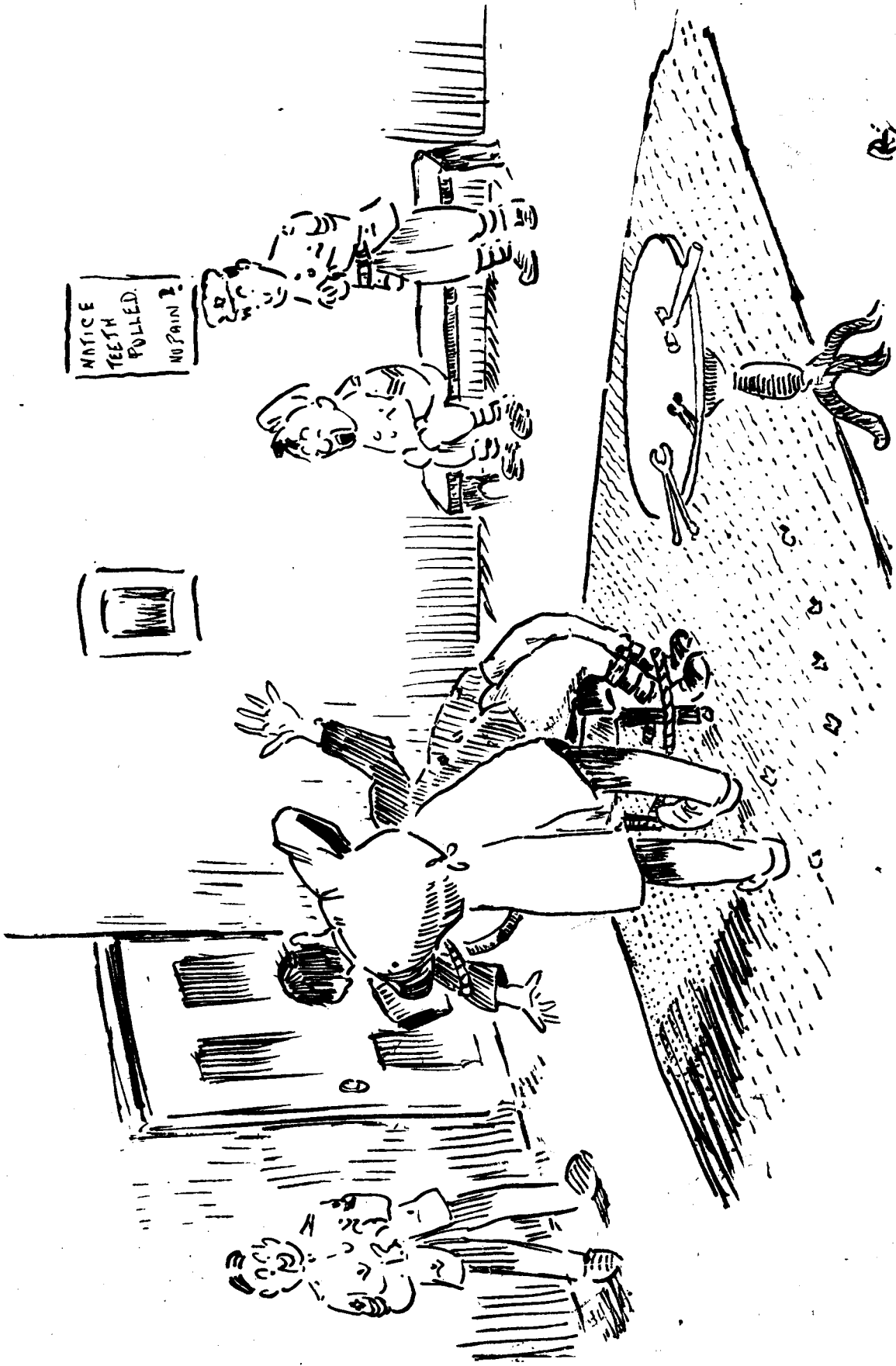


PAGE

MISSING

A MERRY CHRISTMAS



THE RESULT OF EATING WAR BREAD

Dentist from force of habit : "Tell me when it hurts?"



La Vie Canadienne

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FINIS.



CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

At last after the space of four years, these greetings can again be sincerely given.

For at this festive season in these passed years of strife, it has been but a farce to give the old Christmas greeting, when around us Peace did not exist on earth, nor was there good will towards men. "A Merry Christmas" sounded but a hollow greeting when the world was writhing in the grip of the bloodiest war of ages. To wish our friends a Happy New Year seemed a mockery when misery and Death were rampant in the land, the future was dark, and no man could foretell the end.

But now the Allies, thanks to magnificent leadership, the devoted bravery of their soldiers and sailors, the perseverance of their rulers, the good will and assistance of their peoples, can again in all sincerity give the old Christmas greeting to a delivered world.

The bells can again ring out, and men can make merry without the thought that on the morrow the struggle for Liberty must be resumed.

Let us then celebrate Christmas and rejoice in our new born freedom; but let it be in a chastened spirit; so when we drink the Silent Toast "To Absent Friends" we may remember those who paid the supreme sacrifice that we might live in liberty, and, on this day of all days, rejoice unthreatened by the menace of the tyrannical Hun.

A PEACE OFFENSIVE. — Now, that Germany realises her wild dream of world conquest is unattainable, she is preparing for a resumption of her pre-war trade conquest; and such is German mentality and self-conceit that she imagines she will be able to resume business as usual. To fight such a resumption, will be the business of the Entente Allies; and

to see that German cunning and German state subsidised trade do not again swamp the world's markets to the detriment of the native traders.

In combatting this peace offensive we shall, as before, be in contact with the unscrupulous German " Hidden Hand ", and one of our greatest dangers will be the weakness of our own people. We shall have to guard against those who pride themselves on their forgiving natures. This class will only be too ready to extend the hand of friendship to the Hun, and to let bye-gones be bye-gones, more especially if such friendship is of material advantage to them, and the Hun will see that it is so.

Another danger will be man's cupidity and natural disinclination to be bothered with those matters that do not closely concern him. He will say, " Oh well, I know that these things should not be, but after all it is none of my business, the Government should see to it ". But it is his business, it is everybody's business who is a citizen of any of the Entente Allied Nations. It is our business to see that our Governments protect us and our trade from the tenacles of German state subsidised trade which is bent on grasping by any means, fair or foul, all that it can reach.

That the German will make the most of this weakness in our midst is undoubted, and that this weakness will, if unchecked, be a valuable ally is certain. For the German is essentially cunning. He knows only too well the temptation of easy-money to the " Get-richquick " type of trader and will fully exploit it. Others, of possibly a more patriotic nature, seeing the rapid success of their neighbours, will, if unsupported by their Governments, follow in their foot-steps, for they will say " Why should so-and-so succeed while I, who am patriotic *cease to exist*, simply because I am unsupported by my Government.

It should, therefore, be the business of the Governments of the Entente Allies to combat this insidious attack with every means in their power and to defeat the German with his own weapon by State Assistance to their vital trades. Nay more. It should be made an offence against the law of the land to trade with the German for a period of years until our trade is so firmly established that it cannot be shaken by the underhand methods of the Hun, and until he has made good the devastated trades of France and Belgium. Thus will the unscrupulous Entente traders be kept in check and the honest ones encouraged and protected.

There are those who will say that this statement is chimerical. Let them look at trade in the prewar days when we blindly allowed the German to rob us while we slept on our previous successes. Look at the way he wormed himself into every trade and by hook or by crook acquired its secrets and then undersold us. Remember he is wonderfully patient, methodical and plodding. He will work for a wage, and live as no other man will, to attain his object. No means are too underhand to obtain his ends; and lastly, behind him will be a paternal Government which will watch and aid his struggles through its secret agents.

Germany knowing that she has lost the War is determined to win the Peace, and will leave no means untried to accomplish her purpose.

We must therefore prepare for this Peace offensive by guarding against the danger in our midst, the weakness of our own people, and the Huns who live and thrive on our tolerance.

Our traders must be protected, and our enemies deported.

A GERMAN PEACE. — What the Entente Nations have escaped by the defeat of Germany is clearly shown by the peace terms, published in the "Matin", which she had the presumption to send to France through Washington in 1914 in the early days of the war.

We have heard a good deal from the Hun, now that he is defeated, about a peace which will not be inconsistent with the "Honour" of Germany.

Bearing this in mind, it is interesting to read these "Honourable" peace terms which the Hun proposed to allow France when he thought he held her at his mercy.

They are as follows :

1. Surrender of all French Colonies.
2. Surrender of the North-eastern regions of France.
3. Grant of an indemnity of ten Billiards of Francs (i.e. Ten Thousand Millions.)
4. Suppression of all rights of entry of French goods for 25-years; Germany reserves the right of eventually fixing the tariff on all French produce entering Germany.
5. France to abandon all obligatory military service for 25- years.
6. Destruction of all French Fortresses.
7. France to surrender to Germany three million Rifles, 2,000 cannon and 40,000 horses.
8. Special rights to be given all German Patents in France.
9. France to renounce all alliances with Russia and England.
10. Adherence of France to an alliance with Germany for twenty-five years.

CONGRATULATIONS. — To Colonel A. L. Hamilton on his appointment as Director of Records.

Also to Major F. W. Utton on his Staff Appointment.

To the Corps on its magnificent fighting, and its capture of Mons; a fine termination to a splendid record.

Lastly to Majors Archibald and Utton, and Lieut. Maxwell on receiving the O. B. E.

VALE. — At this festive season it is sad to strike a sorrowful note, but in the Army the affairs of men are not their's to shape, rough hew them as they may.

It is with great regret, therefore, that we must announce our pending departure, for pastures fresh, from this ancient city, where so many of us have been the recipients of so much kindness " and sympathy from the warm hearted citizens and the Charming " Citoyennes ".

Our sentiments can, possibly, be best expressed in a paraphrase of the old marching song : —

*So to Roue'n kindly people
Now we bid a fond adieu
But we sha'n't forget the gay time,
We have had along with you.*

ADIEU

EDITOR.

ERRATA

Synopsis of the War on the Western Front

(Published in "La Vie Canadienne" No. 14. December 1918)

- Page 5 HEADING. — *For* : " September 30th "; — *Read* : " October 20th ".
- Page 6 line 1. — *For* : " at Paris "; — *Read* : " in Paris ".
- Page 6 line 19. — *After* : " the Allies occupied Lille "; — *Add* : " but evacuated it shortly afterwards ".
- Page 8 line 31. — *For* : " Major-General Lipsett "; — *Read* : " Major-General Mercer ".
- Page 9 line 7. — *For* : " Lieut.-General Sir Julian Byng "; — *Read* : " Lieut.-General, Hon. Sir Julian Byng ".
- Page 9 line 22. — *After* : " Mount Sorrel "; — *Add* : " Major General Mercer was killed. He was succeeded in command by Major General Lipsett ".
- Page 14 lines 9 & 10. — *After* : " Superiority in men ", a full stop and a space then; — *Read* : " MAY ". — " So on the 27th of May the Crown Prince ".
- Page 14 lines 21, 22 and 23. — *After* : " 105 kilometres " a space, then; — *Read* : " JUNE. " " The Crown Princes drive was temporarily checked on the River Vesle ".
- Page 15 line 7. — *For* : " General Foch had scarcely used "; — *Read* : " General Foch had been obliged to use ".
- " line 8. — *For* : " and further the Americans "; — *Read* : " and although the Americans ".
- Page 19 line 34. — *For* : " Tho "; — *Read* : " To ".
- Page 19 line 36. — Full stop after " Forest of the Ardennes; — *Erase* : " and the Neutral Duchy of Luxemburg ".
- Page 20 line 23. — *For* : " hat "; — *Read* : " had ".

