

THE LISTENING POST



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Lieut.-Col. W. F. GILSON, D.S.O.



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Major D. Philpot, D.S.O.

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CHRISTMAS, 1917 : SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE.



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EDITORIAL.

FOR the third time Christmas finds the Canadians under arms in the trenches of Flanders. What they have endured during the past three years; what they have hoped for, striven for—and in their thousands died for—is not yet in sight; but the spirit that carried the original Canadian Division through the second Battle of Ypres is still marching with the Canadian Corps to-day through all the mud and slime—and hell—of the modern battlefield, and will march with them, to the only goal that is worth striving for—Peace—and a Real Peace that will make a recurrence of this hideous nightmare impossible. "Berlin or Bust" in letters a foot high was the motto that greeted one when the first trains rolled into Valcartier in August, 1914. "Berlin or Bust" it is after three years—but silent now—written only in the thoughts of those who carry on.

And to our own folks whose dearest wish was that we should be with them at the festive board this Christmas time, just the old, old message, "A Merry Christmas and a glad New Year" from the bottom of our hearts. A Merry Christmas in the real and true sense of the word—not the abolition of all the old customs in the absence of loved ones, but the whole-hearted enjoyment of all that is worth while. Life is short and this old World too small for misery and long faces—look on the brighter side of life and keep in training at smiling ready to welcome us back. And if in the midst of all you pause with sober faces and silently drink to those who have paid the utmost price, remember that they too—those happy, cheery lads cut down on the very threshold of life—would wish it so.

Our Short Story Competition.

Our Short Story Competition failed to produce the results expected, the number of efforts submitted being—to put it mildly—rather limited; and the range of the stories even more restricted. To those who did spend time and trouble to forward us material we tender our sincere thanks, and a pious wish for a little more. The prizes have been awarded as follows:—

1st Prize (100 Francs).

Pte. R. G. McSWINEY, Inf. Bde. H.Q. and
Pte. G. E. FORSTER-THOMAS, Canadian Inf. (Joint effort).

2nd Prize (60 Francs.)

35460 Dvr. A. LEAVITT, Canadian Div'l Train.

3rd Prize (40 Francs).

16264 Pte. S. J. SMITH, Canadian Inf.

We regret that our normal procedure of publication twice a month has been disturbed for the past few months. Circumstances over which our control is extremely limited are responsible; and everything points to a continuance of these "circumstances." We can only promise therefore to get out the LISTENING POST whenever possible without reference to dates or seasons.

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A LETTER FROM
BRIG.-GEN. F. O. W. LOOMIS, C.M.G., D.S.O.

[The following letter from Brig.-Gen. F. O. W. Loomis, C.M.G., D.S.O., has been addressed to Lieut.-Col. W. F. Gilson, D.S.O. for publication in the Christmas Issue of the "Listening Post."]

HEADQUARTERS,
WESTERN CANADIAN INFANTRY BRIGADE.

18/10/17.

LIEUT.-COL. W. F. GILSON, D.S.O.,
Commanding 1st British Columbia Battalion.

DEAR COLONEL GILSON,

The LISTENING POST, through merit, has outgrown the local and prescribed functions of a Regimental Journal, and even of a Brigade Publication. It is known and read not only throughout the Western Canadian Infantry Brigade, but circulates widely in Canada.

With your kind permission, I wish to convey through the medium of the LISTENING POST:—

First, a message from every member of the Western Canadian Infantry Brigade to anxious hearts at home, to assure them that they have our constant love and devotion, our daily thoughts, and our wishes for a Merry and Happy Christmas. Keep the Home Fires burning. Keep our places in your hearts and in our homes fresh and fragrant, for though long years and long leagues separate us, our love and loyalty know no space of time nor distance.

Second, a message to every Officer, Non-Commissioned Officer and Man of my Brigade—the Brigade which I am proud and fortunate to command. Loyal, faithful and true, courageous and able, you have seen your duty—you have done and are doing it. I wish you all a Happy and Merry Christmas.

I wish to assure all of my appreciation of their good and faithful work during the almost year and a half that I have commanded the Brigade. During that time we have been up and down the Line, from Belgium to the Somme, and have taken part in many operations. Deeds have been done and scenes witnessed which will remain for ever deeply engraved in our memories.

We have seen the enemy driven in disorder, bombed, bayoneted, and shot—till their bodies lay piled in heaps, and almost every shell-hole held its quota of their dead.

We have lived amid the scattered ruins of ancient cathedrals and chateaux, among the twisted iron vitals of monster industries, and in the cellars of shattered and deserted homes. We have seen the household treasures, the children's toys strewn, broken and abandoned in hurried flight.

We have laid the bodies of many of our best under rows of little wooden crosses. We love those comrades who have fallen; we remember their deeds, and recall

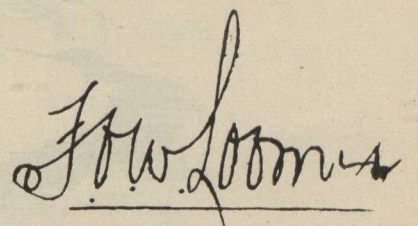
their deaths with pride and joy, and we know that their souls go marching with us. We know that the spirit of devotion that animated them remains with us, and we feel that the enemy has no battalions, no gas, guns, shells, nor bombs which will dampen or deter this spirit of determination—the Canadian Spirit.

We remember, when we first came to France, the Men usually sang on the march. But for some time back marches are mostly made in silence. We have listened to the metallic "clack, clack" of our Men marching in regular cadence on the pavé of the Grandes Routes Nationales; to the "crunch, crunch" of their feet on the metalled roads; to the soft "tamp, tamp" on the clay lanes; to the "suck, suck" on the sticky and slippery mud, and to their march in single file over shell-holes and grassy tracks when on their way to the trenches. We have heard them go by in their thousands—and silent. Why is this? What are the Men thinking about? Has their enthusiasm diminished? Is the spirit changed? No! The Old Spirit is with them as strong as ever. Their faces in the sunlight, their shadowy forms in the moonlight, if you watch them, will tell you this. The swing of their bodies and the sound of their feet speak of confidence and determination.

It is three years, over, since the First Canadian Contingent sailed away from Canada, and they now march silently over the roads and lanes of France and Flanders because their thoughts are of Homes and Loved Ones far away. They know that Fathers, Mothers, Wives, Children, and Sweethearts are also thinking of them and working for them.

Happy Canada which possesses such well-loved Homes! Fortunate Country with such loving Fathers and Mothers, such faithful Wives, such devoted Children, such affectionate Sweethearts! So long as Canada possesses such as these, her Sons will be ready to go to the ends of the world to fight for them, to die for them, and they will love them forever.

Yours sincerely,



Brigadier-General, Commanding the Western
Canadian Infantry Brigade.

1914.

IN a prosperous mining town in the north of France there stands a large, quiet-looking brick building; one built for comfort and not for looks, and yet attractive on account of its very plainness and peacefulness. It stands well back from the road and a little above its neighbours on the slope of the hill-side, adding effect to the small but well-kept garden and winding driveway leading up to the front entrance.

From here, if you look towards the north, you will see a maze of little, red-tiled roofs snuggling cozily in the valley below—all regular in size and shape, yet each a home in itself, the home of some hard-working miner. In the distance, as if to offset so much bright colour, a peaceful hill-side greets the eye with its fields of yellow and green dotted, here and there, with trees.

But let us glance inside to a still more peaceful scene, along the broad, tiled hallway and into the many large, well-lit rooms, fitted with every convenience, with their pretty wall-papers, high, decorated ceilings and beautiful furniture. One room will strike you as especially cosy and home-like, for it is the sitting-room. Here, at a valuable old desk beneath the window, a pretty girl sits gazing dreamily through the window at the peaceful scene outside, with a half-finished letter before her. On the other side of the room, in two large arm-chairs drawn up close to a cheery-looking fire, are two prosperous looking, well filled-out beings—Pa and Ma. Outside in the hallway you can hear the coy, little servant girls tripping up and down as they prepare the evening meal.

Such is the scene of happiness and comfort, a scene so commonplace and natural that no wonder it was taken for granted—and war, well, what difference could war make?

1917.

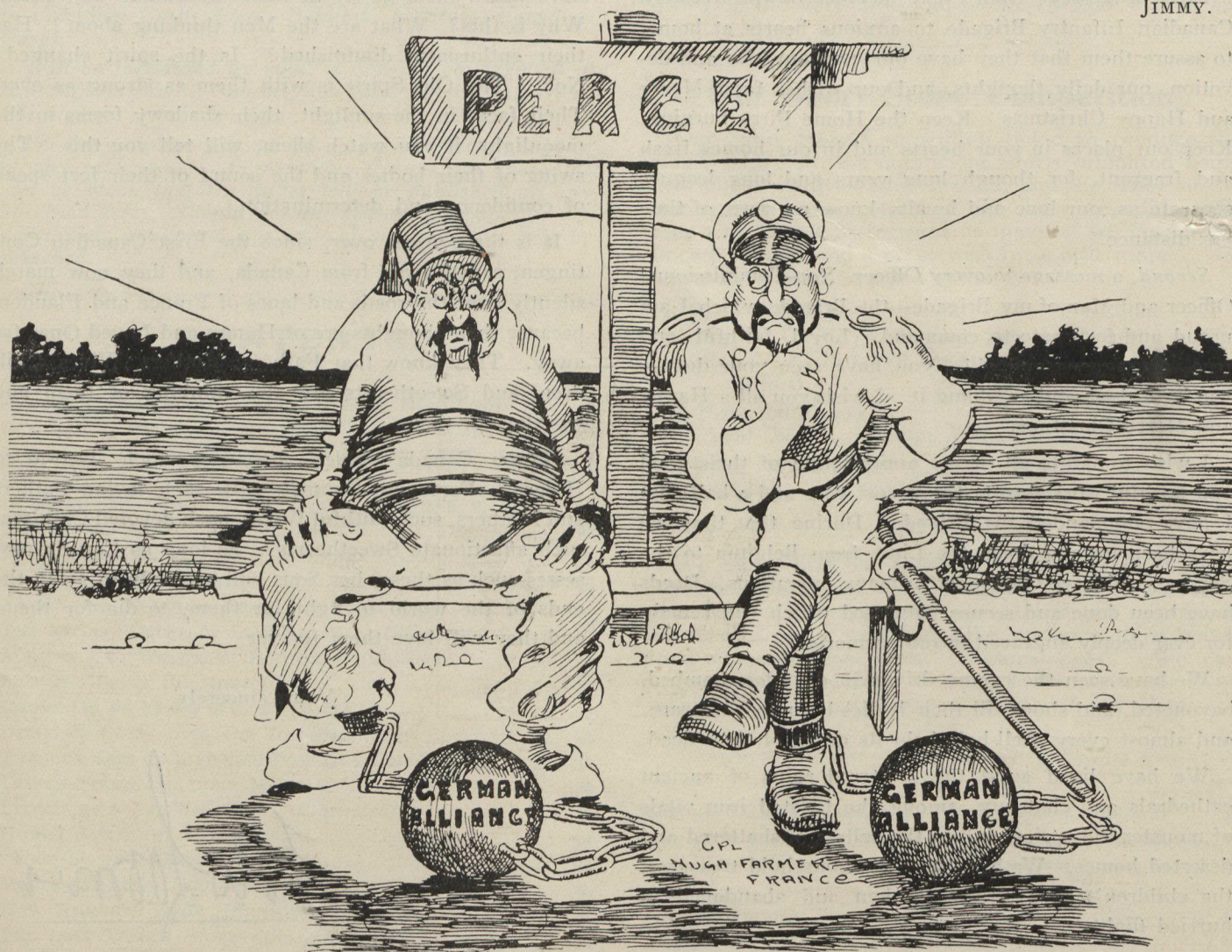
The old house still stands—or part of it—for three years' war has surely left its mark. The trim-looking garden is now a mass of shell-holes, with here and there a little patch of grass and weeds to show where the smooth lawn used to be. Round the house, itself a mass of bricks, débris lies strewn, fallen from the shattered and shell-torn walls and roof. Inside, too, the change is even more pronounced, for the plasterless walls and ceilings, and the paneless windows and damaged floors—long since looted of their furniture—strike the eye painfully. Down below, where Fritz has been and gone, you find a honey-comb of stuffy dug-outs.

Yet, perhaps, what strikes one most of all is the change in the occupants, for now the old brick house is the holder of the proud title, "Battalion Headquarters." In place of those peaceful, quiet-lived folk you find a noisy hustling mob. In that pretty, spotless hallway a hungry bunch of signallers now sit and dine in state; while a powerful smell of "whizz-bangs à la Foreman" fills the air. That quaint, cosy sitting-room now has an awesome, dignified appearance, for between its strengthened, sand-bagged walls sits the Major—playing cards. In the basement, where those pretty, modest little maidens held full sway, you will find—alas! a noisy gang of well-fed batmen; while lower still, the orderly room, that confusing mass of papers, wires and maps, where the Adjutant sits and tears his hair.

It's a sad change, and even the view is not the same, for views of desolate ruins with "minnies" landing in the distance, and five-point-nine shrapnel bursting overhead, soon lose their charm.

Yes, if bricks could talk, I guess that same old brick house could tell a tale to beat the warriors of the Second Battle of Ypres—and that's going some, believe me.

JIMMY.



TURK: "Curses! I'll never get there with this infernal drag."

FERDY: "I could have told you that a year ago."

HONOURS LIST.

DECORATIONS
AWARDED TO
OFFICERS, N.C.O.'s AND MEN



WHILE SERVING ON
THE STAFF OF THE
WESTERN BRIGADE.

Companion of the Order of the Bath.

Brig.-Gen. (now
Lieut.-Gen.) Sir A. W. Currie, K.C.M.G.

Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George.
Brig.-Gen. F. O. W. Loomis, D.S.O.

Distinguished Service Order.
Major B. M. Humble.

Military Cross.
Capt. (now Lieut.-Col.) R. P. Clark
Captain W. H. S. Alston (Rifle Brigade)

Military Medal.
429098 S/Sgt. Wardrop, R.

Meritorious Service Medal.

19207 A/Q.M.S. Schell, J. J.

Mentioned in Despatches.

Brig.-Gen. (now
Maj.-Gen.) L. J. Lipsett, C.M.G.
Brig.-Gen. F. O. W. Loomis, C.M.G.,
D.S.O.
Capt. (now Lieut.-Col.) J. M. Prower, D.S.O.
Capt. (now Lieut.-Col.) R. P. Clark, M.C.
Major B. M. Humble, D.S.O.
Captain R. R. Napier.
Captain W. H. S. Alston, M.C.
Captain W. D. Herridge.

Legion D'Honneur (French).

Brig.-Gen. (now
Lieut.-Gen.) Sir A. W. Currie, K.C.M.G.,
C.B.

DECORATIONS
AWARDED TO



THE 1st B.C.
SINCE ARRIVAL IN FRANCE.

Victoria Cross.
428545 Pte. M. J. O'Rourke.

Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George.
Lieut.-Col.
(T/Brig.-Gen.) V. W. Odlum.

Distinguished Service Order.
Lieut.-Col.
(T/Brig.-Gen.) V. W. Odlum.

Lieut.-Col. W. F. Gilson.

Major (now
Lieut.-Col.) L. E. Haines.

Major (now
Lieut.-Col.) B. M. Humble.

Major D. Philpot.

Capt. W. D. Holmes (since killed in
action).

Lieut. J. R. McIlree.

HONOURS LIST (CONTINUED).

Decorations awarded to the 1st B.C. since arrival in France.

Military Cross.		430724 A/C.S.M.	Sedgman, A.
Capt. (now		16411 C.Q.M.S.	Carlisle, J.
Col.) S. D. Gardner.		16619 Sgt.	Allison, R. M.
Capt. (now		16856 Sgt.	Ashby, H.
Lieut.-Col.) R. P. Clark.		428180 Sgt.	Blair, J.
Capt. (A/Maj.) A. L. W. Saunders.		77025 Sgt.	Bunting, A.
Capt. (A/Maj.) A. C. Nation		429170 Sgt.	Brooks, C.
Capt. (A/Maj.) J. E. Mathews.		16286 Sgt.	Brown, J.
Capt. W. D. Holmes (since killed in		21137 Sgt.	Chamberlain, A. (since killed
action).			in action).
Capt. G. Paterson.		16877 Sgt.	Currell, W.
Capt. F. W. Lees (C.A.M.C.		180418 Sgt.	Speed, T. F.
attached).		446555 Sgt.	Stewart, D. M.
Lieut. G. A. Allan.		602937 Sgt.	Dickenson, H.
Lieut. L. J. Bertrand (since killed in		437700 Sgt.	Jackson, C. A.
action).		16948 Sgt.	Willey, F.
Lieut. J. H. Blackman.		430359 Sgt.	McMillan, J.
Lieut. A. N. Daykin.		428159 Sgt. (now Lt.)	Dawe, W. A.
Lieut. W. A. Dawe.		428163 Sgt.	Donaldson, R. H.
Lieut. F. A. Fraser.		428007 Sgt. (now Lt.)	Griffin, G. S.
Lieut. A. L. Levy.		16215 Sgt.	Gracey, T.
Lieut. J. A. McDonald.		428779 Sgt. (now Lt.)	Hamm, C. B.
Lieut. A. I. H. Wrightson.		23396 A/C.S.M.	Hall, A. E.
Lieut. W. C. Merston.		116142 Sgt.	Jackson, G. A.
Lieut. H. C. R. Clark.		77781 Sgt.	Lane, R. F. S.
Lieut. A. C. Pollard.		16255 Sgt.	MacDowell, S. (since killed in
Lieut. C. B. Robinson.			action).
		442156 Sgt.	McInnes, M. J.
		446424 Sgt.	Musgrave, R. (since killed in
			action).
		16675 Sgt.	O'Brien, J. M.
		428752 Sgt.	Patterson, P. J.
		428077 Sgt. (now Lt.)	Ross, D. N.
		16241 Sgt. (now Lt.)	Robbins, W. C. F.
		16467 Sgt. (now Lt.)	Weeks, H. H.
		16305 Sgt.	Faris, A. Y.
		437248 Cpl.	Goddard, F.
		446675 Cpl. (now Lt.)	Stockwell, H. (since killed in
			action).
		16308 Cpl.	Gates, J.
		603811 Cpl.	McCoy, R.
		602901 Cpl.	Dunsmore, R. J.
		429013 Cpl.	Anderson, R. G.
		77244 Cpl.	Johnston, J.
		460853 Cpl.	Smith, R. A.
		104830 Cpl.	Laycock, G. R.
		442017 Cpl.	Boothe, R. L.
		429525 L/Cpl.	Bailey, B. J.
		429729 L/Cpl.	Weir, K. (since died of
			wounds).
		437229 L/Cpl.	Gagnon, G. J.
		17149 L/Cpl.	Monk, E. J.
		832407 L/Cpl.	Halloran, W.
		760339 Pte.	Archibald, W. A.
		602805 Pte.	Bushnall, A. W. (since killed
			in action).
		760551 Pte.	Ede, H. H.
		181180 Pte.	Freeman, S.
		437876 Pte.	Gorrie, C. W.
		428625 Pte.	Graham, F.
		23387 Pte.	Griffith, R. A. (since killed in
			action).
		21301 Pte.	Groves, V.
		442170 Pte.	Hillier, A. E. (since killed in
			action).
		428545 Pte.	O'Rourke, M. J.
		183293 Pte.	Patterson, A. B. (since killed in
			action).
		442801 Pte.	Thompson, J. H.
		446794 Pte.	Vernon, H.
		442192 Pte.	Bennett, N.
		437934 Pte.	Graham, E.
		442377 Pte.	Forbes, N.
		466263 Pte.	Chapman, W. V.
Bar to Military Cross.			
Capt. (A/Maj.) A. C. Nation.			
Capt. (A/Maj.) J. E. Mathews.			
Distinguished Conduct Medal.			
16369 C.S.M. Robinson, J.			
16371 C.S.M. Ward, W.			
77183 C.S.M.			
now Lieut.) Tinker, J. P.			
17252 A/C.S.M. McArthur, H.			
16411 C.Q.M.S. Carlisle, J.			
16858 Sgt. Ashby, H.			
16395 Sgt. Babcock, A. L.			
77355 Sgt. Brown, W. M.			
16297 Sgt. Curry, A. K. (since killed in			
action).			
77919 Sgt. Dawson, C. F.			
23348 Sgt. Holland, J.			
16799 Sgt. (now Lt.) Merston, W. C.			
77902 Sgt. (now Lt.) Paterson, W.			
77060 Sgt. Pinson, J. G.			
16426 Sgt. Peerless, H. M. (since killed in			
action).			
17163 Sgt. (now Lt.) Robertson, R.			
16948 Sgt. (now Lt.) Swindells, W.			
429260 Sgt. Kendall, R. L.			
22101 Sgt. Witherington, W. (since killed			
in action).			
16420 Sgt. Dryden, W. H.			
77848 Cpl. Berry, J. E.			
16679 Cpl. Odium, H.			
436760 Cpl. Emes, E. M.			
16576 L/Cpl. Mullins, G.			
21747 L/Cpl. Preston, L. (since died of			
wounds).			
429729 L/Cpl. Weir, K. (died of wounds).			
16922 Pte. McQueen, W.			
183858 Pte. Hedquist, K.			
77206 Pte. Green, V. A.			
Military Medal.			
77066 C.S.M. (now			
Lieut.) Fyles, J. J.			
77048 C.S.M. Lane, E. (since killed in			
action).			

HONOURS LIST (CONTINUED).

Decorations awarded to the 1st B.C. since arrival in France.

428036 Pte.	Thomas, E. W.	77006 Sgt. (now Lt.)	Fyles, J. J.
17071 Pte.	Wilkey, W.	77183 C.S.M. (now	
180335 Pte.	Young, F. F.	Lieut.)	Tinker, J. P.
760200 Pte.	Williams, W.	16371 Sgt. (now	
180149 Pte.	Vallely, J.	C.S.M.)	Ward, W.
430104 Pte.	Wilson, W.	16450 C.Q.M.S.	Moran, T.
116336 Pte.	O'Donnell, M.	23296 Sgt. (A/C.S.M.)	Hall, A. E.
707118 Pte.	Gibson, F. E.	16619 Sgt.	Allison, H. M.
463243 Pte.	Childs, J.	16680 Cpl.	Odlum, J. W. (since killed in action).
443284 Pte.	Morin, J. (since killed in action).	16922 Pte.	McQueen, W.
		428102 Pte.	Lavasseur, B. (since killed in action).

Bar to Military Medal.

21301 Pte. Groves, V.

Mentioned in Despatches.

Lieut.-Col.	W. Hart McHarg (since killed in action).
Lieut.-Col. (T/Brig.-Gen.)	V. W. Odlum.
Capt. (now Col.)	S. D. Gardner.
Lieut.-Col.	W. F. Gilson.
Major (now Lieut.-Col.)	L. E. Haines.
Major (now Lieut.-Col.)	B. M. Humble.
Major (now Lieut.-Col.)	A. F. Brothers.
Major	A. Brooks.
Capt.	W. D. Holmes (since killed in action).
Capt.	A. H. Loughton.
Lieut. (now A/Major)	J. E. Mathews.
Lieut.	H. H. Owen (since killed in action).
Lieut.	J. R. McIlree.
Lieut.	H. C. R. Clark.
Lieut.	A. E. Collins.

Legion D'Honneur (French).

Capt. (now Col.) S. D. Gardner.

Medaille Militaire (French).

16371 Sgt. (now C.S.M.) Ward, W.

Croix de Guerre (French).

Capt. (now Major) G. Gibson.

Medal of St. George, Fourth Class (Russian).

16241 Sgt. (now Lt.) Weeks, H. H.
16425 Pte. Farmer, J.

The Order of Danilo, Third Class (Montenegrin).

Lieut.-Col. (T/Brig.-Gen.) V. W. Odlum.

Decoration Militaire (Belgian).

400964 L/Cpl. Fox, J.

DECORATIONS AWARDED TO OFFICERS, N.C.O.'S, AND MEN,



WHILE SERVING WITH THE "WESTERN BRIGADE" LIGHT TRENCH MORTAR BATTERY.

Military Cross.

Captain	C. T. Costigan, D.S.O. (Western Canadians).	81608 Cpl.	Morin, A. (Western Canadians) died of wounds.
Lieut. A/Capt.	W. C. McDonell (Western Cavalry).	81757 Pte.	

Distinguished Conduct Medal.

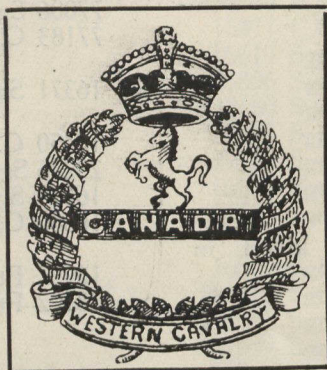
13649 Sgt.	Hughes, L. (Western Cavalry).	105647 Pte.	186710 Pte.
100541 A/Sgt.	Brown, W. T. (Little Black Devils) killed in action.	160138 Pte.	

Military Medal.

Ross, W. F. (Little Black Devils).
Pister, J. H. (Little Black Devils).
Spears, R. (Little Black Devils).
Sullivan, J. (Western Canadians).

HONOURS LIST (CONTINUED).

DECORATIONS
AWARDED
TO THE



WESTERN CAVALRY
(SASKATCHEWAN REGIMENT)
SINCE ARRIVAL IN FRANCE.

Companion of the Order of the Bath.

Brig.-Gen. G. S. Tuxford.

Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George.

Lieut.-Col. (now Brig.-Gen.) G. S. Tuxford.
Brig.-Gen. E. Hilliam.

Distinguished Service Order.

