

# THE LISTENING POST



6<sup>th</sup> Duke of Connaught's Rifles    11<sup>th</sup> Irish Fusiliers    88<sup>th</sup> Victoria Fusiliers  
02<sup>nd</sup> Rocky Mountain Rangers    04<sup>th</sup> New Westminster Fus.    West Kootenay Rifles  
Reinforcing -    Battalions -    11<sup>th</sup> 30<sup>th</sup> 47<sup>th</sup>



PRINTED BY KIND PERMISSION OF LT. COL. ODLUM, OFFICER COMMANDING 7<sup>th</sup> CANADIAN INFANTRY BATTALION  
CENSORED BY CHIEF CENSOR, 1<sup>ST</sup>. CAN., DIV. — CAPT. W. F. ORR, EDITOR I/CPL. H. MAYLOR, NEWS EDITOR.

**No 11 BRITISH EX. FORCE, FRANCE, FEB. 3, 1916. Price 1d.**

## Kronicles of Ye Ancient and Honourable 1st B. C. Rifle-iers,

1.—And it came to pass that as the summer waned a grievous war broke out amongst the white nations of the earth.

2.—And Our Lady of the Snows did send a runner to her sons in their mountain fastnesses, were the sun goes down, saying, "Come my children assemble at my encampment at Valcartier and I will send you overseas where the girls are fair to look upon and in multitudes; and where ye shall not be broke for I shall provide unto ye each and every man one dollar ten per."

3.—And they did come in their chariots of iron and on the soles of their feet, and there was gathered together a great multited and in faith they were a motely crowd.

4.—And Our Lady of the Snows Chief Councillor did look upon them and say unto then, "Yea, but ye look like a rabble," for they wore grievous apparel; some the red of the fire-brand, and some the green of the verdant meadows, and some others amongst them who were of the savage races wore only a loin cloth of many colors with hairy nether limbs exposed to the mountain air.

5.—And the Chief Councillor looked again upon them and said, "But I will work my magic on ye, and ye shall be clothed like one another; with the badge of Our Lady on your shoulders and on your buttons, on your neckbands and even on your headress; that all the world may know that the sons of Our Lady shall fight the King's enemies.

6.—And they of the savage races murmured amongst themselves and said "What is this that the Chief will do unto us?" And they sent a deputation unto the Chief Councillor saying, "We will not wear of thy earth colored leg-coverings but will fight only with the garb of our ancestors and with the music that kills from afar off."

7.—And the Chief Councillor harkened unto them and said unto them, "Your fathers and your fathers fathers have fought long and well on many a bloody field; go then to your tent in peace and contemptment my children—Ye too shall fight in your loin-cloth of many colors and with the music which is of madness."

8. And there came unto the Chief Councillor a man who was learned in the law, and whose fame as a great soldier had gone around the earth; and said unto him, "Sire, I have with me twelve score of ruffins who are sharpshooters of the rifle, and behold there are gathered here many score of the Fusiliers of Isles of Erin and of the river where the salmon spawns; and from the City of the Islands of the Western Seas. And many of the Rangers from the mountains whose lungs

are as of brass and whose thirsts are like unto their arid valleys; and many of the hewers of coal from the bowels of the earth. Grant me oh Chief that I may gather these into one band, that they may hail me as their chief and that they may be called by all men the "1st. B.C." they and their children and their childrens children for ever; that they shall fight gloriously and their fame shall spread throughout the earth and never die."

9.—And the Chief Councillor saw that the words of the man of law were wise and said, "It shall be as thou desireth"

10.—And the man of the law gathered his henchmen around him and said unto them, "Henceforth I shall be your Chief and I shall be known to ye and your hirelings under ye as the O. C.

11.—And the O. C. cast around for one who might assist him to train and clothe his band. And looked favourably on a young man of letters with the Fusiliers of the Isles of Erin who had spent many moons in purveying news to the peoples, and who burned with an ardent desire to slay all the King's enemies, so that he ate not neither did he sleep and said unto him, "The look on your face is fierce like unto the ancient Kings of Erin, and thy speech is quick and bold and of much weight; therefore thou shall be known as my second in command; and that all men shall know thee, thou shall wear a crown of gilt upon each shoulder."

(To be continued.)

## Graves Registration Commission.

Those at the front probably know of the good work being done by the Graves Registration Commission in recording the location of the graves of our fallen comrades. The Chaplain must report to them every burial he conducts, with the location of the grave. But now the Commission is prepared to do more. They will furnish to the wife, mother, or other near relative of a deceased man, a photograph of his grave. The relatives must make application to the Chaplain of the unit to which the deceased was attached, giving his name, rank, number, etc., and the date of his death. The writer had occasion recently to apply for one of these photographs on behalf of the father of a man in the Seventies who died at a clearing station in November. He found that the photograph had been taken, was on record, and could be sent immediately. These facts are not generally known and the "Listening Post" could help materially in making them known in Canada, and will be rendering a much appreciated service to those who have lost friends in this struggle.

(Canadian Newspapers are invited to please copy the above, as it is invaluable information to relatives and friends of our our deceased Heroes. Ed.)