Situation Map

Errata

- GERMAN OFFENSIVE 1918. AREA No. 1. — *For* : " Bouvion " north of Cambrai; — *Read* : " Bourlon ". The proper position of this village on the map is north west of Cambrai, and south east of Marquion in a line to the west of the name " Bouvion " as show on map.
- GERMAN OFFENSIVE 1918. AREA No. 2. — *For* : " Festekt "; — *Read* : " Festubert ".

(In Front of Synopsis Western Front.)



SYNOPSIS OF THE WAR

ON THE WESTERN FRONT

(And important connecting events)

From 21st October to 11th November

1918

(NOTE : Reference Map, Vol. 44 of December 1918.)



MARSHAL FOCH

COMMANDANT-IN-CHIEF OF THE ALLIED ARMIES

ORDER OF THE DAY. 11th NOVEMBER 1918

“ Hostilities will cease on the whole front as from November 11th at 11. o'clock. (French time.)

“ The Allied Troops will not, until further orders, go beyond the line reached on that date and at that hour. ”

(Signed) MARSHAL FOCH,

Such was the order of the great French Marshal to the leaders of the Allied Armies of which he was Generalissimo With this order, the curtain fell on the stage of the Western Theatre of War at the conclusion of the bloodiest drama and most terrible tragedy that the world has ever witnessed.

OCTOBER. — October 21st saw the Belgian coast completely free of the German invaders, who, in Belgium and Flanders had found a brief respite from the pressure of the Allied pursuit behind the line of rivers and canals which travers those countries from the Dutch Frontier to Saint-Amand, north of Valenciennes. These consist of the rivers Lys and Scheldt (l'Escault) with their canal system.

In Belgium, the enemy was covered by the Lys Canal which runs approximately two miles west of Ecclooo and six miles west of Ghent. This position however, was by no means secure, for the Second British Army was across the Lys east of Courtrai and so could turn the German position in the north covering these cities. South-east of Courtrai the enemy behind the Scheldt was putting up a strong resistance. Further south the British Fifth Army had reached the western outskirts of Tournai. In front of Valenciennes the First and Third British Armies in the face of a stubborn resistance had forced their way to a distance of two miles from the town. The Canadian troops of the First Army had entered Denain amidst the acclamations of the liberated inhabitants. The Fourth British Army with the Americans divisions attached to it, had forced the river Selle from Denain to Le Cateau, and the Germans who were holding the Maubeuge-Mons road had been driven eastwards with the loss of over 3,000 prisoners.

In the angle between the Oise and the Serre the French were continuing their advance; while further east, the German counter-attacks on Vouziers had been repulsed.

On the 22nd, the Fifth and First British Armies were pressing the enemy back on the Scheldt from the north of Tournai which was encircled, to Valenciennes, and the Canadians had entered the western suburbs of the town. In Belgium, the French and Belgian Armies renewed their attack along the Lys Canal towards Ghent, and the latter, crossing the Canal, took 1,400 prisoners. On the Serre the French, advancing towards La Fere, captured the towns of Grandlup and Chalandry.

On the 23rd, the First British Army, advanced between Tournai and Valenciennes, and in spite of a stubborn defence by the enemy fought their way through the Forest of Raismes and captured Bruay.

The Third and Fourth British Armies attacked between the Scheldt and Le Cateau on a front of 20 miles to a depth of from three to four miles in difficult country, and captured several thousand prisoners, and many guns. The enemy, knowing the importance of this sector, had concentrated a large number of for its defence, but was unable to hold the British advance on any part of the line attacked.

The Fourth Army continued its advance on the Sambre and reached the old battle fields of 1914 near Landrecies.

The French meeting with stubborn resistance in their advance on the Serre and Souche line, succeeded in crossing the latter river, and held the eastern bank. The Americans in the Argonne, opposed, on a narrow front by 30 German Divisions, were slowly making headway.

The Great attack commenced on the 23rd was continued on the 24th and the Third and Fourth British Armies gradually forced a passage through the gap between the Scheldt and the Sambre towards the Belgian Frontier and the fortresses of Maubeuge and Mons. The enemy, who had already lost over 7,000 prisoners and more than 100 guns, pushed heavy reinforcements into the fight to stop the British advance, but with no result except to greatly increase his own casualties. His resistance was broken and the British advance in the south of the battle field, which had a breadth of about twenty miles, reached the neighbourhood of Landrecies and the Forest of Normal. The British centre had reached a position within a mile of the Valenciennes-Metz railway, thus threatening the lateral line of communication between the wings of the German armies in the Field. South of Valenciennes, the British had reached open country in which the enemy made a

determined stand. The German reserve was now almost used up, for it had suffered terribly from the constant pressure and terrific fighting of the last few weeks, so that now, the enemy had scarcely more than three or four fresh divisions in reserve on which he could rely.

The burden of the great battle, now raging, had fallen on the British Third and Fourth Armies and the American troops attached to them, and in Belgium on the British Second and Belgian Armies, for further east the turning movement down the Meuse from Champagne and the Ardennes had temporarily been brought to a standstill.

The strategic object of this battle, was an attack on the enemy's centre and an attempt to gain the railways at Bavai or Maubeuge by the eastern arm of the Allied forces engaged, the Third and Fourth British Armies; while the Second British and Belgian Armies composing the western arm continued their advance in the North.

The tactical operation consisted in a thrust between the Scheldt and the Sambre, and the consequent turning of the VALENCIENNES position. It was also a stroke at the enemy's communications down the Meuse for the Sambre joins the Meuse at Namur.

On the 24th, President Wilson's reply to the German note with regard to an armistice was received. He stated that he was willing to take the matter up with the Allied Governments, but he emphasised the fact that the only armistice he felt justified in submitting was one which would leave Germany in such a position that she would be unable to resume hostilities. He also pointed out that the people responsible for the war were still in power in Germany, and stated: "If the United States must deal with the Military masters and monarchical autocrats of Germany now, or if it is likely to have to deal with them later, in regard to the internal obligations of the German Empire, it must demand, not peace negotiations, but surrender", or in other words, the President made it clear that to deal with the Kaiser and the Junker Government was impossible as their word was not to be trusted.

On the 25th, General Ludendorff, the German-Commander-in-Chief, the man who was responsible for plunging Germany into the disastrous offensives of 1918 in the face of the terms offered by the Entente Allies, resigned the Command of the German Armies — an ominous sign of internal disruption in the German Empire.

The great battle still continued with the British slowly forging their way forward, despite the intensity of the German resistance. The First and Third British Armies were gradually outflanking Valenciennes from the North and South. The Third Army had captured eight miles of the railway between Valenciennes and Avesnes. The Fourth Army also continued its advance and together these two Armies since the commencement of the battle, had captured 9,000 prisoners and 150 guns.

In Belgium, the French, under General Degoutte, improved their position on the east of the Lys to the southwest of Ghent.

In Champagne and the Ardennes, the French Armies made two attacks; one on an eight mile front on the Sambre between the Oise and the Serre, and the other on a 17-mile front between the Souche and the Aisne, near Chateau Porcien. In these offensives, they captured over 3,000 prisoners.

Events were moving fast in Austria, where the Emperor's manifesto promising a separate State to each of the Austrian races, and President Wilson's note of October 18th, had accelerated the process of disintegration. These States, acting for themselves, set up provisional Governments and refused to deal with the Austrian Government. The position then became hopeless. So without waiting for the outcome of the Notes between Berlin and President Wilson, Count Andrássy on the 27th requested the President for an armistice on the basis of his 14 points; and so the Austro-German partnership in world-wide crime was broken.

On the front between the Scheldt and the Sambre, the turning movement south of Valenciennes continued, and in spite of heavy counter attacks by the enemy, over 1,000 prisoners were captured.

The French Armies in Champagne were approaching the important railway centre of Hirson, and between Sissonne and Chateau Porcien they continued their advance and captured 2,450 prisoners.

Dr. Solf, in reply to President Wilson's last note, stated that the German Peace negotiations now rested in the hands of a People's Government, and that it now awaited proposals for an armistice as a preliminary to peace in accordance with the President's programme. Thus putting the proposal for an armistice on the Entente Allies; a German trick, however, which did not succeed, for the Allies merely continued the war.

On the 28th, the fighting on the British front was not so severe. In Champagne the Germans were in full retreat followed by the First French Army which was advancing towards Hirson. In Belgium, the French continued to press the enemy and improve their positions on the right bank of the Lys.

On the 29th, the French, under General Debeney reached the outskirts of Guise, and west of Chateau Porcien General Guillaumat's troops captured 850 prisoners.

On October the 30th Turkey, defeated in Palestine and Mesopotamia, was granted an armistice by the Entente Allies.

The Austrian High Command, with their armies in Italy routed and in full retreat, unable to await the result of their Government's negotiations with President Wilson, was forced to apply for an armistice to the Italian Commander-in-Chief.

In France there was a temporary lull in the fighting on the British front; but the French under General Debeney continued to advance north and south of Guise.

On the 31st the Second British Army east of Courtrai, with the French and Americans fighting on their left, attacked on the high ground west of the Scheldt, where they carried all their objectives and captured about 1,000 prisoners.

In the heavy fighting during October the British Armies on the Western front captured 40,000 prisoners and 925 guns.

Since the beginning of the Allied offensives in July the British captures totalled 172,650 prisoners, 2,378 guns, and 17,000 machine guns.

NOVEMBER. — On November the 1st there was a resumption of fighting at several points on the Western front.

English and Canadian troops forced the river Rhonelle and advanced to the outskirts of Valenciennes.

The British, American, and French troops east of the Lys fought their way to the Scheldt south of Ghent in an advance of five miles on a ten mile front.

In the Ardennes the French and Americans in a combined offensive, between the Aisne and the Meuse, drove the enemy back about four miles and reached the neighbourhood of Buzancy. In the course of the fighting they took 3,600 prisoners.

At Versailles the Allied Conference, to discuss the armistice terms was opened.

In the centre Landrecies was occupied and passed. On the right the defences of the Sambre-Oise canal were forced and the enemy driven back three miles further east.

Over 10,000 prisoners and 200 guns were captured, while General Debeney in his advance took another 3,000 prisoners.