Lieut.-Col. (now Brig.-Gen.) Hugh M. Dyer.
Major (now Brig.-Gen.) Edward Hilliam.
Major (now Lieut.-Col.) L. F. Page.
Lieut.-Col. L. P. O. Tudor.
Lieut.-Col. H. W. Harbord.
Major G. S. T. Pragnell.
Captain (now Major) R. Murdie.
Captain (now Major) K. A. Mahaffy.
Captain J. F. P. Nash (killed in action).
Captain S. Anderson.
Captain E. C. Jackson.

Bar to Distinguished Service Order.

Brig.-Gen. H. M. Dyer.

Military Cross.

Lieut. (now Major) J. G. Anderson.
Captain (now Major) H. A. Mahaffy.
Major K. L. T. Campbell (killed in action).
Hon. Capt. (now Hon. Major) Rev. A. Madden.
Captain W. Brown.
Captain A. H. R. McKay (killed in action).
Lieut. (now Capt.) M. McGregor.
Lieut. (now Major) H. D. Hedley.
Lieut. (now Capt.) E. H. Latter.
Lieut. (now Capt.) W. C. McDonnell.
Lieut. (now Capt.) W. Willis.
Lieut. (now Capt.) G. E. Hocking.
Lieut. (now Capt.) R. G. Foulkes.
Lieut. G. B. Roberts.
Lieut. W. W. McClellan.
Lieut. W. E. James.
Lieut. W. R. Welch.
Lieut. A. C. Ross.

Bar to Military Cross.

Lieut. (now Capt.) R. G. Foulkes.
Lieut. (now Capt.) W. Willis.

Distinguished Conduct Medal.

12601 R.S.M. A. G. Mackie.
81223 C.S.M. (now Lieut.) M. J. Dobie.
13200 Sgt. (now Lt.) J. S. McGlashan.
12877 Pte. J. M. McKie.
13394 Sgt. J. Moir.
12736 Cpl. (now Lt.) E. G. McFeat.
12605 Pte. E. H. Hester.
A40275 L/Cpl. R. A. Edmunds (killed in action).
A24874 Pte. (now Lt.) J. F. A. H. Lindsay.
A40675 Pte. R. A. Coles.
21855 Pte. R. W. Joslyn (killed in action).
13722 Pte. (now Lt.) N. M. Cowell.
13022 Pte. T. M. Maguire.
13204 A/Cpl. A. White.
A24081 Pte. A. H. V. Wythe.
13762 Pte. J. McIvor.
13760 Pte. N. McIvor.
13649 Sgt. L. B. Hughes.
424365 Pte. F. J. Tingley (died of wounds).
907929 Pte. A. B. Angus.
13369 Sgt. A. McDonald.
440702 Cpl. J. Fisher.

Military Medal.

13782 Sgt. M. Morrison.
A40432 Sgt. G. E. Bain.
13306 Sgt. T. N. Simpson (killed in action).
13100 Cpl. (now Lt.) C. Frey.
A24005 L/Cpl. H. Batchelor.
13276 Pte. H. Sutherland.
21887 Sgt. (later Lt.) W. M. Scanlan (died of wounds).
13142 Sgt. J. A. Reid (missing after action).
13456 Sgt. A. Patton.
12641 Sgt. (now Lt.) R. Lingford.
13724 Cpl. A. A. E. R. Chivers-Wilson.
13640 Sgt. A. M. Hanson.
A24063 Sgt. (later Lt.) W. G. Moxley (killed in action).
13079 Cpl. W. Barrett.
A24140 Cpl. D. Gibson.
13609 Pte. J. H. Bowyer.
81893 L/Cpl. O. Transgrud.
13085 Pte. G. Batchelor.
13787 Pte. G. Oke.
81894 Pte. (now Lt.) W. J. S. Laidlaw.
13045 Pte. R. Weir (killed in action).
81061 Cpl. H. McC. Montgomery.
A21474 Pte. (now Lt.) J. F. A. H. Lindsay.
426083 Pte. J. F. Regan (killed in action).

HONOURS LIST (CONTINUED).

Decorations awarded to the Western Cavalry (Saskatchewan Regiment) since arrival in France.

81806 Pte. L. Skolrood.
 13030 Pte. J. C. Peachey.
 424213 Pte. J. D. Straker.
 13027 Pte. A. J. Offley.
 151216 Pte. H. Rodgerson.
 466368 Pte. C. W. Walker (killed in action)
 12802 Pte. A. W. Richard.
 6018 Cpl. J. Perry.
 73175 L/Cpl. N. E. S. Pengelly.
 12754 Pte. W. J. Pikes.
 440565 Cpl. J. Nicklin.
 105425 Sgt. R. H. Morrison (killed in
 action).
 441218 L.-Sgt. J. Moriarty.
 441050 Sgt. W. Kerfoot.
 925114 Pte. P. J. Isaac.
 104315 Pte. J. M. Hendry.
 427466 Pte. J. R. Hyde.
 147787 Pte. R. Halliday.
 424149 Sgt. P. Howarth.
 13478 L/Cpl. H. Hing.
 13233 Sgt. W. Graham.
 436352 Sgt. (now Lt.) T. B. Chapman.
 886410 Pte. C. G. Bryden.
 90761 Pte. B. B. Bartlett.
 105508 Pte. R. W. Briggs.
 13078 Pte. (now Lt.) W. A. Baker.
 81842 Sgt. W. A. Squair.
 21654 Pte. H. Rainbird.
 105885 Pte. H. C. Bull.
 424167 Pte. W. Kolesar.
 907184 Pte. R. Tweeddale.
 907359 Pte. N. McLeay.
 A40542 A/Sgt. A. McLeay.
 926046 L/Cpl. W. J. Ferguson.
 174558 Cpl. D. Fraser.
 440115 Pte. W. Dilbey.
 908082 Pte. W. Elliott.
 925157 Pte. F. Mayeur.
 907068 Pte. M. Stark.
 436680 Sgt. J. McWilliams.
 14240 Pte. S. Fowler.
 13544 Sgt. E. H. Scammell.
 887932 Pte. J. H. Pass.
 13420 L/Sgt. S. Clark.
 440522 Pte. G. Welham.
 925626 Cpl. E. Strate.
 174572 Pte. J. Gorman.
 147467 Pte. T. J. Miller.
 925059 Pte. W. Hodgson.
 888237 Pte. J. S. Perry.
 81065 Cpl. J. M. Williamson.
 A24065 L/Cpl. A. Maguire.
 199279 Pte. D. Labelle.
 198743 L/Cpl. E. W. Hymers.

Bar to Military Medal.

13609 Sgt. J. H. Bowyer.
 A24140 C.S.M. D. Gibson.
 81061 Cpl. H. McC. Montgomery.
 436352 Sgt. (now Lt.) T. B. Chapman.
 13079 Cpl. W. Barrett.

Meritorious Service Medal.

13021 Sgt. (now Lt.) L. G. W. Meikle.

Mentioned in Despatches.

Lieut.-Col. (now
 Brig.-Gen.) G. S. Tuxford.
 Major (now Brig.-Gen.) E. Hilliam.
 Major (now Brig.-Gen.) H. M. Dyer.
 Major (now Lieut.-Col.) L. F. Page.
 Major (now Lieut.-Col.) H. W. Harbord.
 Major G. T. S. Pragnell.
 Captain J. M. Currie (killed in action).
 Captain J. F. P. Nash (killed in action).
 Captain (now Major) R. Murdie.
 Captain E. C. Jackson.
 Captain S. Anderson.
 Lieut. (now Major) J. G. Anderson.
 Captain F. B. Bagshaw.
 Captain M. J. Graham.
 Lieut. A. A. E. Batchelor.
 12601 R.S.M. A. G. Mackie.
 13454 C.S.M. R. Blair.
 13783 C.S.M. D. McIvor (killed in action).
 13021 Sgt. (now Lt.) L. G. W. Meikle.
 12764 Cpl. S. Saunders.
 12736 Sgt. E. G. McFeat.
 13760 Pte. N. McIvor.
 440390 L/Sgt. D. A. Lewis.
 13369 Sgt. A. McDonald.

Legion D'Honneur (French).

Lieut.-Col. (now
 Brig.-Gen.) G. S. Tuxford.

Croix de Guerre (French).

12673 Sgt. (now
 Capt.) D. Bissett.

Medal of St. George, Second Class (Russian).

132831 Sgt. (now Lt.) J. Johnston.
 21584 Sgt. (now Lt.) W. M. Crawford.

Medal of St. George, Fourth Class (Russian).

A40275 L/Cpl. R. A. Edmunds (killed in
 action).

DECORATIONS
 AWARDED
 TO THE



"LITTLE BLACK DEVILS,"
 SINCE THEIR ARRIVAL
 IN FRANCE.

Victoria Cross.

1539 C.S.M.

Hall, F. W. (killed in action).

Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George.

Lieut.-Col. (now
 T/Maj.-Gen.) J. L. Lipsett.

HONOURS LIST (CONTINUED).

Decorations awarded to the "Little Black Devils" since their arrival in France.

Distinguished Service Order.

Lieut.-Col. J. M. Prower.
Major W. R. Bertram.
Major H. H. Mathews.
Major G. N. Andrews.
Major J. P. MacKenzie.

Bar to Distinguished Service Order.

Major J. P. MacKenzie.

Military Cross.

Capt. E. Michelmore.
Capt. A. L. Saunders.
Lieut. D. K. Turner.
Lieut. A. W. Gilmour.
Capt. E. H. Haughton.
Lieut. (A/Capt.) A. R. D. Pattinson.
Lieut. L. K. Belcher.
Lieut. C. H. Stevenson.
Lieut. N. G. M. McLeod (killed in action).
Lieut. J. M. Scott (killed in action).
Lieut. E. A. Boyle.
Lieut. G. F. Dudley.
Lieut. H. Neighbour.

Bar to Military Cross.

Capt. A. L. Saunders.
Lieut. A. W. Gilmour.

Distinguished Conduct Medal.

601 C.S.M. Hay, J.
508 Pte. Walters, H.
1625 Sgt. Latham, J.
1002 C.S.M. Rea, C. E. B.
81016 Sgt. Anderson, T. W.
1211 Sgt. (now Lt.) Boyce, W. A.
475026 Cpl. Brown, W. A.
81010 C.S.M. Andrew, A.
616 R.S.M. (now Lieut.) Neighbour, H.

Military Medal.

445 Pte. Dyer, R. C.
1619 Sgt. Angus, G.
611 Sgt. Coad, D.
210 Sgt. Figsby, W. H.
81800 Pte. Simpson, T. R.
48 Pte. Fawsett, A. E.
13079 A/Cpl. Barnett, W.
81174 Sgt. Cook, M.
A38379 Pte. Mann, L.
A22161 Pte. Taplin, J. H.
326 Pte. Akerstroan, N.
A22564 Sgt. McKenzie, H. (killed in action)
81480 Cpl. Hudson, C.
622686 Pte. Stockdale, F. (killed in action).
186007 L/Cpl. Archer, C. A. N.
105495 L/Cpl. Broadis, A. G.
466292 Pte. Bradley F. J.
21413 Pte. Roberts, W.
81087 Pte. (now Capt.) Bole, W.
632 Pte. Boyd, G. T.
871283 Pte. Scott, E.
104025 Pte. Donaldson, J. S.
105525 Pte. Penfold, E.
228494 Pte. Brown, A.
226738 Pte. Price, I. C.
111146 L/Cpl. Donaghue, J. C.
81019 C.S.M. Andrew, A.
522276 L/Cpl. Gemmill, W.
186771 Cpl. McGill, E. H.
440374 Pte. Smith, M. G.
71260 L/Cpl. Gibson, G.
505 L/Cpl. Taylor, L.

5798 Pte. Philips, H.
64689 Pte. Wolfe, L. A.
115770 Pte. Simms, R.
81594 L/Cpl. Miller, T. C.
22142 Sgt. Robertson, G.
21877 Pte. Robson, R.
461342 L/Cpl. Barnes, F. W.
836 Sgt. Davidson, H.
460950 Pte. MacKenzie, B. A.
14589 Pte. MacLean, R. B.
46279 Sgt. Orr, J.
150235 Sgt. Vass, W. J.
46120 Pte. Folkard, W. C.
225761 Pte. Johnson, B. M.
466468 Sgt. Ritchie, A. T.
186025 Pte. Crouter, H.
187004 L/Cpl. Breach, H.
624859 Pte. Peterson, C.
22020 Sgt. Anderson, E. T.
1636 Sgt. Martin, J.
622543 Pte. Flynn, H. R.
A22289 Pte. Mustow, W. (killed in action).
81113 Pte. Brown, R. G. L.
662 Pte. Drew, J. (killed in action).
81804 Pte. Boakes, T. (killed in action).
225790 Pte. Hughes, J.
689 Sgt. Hunt, W. R. (killed in action).
1074 L/Sgt. Kilshaw, G.
1460 L/Cpl. Laurin, E. (killed in action).
A22337 A/Cpl. Shanson, T. M.
302 Pte. Thrasher, J. M.
814 L/Sgt. Acheson, W. H. (killed in action).
1469 Sgt. Twist, J. (killed in action).
757 Pte. Tate, H.

Bar to Military Medal.

A22564 Sgt. McKenzie, H. (killed in action).

Meritorious Service Medal.

81865 A/Sgt. Sutton, O. G.

Mentioned in Despatches.

Lieut.-Col. (T/Maj.-Gen.) L. J. Lipsett.
Lieut. N. G. M. McLeod (killed in action).
Lieut. J. N. Scott (killed in action).
Lieut. M. B. M. Smith-Rowse (killed in action).
Capt. A. L. Saunders.
Lieut. (A/Capt.) A. L. Coke.
Major J. P. McKenzie.
A/Major T. H. Raddall.
Major W. R. Bertram.
Lieut.-Col. J. M. Prower.
Major G. W. Andrews.
81181 Pte. Coster, H. T. (killed in action).
1058 R.S.M. Robertson, W. M. (killed in action).
757 Pte. Tate, H.
478 Pte. Payne, J. A. K. (killed in action).
47 C.S.M. Fulker, H. E.
1651 Sgt. Watkins, W.
276 Cpl. McCallum, H. R. (killed in action).
81440 Pte. Jackson, W. R.
Cross of the Order of St. George, Fourth Class (Russian).
729 Pte. Nuttall, E.
Medal of St. George, Fourth Class (Russian).
1615 L/Cpl. Thornton, J.
Croix de Guerre (French).
1220 Pte. Clark, G. F.

HONOURS LIST (CONTINUED).

DECORATIONS
AWARDED
TO THE



WESTERN CANADIAN
BATTALION
(ALBERTA REGIMENT)
SINCE ARRIVAL IN FRANCE.

Victoria Cross.

226353 Pte.

Brown, H. (died of wounds).

Distinguished Service Order.

Capt. C. G. Arthur.
Lieut.-Col. J. G. Rattray.
Major E. J. Ashton.
Major E. W. MacDonald.
Major A. T. Thomson.
Capt. C. T. Costigan.
Major W. R. Critchley.
Major A. W. Sparling.
Major H. C. Ferguson.
Capt. (A/Major) D. M. Ormond.
Lieut.-Col. N. A. McEachern.
Lieut. W. W. Thompson.
Capt.

Bar to Distinguished Service Order.

Lieut.-Col. D. M. Ormond.

Military Cross.

Lieut. A. S. Trimmer (killed in action).
Lieut. L. Younger.
Lieut. S. H. Kent (died of wounds).
Lieut. A. T. Thompson.
Major A. D. Connors (died of wounds).
Capt. C. T. Costigan.
Major J. D. Sompson.
Lieut. S. C. Robertson (died of wounds).
Lieut. T. S. Chutter.
Capt. L. J. Carey.
Lieut. W. S. Duncan.
Lieut. C. Stevenson.
Capt. R. W. Kenny.
Capt. D. C. Black (killed in action).
Lieut. F. G. Costello.
A/Capt. G. C. Burbidge.
Lieut. F. S. Easterbrook.
Capt. (A/Major) H. Lefebvre.
Lieut. H. E. Pearson.
Lieut. H. Andrews.
Lieut. L. F. Balfe.
Lieut. F. J. W. Fane.
20278 R.S.M. Stuart, D.

Bar to Military Cross.

Capt. A. S. Trimmer (killed in action).
Capt. S. H. Kent (died of wounds).

Distinguished Conduct Medal.

19637 Cpl. Schultz, S.
19910 Pte. Ross, T. O. (died of wounds).
19491 Pte. Bloxham, C. H.
19616 L/Cpl. Allen, G. W. (killed in action).

19618 L/Sgt.
19589 Cpl.
20743 Cpl.
81103 Cpl.
81597 Sgt.
19584 Sgt.
20924 Pte.
19913 Pte.
22555 Sgt.
21452 L/Cpl.
20632 L/Cpl.
430579 Sgt.
22780 C.S.M.
20662 Sgt.
81608 Pte.
A26830 C.S.M.
21279 Sgt.
A26646 Cpl.
184161 Pte.
19113 Pte.
A26008 R.S.M.
625004 Pte.
213413 Pte.
904767 Pte.
430694 Cpl.
81575 Sgt.
19605 Sgt.
19761 Sgt.

Bar to Distinguished Conduct Medal.

81597 Sgt.

Milne, E. R.

Military Medal.

19619 Sgt.
81361 Pte.
A26596 Pte.
435079 Pte.
20139 Pte.
22741 Sgt.
22780 C.S.M.
20278 R.S.M.
20881 Sgt.
19631 Pte.
A26283 Cpl.
19586 L/Cpl.
20454 Sgt.
A34307 Pte.
A34094 Pte.
81624 Pte.
A34125 Sgt.
20811 Cpl.
426194 L/Cpl.
430070 Pte.
21948 Sgt.
434357 Sgt.
466959 Pte.
473046 Sgt.
467597 L/Cpl.

Brown, W. (killed in action).
Harrison, R. C.
Summers, W. M.
Wright, W. L.
Adamson, R.
Greer, B. P.
Nuttall, J. P.
Stuart, D.
Sydenham, S.
Eden, H.
Marvin, R.
Nowell, A.
Courtenay, A.
Milne, J. T.
Bartlett, E. (killed in action).
McCaughan, A.
Nuttall, G.
Rimmer, L. J.
Witney, P. H.
McKenzie, P. I.
McLaughlan, A.
McNeill, J.
Milligan, T.
Pettit, C. (killed in action).
Robson, S.

BONSCOFF'S PARCEL.

By Pte. R. G. McSWINEY, Inf. Bde. H.Q. and Pte. G. E. FORSTER-THOMAS, Can. Inf., Winners of the First Prize in our Short Story Competition.

BY THE SANITARY SNIPER.

"MAIL UP!" The stentorian tones re-echoed through the trench, where the Battalion was doing its tour in close supports on a front which had, up till then, been peaceful, but whose calm the advent of the Canadians was expected to disturb at no very distant date. "That listens like a parcel for me," said Private Bonscoff, who was entertaining some of the unfortunates of his section at the dug-out entrance with stories of his wonderful work with knife and trencher (not the variety carried on the Webb Equipment) during his recent "leaf" to Blighty, from which he had lately returned.

There are only three classes of people properly entitled to the use of the pronoun "We" in conversation—i.e., Kings, Editors, and men with tape-worms. Bonscoff, though neither a King nor an Editor, was distinctly entitled to this editorial privilege. He was *always* hungry. When we say that he had even been known to trade his rum ration off for an extra tin of Maconachie, his character will be readily understood by any "Tommy."

"For the love of Mike, go and get it, Fatty, and don't talk so much," said his sidekicker. So he hurriedly made his way to the Sergeant-Major's dug-out, where he unceremoniously elbowed his way well to the front of the little crowd of expectant recipients of mail and parcels which had gathered in obedience to the magic call. On arriving there, he was somewhat surprised to hear the well-known voice of his S.M., "Old Bill," raised in sulphurous strafe of the Sanitary Corporal, who was explaining, with only a slightly lesser degree of heat, that he had cleaned all the trenches and dug-outs, and had buried the refuse of his Company that very morning, and that furthermore, there were no dead Fritzes lying around that he knew of.

"But d— it all, man," roared Old Bill, "can't you smell it?"

"Sure, I can smell something, but I'm hanged if I know what it is," assented the harassed Sanitary Corporal. "Perhaps something has crawled into your dug-out and died," he suggested, hopefully. The indignant reply was interrupted at this stage by the hungry Bonscoff, who had spotted a parcel addressed to him lying on top of the newly emptied mail, saying eagerly, "Say, Sarge, how's chances to git my parcel now? I'm for working party to-night."

"O-o-o-o-o, bless you and your parcel too; take it and get out!" said the polite S.M., and Bonscoff obeyed the double order with, for him, unusual promptness, and he was soon legging it down the trench in the direction of his dug-out with his precious parcel under his arm, "Funny," said the Sanitary Corporal, "it don't smell so strong now."

Next to eating, Bonscoff best loved a game of "Black Jack," so it is not surprising that the sounds of "Hit it and take it" emerging from a neighbouring dug-out should have lured him into its murky depths. Carefully placing his parcel beneath his feet, our hero demanded a hand to be dealt him, and was soon immersed in the throes of mental arithmetic.

"Beats all," said a deep, throaty voice, "how these dug-outs do stink." "If some guys would attend the bathing parades when we're out," amended another, "perhaps they wouldn't be so high."

The game continued, while first one and then another of the gamblers rose softly and climbed the stairs out of the dug-out, unnoticed by our friend.

"Black Jack," cried Bonscoff, triumphantly, turning up a queen and an ace and claiming the bank. He started to deal, but as in the flickering light of the candle he peered at the places where before he had seen the pale blotches which had been the faces of the players, he said nothing. He was alone.

"Just because I win the bank and stand a chance of getting my own back, they all quit cold," he growled;

and, gathering up the meagre remains of his last pay, he started up the stairs, lugging his still unopened parcel with him. The first man he met at the top was the S.M., wearing a gas mask, who inquired in muffled tones, "What the seven oaks are you doing without your helmet? Didn't you hear the Gas Alarm?" "I can't smell nothing," said the astonished Bonscoff, sniffing suspiciously. The S.M. carefully pulled out a corner of his mask, "tested" for gas in the authorised manner, let it back into place in a hurry, and sucking a fresh supply of clean air into his lungs, he again addressed our friend. "Get your mask on P.D.Q., you poor fish," he ordered in a voice as nearly approaching his official roar as the encumbering mask would allow. "I don't know why you're not dead; the d— stuff's stronger than ever." Bonscoff, never ambitious after honours to be won in the field, dropped his parcel and hurriedly adjusted his mask, taking up a seat on the fringing-step until such time as "All Clear" should sound.

Some fifteen minutes later, the Colonel, swearing volubly at the foolishness which had put the wind up the men, and made them put on their masks unnecessarily at what he supposed was a false alarm, passed down the necessary order. Our hero removed his mask with a sigh of relief, and, recovering his parcel, headed for his own dug-out, where his companions received him with suspicion and sniffs. "Here it is again," yelled the Corporal. "I told you it was Bonscoff," chorussed the others. "For the love of Mike, go out and get a bath," he was unfeelingly ordered, and with one accord they fell on him and hustled him up the steps and out into the damp trench, where he was again faced by the now very irate S.M. returning from an interview with the Old Man.

Bonscoff, very much aggrieved at the treatment he had just received, started retailing his troubles to Old Bill. "They won't even let me stay in my own dug-out," he wailed. Sniff! sniff! went the S.M. "And they've just kicked me out," ended the aggrieved one.

"And"—sniff! sniff!—"small wonder," said Bill, on whom a great light was beginning to dawn. "So it's you, is it, eh, that's been making all the stink around here? What've you got in that parcel?" "Just some eats from home," replied Bonscoff. "Must have been a h— of a long while on the way," said Old Bill. "Open it up and let's see."

As the wrappings fell away and the lid was removed, there was disclosed a green mass of something which once upon a time might have been ripe Limberger.

The S.M. fled, and later the newly-arisen moon looked down on the sweating form of Private Bonscoff laboriously and sorrowfully digging a deep hole for the reception of the contents of his precious "Comforts for Soldiers." It was too strong even for his omnivorous appetite.

Batch: "When will this awful war end?"

Henneck: "If you're single, when it's over. If you're married it won't make much difference."

M.O. (to Private going sick): "What's the matter with you?"

Private: "I've got kidney disease, sir."

M.O.: "Where is the pain?"

Private: "Here, sir," (placing his hand behind him).

M.O.: "Whv. man, that's yards below your kidneys."

Private: "Well, sir, I don't know where my kidneys should be, but I know where the pain is."

M.O. (unfeelingly): "Medicine and duty."

One of the boys wonders why the old lady where he is billeted said "Beaucoup swank" the other day when she saw him washing his face.

LÈSE - MAJESTÉ.

THE weather man was on to his job and Old Sol working overtime. Under his influence the ruined house took on a less pitiful appearance: the birds sang merrily in the few trees left; and the men off-duty were lying about trying to get the fortnight-at-the-seaside effect, and were telling themselves that, after all, being at the war was not nearly so bad as they had imagined. At the well the windlass squeaked continuously to a whistling accompaniment of happy batmen and runners, who came in a never-ending stream to draw water for the thirsty and miscellaneous multitude, who get through the war under the name of "Head-quarters."

I entered the ruins, and as I passed along the main passage, voices floated up out of a dark, forbidding-looking hole on the right. I listened. Voices in anger, in pain, in pleading, in joy, came from the unseen depths. Surely no film company would attempt to make a picture down there when the weather was so glorious outside. Yet, why the different voices? It was foolish to think of film companies coming so near the line, but it was so unlike anything I had ever before encountered. Here, undoubtedly, was a mystery, and there would be no rest for me while it remained unsolved.