According to reports received from Canada, a certain Canadian Officer who came over to France on Oct. 1st., 1915, has arrived in Canada on sick leave. Of course there is nothing wrong in going to Canada on sick leave; but as is usual in cases like this, this particular officer had to talk. Of course there is nothing wrong about talking; providing one sticks to subjects within one's own knowledge and within the bounds of facts. In his conversation this particular officer had to again bring into discussion that little matter of discipline, of which, he says, the 1st Contingent was lacking. Lest these few inappropriate and ill advised remarks on the part of this officer might be taken seriously by a section of the people in Canada, who do not know the facts, we hasten to assert with all the strength and force at our disposal, that a more disciplined contingent never left Canada than the 1st Canadian Ex. Force. Facts as they are known to have happened on this side of the Atlantic will prove the truth of our statement. We represent very much men of other contingents criticizing the first Canadian Contingent. Why these ideal people did not come forward and enlist in the first contingent and make it, by their presence, that much better (or worse) we cannot understand. Until they explain their hesitation they have no right to criticize those who the writer at least considers their betters. The officer referred to goes still further and allows the impression to go through the press that he "came through the battle of Loos unscathed," which was probably due to the fact that he was many miles away from the battle of Loos—the glory of which belongs almost entirely to the first formed so called "Kitchener's armies," and a heroic fight they made against terrible odds. All glory to the brave who gave their lives at the battle of Loos for the cause of the Empire. As a Canadian, I think it is time that the practice of going home to Canada and telling high angle stories of imaginary battles (imaginary as far as the story teller goes) fought apparently for the sake of newspaper publicity and personal heroism, should be tabooed and discouraged. Besides, it is only fair to leave the glory of these battles to those who actually fought in them. Let us hope that this hint will be as good as a nod to those, who, in their blindness would attempt to enlarge on their already hard lived lives on the battle field of Flanders.

## Encycloedia of Military Terms

(Continued)

**ATTENTION.** (pronounced ("Shun")) This is one of the most wonderful words in the military language. It is never spoken or whispered, it is always shouted, bellowed, shrieked or screamed. Just according to the lung power of the officer or N. C. O. in charge of the squad or party, which is to be drilled, paraded, fed, "clinked", washed or, (occasionally), paid. The effects of the command "Shun" on a battalion, is both electrical and hypnotic. It is probably the only magic word now in use that was used in the days of Alladin and his lamp. Should a poker game be in progress and the fabulous stakes be piled chin high on the dug-out or hut floor, until the scene resembles Monte Carlo or Dawson City, and an officer appears; someone utters the magic word "Shun", and the dug-out is immediately transformed into a Sister Susie sewing class, not a nickle or an ace can be seen. The officer usually says "Carry on", and out comes chess boards, Psalm books, knitting needles, woodbines, mouth organs, writing material, girls photographs, the Listening Post, and ginger beer. "What did you say Editor? Get on with the cyclopaedia. Very good Sir". Sir Robert Ball and the "Vancouver Sun" says, that if Halley's Comet comes within one million miles of this earth, everything will be as quiet as the "German Navy". We're taking some awful chances when we say it, but the word "Shun" when a General or Colonel is on parade, has got Halley's Comet beat fifty different ways as a silencer.

(To be Continued)

## To the Shirkers—From the Trenches.

"54 and 17"

The above poem appeared in issue No. 9 of the "Listening Post" over the signature of Pte. W. Hill, 7th Battalion, Canadians.

It has since been drawn to the attention of the Editor that this very fine poem was written by Capt. G. Gilbey, 11th Battalion Rifle Brigade, B.E.F., and to him we wish to give all the credit. It is our earnest endeavour to print only, articles written originally by members of the 7th and other Canadian Battalions.

## Letters to the Editor

To The Editor.

Sir,

May I be allowed space in your valuable paper to answer the letter which was published in your Christmas number from "One of No. 3 Co." Some of his statements need at least, qualification, and others cannot be allowed to pass unchallenged.

I am glad he admits that No. 3 Co. does not like the front line trenches, but I can see no reason why he should feel anything but gratitude to No. 1 Co. in connection with the incident to which your Hong Kong correspondent referred to. Truly we are glad that it is more blessed to give than receive, for were it not so, I doubt if No. 1 Co. would be repaid for its troubles.

As regards "standing to" and rats, all I can say is "rats." The incident is not the one to which your Hong Kong correspondent alluded. I can see no reason why, provided No. 1 Co. wishes to practise "stand to's", No. 3 Co. should necessarily follow suit. Nor can I see that a short "stand to" would do them any harm. Nor can I understand their ingratitude to No. 1 Co. who relieved them of the necessity of "standing to" for several days on the occasion about which your Hong Kong correspondent was well informed.

I trust it will not be necessary for me to refresh the memory of "One of No. 3 Co." with dates and particulars.

"Injured"

## Mentioned in Dispatches.

### Xmas parcels.

Pte. Rogers acknowledges the receipt of two pairs of embroidered carpet slippers.

N.B.—There is no truth in the report that the two Padres have offered to buy them.

Pte. Beurain was delighted to receive a small photograph marked for "Daddy."—No reports (Nuff sed)

Pte. Allwood wishes to inform the sender of the bottle of Pe-ru-na, that he enjoyed the sample. There is no truth in the rumour that he contemplates withdrawing from the "Good Templars."

L. Cpl. Mayler is delighted with the bottle of "Moustacho." There is no foundation to the rumour that he claims it is better than "Frostbite grease."