Between the Aisne and the Meuse the French occupied le Chesne, while the Americans further east were about a mile from Beaumont and Stenay. On the extreme right they had advanced on an 18 miles front and were barely 10 miles from the railway between Longuyon, Meziers, and Hirson, the German lateral line of communication. In two days they had defeated 17 German divisions, advanced 13 miles at the furthest point, and captured more than 3,000 prisoners and 100 guns.

At the Versailles Conference on November the 5th, full powers were conferred on Marshal Foch in deal with the German application for an armistice.

President Wilson despatched his last note to the German Government informing it that if it wished to know the conditions on which an armistice would be granted, it must apply to Marshal Foch.

The German Armies, defeated with heavy casualties, were now in full retreat towards the Meuse from the Conde canal in the north to the Aisne in the south.

English troops had captured Le Quesnoy, and the Canadians were barely 10 miles from Mons.

The French First, Tenth, and Fifth, Armies were advancing between the Oise and the Aisne towards the Hirson-Meziers railway.

Further east, the Germans to protect the flank of their retreat, were holding the Aisne between Chateau-Porcien and Attigny.

Between the Aisne and the Meuse the enemy were retiring in front of the French and Americans.

On the right the Americans had taken Beaumont and were on the Meuse north of Stenay; while south of Dun-sur-Meuse they had a bridge-head on the east side of the Meuse.

The German retreat, on the 6th, became general all along the line from the north of Valenciennes to the Meuse in the east; and their protecting flank between the Aisne and Chateau-Porcien had given way.

Further north, the British Armies were in full pursuit of the enemy towards Avesnes, Maubeuge, and Mons.

British troops had captured the important railway junction of Aulnoye, and surrounded Bavai.

To the east the French and American Armies continued their advance and were now less than 8 miles from the Hirson-Mezieres railway.

The Americans had reached Sedan, and had captured Dun-sur-Meuse.

On the 7th a Republic was proclaimed in Bavaria; thus confirming the confused reports that had been in circulation for some time that the German Empire was in a state of revolution.

The origin of the present German Government was the result of the Revolution carried out in Berlin.

The rapidity of the success of the revolutionary movement would appear to be the result of careful preparation by the Independent Socialists; for the Executive Government was entirely Socialistic.

The Revolution broke out at Kiel, on November the 3rd, in the Third Squadron of the Fleet, and the mutineers were joined by the troops sent to quell the outbreak. It spread rapidly through the important cities of Hamburg, Bremen, Lubeck and Hanover; and the Kaiser's abdication was demanded.

On November the 9th, Berlin passed into the hands of the Workers and Soldiers Council. The Imperial Chancellor, Prince Max of Baden, resigned and was succeeded by Herr Erbert a saddler and a Socialist leader. The Kaiser was reported to have abdicated, and the Crown Prince to have renounced his right to the succession. (They did not actually do so, however, until sometime afterwards when they were interned in Holland.)

The Revolution now made rapid progress and soon had spread over all the most important parts of Germany, and permeated both the Army and the Navy. It swept away all the monarchies throughout the German Empire and finally in their place established a Government of Majority Socialists and Independents, in the Executive of which the Extremists were included.

This was the Government which signed the armistice with the Allied Military and Naval leaders.

As to the cause of the Revolution there is no doubt that want of food and general shortage

were effects which contributed to its being. So much for the blockade, the work of the Silent British Navy.

On the 8th, in France and Belgium, the state of the German Armies was fast going from bad to worse thanks to the unrelenting pursuit of the Allied Armies.

The new German Government had applied to Marshal Foch for an armistice; and after some local difficulties, the German delegates crossed the Allied line at La Capelle on the 8th, and on the morning of the 9th were received by Marshal Foch who gave them until 11. am on November the 11th to accept the Allied terms.



LT. GENERAL SIR A. W. CURRIE

IN COMMAND OF THE CANADIAN CORPS ON THE WESTERN FRONT

On the 9th, in the north the Belgian Army was in position along the Ghent-Terneuzen canal from the Dutch frontier to Ghent railway station on the east side of the city. The French Army in Belgium was east of the Scheldt. The Fifth and Second British Armies had crossed the Scheldt on their whole front and had taken Antwerp and Tournai. The First British Army had crossed the Maubeuge-Mons railway and was close to Mons. Maubeuge had been captured and the Third and Fourth British Armies were advancing on both sides of the Sambre towards the Belgian frontier.

To the East the French had cut the Hirson-Meziers railway line, had captured Hirson and surrounded Mezieres. The Americans were continuing their advance East of the Meuse.

On the 10th the Kaiser ignominiously fled to Holland, where he was interned. The Crown Prince, later, followed his example and was also interned by the Dutch Government. The British Armies, keeping touch with the enemy, captured Leuze and Renaix, while the Canadians occupied the southern outskirts of Mons. The French had reached the road from Hirson to Mezieres south of

Renwitz; and west of the Meuse were a mile and a half north of Charleville; while east of Meziers they had crossed the Meuse in the neighbourhood of Donchery.

In Belgium the French Army had advanced 9 1/2 miles in the south, and in the centre 4 1/2, where Audenarde had been captured.

The American First Army east of the Meuse had reached the outskirts of Stenay.

Early on the morning of November the 11th the German delegates accepted and signed the terms of the armistice, and Marshal Foch issued his order already quoted, that hostilities were to be suspended at 11. am on that date.



FIELD MARSHAL SIR DOUGLAS HAIG

COMMANDING THE BRITISH FORCES IN FRANCE AND BELGIUM

Thus, at literally the eleventh hour, the Germans saved their armies from overwhelming disaster, and their country from the horrors of war.

How nearly this fate was theirs is shown by the following statement by the Times Special Correspondent from the Correspondents Headquarters dated November 26th: "When the German delegates came to see Marshal Foch on the armistice the Marshal himself (as well as the British High Command) knew perfectly well that a few days more (he puts it at 10 days at the most) would have seen the surrender of the whole German Army into his hands and produced the greatest victory of all ages. The Marshal renounced that glory, deliberately and with eyes open, because it must have cost a certain number, however few, French and British lives, and he could not have it on his conscience to sacrifice one life after it was in his power to make peace on the terms of victory".

The situation on the morning of the 11th, except at certain points, was the same as on the night of the 10th.

The Canadians, shortly before dawn on the 11th, captured Mons, thus appropriately finishing the war at its starting point.

This last success was a fine termination of the fighting record of the Canadian Corps, who in the words of their Commander had in the last two years: "Never lost a gun and never failed to take its objective, and never has been driven from an inch of ground after it had been consolidated".

The last War Bulletins at 8.32 pm on November 11th gave the general line at 11 am on that date as follows:

BRITISH. — "Franco-Belgian frontier east of Avesnes, Jeumont, Givry, four miles east of Mons, Chievres, Lessines, Grammont". British troops were also east of Ath which had been taken.

FRENCH. — The French east of Trelong had reached the Belgian frontier. Italian troops had entered Rocroi; and further east the French had forced the passages of the Meuse between Vrigne and Lumes (Just west of Sedan).

At 11. am in accordance with the order issued by Marshal Foch, hostilities ceased. The Germans had surrendered. For the first time for four years the big and little guns were silent on the whole front. The troops as ordered remained in the positions on the line they had reached at that hour, and awaited further orders.

The British captures from the 1st to the 11th of November were as follows:

Prisoners	19,169 including 431 officers
Guns.	461
Machine guns.	2,893
Trench Mortars.	293

EPILOGUE

There can be no finer Epilogue to this mighty drama than the Special Order of the Day issued by Marshal Foch to the Allied Armies under his command on November the 12th 1918:

"Officers and Non-Commissioned Officers and Soldiers of the Allied Armies.

"After bringing the enemy's attack to a stand by your stubborn defence, you attacked him without respite for several months, with inexhaustible energy and unwavering faith.

"You have won the greatest battle in history and have saved the most sacred of all causes, the Liberty of the World.

"Well may you be proud.

"You have covered your standards with immortal glory, and the gratitude of posterity will ever be yours.

"(Signed) F. Foch,

"*Marshal of France.*

"*Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Armies.*"

C. P. P.

6-12-18.



OH! CANADA



On the 14th day of February, in the year of our Lord, 1917, I gaily started off on what was officially known as 1st Division leave to Canada, granted by a gracious Government, to those of us, who in the year 1914, enlisted (for a trip to England and back in six months) and having, in addition, the added fortune or misfortune of being married.

Our journey commenced on the afternoon of the 14th at 5.45 p.m., and fortified by some half dozen bottles of liquid comfort, we (the two "Macksj" and myself) tucked ourselves into the spacious confines of a box-car, and joltingly left behind the battle-scared city of Rouen. Our spirits were high and the lower those in the bottle decended, the higher ours arose, and there is no telling where they would have ended, had not one of our compatriots, an Imperial Sergt.-Major, been taken by a brilliant inspiration that he was a second Bishop, and fallen out of the train on his head, necessitating the stopping of said vehicle, and the collecting of the Sergt.-Major.

After this, things quieted down and we finally arrived at the summer home of Canadians in France at 3.00 a.m. After lying around this place until 3.30 p.m., we finally managed to get on a train going in the direction of Boulogne. "Where we arrived safely late that evening."

The next morning we managed to get the first boat and arrived in England before noon and in the General Depot, Shorncliffe, by 7.00 p.m. A couple of blankets and three bed boards fixed us up for the night and the bugle got us out on parade nice and early the next morning. I stood on parade listening to the different fatigues being called out, wondering what my fate would be and of all the blessed fatigues in the world, what should my luck be but Cook-house, and me wanting to keep clean for leave in Canada. I tried so hard that day to keep my uniform clean that I was kicked out of the cook house as useless at 1.00 p.m. much to my satisfaction, having visions of the rest of the day off. But nothing doing, I was forced to put in the rest of the day doing route marches and physical training. The next day, while at dinner, the door was opened. The Orderly Officer entered, and what was our surprise and pleasure but to see our old friend Sergt. Cockrill (ex 3rd Echelon warrior) with two pips up and to hear that he was Adjutant. Believe me, it did not take us long to get up to his office after dinner and state our desire to proceed immediately upon our journey Canadawards, and he being a good fellow and a real sport, smoothed the roads, for old times' sake, and the day afterwards, we found ourselves on the next lap of our journey, arriving at Buxton that night in a rain-storm at 8.50 p.m. Our stay at Buxton was uninteresting, and four days later we started for Liverpool and the boat, on board of which we arrived at 1.00 p.m.

Our boat was the old First Division tub, the "Scandinavian" and she surely lived up to her Square-head name by doing everything but loop-the-loop and that she tried to do the last day out. I escaped all duty, except on this day, when I was warned for submarine guard and had the pleasure of standing in the bow of the boat during a raging blizzard, looking for periscopes. On the square, I could not have seen a telegraph pole two feet away and all I got out of it was a face so sore that I could not shave for a week (some hardship).

The first question I was asked, on arriving at Halifax, was when I expected to go back, I said never, but had I been asked a week later, I would have given a different answer, which would have been "Damnsoun".

