



BRUCE IN KHAKI.

SAVE, SERVE



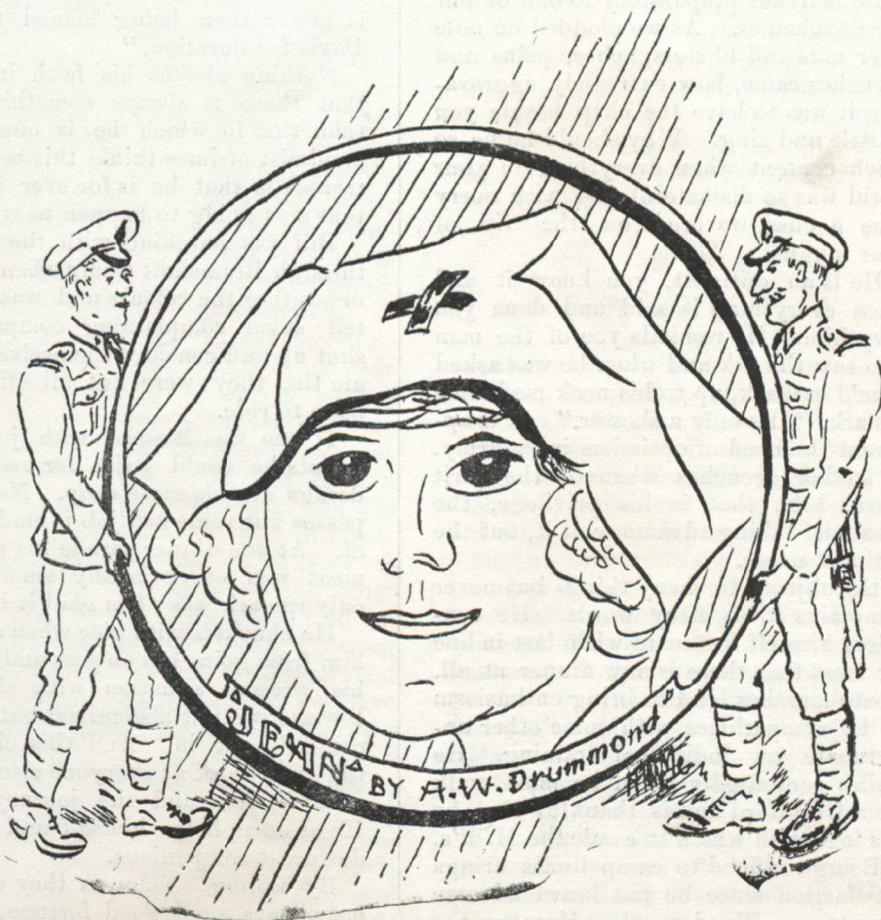
AND SMILE.



VOL. I.—No. 5.

NOVEMBER 9, 1917.

PRICE 3D.



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"Bruce In Khaki"

STAFF

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Friday, November 9th, 1917.

EDITORIAL

"I've always been since quite a lad
 Merry and gay when things went bad.
 That is a way I've always had
 Cause I'm 'orrible reckless."

Recall if you will one of the tedious route marches preparatory to one of our recent schemes. As we plodded on mile after mile and blisters, aches, pains and grouches came, how extremely aggravating it was to have the chap beside you whistle and sing. Why should he be so much content when everything in your world was so distasteful and with every pace a cuss wavered on the tip of your tongue.

He is an optimist, you know it and when everything is said and done you envy him. He reminds you of the man who saw the ark and when he was asked if he'd embark, up to his neck made this remark, "It's only a shower." It is apparent the need of optimism in the army. A soldier grouches whenever the spirit moves him, that is his privilege, the pessimist taking advantage of it, but the optimist never.

He objects to many things but never complains in as many words. He considers himself fortunate when last in line for mess that there is any dinner at all. Route marches tend to bring enthusiasm as he sympathizes with some other unfortunate on individual training. He smiles contentedly when he must walk from Guildford and is thankful that he has legs with which to evade the M. P's.

Being confined to camp limits brings satisfaction since he has heard adverse reports on Wandsworth. Humour too accompanies optimism and hand in hand they walk among us.

For several months I have watched

one of the men of the Bruce Battalion. He is the most confirmed optimist I have ever seen. Perhaps you already know him too, but for convenience we will abbreviate his name to "Bill."

One of his companions some months ago looked for diphtheria and caught it, and accordingly Bill and the remainder of the platoon were for quarantine. Some necessarily complained, but he remarked "Better this than mumps." Eventually the quarantine was lifted and they were reinstated in their hut. The orderly Sergeant immediately warned several of them for a coal yard fatigue. Bill was one but only exclaimed "This is better than being loaned to Corpl. Davis for duration."

Nothing shakes his faith in the idea that there is always something worse than that in which he is engaged. A pessimist oftimes thinks this too, but his trouble is that he is for ever imagining that it is going to happen next.