Post Cpl. Ball has received a book entitled "Men of letters."

Pte. Christy has found the X ray invaluable in locating the parcels full of "good eats."

L---, Philpat highly appreciates the present of a song, with words "Meet me to-night in Dreamland."

Cpl. Robins received a large box of "Baby's own soap."

N.B.—There is no truth in the report that after using the above, he made strenuous efforts to kiss himself.

L---- G----- wishes to thank the donor of the wireless telephone.

N.B.—There is no truth in the report that he received a gramophone with records entitled "Signaller, get me Brigade" and "Orderly."

Ptes. Ford and Atkins received an aviary of parrots which they are training to carry verbal messages to the artillery.

N.B.—There is no truth in the report that their carrier pigeons have been keeping two homes going; one at our own and the other at the German artillery.

Pte. Trainor of the band sent his girl a kettle drum. It is rumored that she has rejected his offer to train'er and "beat" it.

**A kick from a would be signaller.**

There is a bold, bad Pioneer, his name I will not mention,  
 he is a modest kind of man, he sure deserves a pension.  
 Each morn, each noon, each suppertime, he argufing goes, his  
 tak is not worth a dime, but Lordy how it flows.  
 He tells us all about the States, 'bout Californian fruit in  
 crates, and myriad other things, how Woodrow Wilson  
 sent a note, that got the Kaiser's goat, and stirred strife  
 midst Kings.  
 He tells the tale of bully beef, and how old horses come to  
 grief, 'way back in U.S.A. He says this country's on the bum  
 he does'nt get his whack of rum, but surely earns his pay.  
 Carnegie is his dearest friend, and Rockefeller thinks no  
 end, of this "bull-thrower," there's nothing that he does-  
 'nt know, he'll make a balky motor go, or fix a busted  
 mower.  
 Some day I'll rise in righteous wrath, and smite this blighter  
 with a lath, or anything that's handy, I'll call this hoosier's  
 Yankee bluff and make him eat some humble duff. I'll  
 fix him fine and dandy.



**Extracts from Umpteenth  
 Battalion Orders.**

All equipment etc. will be marked with owner's name  
 and regimental number.

x x x

Officer to private who is up for loosing part of his mess  
 tin: "One days pay. By the way, did you have your name  
 on it?"

Private: "Yes Sir."

Officer: "How did you put it on?"

Private: "I scratched it on with my knife, Sir."

Officer: "For disfiguring Government property, two  
 days pay."

x x x

Officer to Sergeant: "Why is that man wearing his  
 sleeping helmet on parade?"

Sergeant: "'E only arrived back from leave last night,  
 Sir, and 'e ses 'e can't get 'is 'at on yet."

x x x

If an elephant climbs a gooseberry bush and picks  
 apples when eggs are 35 cents per doz., how long will it  
 take a beetle with a wooden leg to burrow through a dill  
 pickle?

- 1st. Prize 2 pkgs. 1/2 a mo'
- 2nd. Prize 1 good smell of the O.C.'s dinner.
- 3rd. Prize 1 long look at L—. Philpat's fire-place  
 and bed.
- 4th. Prize 1 long listen to the Adjutant's language.

One of the methods of communication from one officer  
 to another in the trenches of the present great war, is to  
 give the message to one of the privates and tell him to "Pass  
 the word along" the line until it reaches its destination, viz.,  
 the officer at the other end. The following story will show  
 how a serious message can be distorted on its journey from  
 mouth to mouth:-

Lieut. A, in charge of one end of the British line, told  
 the private in front to "Pass the word along" to Lieut. B.,  
 "We are going to advance, can you send us reinforcements?"  
 When Lieut. B. received the message it was like this: "We  
 are going to dance, can you lend us three and four pence?"

We might be excused for repeating one of our own early  
 attempts at "Passing the word." We were on the deep blue  
 sea and by way of a change from Sweedish Drill and other  
 imported horrors, the O.C. explained the importance of  
 passing messages. We were lined up along the deck of the  
 "Virginian", and the message we had to pass from one to  
 another was as follows:-

"Pass the word from Major B—l that Major M—y  
 will be on the bridge at midnight with reinforcements."  
 When this important message arrived at the end of the line,  
 Major M—y's disgust may be better imagined than describ-  
 ed when he heard the result which read:-

"Major M—y will be on the bridge at midnight with  
 reinforcements to throw him overboard."

x x x

There was a young man near Bailleul,  
 Who said he had nothing to do,  
 So he caught a buzz wagon,  
 Arrived home with a jag on,  
 We don't blame him a bit, do you?

There was a young lady called Thompson,  
 Who lived in a house they dropped bombson.  
 She rushed out in the park  
 Crying "Thank God it's dark,  
 For I've nothing else but my com's on."