Our trip from Halifax to Montreal was without incident, with the exception that we were warned to keep the windows of our carriage closed and our heads in, while going through Quebec, as the last train load of wounded soldiers going through, had every window broken by stones, some of the men sustaining injuries. However, not being a train load of wounded men, we proceeded to lay in a good supply of ammunition, in the shape of rocks and while going through Quebec had every window open, but not a soul was in sight (worse luck).

Outside of our immediate families, no one in Montreal knew that we were coming, and what was more, no one cared. At the time of our arrival, the riots in Quebec broke out and our party, numbering about 300, marched in a body to headquarters, volunteering for riot duty in Quebec, but the Officer Commanding stated that they did not want to start a civil war and that we had better go and enjoy our leave.

Two days in Canada fed me up completely, so much so, that when I received a letter from the United States Government, stating that they would like the services of the 1st Contingent furlough men, in aid of their Third Liberty Loan, the pay to be fifteen dollars per diem and all expenses, I immediately jumped at the chance, taking the train to Philadelphia the same night, and arrived there the next morning, where I found that the work required of us was to go out to different meetings and "Shoot the bull", and say boys, but didn't I shoot it though. The actual shooting took about two hours a day, the rest of the time was for enjoyment, and we sure did enjoy ourselves, everything open and our money no good, cards for every club in town and an auto always at our disposal. We never thought of taking anything so plebian as a street car. Walk into any Theatre you fancied, no ticket required.

During my second week there, the French "Blue Devils" arrived, about 125 strong, and speaking a bit of French, I was attached to their party for a while. The hotels we stopped at were always the best the town could afford, Ritz, Bellview Strafford and Longacre, etc., where you got so hungry by the time you finished dinner, that you were ready to start eating supper. I also toured the States with Sousa's Band for one week and with Charlie Chaplin, Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford, not to mention many morning and afternoon meetings with the different theatrical stars. Say! I got so that I could shoot the finest line of bunk you ever heard. When I got finished with them, they must have all thought that we punched our typewriters in "pill boxes" and never dared to take our gasmasks and steel helmets off.

Everyday was Sunday for us over there, and as for the nights, well I really believe it was our party that decided the states to start total prohibition.

We toured New York, Chicago, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, St. Louis, and innumerable small burgs. I met many famous Americans and also some infamous ones, did Bishops, Delmonicos and Churchills, with their Cabarets, up brown, also Coney Island.

Well, as everything must have an ending, so did our leave, and one bright morning, I received orders from Ottawa, to report myself on the docks at Montreal for return to England and amidst many regrets and good-byes, including some female ones, I took train for Montreal, only to find, on arrival home, another letter stating that previous orders were cancelled. However, one morning a week or so later, the final orders arrived and the next morning I made my way to the Montreal docks, where already a great many of the First Division men were gathered. Well say, that sure was some gathering, everybody happy and believe me, they may not have known when we arrived in Montreal, but they sure knew when we left (ask the A.P.M.). It took every M.P. in town to get the bunch on board of the boat and many a cracked head was left behind.

We had on board a bunch of Jewish soldiers for service in Palestine. Gee but they sure were a smelly bunch. We also had a Unit of the R.N.W.M.P. On board, every man was given a tin of bully, a hammock and a life-belt. You should have heard the grousing. After a few days, the sore-heads having disappeared, we began to take an interest in life. The O.C. Boat posted a notice that no gambling of any sort was to be allowed on board and that House was the only game to be played. Needless to say none of our lot was superstitious and did not believe in signs, and a couple of "diddle and buck boards" were soon in action. The Yids proved to be the best victims. They could never see why they should lose at such a simple game. Every time a bet was won, there would be a dozen hands reaching for the winnings and then a lot of argument as to who really made the winning bet, the rightful winner, more often than not, losing out. The boat police, who were R.N.W.M.P! s., asked what game we called that and we, of course, told them that it was House, and everything would have gone fine, had not some fool man in our bunch started a real game of house and got pinched for gambling. Of course that put our game on the blink. As to poker and craps, it was a regular Monte Carlo all the way over.

We finally arrived back in England, after a sixteen day's voyage and found that we were due to spend a month in the quarantine camp, away out in the wilds of Surrey. Things were made as easy for us there as possible, nine o'clock roll in the morning, and no fatigues being the order for the day. Sleeping on boards in a bell tent, sixteen to a tent and two blankets, came pretty hard after the Ritz, but we managed to survive.

At the end of our period of segregation, we were sent to our Reserve Depots. Nothing exciting there with the exception of meeting some of the Echelon warriors, and finally one glorious morning, orders were received for despatch overseas to our units and three days later I arrived back in Rouen.

" B. J. DAHLMANN. "

THE WANDERINGS OF SAPPER BISHOP

A FANTASIE

Founded on the fact, that a man was ordered three times to report at the Base, and twice after starting from Some-where-in-France returned there unknown to the Echelon.

NOTE : No reliance is to be placed on the veracity of these statements. — EDITOR.

STATEMENT BY SAPPER BISHOP

Owing to circumstances over which I have no control, combined with the Macchiavellian ambition of the Kaiser, I became a Sapper, but by disposition, as in name, I am a Bishop. I claim no relationship to the Bishops of the Church, nor is the Bishop Rock Lighthouse called after me. That the former is so, is perhaps as well for the peace of the early Fathers and others of that ilk. According to Rudyard Kipling, being a Sapper, and having arrived at the prescribed age, I should be either a Methodist, married or mad. The latter I may soon be, unless a period is placed upon my peripatetic wanderings over the fair face of France. Like the wandering Jew I appear to be labouring under some curse, but what the nature of this curse is, is only known to the Echelonarii or "Penpushers" who control my destiny. A Methodist I am not as although a Bishop, I have no call to that persuasion. Neither am I married, for had I been, my wife would long ago have applied for a judicial separation on the grounds of lack of domiciliary residence, from the fact that I am never in the same place two days running. (Note by the Editor : — It should be realized that Bishop apparently uses the word "day" in the Biblical sense, i.e. "a period of time.")



Sapper Bishop, when interviewed was in the words of Bacon (1) "Bearded like a Bard and full of strange oathes"; he was wearing horn rimmed spectacles and oddments of old uniforms which he stated he had "pinched" in passing by the various camps, with which, luckily for him, the land is sprinkled, for he had no time to get outfitted elsewhere. The word "pinch" he explained is derived from the early French "pince" — literally

(1) Since "William Shakespeare" has been adopted by the unspeakable Hun, Bacon has inevitably come to his own.

“to extract hurriedly with the fore finger and thumb”. He was carrying a battered tin helmet which he stated made an excellent wash basin or tea bowl (if the lingering taste of old soap suds was disregarded) serving equally as well as the circumstances of the case required. Being a bit of a mechanic, he added that it was his intention to fit the said helmet, with hot and cold water if he could only remain long enough in one locality to do so.

The first incident that Sapper Bishop remembers in the Great War was when he was with the “Signalarii” or “Buttonpushers” in the “Vallum” or Great Camp of Julius Caesar at “Somniewiercister” (modern Some-where-in-France). Here about the year 56.B.C. he fell foul of the Chief Centurion of the Signalarii, Tockpipemma by name, who told him he was a “Phatthead” or one devoid of brains and was only fit to serve with the Heavy Spearmen or “gravel crushers”. and forthwith despatched him to the Base in a bullock wagon. Here he was hailed before a Votary of Aesculapius, who following the usual custom of the “Poultice Wallopers” drenched, cupped and otherwise physiced him and stated that he was not fitted for the “Gravel-crushers” but might be useful with the G.B.T. or “Government Bullock Train”.

This information having been sent by runner to the Echelonarii or “Penpushers”, they indited an epistle unto the Governor of the Base Campus nigh unto the silvery sea requesting him to pass the same to the Chief Centurion of the “Hash-and-Biscuit-Slingers”, or A.S.C. who presides over the destinies of the G.B.T. to interrogate Bishop as to which section of the G.B.T. he wished to be sent. Here foul fate intervened, for before the arrival of the epistle from the “Echelonarii”, the Governor of the Base Campus had despatched the luckless Bishop back to the “Signalarii” at SOMMEWIERCISTER.

A short digression is here necessary in order to study the manners and customs of the “Echelonarii” or “Penpushers” who so strangely controlled the destinies of Sapper Bishop.

This unique race inhabits a transportline region at the bottom of a mudhole nigh unto a great river, where it rains two days out of three, which to some extent accounts for their flabby habits and a slight tendency to cold feet engendered by the natural moisture of the soil. There is, however, no evidence to support the theory that they are web-footed which has been raised by Professor Phatfeat the great Ornithorhynchist. They are divided into two classes, the “Officii” and the “Clericii”. The former live on a heavy diet of “tosh” policies, and an unpalatable substance extracted from the K.R.O. and A.A. trees which abound in this neighborhood. This food devoured in a raw state is only partially digested, hence the chronic indigestion from which this strange people always suffer, which upsetting their “little Marys” causes eruptions of official correspondence — a most contagious disease, which spreading to the “Legionaries”, who spend their existence fighting the Bochi — (An Ape-like race of low mentality and immoral habits) — cause them much annoyance. This class or category are “Penpushers” pure and simple in contradiction to the “Clericii” of whom also are the “Typethumpers”. Among those “Clericii” however, are found “penpushers” of a lesser pronounced type. These according to Professor Twaddle are more akin to the “Insklingers” a species of Cuttlefish. Like their prototype when engaged they squirt ink promiscuously at friend and foe alike, so as to fog or cloud

the intellect of those who approach them. If aggressively approached they can then withdraw under cover of the said cloud to the safety of the rocks of solid G.R.O's and A.C.P's with which their lairs are always plentifully furnished. This habit however is not peculiar to the "Inkslingers" alone, but is also a favourite manœuvre of the "Officii" class when seemingly cornered by their exasperated enemies the "Legionaries". As may well be imagined from their peculiar habits of life, this people eventually die a lingering death, hidebound by red tape a species of W.O. canker or dry rot. Authority - R.O.T. No. 99/1333/-A.G. (O) 303d/1st. April 1813. This peculiar disease slowly mummifies the victim until he is sufficiently dried up to be translated into another sphere across the silvery sea, where according to his aggressiveness here on earth, he is decorated and otherwise commended, or is cast into the outer darkness amongst the dwellers on the coast towns on whom the Bochi drop bombs of fire by day, and the Zip-Zepps or "Sausage Bags" drop still larger bombs by night, until the last state of these people becomes worse than the first, for they become even as the Connies who live in the rocks — holes and dug-outs, hop like kangaroos, and twist their necks like flamingoes, until at last from such constant use they attain the ultimate perdition of the "Rubbernecks" and disappear thence unto the continent of the "Americanii", where there is a picking of teeth and a chewing of gum unto the resurrection. Here they are engulfed by Capital into the maws of Labour and spend the rest of their allotted span toiling in an atmosphere of hot air, rotten politics and graft, ever striving and hunting for the elusive God of the "Americanii" the "Almighty Dollar" whom few find, and by whom many are crushed.

