whiskey,
Some die of drinking beer,
But nobody will ever die
Of the rum that's issued here.

CONGRATULATIONS

To Sergeant-Major J. P. McIntosh (W.O.) on his promotion to the Commissioned Rank of Hon. Lieut. and Quartermaster.

To Staff-Sergeant W. Keith, on his promotion to Sergeant-Major.

They both come from the Land o' the cakes and heather, and are “tres bon soldats.”

It is with sincere regret we report the transfer of Captain A. R. B. Duck to the Canadian Convalescent Hospital at Epsom.

He was the original Editor of the “Splint Record,” and worked hard to put it on a good working basis. He was an ideal Paymaster, as no one ever asked him for five francs who did not get it without having the whole of K. R. & O. quoted to him.

AT THE MORNING SICK PARADE.

For the benefit of those who do not know, a few definitions are given:—

Morning Sick Parade.—What would look like heaven to a struggling young doctor, but like something else to the M.O.

M.O.—Medical Officer, a specialist in every disease except housemaid's knee and twins.

Doctor.—One who thinks he knows a little medicine. When he sheds civvies and dons khaki he becomes an M.O. (see M.O.)

M. & D.—Medicine and Duty.

Medicine.—Two No. 9's.

Duty.—Work.

Light Duty.—More work.

Excused Duty.—Work in the kitchen.

Destination.—Duty, Dressing Station, Rest Station, C.C.S. Boneyard and Base.

C.C.S.—The pivot between the collecting zone and the evacuating zone.

Dressing Station.—Where the wounded are first dressed. *Syn.*—Ruined house, cellar, &c.

“Flu.”—Influenza; when a man looks sick and has a temperature.

N.Y.D.—Not yet diagnosed; when a man looks sick and hasn't a temperature. Sergeant calls up first man:—

M.O.—“What's the matter with you?”

Pte.—“Chilblains, Sir.”

M.O.—“Take off your boots.” Examines feet carefully. “What did you say you had? Chilblains? The girls at home go to a dance with worse feet than those, then go home and cry themselves to sleep; they don't go to a doctor. Grease your feet and carry on.”

Next man:—

M.O.—“What do you complain of?”

Pte.—“Insomnia, Sir.”

M.O.—“Insomnia, what's that?”

Pte.—“That's what our doctor says it is; when I hear a shell explode at night I can't sleep.”

M.O.—“How long have you been out here?”

Pte.—“Two weeks.”

M.O.—Pats him on the back. “That's all right, my boy, after a while you'll wake up on a quiet night and wonder what's wrong; run away and learn that song—‘Sing me to sleep where bombs explode’—it's great. Next?”

M.O.—“What is your trouble?”

Pte.—“Sick in de head, de fevair, de bowel she don't move, the pins she run up de leg. Oh, mon Dieu, beaucoup malade.”

M.O.—“You've got the ‘Flu,’ Grippe.”

Pte.—“Oh de Greep, she one bad seekness. When mon Frere Jean—”

M.O.—“Never mind your brother John, take these.” He is put to bed still talking, for if a Frenchman were tongue-tied, he'd still talk with his hands.

The soldier thinks the hospital is a nice cushy place, where *reveille* means he can turn over and go to sleep again, the meals are all “bombardier fritz” fried eggs and French beer, and lights out means he can start a game of Black Jack.

But he knows it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a soldier who is not sick to enter a hospital. So he lies awake nights thinking up schemes. He knows that many a doctor keeps up his automobile on lame backs, so he must get up a lame back.

One that looks good is to be hit on the back with a sandbag. So he reports to his orderly Corporal, who strafes him for going sick at all. He is taken before his own Medical Officer, who also strafes him, but passes him on. Then he comes before the M.O. at the Dressing Station.

Now the M.O. knows that some of them are hit and he has every sympathy with them. But the man who really gets a wallop is rather proud of it, while the man who only says he did has an open and shut woe-begone look about him, the same look one sees on the face of the old toper, who comes into the office at home and wants a prescription for whiskey for his wife's cold.

The M.O. strafes him and sends him back to duty.

It is only right to say that this sort of thing is not common among the Canadians, but malingerers, like the poor, are always with us.

FIRST DIVISIONAL SANITARY SECTION.