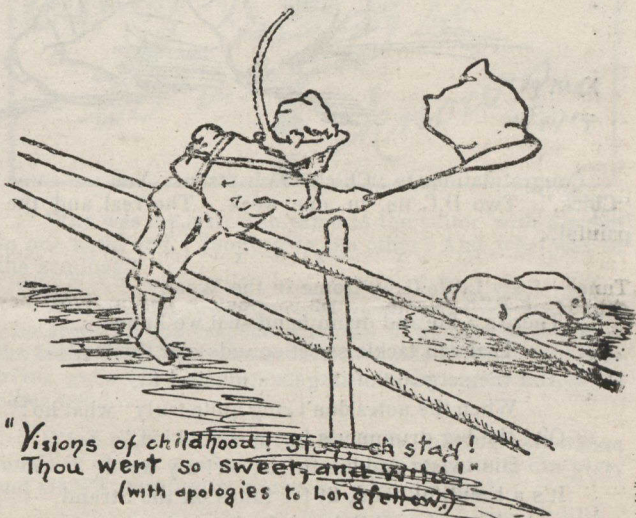
x x x

**Lest we forget.**

A memory of Lark Hill.

The Germans are thirsting for blood,  
 The trenches are deluded with rain,  
 But Lord, take us out of this mud.  
 We're fed up with Salisbury Plain.

x x x



x x x

**Overheard in the Orderley Room.**

Sgt. C—"Gee, the doctor gave it to me this morning."

R.S.M. "What have you been doing now?"

Sgt. C—"Why I left a few papers and envelopes on the  
 table when we left our last billets."

R.S.M. "I don't blame him at all for doing that, did he  
 ask you to go back and remove them?"

Sgt. C—"Yes, but I told him it was stationary."

x x x

Even "busses" running over cobble stone roads in  
 Flanders don't need springs providing the occupants are  
 properly "oiled."

x x x

Well known Mach. Gun Sgt. to well known Sgt. Major.  
 "What would you rather have, a Flanders fog or a Scotch  
 mist?"

x x x

First 7th Bn. N.C.O. "How are you doing these days  
 Sergeant?"

Second 7th Bn. N.C.O. Swimingly Bill, Swimingly."

x x x

Wyze Guy, on Sentry: "Halt! who goes there?"

Voise in the dark: "7th Battalion."

Sentry: "What Regiment?"

V.I.D.: "New Vestmeenster."

Sentry: "Where's your pick and shovel?"

No flowers by request. The Daisies will grow in the  
 Springtime.



Congratulations to "Chick" Robertson. You are some "Chick." Two D.C.Ms. in one week. The real and the painful.

x x x

Tune— "My Little Grey Home in the West."

There's a fife and drum band that we know,  
That can tackle sweet sounds o'er the foe,  
And the sergeant of it, gets a musical fit,  
When the notes don't ring quite truly "what ho!"  
Oh! the big drummer's boom is a "bird,"  
His twists and his twirls, oh! my word.  
It's a beautiful band, fit for tunes on the Strand,  
It's our 1st. B.C. band don't you know.



### Christie's Spies.

Pte. Christie very nearly became famous the last time we went to rest billets. You know Christie is the Second in Command at our Post Office. He is not very old, neither is he fat. He has never been in trouble through being unshaven on parade, and it is rumoured that he was taken out of the firing line because he kept getting lost through falling between the bath mats on the bottom of the trench. His present job is sorting, (and incidentally smashing), parcels. At this, he has a system of his own. He calls it the "group" system. He empties a sack of parcels in the middle of a room or barn, he then takes a running jump into the pile and commences his system. No. 1 Co. parcels he throws to the right, No. 2 Co. he flings to the left, No. 3 Co. he hurls to the front, No. 4 Co. he tosses over his head, and all parcels marked "With Care" or "Fragile" he pitches as high and as far as possible. If a parcel is addressed "To a lonely Soldier," arrives, he suddenly becomes lonesome.

Oh! yes, about spies. Pte. Christie was billeted in an attic over a farm house near the frontier. He was alone, just having finished "grouping" some parcels. When

buzzzzz, buzzz, buzzz. "What was that? Nobody in the house but women, yet there goes a telephone buzzer. Spies! Sure enough! German Spies! And still it kept on. Dash, dot, dash, Yes, these "innocent" farmers must be telling the enemy that the 7th Canadians are out of the trenches, and this would be a good time to pull off an attack, etc. Here a brilliant idea flashed through his brain. Why not take down the message in dots and dashes, and get a signaller to read it.

He had dotted and dashed all over the backs of about seven hundred letters and parcels, and figured out how much money he would draw when he got sent to England to be decorated; he had looked in his "mirror" to see how he would look in an officer's uniform, when a voice he knew too well murmured, "I wish that bunch of West Lanc's would take that dummy instrument out of the next room and hold their signalling class somewhere else."

### The ARMY SERVICE CORPS

You may think of things heroic, and of fighting men and fame,

And mention famous regiments and speak of each by name.

You forget they need supplying with food and things galore, this is the work of willing hands;

It's the Army Service Corps.

You never see their health drunk, you seldom hear them cheered,

In Brilliant feats of victory their names have not appeared; but though those famous regiments with Huns can wipe the floor,

They'd sure be in a mess, without the Army Service Corps. See the drivers loading, ankle deep in mud and slush.

Using language that would make a London cabby blush. Clothes wet through before they start, fingers numbed, harness hard after a hard days work, perhaps last night a guard.

They're ready at last in column of route, "walk march" the Captain cries, and off they go as willing a lot, as ever met your eyes.

It's dark; they can't see where they are going, they must follow the rumble;

A wagon gets stuck in the mud and muck, but you never hear them grumble,

Bullets whiz past left and right, shells go screaming by, and the maxims patter that awful clatter, and the star shell light up the sky.