The females of this strange tribe unlike those of the "Galli", are of brown sober hue and are herded together in captivity, it is said for protection from the males. These females are captured by the "Gubernatori" or "Rulers" from the tribes of the "Koknies" who inhabit the dense waste of bricks and mortar in the regions of "Lundinium" and are peculiarly adaptable as "Typethumpers", hence their use. Owing to their secretive mode of life little else is know of their customs, habits and manners.

(CENSURE)

To return to Sapper Bishop whom we, left to the tender mercies of the G.B.T. on his way back to the Vallum at SOMMEWIERCISTER. What actually happened to him is rapted in mystry. For Bishop himself that journey appears to have been a nightmare of which at this period he has but a shuddering and disjointed recollection and it was not until some centuries later in the Great War, about the time that Charles Martel was hammering the Huns in Eastern France that the "Echelonari" or "Penpushers" again discovered him (These people will discover anything which is of no value to anybody) at Sommewiercister still struggling with the Chief Centurion of the "Signalarii" or "Button pushers" who hailing him as a "Phathead" or "One devoid of Brains" again despatched him per G.B.T. to the Governor of the Base Campus by the silvery sea.

Bishop, who appears at this period of his existance to have been suffering severely

from two periods of undiluted Bullock-Train — the journey per G.B.T. taking on the average by express approx. one century and a half to two centuries—which had reduced the small amount of grey matter in his brain to a negligible quantity, when asked to what section of the “ Hash-and-Biscuit-Slingers ” he wished to be sent, stated that he wished to go to the C.O.C. or “ Catapult Supply Wallahs ” who live in a far country nigh adjacent unto the Bochi or Huns, with whom they are forever waging War by means of their mechanical contrivances. The A.D.O.S. or Chief of the “ Catapult Supply Wallahs ”, so called from his hard flea-bitten propensities, which being interpreted means “ A Determined Old Soldier ”, like Festus, “ Cared for none of these things ”, and plainly and promptly ousted Bishop as having no use for him. So forth went Bishop again to the cold hard world to wander into the garden of France, like the little boy in the story, bitterly “ to eat worms ” ’cos nobody loved him.

For the next few centuries Bishop is at a loss to know what happened, for he admits his mind clouded by disappointment only enabled him to see as in a fog darkly, and so it was not until the beginning of the 18th. century that he found himself wandering in Northern France with Marlborough. Then as before the insatiable “ Echelonarii ” pounced upon him and once more ordered him down to the Base Campus to undergo a test to become a minor “ Penpusher ” to the Centurion of the “ Hash-and-Biscuit-Slingers ”. Having done this they withdrew the aegis of their protection from the poor wanderer, who without their support and unbeknown to them, on arrival at the Base Campus fell sick of a fever and was translated unto the tender care of the “ Poultrice Wallopers ”, by whom he was again drenched, cupped and otherwise physiced, and finally after the lapse of a century or so, again cast forth without orders from the “ Echelonarii ” to return to his original Unit, the “ Signalarii ” or “ Button-pushers ” at Sommewiercister. This journey he at length successfully accomplished, and towards the second decade of the 20th. Century of the Great War, the “ Echelonarii ” received an indignant epistle from the Centurion of the “ Button-pushers ” demanding to know the reason and why in H-11 this blankety walleyed thumy Sapper was again thrust upon him. This aroused the ire and venom of the “ Echelonarii ” and much ink was slung and mid-night oil burnt to the detriment of their tempers and pants as the seats provided are by no means soft. In the end Bishop was commanded forthwith to be despatched again to the Governor or Commandant of the Base Campus there to undergo his trial as a minor “ Pen-pushers ”, as ordered in the beginning of the 18th. century of the Great War. Authority, Carbon Dixoxide /XXX/ H² O² / A.G. (Mii) Ci. d/29th. February 1710.

By this time Bishop from constant travel and hard use had become as a well known as ticket puncher on a suburban city. car, and as decrepit as Rip van Winkel when he awoke from his century sleep ; so his advent at a railway station was hailed with raucous delight by the R.T.O’s and M.P’s and other soft jobbers of that kidney. To the train conducting Officer he was an object of reverence, and treated as a rare specimen of the antique, for Bishop had performed that journey from the days of Bullock Wagons with solid wooden wheels, through pack trains and horse litters of the middle ages, down to the coaches and post-chaise of the Napoleonic era, and on the modern locomotive.

According to Bishop however there is not much difference in the rate of travel, and with luck he expressed a hope to the train conducting Officer of seeing the Base about the year One in the 21st. century, if the War was not finished sooner and he himself discharged by a grateful Country to lie down and die in his tracks. To whom the T.C.O. (as above) replied " Why Bishop you darn old son of a gun, when you quit travelling this mouldy outfit will be on the scrap heap, so cheer up old son and have a horn ", Which shews the irrepressible spirits of the sons of the West and the truth of their reasoning for although Sapper Bishop was for the third time starting for the Base, he was by no means certain of arriving there, and for all he knew might be travelling the line from Sommewierecister (modern Some-where-in-France) to the coast by Aeroplane or Zep in the year 2002, provided that the war lasted long enough and the " Echelonarii " retained sufficient strength and power to sling ink at him.



K. E.

THE SACRIFICE



HE was the sole occupant of the little "Café de Roubaix" in ———, and as I entered he raised his head and looked me over dispassionately, and immediately returned his attention to the tall glass of "bock" on the small marble-topped table before him.

The desultory roar of a battery of "heavies" a short kilometre up the shell-holed road, or the steady tramp outside of a battalion moving up to the support trenches failed to rouse him from his air of absolute "ennui", characteristic of the old soldier, as his red chevron proclaimed him.

In the narrow village street, the rain fell in a persistent drizzle, in contrast to the genial warmth of the little "estaminet", and, drawing my chair closer to the stove, I endeavoured to open a conversation with my disconsolate fellow-soldier, by remarking on the present inexplicable condition of that particular section of "Sunny France". The old soldier, however, declined to be drawn into conversation with one so obviously a newcomer, until, warming under the influence of a good three fingers of "St James", he deigned to reply :

"Ah, well, my lad, when you've seen three winters of this kind of weather, you wont bother about it".

"Indeed, I remarked, have you been out here so long as that"?

"Just three years to-day", was his reply; and here is the tale he told while I waited for the rain to cease : —

.....

It was on an evening just such as this, just three years ago, that my battalion, fresh out from Blighty, fell in on that very street, and moved off in the gathering dusk, loaded like government mules, and festooned with an ominous array of lethal weapons of all descriptions. Our guide, a corporal of the battalion we were to relieve, was waiting a short distance along the road, to assist us in finding our allotted place in the trenches beyond.

Cheerily we roared out the old songs, led, as usual, by the irrepressible "Nobby Smith" a section lance-corporal, whose unfailing spirits ensured him a welcome in all quarters, and whose precarious nineteen summers in this vale of tears appeared to have imbued with a reckless, devil-may-care gaiety, which not infrequently led him into various escapades terminating in a trip to the detention barracks.

Poor old Nobby! Little did he think, as he swung cheerily along, that this, his first trip into "the line" was also destined to be his last.

Well, we took over the trenches from the 4th Battalion of the East Wortschires, and proceeded to make ourselves as comfortable as possible, but a rather miserable time we had nevertheless, although the first four days and nights passed in such manner as to

justify, for one, that report so exasperating to the present-day busy trench-dweller, " All quiet on the Western Front ". Of course we had our share of casualties, and, as is generally the case with fresh troops, the casualty list was abnormally large, doubtless as a result of our natural desire to have a look at the Boche for the first time. The main thorn in our sides however, was a German machine-gun.

Somewhere behind that tangled maze of wire among the rain-filled shell-holes, somewhere behind that sinister line of dirty-brown sandbags, lay a Fritz machine-gun which opened fire at the most inconvenient moments, causing the owner of a carelessly-exposed head a trip back to Blighty or a sleep which knew no reveille. Now a most unreasonable person was this Fritz, who neglected no opportunity to demonstrate his " Hate by Land " with his devilish " rat-tat-tat ", and who seemed to know instinctively when a working party was busily engaged on the wire, occasionally causing them to disperse with blasphemous threats of vengeance in the days to come.

Finally, things came to such a pass that ten volunteers were called for by an irate company commander, for the avowed purpose of " straffing the straffer ". Ten of us were chosen from the cluster of applicants, and that ten included " Nobby " and myself.

Now Nobby was the lance-corporal in charge of the party, and he being also a very astute young man, it was his quick brain that evolved a scheme which he guaranteed to " put the tin 'at on the 'orrid 'un ".

" I've got a plan, said he, that will render that blighter unrecognisable by his own maternal parent. You blokes will all go over the top at midnight, and crawl along until you reach Fritz's wire, and spread out there about five yards apart. At one o'clock exactly you'll see that machine-gun open fire, and of course you'll know it by its flash. The man nearest to the machine-gun will then present Fritz with one of Mister Mills souvenirs, which will be the signal for all you other chaps to close in. Then let 'im 'ave 'it 'ot and 'eavy, with every bomb you've got and make tracks for home, and the devil take the 'indmost ".

It was a nervous and excited knot of men who crawled quietly over the parapet and through our own wire about midnight, and our hearts beat fast as we made our way, with infinite caution towards that tangle of wire some seventy yards ahead. Now and then a Verey light soared into the air and fell with a hiss in " No Man's Land " with a shower of sparks around us, as we lay awaiting the shower of bullets which would shew that the enemy had espied us.

But only the occasional sharp crack of an enemy sniper's Mauser, or the complaining whine of a " ricochet " broke the stillness of the dark as we made our way across that sodden waste of disputed territory. More than once I encountered on our way a noisome thing that had once been a man, and the scurry and squeal which attended my arrival caused me to turn shudderingly in a detour.

Finally we arrived at our posts, and there lay within touch of the German entanglement, waiting for one o'clock, at which hour, according to Nobby, the big show was to commence. It seemed as though we had lain for hours, and during that time I wondered more than once, how came it that Nobby was so certain that the German machine-gunner was to open fire and thereby stir up a goodly amount of trouble for himself.

At last a whispered message was passed along, "one minute more to go", and almost immediately after we were astonished to see a bright light flash intermittently in the inky darkness about fifty yards to our rear.

There was a moment of amazed inaction! Whoever was flashing that light indeed courted a violent death. Then the inevitable happened. A frightened blast of firing came from the German parapet a few yards ahead of us, and there right in front of me came that familiar "rat-tat-tat" of the machine-gun, the flash of each discharge coming with mechanical regularity and plainly distinguishing it from the rifle fire on either side.

Then we waded in; taking care to keep below the line of fire, I let him have my supply of bombs and the other lads closed in and did likewise.