A member of the Sanitary Section of the First Division sends us some notes of their Section to insert (to quote his own words) in our “famous and wide-spread newspaper,” and in view of the fact that the aforesaid correspondent hopes that the circulation will treble itself as the paper gets older, we, of course, have very much pleasure in inserting them herewith:—

1.—Upon the opening of the new Canadian Soldiers' Inst. at ———, our Section was represented by our famous quartette, Privates Anderson, Warner, Blondal and Turner; their efforts must have been a success, because nobody evacuated the hall while they were singing.

2.—One of our members has gained the name of *Lightning*; he is so called because of his great speed, rivalling Tom Longboat, Alf. Shrubbs, Dorando, and all other speed artists of international reputation. The Allemands final home sprint to Berlin (when they really get going) will be able to put nothing over *him*.

3.—Discussing the war the other day, Pte. Towle said it was near its conclusion, when a voice cried out, “I cannot see it.” “Well,” said Pte. Towle, “I am long sighted.” [Only the super-intelligent will be expected to properly appreciate this joke.—Ed.]

4.—Anyone desiring to know the way “to touch” the Q.M.S. for a new pair of boots is advised to consult *Lightning*. His method has proved to be very efficient and satisfactory.

5.—Who is the private in our Section who eats six men's rations daily, and then has the gall to ask for more? [We should say he was a *full private*.—Ed.]

VALCARTIER.

(This poem was first written for the *Quebec Chronicle*, by W.P.O.)

Again the white tents glisten against the glorious dawn,
Again the bugles echo across the woodland lawn;

The startled foals cease romping, the wild life hides in fear,
But my heart is sad and lonesome for the Men of Yesteryear.

They gathered in their thousands, a goodly, valiant host,
From the shoreland of Cape Breton, from the far-flung western coast,
From the highways and the byways, busy mart and lonely mere,
Came that band of brave crusaders, came the Men of Yesteryear.

They awoke this sleepy hollow when the searching feet of Change
Had found their way but seldom. And they gathered at the range.
They sang of Tipperary, and with hearts that knew no fear

They yearned for coming battles, did the Men of Yesteryear.

They disturbed the solemn mountains with the thunder of their guns,
We heard the tramp of marching feet on every road that runs

Along this beautiful valley. By the river winding clear,

They laughed and learned and laboured, did the Men of Yesteryear.

The tents were struck ere dawning beneath a starry sky,

They marched away to old Quebec to hear their last good-bye;

The streets were filled with khaki, and on the crowded pier

Were tear-wet eyes and breaking hearts, O Men of Yesteryear.

O gallant little army, the months have passed away,

And bravely have ye borne yourselves in many a cruel fray;

But many a gay young comrade, who laughed and laboured here,

Sleeps beneath the soil of Flanders, O Men of Yesteryear.

O sacred soil of Flanders, red altar of our pride,

Historic field of Langemarck, whereon they fought and died.

There were none that fought more bravely or their honour held more dear,

Than the men who lit their camp fires in this valley Yesteryear.

They have writ another chapter on our envied scroll of fame,

They have set the Empire ringing with our proud Dominion's name;

But they paid a costly quittance. And we, with sigh and tear,

We, too, must pay our reckoning, O Men of Yesteryear.

Once more the heavy lorries plough up Valcartier hill,

Once more within the dusty lines the troop-horse whinnies shrill,

And khaki figures come and go, their sharp commands I hear;

But I see a phantom army—'tis the Men of Yesteryear.

And in the night, when stars are out above the pine-ringed plain,

I seem to hear the tramp of those who will not come again.

The sound of marching heroes, with shining eyes sincere,

Who go to meet their Captain, the Men of Yesteryear.

O men who left Valcartier, God rest your valiant shades

That walk amid the ghostly tents and haunt the lonely glades,

When the last loud trump is sounding, and the warrior hosts appear,

He shall number you among them, O Men of Yesteryear.

STRERRERS!

(By a Member of No. 3.)

I can imagine readers outside a Field Ambulance catching sight of the heading of this little article and wondering if it is a new word coined "somewhere in France" for strafing purposes, or one of our patent nostrums. It is none of these things, however, but simply the word "stretchers" spelt phonetically, as used by a former officer now in England. Now it is not intended to give a dissertation on stretchers, their uses and abuses, peculiarities and failings. Using them daily we have got so used to them that we take them as a matter of course, and I thought these few paragraphs on the subject might be interesting to the readers of N.Y.D.