Bill was marching with the Battalion through Bramshott Camp when we were depositing the colours and was heard to tell some complaining companions to shut up and consider themselves fortunate that they were not all officers and have to ride.

If one was blessed with journalistic talents he could write for ever on the doings of this same chap. Never a day passes but some bad job is made the best of. At one dinner parade his portion of meat was exceptionally small but his only remark was "I'm glad it isn't fish."

He chuckles with glee when rain keeps him from going out on pass and compares his present situation with the recent bivouac when it also rained but when he couldn't get in. And this chap doing the same work as everyone else finds his pack lighter and the journey shorter. He at once helps himself and his more downcast companions.

By taking things as they come does not always spell good fortune, and one day trouble came to Bill. He was hurried away to the hospital and there on his little white cot he hums to himself

while watching the movements of the nurse who prepares the instruments that hurt but heal. And this was the song and his motto:

"I've gotter motter
Always happy and bright.
Look around you and you'll find
Every cloud is silver lined.
The sun will shine
Although the sky's a gray one.
I've often said to myself says I
Cheer up Chully you soon will die;
A short life but a gay one.

I believe that "Bruce in Khaki" is being sent in large numbers back to Canada. May I say in this short article a word or two to the folk at home. I know that many hearts are exceedingly anxious concerning the welfare of their soldier boys. A big handsome soldier told me the other day that his mother had been in bed two weeks all because of her worry over his going to France, and he added "If our folks at home could only be as cheerful and bouyant as we are, how much better would it be for them, and how much easier for us."

The soldier's concern is not for himself or his own safety, but for his dear ones and their safety. If you have a boy on His Majesty's service you are proud that the blood of chivalry has not dried out of his veins. If you have a husband or friend at the war, you are proud to own him, for he went out voluntarily at the call of his country to fight for the fairest land of the most rugged people God ever called into being, Canada, our home. Then knowing that in faith of duty and honour and righteousness there is a safety, why are you fearful? Why do you worry over the news you dread to hear? That one "love" is the explanation. It is also the explanation also of your soldier's presence at the war, "for greater love hath no man than that a man lay down his life for his friends." He who said those very words was a young man. He

held in his hand the chalice of life full to the brim. Into it's sparkling contents he looked, and in it there were friends, home and career and ideals, honor, luxury, beauty and a world of God's good things. How did it attract him? He could have drank it to the very dregs but he refused the cup of life. He dashed it from him and the cup he took up was a cup that taken redeemed the world. The same cup of life is held by your khaki boy and you have seen as he has, in that cup brilliant future, splendid career, hopes, ideals, loves, home friends, but your soldier is doing what his great Captain has taught him to do. He is willingly dashing to the ground the chalice so full of sweet. The cup he drinks may bring bitterness to you, but it will bring redemption to the world, and undying lustre to his name and fadeless crowns to his brow. I wish I could show you anxious mothers and wives back there in fair Ontario where to pillow your heartache if you do not already know.



AN INVITATION.

Men of the 160th are invited to take part in the Saturday afternoon rambles of the Canadian Y.M.C.A., Godalming. These rambles are to all the places of interest and to the beauty spots of this locality, giving our men an opporounity of seeing something of the better side of English country life. The following is the list of outings for November:—

Saturday, 3rd—High Barn, by invitation of The Hon. Mrs. Stuart Pleydell-Bouverie. Games, music, etc.

Saturday, 10th—Old Guildford, by invitation of Councillor W. Shawcross, Mayor of Guildford.

Saturday, 17th—Berthorpe, Puttenham, by invitation of Mrs. Tuckwell. A Zoo in the Garden.

Saturday, 24th—Sutton Place, by invitation of Lady Northcliffe. Old Tudor Residence.



No. 5 Platoon, "B" Company

CHESLEY PLATOON

Capt. J. C. Little comes from Teeswater. He took command of B Company a short time before we left for overseas. He is a good sport but will soak you if you step on his mat.



Lieut. M. J. Aikens was second in command of the company. He saw some of the rough stuff in France. We understand he is billed for Canada.



Lieut. H. E. Henderson comes from fighting stock, his father being a Major. "Hubby" is our platoon commander, is a friend of all the boys but a soldier all the time and has made No. 5 what it is to-day.

Lieut. J. C. McDonald is the man who recruited the platoon but is now in charge of No. 9. Jack is an all round sport and one of the best known officers in the battalion.



Lieut. H. B. Krug is our battalion bombing officer but often comes in to see the boys. Harry is a good fellow.



Capt. W. Walks was veterinary officer for the 13th brigade but is now in France.



C. S. M. McBurney is really the best scout in the battalion, all the boys get along with Mac.

Sergt. G. H. Marsh is the daddy of No. 5 hut. He is the musical man of the hut, comes from nowhere and intends going back to the same place.



Sergt. I. Eason, our big long Sergt. who keeps order in the hut. You must obey or he will throw you out.