Wagons unloaded without a sound, save for the noise of the guns; but the lads have food for another day, for the fight with the Kultured Huns.

### Band Notes

A certain member of the band trying to "scale" the flute, fell "flat." We should be very sorry to "note" his "sharp" decline. After many "rests," he is now doing "time," while the band plays Annie Laurie.

### THE SCOUTS

Silently through the rustling grass  
Like rats at play they crawl,  
Or out upon the dank morras,  
Where stealthily they sprawl.

There through the stillness of the night,  
With danger face to face  
They gaze and peer on left and right  
Through No Man's doubtful space.

Out where the river's swollen high  
And overflows its banks,  
They watch the foe with steadfast eye,  
To know his latest pranks.

Searching out each mound and hollow,  
Keeping close to the ground;  
Slightest changes they must follow,  
While death lurks all around.

Tracing the crooked battle line  
In sunshine or in rain,  
That winds about through bog or mire,  
Across the smoke-dimmed plain.

Through the wires they cautiously creep,  
Under the starlights glare,  
Hoping to catch the foe asleep,  
And take him unaware.

Sgt. W. J. Cook,

# 5th Canadian Battalion

Watch this page next issue—it's ours. We are going to prove that the boys of the fifth can write as well as fight

Don't miss the next issue!

LIEUT. BAGSHAW,  
Sub. Editor.

## THE LADS

(Dedicated to the unknown writer of the first two verses.)

If you walked the whole length of the Main Street to-day,  
You would hardly encounter a soul;  
For to serve King and Country, the lads are away,  
From the village, of Toad-in-the-Hole.

The blacksmith has quit his anvil, and forge,  
The barber forsaken his pole;  
And marched with Tom, Harry, Dick and George,  
And others, from Toad-in-the-Hole.

With a clasp of the hand, and a last cheery word,  
They went off to make duty their goal,  
To encounter a foe who may never have heard  
Of the village, of Toad-in-the-Hole.

And though more than one Jill, is lamenting her Jack,  
And the broad seas between them may roll,  
What a welcome we'll give to the lads who come back,  
To the village, of Toad-in-the-Hole.

R.C.W.

Note:—The first two verses of this poem were found in the trenches. The other two are by Pte. Walker.



## — SONGS —

Whilst "Roaming in the Gloaming,"  
"Down by the Old Mill Stream."  
I discovered the "Old Oaken Bucket"  
Lying "Sweet and low Serene."  
"Tis night and Shadows falling,"  
"I'm afraid to go home in the dark,"  
"Sweet Genevieve" is calling  
From "My little grey home in the Park."  
As "My King and Country needs me"  
"Call me early Mother Dear,"  
Lest "Our Navy, Our Gallant Navy,"  
Sails from "Home sweet Home" for La Guerre.  
Whilst "Rocked in the cradle of the Deep,"  
"I wonder who's kissing her now."  
"Oh! Sergeant please sing me to sleep,"  
Or "I'll die for you" I vow.  
"My Bonnie Annie Laurie"  
"Where the River Shannon flows"  
Ask me "Who killed Cock Robin."  
"Twas Robert Adair" or the crows,  
\* "West" does'nt rhyme with "dark"



Who was the man who came to the editor with a poem in one hand and a sandbag in the other? And what was in the sandbag?

Who are the two prominent members of the H.Q. staff who argue on the respective merits of unions, and who is the lanky individual who generally stands between and contrives, generally, to properly balance the arguments of the other two?

What is the name of the band in the Division whose music is always spoiled by those who think they can play, and CANT, butting in on the six good players?

Who is the officer's servant that smokes De Reske's and where does he get 'em?

Who are the two fellows in the 7th Battalion who are both writing to the same girl?

When are we going back for another rest?

Where did Sgt. H----d get those pants which he wore at the boxing contest? And if he felt a draft when the stitches burst?

If the German trenches are heated with steam or the same as ours, "hot air?"

## Our Gallant Sergeant Cook,

Oh! happy is our sergeant cook,  
Who sits around all day,  
And does'nt do a stroke of work,  
But grouses all the way.

At the head of the table, at the Q. M. Stores,  
He'll sit and laugh, and sigh,  
And God help the guy who tries to butt  
in on the fam-i-ly (eye).

The cook cars coming down the road,  
He reviews on the march with pride,  
And should one cook get out of step,  
That man O'woe betide.

And I'm sure with me you'll all agree,  
He has a most wonderful style,  
And we all wish him the best of luck,  
Since they made him O. C. Coal Pile.

# THE 8TH BATTALION'S PAGE

## ABOUT WORKING PARTIES

The following valuable notes are (not) from the diary of an officer who has "had some." When you "lamp" the fateful order from the Orderly Room coming into your billet, start coughing and complain of trench feet and trench fever. The Company Commanders are all sympathetic that yours is almost certain to detail someone else for the job.

However, if you fail, make the best of it. Don't get up too early to meet your party. The mens' nerves are already shattered and your appearance on time might cause some to collapse.

When a sapper comes up and tags your party for his particular job, get square with him by giving your opinion of Engineers as trench makers. A few encouraging words like these endear the two corps with one another.