Seizing my revolver in my right hand, I stepped courageously into the darkness and groped my way cautiously downstairs. Suddenly something struck me a violent blow on the head: my heart leapt into my mouth, and my finger instinctively tightened on the trigger. Thank heaven, I had my steel helmet on, so still retained full grasp of my senses. What was it that struck me? Had some Hun spy succeeded in secreting himself there, ready to waylay any unsuspecting officer who might be carrying information of military value? A thousand and

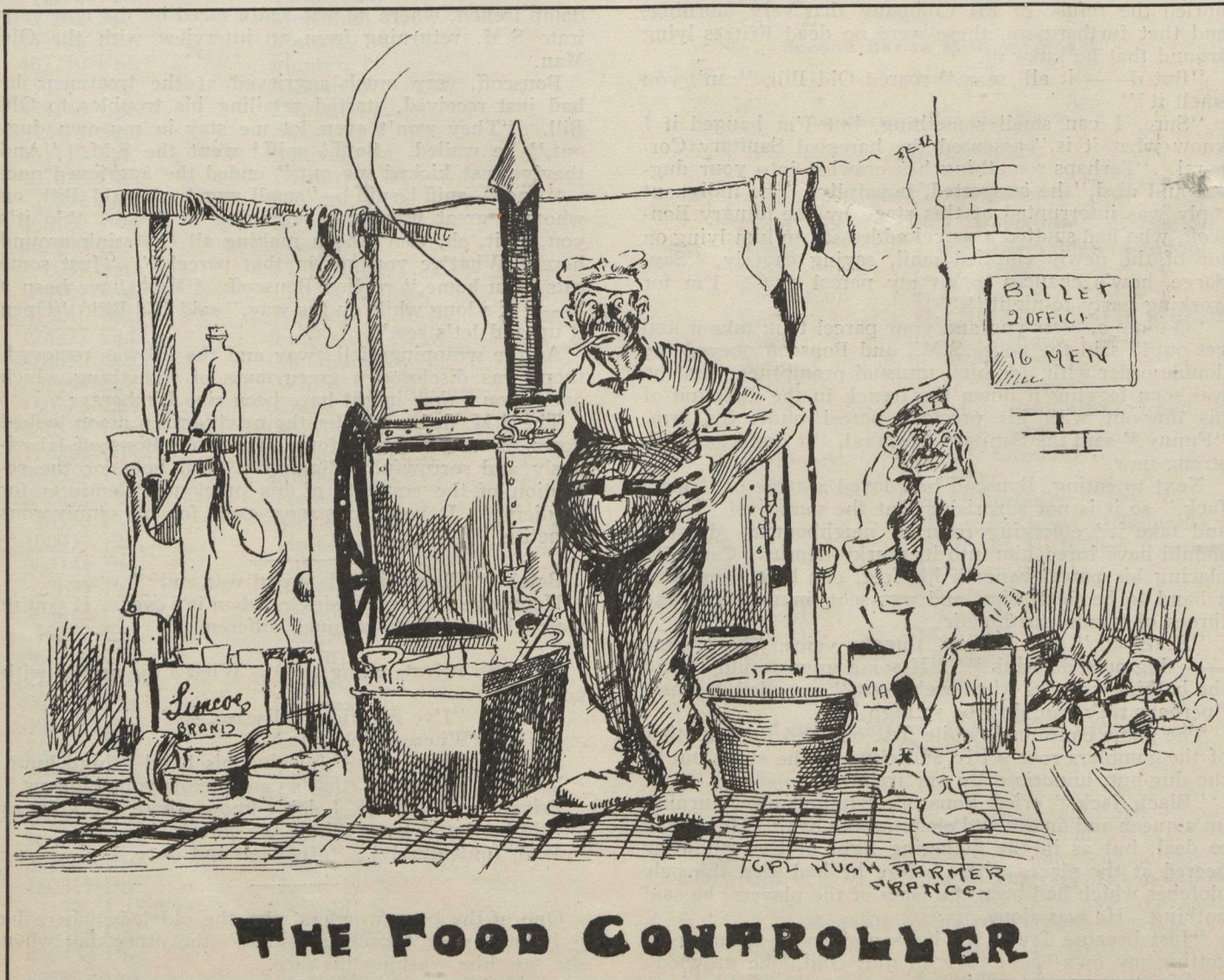
one things flashed through my mind, as, raising my hand, I found with a sigh of relief that my fears were unfounded—I had struck my head against a gas-proof blanket frame. Emboldened, I moved down towards the mysterious voices, which by now were growing louder and more distinct. At last my groping hand found a door, and opening it slightly I brought my revolver into position ready for immediate action. As yet I could see nothing, but the words were already intelligible: "Oh, damn! Why didn't I wait for it?"—"I'll have to sacrifice it."—"Who the hell wants a king?"—"Well, a queen's just as bad" . . .

Good heavens! had I stumbled across a plot against our King and Queen! I closed my eyes. There floated a mental picture of myself at Buckingham Palace, with the King shaking me by the hand, after decorating me for my gallant conduct in, single handed, capturing all the conspirators in a plot to destroy the solidarity of the British Empire.

I pushed the door full open, and found myself in a dark, damp, musty cellar, lighted by a single candle, which stood on a table. Four men leaned over the table, poring over what appeared to be some documents of exceptional interest and importance. Should I fire, or try to take them alive? While I hesitated, someone said in an anguished voice: "Good God, Doc., I've spoilt everything!" Whereupon a voice replied, "That's just how I like it, Major, I've ninety-six."

Suddenly it dawned on me that, after all, it was not a conspiracy, but the headquarters' officers playing Poker Patience—recently introduced by the I.O., who now wears a sick and wearied look, which, interpreted, would mean, "I wish I hadn't."

L. G. O.



THE FOOD CONTROLLER

LOVE AND WAR.

PART I.—IN FRANCE.

PRIVATE JOSEPH HENRY TRUELOVE was "over the top with the best of luck." He reached the enemy trench without mishap, and after a cautious survey of the first dug-out entrance he came to, moved carefully down the rough stairway. At the foot of the stairs the dug-out branched to right and left. The left-hand portion appeared to be empty. The right was obscured by a curtain of sacking. Pulling this aside Truelove whisked in.

To his surprise he saw a short, fat, German soldier, seated at a table, and apparently deep in thought. The Hun looked up as Truelove entered, but made no movement until he was close up, when, turning in his chair, he quietly asked in excellent English: "Are you a Spiritualist? If so, no doubt, you will forgive my absorption. I am trying to get into communication with



COOK: "What's wrong, chum, shell-shock?"

BILL: "No, back off leave."

my brother Friedrich, who departed this life near Ypres a year ago."

"A Spiritualist?" ejaculated Truelove with astonishment. "No, I'm an infantryman."

"Just so—just so," responded the Hun soothingly. "I suppose your duty is to kill me with that bayonet of yours, but perhaps I may be of some slight service to you first. Is there any person, alive or dead, of whose welfare you are anxious to know?"

"Well, yes," said Joseph Henry, entering into the spirit of the proposal. "I'd like to know how everything is with my sweetheart Mabel."

"I see—" said the German, in a curious monotone, staring fixedly at the opposite wall, "I see a large brilliantly lighted restaurant. People come and go, but in a corner by themselves there ever remain in earnest conversation a young lady and an officer—a second-lieutenant of your Army Service Corps. She is tall, pale, with dark hair and small features—"

"Mabel," burst from Truelove.

"He is speaking to her in a low, passionate tone," continued the German, disregarding the interruption.

"I can hear him say, 'Mabel, I have no fear for our future. I have loved you for fully three weeks.'"

"She answers: 'Albert, such constancy is really rather wonderful. I love you, too.'"

"I see—" continued the Hun, taking no notice of Joseph Henry's grief and anger, "I see her in a box at a theatre. The play is in progress, and a Colonial officer, who is seated beside her, squeezes her hand from time to time with a fatuous happiness in that occupation distinctly distressing in an intelligent-looking man of good physique."

"He speaks—he is saying: 'Since you admit that you love me, when will you marry me?'"

"'Not until the curtain falls,' she responds."

"E-e-nough!" shouted Joseph Henry. "Not one word more. For the great service you have rendered me I spare your life. Let's go and see if we can spear a drink of something. I renounce women for all time—yes, the whole six of them."

PART 2.—IN ENGLAND.

Miss Mabel Dobson entered the clairvoyant's apartments with some little hesitation.

"I would like to get into communication with my former lover," said Mabel, blushing prettily as she plied her powder-puff before the old man.

"Is he living?" asked the Seer.

"I forget," she answered; "but if so, he is in France."

"Gaze into this crystal," said the Seer, "and concentrate your mind on your sweetheart."

Mabel gazed into the depths of the crystal. Nothing happened for a few seconds, but gradually its purity became clouded, and soon taking form and colour a picture grew into being before her astonished eyes.

She saw Joseph Henry seated in a chair in a large, brightly lighted room. There was sand on the floor, and on a table beside him stood a glass from which he took a sip occasionally with obvious relish. A young girl leaned over his chair with love in her eyes and a jug in her hands.

Mabel could even hear the voices; and although Joseph Henry spoke a curious mixture which was neither English nor French, what Mabel did not understand she was perfectly able to guess at. Said Henry, unfolding a filthy piece of paper money, "Oui, Mam'selle, I compree O.K. I love you; you love me. I take you to Canada avec moi après la guerre."

"Oui, M'sieu."

"J'ai beaucoup money. Mon père millionnaire—compree? Beaucoup land—hundred and sixty acres."

"Parfaitement, M'sieu."

"Après la guerre I come back for you. Je n'aime pas les femmes anglaises—compree?"

"Oui, M'sieu. C'est tres gentil, mais je suis marié maintenant. Compreez vous?"

"Eh, what! Sold again! Je vais au tranchées ce soir. Au revoir, Madame."

"Au revoir, M'sieu."

"Wretch!" said Mabel, lifting her eyes from the crystal.

The leave train came rumbling into Victoria station. Private Truelove jumped from his carriage and made for the exit. At the barrier he fell into the embrace of Mabel.

"Joseph Henry," she breathed, "I have waited."

"My only girl," he murmured, taking a fresh hold.

Thus are romances consummated in war-time!

Sergeant (instructing a mixed squad of recruits, some with rifles, some without): "On the command, 'Dismiss': the whole turn smartly to the right: those with rifles salute by bringing the right hand smartly to the small of the butt: those without arms salute with the hand—"

The Adventures of Ignatz Hump, Soldier and Batman Too.

(Continued from previous issue.)

IT was during the next period of rest that Ignatz made the acquaintance of Stephanie. He had been wandering aimlessly about the narrow, crooked streets of a country village prospecting for entertainment and finding little. It was after 2 p.m.—a seemingly innocuous statement of which any soldier will appreciate the depressing significance. Two small dogs promised a diversion for a few moments. Ignatz did his best by verbal encouragement to cause a breach of the peace, but the threatened rupture, to his regret, did not materialise, and he drifted away in growing boredom.

It was at this moment, as he stared dreamily into a shop window, where postcards, pipes, bricks of gingerbread, blank identity-discs and dyspeptic-looking apples made their immemorial appeal, that, looking through and beyond the window-pane he saw Stephanie. He felt an instant miraculous urge to buy something, and entered the shop.

Stephanie stared at, at close range, was what Ignatz called "a slick lookin' Jane." Her abundant hair was coiled, twisted and knotted into a web of intricacy, quite awe-inspiring to him. A profusion of glittering combs held it in place, and it had been liberally anointed with some perfumed unguent.

Ignatz sniffed appreciatively. "Fancy havin' to fix all that for mornin' parade," he thought. Stephanie was a bewildering blonde and, in our hero's eyes, of great beauty—although he wondered why her face was so inhumanly pale, not knowing that powder is cheap, and considered more comfortable than cold water in some parts of France.

The usual greetings passed.

"You see some lace?" asked Stephanie.

"Just what I'm lookin' for," said Ignatz, who, to tell the truth, had not given it a thought in his whole life until then. It suddenly struck him that he might send some to Maggie Brown, a lady munition-worker whom he had met on his last Blighty leave, and whose injunction to "send something Frenchy" had not wholly faded from his mind.

It looked "Frenchy" enough, this stuff, he thought as his eyes wandered to the delicate samples of lace-work hanging like sheets of foam in a state of suspension over wooden supports. Ignatz was unaware that the particular district in which he then resided was one of the great lace-making centres, whither, previous to the war, ladies of all sorts journeyed to scramble for bits of webby floss purveyed at not more than treble their cost by a devout and shrewd peasantry.

Ignatz was not quite sure about lace being an ideal present for Maggie, but after looking at various rolls of it in ribbon form, and made up as collars and for table decoration, he felt bound to buy some of it for the mere sake of placating the beautiful person who sold it.

"Oh, belle!" said Stephanie, reverently laying a lace collar over her shoulders and turning round to give Ignatz an idea of its effect.

He, it is to be feared, paid more attention to her coiffure than the lace, and murmured, "'s all right," with real enthusiasm.

"Oh, fine!" (she pronounced it "feene") she enthused, perching a knot of the filmy stuff on her corsage. Stephanie saw she had a sale in sight. She knew these men with "Canada" on their shoulder badges—men who sat on her counter and conversed in a strange and involved speech, and who were parted from their money with an astounding ease.

"Oh, Jake weet ze levers up!" she commented, laying a hand-made doily softly on the counter. That settled it. Ignatz grinned delightedly, and produced his "wad." Anything a lovely French girl with wonderful hair called "Jake with the lever up" simply must suit Maggie Brown. In a few minutes he was short a whole month's pay, and headed back to the billets with a little paper packet in his pocket.

(To be continued.)

A DELIGHTFUL DOMESTIC SCENE—AND ITS SEQUEL.

The Q.M. sat by the fireside of a French farm and smoked and read. His study was a novel "of great human interest" called "The Prodigal's Return."

"He was up at the first peep of day after a night of bitter, sleepless reflection on the foolish, wasted years since he turned his back on the old homestead. How well he remembered the morning he went away. There was the same perfume of new-mown hay borne on the gentle breeze, and from below his window the homely cackle of fowl ascended in murmurous peace. Old Dapple cropped the grass in the orchard then just as he did now. It was all unchanged, yet between that earlier memory and the present peaceful country scene lay an arid, desert space peopled by the ghosts of good resolutions come to naught and succeeded by fresh flounderings in the mire of folly.

"He roused himself at last, completed his toilet, and, as he opened the door of his room, a fragrant, hunger-rousing scent of frying bacon and hot biscuits—"

Q.M.: "Shea!—Shea! I want hot biscuits for breakfast to-morrow."



BACK FROM LEAVE.

"All dressed up and somewhere to go"—in France.

ALMIGHTY VOICE.

What is this noise that rends the air,
And even makes ol' Bill Ward stare;
Whilst number two, with shaking knees,
Is taking cover up in trees?
The transport horses fall down dead;
Civilians dive beneath the bed;
And many a tower and noble hall
Crumbles in ruin to its fall;
And men whom earthquakes couldn't faze
Suffer from shell-shock all their days.
This ripping, roaring, tearing sound,
Which shakes the earth for miles around,
Is caused by—what? A Fritzie gun?
Nay, nay! 'Tis Carter shouting "'SHUN!"
Sufferer.---

THE ANCIENT ORDER OF LEAD SWINGERS.

Inaugural Meeting to be held far from No Man's Land.

ALL experts at swinging the lead are hereby notified that it is intended to form a new branch of the above association with special powers for dealing with refractory M.O.'s. All interested are requested to attend the meeting, which will be held two days prior to the next attack on the Western Front. The provisional committee, comprising the names of many eminent leaders of the cause, such as Lord Windhupp, Sir Verey Badhart, and the Duke of Wellinrear, have secured for this occasion a well-fortified dug-out in Absentee Square, facing Deserter Lane (map ref. 4½-4½, No. 9 Iodine). The M.F.P. will not be on duty, so prospective members need not carry their entrenching tool handles. All windy soldiers are welcome.

cushiest Field Ambulances (newly organised) in the Corps area.

NOTE.—Further suggestions will be open to discussion. An appeal, largely signed by prisoners of war and conscientious objectors, has been addressed to commanding officers, requesting them to facilitate the attendance at this meeting of all ranks, and we are assured that defaulters and those in clink will be excused from DUTY on this occasion.

N.B.—Subscriptions, for the propagation of the praiseworthy objects of the above association, will be thankfully received by the Secretary of the above new branch.

PTE. EVERSICK, C.B. (toujours).
Temporary Branch Office: Swingit Ave., Billetville.



OFFICER (to applicant for transfer to M.T.): "What do you know about motors?"
PRIVATE: "Only that they don't go into the trenches, sir."

AIMS AND OBJECTS OF THE MEETING.

- (a) To establish a new branch for the special benefit of front line soldiers, with a view to assisting them to outwit telepathic pill-throwers (Mark 9 and 13).
- (b) To concentrate expert ingenuity for the purpose of discovering diseases and ailments hitherto unknown to medical science.
- (c) To secure unity of purpose, and to establish enduring agreement amongst the members, with regard to maintaining strict secrecy as to the methods of producing the proposed new maladies and ailments.
- (d) To institute a record and investigation department to unearth and place on record the names of the most sympathetic army doctors (just out) and the

New Branch Formed.

ENTHUSIASTIC ATTENDANCE OF SUPPORTERS.

MESSAGE FROM THE ALL-HIGHEST (BILL).

What will be known as the MAPLE LEAF BRANCH of the above Association, was formed, during the progress of our recent attack, by those ingenious enough to dodge the line. The meeting for this purpose took place in the safe region of --- (deleted by Censor), and was a well attended gathering of exponents of the ancient art from many units.

Pamphlets were dropped in large quantities from German aeroplanes, congratulating the promoters on their efforts to profit by the kultur inculcated for many months past by Krupp's artillery. It was stated in these missives that the Prussian authorities realise quite well that such a branch of the Association meets a long-felt want amongst our troops. The following message from the Kaiser was read amidst loud acclamations:—

"To you, my friends amongst the wicked foe, I and Gott address our heartiest appreciation of your most noble conduct, which is so well calculated to aid the Vaterland to victory; to finish for the last time the tragedy which bleeds our hearts. My son has intimated his gracious willingness to become your honorary president, and he will from time to time send you from the air many cunning hints for the furtherance of your deceptive schemes, which, as all the world knows, he is eminently qualified to do. We remember, with deep pain, that our magnificent victories at Vimy Ridge and Messines would have been easier to accomplish if your branch had been formed before those sanguinary occasions. Nevertheless, we have great future hopes for your welfare—with ours. Krupps be with you in your glorious work. Amen.—WILHELM (Not in the field)."

The first business of the meeting was to form a small committee of experienced sufferers, and those well versed in the science of originating diseases and ailments, to apply themselves immediately to the provision of absolutely new methods of which new members would be able to avail themselves when desiring to go sick. The following members were elected with an unanimous vote to the committee:—Pte. Tummy Payne, A.I./C. Percy Vere, Sgt. Hallhakes, Pte. D. Billety.

An animated discussion took place as to the advisability of the abolition of the disgusting habit of pill swallowing by the members when they did not need them. It was pointed out by Brother Cpl. M. Andee that from the professional swingers' point of view it is undesirable that members should accept these articles from medical officers. He thought they should be ingenious enough to find ailments that would be insulted by medicine in tabloid form. He moreover asserted that the only result arising from the acceptance of pills was their being dropped callously amongst the feet of those on sick parade, and that the excessive number of pills issued was another glaring example of the gross waste of our national resources in times when the most rigid economy was imperative. (Thunderous applause.)

Brother Pte. Issy Deaf then read a strong indictment of the inquisitorial methods of so-called Medical Boards, and enthusiasm was at its height, when the sound of bursting bombs disturbed the serenity of the gathering. It was discovered that these proceeded from a party of Grenadiers engaged in practising trench-clearing tactics. The meeting accordingly broke up hastily, but it is hoped to resume the deliberations at a date and place to be announced in the Trench Press.

AMAZING DISCLOSURES BY A LATE MEMBER.

To the Editor of the LISTENING POST.

"Dear Sir,—Having been recommended for a V.C. or a D.C.M. (I forget which) for several heroic actions that I don't remember performing, and having, too, for my meritorious conduct, been given a berth (my old side-kicker says a wide berth) away back at Divisional H.Q., I wish publicly to dissociate myself from those miscreant shirkers who style themselves 'The Ancient Order of Lead Swingers'! I admit I was lead away from strict dutifulness by the enticing influence of members of that Association, and driven away by my battalion M.O.'s non-appreciation of modern ills and pains; but the cushy job I have now got has given me ample time to realise the folly of my ways, and I intend henceforth to do all in my power to frustrate the evil designs of those cowards, who stoop to any malpractice, who resort to any mean subterfuge, to avoid going into the line and over the top.

"Sir, the war has to be won, and if men despise the glories that surround the lives of soldiers in action, what will become of the nation? Just think what would

happen if all the men were to follow the example of these lead swingers. How could we expect to drive the foe from France and Flanders, if, as a result, he were to break through and capture the entire staffs of Brigade and Divisional Headquarters! The thought should strike terror into any soldier's heart. I assure you I cannot bear to think of it myself. I wonder now how I ever forgot my duty so far as to ally myself with such a crew.

"Perhaps the following disclosures will not be believed, but they are nevertheless quite true, and I do not now feel bound by the oath I took to keep them secret. To give you an idea of what is going on, read this:—

"The other night, at one of the secret meetings, it was proposed by one member that, as they had only determined as yet on five new schemes to spring on the doctor, and there were fifty-two in the new branch, they should get a pack of cards, shuffle them, and deal them out to each man. The five drawing the aces and the nine of diamonds were to be allowed each to try a trick on the M.O. One fellow, whose name begins with Mac, said he objected to including the curse of Scotland, and was upheld in his scruple by a number of others who were, for the time being, filled with the Scottish spirit. Whereupon it was agreed to use the Joker. I will not mention the names of the successful drawers, as, undoubtedly, the 'sick reports' will furnish them and many other details. The schemes were as follows:—

"*Joker*.—Complain to the doctor of pains in the stomach, which occur, at a rough estimate, fifteen times a day, so that he will give you fifteen number nines. Place these, together with any others you may be able to collect, on the edge of the top step leading out, and then, with a smart movement of the right foot, contrive to step on them, slip down and sprain your ankle. (N.B.—The success of this depends much on the individual attempting it).

"*Ace of Hearts*.—Go into the line for a change. (It's better to take a chance than remain here depriving other members of their turns). Be on the alert for a whizz-bang coming over. When you see it, raise the right hand, palm upwards, so as to allow the shell to graze it. The friction thus caused will blightily burn your hand. Leave the line in a diagonal direction so as to avoid Battalion H.Q. Report at the farthest dressing station and play up for C.C.S.

"*Ace of Clubs*.—Secure similar effects to Fritz's new mustard gas by applying a lighted cigarette end to your eyelids. Afterwards rub them with mustard and an onion. If your eyes are properly prepared by the employment of these means, the doctor will not be able to see through them.

"*Ace of Diamonds*.—You parade sick with rheumatism, but before doing so put on a shirt soaked with water. Carry also a wet rag in your pocket, and just before you see the M.O. dab your face with it, causing beads of perspiration to gather on your brow. Tell him you have suffered such pains that you have broken into a sweat, and wring out your evidence (shirt). (N.B.—This won't work on a hot day).

"*Ace of Spades*.—Report to M.O. 'feeling queer.' Ask him to give you medicine and duty, as you don't want to miss going into the line this time. He will take it for granted you've gone 'bugs' and will mark you 'board,' which probably you are. If properly worked this is a cert. P.B.

"I need add no more, sir. Satisfied in my conscience that my exposure of these nefarious proceedings will bring down on the perpetrators just and terrible punishment in clink.

"I remain,

"Yours unafraid,

"A. WAYBACK."

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—Upon receiving this remarkable document we immediately, with the aid of the authorities, caused all sick reports to be scrutinised, and the five lead swingers were identified by their respective medical officers, and instead of receiving number nines they are undergoing a different kind of punishment called "Number one."]

Additions to Webster's Dictionary.

EVERYBODY has heard of Dan Webster, the Dictionary Man, but few know what caused him to go in for Dictionaries. Dan was blessed, or cursed, with an education much ahead of any of his numerous friends, and, as was only natural, in conversation he used "jawbreakers" they couldn't understand. Well, his friends were continually worrying him as to the meaning of this and that word, so in desperation he decided to compile a dictionary. He did so, and distributed it amongst his friends who found it so

convenient that they induced him to have some printed for sale. He did so, and now his name is known in all parts of the world.

Then this war started, and everybody wanted to know of everything military. They studied the dictionary, but found it of practically no use. A deputation was sent to wait on Dan, with the result that a supplement has been issued, and it is from this supplement we are going to quote a few of the descriptions of immediate interest to the Infantry:—

A PRIVATE.



Known as a "Tommy." Lives on Bully and Maconochie. Goes out in all weathers; does all the work and most of the grousing. Can drink a little, swear a lot, and can parlez-vous

enough to get a cognac out of hours.

LANCE-CORPORAL.



Commonly known as a Lance-Jack. Sports a dog's leg on each arm, and is as important (in his own estimation) as a General who has just pulled off a successful attack. Swells up all over for about a week after getting his stripe, and during that time makes

the Tommy "sit up and take notice."

CORPORAL.



Wears two stripes on each arm. His fund of knowledge enables him to push most of his work on to the newly-made Lance-Jack. Always picks out the best

pieces of bacon in his Section's rations for himself.

SERGEANT.



Three stripes. Never does anything he can get out of. His main object in life seems to lie in the direction of his Platoon's rum ration. They are given separate billets to the rest of their platoons, so that the junior N.C.O.'s will not learn all

the old soldier tricks before they get their third stripes.