Little do we think now of the hours spent by the man who wrote the R.A.M.C. Manual, in writing a description of what we know only as a stretcher—a thing of wood, canvas and iron. We have forgotten that the tonnage of a stretcher with the pillow is .0514 tons, of which the pillow weighs .015 tons! From the manual one might imagine that a stretcher is used only for carrying wounded and sick, but a few months on active service shows that it can be utilised for a variety of purposes. For instance, it makes an excellent camp cot (if you can get away with it), while ration parties will find it extremely useful. A very decent bivouac can be made with three of them also.

Stretchers are of various kinds. We have the ordinary kind referred to above; then there is the wheeled stretcher, a useful form; the trench stretcher—a wonderful contrivance of canvas; then at various intervals we have experimental stretchers sent to us for trial. These vary in design. Some are like wheelbarrows, others like elongated cycles, and I am looking forward with keen enjoyment to the time when a new manual of stretcher drill covering these different appliances is issued. Even at present I can recommend a perusal of the drill book as a sure cure for the blues, and future issues will, I am sure, rival the writings of Jerome K. Jerome or W. W. Jacobs.

I remember when I first joined the C.A.M.C. that I felt that I should never be able to get a stripe, for I was sure I could never memorise the tremendous mass of detail to explain the simple movements connected with "preparing stretchers." By a fortunate chance I was lucky enough one day to double the sling "correctly on itself, slip the loop thus formed on the near handle, and place the free end over the opposite handle; grip plate *uppermost*." The O.C. was so tickled that I was promoted on the spot! Then it was that my troubles started. I determined to get that detail down pat, and night after night I burnt the midnight oil studying it, until it became an obsession. In conversation with friends I would suddenly burst forth with "On the command 'supply stretchers,' the

Nos. 3 will march by the shortest route to the pile of stretchers; each bearer will in turn lay hold of the near handle of a stretcher, raise it to a perpendicular position, runners to the front; stoop, grasp, &c., &c.," or something similar, until my acquaintances avoided me, and I found myself ostracised like the clergyman that Mark Twain writes of, with his—

"Punch, brothers, punch,
Punch in the presence of the passenjare,
A blue-trip slip for a two-cent fare," &c.

I absented myself from drills for several weeks, until I got a peremptory order to parade. I was given four squads to drill, and when I gave them "about turn," without previously giving the order "change stretchers," I was given the option of resigning or going back to the ranks.

I resigned.

HERE AND THERE.

Can anyone inform us what year the "Old Boys" of No. 2 are going on leave?

Also if it is true that the Band is going to take part in the great recruiting rally at the close of the month?

Why is "Bach" so bashful?

ANOTHER FROM THE ADVANCED DRESSING STATION.

Man needs but little here below,
The rations we get prove it,
But if we got three times as much,
We wouldn't need salts to move it!

We read that Canadian soldiers are about to have a fish diet once a week.

Sergeants say it will out of "plaice."
Privates think they are "cod-ing."

AT THE CAISSE D'PARGNE.

A factor that has contributed considerably, to the enlivening and cheering of the troops on our front has been the nightly series of Concerts and Entertainments that have been held in a certain town behind the firing line. Lately moving pictures have been an additional feature and crowded houses have been the order of the day. The undertaking is under the official wing of the Canadian Army Corps, Capt. H. A. McGreer, President, and Staff Sergt. Milborne, 3rd Field Ambulance, Secretary-Treasurer, whilst Sgt. Gitz Rice, who had quite a reputation in that line in Eastern Canada, is Musical Director. Several very clever little plays, the castes of which included Capt. W. R. Critchley, 10th Battn., Corpl. Scanlon, 5th Battn., Corpl. Basil Green, 8th Battn., and Pte. Syd Bennet, 7th Battn., convulsed the the audience on several occasions, whilst other special features have included the Pierott troupe of a British Flying Corps, the 3rd Can. Field Amb. Minstrels, Lena Ashwell's Concert Party, and the 2nd Brigade and 27th and 29th Battns. Bands.