When the task is allotted, criticize the necessity for the work. This puts heart into the men who love to waste sandbags. Then find a nice soft spot and light your pipe. Read the morning paper, then have a snooze. The men will work much better. They will say unto themselves, "Let us surprise little Algernon by showing how much we did while he slept." If the result is not what you expected and you fear an adverse report, send for the sapper and scold him. Then have a dispute about the time for "knocking off." If the sapper dares dispute the accuracy of your wrist watch, crime him for insolence.

If your party is shelled a bit, remember that it is because the powerful German telescopes have detected an officer—yourself. Consider your men first. Though your valorous instinct says no, withdraw instantly to the rear. Once the Huns see the officer has gone, they will not shell any more—thus you really earn the V. C. for saving lives. "Discretion is the better part of valor," so be discrete and retire.

Never look after the party's food or rum on your return. That pampers the men. Let them scratch for themselves and learn self reliance. If they fail to get the rum they will be peeved but think of the joy in W. C. T. U. Lodges.

Remember you are entitled to 12 hours sleep on your return to billets and your breakfast in bed. Arduous labor requires rest.

## "A" Company's Hymn of Hate.

There's a beautiful land called Flanders,  
That's noted for lockjaw and glanders;  
Where it rains all the time  
And the sun does not shine,  
But is alright for ducklings and ganders.

Old Kaiser Bill's hordes took a hold of this land,  
And entrenched themselves in behind bags  
filled with sand.

But a few shells from our guns,  
Soon dispersed all the Huns,  
Which shows that their scheme was not very well  
planned.

Now we're only waiting the day  
When Haig says: "Boys, there's the way;"  
Then with bayonet and shell,  
We'll sure give 'em Hell  
And show how the Eighth can repay.

For they caught us one day up at Ypres,  
Where our trenches were damn hard to keep,  
But we fought hand to hand with that dastardly  
band  
Who with gas put our comrades to sleep.

So sharpen your bayonets L.B.D's,  
We'll bring that damn Kaiser right down on  
his knees.

Come woe or come weal,  
We'll give 'em cold steel  
For our vengeance they'll find is hard to appease.

## ON DIT

There are 'eaps of ways of pronouncing YPRES.

The reputation of MESSINES as a health resort is gone.  
German experts report it as "distinctly unhealthy."

No need to go to London to see "Shell Out" played.

The Smart Alex who wrote home to his wife that he was held up by an "Ack Pip Emma" in London is in wrong

with his family. "Who was the awful creature?" They ask.

Who is the chap who on a recent visit to London became "Estaminated" and wandered to Hyde Park Corner where he fell asleep. "Hey what are you doing here?" said a policeman. "Waiting for rations" was the reply.

To learn to talk French listen to the repartee between the apposing lines some quiet evening.

Seems to us we once heard of a place called Canada, but that was long ago.

## The 'Plaint of the Horse

Oh say! Mr. Editor Orr Sir,  
A word with you if you don't mind,  
I'm only a war-worn old horse Sir,  
But my story's worth hearing you'll find.

Each pay day you issue your "Rag" Sir,  
And the boys gather round for a smile,  
Now there's no pay day for an old "Nag" Sir,  
But you might mention us once in a while.

You see Sir, we're no good at writing,  
And our "Folks" live "Somewhere out West"  
We're built so we're no good for fighting,  
But tell them we are doing our best.

The boys in the trenches at night Sir,  
Are protected by sandbags and wire,  
They "Duck" when they see a "Flare-light Sir,"  
While we face the Hun's "Rapid fire."

We take their rations and mail Sir,  
In loads which are piled mountains high,  
We'll still do our bit without fail Sir,  
But please mention us once, wont you try?

You sit in your cosy old dug-out  
And write up some story or fable,  
All the while there's your faithfull old plug out  
In the rain, sleet and mud, for a stable.

In peace times no doubt you wont need us,  
Except for shoe leather or glue;  
But please take us back where they'll feed us,  
To our friends of the Cross painted Blue.

Bonypart.

## Zipp I addie I ay

Old General Von Bellow a Hun of a fellow,  
Played on a "Jack Johnson" one night,  
Sweet "Melodies" rare in the trenches somewhere,  
We all got dug in out of sight,  
But he started prancing  
When he saw us advancing  
With British Tommies at our side,  
And with one big yell O!  
He showed he was yellow,  
For he kicked his poor batman and cried;

Chorus

Zipp I addie I ay I ay,  
Zipp I addie I ay  
I don't care what becomes of me  
If only I get back to sweet Germanee,  
Zipp I addie I ay I ay  
My feet they vos just like clay,  
They've got guns like "Big Lizz,"  
And I dont like this biz,  
Zipp I addie I ay.

Now some kinds of music makes me sick and you sick  
And some kinds are anything but grand,  
So when they started passing us  
"Jack Johnsons" and gassing us,  
'Twas worse than one dam German Band,  
But look not Von Tirpitz,  
To welcome home Fritz,  
Who thought into Calais he'd stride,  
For with shrapnel and snipers  
He couldn't take "Wipers,"  
So he "Straffed" us once more as he cried:

Chorus

# 10th Canadian Battalion

(THE FIGHTING TENTH)

Look out boys! We're coming.  
Watch this page next issue  
for some "HOT DOPE."

LIEUT. G. C. BURBIDGE,  
Sub. Editor.

HARRY RICHARDS.  
The "Gink."