'Three stripes and a crown. Easily identified by his sleek, well-fed appearance. Lives at the Transport Lines and juggles with his Company's rations. Years ago the Tommies voted one day's pay for a monument to be erected in Canada for the first C.Q.M.S. to be killed. The Paymaster still has the money.

Cov. Q.M.S.



COV. SERGT.-MAJOR.



A Crown. Nearly always wears a heavy moustache, and has an unusually red nose caused by acute indigestion. Looks over the "comforts" for the troops and removes therefrom any articles of value or liable to have injurious effect on the constitution of the Tommies.

REGT. SERGT.-MAJOR.



Coat of Arms. Known as the Terror of the Battalion. When he opens his mouth the whole world trembles, and everybody executes his orders at the double. Can say "Shun," "Right Turn," "Quick March," "Halt," "Left Turn," better than anybody else in the Battalion.

LIEUTENANT.



Two stars and one ring. Commonly known as "Sub." Does most of the work in the Battalion. Is abused by all senior N.C.O.'s, W.O.'s, and Senior Officers. Draws his pay for the benefit of his platoon.

CAPTAIN.



Three stars and two rings. Usually commands a Company, but sees that the "Subs" do all the work necessary to run it. On the march rides a horse ; doesn't carry a pack, but sees that everybody else carries one.

MAJOR.



Crown and three rings. Usually second in command of a Battalion, or Adjutant. Always has some pet hobby — sometimes salvaging, sometimes digging. Attends to the Training end of a Battalion. Is blamed for everything that goes wrong.

MEDICAL OFFICERS.



Rank as Captains. Are necessary occasionally to cure colds, set bones, and listen to the varied stories of men who want to ride on the ambulance wag-gons. It is rumoured that one M.O. has a salute

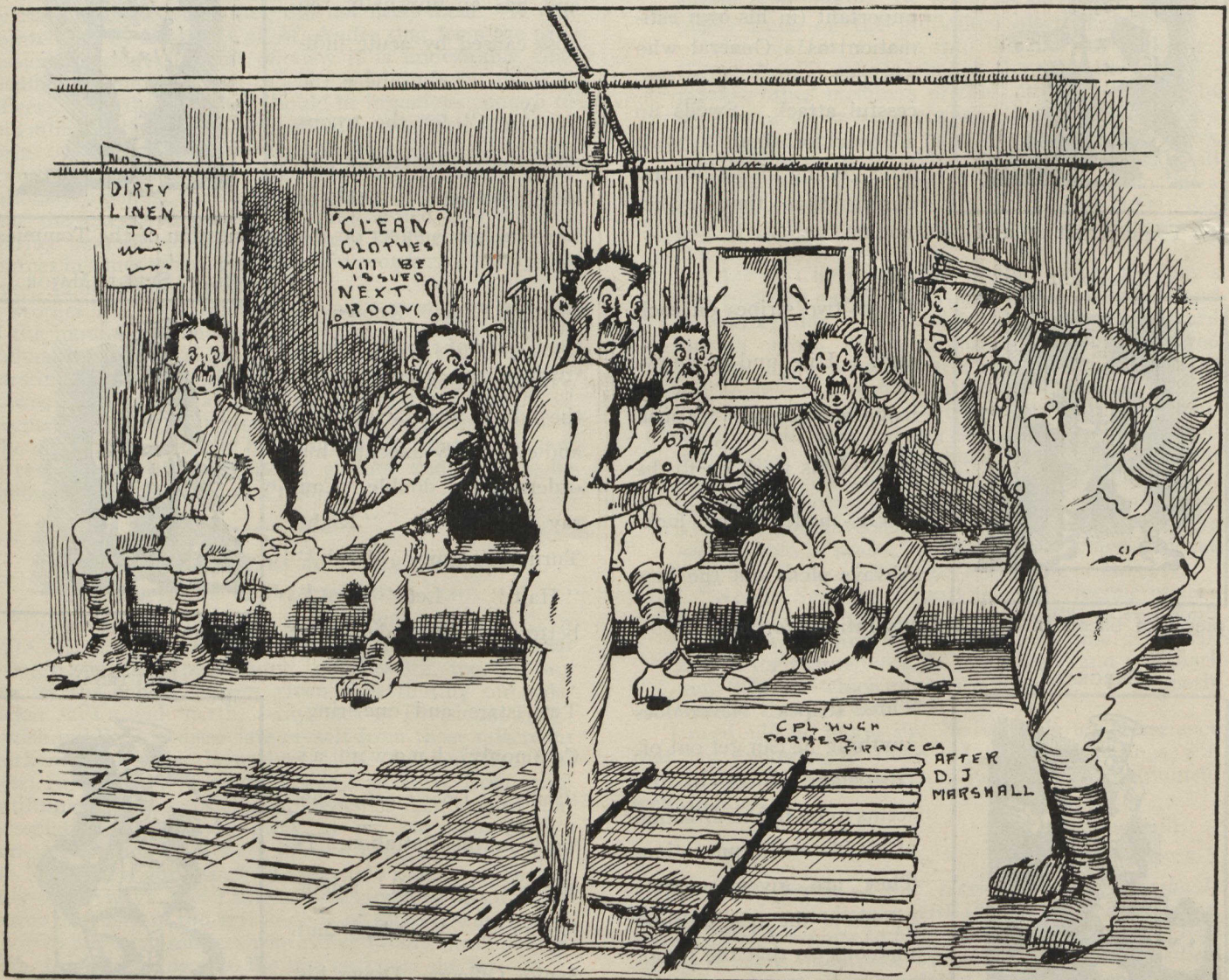
which is to be adopted by the British Army.

LIEUT.-COLONEL.



Crown, star, and three rings. Is the whole cheese round a Battalion. Dishes out F.P. No. 1 without winking an eyelid. Is reported to be endowed with supernatural powers, which cause the men's knees to knock together when he speaks to them.

L. G. O.



CPL HUGH FARMER FRANCES AFTER D. J. MARSHALL

O.C. BATHS (to Second-in-Command) : " Turn 'er off, Bill ; e's 'ad 'is twenty-seven drops."

FREDDY'S LEAVE.

By DVR. A. LEAVITT, Can. Div. Train.
 Winner of the Second Prize in our Short Story Competition.

WE were seated in our favourite estaminet imbibing "Bière Anglaise," when who should walk in but our old friend Steve Jenkins.

"Hullo, Steve!" was the cry. "Back from leave already?"

"Yep, missed the doggone rest camp coming back. Got off the boat onto the train. Stand us a drink, somebody!"

"What! Come back busted; and ain't you got anything on your hip for the boys?" demanded Paddy.

"Well, it's like this," apologised Steve. "I did have some hootch, but I dropped it in the train."

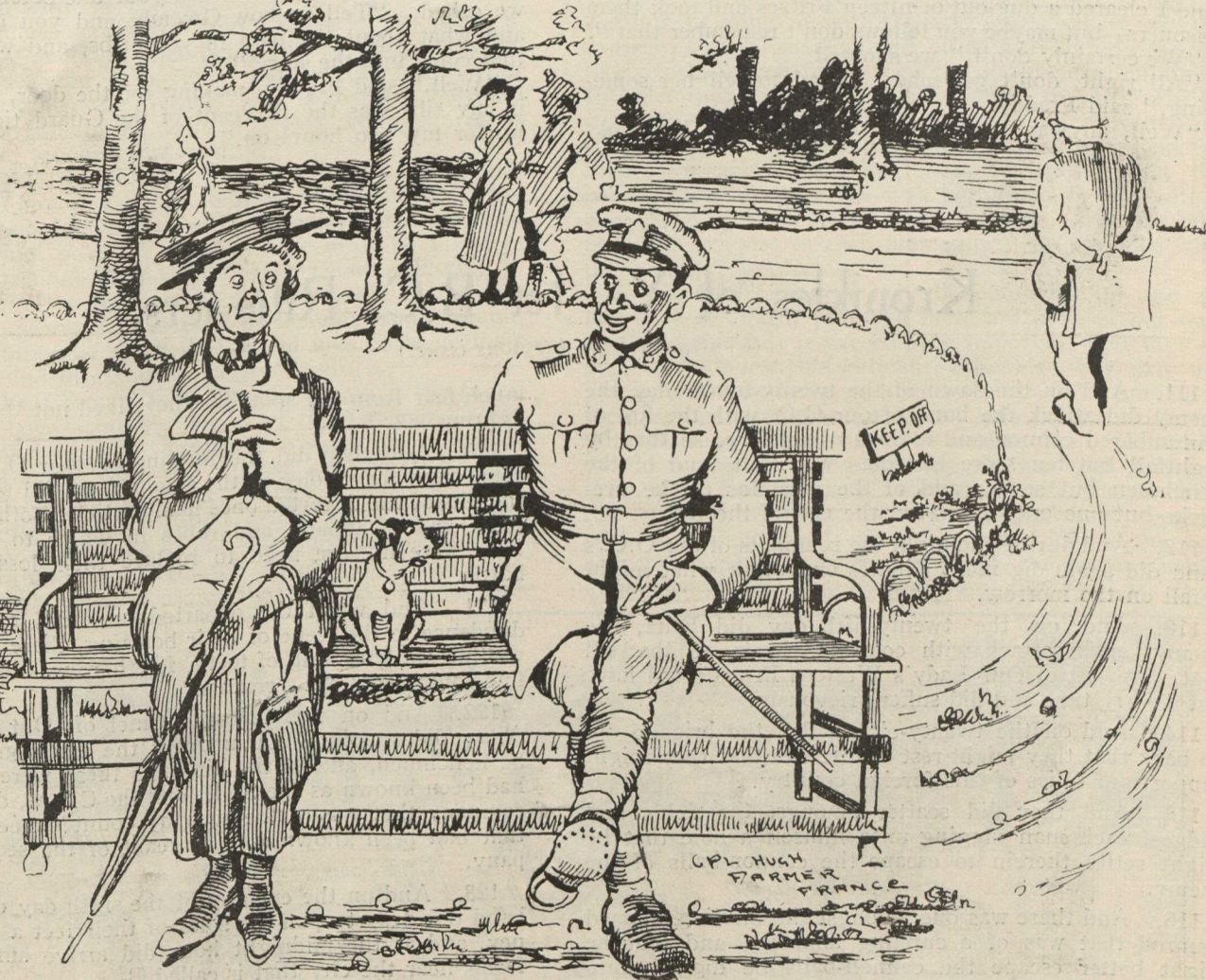
"Yes, I bet you found the right place to drop it, though," commented Billy Dunn.

After Steve had thirstily drunk his beer and called for

also whether it would be a whisky first or a gin and bitters, when a taxi stopped near me and a guy jumped out, and making straight for me, lifted his hat and said, 'Pardon me, sir, but I think you are one of the Canadian Forces.' 'You bet,' said I. 'Do you happen to have any pressing engagement for to-night?' he asked. 'Well,' said I, 'I could get one or two if I wanted to. But what's doing?'

"Then he told me that his boss had given him orders to go out and invite a soldier from each of the different forces fighting—an Englishman, an Irishman, a Scotchman, a Canadian, an Australian, etc.—to dinner that night in his mansion in Park Lane.

"I opened my eyes a bit, and, believe me, they were wide open when he had finished.



MISS HYBROW: "Did not the utter abomination of sacrificing Christianity to racial antipathies ever strike you when in France?"
 CANUCK: "No'm. It waz a piece o' shrapnel through the wing."

an encore, we plied him with questions about how the Old Country was, and the price of certain things—(no, dear reader, not bread and potatoes, and the like). Steve answered one or two, and then moodily sank into a chair behind his beer, evidently pondering when his next ten days of freedom would be due.

It was natural that the talk should be of leave, and what could be done in that time, when Freddy Barrett broke in:

"It's a funny thing, you fellows, but I don't think I told you of the time I was entertained by the Duke of Dorcaster for a night."

"Aw, come off it!" was the shout. "Don't get shooting that stuff around here."

"Well, if you'll listen, I'll tell you all about it," said Freddy.

So, after the round of drinks had been paid for by Paddy—he having all the money, and also a Crown and Anchor board—we settled down to listen.

"I was strolling down the Charing Cross Road," said Freddy, "wondering when the boozers would open, and

"Who's your boss, anyway?' I asked. 'Oh, I forgot to tell you,' he said. 'The Duke of Dorcaster.' 'Holy Gee!' said I to myself; 'a real duke! That will be quite all right,' I said aloud, and I followed him into the taxi.

"Well, eventually we arrived at our destination—my escort paying the driver—and we walked up the steps into Dreamland—well, that's what it looked like to me. A gent came along in breeches and gold hangings, and asked me my name. I told him, and he bawled it out to let everyone know, and then along came a swell in evening dress, and introduced himself as the Duke.

"He started talking about different things: how the war was going, and hoped I would enjoy myself as his guest, and by the time he had finished I had got my breath back, and was speaking a few myself.

"It appeared that I was the last one to come in, and he told me that while we were waiting for the dinner-gong, he would take me along and introduce me to his daughter.

"Well, that kind of took my breath away for a

minute; but after I had taken a drink, which another gold-laced general brought along, I told him to lead on.

"Believe me, fellows, she was Some Kid. I was all flustered up after the intro, and my tongue sort of stuck in the roof of my mouth; but she soon put me at ease, and we were talking away like a couple of Frenchies out here, when a church bell started ringing. 'Oh,' said she, 'that's the dinner-bell,' and grabbing my arm, she swam along the floor to the dining-room.

"Well, I won't tell you anything about what I saw, or what I ate, for you might get peeved. But, oh, Lord! it was scrumptious. By the time the fish course was served, and several bottles of champagne, I was calling the Honourable Gwendolyn by her Christian name, and we were talking as though we had been friends all our lives.

"She asked me to tell her about the front, and how many Germans I had killed, and I told her about the time I cleared a dug-out of fifteen Fritzes and took them prisoners—but maybe you fellows don't remember that?"

"We certainly don't," we shouted.

"All right, don't get mad. I had to tell her something," said Freddy.

"Well, anyway, to continue. I could see her look-

ing at me with a look in her eyes as though she would have liked to hug me, only there were so many persons around; so I went on to the time I bayoneted seven at the same time, when I suddenly felt a pain shoot through my ribs. 'I've eaten too much grub,' I thought.

"Well, the dinner was about over by now, and the Duke had given a toast to us, and we had given him the 'jolly good fellow' stuff, when Gwendy asked me to go into the conservatory with her to finish our conversation. She didn't have to tell me twice, and soon we were nicely settled behind the big palms. I was just thinking how many cars I would have when we were married, when I felt that awful pain again."

At this point Freddy took a look around the estaminet and saw Marie tuning up her voice for the "eight o'clock, messieurs" stuff, so he finished his beer and prepared to depart.

"Well, come along and finish your tale before we go," we asked. "Tell us how Gwendy and you got along, and what about the pain in your ribs, and where does that come into the story."

"Well," said Freddy, making for the door, "the pain in my ribs was the Sergeant of the Guard tickling me up for my two hours on."

Kronikles of Ye 1st B.C. Rifle-iers.

(Continued from previous issue.)

111. And on the dawn of the twenty-fourth day the enemy did attack the band of our O.C. with the fire of unnumbered cannon and legions of soldiery, so that by nightfall but ten score hirelings were left, and of the henchmen but seven, and of the assassins of the fire-sticks but one only answered the call of the roll.

112. And during the night the remnants of our O.C.'s band did again dig many ditches and await what might befall on the morrow.

113. And on the twenty-fifth day did Fritz, the enemy, again attack with countless hosts, so that all that were left of Our Lady's Western Brigade did have but a sorry time and did suffer grievously.

114. And on the twenty-eighth day the brigade did go back that they might rest awhile and that they might support our allies of this foreign country.

115. And they did scatter amongst the fields and hedges, each man digging unto himself a hole that he might retire therein to escape the cannon-balls of the enemy.

116. And there was one amongst the hirelings named Ramrod that was of a cunning amazing, and that he might better escape the cannon-balls he digged unto himself a haven deep into the bowels of the earth, yea, even many fathoms deep did he dig it, and that the enemy who fly with the wings of the bird might not discover it did cover its entrance with many divers boards and with the green sods of the field, so that when he retired thither none knew whence he had vanished.

117. And on the first day of the fifth month there came to the fields where our O.C.'s band were hiding, many hirelings of Our Lady who had but recently left Our Mother's Country that they too might fight the King's enemies in the place of those that had perished.

118. And they did strut about as the peacock and did deride the hirelings of our O.C.'s band with much scorn, saying, "Why hide in the ground like the wild beasts of the forest? We are come to fight; will ye not come out from your hiding-places and fight with us?" And they did pile their arms and lay down their equipment and their kits to rest awhile.

119. But Fritz, the enemy, had seen them from afar off, and of a sudden did shoot off many cannon-balls, so that some amongst them were slain as they mocked, and those that remained did run with great speed and in

much fear from the spot, for they liked not this kind of fighting.

120. And then did the hirelings of our O.C.'s band come from their holes in the ground and did select from the kits of the departed ones many articles both of equipment and of apparel and robes in which to sleep, for they were in sore need to replace their losses in the battle.

121. And when the departed ones did return with diffidence to the scene of their boasting, there was much wailing and gnashing of teeth, for there was left of their fine equipments but a remnant.

122. And on this day the Chief of Our Mother's Army did appoint from amongst the hirelings three to be henchmen, and of the hirelings these were: he that had been known as the S.M., and the C.S.M. of the first company that was of the swarthy countenance, and one that had been known as a sergeant of the second company.

123. And on the evening of the sixth day our O.C.'s band did depart upon the soles of their feet a long journey, and at the midnight hour did arrive amongst the farms near the city that is called B—.

124. And as they did proceed with lagging steps on their journey they were amazed at the sound of sweet music and the crashing of cymbals at their head, and of much cheering as they passed.

125. And they did find that the Foresters of Robin Hood of Our Mother's Country had turned out to do them honour and had led them with their band of music, and the hirelings of our O.C.'s band did arouse themselves and march with erectness and bearing and forgot their weariness.

126. And for many days did our O.C.'s band dwell in the homes of the peasants and enjoy the sunshine and the peaceful life.

(To be continued.)

'Tis said they'll raise the soldier's pay
Another dollar-ten per-day,
(Sounds good to all us chaps).
But we're afraid the raise will be,
(Though we'll just have to wait and see),
A dollar-ten—per-haps.

DETAIL OF GOING OVER THE TOP.

1.—Grasp a regulation rum issue by the small of the butt and tilt steadily down the throat, describing an arc of from 45 degrees to 90 degrees with the bottom of the measure. Lick the moustache by two semi-circular movements of the tongue, beginning with the left side.

2.—When the signal to go over is given, grasp the rifle firmly in the right hand round the back sight, place the left foot smartly into a hole or crevice in the trench wall at the height of the knee, and vault smartly on to the parapet. Dress by the right unless otherwise ordered.

3.—Eyes front. Step off smartly with the left foot, carrying the rifle at the trail. No talking; no smoking. By a smart right or left incline reach the nearest aperture in the wire, judging your own time. Proceed through and beyond your own wire, changing feet if out of step with the barrage.

4.—Advance across No Man's Land at 120 paces to the minute, avoiding shell-holes and all inequalities in the ground as far as possible, but without losing your dressing. When the German wire is reached, halt and lie down in the prone position. Five minutes' rest is permissible; smoking optional.

5.—Resume the upright by a smart upward spring, taking care not to soil the clothing or equipment. Proceed through the German wire, replacing same carefully in its original position. Great care must be taken to leave no portions of the clothing or person adhering to German wire, as this contributes noticeably to the dishevelled appearance of modern battlefields, and it should be the ambition of all N.C.O.'s and men to leave their parade-ground in a state of perfect neatness.

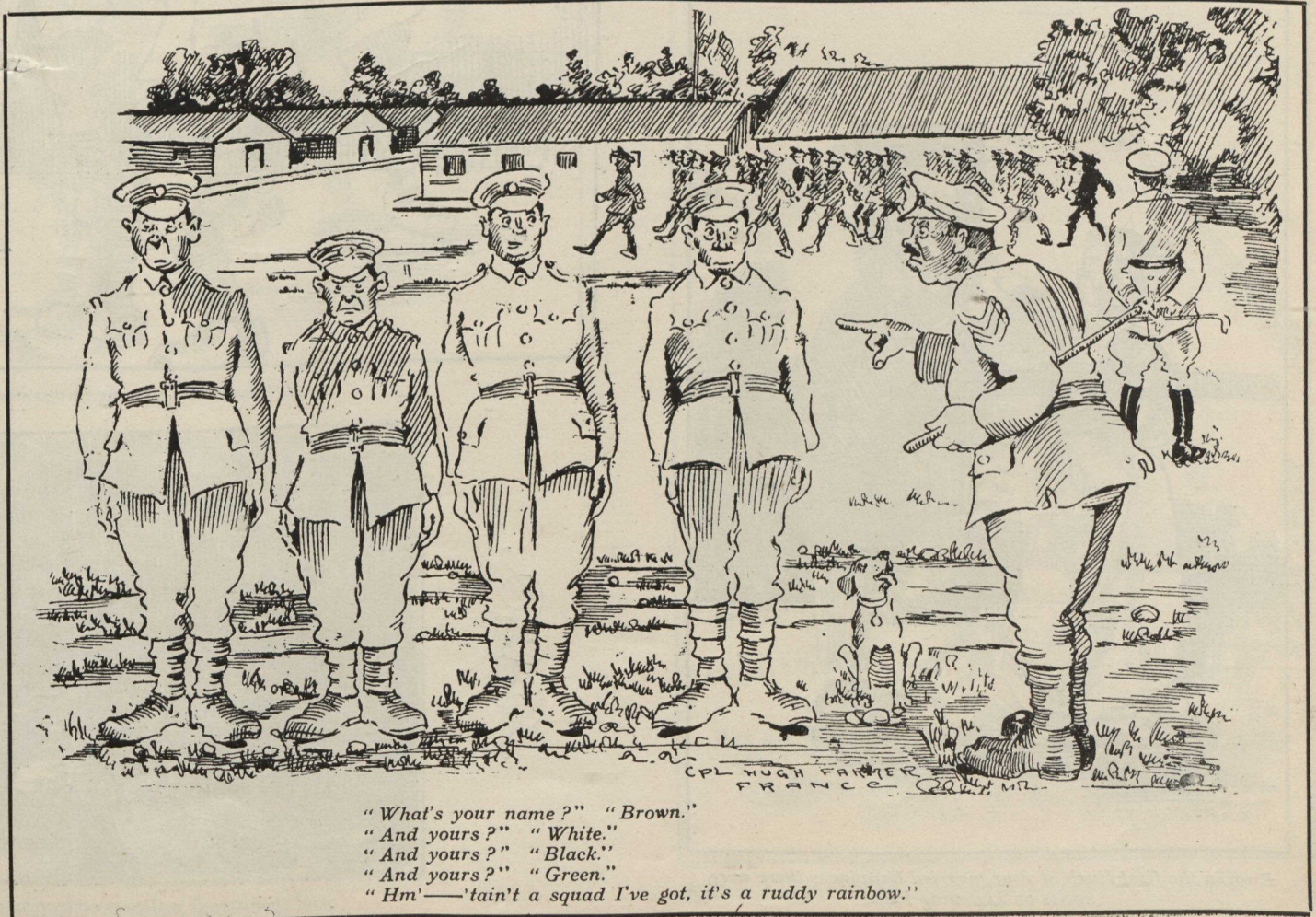
6.—If the German front line is occupied by living troops, remove same by means of the bayonet. (See Bayonet Exercise.) Occupants wishing to surrender must be treated with the utmost consideration, care being taken not to hurt their feelings in any way. The proper procedure is: Ground arms; place both arms round the prisoner's neck and kiss him warmly on both cheeks, beginning with the left cheek and judging the time. Recover rifle, step smartly one pace beyond and

behind the prisoner, and remove all portable souvenirs not of a personal nature. At the command "Git," place the right foot sharply and swiftly in juxtaposition with his rearward circumference and carry on.

7.—If occupied dug-outs are encountered, these must be cleared by the billeting party, who must insist on scrupulous cleanliness of entrances and interiors before accepting same as in order. Soldiers must on no account go to sleep in dug-outs until the position has been definitely consolidated. Hun food found in these places must not be touched until a portion of each article has been tried on a batman or other spare man to ensure safety, as cases of poisoning have occurred. Bread and potatoes of German origin must be used sparingly in accordance with the Food Controller's latest order.

8.—When the objective is attained, men must not continue to gallop on with the next wave, but are directed to recover such weapons and other war material as are likely to look well in front of the Parliament buildings. In order that capture by them of these trophies may be irrefutably established, and in order to prevent unscrupulous non-combatant units appropriating them for their own aggrandisement, it is imperative that the words, "Captured by the —th battalion" be cut with a cold chisel in three places on each article. For this purpose two privates in each platoon will be provided with the necessary appliances.