Provost Sergt. J. A. Grant has a special class every night but his pupils don't care for the job.



Corpl. C. G. Phillips is company marker but he does it without a pencil.



L. Corpl. S. J. Hepburn runs a two-bench barber shop. He is at Bordon at present taking an N. C. O.'s course.



J. S. Garner, our newly made Lance Jack, sets a good example to the boys as an early riser.



J. D. Walks—when he can't get a ride.



A. T. McCombe, the musical cartoonist. The original Mr. Dooley.



Francis William Humphrey Rundle has great understanding.



P. Robinson is inventing a new kind of bag pipes, a sand bag and two clay pipes.



A. Linge, "Hubby's" batman, can talk all night on the beauties of England. He must have met several of them.



J. Agnew is always there first, he has to be, as he is first on the roll.



R. A. Maxwell is in the Transport Section. It is the nearest he could get to his first love—the farm. Man's best friend, the horse, is his great hobby.

E. Weiss—"Biscuits" holds an important job in the brigade transport.



F. Bennett blows the big drum in the band. You should hear him on the violin.



W. W. Hammond, Big Bill, signed up to come home.



P. Wood prefers the rabbits he used to shoot around Chesley to the ones he gets here.



R. J. Gray, our real soldier, always has his brass so highly polished that the rest of the privates don't like to walk behind him when the sun is shining because it dazzles their eyes.



T. N. J. Wright is never wrong because he's always (w)right, and when he gets a box from home it is always (w)right.



W. R. Nelson has purchased a new pair of dress shoes because one of the girls at a dance in Godalming said she thought all Canadians wore snow shoes.



B. Bowie of the Transport Section keeps his axles so well greased that he has to keep the brakes on all the time.



J. W. Bell, N. P. Bell, R. L. Bell and C. W. Bell are a fine string of bells and when they start ringing they have the Swiss Bell Ringers beat a mile. When you are hungry just ring the N. P. Bell.



F. Dobson of the Lewis gun section says the reason a Lewis Gun has a spade handle grip is because it is always digging in.



W. M. George is the only "Buck" private in B. Co.

W. H. Hammond is the only "Puddle" in the Bugle Band. He's some drummer.



R. B. Brown was a great poultry dealer in civil life. Rollie could deal up 52 heads of poultry like a deck of cards and win a good pot.



J. Kincaid of the Brass Band was formerly a clerk. He holds a good job now collecting the "promissory notes."



P. E. Shirk didn't shirk his duty when he came to enlist and doesn't shirk his duty now.



G. D. Jones—"Chubbie"—no, he's no fish. Leave it to Chubbie, he'll get along. He missed his train in Scotland because it left too soon.



G. Maher is a Carpenter, Painter and Brick-layer, but makes a better cook.



J. C. Cass was a cattle-buyer and when the cattle saw him coming they would blow their horns. Poor old John keeps busy getting fat.



J. C. Campbell was working on a farm for a few days. Now all you can hear him singing is "Biddy was a white milk maid."



L. E. Beattie comes from Hepworth where they struck a gas well a few years ago. He should be good on gas drill.



H. Whiteman of the C.A.S.C., commonly called Whitey, gets as many boxes as the most of them.



G. N. Smith does a lot of driving. He has a good stand in with the

Q.M. and can get a hammer and nails any time.



J. H. McDonald left a homestead in the West, a farm in the East, and on account of the undertaking business being dead he enlisted to make more money.



W. G. Small is a compositor on "Bruce in Khaki." He is always first away in the mornings and last in at night. Must be kept busy!



B. Lamont worked in the cook house a long time but one night he slipped out and came back to the platoon.



J. Woods is real handy with the gloves. When the Company Q.M.S. was issuing clothing he absent-mindedly handed Jack a pair of boxing gloves.



W. Armstrong, "Ten Ton," our sleeping beauty.



D. Cocklin—"Dannie," the bugler. He does a lot of blowing but you should hear him sing.



D. McDonald, the band boy who could not stay away from the bunch.



E. Wright—another band boy, one of Chesley's master musicians, is also a compositor on "Bruce in Khaki."



Hughie John McDonald Parker—Ha! Well Peck gets up because he sleeps with Sergt. Eason.



B. Biebighauser is the artist who put the Old English letters over the door.



T. G. Bruegeman is our platoon signaller. He is a regular attendant of the Godalming Methodist Church.

S. McDonald is batman for the paymaster, but he should have been a baker, he always "needs" the dough.



C. H. Parker is the medical adviser for the platoon. He used to drive the doctor's cart but lost the job. One day a box of salts was missing and he was seen putting a "bit" in the horse's mouth.



N. T. Walker, the big man from Montana. Ask him.



P. H. Cole is a direct descendant of old King Cole. The boys call him Hen for short because he is always laying around.



E. M. Smith was draft clerk in the Merchants' Bank. He used to open the doors and windows and spend the rest of his time playing ball.