## ADVERTISEMENTS On Sale at the C. M. Stores.

No more Blighties.

Combined raft and dug-out. When opened from right to left it forms a raft, capable of carrying a company's rations; and opened from left to right it forms a bombproof shelter. Can be carried in haversack

Payments accepted at the following rates:-

Four bits per week until the Padre's batman says he wants to go back to the trenches.

**Philphat, Clarque, Phatterson  
and Co., Limited.**

THANKGOOD NESS, FRANCE.

Engineers, excavators, plasterers and vanishers.  
Sleeping Quarters and Basements a Speciality.  
References, Muddenwaters Bank, Rossignol.

The above well known Government Contractors, having almost completed that vast undertaking known as the "Rossignol Retreat," are open to accept any work, in any part of the globe. The splendid "Roman Fireplace" which was constructed at the above retreat by Mr. Philphat, (sleeping partner of the above firm,) should be sufficient recommendation to anyone requiring their services.

Note: Special low estimates on any job in a "proud" country.

### Situation Wanted.

Upright soldierly young man would like a position as mother's help, lady's maid, financial secretary, or store-keeper in a distillery. Would consider offers of employment as Field Cashier's batman, Army Censor, or Staff Officer's groom.

Reasons for desiring change of occupation are:

Want of exercise, and the apparent blockade of Jamaica.

Willing to accept special low salary in any of the under-mentioned towns:

Boulogne 35 dollars per month, Shornecliffe 30 dollars per month, London 25 dollars per month, Vancouver two bits per month. Address all offers (enclosing photo of sister or girl) to Cpl. N-- 1, A3-Y2 this paper.

## THE POETS CORNER

### — LEAVE —

A little scrap of paper, dimly lined,  
Bearing the imprint of a blackened thumb,  
The Paymaster's I think, but need I mind?  
Ah! bleas'd hour, my turn for leave, has come.

Our Chariot grey, kin to Orion's fire,  
Shall bear us forth 'ere Sol has lit the heaven,  
Lest Mercury hastening o'er a D 1 wire  
Shall say, "Please note, your leave curtailed by  
[seven.]"

Heedless I'll be for the whizz-bang's plaintive cry,  
No more shall fall on my unwilling ears.  
The Woolly Bear, no longer hurling by,  
Shall chill my feet or fill my soul with fears.

Visions of filmiest lace, a jewelled monogram  
Peeping from out a bow of azure blue

A loving voice murmurs so low, "Oh Dam!  
Come on—get out—its four o'clock, STAND TO."

A. A. A.

## ODE

"Zu Wilhem der bose" to "Wilhem the wicked."

The "Ages of iron" of ancient years,  
Brot forth their brave conquerors' dread,  
Old nations were reared 'neath slaughter and tears,  
And the strife of our "Mighty dead."

Our lifetime has fallen on days of sheen,  
Our warfare the students campaign,  
Our struggles in commerce are bloodless, if keen,  
Our banners unspotted by stain.

What meaneth that wail in the winds so shrill?  
The shriek of a million in pain;  
And what doth betoken your blood-red rill?  
A sword thrust crimsoned by slain.

These grand old flags of a hundred fights  
Are stirring their worm eaten folds,  
And the dust that hath rusted their standards bright,  
Hath fallen in showers of red and gold.

Earth's prophets forshadowed the din of this age,  
They chanted its glories and woes,  
'Tis ours to rewrite on the red tintured page,  
Our triumphs, disgrace to our foes.

Shall we yeald thee allegiance, first war lord of hell?  
For whom millions in agony bleed?  
Shall we rear thee thy "Heimgard," our terrors fortell,  
And surrender our skulls for thy mead?\*

Prime soi reign of Europe, 'twas thine to send forth  
Thy "Dove" o'er the landscape and wave,\*\*  
No emblem of love, but of torture and wrath,  
And "Contempt" for the peaceful and brave.

Supreme and unrivall'd, thou peerless in fame,  
World Ceasar hast triumphed through hate,  
Nay; unnumber'd myriads are cursing thy name,  
Thou art fallen, thy victor black hate.

J. M. Sawkins.

\* It was the ambition of the ancients, the Huns and Vandals, to drink mead in Valhalla out of the skulls of their enemies.

\*\* "Dove" ie. The Taube Military aeroplane.

### That's How I Straffe You.

Sometimes the Kaiser feels lonesome,  
Sometimes he feels on the bum;  
Why should the Kaiser feel lonesome  
When he's got "Beaucoup des Hun?  
We are the boys he is after,  
But we dig faster than he?  
All that we know is he's straffing,  
Straffing at what he can't see.

Chorus

Like the Kaiser straffes our front line,  
Like Von Hindenburg was stung,  
Like the Kaiser straffes the Clown Prince,  
Not one victory has he won;  
Like the Turks are getting beaten,  
Like the Balkans they are too,  
Like the Kaiser straffes his enemies,  
That's how I straffe you.

Kaiser Bill's been on the hump now,  
Fifteen months now in the fray,  
With all his straffing and shelling,  
He has not had his own way,  
But there's a time coming some day,  
Then all his straffing will stop;  
Down with the Hun's blooming army.  
With the Allies on top.

"Irish."