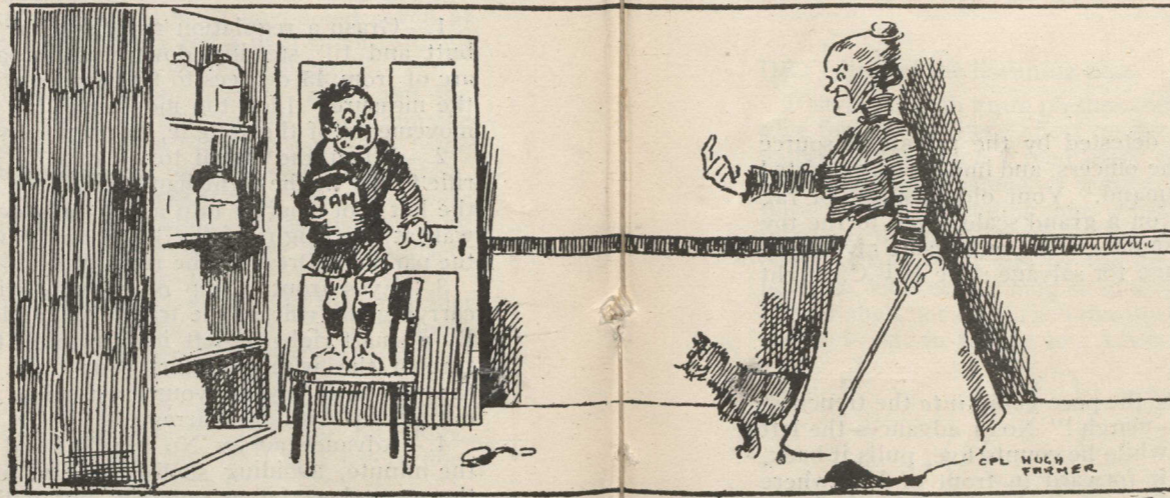
9.—German prisoners may be employed for the removal of wounded, provided there are none of our own men available. It is exceedingly important that they be given the kindest of treatment, otherwise they may not like it, and may cause malicious reports to be spread in their own country that we do not love them. No harsh or threatening language is to be used to them. All ranks should remember that beginning the war and pursuing it by every foul means is their only fault. In all other respects they are most desirable citizens whom we shall wish to honour, and whose interests it will be our national inspiration to further when the present negligible misunderstanding comes to an end. J. W. C.



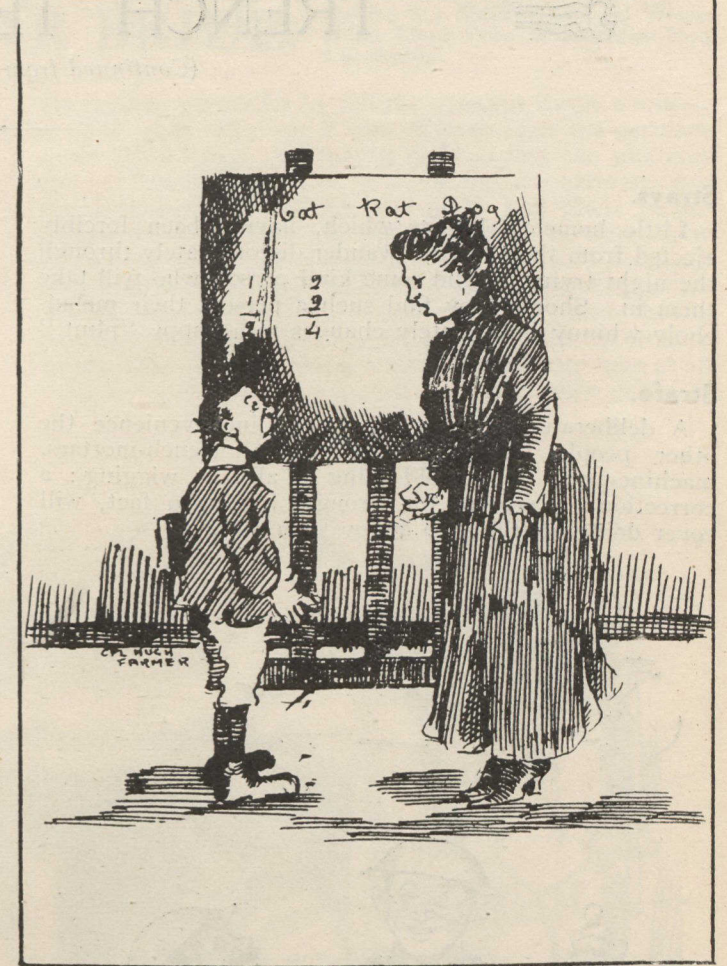
THROUGH LIFE ON LISTENING POST.



There is the time when you compelled your fond parents unwillingly to act as Listening Post.



And, in later years, your own first experience on Listening Post



At the advanced age of 13 you were listening still.



But for really hearing things worth while, your first appearance in khaki was hard to beat.



Even in the first flush of your married happiness there were spells on Listening Post.



And then—your military education complete—your first turn on the ghostly, silent Listening Post.



Followed, of course, by your week's rest and "The Listening Post."



TRENCH TERMS AND THEIR MEANINGS.



(Continued from previous issue.)

Strays.

Little homeless bullets which, having been forcibly ejected from their homes, wander disconsolately through the night trying to find some kind person who will take them in. Should they find such a person, their melancholy whinny immediately changes to a happy "phut."

Strafe.

A deliberate effort to annoy and inconvenience the other people by firing guns, rifles, trench-mortars, machine-guns, or any old thing at all. A wiggling: a correction: a reproof for wrong-doing. In fact, will cover doing anything to annoy someone else.



JUST OUT: "What's that bag up in the sky?"

OLD TIMER: "A canteen for Aeroplanes."

Soft Job.

Any work, however hard and menial, that involves a lesser degree of danger than the front line.

Privates pray for one.
Corporals crawl for one.
Sergeants scheme for one.
Officers often get one.

Salvage.

The gathering up of the remnants of an army, such as old equipment, boots, bombs, bottles, guns, gas-

masks, etc. Cordially detested by the private, a source of constant worry to the officers, and imperiously insisted on by the higher command. Your old business of rag and bone man revived on a grand scale, even to the toy balloons in the background—only you musn't give away the balloons in exchange for salvage; the R.F.C. might object.

Trench Crawl.

A term used to denote the pace *going into* the trenches. On the word, "Quick—march!" No. 1 advances the left foot smartly, hesitates while he counts five, pulls it back, and then finally puts it forward in front of him where he originally intended it to go, and repeats this performance *ad nauseam* until the trenches are reached. The remainder follow in file, taking care not to pass No. 1. The last three men of the party mark time the whole way. To add to the merriment, No. 1 murmurs in a monotonous undertone the formula: "Wire overhead; wire underfoot; shell-hole on right; shell-hole on left; one step up; two steps down. . ." This, with variations, is kept up the whole way, each member of the party repeating it in turn down the line, with the natural result that everybody is mixed, and Private Smith invariably ducks his head when it is "Wire underfoot," and lifts his feet well up when it is "Two steps down."

Tin Hat.

Known in official parlance as "Helmet, shrapnel, steel"; is used for washing in, cooking the mulligan, baling out the trench, drawing loose rations, such as tea or sugar; and occasionally as protection for the head during bombardments. When inverted, it makes a comfortable, dry seat on muddy ground. The most useful article of equipment issued to the soldier.

Trench Foot.

A condition arrived at by dint of hard dodging of whale-oil parades and by having lots of water to stand in. The symptoms are a marked disinclination of the feet to move in the direction of the trenches. Used to be good for Blighty, but is only a source of trouble to the owner now. Is often cured by just one glance from the battalion Medical Officer who refuses to recognise it as a disease authorised for issue to the troops.

Wiring.

The gentle art of farming in No Man's Land. A man must be built on the quick-flop system to make a successful wirer. A good crop is best assured by complete darkness. Moonlight and flarelight have an injurious effect and result in a poor crop. Wire will not grow at all in the daylight.

Whizz-Bang.

A dark, elongated insect that flies through the air at a terrific pace and carries a vicious sting. Sometimes collides with a trench and causes annoyance and trouble to the inhabitants. Its bark is worse than its bite, but most men refuse to believe this.

Z. or Zero.

The exact minute of the exact hour of the exact day that you go over the top (with or without the best of luck). Is so named because of its connection with the temperature of one's pedal extremities on an occasion of this nature.

IDDY UMPTY.

LETTERS OF A PRE-WAR BRIDE.

By Pte. S. J. SMITH, Can. Inf. Winner of the Third Prize in our Short Story Competition.

London sumware.

Deer editor of the lisenning post,

I have red with grate pleshur of the prizes that you will give for a good litery effort on the part of reeders of yur valible paper, wich I reed every munth and after that I give it to the postmaster general to send to the galant boys who is defending our country as I know they is intrested in anything about the wore. they is not arm chare kritikis what sits by the fire an disgusts the wore news an what mister haig shell do an what mister hinder-begger shell not do. the boys out in france is fitters. my usban is out in france so i know from experence them

the german trench for he sed the germans threw a minnie at them quite offen and I cant beleeve even the germans could be so crool. my nefew sed too that the uns uses gas. I rote to Jim about it an he sed the germans was clever enuf for ennythink but as he had alwiz to use candels for if gas was used the pipes mite be bursted by shelfire an a hole army core asfissicated. so i dont put much faith in wot my nefew Bill sez. now deer editor wot do you think about them germans. aint they a inyooman lot. Im glad my baby wont grow up to be a crown prince. From wot I hears he aint a nice man at all i think i will rite to Jim an tell him the crown prince is



SOUVENIR SAM: "This trip I'm either gonna git a decoration, a blighty, or napoo."
HIS PAL (warmly): "All kinds o' luck, boy. Hope you get 'em all."

boys is fitters. my usban he is the driver of a moter lorry. he rote me the other day an sed he kild 2 germans. i new he wood do sumthink like that but he didnt say what wheel past over them o my usban is awful reckless. i thot so wen he come home from the havelock arms an sed he was not going to be one of them slackers he was going to fite so he joined the moter lorryes. poor Jim he has only 3 blankets. he sed that the boys in the trenches has palaces bilt underground and he sed that a enemy aircraft came once an fired sharpnel bulets down like rain an he thot he was going to be kild. I expeck Jim home on leaf soon. he sed in his last letter that he had 2 hun helmits one for littel freddy an one for the baby. my nefew come home the other nite an he sed he was over the top twice. I rote Jim about it an he sed it wosnt troo for he has been in France himself 2 yeers an never had to go over the top yet. I was suprised for my nefew wos sich a troothful boy before he joined the army. I couldnt beleeve haf wot he told me. He sed they was wimmin in

living next door an peraps he will get leaf an come home for he will be awful jellus. If you want to print this leter i will tel you the wor news. liftenint somthink is going to marry lady i forget her name her picture is in the papers. i dont think much of the way she has her hare done. An thare is also a picture of captin sumbuddy else wot won the vc with his fiancee. she as the vc on er brest. i dont think its rite for er to ware sumbuddy elses dekorashuns you dont catch me waring Jims vc wen he gets his. Them germans is awful liars they sez they sunk a british batelship. i no that aint troo for the yung felow wot used to deliver the milk ere works on a batelship an i no it aint sunk so i no its all lies just to keep up the german peeples spirits an stimmyoulait them so as to fite on an kep my Jim away from me. i pray every nite that Jim wont be run into by sumbuddy elses lorry an ave is brains nocked out which i dont think he as menny to loose. My jim rites me he as the cb. my wont the naybors be jelus wen we goes to buckinam pallis to see the

king. Jim will saloot an then the king will confur the cb on him. its a dekorashun wot as to do with the bath or sumthink. perhaps Jim will ave to old the towil or sope or sumthink. peepel will point us out an say thare goes missis awkins an er usban wot got the cb on the batel-field lady wotsername will see is foto in the papers an say wot a ansum man but Ill pass rite by an sniff if i aint good enuf to sociate with before Jim gets the cb I aint good enuf to no afterwards. peepel makes fun of me sumtimes cos Im stout but that dont give them no lisenese to call me tank an minniewerfer an annie lorry. Jim sent me a foto of imself taken in france with is gas mask on. wen i seen it i laffed out loud an woke pore littel freddy an he begun to cry. but wen i showed im Jims foto he begun to laff an sed goo goo dada. so you can see its a wise child wot nose its own farver. If bill the kaiser ever gets to eaven wich i opes not as i wouldnt never sociate with no military click on no considerashun he would change everything up thare. he would want to make st peter give up his place an put hinderbeggar as doorkeeper. he wouldnt want only german tunes plaid on the arps and insted of the land flowin with mik an oney it would be flowin with fats an sope. i dred the day that may come thare would soon be no golden stares if the crown prince once got is eyes on them he would be sure to pinch them first go off. now i ave no more to say so will stop.

I am deer editor of the lissenng post

Yourses

Harriet jane hawkins.

HOW I SAVED THE BATTALION.

I was a new orderly, but, believe me, I was right there.

On the morning of this memorable day I had been doing most of the work and was nearly all in, but when the General shouted, "Orderly!" I answered, "Sir?" immediately, and was in front of him in a second.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"McClook, sir," I answered.

"Well, McClook," he said, "I want you to take this important message through the barrage to the front line by four o'clock," and he handed me a bulky parcel.

I could see by the way he handled it that it was something of great importance, and that, being a judge of men, he could tell that I was to be trusted.

I looked at my watch. It was three-forty, pip emma, and I had eight miles to go. I grabbed my steel lid and gaspirator, and, jumping on my trusty wheel, sped away. Thirty, forty, fifty, sixty miles an hour I went. Soon I reached the zone of fire: shells burst around me and glanced off my steel helmet, but still on I flew.

Presently there came a flash and a roar, and something seemed to give, but owing to my terrific speed I was two kilometres farther on before I noticed that both wheels had been blown away. Was I down-hearted? No! Was I dismayed? No! Brushing aside a five-point-nine, which Fritz sniped at me, I rushed to one of our batteries nearby and shouted for a horse.

The Major was very sorry, but he said he had nothing but caterpillars. Now I knew he was kidding me—because caterpillars are those woolly things you go into the garden to eat when your dame goes back on you. However, I had no time to fool with mere majors. They were just about to fire an umpteen-inch gun, so, in spite of the shouts of warning, I jumped on the muzzle of the gun, and as they fired, slid on to the shell.

Oh, boys, that was some ride! In a few seconds I was level with the front line, so I dropped off in front of the O.C.'s dug-out. I walked calmly down the steps and found the O.C., in a quandary—as well as in the dug-out—for it was one minute to four and the look-out had just reported no messenger in sight.

His relief on seeing me was unbounded, and when I handed him the package, he took my hand, and with tears in his eyes said, "McClook (he knew me by sight and reputation), you have saved the battalion."

It was the rum issue.

C. R. F.

A Near Thing.

"Good morning, Doctor," said David Jones as he entered the sanctum of a great physician whose work at the front had earned him many honours and decorations during the Great War, "I'm feeling rather out of sorts."

"Bowels all right?" was the gruff query from the medico.

"Yes," said Jones, in a slightly puzzled tone. He had known the Doctor from the early days of his practice, and was not quite prepared for such a brusque reception.

"Humph!" grunted the Doctor, "have you been warned for work to-night?"

"I always do the greater part of my work in the evening," answered Jones almost indignantly, as he thought of the piles of correspondence awaiting him at his office.

"I thought as much," remarked the Doctor meaningly. "Strange you should suddenly feel so queer just as your duties are about to begin. Here," he continued, tipping a few small pills into an envelope, "take two of these after each meal, and on no account fail to do your usual amount of work. It won't harm you in the least. Don't let me see you here again for a week at least," he enjoined. "Your face is far too familiar to me."

Completely mystified and not a little angry, David Jones jerked his pocket-book out and asked in frigid tones, "What do I owe you for this—er—treatment?"

"Owe me!" stammered the Doctor, quite taken aback as he suddenly remembered that the war, which had long provided a living for him mending the hurt and brow-beating the malingers, was now at an end. "Owe me! hm—hm—Mr. Jones, pardon me," he begged in the soft professional tone of his pre-war practice. "Now that I come to look at you, you are unquestionably very ill, indeed. Let me take your temperature!—Good Heavens, man, there is no time to be lost! I'll call a taxi—no, better, I'll have my car round here in a moment. You must go to bed without a moment's delay. I shall accompany you and remain with you until the crisis is past. Work? Certainly not! It might easily prove fatal to a man in your present weakened condition. You mustn't think of working for three months. I shall outline a special dietary and a course of curative treatment covering the entire period. You must have a nurse, of course. I'll see to that. And I think I shall call in my colleague, Sir Henry Jameson, whose experience in serious cases of this sort is of the utmost value."

Later, when the patient was comfortably settled in bed with a table full of medicines beside him and a nurse moving softly about the room, the Doctor closed the door softly and remarked to himself in the seclusion of the ante-room: "Damn that war! Jones, the millionaire—and I choked him off like a lead-swinging private soldier! I'll have to readjust my manner to civilian practice or I'll be ruined. By George, that was a near thing!"

DISILLUSIONMENT.

I saw her walking down the street;
Her face was fair, her figure neat,
And for whole days I could not eat,
For she was on my mind.

They introduced us at a dance:
At last had come my longed-for chance;
And what cared I for envious glance,
For she was on my arm.

I called a few days after that;
And when 'twas time to get my hat,
I could not rise from where I sat,
For she was on my knee.

At last has come a sad surprise:
I see her now with other eyes;
Oh, would that it were otherwise!
But now she's on my hands.

R. G. S. & F. T.

“TOOT SWEET.”

MADAME was comparatively young, passing fair to look upon and of attractive figure; but you just naturally had to pass up the youthful beauty and gaze in wonderment when she breezed by with her “Toot sweet”—the Canadian impression of her oft-repeated “tout-de-suite,” which is the French equivalent for “right away,” “in a hurry,” “immediately,” “at once,” “quickly,” and the like.

The second in command of the estaminet, her one obsession seemed to be speed. She flitted in and out of the capacious lounge, where we sat and waited for the refreshments that were—if Madame was to be believed, and her rapid-fire actions to be correctly interpreted—to be spread before us on the instant. We simply could not keep our eyes away from her. We were cold, and we were wet, and we were hungry after a long hike in drizzling rain; and we were impatient to dally with the cup that cheers, even though it does inebriate, as well as to partake of something in the nature of solid nourishment.

When we made known our wants to Madame, on our arrival, after much struggling with the language of the Land of the Fleur de Lys, it was as though a heavy load had been taken off our minds to hear her reassuring and comforting “toot sweet”; and so we settled back to enjoy ourselves to the uttermost franc.

Out to the kitchen hurried Madame, then back to the bar, thence to the kitchen, thence to the bar, always on the double and never forgetting the cheering “toot sweet”

in passing. We were thirsty, and tired, and hungry, and feeling anything but comfy in our damp clothes in the fireless room, but it was like a voice from heaven itself every few seconds to hear that cheery “toot sweet.” And so we waited—and waited, and waited!

The minutes passed, and still Madame dashed in and out, “toot sweeting” as she rustled by with full steam ahead.

Now, when you are feeling down in the mouth and the inner man needs a lot of bracing, conversation, even to the limited extent of “toot sweet,” begins to pall on one’s weakened system. What we required was food and drink, and then we could have cut loose on the talk. Speed on the part of Madame in getting about the estaminet was all very well in its way, but what we wanted was a speeding up in the supply of foods and liquids; and there was none. We were patient, like unto Job, but even patience has its limit. The minutes lengthened into an hour and all we got was “toot sweet.” It was unsatisfying and discouraging. Our first hopes of early satisfaction for our overdue appetites and thirst faded and faded, and still that insistent “toot sweet” echoed in our ears. We grew more hungry, and more thirsty, and more peevish and disgruntled with every passing second, and still all the indication of the nearness of dinner and drink was the elusive Madame flitting in and out with that parrot-like “toot sweet” oozing from her open countenance.

Is it any wonder that, sitting there in that depressing



CORPORAL: "Well, Bill, are you going to put in for Paris leave?"

BILL: "No, 'taint worth it. I did 28 days for taking French leave already."

chill, we grew to hate that ever recurring but never eventuating phrase, "toot sweet?" Is it any marvel that we ceased to gaze in approbation on the untiring movements of the shifty Madame, with her ingratiating smile and her delusive speech? From the bottom of my heart I ask you—is it?

And so, as the minutes of the second hour rolled along, we began to think nasty things of the gentleman who first invented the expression, "toot sweet"; and from him our thoughts turned on his forefathers, and all his progeny, and then on to the race that used this, now, to us, hideous phrase. We thought unprintable things, and our wrath boiled up in us, so that, in some instances, we actually had to express them in good, plain, Anglo-Saxon, though, of course, being officers—and temporary gentlemen—this outpouring of our overburdened minds came only in the few odd moments when Madame was not fitting through our midst. These moments were few and far between, for, despite all the darkening looks and the chilly atmosphere of intolerance that steadily settled over the assembled company, Madame was not in the least discouraged. She still breezed in, and still breezed out, and still had her smile and chirp.

Just when the party was almost unanimous in deciding that it was "toot sweet" to move on to other and more hopeful estaminets, there was a wild turmoil in the direction of the kitchen. It was as though the neighbours had gathered for an investigation of the proceedings, and had at the outset declared themselves totally at variance with everything and everybody. Shrill voices were heard in a tumultuous clamour; dishes and pans rattled with a terrific clatter, and the uproar was fearful and awe-inspiring. And then the great event happened: through the door from the kitchen bounced Madame, her girlish smile enlarged to a riotous grin, and again burst forth that hideous "toot sweet."

As one man we rose in protest, and as one man we started for the door. And then Madame abandoned her "toot sweet" sniping, and launched forth with a volley of words that had us reeling, in our weakened state, on the instant. We hesitated, and that momentary hesitation proved our salvation; for from the kitchen burst forth Madame's mother, the commander-in-chief of the estaminet, and all her kitchen help, bearing trays and plates, and other things that betokened our wants were to be satisfied at last.

There was no mistake: it was "toot sweet" food and drink in abundance. After our weary vigil it looked and tasted so good that we forgave Madame, then and there, for all false encouragement of the previous hour and a half. Tired nature simply had to capitulate with that wealth of good things in sight, and without a further word of protest we resigned ourselves to the pleasant task of enjoying ourselves to the full.

But we want no more "toot sweet." When we approach an estaminet again, we are going to be gun-shy, and on the first sound of that much abused "tout-de-suite" we are going to move without any loss of time whatsoever.

Maybe we will and maybe we won't.

Since that famous day, when first we were "toot sweetened" almost to the point of desperation, we have visited other estaminets—estaminets without number—and of all kinds, big estaminets and small estaminets, clean ones and dirty ones, and warm ones and cold ones. We have tried them all, and some of them we have given several trials. We have about resigned ourselves to the inevitable: we have learned from bitter experience that it is "toot sweet" here, there, and everywhere, first, last, and always. In this land of turmoil time is no object; and if you must have food and drink—and even you, dear reader, will admit the necessity of one or the other of these—then you must take it "toot sweet" whether you will or no: there is no alternative.

And so again we murmur "toot sweet" before we write, finis.

We learn, on excellent authority, that soldiers are no longer admitted into heaven until they have gone through Part 2 Orders.

Murphy's Letter.

Private Murphy, still suffering from shell-shock, lately consoled his sweetheart with the following letter:—

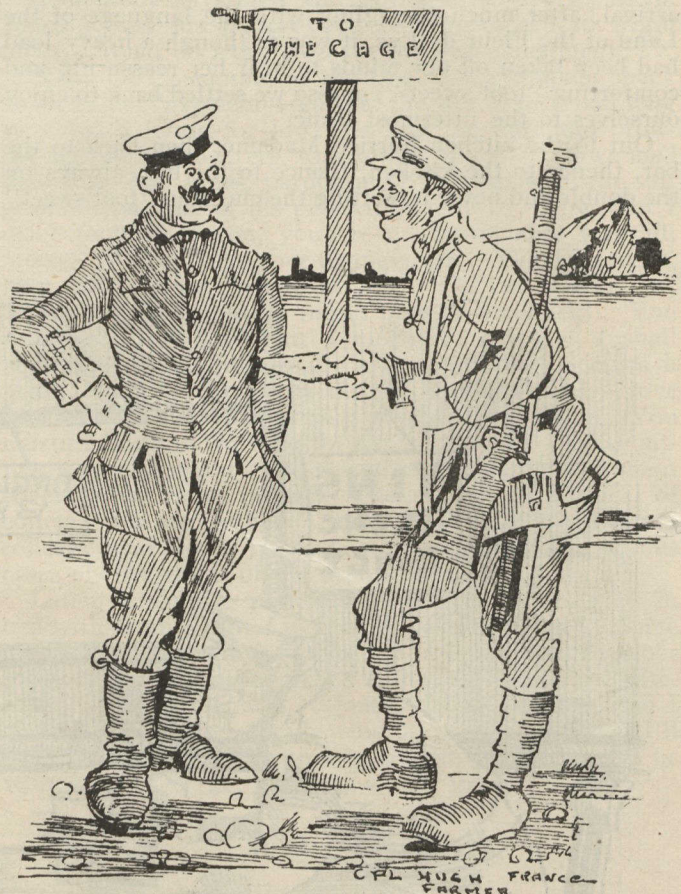
"Darling Molly,

"I am still in hospital and am going on well. I hear that you are fretting away for me. The thought weighs me down like a carrying-party. Believe me, agrah, there is no need to worry, for I am as lively as a whizz-bang, and get up and about like a howitzer shell. The sister here says that for one who has gone through so much I am Verey Light on my feet. So, now, mine crater, take a bright view of things. Let your reflections be as reassuring as the perioscope's, for my love is as deep as a German dug-out and my heart goes out to you with high velocity. Remember always I am as true as a direct hit, and my trust in you is as firm as a concrete emplacement. Of course, being away from you is harder than an issue biscuit, but over the top of it all, darling, your love satisfies me more than a suit of civvies.

"A coal-box full of kisses from—

"Your PATSY."

16264 S. J. S.



HUN (insolently): "Oh, I'm only attached for rations."

TOMMY: "Well, here's a square meal for you."

EVEN THE HUNS HAVE IT.

One of the boys, just back from the Rest Camp, says he saw a German prisoner there whom he recognised as one of his own particular kamerads from Vimy.

Going up to him he said: "How long have you been here?"

Evidently the Hun thought he said "souvenir," so, with the true scorn of a front line man for a bomb-proofer, he answered, "You go up the line—you get souvenir."

THERE'S A REASON.

Nobody seems to have the nerve to admit that he enlisted for patriotic reasons; but the party who said he joined up to get a clasp-knife and razor must have been pretty keen.