J. Wingfield, the great buck and wing dancer. He suffers a great deal from rheumatism, but does the best he can in the pioneers.



A. Pound, otherwise known as Sprout is the newest married man in the platoon. May his troubles all be little ones!



H. Becker, who is slinging hash at brigade headquarters, went to Scotland on pass, but he was so greatly missed that they wired for him to come back before his pass expired.



E. Hunter says he can ride a wheel to Guildford with his eyes shut. He might as well ride with them shut as he never sees anyone along the road anyway.



The following were former members of No. 5 Platoon but have been transferred to other units:—R. E. Lustig, in France, D. Campbell and J. Campbell

in France, Corp. J. E. Marsh, who went to France with a draft and was wounded at Vimy Ridge on May 4th, 1917, L.C. Bert Cole, Dawson Cole, and J. Cox at Bramshott, L. Clifton now an instructor at Bramshott, M. McKillop in Scotland, and A. C. Roberts, who lost his voice and returned to Canada.



MEMORIAL.

In memory of Sydney Hooey, who died while we were at Bramshott Camp. He was buried in Bramshott Church Cemetery.

RUMORS

Rumors from Italy, rumors from France,
Rumors that soon we'll be getting our
chance

On the field of battle along with the men.
What was that rumor? Say, tell it
again.

Rumors from Servia, rumors from Greece,
Rumors of war, rumors of peace,
Why all this rumor when none of it's true?
They think they can fool both me and
you.

Rumors of pudding, rumors of pie,
Rumors of home, Ye Gods what a
sigh.
Rumors of Beef Steak, Pie a la mode,
If rumors were true it would lift quite
a load.

Rumors of leave, rumors for all,
Can it be those rumors are only a
stall?

Why, if rumor was true now where
would we be?
Sailing back home across the blue sea.

MORAL

To old Madame Rumor, just give the
"Go by,"
More easy your head on the pine boards
will lie.

Keep pegging along, for victory's in
sight,
The darkest hour, before "Break o' the
night."
A. W. D.

Hut Scrapings



The shop windows are full of fall and winter hats, but the above is an illustration of our style and about how it felt the first time we wore it.

Time, gentlemen, please!



In Canada they are gathering up all the old bottles to make glass eyes for "blind pigs."



A private was buying some pills from a chemist in Godalming and asked if they were good. "Yes," replied the chemist, "take them and if they don't do you any good bring them back and I will refund the money."



Jimmie was going out with his pal one afternoon and went into the hut to get ready. After a considerable wait his pal called in the door: "Hurry up, Jimmie, we're late now. Have you got your puttees on yet?" "Yes," replied Jimmie, "all but one."

Private Hipson was the bad boy of the regiment, and for the fiftieth time was up before his colonel for breach of discipline. The colonel glared. "Didn't I tell you the last time you were up in the orderly room that I never wanted to see you again?"

"That's quite right, sir," replied the culprit, "but the bloomin' sergeant would not believe it."



"I've come to kill a printer," said the little man.

"Any printer in particular?" asked the foreman.

"Oh, any one will do. I would prefer a small one, but I've got to make some sort of a show at a fight or leave home, since the paper called my wife's tea party a 'swill' affair."

And Sweepings.

Under the watchful eye of a Q.M.S. some recruits were being fitted into uniforms.

One recruit was obviously awkward and nervous. He was endeavoring to fit his number "blank" feet into a pair of number eight regulation shoes, and experiencing much difficulty.

"Come on, shake a leg!" growled the sergeant impatiently

"I tried that, but it don't do any good," ventured the perspiring recruit.



One hot day last summer one of the boys was sitting on the grass with his tunic off and the front of his shirt open. On his chest was tattooed the king and queen. A lady passing by noticed it and said to him: "You must be very patriotic when you have the king and queen tattooed on your chest." "Oh, that's nothing," he replied, "I have Lord Kitchener on one arm and Sir Douglas Haig on the other, and in fact I am at the present moment sitting on the Kaiser."



A couple of tourists in Spain who could not speak the language, and consequently had some difficulty in making known their wants, came to a wayside inn and tried to obtain some meat—roast beef for choice. But nobody could understand them. "What are we to do?" said one traveller. "I know," said the other, a ray of hope appearing. "I'll draw a picture of a cow. Then they'll understand." He made a rough sketch of a cow, put "2" beneath it and handed it to the waiter, who instantly smiled to show that he understood, and went off to execute their order. A few minutes later he returned with two tickets for a bull fight.

A story from Negro Land with which there will be much sympathy in all other lands is told by Archie McLeod of D. Company of a negro who tried to purchase a quantity of cheese commensurate with his purse. "Boss," asked the negro, "how much is er nickel's worth of dat er cheese?" "Can't sell a nickel's worth, Sam, it's too high." "All right; gi'me for a dime's worth, captain." The storekeeper cut a thin slice, and Sam remarked, "Oh, oh! You-all pretty near missed it, didn't you, captain?"