It was then hell let loose! The explosions of our bombs were followed by a chorus of groans and terrified squealing. The machine-gun ceased operations, and having exhausted our supply of bombs we turned tail and made, floundering through the mud, for our own lines. The bullets were thudding into the sodden ground around us, and it was every man for himself, but thanks to a merciful Providence we all got back to our trench in a somewhat damaged condition.

Did I say all, Mister? I meant all of us except Nobby. The surprised and chastened Boche kept up a hysterical fire all through the rest of the night, and it was not until dawn that we were able to take advantage of a lull to seek for him.

The day was just breaking over beyond Ypres when we found him. Found him-riddled with bullets, his arms outstretched, and his right hand had clasping *an electric torch!*

So passed Nobby; we buried him that day in a shell-hole in the Flanders mud. If these lads coming out now are made of the same stuff, God help the Boche sooner or later.

The rain had stopped, and finishing my glass, I arose and went pensively out, leaving the old-timer alone with his thoughts.

ARK.



*Thomas Pepys Writeth
to his dere Wife Gertroud*

DERE GERTROOD,

Just a few lines to tell yu i struk a job at the base some time ago. The serjent major and orl the officers wer very glad to see Me. The Serjent major wud have kist me like the frenchies if i hadnt stopt him. Ther are a lot of fellers here who have been here sinse the canadyuns came to France. They have some terrebul storys to tell of there acshuns in the battle of Rouen but i will wate til i see yu to tell yu them.

(CENSURE)

We have a parade three time A day. In the Morning at 5 to 8 and if yu are a minit late you are halled hup afore the Beke and get punished and agane at 12 befor we go to dinner. Yu shud see our serjent major. He is A fine big feller, strate and as the books say with a i like a neagle. The Boys kornl him ikey but they were all plesed wen he got his promoshun, speshully wen he hort drinks for orl the boys, my word wot a nite. He was jenrus, and wot a hed. Oh My. He is a Fine baseborl player to. He played agenst the officers once and will shurely play for the amerikun lege after the War.

Yu shud see the french Janes. They are fine but dont fere deery I will be tru and not like sum of the fellers that the parsun gets after on sundays at church for trust me deery even on to deth as the bible says.

We live in a place korled the billet. We eckspekt to have nice fevver beds soon but now we slepe on the flore. The Food is fine. Ham and eggs for brekfast mete and spuds and pudden for dinner with lots of bere and lots of bred and jam for tea. And the supper. Yu should see it. Yu wud want to join the army. We have some wacks here and they are grate favrites with the australyuns and yanks. They live by themselves.

Well Gertroud dere I must stop as i have to rite to a jenrul who is wateing for a letter from me but i will tell you more next time i rite.

Hever yur's

TOMMIE.

ALITERATIONS AND WAR MAXIMS FROM HAFIZ



Now Hafiz having duly considered the War, uplifted his voice and spake thusly :—
Oh, my son remember :—

“ Being in possession of the ” Ready ”, play not Roulette nor run thou after Rouees or Run-a-gates ; for if thou wilt do so, they being gifted by nature with ready wits will readily ruin thee.

Again, Oh my son ; be not deceived but know that :—

“ Weeds do not make War-Widows ” for often the wider the weeds the greater the want. So my son, shun the War-Widow as thou wouldst the Bine-weed, lest peradventure she entwine thee and thou become but a slave to her wants.

Again, Oh my son :—

Beware of the light — o — Loves for their wiles are limitless, lest they lure thee, and having lightened thy pockets, leave thee to be the laughter of loose livers.

Again, Oh my son :—

If, being weary of well-doing thou wouldst wander with fair women, beware of the willing Warworker, for alas, Oh my son, she is often but too wise in the wiles of this wicked World.





Again, Oh my son :—

Be discreet and walk warily ; seek not after vanities for remember, a pound in the pocket is better than a pat on the back, which costs nothing, so it payeth the paternal Government better to pat than to pound, so that being over lavish with their pats they become of little value, for as the Sage sayeth, " When everyone is somebody then no one's anybody ".

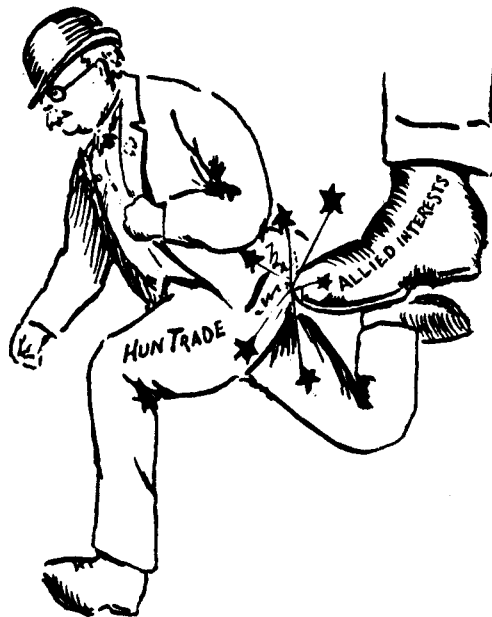
Again, Oh my son :—

Be not deceived but know that, gold, gloss, and gaiters do not make great generals, for often the more the gold the less the delivery of the goods for as the Sage sayeth. " All is not gold that glitters."

And lastly, Oh my son :—

Remember that though the Enemy be Warweary, he is none the less wily ; so that when Peace is proclaimed thou mayest be prepared for his preposterous proposals, for remember that the Hun hungereth for thy Trade and unless thou hit him as hard in Peace as in War, thy sons will have bled and died in vain, for the Hun by peaceful penetration will have thy very hide, and having skinned thee, the future state of this World will be as before, for then the hunted Hun will become the hunter and will everlastingly haunt thy houses.

C. P. P., 6-9-18.



IN MEMORIAM

OUR FIRST CHRITSMAS IN FRANCE

On Christmas Day 1915, the Canadian Corps was holding the sector of the Line from Ploegsteert in the south to Le Clyette in the north.

Corps Headquarters were at Bailleul, now alas laid flat in the German offensive of last April, with Divisional Headquarters at Saint-Jean-Capelle (1st Division) and West Outre (2nd Division).

The day was mild and moist, and though the heavens were threatening we had no rain; the earth, however was covered with the usual Flanders mud, the result of the passed day's rain.

By apparent mutual consent both sides refrained from unnecessary firing; so that certainly along our sector of the Line, there was an unusual silence broken only by an occasional shot and the whine of a bullet or two overhead, which showed whatever the tacit understanding, the belligerents were on the alert, and that the unarranged truce was an armed one.

Strict orders had been given that there was to be no fraternising in No Man's Land with the enemy, as had been the case in 1914.

In the trenches the men, with the tension released, were sitting or standing about in groups discussing whatever topic was for the moment of interest. The only people who appeared to take any active part in the war were the look-out men. Not an aeroplane was visible in the sky; and it was not until late in the afternoon that a Hun came humming over to see how were getting on, and then for the first time that day we heard the "Archies" barking.

The event of the day in the trenches was the midday dinner for which special preparation had been made in the form of turkeys, geese, or chickens, according to the abilities of the Company caterers, not forgetting the ubiquitous plum-pudding.

Commanding Officers and Adjutants made a morning tour of their trench sectors, and wished Officers and Men the Season's Greetings.

Divine Service was held in the trenches, by some battalions, for all those who chose to attend.

Parties visiting the trenches, Runners, Officers and Men, went backwards and forwards over-land with impunity; a state of affairs which on other days would have been suicidal in daylight.

The relief of being able to do so can be imagined when the state of the communication trenches was considered, for the late heavy rain had turned most of them into liquid

mud-baths of a consistency which was most deceptive in its nature and appearance, for though harmless looking it combined the suction of a quick-sand with the filth of an Augean stable.

Woe betide the wretched man who got in over the top of his long boots, for then he was lucky if he escaped its embrace leaving his boots behind him.

In the Rest-billets more elaborate preparations were in progress than were naturally possible in the trenches; for here the men were able to have an evening celebration of the festive day as well as at midday.

At Battalion, Brigade, Divisional, and Corps, Headquarters the day was celebrated according to circumstances with varying degrees of fun and jollity.

One incident, to the unconcerned, caused a great amount of amusement, but to the victims, and curiously enough to the jokers themselves, was for some days afterwards a very sore subject.

At this length of time it is difficult to state details absolutely correctly, but in the main the facts and the incidents were these.

A party of jovial Officers were touring the different Headquarter Messes and were waxing more and more convivial as the afternoon merged into evening. Finally they announced their intention of finishing up with a last Mess which was on their way home. They were however persuaded to have one more parting drink with their hosts of the moment. Two jokers, who over-heard their destination, remembered that there was an espionage post at the entrance of the village to which they were bound; so hurriedly departing, made their way to the post and warned the N. C. O. that he was to look out for a motor which contained some Officers, whose identity was uncertain and suspected, and who might try to enter the village. They were to be stopped and detained no matter what they said.

Having laid their plans the jokers hurried to the Mess which was the goal of their would be victims. Here they related what was in the wind and invited their hosts to come along and see the fun.

Accordingly after having celebrated "The Day" they proceeded to the post. On arriving within earshot they heard much expostulation and sounds of wrath in several somewhat vinious voices arising from the post. These were punctuated at intervals, in the pauses for breath of the now thoroughly enraged motorists, by the unrelenting tones of the N. C. O. stating that they were suspects and that he had orders to detain them.

At this point the jokers thought it best to intervene. To their consternation, however, the stolid N. C. O. refused to recognise their right of interference. He stated that he had orders to stop suspicious characters, that he had been warned about this party, and finally he refused to let them go without authority from his superior Officer. That the Officers who were now expostulating with him were the Officers who warned him, mattered not a bit to him. He had his orders, and until he had contrary orders he was not going to let them move.

The joke was now getting beyond a joke, and what had started in jest was now a most unpleasant incident. Dinner would soon be waiting for the motorists, who had far to go, and the time already was short. The point of the joke had turned most unpleasantly against the jokers, who had never foreseen such a developement.

A hurried consultation was held, and a messenger was despatched post haste to find the necessary authority who could release the unhappy motorists. In the mean time the jokers had a very poor time as they got it in the neck all round.

Luckily the messenger was able to get the necessary authority, and was not long in returning with it; on which the N. C. O. released the now thoroughly disgruntled motorists, who while hurling anathemas at the devoted heads of the jokers were borne away into the night by their long suffering chauffeur.

It was some time before either party, suspects, or jokers heard the end of this little escapade.

When we look back at that Christmas, how little did we imagine that it would be four years before we reached the end, and how many of those who celebrated it with us, falling by the way, would never reach it.