HOW RUMOURS GROW.

IN an army which is dependent on the London papers a day or two old for exact knowledge of what is happening on its own particular front, it is inevitable that rumours of all sorts should travel from unit to unit, and grow increasingly grotesque until they break down from sheer overweight of untruth.

Rumours are generally born in the brain of some person whose occupation leaves him sufficient time to concoct and spread a tissue of half-truths, sufficiently highly coloured to appeal to troops whose one and everlasting hope is change.

A few samples of the ordinary types of rumour are :—

“The Division is going back to Canada for a three months’ rest.”

“The war will be over by (movable date).”

It conjured up visions of Christmas at home, but that was two years ago, and here we are!

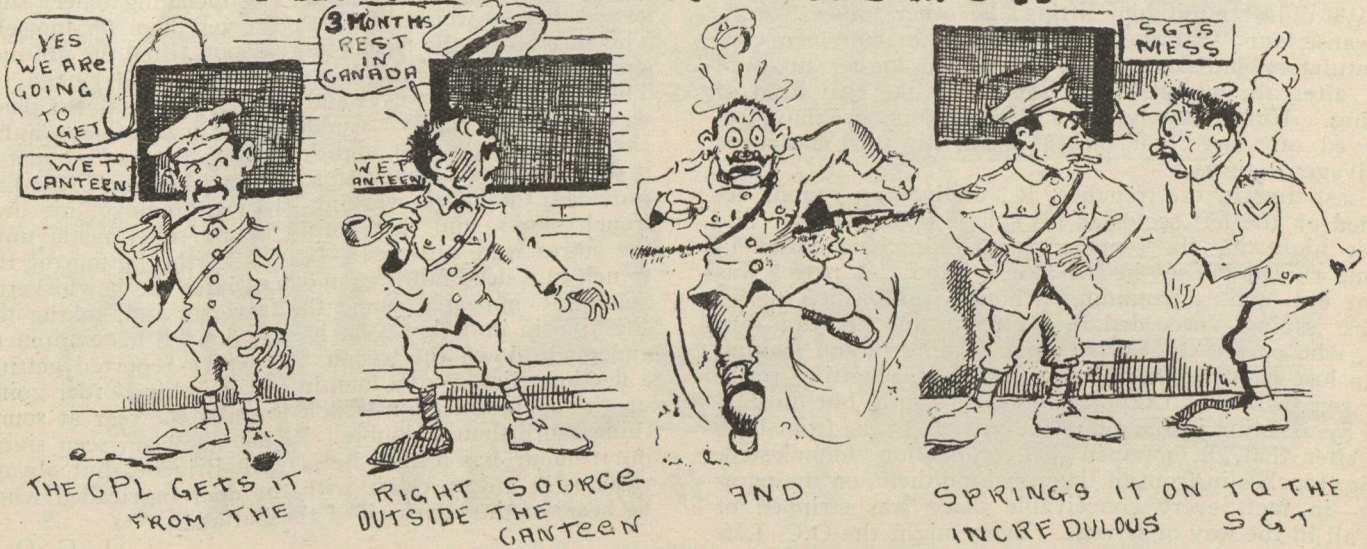
Batmen are, perhaps, the busiest spreaders of rumour. Their association with the brains of the army gives them a sort of reflected authority, and their unique opportunities of finding out what is passing through the official mind give them the widest scope. When a batman says “Straight goods from the Mess,” he is sure of a respectful hearing.

Strangely enough chaplains’ batmen are generally the worst offenders, and their product is marked by its wildness and originality.

It is a notable fact that although one may be convinced of the utter falsity of a rumour, that does not usually prevent one from passing it along.

On the eve of a big action while the steady rumble of

THAT LAST RUMOR

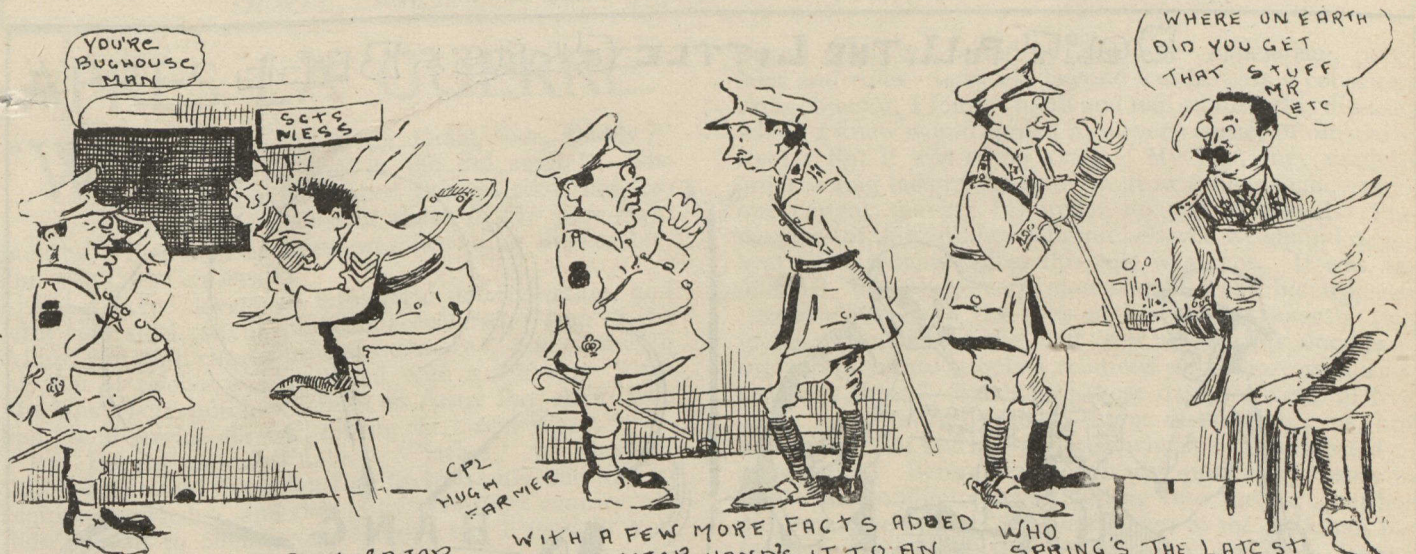


THE CPL GETS IT FROM THE

RIGHT SOURCE OUTSIDE THE CANTEN

AND

SPRING'S IT ON TO THE INCREDULOUS SGT



WHO TELLS, THE SGT MAJOR HE KNOWS IT'S A POSITIVE FACT

WITH A FEW MORE FACTS ADDED THE SGT MAJOR HANDS IT TO AN OFFICER

WHO SPRING'S THE LAT ST GEM ON THE OC

“We’re going to winter in Paris (or Boulogne, or Nice, or Timbuctoo).”

These are a few specimens of the bald rumour. There are others more floridly worded and more convincing in detail. A rumour manufacturer enters a company of men with a face full of mystery and bulging with secrecy.

“Boys,” he says, “I heard one of our officers say that he has just had information from a friend that ten large ships loaded with rice have been sunk in the Solent. In about five days’ time there won’t be a grain of rice to be had for love or money. Now, you mark my words. THERE’LL BE NO RICE!” (Loud cheers from the troops.)

Some will remember the rumour which passed along the line two years ago: “There is to be no cheering in the front line when peace is declared.” There was the master touch about that. It sounded official and authoritative.

guns rolls along the wind and the flame of battle is reflected from the clouds, rumour succeeds rumour with lightning speed.

- “The — army has broken through.”
- “They have captured (absurd quantity of guns) and taken (impossible number of prisoners).”
- “The Cavalry are in action on a (ridiculously wide) front.”
- “ — has fallen.”
- “The Huns are evacuating —.”
- “The Russians, Italians, or French have broken through at —.”

So it goes, and although most of these reports are grossly exaggerated, there is often a kernel of truth in them which keeps hope at high tension, until the papers bring expectation back to within reasonable limits.

THE LOST TRENCH STORES.

THE surplus material in war is such that special men are detailed for the work of collecting arms, equipment, and stores left lying round in trenches, billets, and along the roads in the vicinity of the lines. This work is called "Salvaging." To the average civilian the word "Salvage" conveys little or no meaning, but to the "Tommy" it recalls many experiences, pleasant and otherwise.

There is an art in salvaging, and to the Battalion is given the distinction of once possessing the slickest (if not in appearance) and most successful salvage man in the Corps, to whom we will refer in this story as "R."

Every time the Battalion moved to a new locality it took no more than twenty-four hours for notices to appear in front of every door, or place where the door usually is, "NOT TO BE SALVAGED." These notices proved that R. was on to his job, and that people had already realised that to leave their surplus stuff around was fatal.

We didn't mind him lifting the other fellows' stuff, because our "Salvage returns" brought umpteen congratulatory messages from the people higher up, and as, after all, we are only human, we like that kind of thing. Unfortunately, as I will explain, we have received our last "pat on the back" in the matter of Salvage Returns.

Last time in the trenches, R., on looking round, decided on the left sector as his sphere of activities. The first night in, the sentries heard suspicious noises in some ruined houses in No Man's Land. A patrol was sent out, and, surrounding a house from which noises were issuing, succeeded in capturing—not a Hun—but R., who cursed the Corporal for rushing in and making him lose count of the Hun rifles he was getting ready for removal. The Corporal was very wrath, but finished up by assisting in removing the salvage to the front line.

After that, R. pursued his occupation unmolested. The trenches in front of them, behind them, on the parapet—in fact, every conceivable place was stripped of its all in the way of salvage. Every night the O.C. Left

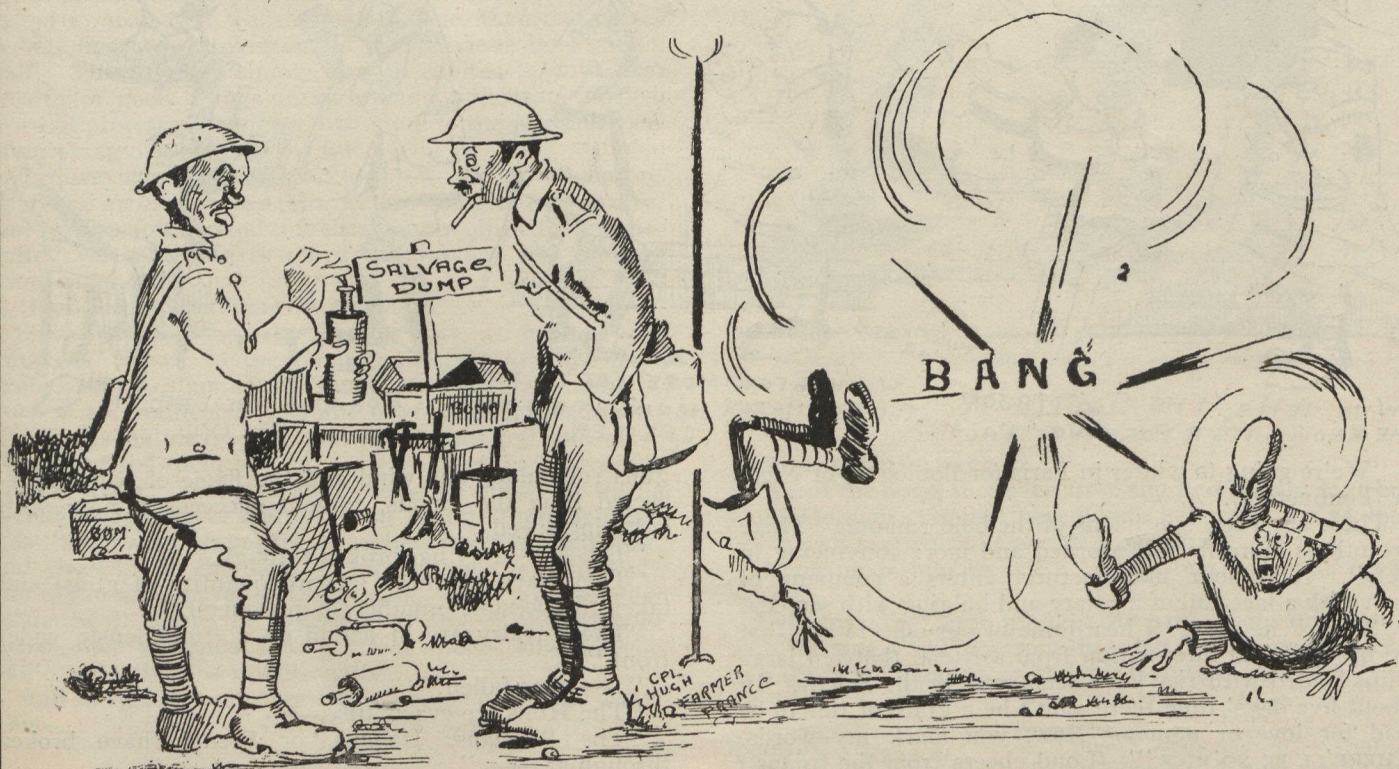
Sector rubbed his hands together and gloated over the ever increasing salvage list.

The night before the relief, R., producing a long list of salvage, applied to the O.C. Left Sector for an extra large carrying-party, explaining that as the relief was to take place next night, it was absolutely essential to get everything out immediately. The party was despatched to the rear, and with it a note calling the Colonel's attention to the good salvage work done in the Left Sector, and recommending R. for special consideration.

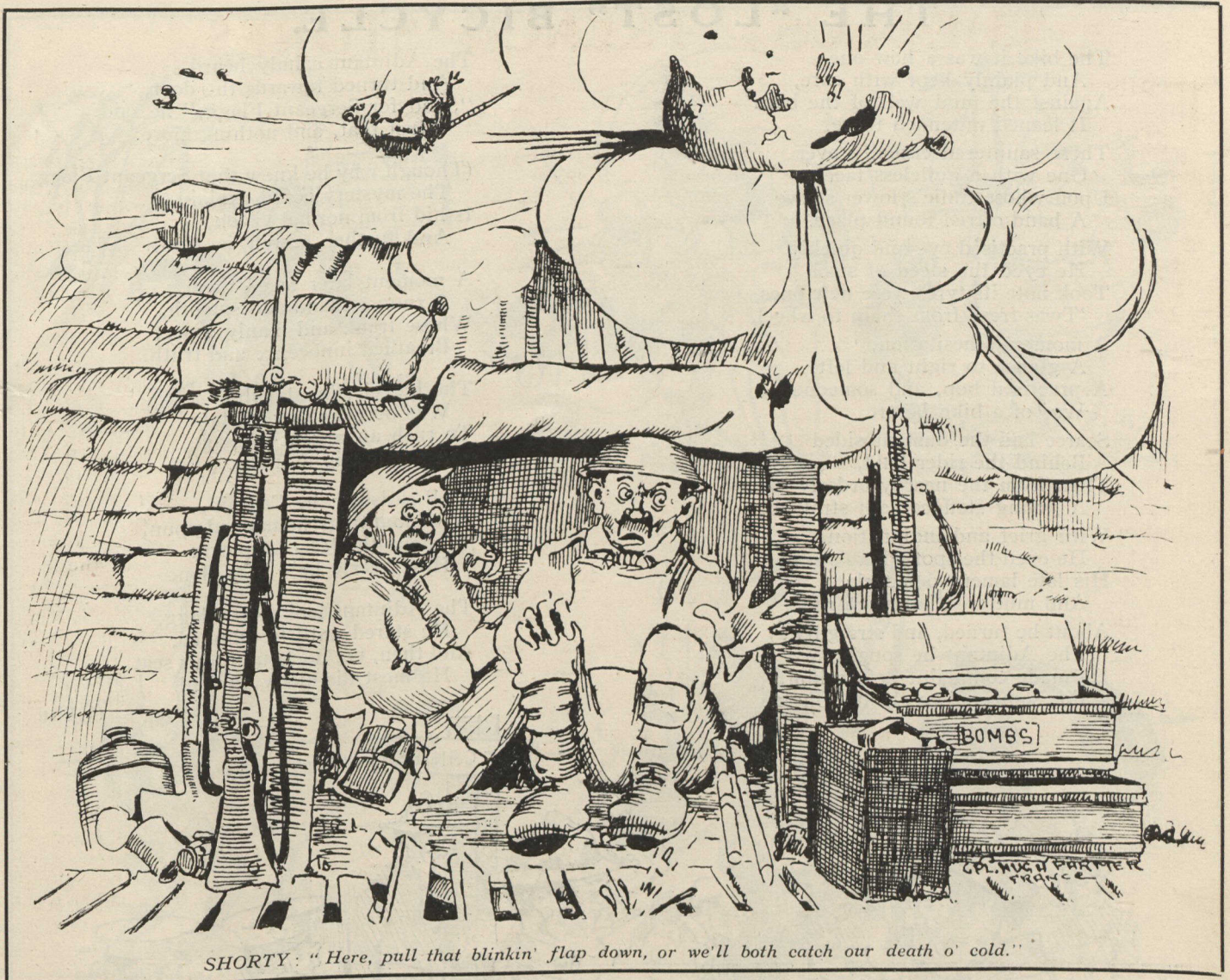
Next day an officer and N.C.O. from the relieving battalion arrived at the O.C.'s dug-out to get the necessary information with regard to the sector, and to take over stores. After making the necessary explanations, he produced the Trench Stores List for signature. In spite of the assurances that the stores were complete, in good condition, and in a safe place, the incoming officer suggested that he would like to look over them for himself. They arrived at the trench store depot, lifted the ground-sheet which took the place of a door, and looked in. The O.C. rubbed his eyes and stood speechless—the place was absolutely empty. Suddenly he began to see light. He called for the last night's salvage list and compared it with his list of trench stores. Good heavens! He had provided the large working-party to remove his own trench stores, and there could be no relief made until the stores were returned. He fell in the bottom of the trench in a dead faint. A moment later the bewhiskered face of R. appeared round the traverse, and, taking the situation in a glance, he hastily donned his equipment and made down the trench. A sentry reported getting a fleeting glimpse of a man in full marching order going up the communication-trench towards the rear at something more than a double. R. has not been seen since, but rumour has it that he is with Brigade, but always remains in a deep cellar with the door barricaded when he hears of the approach of the Battalion.

L. G. O.

DON'T PULL THE LITTLE GLASS BALL



PTE. SIMP (about to pull glass ball of Fritz "potato-masher"): "This must be some new-fangled drink he's got Bill! (later) Yes, and it's got some kick to it too."



SHORTY: "Here, pull that blinkin' flap down, or we'll both catch our death o' cold."

APRÈS LA GUERRE.

"WHAT did you do in the Great War, Daddy?"
 . . . The fat was in the fire again! The young brat had asked this question not less than three thousand times in the past eight months. This sort of thing was becoming unbearable, and WOULD BE STOPPED!

Anger fierce developed into frigid determination, and with cold steel tongue the father declared, "Imp of the Allies, you shall engrey my hair no more!" and forthwith his son of twelve was leathered with a souvenir "Gott Mit Uns" belt, purchased from an Army Pay clerk, who had "seen service abroad" during the Great War.

But Harold was obstinate. "Father," he pleaded, "the teacher told us to-day that there is only one way to acquire knowledge, and that is by persistent enquiry. I didn't mean to offend you, Daddy, but I thought you might help me with my history."

The old man, generally a good sort, was much moved. "My son, I did not wish to beat you, but you have once more opened the sore of my heart. Nevertheless," and he sighed, "I will tell you what you wish to know; but don't, for Heaven's sake, ever mention the matter to me again." Harold, with vocal jerks derived from his sore heart, murmured, "I—I—I pro—omise."

"My son, as you know from your books, the war ended eighteen years ago—six years before you were born. I was thirty-five when it started, and was eligible for service in the army, but I did not join. When conscription came later, I received a notice calling me up, but I treated it as a mere scrap of paper—I would not go. Why? Because I was a conscientious objector. Harold, you may not be old enough yet to realise what is meant by 'red tape,' but your father could foresee that the manhood of England was being bundled into the army to be

bound up by it—bound by 'red tape'—officialism, petty laws and rules—senseless beyond words. As a conscientious objector, I fought tooth and nail against this disease, which I knew would spread into every corner of our daily lives. But it was of no avail. My boy, they used to order young lads in the army to grow a moustache—anyone caught shaving his upper lip was punished. The devotees of this military religion believed we should never beat the Germans unless this rule was kept. It was demanded, too, that every man should wear his trousers turned down over the tops of his puttees exactly two inches. I could see the drift of it all—to introduce lasting servility into people's relations with those in authority over them! But before those days we were all free men; we could refuse to do things distasteful to us, but now, since that fearful war, look what we are subjected to on all sides! Before that time it was quite unnecessary to salute the conductor when getting into the car; neither did you have to give the countersign to the milkman before he would serve you—the jug was enough. In the theatre queues you stood at ease all the time: the attendant certainly kept some sort of order, but the preposterous business that goes on now, of giving the commands "form fours" and "form two deep" under the pretence of keeping you warm, was a thing unheard of. People were introduced to one another without the necessity of showing their identity-discs, and you never lined up for your meals at the street cooker.

"I tell you, my son, this terrible interference with human freedom is a curse—a curse to the nation. The very—" Just then a cane rapped loudly on the door; it opened suddenly and in walked the Gas and Electric Meter Reader. "Family—shun!" Harold's mother dropped the clothes basket and stood erect, thumbs in line with the seams of the skirt. Harold was already stiff from his punishment—and the old man fainted away.

"VIN BLANC."

THE "LOST" BICYCLE.

The bike it was a new one,
And plainly kept with care,
Against the mud wall of the barn
It leaned untended there.

There sauntered casually over
One with a guileless face,
Upon whose tunic's lower sleeve
A band of red found place.

With practised eye and quickly
He eyed the steed of steel,
Took note its tyres were new ones,
'Twas fresh from chain to wheel.

A moment's hesitation,
A glance to right and left,
A practised hop, and someone
Was of a bike bereft.

Scarce had the dust subsided
Behind the rider bold,
Than from the nearby orderly-room
A young staff captain strolled.

With grief and indignation
He eyed the spot where stood
His late lamented bicycle,
And muttered language rude.

About he turned, and straightway
The Adjutant he sought,
He made complaint before him,
For someone's scalp he sought.

The Adjutant calmly heard,
And turned towards the door,
"Send for Sergeant Flagg," he said.
—Just that, and nothing more.

(Though why he knew that Sergeant Flagg
The mystery could explain
Is hid from normal vision,
And further search is vain).

A moment later faced them
A runner bland and smooth,
Whose frank and manly aspect
Breathed innocence and truth.

The bicycle, he stated,
Was borrowed by mistake
To rush an urgent message,
A single trip to make.

Well satisfied the Captain,
Remounting, homeward spun,
Without the least suspicion
How nearly he'd been done.

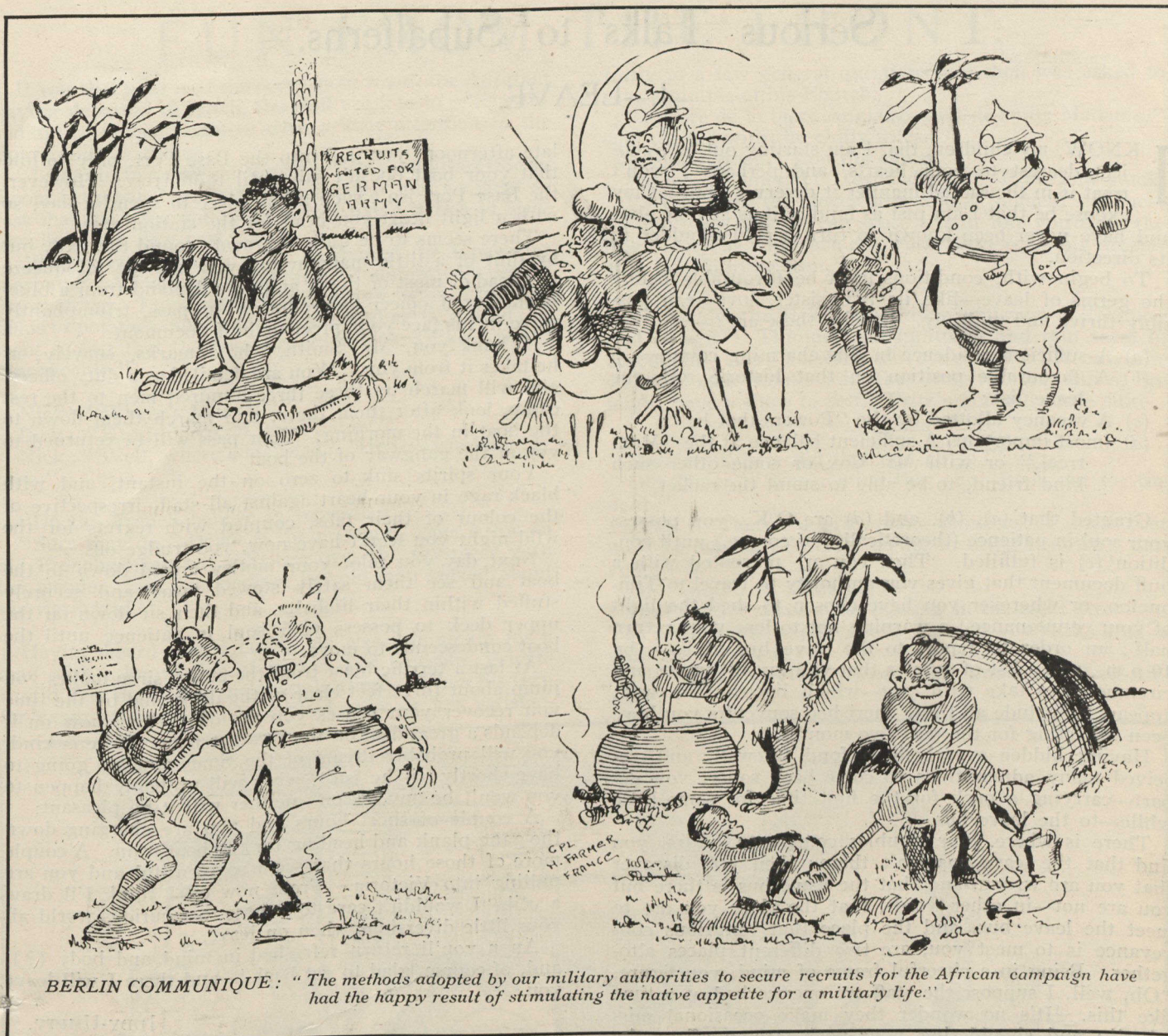
The Adjutant looked at Flagg,
He stared until he blinked,
And then, ere he resumed his seat,
He most distinctly winked.