At a small gathering the subject of palmistry was introduced. "Do you know anything about palmistry, Herbert?" asked the hostess of the rising young officer. "Oh, not much," he replied with the air of modesty which is not intended to be implicitly believed in. "Not a great deal, although I had an experience last night which might be considered a remarkable example of the art you mention. I happened to glance at the hand of a friend of mine, and I immediately predicted that he would presently become the possessor of a considerable amount of money. Before he left the room he had a nice little sum handed to him." "And you told it just from his hand?" "Yes; it had four aces in it."



A soldier was up before the O. C. once for the first time and got seven days C. B. He then wrote to his mother and told her that he was a defaulter now. His mother wrote back and said, "Well my boy I must congratulate you on being a defaulter, but always remember that you were once a private yourself, and treat the men as you would have them treat you."

WORTHLESS JOCK MCGREGOR

By Pte. A. W. Drummond, 15th Field Ambulance

When the drum-beat that encircled the world, called the Sons of the Empire back to defend their home against the treachery of a desperate foe, a foe who had torn in shreds all the sacred rights of humanity. When that drum-beat was heard in the far west and the Sons of Canada responded, with them came Jock McGregor.

Jock, the adventurer, who had left Scotland to follow the long trail, the irresistible call of the mighty west, heard that his homeland was in danger and as he listened to the tales of treachery, his whole being rose in revolt, and he enlisted, one among the many who left their adopted land to pour vengeance on the head of the Hun.

After many months of severe training, Jock with his Battalion set sail for England, where again they were put through a series of hard tests. Then that eventful day came, that day when they were found fit to join the great army of freedom, battling against mighty odds in the trenches of Flanders.

What hopes and expectations thrilled their hearts as they stood on the parade ground listening to the words of advice given them by their O. C. before marching to the train that was to carry them to their troopship, then France.

La Belle France, that magic name, the land of battle for which all soldiers eagerly strive, and learn, so that when their day comes, they may not be found wanting. Jock McGregor felt the blood of the clansmen surging through his veins, so eager had he been for the fray that the days of drill and waiting seemed endless.

In France, Jock with his battalion was sent to the base, there to await the command from headquarters telling them to move up the line. Soon it came and to the skirl of the bagpipes they marched away, throwing a kiss here and there or exchanging a bit of careless

banter with the French lassies, who trooped along the wayside to see the Tommies march past. Near the front all precautions were taken to ensure the safety of the men. The skirl of the bagpipes no longer encouraged them forward, in silence they marched, once in a while some wit would attempt to crack a joke and a feeble laugh would be the only response from his comrades.

Once in the trenches the usual routine of taking cover was gone through and the men settled down to their vigil. Everything was so different from what Jock had imagined. He had thought that war consisted of a sudden dash, a rush across the open, a struggle, then victory. But this cold weary wait, watching for something that struck down a comrade, who a moment before had been living flesh and blood at your very side, unnerved a man.

At last the day came, it had been preceded by hours of ceaseless activity on the part of the artillery. The flash and roar of bursting shells had seemed to Jock like the noise of an inferno. It had been terrific, tremendous and awesome. Suddenly it had ceased, and the crouching men in the trench were up and at 'em. Across the open they charged, slashing and lunging at the grey mass, that were like a wave before them.

When the order had come to charge Jock McGregor had responded. With a rush he had scaled the parapet, but just as he gained the top, he felt it, it stung him sharp and quick. He felt the warm blood gush, the earth seemed to spin around him, then darkness, black and impenetrable settled over him and he toppled backward with arms outstretched as if imploring aid from a God who had turned his back on mankind.

Eager and willing hands however reached forth, hands that provided succor and aid, and stanching the stream that flowed from Jock's wound. Carefully the bearers carried him back to the dressing station. But, alas! the bullet had found its billet, poor Jock was mor-

tally wounded. The bullet had lodged in one of his lungs and nothing could be done by the Surgeons who wrought unceasingly, caring for the long stream of wounded that now poured back to the dressing station. "Back to the base" was the verdict and again Jock was lifted up and carried back to where the ambulances waited for their human freight.

So it happened that when Jock McGregor opened his eyes, that were soon to close for ever in death, it was to gaze into the face of one he had known years before in Scotland, one he had cruelly deserted, now standing by his bedside clad in the garb of a nurse. "Jean," he gasped, "Ye here lass?" "Aye, Jock, I'm here, I waited for ye long, but lad I've been true tae ye, I kenned ye'd come back to me Jock, I hae the ring ye gae me yon nicht afore ye left." With a mighty effort the wounded man raised himself up in bed only to sink backward again. He tried to speak but his tongue would not respond, at last it came, "Jean, Jean lass," he said, "Ye say ye've been true tae me, me worthless Jock McGregor, me wha sae cruelly forgot ye oot there in Canada, true tae me." "Hush, Jock," she whispered, "Ye manna excite yersel, I'm here richt wi' ye, an I'm gaun tae nurse yo back tae yer auld sel', back tae health and tae me." She laughed hysterically as she rearranged the blankets, and placed her gentle hand on his fevered brow. But Jock was not to be silenced, again he tried to speak. "I'm nae worthy lass, I'm nae worthy," he cried, "I'm nae worthy o' yer great love, forget me, leave me tae dee, for I'm worthless, I dinna deserve it." "Jock yer nae tae dee," she cried, "I hae waited for ye, an ye're no tae leave me noo."