“ SECOND DIVISION. ”

MY LITTLE PIPE AND I

*My little Pipe of briar is lonesome for the hills,
The hills and big pine ridges and laughing mountain rills,
It's longing for the Camp Fire, the embers growing red
The signin' and the whisperin' of the pine trees overhead.*

*It wants to hear the merry brook a splashin' down the hill,
The coyotes wail abreakin' thro' the night when all is still.
It wants to see the moon rise atop yon snow capped peak,
A lookin' down upon our camp pitched peaceful long the creek.*

*It seems to feel the time has come for me and it to go
Out to Mother Nature with her sun and wind and snow,
Up into the mountains where the clouds are driftin' slow,
Like white winged ships a-sailin' down the valley far below.*

*I talk to it consolin' like and caress it's rosy bowl,
But it seems to think that I forget a pipe has got a soul,
It fills all up and sniffles and fumes as if 'twere mad,
And tho' I try to cheer it, I'm feelin' 'bout as bad.*

*I've got the fever, got it bad, and had better start to fling,
The huntin' kit together — it makes my old heart ring,
For when you've got the habit, you can't resist the call,
My little Briar Pipe a-gress, we're on our way, that's all.*





That Girl in Canada -- My Home

*Far off in Flander's Fields I fight,
For Victory, Freedom, Life and Right.
But, oftimes midst the cannon's roar,
While shrapnel bursts and whizz-bangs soar,
My thoughts take flight and homeward flee,
To that dearest Girl who waits for me,
Far, far beyond the ocean's foam,
To that Girl in Canada — my Home.*

*On right and left the wounded lie,
The air is rent with the dying's cry,
Before the mouths of our mighty guns
Lie thousands of mangled, lifeless Huns.
But all these horrors dim and fade,
I'm strolling thro' some sun-lit glad,
Where birds sing sweet 'neath leafy dome
With that Girl in Canada — my Home.*

*Oh fair is she, this Girl of mine,
Her eyes are bright, her lips divine.
Her laugh is like a tinkling bell,
While in her bosom true love doth dwell;
Her life is as pure as the rising Sun,
Yet full of Mirth as Joy and Fun.
She stoops to help the poor who groan,
This Girls in Canada — my Home.*

*God grant that when this war is o'er,
I'll reach that now far distant shore
Of Canada — my Home! That land so bold,
So free, so rich, so beauteous to behold!
Back to HER — my Guiding Star,
The One I worship from afar;
An on through Life I'll gladly roam
With that Girl in Canada — my Home.*



In Flanders Field

*In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row
That mark our place, and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.*

*We are the dead, short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunsets glow,
Loved and were loved, — and now we lie,
In Flanders Fields.*

*Take up the quarrel with the foe,
To you from falling hands we throw
The torch. Be yours to hold it high;
If ye break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.*



America's Answer to in Flanders Field

*Rest ye in peace, ye Flanders dead
The fight that ye so bravely led
We've taken up. And we will keep
True faith with you who lie asleep
With each a cross to mark his head
And poppies blowing overhead,
Where once his own life-blood ran red,
So let your rest be sweet and deep,
In Flanders fields.*

*Fear not that ye have died for naught
The torch ye threw us we have caught
Ten million hands will hold it high
And Freedom's light shall never die.
We've learned the lesson that ye taught
In Flanders Fields.*

R. W. LILLARD.



A BASE

*In a town of many smells,
Of noisy motor cars and bells,
And numerous other things, there dwells,
A BASE.*

*It's a seething mass of men and stores,
Of duds and crocks and many bores,
And " THINGS " that wangle out of wars,
A BASE.*

*At it the work is never done,
In it you cannot fight the Hun,
From it no glory can be won,
A BASE.*

*The tradesmen rob you clean as pat,
You have a " Rag ". You're on the " Mat ".
So thank your stars if you're not at,
A BASE.*

*For there " Fed-upness " ever grows;
Egged on by Rules and G. R. O's,
T'is the summit of a soldier's woes,
A BASE.*

DISGRUNTLED.

GOING IN

*Right, left, right, left! "Going in to-night, boys",
Slogging o'er the pave in this land of mud and gore,
Past the same old poplars, past the shell-holed pitfalls
In this "via dolorosa" of this devastating war.*

*Right, left, right, left! Men from Manitoba,
Lads from New Ontario, or far Pacific shore,
Here a French-Canadian, there a Chippewyan,
Torn from home and friends and country by the Juggernaut of War.*

*Right, left, right, left! Singing low the chorus
Of "the Long Trail", the final trail that leads to love and home,
To the little shack out yonder, where the scented cedar's swaying,
Where the breeze across from China lines the beach with silv'ry foam.*

*Right, left, right, left! Here's a man from Moose Jaw,
Who sees "that long, long trail" awinding o'er the prairie sea,
There a lad from Okanagan, seeing not these watery stretches,
But the rolling hills of sage-brush, alkali, and dusty lea.*

*Right, left, right, left! Men from far Columbia,
Dreaming not of Flanders poplars, but of mighty Douglas fir,
Which some shall never see again. But still the troops wind onward,
Rendering each his humble quota to the Juggernaut of War.*

ARK.



THE STAFF CLERK

*Its the soldier's right to grumble,
When in billet or in line,
When the raid becomes a fumble
Or when things are going fine.
But you've heard so many stories
Of their life where dangers lurk,
So for once we'll hear the wailings
Of a poor Staff Clerk.*

*We have heard about the sniper
Calling down the heavies' wrath,
Of the bomber and the piper
Making fun of Heinie's Staff;
Yet these heroes all do tremble
When Lieutenants act the "Turk",
But its cursings of a General
On a poor Staff Clerk.*

*Though the C. T. may be narrow
And each shell hole filled with rain,
Yet the narrowness of [redacted] routine
Sends a staff clerk quite insane.
For its "type this", "check my figures",
"What's the strength of men at kirk?"
"Order bombs", "Phone Signals", "Dammit
Your a poor Staff Clerk".*

*While they never take staff courses,
They must know the Martial Law,
Quote K. R. and O. on horses
And then thousand items more.
G. R. O's and ancient history
They can tell you with a jerk,
For the "modus operandi"
Ask a poor Staff Clerk.*

*When the guns have ceased to thunder
And the front line is no more:
When the Kaiser sees his blunder
An they stop this bloody war,
What a life will be the private's —
Lots of fun and little work,
But they'll still be wanting statements
From the poor Staff Clerk.*

*When we've gained the last objective
Of this life and get above,
Where the soldiers stop their scrapping
And do nought but sing of love,
Then their faithfulness to duty
And the jobs they did not shirk,
Will be entered in the Great Book
By the poor Staff Clerk.*

By One of Them.
540075. Sgt. W. J. KNIGHTS
H. D. 4th Canadian Divn.



THE ORDERLY ROOM SERGEANT

*Not by his choice he has his place —
'The A. G.'s office at the Base.*

*Here, mid the typists' rattling keys,
He rules his force of one o threes.*

*In sympathy he reads the lines
Of the ruthless twenty sixty-nines.*

*In Minute twelve he drags to view
Some shy elusive one two two.*

*When this with that will not agree
He amends his records accordingly,*

*Haunted by fears both night and day
Of the dire symbols ess pee kay.*

*Nor is this yet one half the show,
There's the two one three and the Part II. O.*

*And, a sight to make the stoutest quail,
The daily bag — a ton of mail.*



*You wouldn't in the whole world find
A more 'demnition horrid grind'.*

* * *

*Don't wait until the war is through
But give him now the credit due,*

*If, stale reports all up to date,
He keeps his Unit's records straight.*

KAY EYE.





The Horrible Hun

*The Hun's a man of simious breed
In features scarcely anthropoid,
That this is so is clearly shown by
Types like Kaptain Herr Ed-Boyd
And his be-whiskered Naval Cief
The Admiral von Tirpitz;
And countless other crop-haired Huns, like
Old Hindenburg and Gallwitz.*



*The Hun in trade in times of peace, was
A monster of voracity
He dumped his home-made goods on us
With limitless audacity.
He undersold and swindled us
With a cunning aptitude;
And all the while he fooled us, with
His false teuton gratitude.*

*The Hun at war is a cruel type
Of loathsome bestiality.
A cross between the brutes and man,
With a curious mentality.
He's pendant, butcher, scientist, and
Semi-professorial.
With all, he's a subservient cur, with
Manners dictatorial.*



*His aim in war is frightfulness,
By modes unorthodoxical.
But now he's licked his conduct is
Somewhat paradoxical.
For though he's broken every law,
Man made to save humanity,
When lared, he says such statements are
Untrue, and rank profanity.*



*Yet while he talks, his conduct would
Shame Attila or Nero;
For he burns and kills and steals and rapes,
Like any pagan hero.
But Mr. Wilson's sized him up,
And knows all his atrocity.
So you may bet he'll not succumb
To Mar's sly verbosity.*



C. P. P.
28-10-18.



I DON'T

*My parents told me not to smoke
I don't.*

*Or listen to a naughty joke
I don't.*

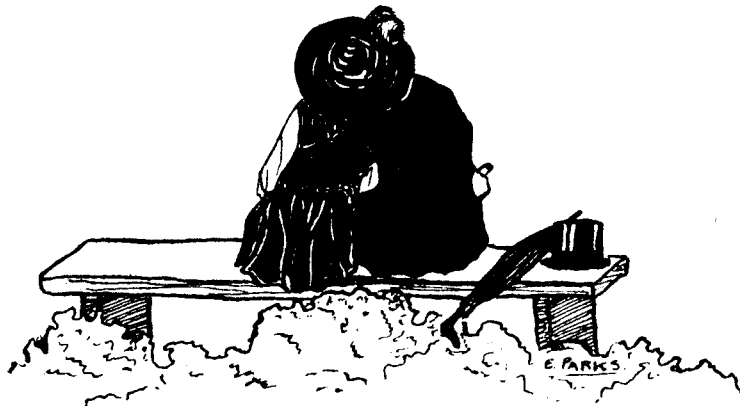
*They made it clear I must not wink
At pretty girls, or even think
About intoxicating drink
I don't.*

*To dance or flirt is very wrong
I don't.
Wild youths like women, wine, and song
I don't.*

*I kiss no girls, not even one
I do not know how it is done
You wouldn't think I'd have much fun
I don't.*



DON'T I ?



BONSOIR

WAR TYPES

WE SHALL MISS

THE
QMAAC
GIRL



THE
MOTOR
GIRL



W. R. A. F.

The war Girl

*Before this war we had to wage
She often was a pickle,
But now she's proved the old adage
That woman's ever fickle.
For she's a man, and did not shirk
So that the men might fight
To take their place and do their work
Right well with all her might.*

THE
MUNITIONS
GIRL



THE
LAND
GIRL



W. R. N. S.

C. P. P.
15-11-18.

WAR TYPES WE SHALL MISS
THE V. A. D.



C. P. P.
With apologies
to Punch
2-11-18.

*« O woman, in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please ;
When pain or anguish rend the brow,
O ministering angel thou. »*

(SHAKESPEARE).