O. PIP.



AMONGST THE SAMMIES.

YANK: "Say! the Germans 'll have to go some to put anything over on us."
OLD BILL (hero of a hundred scraps): "Gawd! wot 'opes!"



The Poem of Peace.

By DER KAISER DAT VAS.

Mein people of der Vaterland,
All dead except a few ;
Von thing you ever thank me for,
Dat PEACE I gave to you.

Before I come for holidays
To Saint Helena's Isle,
I make you happy in your heart,
And much you all have smile.

Und all the other nations, too,
Are feeling very glad ;
Because I have delivered them
From their defeat so bad.

Great Deutschland now is over all,
Our foes have had their fill ;
In lands we gave them back again
Our heroes there are "still."

Mein men do permeate the earth,
According to mein plan ;
The finest German victory
Since this, mein world, began.

So satisfied mit vat I've done,
I drew mine guns away
From Belgium, Russia and the rest,
And ask them for no pay.

True German hearts are ever good,
And so mit those who live ;
To all these countries dat we beat
Much money did we give.

Mein Kultur I did teach them all,
They know now, vat it means ;
So having finished my life's task,
I vent behind the scenes.

"VIN BLANC."

Shells were dropping closer and closer, so the old soldier turned to his companion and said, "I think we'd better move."

"I've quit thinking," came the answer faintly from the nearest dug-out.

THE NEW STYLE.

"The other day (writes our Blighty correspondent) I ran across an infantryman, formerly of an Eastern battalion, who is now working in the Canadian branch of the London Post Office. He was wearing spurs, with puttees done up (or down) *a la cavalerie*! And at another establishment one of the elevator operators is an R.C.D. man who finds spurs and a bandolier necessary to the correct performance of his duties!"

Serious Talks to Subalterns.

I.—LEAVE.

I KNOW, my children, that I am starting out on a subject dearest to your hearts, and perhaps I won't treat it in the sacred manner it deserves; but let my excuse be that I am just as fond of it as anyone else, and have never been known to turn a cold shoulder in its direction.

To begin with, conditions must be favourable before the germs of leave—like its twin-sister, love—can possibly thrive and multiply. Briefly, these are:—

- (a) A sufficient residence in this charming country;
- (b) A favourable position on that historic roll, the leave list;
- (c) A vacancy allotted by the "Powers that be";
- (d) (most important) A sufficient balance at the "Montreal," or with Mr. Cox or some other such kind friend, to be able to stand the racket.

Granted that (a), (b), and (d) are O.K., you possess your soul in patience (theoretically, of course,) until condition (c) is fulfilled. Then you are presented with a buff document that gives you authority to travel to Timbuctoo, or wherever you have chosen to shed the light of your countenance; a warning not to lose your return half; an order to report to the leave bus at — by 10 p.m., and a list of articles that you musn't under any circumstances take with you—which list, by the way, appears to include all those cherished souvenirs you have been collecting for the past two months.

Having bidden everybody a fond farewell, and received many admonitions to come back sober, you depart—carrying a pack for the first time for some little while—to the leave bus.

There is where your troubles commence. First you find that the leave bus isn't there; then you discover that you are wrong, and that the leave bus is there but you are not—in other words, that the place you are to meet the leave bus, and the place that luxurious conveyance is to meet you, are two different places altogether. Being in a cheerful frame of mind, you figure, "Oh, well, I suppose the staff are overworked at a time like this. It's no wonder they make occasional mistakes"; and shouldering your pack, tramp off to the place the leave bus really is. An extra two miles is annoying, but you make it all right, only to find that an energetic staff have found out their mistake and amended the driver's orders; so that he has moved off to where you have just come from. Your temper is getting a little frayed at the edges by now, and the pack straps are beginning to bite into your shoulders, so that this time, I believe, you say a naughty swear-word before turning and retracing your steps.

You reach your old meeting point to find that the only person around is a staff officer, who informs you that the bus went twenty minutes ago, and makes a few caustic remarks about young officers who can't even be on time when they go on leave.

Enquiry reveals the fact that it is eleven kilometres to the station, and, though this seems staggering for a moment, on working it down to English miles you decide you can make it, and set off with a burning hatred against all staff surging through your being.

I am going to assume that your luck changes a little now, and that you manage to hail a lorry going in your direction; so that the next stage of your journey is a little easier.

Arrived at the station, you discover that your train isn't due to leave until 5.15 a.m., anyway; and as there isn't a place open, you sit on your pack to dream of the glorious times you are going to have when you arrive.

5.15 comes round, and at about 5.30 something bumps into your train, and you exclaim, "We're off at last!" But you are not, and not until 7 a.m. do you commence to move. Then follows eight hours of the most monotonous journey you ever tackled, until finally, in the

late afternoon, you pull into the Base Port, only to find that your boat doesn't sail until to-morrow. However, the Base Port isn't such a bad place to spend a day, so with a light heart you head for the station exit.

There seems to be quite a crowd around the exit, but by dint of a little manœuvring you manage to squeeze in ahead of most of them, and on a demand from a blue-banded staff officer to produce your pass, triumphantly wave in his face your precious buff document.

"Thank you, Mr. Smith," he remarks, suavely, as he takes it from you. "You are detailed as a duty officer, and will march up these three hundred men to the rest camp, look after them there, and march them down to the boat in the morning. Your pass will be returned to you at the gangway of the boat."

Your spirits sink to zero on the instant, and with black rage in your heart against all staff, irrespective of the colour of their tabs, coupled with regrets for the wild night you won't have now, you trudge off.

Next day you pilot your motley crowd down to the boat and see them safely stowed away and securely stuffed within their lifebelts, and then sit down on the upper deck to possess your soul in patience until the boat condescends to move.

At last a terrific blast from the steam siren makes you jump about three feet clear of the deck, and by the time you recover your senses you are off. From now on it depends a great deal on the weather man. If he is kind, you will probably dream of the times you are going to have shortly; if he isn't, what will probably happen to you won't be any dream—neither will it be pleasant.

A couple of short hours and you are charging down the gang-plank and heading for the boat-train. A couple more of those hours that seem so plentiful and you are pulling into Victoria. From now on I think I'll draw a veil. I wouldn't care to expose to a curious world all your little diversions when on leave.

Anon you'll return refreshed in mind and body (?), and, of course, glad to get back!—and there I will leave you.

IDDY-UMPTY.

The Stretcher-Bearer.

Who lies around his tent all day,
Spends sixteen hours in the hay?
The blooming Stretcher-Bearer.

Who says, when we go to "stand to,"
"Well, so long, boys," or "Tootle-to"?
The blooming Stretcher-Bearer.

Who played at poker, won the "mon,"
Had all the players on the run,
And put the sergeants on the bum?
A blooming Stretcher-Bearer.

But when the shells are falling thick,
Who with us to the last will stick,
And drag us to a shell-hole quick?
The good old Stretcher-Bearer.

Who binds our wounds up under fire,
Knows not the meaning of "retire,"
And works on smiling in the mire?
The plucky Stretcher-Bearer.

So you who think he has a cinch,
Remember that he doesn't flinch,
For you may holler in a pinch:
"Hi, double, Stretcher-Bearer!"

G. E. F-T.

FUN FROM THE FRONT.

It was that hour in the orderly-room when, the Adjutant having departed to lunch, the staff are free to relieve the tedium of official business with a little attention to the lighter side of things.

"I was out in a staff car the other day," said the Orderly Room Sergeant, borrowing a cigarette, "and we went so fast that the telegraph-poles looked like a bunch of lead-pencils as we flew past."

"Positively nothing at all," murmured the typewriter mechanic. "I was out on a borrowed motor-cycle yesterday evening. I tore past fields of carrots, fields of turnips, fields of potatoes, fields where sheep and cattle grazed. I went so fast that the whole country looked like a tin of Maconochie."

Nick: "Where's Jones?"

Dick: "Head blown off, poor fellow."

Nick: "Well, where's his head? He was smoking my pipe."

"Do the French believe in reprisals?"

"Sure they do. Down at the prisoners' cage I saw an old Frenchwoman bat a Fritz over the sky-piece with her wooden shoe, just because her old man kicked about the war bread."

Having heard that a cushy job was coming up for a man with a knowledge of French and German, Private Frigid Feet decided to make application. When his turn for examination came, he replied more or less satisfac-

torily to a few general questions and then was asked to give a sample of his French.

"Encore de la biere Anglaise, tout-de-suite, Madame," said the lad with the chilly soles.

"And German," said the officer.

"Mercy, Kamerad!" responded Pte. Feet, and stuck.

"Well," said the officer after a long moment's silence, "I don't see how we can spare a man like you from the line. Anyone with such abnormal nerve is simply invaluable in a fighting unit."

No wonder the Hun's favourite ejaculation is "Donner und blitzen." Thunder and lightning and rain seem to accompany every forward move we make. If only the weather man would join the ranks of the Allies, we might have a show to settle Fritz's goulash toute suite.

Draft: "Where did that one go to?"

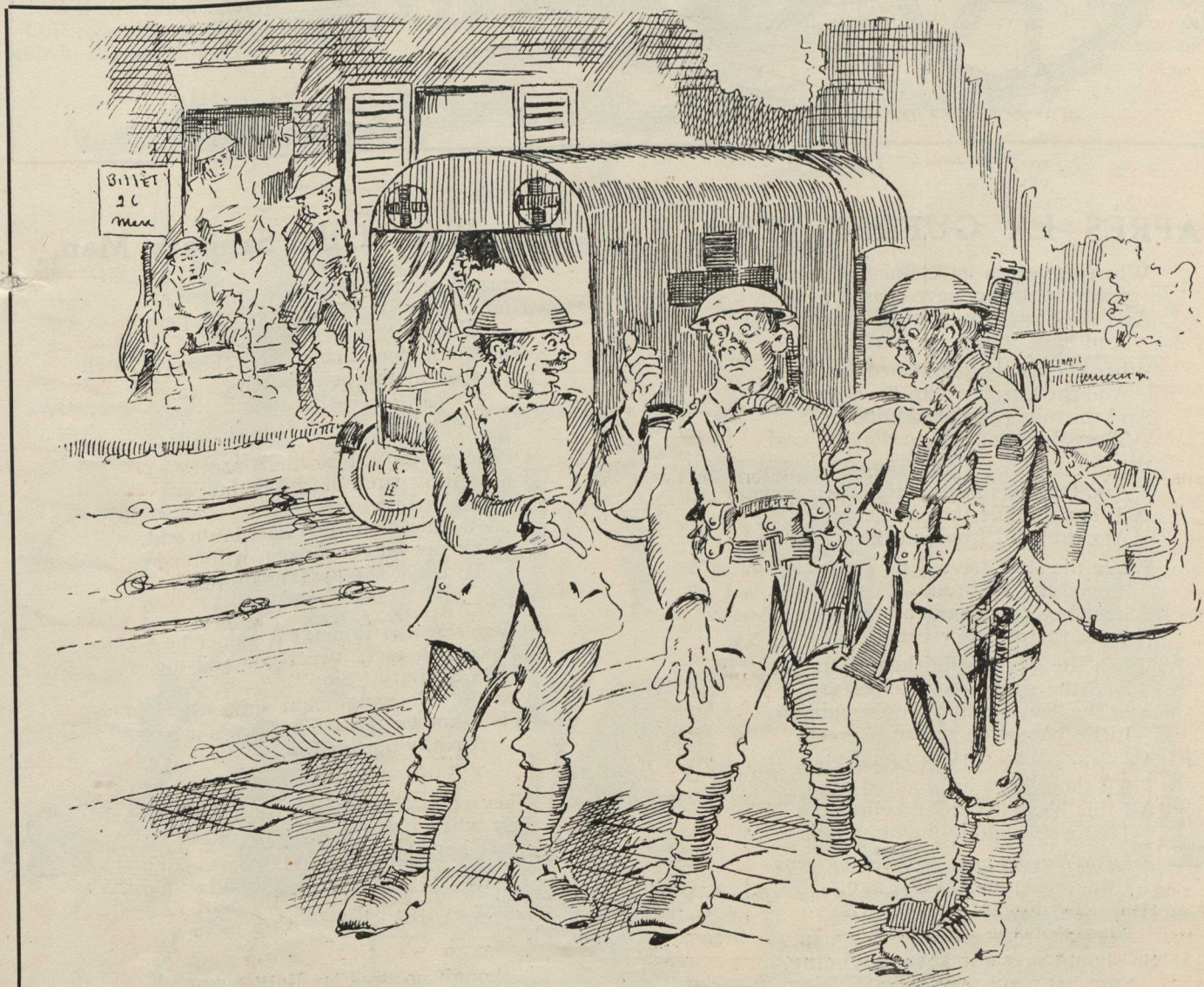
Old Timer: "Never mind that one. Look out for the next."

Draft: "There's a Fritz plane above us. I guess that must be our Anti-Aircraft trying to bring it down. Can you see it?"

Old Timer: "I think so."

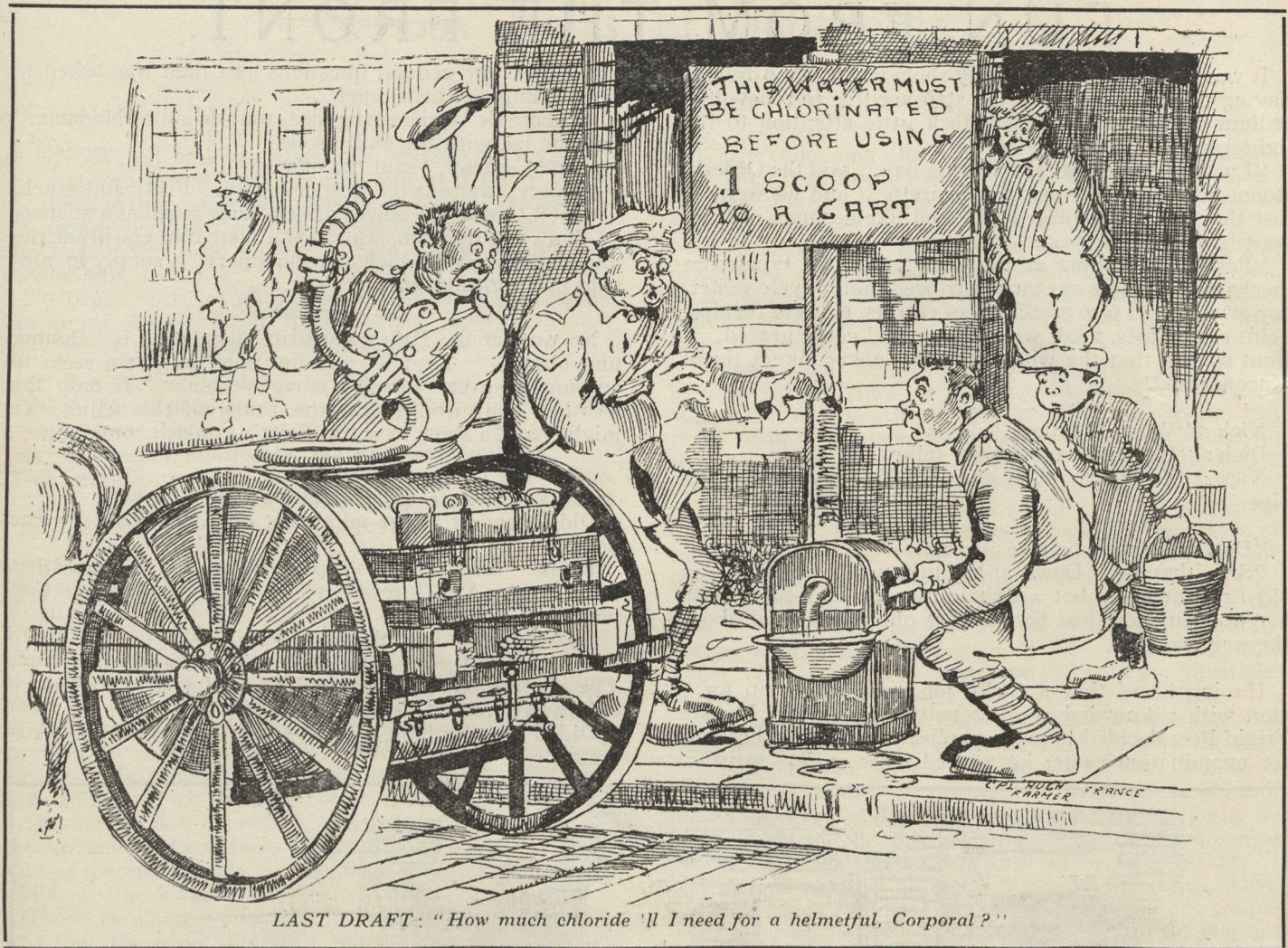
Draft: "But you're not looking in the right direction. The shell-smoke's just above us, and you're looking a mile away from it."

Old Timer: "Huh! You don't know our Anti-Aircraft."



THE TIMELY TOUCH.

GINGER (to nervous friend going up the line): "Taint likely you'll need money any more, Bill, so how's chances for a loan of five francs."



LAST DRAFT: "How much chloride 'll I need for a helmetful, Corporal?"

APRÈS LA GUERRE FINIS.

When the pipes have finished piping,
And the drums have ceased to beat,
And the Huns have finished straffing,
And have "beat it" in retreat.

When the bomber's finished bombing,
And the lineman's up the pole,
And the miner, finished mining,
Turns his thoughts to digging coal.

When the "buzzer's" finished buzzing,
And the flags have ceased their wags,
Will our soldiers then be shaking
ALL the sand from out those bags?

When the staff have done with staffing,
Moved the red from off their caps,
When they once again are mingling
With the ordinary chaps.

When the gas has finished hissing,
And the sirens cease to scream,
And the Taube's finished dropping
Little bombs on pastures green.

Are you sure we'll not be packing
All those bags in hundred piles,
All this blessed wire inreeling,
That we've laid by hundred miles?

For three years have we been fighting
Just to keep our foes at bay,
And most diligently hiding
Nearly all the land away:

So should this war have an ending,
Sure 'tis plain to everyone,
That they cannot home be sending
Us, until this work is done.

F. M. W.

The Wail of the Sanitary Man.

I prowl around and pick up cans,
And orange skins and pots and pans,
Which other people drop.
And those foul fiends who throw a batch
Of paper in the brier patch
Had better really stop.

Of sloppiness I bear the brunt:
I'm getting tired of this stunt;
I'm fed-up to the top.
And if this blooming war don't end,
I think my language soon will tend
To make the heavens drop.

There's lots of things I'd sooner be—
In point of fact, 'twixt you and me,
A Military "Slop":
For they do naught but shine their brass—
'Tis a known fact "The Law's a hass,"
A really useless fop.

They yell, "Lights out: pull down the shades";
Just when I'm going "nine in Spades"
I have to shut up shop.
I'll get revenge and be content—
Just lie in wait behind the tent
And soak them with a mop.

Although no "reg'lar Bull" am I,
I guess I'll stay, until I die,
A "Sanitary Cop."

G. E. F-T.

FUN FROM THE FRONT.

FORCE OF HABIT.

Bill Lightfoot had a well-filled crime-sheet. Most of the entries had been incurred through light-heartedness and heavy ale. When Bill was "well fixed," as he said, he liked to "whoop 'er up high, wide and handsome." Too much latitude and longitude had provided Bill with a crime-sheet like an old ledger.

There was nothing in the orderly room stunt hidden or meaningless to Bill. He knew the detail off to perfection. From the moment he was sandwiched between his escort he never made a false move. His expression of mild surprise and gentle sorrow was a masterpiece of acting. Obviously misunderstood, Bill seemed ever a man more sinned against than sinning. There was a "to know all is to forgive all" quality in his aspect which rarely failed to mitigate official displeasure.

Time came when Bill was detailed as escort to another offender. This was a new rôle for him, and he feared to make a false step. The moment he reached the orderly room off came his cap through association of ideas, instinctive cerebration, or whatever you care to call it.

The officer stared at him a moment, then said: "Put your cap on Pte. Lightfoot."

"Beg pardon, sir," said Bill, covered with confusion. "I forgot I wasn't the prisoner."

ONE WAY OUT.

O.R.S.: "Gee, the M.O. gave me a calling down this morning."

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

O.R.S.: "I only left a few envelopes and papers on the table in our last billet."

R.S.M.: "I don't blame him. Did he tell you to remove them?"

O.R.S.: "Yes, but I told him it was stationery."

THE REFLECTIONS OF A FRONT LINE FRITZ.

"Ach Himmel, I am so pleased to think that we thirty members of the Kaiser's Sturmtruppen have been selected to hold this piece of trench in the face of the expected Canadian attack.

"It is now time for the attack to begin. Ah, here it is! It is glorious to think that we twenty-six men are about to battle for the beloved Fatherland. I hope that when we twenty-three come out the Kaiser himself will say: 'So you are the gallant twenty-one who repulsed these savages from the West! I feel proud of the eighteen of you, and to mark my Imperial favour I will confer the Iron Cross on the whole fifteen of you. The prowess of you thirteen will be celebrated in song and story as long as a single German is left to do honour to your ten memories. Moreover, I shall instruct your General that the entire seven of you be given leave.'

"I think the barrage must soon lift, and the five of us must not falter in our duty whatever happens to the three of us.

"Heinie! Neither you nor I must fail to hold out to the end. I, at least, have never run away—before!"

British Communique of following day:—

"Our troops penetrated the enemy trench system south-east of — and found it unoccupied."

"WIRELESS."



NERVOUS ONE: "But, if Fritz's dug-outs are all blown in when we get over, how're we gonna make out in his barrage?"
 OLD TIMER: "Cheero, son! We're takin' collapsible dug-outs with us."



FOND WIFE: "Ain't he cute, Bill, and only just learned to walk a month ago."
 BILL: "Fine! Send him out for a pint, Liz."

"Kaiser Wullie's Prayer."

Oh, Lord, tae Ye I humbly pray,
 Protect and guide me day by day;
 These British devils me wad slay;
 But, Lord, Ye ken,
 Ye sent me here, a guidin' star
 Amang a' men.

My plans, oh, Lord, hae gan alee,
 On land as weel as on the sea;
 But, Gracious God, I pray that Ye
 May keep in sicht,
 An' gie me jist anither chance
 Tae pit things richt.

Wi' pison gas and liquid shell,
 I've gi'en ma foes a taste o' hell,
 But though they dinna like the smell,
 They'll no gi'e in;
 Sae gi'e me, Lord, a better plan
 Tae gar them rin.

If I should murder, rape, or steal,
 Or make wee, helpless babies squeal,
 Ye ken, oh, Lord, an' that fu' weel,
 It's for Thy sake;
 A purer world, oh, Holy Lord,
 I mean tae make.

An' Lord, the Allies ca' me mad;
 Wi' vengeance smite them, Heavenly Dad;
 They say I'm making Europe sad,
 An' ca' me bully;
 But I'm yer honest humble servant,
 Kaiser Wullie.

ALBERTA BOB.

Answers to Correspondents.

By "Sister Smiff."

Query.—"I am pestered with rats in my dug-out. What will kill them?"

Ans.—Gas and a good shrapnel barrage have been found very helpful.

POURQUOI.

Query.—"Why is the sick parade so small on Sundays?"

Ans.—Because church parade doesn't usually take so long as sick parade.

ANXIOUS.

Query.—"In a hand-to-hand scrap recently I broke my bayonet, but replaced it by a Fritz one. What will the charge be?"

Ans.—Trading with the enemy.

SPEED.

Query.—"How fast does a shell travel?"

Ans.—Faster than I can. (I am in the Base hospital.)

CURIOUS.

Query.—"What battalion has the best shots, gets least leave, has taken the most trenches, gets the fewest honours and has the greatest number of casualties?"

Ans.—OURS, of course. (You can ask that question of any battalion and always be sure of the answer.)

Inquisitive Old Lady: "And did you have any close shaves?"

Our Hero: "No, I use an army issue razor."

I. O. L.: "But I mean did you have any narrow escapes?"

O. H.: "Oh, yes. I had two from the same shell."

I. O. L.: "I don't see how you could have two from the same shell."

O. H.: "Certainly, once when it passed me, and once when I passed it."

FUN FROM THE FRONT.

WHEN IGNORANCE IS BLISS.

Tony was accused of a horrible "crime": not merely the mild misbehaviour which passes for crime in the Army, but a genuine act of wickedness—he lost his steel helmet!

Tony had been born in sunny Italy. He had done his best to live it down by emigrating to Canada as soon as the family kale-stack would permit. He promptly adopted the clothing and customs of his new home, and as much of its speech as he could master. He learned the arts of gum-chewing and profanity, joined the banana merchants' union, and presently wore mock patent-leather shoes with imitation pearl-grey tops—all of which goes to prove that Tony was a sport. Being such, Tony promptly enlisted—when business went flat.

Tony had a vocabulary all his own which was an unfading joy to his neighbours in barracks and a source of perplexity to his platoon commander. In due time he learned to slope-a-da-arm and form-a-da-four, and sundry other exercises designed ultimately to crown the brows of Democracy with the laurels of victory.