By the way, the price of admission is only twopence, and in this connection we were amused to overhear a Westerner say to a comrade, when leaving the performance the other day, "You couldn't see a show like that in Winnipeg for 4 cents." We agree with him.

NOW AND THEN

BEING THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF

No. 3 CANADIAN FIELD AMBULANCE,

1st Canadian Division, B.E.F.

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

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

No. 2.

10th MAY, 1916.

EN PASSANT.

By the time this issue is in the hands of our readers we shall have been in Flanders 15 months. It hardly seems possible that that period has elapsed since we embarked on that luxurious vessel, the *City of Benares*, or since our landing in the quaint little seaport of St. Nazaire, or since that chilly, apparently endless railway journey and the brisk march through the slush and snow at its end. This period has seen many changes in the Unit; we have passed through stirring and strenuous times, have had our times of stress and times of slackness, our pleasures, sorrows, difficulties and dangers. Having entered our second year of active service in Flanders we are dominated with the same thoughts and purpose that bestirred us in Canada at the outbreak of war, and until that purpose is accomplished we shall "carry on."

* * *

We were very sorry to hear that the 2nd King Edward's Horse had left the Canadian Corps. We, as a Unit, have been closely associated with them both in our military duties and in our pleasures. We played football with them and found them excellent sportsmen, and the little entertainments we were able to arrange in the months of September and October would not have been complete had they not included turns from the K.E.H. To them all we wish "God speed" and the best of luck wherever they may be, whether on foot or on their horses, for which they have waited so long.

* * *

The thanks of the Unit are tendered to Mrs. Young, of Winnipeg, for her kindness in sending us cake at Christmas time. We can assure her that the cake was much enjoyed by everybody, and her thoughtfulness greatly appreciated.

* * *

Our thanks are due to the Divisional Supply Column Band for coming round on Christmas Day and giving us a few selections. Bandmaster Russell is an old member of the F'ulance, and is to be congratulated on the excellence of his band.

* * *

Now that the K.E.H.'s have left us, we shall sadly miss our friends, "Skinny Lizzie" and his diminutive chum, J. A. Moss, from our entertainments. They were always willing to help us out, and their laughable sketches were greatly appreciated. We are indebted to these two for many fine points in the game of Crown and Anchor, and we shall not be surprised to hear that they have retired on their profits from this scientific pastime.

Mr. C. N. Bell, of Winnipeg, despite the fact that both his sons have left us, continues to take a kindly interest in our welfare. This is evidenced in a letter recently received by the O.C., from which it appears that Mr. Bell promoted a subscription list. With the proceeds, cigarettes and tobacco have been sent to us and greatly appreciated by all. We are deeply grateful to Mr. Bell and the other subscribers to the gift.

* * *

Our best thanks are extended to the women of Canada for their welcome gift of stationery wallets, which we received on Christmas Day.

* * *

We are glad to hear that Ptes. Walsh and Carr, who were orderlies on the ambulance captured by the enemy at St. Julien, have been exchanged and returned to England. It is hoped they are well and none the worse for their experiences.

* * *

B Section will be interested to hear that Micky Hunt has an operation every two or three weeks for the removal of shrapnel fragments. From all accounts he is very well.

* * *

Gifts were received during the Christmas season from the Red Cross Society, the Canadian War Contingent Association, the *Daily News* Christmas Fund, and from the Nurses of the Brandon General Hospital (through the kindness of Miss Birtles, the Secretary). The thanks of the officers and men of the Unit, and patients in the Hospital Section, are tendered to all the above for their kindly thoughts and generous gifts.

TABLOIDS.

Report has it that His Honour, Mayor Mike, of Prince Rupert, "mated" while on leave. We now understand why Mike liked to capture Queens in chess.

There are numerous small stores where inexpensive flash lamps may be purchased. May we suggest to Sergeant Ferguson that the possession of one of these useful articles *might* prevent the recurrence of the unfortunate mishap that befell him recently.

Hundreds are said to have bathed in the waters of the Jordan. We wonder if that river ever looked like the water in the Asylum when our turn comes. Poor lunatics!

It is stated that a Forestry Commission is being established at Divisional Headquarters, and that their efforts are to be directed towards endeavouring to produce more *leaves* during the coming summer than was done last year.