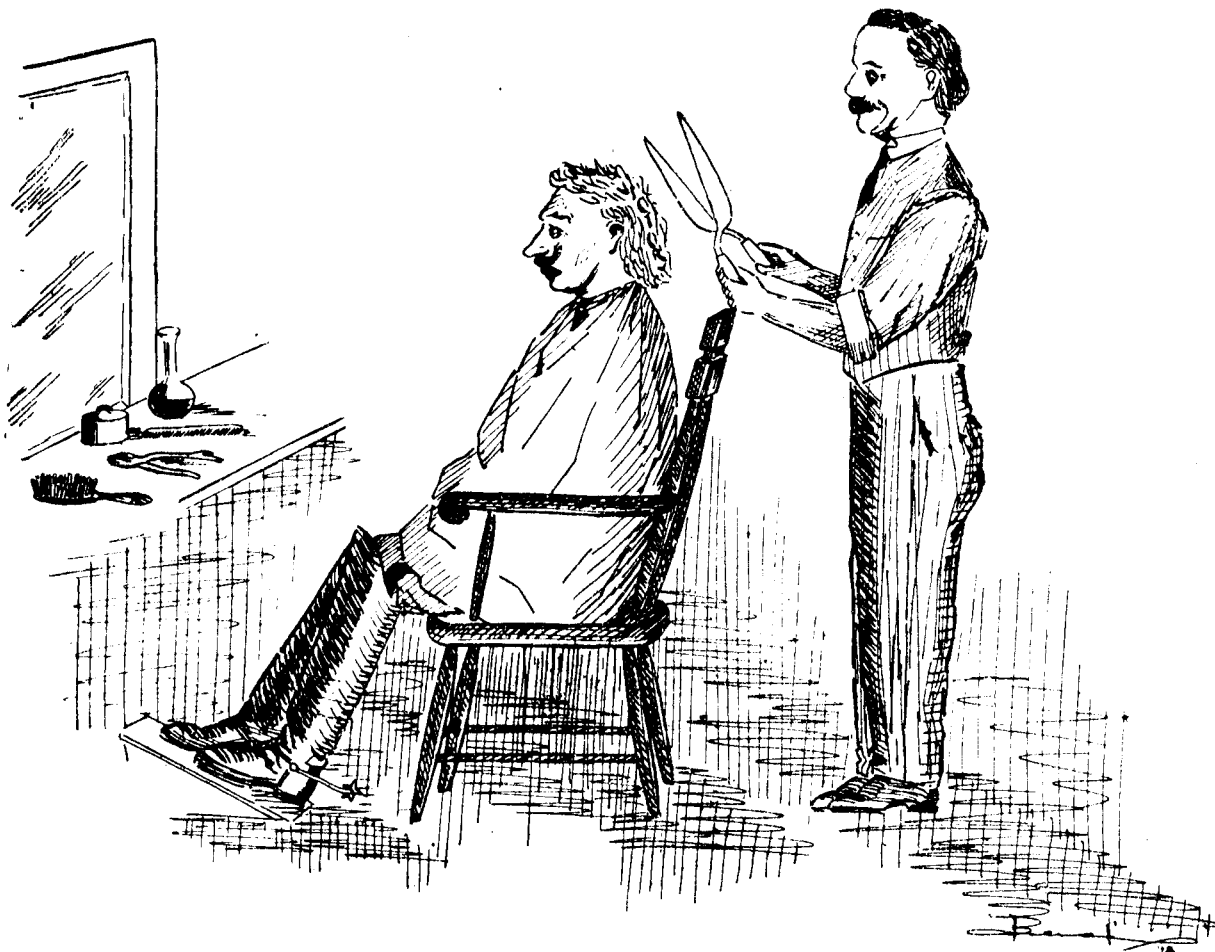
WAR EVENTS**WE SHALL NOT MISS****A (H)AIR RAID**

IRATE OFFICER : Get your hair cut, My Man ”.

FED-UP CLERK : “ Yes Sir, Love-lock or Scalp-lock ? ”

WAR EVENTS

WE DID NOT MISS



GOING OVER THE TOP

TO VICTORY

OUR GALLANT CAVALRY



A RECONNAISSANCE

“ Time spent in reconnaissance is seldom wasted ”

(Field Service Regulations Part I.)



Since our last issue we have sustained further losses in the ranks of "celibataires". Strange to say, too, despite their lengthy sojourn amongst the fair ladies of La belle France, the majority have succumbed to the charms of lassies from those tight little islands — Great Britain and Ireland.

Even that old timer S/Sgt. Joe Bell capitulated. We all thought Joe would have put up a better fight.

Sergt. Leslie Roberts returned from leave with a beaming countenance from which one gathers that old Devon can supply other good things besides cream.

Sergt. Brown of the 49th. We hear, is terribly anxious for another leave, although he is only just back. He is, however, quite willing to accept a suit of civies in lieu thereof. Who can this lady be who has so unsettled Brownie.

This marrying proposition in K. I. 3 became for a time very serious and there was a danger of it spreading to the other Divisions. Sergt. Davis contracted one of those romantic marriages. The tenderness and care of "une petite infirmière" whilst healing Dave of his physical infirmities, wounded him in a spot that a No. 9 would not reach and a golden circlet was the only remedy.

Pte. Howrie preferred to chose his better half from among "les Françaises". An example which those who are still perplexed with the problem of what to carry back to Canada as a good, lasting souvenir of their tour over here, will do well to follow.

Our heartiest congratulations are extended to all these members of our section and we hope that all their troubles may be little ones.

Up to the present time only one little trouble had been reported, and this, we believe, was received with open arms by Howrie.

Wait! Our Special Correspondent has just transmitted the news that an interesting event has taken place "Chez M. Mercier". We agree with our office boy who exclaims "The more the merrier" and are of opinion that these little strangers will do more to cement "l'Entente Cordiale" than volumes of diplomatic documents.

"Alors", Messieurs Bell, Roberts, Brown et Havis "Poussent toujours la voiture".

IN MEMORIAM

It is with deep regret that we record the death of two former members of the Section — Pte. A. W. Williams of the 16th Canadian Scottish Battalion, Killed in Action, and Pte. R. E. Struthers of the 27th Winnipeg Battalion, Died of wounds, in the August offensive. They have left many friends in Rouen, who will mourn the loss to society of two brave and noble personalities.

SECTION NOTES

The Section continues to supply candidates for the R.A.F., the latest aspirants for this branch of the Service being L/Cpl. E. C. Yaxley and Pte. W. R. York, two very familiar figures in the Section. We wish them the very best of luck in their new enterprise and we feel sure that, should they succeed in getting through the probationary exams, they will uphold the brilliant record which Canadians have made in the Royal Air Force.

In the month of August Sgt. H. Raine and Pte J. F. Kennedy left us with 'soaring' aspirations, but the former must have found the probationary course too much for him, for we hear he is now back at his Regimental Depot and his high hopes have evidently dropped to Infantry levels.

Our old friend Cpl. F. Doodson, whose chubby face and cheery smile brightened the office precincts for so long, left us for No. 4 District of the Canadian Forestry Corps. He is now enjoying life, no doubt, in his new home near the Spanish Frontier, with no forebodings of a hard and desolate Winter ahead.

Others who have left us recently for the C. F. C. are Privates W. Somerville, W. Hustwick and H. A. M. Steers. The last named will always be recalled by us as the very charming and alluring lady, who attracted much attention from the males on the occasion of the Canadian Sports of June 30th last. The most noticeable thing about "Ham" was his smile; it was very rarely one saw him without it. But "Ham" had his troubles, for he suffered greatly from nervousness, caused by shell shock. He stuck to his work, however, until on a certain day a sudden "coup de canon" caused him to fall off his chair. This circumstance decided the "Doc" that a change was necessary, and on his recommendation our young friend has been sent to a new home in the Bordeaux Area, where it is hoped he will find quieter and less 'shocking' surroundings.

Pte. G. I. Kirwan bade us good-bye and has gone to try his fortunes in the Railway Troops. We have received good reports from him and are glad to hear he is doing well and very content with his new job and the prospects connected with it.

Our best wishes go with S/Sgt. Fisher to his new sphere of operations in Salonika. He has an excellent record of long and faithful service with the Section and was a recipient of the Meritorious Service Medal in June last. We trust his merits will bring their reward in the branch of the Service to which he has gone and wish him every success.

Pte. B. J. Dahlman rejoins the Section, after a long leave to Canada. He left us in February last, among other married members of the 1st Canadian Contingent who were granted three months furlough home. In this case the three months appear to have been stretched to six, but probably there are many who would undertake to stretch them much longer, if given the opportunity. Well, if you wish to know how things are "over there" we recommend you to have a talk with Pte. Dahlman. He assures us he is almost tickled to death to get back to France, and even implies he would be content to stay on this side of the "Herring Pond" for all time. While this does not sound quite like 'Gospel' to us, the marked enthusiasm which he displays and the earnestness of his tone impel us to take his word for it. He asserts that France is a better place than Canada just now, from

a "Veteran's" point of view, and -- but you can get first hand information by applying to him in person.

Many old familiar faces are now missing and a walk through the various Departments causes one to realize how extensive are the changes which have taken place in the personnel of the Section during the past few weeks. The Section was called upon to supply what is evidently the nucleus of the new Canadian Section at British Headquarters in France, and about fifteen of our old boys are thus lost to us. They have gone to assist in the organization of the new Section and in this particular work, the sound and practical methods with which they have become familiar here, will prove of material benefit to them there. In other words, they will show the other folks how it ought to be done. We therefore have the consolation of knowing that our loss is other people's gain.

It is with feelings of regret we record the departure of Sergeants Ruse and Proudfoot, who have returned to No. 7 Canadian Stationary Hospital. They were only on loan, as it were, to this Section and when their O. C. said "Move," move it was. Although their stay with us has been comparatively short, — their straight dealing, geniality and openness of character making them popular with all.

Sgt. Ruse was a "Dispenser sans pareil". Sympathy and sickness were synonymous with him and the "dope" he recommended was not confined to the good old staple No. 9, but was more of the "57 varieties" kind. Such were the rejuvenating powers of his "Gin fiz" that one dose on a morning after the night before would make a "Speak" look like a letter from Canada, or a leave warrant. Truly we shall miss him.

Other units are beginning to cast envious eyes on our efficient Orderly Room staff. Should a Brigadier General visit the Section the first thing to attract his attention is the pulsating life and energy radiating from the desk of the R. S. M. Vim, vigour and vitality personified, a "dragon" for dress and a martinet for discipline, one word from our "Regimental" stiffens the Section like an electric shock. Parades "jump to it" at the sound of his clear, crisp, cutting commands. The billet, formerly a home of rest for tired orderlies, is now a humming hive of industry under his firm but kindly administration. The ice encrusted Ration Supply Depot thaws untold quantities of bacon and butter under the sun of his geniality, and the "Scylla" and "Charbydis" of Ordnance and R. E. Depots have no terrors for him as he navigates his good ship "Indents" to achievement and safety.

To "slip" to the Pay Office is now no mean accomplishment for the penurious, and never was sword of Damocles more threatening than the "Regimental" eye for the tardy trifler.

Clean cut in decision, caustic in humour, unerring in solving complex regimental problems and alert to opportunity, we can write of him "Ne plus ultra".