## "THE LISTENING POST"

may now be procured from the following agents who have been appointed to make it convenient for all our present readers to obtain their copies regularly:

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IN FIELD

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BAILLEUL and ROMARIN

SOLDIERS INSTITUTE AT BAILLEUL

Y. M. C. A., 1st CAN. INF. BDE.

### A visit to the Paymaster.

If you remember, (personally I fail to see how you can forget it), the first visit to your girl's home, it will be a waste of printer's ink and valuable space in this paper, for me to attempt to describe the preliminary manoeuvres of a man who has found it necessary to seek an interview with the Paymaster, in between pay days. Although the result of a visit to the Paymaster will not affect a man's future career, as seriously as the first mentioned act of bravery and daring, I have come to the conclusion that both visits should be strictly avoided. If you are successful in your visit to the Paymaster, it may lead to your being sentenced to 28 days No. 1, whilst if you look O. K. in the eyes of "Glycerine's Pa or Ma", you will put the "tin hat" on it by giving her old man a box of cigars, and you will be a prisoner until you get a divorce.

The P. M. sits in his office, watching his clerk do the work. \* He may be amusing himself by censoring his batman's love letters, and incidentally making them about as full of news as a Chinese laundry ticket. A soldier approaches, wearing a Y. M. C. A. expression. He taps at the door and springs to attention, just as he would at Glycerine's door. His brow is wet, his hands cold, and his throat parched. At second thought, he puts his pay book back in to his pocket. The scene inside the office is changed. Stacks of five franc bills which have been decorating the P. M.'s table and soap box, mysteriously disappear, along with every other sign of prosperity. The P. M. assumes an expression of extreme poverty and privation. (This is done by turning the moustache downwards.) In a loud voice he commands his stenographer, (male), to write a note to the bank for money. The poor wretch at the door, not knowing that all this commotion is for his benefit, begins to feel sorry for himself and financial state of the Empire. Squaring his shoulders and taking a deep breath, he again approaches the door. This time the taps are better both in quality and quantity and he is rewarded by a not over-enticing, "Come in". To all appearances, Pte. Blowitin has interrupted the, "Report centre" of the British Army. Official-looking papers everywhere. Blue sheets covered with names numbers and notes, dazzle his eyesight. Without looking up, the P. M. asks, "What can I do for you to-day?" Pte. Blowitin raises his right hand to his fevered brow and salutes as he would a Generalissime. The P. M.'s unnecessary question, must be answered in true, military fashion, (with a nice sugar coating to make it go down easy) \* Pte. Blowitin knows from experience that it would be disastrous to come straight to the point with, "I'm busted, Sir." He is too much of a diplomat. He states his case in "Extended order"; no "Massed formation" on this battle ground.

"That's some dog you've got there, Sir."

"Yes so everybody tells me,"

"It's got a splendid home to, Sir."

"Yes, but he doesn't appreciate it."

"That's to bad! And such a generous kindhearted boss too, Sir."

This masterstroke has the desired effect of causing the P. M., to look up.) Pte. Blowitin follows it up with :-

"I have a brother on H. M. S. Powerless what keeps a dog like him, Sir."

"Like your brother or like my dog? what do you want, this is my busy day."

"My brother, the one that's on a submarine has sent me a letter saying as how my grandfather aint feeling well since the early closing act come out. You see sir, he is 92, and when he went to enlist the doctor turned him down on account of his teeth, and as he can only take liquid nourishment, he has to run so fast from the "Wheatshaf" to the "Swan" and from there to the "Bluebell" to get his free drink for sweeping the floor, that his health is failing. Now Sir, I want to know if you could let me have 15 francs to send to him, Besides Sir, I want to buy him a birthday card what's marked "From Flanders".

Note:- I don't want to ruin the P. M.'s reputation by saying he turned him down, and if I say he "Kicked through" with 15 francs, everybody will try him out. Drone.

(\* That's what clerks are for. Ed.)

(\* Copyrighted by the Padre.)

### SANDBAG DUFF

Overs our cook is some chef,  
That is in his own ideas,  
But the dishes he inflects on us,  
Would melt a man to tears.

The slabs of meat that he calls steaks,  
Have often equine histories,  
While the dope that he hands round as stew,  
Should class with "Unsolved mysteries."

Such minor slips and faults as these,  
We've taken in good part,  
But his latest crime called "Sandbag Duff"  
Would break an angles heart.

He got some hard-tack, flour and grease,  
Then through some chips of wood in,  
Some sugar, salt, and powdered lime,  
Then labeled it as pudding.

Some currants then he added next,  
Some rifle oil and gun rag,  
Some cordite to remove the taste,  
Then boiled it in a sandbag.

He sent it up for supper then,  
We rolled it up the road,  
He had to add a safety pin,  
For fear it might explode.

We got it to our dug-out soon  
And placed it on the table,  
But to eat a lump of that stone wall,  
Not one of us was able.

But though we battled valliantly,  
With parry, thrust and lunge,  
That pudding was too much for us,  
We all threw up the sponge.

Some real tough guys we called in then,  
Who never yet retreated,

But no impression could they make,  
They had to plead defeated.

We shoved it under water then,  
But it would not be drowned,

It now lies in a nameless grave,  
Neath six good feet of earth.

C. H. Arliepiece.

P.S: The receipt for the above will be supplied at reduced rates to munition workers, armament makers or other Government workers.