We recommend the Minstrel Choir at Church Service to look less like out-of-place officers than natural-like out-of-place soldiers.

There was a young man named Wemyss,
Whose name's not pronounced semys,
He thought it remiss
When they called him Wemiss,
Yet no one knows what he menyss.

THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW.

- If "B" Section has lost its tonsorial implements? The appearance of some of their sergeants on returning from the A.D.S. certainly gave that impression.
- If it is not time the football team found a new referee?
- If the present official knows that the goalkeeper only is permitted to handle the ball?
- If Pte. Frankenstein went on pass for the purpose of getting the Government stamp on his Primus?
- If there are any kidneys received with the meat rations, and are they a cook's perquisite?
- If we have an N.C.O. who has a brother-in-law on pretty nearly every man-o'-war, and is this why we get so much naval news first hand?
- If it is a fact that the charges of the local barbers are receiving the attention of G.H.Q., since Sergeant Bye got soaked ninepence for a shave?
- If you would have paid that much?
- How are our officers getting along with the natives since their Interpreter was transferred to England?
- If Staff Sergt. Crowe will supply us with the *real* facts concerning the sinking of H.M.S. *King Edward VII.*?
- How the Q.M. Staff get their souvenirs?
- Was the jar of rum responsible for a certain N.C.O. falling into a ditch at the A.D.S.?
- What Ladner, B.C., is doing with its criminals now that we have that City's entire police force on our strength?
- Who is the Staff Sergeant who has started up business on the side as a rag, bone and bottle merchant?
- How much did he make on the last sale of Vichy bottles?
- If the N.C.O. of this Unit recently reported missing was not found buried beneath piles of undelivered mail at the Brigade Post Office?
- If it is true that the most unfriendly words used in the Transport lines when the men wish to express themselves strongly is "Now you shut up, or I'll send you a Note"?
- If the old straw at the Bearers' billets is to be taken to the Transport lines so that the Transport personnel can employ their spare time in making bricks?

MR. DOOLEY ON GERMHUN CULTOOR.

"Hinissey," said Mr. Dooley, "I hev had a letther from Mike Cassidy, who is wid a Canajin Field Ambylance in France or Belgium."

"Oh! He isn't doin' anny fightin' thin," said Henessy, as if the subject did not interest him any further for that reason.

Dooley looked at his friend over the top of the letter for a moment, then said, "He is in a London Hospital wid his left fut blown off be a shell."

"But the Ginivy Convintion sez that no one is to fire on the Red Cross," said Henessy.

"Yer ignorance of the rules of modern warfare and cultoor is simply amazin'," said Dooley, "Oor friend, Bill, de Kizer and his little gang av cultoorred cutthroats hez made an entoiere new set av rules, and if they had not bin jumped on so onexpectedly by England, France and Rooshia, they would hev sent thim each a copy av the new rules, so that they cud all hev started fair, so to speak. In fact, Bill was startin' for Paris to presint Mr. Point-carry wid a copy whin England butted in and turned his peaceful misshun into a sort av free for all. It was an outrajus proceedin' and ye cannot wonder now that avn Germhun sausages sit up and bark "Gott strafe England"! Ye see the Kizer and his friends hev seen for a long time that the only way to save the world and make iverybody as happy as the people of Germany are wuz to impress upon thim, be force if nicissary, that the highest cultoor is the brand invinted by the lerned profissors of the Germhun universities. It pained thim to think that the rest av us were so far behind in the matther av cultoor, and as they had so much av a surploos on hand, they decided that they wud exporth some av it to their friends in Rooshia, France and England. They thought maybe their friends would enjoy it better if ut came in the nature av a soorprise, and one or two profissors waz evin thoughtful enuff to invint a gas to give to any who did not want to be cultoorred. Aftther a dose or two av this gas they believed that anny who survioved wud be only too glad to be consithered cultoorred. It wuz like the owld song, Hinissey, 'She had to be crooil to be koind'."

"Phwat is this cultoor ye are talkin' about, anyhow?" asked Henessy.