But the grim hand of the reaper was near, the internal loss of blood, the surprise at seeing the girl he had deserted here by his side had proved too much for Jock, an ashy pallor overspread his face, while beads of cold sweat poured from his brow, nervously he clutched at his

throat, as if to tear it, gasping for breath, he muttered "Jean, Jean my ain, kiss me lass, kiss me tho' I'm nae worth o't."

She stooped and kissed him, but as their lips met, his poor torn body gave a convulsive shudder, and worthless Jock McGregor lay still in death.

Faithful Jean had found her false lover, but to lose him again, he had gone, slipped from her arms down the long dark trail from which none return. Worthless Jock McGregor had made the supreme sacrifice.

Pte. Herb Lloyd of A. Sec. 15th Fld. Amb. wishes to contribute the following recipe regarding Hersute facial ornaments. The Ambulance, already have several beautiful moustaches on parade, but for the benefit of the amateur we reprint the following:

PTE. PAUL'S MOUSTACHE

Upon retiring place a glass of water on a small table close to the bed and sprinkle a teaspoonful of salt on the upper lip. The moustache parched with thirst, will reach out to the water — and now is the psychological moment; Seize the moustache firmly and before it has time to recede, knot it in six small knots and fasten it with baby-blue ribbon. Leave it like this for 20 minutes and undo knots and behold—a moustache!!

"Each night before retiring soak both feet in a bucket of boiling water, thus stimulating the circulation. At the same time make a noise like a rabbit calling to its mate. On hearing this the "hairs" will naturally creep out from their shelter. Then before they have time to escape it should be an easy matter to pin each individual hair firmly to the upper lip.



Who was the Bugler that sounded "First Post" when the guard presented arms to the Brigadier?

Bruce Ten Years Hence

CLIPPINGS FROM COUNTY PAPERS

KINCARDINE

The railway officials of the Bruce Electric Line were over the different branches of the road last week. While at Kincardine the station agent, Mr. A. Hall, took them out on the lake in his pleasure yacht. The General Manager, Mr. Harry K. Watts, spoke at the banquet given to the officials in Tobermory and showed great satisfaction in the strong financial standing of the company. The mayor, Alex. Young, tendered them the freedom of the city. Among the honoured guests was Mr. John Gray, of the Gray Steamboat Co., who gave an outline of the benefit the road was to shipping from the new docks at Point Clark, Inverhuron, Barrow Bay, and Sydney Bay. Mr. Albert Bell, editor of the Bruce Pudding, Pine River, and Mr. Hanson, editor of the Bus News, McGill, accompanied the officials on the trip.



WIARTON

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Ruhl and Mr. and Mrs. N. E. Hoover are spending a pleasant month at the former's farm cottage in Zion settlement.

Mr. "Buzz" McEachren has bought the Pettigrew garage at Lions Head. Mr. Earnest Pettigrew is retiring from business and is preparing to take his family to the Old country.



WALKERTON

Dr. George Murray, specialist, of Atlanta, Georgia, visited his old war-time friend, our family physician, Dr. George Wanless.

ARMOW

Word was received that Mr. Norman Smith has sold his ranch in Alberta and will visit his old home here before going to Scotland, where Postmaster General Mr. Gordon Shewfelt has secured for him the position as postmaster for Glasgow.

THE SOLDIER'S PRAYER

O Lord of love, watch over me,
 And send me away to "Sunny Italy;"
 I pray thee that I have the chance
 To take a trip through good old France.
 And when I ride the Channel wave,
 I hope I have the grub I crave,
 Keep up my spirits, keep down my meals
 So I'll be well from head to heels.
 And when I march in ancient Rome,
 I hope the girlies smile as at home,
 I hope each Latin miss
 Comes through—oh joy—with a real kiss.
 And make me ready to do and dare,
 Like Eve Languay, I don't care.
 I'm here to fight; the cause is just,
 We'll fix the Kaiser, or else we'll bust.
 I pray when I'm ready to fire my gun,
 I put the bocher on the run.
 I'll make them cover far more ground
 Than does the Kaiser's barrel-shaped
 hound.
 And while they're going, don't let 'em
 stop,
 But keep the Huns on the hop,
 May they take more hops, so great their
 fear,
 Than e'er they drank in a keg of beer.
 Then, when at last we cross the Rhine,
 And Haig says "The Victory's mine,"
 The Kaiser will groan, "What shall I
 do?"
 "Farewell cruel world, I'm through with
 you."
 And while in Berlin we have to wait,
 Don't let me take a German mate,
 Just send me back to good old Cal,
 To build a house for me an' my gal.