"Ye are painfully ignorant, I fear," replied Dooley, "or ye wud know that rale cultoor is only found in Germany. There are sivrul brands av ut, however. The Krupp works at Essen are very busy at prisint making the brands that are most needed by me friends, Von Kluck, Von Hindenburg, Von McKenzie. Old Von Tirpitz has another brand, which he calls the 'U' brand. The mortality among the exporthers av this brand has bin rather high, and poor owld Tirps is a bit discouraged, and is consiquintly not thryin' to exporth his xpensive naval brand just at prisint. Me friend, Count Zeppeylin, has bin a bit more successful with his arryul brand. He has cultoorred quite a number av wimin and childern and other paypul who could not come to Germany to get cultoorred. The dose of cultoor takin suddin like this is often fatal, but thin, as I sed before, they had figured on this, and had steeled their hearts to the

sacryfice. It is raly marvellous how wan can git hardened to sacryfices that do not affect yerself fissionaly, or finanshully. I hev notised it even here in this country, but mebber that is becuz we air too proud to show our rale feelins, 'spechully if our bank book continoos to show an increasin' balance on the right side av the ledger."

FROM THE DOOR OF MY BILLET.

In an unguarded or thoughtless moment I promised the Editor of "Now and Then" to give him a little contribution for its pages. What follows is in fulfilment of the promise. I do not know why the Editor asked me. Perhaps because a Chaplain's point of view is somewhat different from that of others, or because that from the same point, he is impressed by different things. This contribution may help in some small measure, therefore, to lend variety to the Journal's pages, and variety is the spice of life.

I am quartered at a little wayside hamlet which is somewhat of a "hub" in its area. Much revolves around it and from it much radiates. If you will stand with me at the door of my billet you shall see an unceasing procession pass. Motor lorries, autos, motor cycles, horse transports, men coming and going in twos and threes, and battalions; ambulances, empty, going one way, ambulances, full, going the other. And the first thought that comes to a parson—and it is a right thought—is, that it is dreadful to see so much machinery and material and so many men being used in the destructive work of war.

The war is carried on at an incalculable cost in money and the lives of men. What might not be accomplished by our Empire if the money and lives were thrown with the same generosity and earnestness into education, philanthropy and the production of the things which help to make human life comfortable, enjoyable and hopeful! And if one is mentally lopsided and sees only this aspect of the war, he will see nothing to ridicule in the fool proposition started and financed by Ford under the blessing of Bryan.

The motto of William the Silent, the great founder of the Dutch Republic, whose life, from its mature beginning until its tragic close, was spent in unceasing war against the enemies of common human freedom, was "I maintain." So this is a war for the maintenance of righteousness and liberty. There are no sacrifices which a man or a nation should not be willing to make in their behalf. The nation which should take the line of least resistance to avoid effort and sacrifice for the maintenance of justice and liberty deserves the scorn of the race. And the answer, to those who say that we are fighting not for righteousness but for our own interests as an empire, is, that a nation has no real interests apart from righteousness in her own domestic life, and in her relations with other nations. We are compelled to fight for the rights and liberties of men and nations against autoeracy or else go back to the days when the common people did not exist, but were only pawns to be moved in peace and war whithersoever the leaders listed.

But this war has for us its positively constructive aspect. It has made us alive. The only thing worth while in the world's life grow in the soil of sacrifice. We have been aroused from our lethargy and shaken out of our easy-going, luxurious and pleasure-loving ways, begotten by accumulated wealth and almost unbroken prosperity. It has organised our people as never before, speeded up their industries, exalted their virtues, shown up their vices as national weaknesses, taught us anew the old lessons that man does not live by bread alone, that right is our vital breath. It has, in short, given us some measure of our moral and material capacity as an Empire, and a vision of the great purposes for which they ought to be used. We have, I trust, been taught that wealth and material power and even culture without moral vigour and direction are vain. And what a "mixer" this war has been. Here, we are all living—officers and men—practically on the same level, in billets, dug-outs, huts and veritable shacks. We rub up against each other, and touch each other in the raw, as we do not even on the unconventional frontier. Here manhood counts. Human brotherhood is a real thing here, not an academic thing or a picture out of books. It has widened into something more than a British brotherhood. Come with me to yonder corner. Englishmen, Irishmen, Scotchmen, Canadians, khaki-clad Belgians, blue-grey clad French soldiers and French and Belgian non-combatants mingle together on the same soil and with a common purpose in their hearts. What a leap forward in human sympathy and brotherhood in common purpose and suffering.

The effort and the sacrifice will school our people out of their easy-going, indolent habit, give a new value to democratic government, a new vision of the purity without which democracy becomes a byword, and the sacrifices without which true democracy is impossible.

I can only say a word about our men,—our British men, I had intended saying much. I hear them pass and see them pass at all hours. That is an English battalion, men of the northern shire, their flute band playing the sea-songs of England. That is a Canadian battalion, coming out of the trenches covered with mud from head to foot. They sing "The little grey home in the west." Half an hour later a detachment of a well-known Scottish regiment swings past singing a song with a minor strain in its music—"Far awa' in Bonnie Scotland, where the heather and the bluebells grow." Singing or whistling they pass us by. Tired, muddy, footsore, shaken—but full of good cheer. They cannot be beaten. They are all of the same old heroic breed which won the Empire of sea and land and shall, please God, hold it to the end.

JOHN PRINGLE,
Chaplain,
No. 3 Canadian Field Ambulance.

Percy (writing home) to comrade:—"Say, how do you spell 'fort'?"

Comrade:—"What kind of fort—the past tense of the verb to fight, or the noun?"

Percy:—"No, the 'fort' what you fink."

A FATAL ERROR.

It appears that one evening last week Grainger Stewart and Bill Turnbull sauntered over to the English bar to quench their thirst. The drinks were paid for by the latter with a brand new five franc bill, but in the excitement of the heated self-appreciative discussion of the Scottish race between Grainger and twa braw laddies wearing the kilts of a famous regiment, the change was allowed to remain on the counter. The Highlanders were about to leave when Grainger noticed the change, picked it up and handed it to one of them. Touched by the demonstration of one of their national characteristics—carelessness in money matters—they murmured "Guid nicht," and promptly beat it.

Later it was reported that Grainger had succeeded in raising a loan until pay day to re-imburse his distressed comrade.

COOKERY HINTS.

(By our own Culinary Expert).

In view of the fact that all well regulated journals usually have a certain amount of space devoted to housewifery and cookery, we have prevailed upon our own culinary expert, Private A. H. Metcalfe, to contribute the following tasty recipes for the N.Y.D.

Cobble Pudding.—Select from the nearest road half a dozen small cobble stones, be sure they are smooth, remove all lumps and dust from them. Sprinkle with sugar and allow them to soak over night if they seem a bit hard. Then bake four hours in slow oven until well heated. Serve hot with a little cream sauce, and a stone mallet on the side. After eating one should see the dentist.

Record Steaks.—Pick from your collection of gramophone records some good pieces. Cut out some of the strains and add salt and pepper. Care must be taken to have the fire in good cooking order.

Potatoes a la Bubble.—Get some nice clean hand soap and a clay pipe. Make up some suds and blow a dozen good sized bubbles, pare them and boil till done. Care must be taken not to break the lather. Serve with suds.

Date Pie.—Run over to the calendar and pick off 20 or 30 dates and leave till cool—then add 60 seconds of good daylight and leave in the moonlight over night. See that they have been well seasoned. Serve on time.

Vegetables.—Gather from the nearest field one dozen round post holes (be sure they are *not* shell holes), peel and pare in fine slices. These should be served with a little sauce made from trench mud and dubbin.

Horse Tail Soup.—Select from some nice, clean officer's horse, 6 or 7 nice long tail hairs—try and get brown or grey—so as to give better coloring. Steep for four hours in well settled water. Stir once in a while so that the hairs won't tangle. When soaked till soft, remove scum and strain and serve with horse radish sauce.

Dessert.—Get about 5 yards of wagon tracks and be sure they are regimental size. Break the same in small pieces put them in a dixie and stir till they look round. Then add sugar to taste and serve on an imaginary plate.

PRISONERS RETURNED.

The following letter has been received by Pte. Burke from Pte. Walsh, (No. 3 Can. Field Ambulance) who has recently returned from Germany to England:—

"I am once more back to civilisation. Carr and myself were exchanged and arrived in London three or four days ago. You may believe me we are pretty glad to be back again. We came back with eight R.A.M.C. men and were sent here to Aldershot with them.