"BRUCE IN KHAKI" STAFF HONOURED.

A complimentary dinner was given by Mr. A. Lindsey to the staff of "Bruce in Khaki," on Tuesday evening, November 6th, at Revill's Private Hotel, Godalming, where they all enjoyed the most pleasant evening they have spent since coming to England. At 6.45 they sat down to a sumptuous dinner, which was provided by Mr. and Mrs. Sadler, and the boys showed their appreciation of the efforts put forth by the host and hostess to give them a jolly evening, by doing ample justice to the good things on the well laden table.

After dinner the guests retired to the parlor, where the evening was spent in toasts, music, etc. Capt. Shaw, "Bruce in Khaki's" censor, responded to the toast, "Bruce County," and also told some amusing stories. Lieut. V. A. McKechnie proposed "Bruce in Khaki," which was responded to by the business manager, Corpl. N. Black, and the editor, Pte. T. Johnston, who thanked Mr. Lindsey most heartily for making it possible for the 160th to have a battalion newspaper, and also his employees for the assistance and courtesy with which they have always treated the staff. B. S.M. H. Watts gave a cheery address and Sergt. Neil McDonald kept them laughing all the time with his original jokes. Mr. A. Lindsey said it was a great pleasure to him to do anything he could for the boys as he has sons of his own in the army. After singing "He's a Jolly Good Fellow," "Auld Lang Syne" and "God Save the King," the boys started back for camp carrying with them pleasant memories which time will never obliterate.

Save all your Stamps.—Pte. G. Goodchild, Hut 20, "B." Co., 164th Batt. will purchase all sound and lightly cancelled 6c., 10c., 20c. and 50c. Canadian stamps.

BUGLE BAND BULLETS

Something new this week fellows.
Anybody want a midnight?



Who said "Gas," was it our hoarse-throated drummer.



Who's the drummer on returning from Godalming one evening lately, remarked that he had never sang better in twelve years. Get a rake Simon, we sympathize with the people twelve years ago.



To H——with the stripes, where's the cat.



Look out for squalls next pay, our "Criminals" will draw big pay then.



Who was the drummer that came back a day before his leave expired, we wonder why?



Haven't Potter's, of Aldershot, got as good drum sticks as Potter's, London? What sayest thou Sergt.?



Who are the Buglers, who on coming back from Guildford, argue over their financial obligations: "I don't care, I tickled the wire last week?"



What suits our Herbie better, Guildford or London? Wish I had an uncle too Herbie.



"Mutt" visited Scotland last week. Our friend Jeff could only make Liphook on account of his state of finance, where did you get the kale Mutt?



"Lights Out"—Obscure those nocturnal illuminators.

BRUCE COUNTY NEWS.

YOUNG BRUCE



“Pte.” Jack Johnston, who, before being old enough to join Mr. A. Miller’s squad of Boy Scouts, of Wiarton, was their mascot and hiked to Colpoys with them in the winter of 1915.

Many interesting and humorous experiences of life in the trenches can be told by Pte. Theodore Melligan, who returned from overseas Saturday last. “Theo,” as he is generally known, is the younger son of Ed. Melligan, the genial G.T.R. conductor. He is believed to have the distinction of being the youngest boy to leave Wiarton and district to serve his country overseas. He was barely sixteen when he enlisted, almost twenty-six months ago.

Sergeant Robt. Taylor, son of Mrs. Wm. Taylor, received a warm welcome back to Chesley on Tuesday evening. He left Chesley in 1914 with the first contingent and after a short stay in the Bermudas was sent to France. He was wounded in the chest and leg at the battle of Vimy Ridge on April 9th and

has been in a hospital ever since. It was reported Bob was dead, but though a little lame he is still very much alive. Mayor Halliday officially welcomed the young soldier and Sergt. Taylor modestly replied.



At a gathering composed largely of his old parishioners and fellow citizens Capt. (Rev.) C. K. Masters, recently returned from the trenches, was given a warm welcome by the people of Wiarton Thursday evening last when he gave a brief address at the evening meeting of the North Bruce Sunday School Association in the Baptist Church. Amidst a prolonged outburst of applause Capt. Masters, who needed but little introduction to those present, commenced his address.

Camp News

Pte. G. R. Sewell returned from Scotland Sunday.



Lieut. Mowatt is now second in command of C. Company.



If you want to know anything about the mail ask Tom Brady.



On Tuesday, October 23rd, Pte. Roy Henderson, eldest son of Major John Henderson, of Walkerton, Ont., was united in marriage to Miss Annie Pearson, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Pearson of West Hartlepool. The marriage took place at Brighton. The best wishes of the 160th are extended to the happy young couple.



Ptes. L. L. Macartney and T. Galbraith returned from Scotland this week, where they had a most enjoyable time. While there Tommy met a brother whom he had not seen for twenty-five years, and Lorne brought back a Scotch pound note as a souvenir.



A great improvement has been made around the 160th officers' lines. The members of No. 12 platoon have built a neat rustic fence around the huts and flowers have been planted. It gives a very pleasing appearance to the huts and is a credit to those who did the work.



Major Dunlop has taken command of D. Company. Better get a pair of the famous Dunlop non-skid tyres on Major, so you won't slip into C. Company lines so often by mistake.



Pte. C. A. B. Laidlaw, a Lions Head boy who came over recently with Princess Pats reinforcements, was in Camp this week visiting his old friends from Bruce.

Pte. Wm. McDonald of Stokes Bay, who came over with the 166th, and went to France with the 42nd, is on his way back to Canada. He spent Sunday in camp bidding his old Bruce friends farewell.



We are pleased to report that Peter Henderson Cole came back to camp on Thursday, after three months of hospital life. "Hen" is looking fine and says he sure feels good. He has been in a few different hospitals in England and has some good stories to tell. He says he has seen fourteen air raids.



The Monthly Meeting of the Sergt.'s Mess was held on Friday evening, Nov. 2nd, B.S.M. Watts in the chair. The old officers were re-elected for the coming month. President, Sergt. K. Matheson; Sec.-Treas., Sergt. Gordon Shewfelt; Caterer, Sergt. Butchart. An entertaining committee was appointed, Sergts. Hoover and Schauldice and C.Q.M.S. J. Nairn, and the mess will hold social evenings throughout the fall and winter. Speeches were made by different members and all spoke of the splendid management, which was very encouraging to the committee.



DOINGS IN NO. 9 HUT.

We have to throw stones through the window to see out.

If we have the night mare we just hitch the mare to the post and drive off.

If we dream we are playing baseball the pitcher is on the table.

And if we get dry through the night there is a spring under the mattress (I don't think.)

If we want a waiter in the mess we just wring a towel.

We all wish it would snow, so we could blow.



Stewart McKenzie, of the Advocate, Paisley, who came over with the artillery, called on his One-Six-O friends on Sunday.

Musical Notes

The machine gun section of the Brass Band have completed their three day course. Have you heard them shoot? If not, drop in some evening.



Who are the two bandsmen who spent two hours looking through the map for Clandon? We wonder why?



Bandsman Hahn has been in the hospital with tonsillitis for the past few weeks. Morgan had his throat cut and is now improving rapidly. We expect to see him back with the bunch in a few days.



The boys who have not had their four days' pass are wondering WHEN it will come?



Have you noticed the vast improvement in several of the band boys since they completed their special individual course in music.



In last weeks' issue of "Bruce in Khaki" we mentioned that A. T. McCombe was in the candle manufacturing. Now that the electric juice is on, he wishes to inform his many customers that his business has gone up in smoke.



Who is the man who makes the band look like a bunch of bar flies?



Pte. Wilson, string instrument soloist, is now a member of the band hut, and delights the boys in the evening with his fine banjo and mandolin selections. Carry-on with the good work, George.



We wonder why our side-drummer put his drum together with the leg rest at the front? Better stay in the hut at night, Joseph.

MEDALS AWARDED

The silver medals for the winners in the Division of the barb wiring and sand bagging competitions held some time ago, were presented by Major Young in the men's mess room last week. The following are the lucky soldiers: A. Company, Corpl. McGregor, E. T. Alexander, V. G. Runstadtler, N. J. Zettell, W. H. Young; B. Company, S. L. Miller, J. A. Agnew, G. Wark, S. Mitchell; C. Company, L.-Corpl. W. J. Eldridge, W. E. Fraser, J. Carter, C. McArthur, A. McLay; D. Company, W. A. Bell, A. C. Dymott.



AN OPPORTUNITY.

Readers of "Bruce in Khaki" are cordially invited to a lecture by William Le Queux at the Canadian Y.M.C.A., Godalming, on Thursday evening, Nov. 15th, at 7 o'clock. The subject is an especially interesting one at this time, "The German Spy System." Mr. Wm. Le Queux, whose novels are so well known, has for a number of years made an intimate study of the German Secret Service. Some of his most recent books, "German Spies in England," "Britain's Deadly Peril" and "The Devil's Spawn" have created a profound sensation, while many of his suggestions have been adopted by the government. The Lecture is a startling exposure of astonishing facts and outspoken revelations. Mr. Le Queux is without any political bias, his motto being "Britain for the Briton." He has for many years refused to lecture or speak in public on a subject on which he is the one acknowledged authority. Now Bruce Men here's the chance of a lifetime—don't miss this opportunity.



IN MEMORY.

Sacred to the memory of Pte. James Wesley Haug, No. 652210, who died Nov. 10th, 1916.

He died his country for to save
And now he fills a hero's grave.