"We are now waiting to be sent to the Canadian Base. I received your letter some weeks ago, but simply could not answer it as our correspondence was rather limited from Giessen. . . . I have lost all my friends' addresses as the Germans took every scrap of paper off us before we crossed the Holland border. They promised to send our papers through after they had been examined, but we have only their word for that.

"If it had not been for the parcels our friends sent us we would have been in pretty bad shape. We were fortunate in getting in one of the best camps in Germany. For the last six months Carr and myself have been working in one of the camp hospitals. We were well treated and certainly gained some experience in dressing wounds. We had almost given up hope of exchange after December 1st, but unexpectedly on December 23rd, the Germans told us to get ready as we were leaving for England the following day. The news seemed almost too good to be true. However, we were taken away to Aachen, near the Belgian border, where they kept us for ten days and tried to fatten us up a bit before sending us home.

"I am taking it for granted that you are still with the 3rd Field Ambulance, at the Front. If so, please remember me to all the old boys."

TO A CRUMB.

I've been worried all night long,
 Couldn't make out what was wrong,
 Not a wink of sleep I got
 As you crawled from spot to spot.
 Now my friend your day is done,
 You've had your little bit of fun,
 You've left me scratching,
 It seems its catching,
 All the others do it too.

You've made me hurt you. I didn't
 Want to do it—I didn't want to do it,
 You've made me scratch, too,
 And all the time you knew it,
 You brute, I'll make you rue it,
 You make me wriggle sometimes,
 You made me sad,
 But there were times when
 You made me feel right mad.

You've made me sore now—I guess,
 I'm going to get you, you bet your
 Life I'll get you.
 I want your blood that's true,
 Yes, indeed I do, you know I do.
 Let me, let me, let me spot you,
 And then it won't be long before—
 Oh! now I've got you,
 You know you made me kill you.

AT SHORNCLIFFE.

Time.—9 p.m.
Sentry.—"Halt! Who goes there?"
Pte. A. J. J.—"Sst! don't make such a noise, d'yer want to get me into trouble."

THE COLLIER.

IN PEACE AND WAR.

Written for "N.Y.D." by Corpl. A. H. WILLIAMS, of the 14th M.A.C.

In time of Peace.

Oh! people of Britain, when a-seated
 round the fire,
 When the snow is thick outside and the
 gale is rising higher,
 Give the collier a thought who's toiling
 for his bread
 In the earth; that his children and wife
 may be fed.

Under rivers and valleys, the sea and
 the hills,
 He gropes in the darkness with pick
 and with drills,
 To win the black diamonds, to work
 night and morn,
 At the risk of his life that you may be
 warm.

Ah! What is that crash? That dull
 heavy roar,
 'Tis the gas that has fired, and he is no
 more;
 The timbers are rending, the gas sweeps
 apace,
 He's caught in the vortex, there's death
 in his face.

On the surface, they fight, to be first to
 get down
 To succour their comrade with no
 thought of renown,
 Was there ever more courage on sea or
 on land,
 Then that of this dauntless and fearless
 brave band?

In time of War.

Now the collier we see at the front,
 In all battles he bears of the brunt,
 The rifle has taken the place of the pick,
 The shovel makes way for the Maxim
 so quick.

He sees on all sides the trace of the Hun,
 But Germans and shell cannot quench
 all his fun;
 He goes in the charge with a smile on
 his face,
 And dies like a hero of loftiest race.

The gas and the fire have no terror
 for him,
 He has lived with King Death in the
 coal mine so dim,
 In Belgium's sad country, in wood, trench
 or dell,
 He braves without flinching the tortures
 of hell.

Oh! people of Britain, sing labour's
 new song,
 And sing it with triumph, with loud
 voice and strong
 For her sons at the front, they are
 fighting you see
 That Britain may still be the Land of
 the Free.

INCONSISTENCY.

Overheard:—"You're a nice bloke,
 you are, 'ere you're ready to die for yer
 country and yer won't lend a pal a piece
 of soap."

AN ECHO OF SALISBURY PLAIN.

"Met."—(Half a mile outside
 Salisbury Town).—"Is this the way to
 the camp?"

Civilian.—"Bustard?"

"Met."—"Yes! That's why I'm
 walking."