Later, Tony reached France and had his ideas enlarged—and revised. He learned all about the manners and customs of shells and other forbidding and irascible explosive bodies. He cultivated a taste for issue rum, and became aware of a malign presence across the way called Fritz. He learned to grouse at his rations, to shave and appear clean, and not to scratch on parade. He became able to shed his pay with soldierly celerity, to talk about Blighty-leave as the sum of human happiness—and yet Tony lost his tin hat.

Tony was up for orderly-room. After interviewing his company officer he was remanded to his O.C., and appeared before him.

The evidence was lengthy and meticulously exact.

Witnesses were numerous and long-winded. Tony looked on and listened.

After a masterly and leisurely summing-up, his O.C. asked Tony the dread question: "What have you got to say for yourself?"

Tony stared for a moment, then struggled into speech. "No compree," he said.

The C.Q.M.S. was getting beyond the "no compree" stage, and was anxious to air his French whenever possible, so, when he saw a bald head and a dressing-gown leaning out of the window of a billet, can you blame him for shouting: "Bon jour, Monsieur?"

Perhaps not, but the officer with the shiny dome did.

"What's the most ill-tempered outfit in the Army?"

"The R.F.C. They're always up in the air about something."

UNOFFICIAL COMMUNIQES.

We successfully raided the estaminets at several points north of the Strand and south-east of Waterloo Road, securing much booty.

During the course of the night our patrols, equipped with quid notes, made progress at various points. A large number of notes were used with satisfactory results, many of the enemy being shot down. Tanks were very active.

ADMIRALTY REPORT.

There has been increased activity in the neighbourhood of the Thames. A number of enemy schooners were caught by our destroyers coming over the bar and were immediately sunk.



DOING HIS BIT.

CANUCK: "Well, I've done my bit. Five times over the top—Three times wounded—Two years in the line."
LABOUR: "Me too. I've bin mendin' roads for five weeks, an' I done twelve months chokee for the blighter afore that."

FATIGUE PARTIES POPULAR.

Troops Work Voluntarily. Revolutionary Change.

MEDICAL Officers, sanitary men and others, have been utterly taken aback by the eagerness, even zest, with which troops in the forward areas have latterly undertaken dug-out cleaning operations in complete inversion of their usual attitude of deep distaste for this style of fighting. The necessity of appointing parties of men for these humble duties, and of watching them do it, has simply ceased to exist. Officers cannot believe their eyes; N.C.O.'s wander about with an air of disconsolate amazement. From all quarters we hear the question asked, "Why this sudden virtue?"

It has fallen to the lot of dug-out journalism once again to point the moral and adorn the tale.

Several days ago the staff of a certain headquarters were obliged to move on account of shelling. Their new stand was a very frowsy affair, littered with all sorts of rubbish and broken furniture. The sub-staff were at once ordered to clear up. After a period of sour contemplation of a job which didn't intrigue them worth a cent they got to work. In the course of moving an ancient mattress one of the boys heard a sound which struck a faint answering echo from out of the limbo of things half-forgotten—it was a noise like money. Instant scrutiny and frenzied search brought to light three hundred francs of indisputable, honest-to-God kale, in gold. From that hour the troops have developed a passion for cleaning up which shows no sign of abatement, and has led more than one Exalted Person to wonder if the premises on which he based his estimate of the characteristics of the troops were true or not. Time will tell!

A RAID BY MOUNTED MEN.

Lesson to Profiteers.

(Rumour Centre Special.)

THERE was a sharp action the other night which resulted in the capture of a quantity of valuable war material by a party of mounted men. That they were mounted men was established, not merely by the fact that they wore their puttees upside-down, but by the sudden and suspicious affluence of the Transport Section a week after pay-day.

When walking through the woods near by, smoking and enjoying the cool of the evening, a certain gentleman stumbled across a cache of empty beer barrels. Where they had come from is a matter for conjecture, but the obvious fact was that they had been obtained by devious ways, otherwise, why the concealment?

As empty beer barrels are urgently required for an important war industry—some would even say the most important war industry—and as a barrel out of work is at all times a heartrending sight to the troops, the finder immediately decided to put them back into circulation. To this end he summoned to his aid two assistants, and with their help rolled the barrels to a strategic strong point near his bivvy. One of the barrels was at once liquidated for a foolishly small sum, the new owners having a thirst which demanded instant solace. The others were held in the bank for emergencies, for the rise of the market, or for more profitable sale.

These happenings became noised abroad with that immediacy which is ever a source of surprise in the army, and there were not wanting bold and public spirited citizens to rejoice at, and take advantage of, an opportunity to nip profiteering in the bud.

Assembling in the sunken road, they were over the top in three waves, penetrated the entanglements with minor losses, and returned with the booty, despite the resistance of a fortunately rheumatic sentry.

Later a group of transport men were seen to order an astonishingly large number of penny beers. That they had undersold the market was evident by the fact that one of their number on asking for vin blanc was voted down at once, as that would have involved spending another barrel.

It is hoped that the publicity given to this incident will act in future as a deterrent to unscrupulous profiteers and a warning to hoarders.

REMARKABLE RELIGIOUS REVIVAL.

Scores of Soldier Pilgrims. Extraordinary Enthusiasm

(From Our Own Tame Rumourist.)

IT has long been believed by a certain section of the public that soldiers are an irreligious lot, and that even the imminence of death within the trench-zone has failed to breathe life into the dry bones of the formal church parade. That such a belief is hasty and superficial has been proved by the recent wonderful spontaneous deepening of interest in religious matters when it became known that leave to visit Lourdes would be granted.

When the announcement was first made the already over-worked orderly room staff were reduced to despair by the inrush of applications, but manfully they strove to bring order out of chaos.

One unusual aspect of this remarkable renewal of spiritual life in the battalion was the fact that, on examination, it became evident that all creeds and sects alike were anxious to make the pilgrimage. Presbyterian, Anglican, Roman, Christian Scientist, Unitarian, all unanimously declared their desire to visit Lourdes. And the Padre beamed.

It became the one topic of conversation. A crowning proof of the absorption of the battalion in this question was the fact that, for a time, it even eclipsed the more ancient and time-worn matters of discussion in the Q.M. stores mess. Language can go no further!

It was talked about in trench, sap and shell hole. Bombers and listening-post men whispered it to one another as they kept the eerie midnight watch. It echoed in dug-out and bivvy, hut and barn. It passed from sentry to sentry. The well-informed were besieged by enquiries as to the scope and meaning of Lourdes. On every tongue were the questions:

"Where's Lourdes, anyway?"

"D'you have to pay your own fare?"

"What kind of religion is it?"

"DOES IT COUNT AS A BLIGHTY LEAVE?"

When it became known that it did, it is a distressing fact that public interest waned appreciably, most noticeably in fact, but those who were privileged to be present will not readily forget those first inspiring scenes when Lourdes was on the tip of every tongue.

THINGS YOU DON'T HEAR AT THE BASE.

"Oh, yes, Doctor, I can walk fine."

"No, it doesn't hurt at all."

"I want to get back to the line again. I've only had twenty-six months of it."

"Certainly, sir. I always refuse my rum ration."

"Please, sir, mark me 'active!'"

"I'm tickled to death to think that I'll soon be back up the line with the boys again."

"I'd rather not go to England, sir. I'm nervous of submarines, but I ain't scared of shells."

"I'll sweep the floor for you, Orderly."

FUN FROM THE FRONT.

Base Hospital, November.

Dear Gwendoline,—Do you remember a year ago when you invited me down to the coast for the holidays, and I was unable to come owing to a previous engagement? Perhaps you would like to know where I went and what I did.

When I left England I joined a party of sight-seers about to tour France under the guidance of a conductor whose manners, by the way, were sometimes offensively brusque and autocratic. I had hoped to go to the Riviera first, but the guide insisted that we should see the beauties of Northern France—a course for which, in the light of later experience, I cannot condemn him.

While residing near the Belgian border I met many old friends at the baths—friends who have remained with me ever since. We had lots of sport; everything supplied by the Government by the way: guns, ammunition, food. The game, which was very plentiful, was provided by the "Cannon-fodder Syndicate." I had a lovely little home of my own, built in the Old English style, underground. I became so attached to it that I could hardly bear to leave it for a moment. I forget its name—I called it so many. It was surrounded by a moat—picturesque, perhaps, but not wholly desirable from a sanitary point of view.

We had masquerade balls frequently, and firework displays each night, especially when we expected visitors. We had lovely masks, too, which we put on quite frequently; but our guests were very disappointing in many ways, and often failed to arrive when expected. We wore the usual sporting costume, to which we added tin hats, as they are thoroughly waterproof—a most necessary head covering in that land of heavy rains.

Some of our amusements might seem rather childish

to you—"sand-castles," for which we had beautiful little spades, and "hide-and-go-seek." But "weddings" were the most popular recreation. These celebrations took place quite frequently, and were most absorbing. They almost always started with cannon salutes and illuminations. Unfortunately, in the course of one of these, I was accidentally hit in the leg—with an old shoe, I think—and here I am in hospital.

Yours affectionately,

"WIRELESS."

Fresh: "Is this the turn for King's Cross, chum?"

Jaded: "Ah oui."

Fresh: "Wot?"

Jaded: "Ah oui."

Fresh: "No. I said 'King's Cross.'"

Jaded: "Yes! Curse you!"

(Exit "Fresh," pondering deeply.)

Musketry Officer (to nervous recruit): "Did I not distinctly say you were to aim at six o'clock?"

Recruit: "Yes, sir, but you didn't say a.m. or p.m."

M.O. (at the Base): "Can you walk, my poor fellow?"

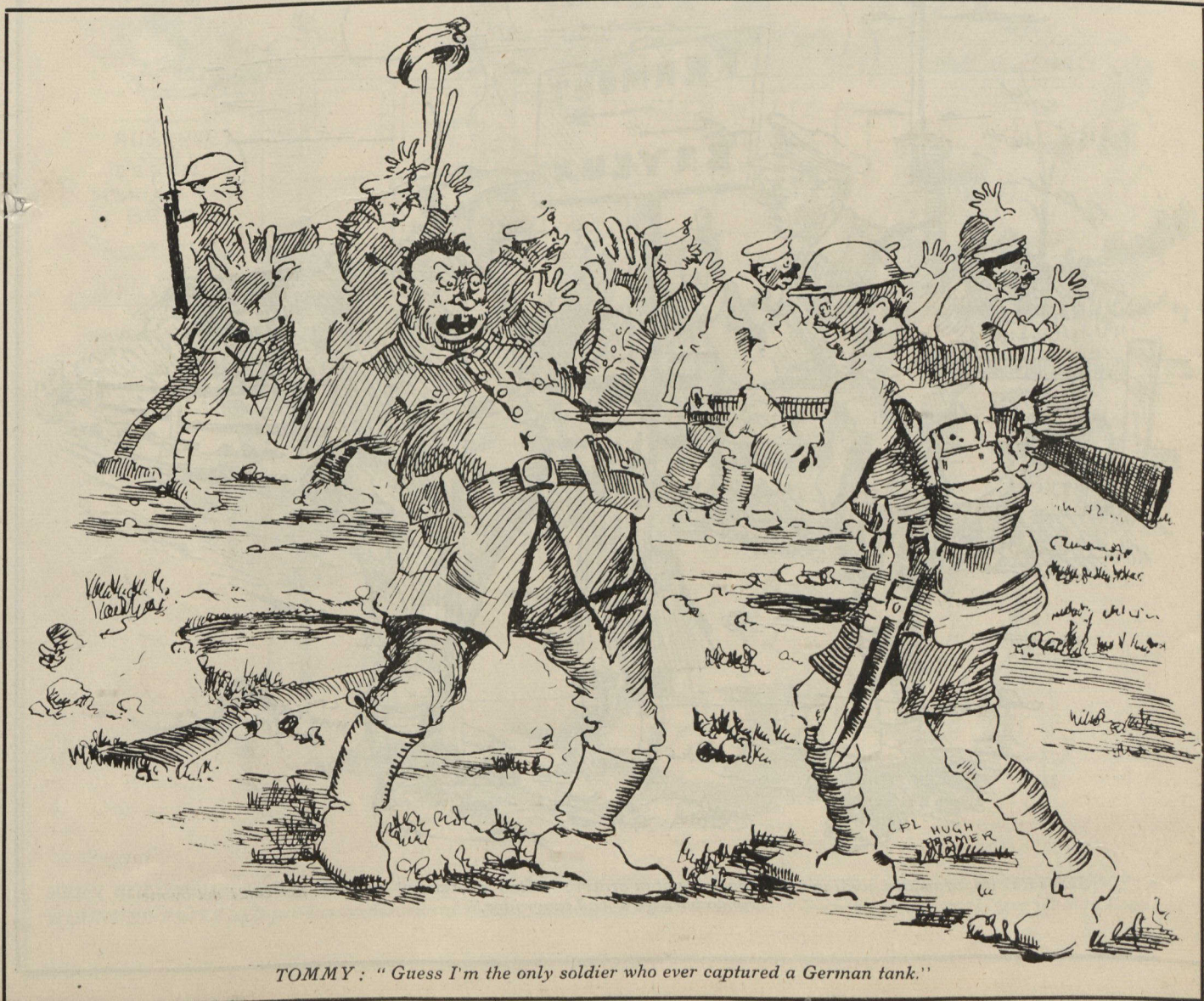
Poor Fellow: "Well, sir, it all depends which way. I believe I could make it to the ship."

M.O. (to slightly wounded soldier): "What's the matter with you?"

Soldier: "Anticipation in the left leg, sir."

M.O.: "What's that?"

Soldier: "I'm wondering myself, sir, whether it's a Blighty or up the line."



TOMMY: "Guess I'm the only soldier who ever captured a German tank."

To Whom it may Concern.

"Somebody light the candle,"
 Is always my first remark,
 And as there's always no response,
 I fumble around in the dark.
 "Where in H——'s my tunic?
 I guess it's hangin' on the floor";
 And I rise half-dead from my sand-bag bed,
 And resume my search once more.

At last I find the matches,
 And soon the candle's lit,
 And I console myself with the future
 While trying to do my bit.
 As I dress I think of the times I had
 Back in the old home town,
 With sister, "Glad," and dear old Dad,
 But I mostly rise with a frown.

Not an ordinary frown is on my face,
 But a frown that's mysterious, but true,
 As I sit and try to fathom
 Why I joined this khaki crew.
 "Was it a patriotic reason,
 Or was curiosity the thing?"
 But I seemed to be told that my heart must hold
 A place for my Country and King.

But now I'm here, I'll see it through,
 And I've surely got a hunch
 That I'm going back to Canada,
 I hope, with the rest of the bunch.

Now you young sport in Canada,
 Still wearing a civvy coat,
 As you drink your wine, you think you're fine,
 But you surely get my goat.

The Armouries ain't so far from town,
 So take a step inside,
 Get introduced to a uniform,
 And I'm sure you'll swell with pride
 To think you're helping the boys out here
 The best way that you can,
 And then you'll feel you're something real—
 A MAN, my boy, a MAN!

A. G. C.

BASEBALL AND OTHER GAMES.

My thoughts go back to the time, three years ago, when I first enlisted. I was watching a baseball game between our town and some other town. The pitcher was just about to put one over, and there were three men on bases when our pitch-hitter came to bat. Just as the pitcher let her rip, a sawed-off runt stood up in front and hollered: "Peanuts, pop-corn, chewing-gum." And with one voice the crowd yelled: "Sit down!" But it was too late. We missed the shot.

Nowadays it's different. When Fritz puts one over, we've no objections—none at all—if someone stands up in front. We never feel inclined to shout "Sit down," and we're never sorry to miss the shot.

"WIRELESS."



SENTRY (to infuriated civilian whose pass is not in order): "Stow yer rah an' 'opp it. Yer can't get by me wiv no barrage o' bad langwidge."

THE LAW OF GRAVITY.

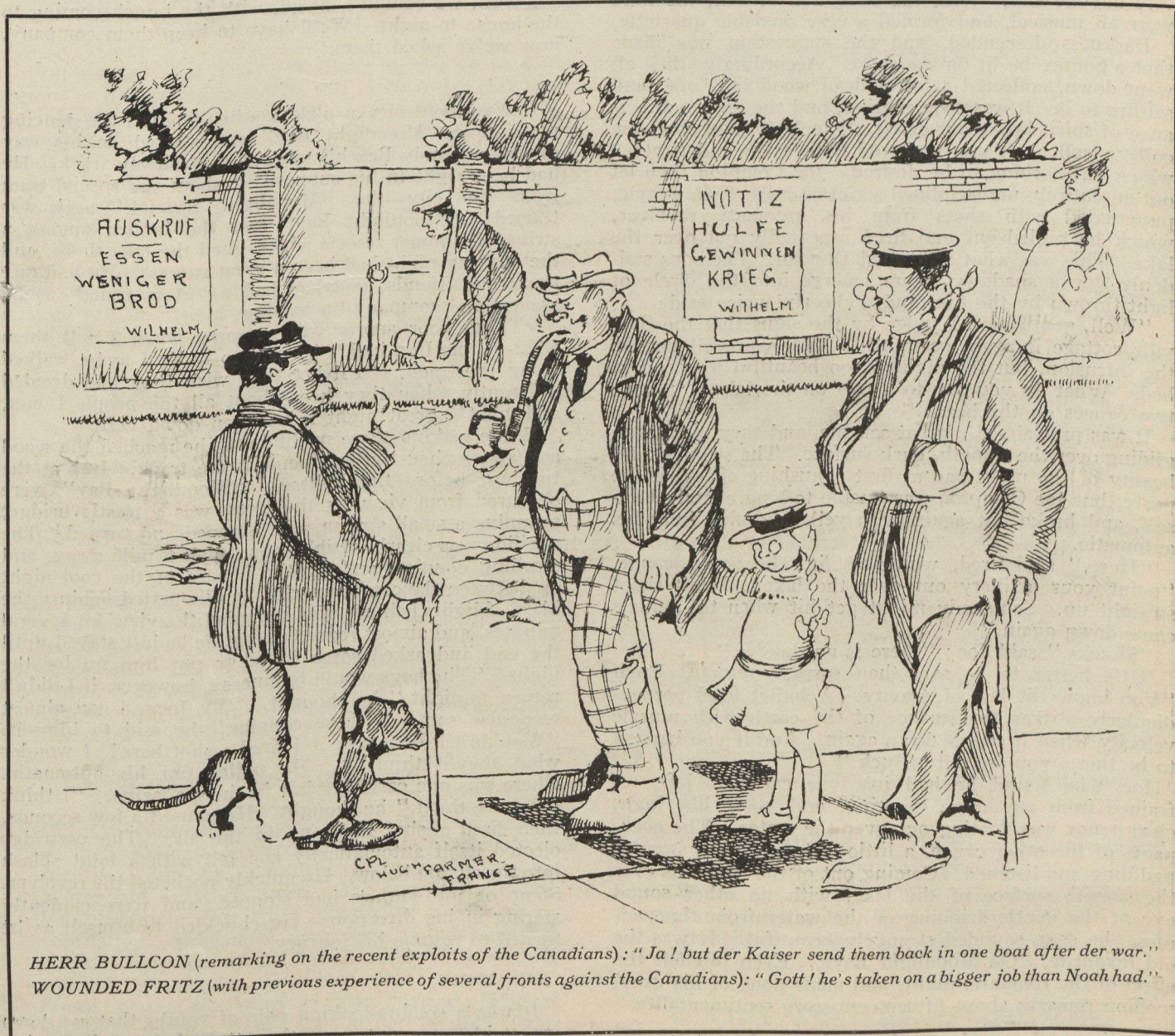
THE pioneers of the season at "Sandy Beach," the exclusive little summer resort about fifty miles from the city, at the large lake, had just retired, after a trying day. They were the forerunners of the crowd that would have established itself for the summer in a few weeks' time. And, as I said before, the day had been trying. There had been thousands of things to do to make the cottages habitable after the ravages of winter. No wonder, then, that they slept the sleep of the righteous.

It was, therefore, with a distinct feeling of annoyance that James Duncan got up, lit a candle, and peered out through the window to see what the row was about. Into his blissful oblivion had crept the consciousness of a fusillade of shots and loud yelling from lusty throats. At first it took the form of a vague dream, in which he seemed to stand on the bridge of a ship, heroically defending himself against a yelling band of murderous pirates. Mr. Duncan had never been a soldier, or no doubt the ship would have been a trench, and the flint-lock pistols and cutlasses exchanged for rifles and bayonets. The shots and the yells, however, gradually increased in reality, with the result above mentioned. So Mr. Duncan looked out of the window. As his vision cleared, his erstwhile wrath evaporated. It was a large night outside, he decided. The moon was shining brilliantly, and a bonfire was roaring on the beach. Several figures were moving about it, and it was from there the

noise came. Duncan was a staid, middle-aged man, but at that moment he felt some of the exuberance of youth returning, and decided he would go out and join the marauders on the beach. "What is it, Jim?" sleepily queried his wife, as he was putting his shoes on. "Where is all that noise coming from? Is the foreign settlement trying to invade us?" "Oh, no," replied her husband; "it is only those young fellows from the Sayville cottage working off some surplus energy. I might have known it was they. And, by golly, I am going down to play with them. A man's only as old as he feels, and my age to-night is about eighteen."

The Sayville brothers had come down that afternoon, with some friends, "to get the place ready for next week-end," as Fred Sayville explained to his parents. Woefully little had been accomplished so far, however.

The boys arrived at the cottage about five o'clock, and the appearance of its interior was not very cheering. "This looks like an old abandoned homestead," said Fred Sayville. "No use starting to-night, gents. Bill," (to his younger brother) "you rustle some supper, while we get a dip in the lake." Bill was an excellent camp-cook—something he acknowledged as an asset when there were young ladies in the company, whose praise he was by no means averse to accepting; but at times he found his culinary accomplishments a distinct drawback. This was the case at present, and he protested



HERR BULLCON (remarking on the recent exploits of the Canadians): "Ja! but der Kaiser send them back in one boat after der war."
 WOUNDED FRITZ (with previous experience of several fronts against the Canadians): "Gott! he's taken on a bigger job than Noah had."

vigorously, but was overruled, and after some diplomatic flattery from the rest, regained his usual good humour, and started unpacking the "breadbasket" and lighting a fire. The others cleared out, with their bathing suits, and sprinted down to the lake on the board-walk. "B-r-r," exclaimed Joe Compton, as he rose to the surface after taking a dive from the spring-board, "this water is chilly." "It could be warmer," admitted Charley Thompson, the clicking of his teeth audible. "No more wallowing in the gentle waves for me. It's too early in the season. I'm going up." The others had had enough, too, and were soon shivering on the shore, trying to restore their circulation by rubbing themselves with their rough bathing-towels.

By the time they returned to the cottage, the table was set, and Bill was pouring tea into the cups. "Good work, Bill," exclaimed Fred. "We'll put away anything you have." "I suggest," said Joe, gravely, "that each one allow two feet for expansion between the edge of the table and the nearest point of his present circumference."

"Well," sighed Fred, about half an hour later, as he pushed his plate away, "there isn't much lacking in the two feet of expansion now, Joe. Give me a hand up, Bill, lest I lose my equilibrium."

After the table had been cleared and the dishes washed and put away, the boys sat down for a smoke and a chat. After a while, Joe got out his banjo, which he had brought with him. He had an unusually good tenor, high and clear, and knew the latest popular songs, especially the sentimental ones—"mushy, sloppy stuff," as the materialistic Bill contemptuously called them—before anyone else. With the exception of Bill, the boys were all musical, and formed a very passable quartette.

Darkness descended, and the suggestion was made that a bonfire be lit on the shore. Accordingly, they all went down, collected a lot of dead wood in a pile, and set fire to it. It was soon roaring, and the boys' exuberance of spirit broke out again. Somebody suggested the college yell. It was rendered with a lilt and a verve which left nothing to be desired. Joe Compton then let out an entirely undisciplined series of yells, Indian style, punctuated with shots from his automatic revolver, which he pulled out and fired repeatedly out over the lake. This was what awakened Duncan. The boys suddenly saw a shadowy figure emerge into the circle of light thrown by the fire, and a cheerful voice said:

"Well, gentlemen, I judge by the signs that the Sayville cottage is again occupied. Trust you will pardon the intrusion, but the night is too beautiful to spend in bed. What do you say to a trip on the lake? I have two canoes on the beach."

It was proclaimed a great scheme, and they were soon gliding over the smooth, dark surface. The stillness and beauty of the night had at first a hushing effect on the party, but Joe Compton was unable to long contain himself, and broke out again with yells and fire from his automatic.

"Here," said Fred, who was in the same canoe, "point your artillery out over the lake. Don't shoot straight up. Somebody might get hit when the bullets come down again."

"Shucks," said Joe; "there is no danger."

"It's better to be safe than sorry," retorted Fred. "You know the law of gravity. A bullet fired perpendicularly strikes the surface of the earth with muzzle velocity when it comes down again. And if you happen to be there, you are out of luck."

Joe, who found he had just one cartridge left, refrained from any more shooting, and soon his high, clear tenor was floating out over the water. The occupants of the other canoe, a little distance away, stopped paddling and listened. Coming out of the darkness over the smooth surface of the lake, with no other sound except the gentle dripping of the water from the paddles, the song sounded strangely beautiful. It was the old favourite, "On Moonlight Bay." Even Bill felt the effect of the romantic night, and made none of his usual scoffing remarks about fifteen-cent-store sentimentality."

Next afternoon, Fred Sayville, Joe Compton, and

Charley Thompson were standing on the little station platform of "Sandy Beach," with Duncan, who was going back to the city on the train. They were chatting amiably when the train came into view around a bend.

"Say, fellows," said Joe, "what do you say to taking a trip down to Moonlight Bay on the train and see what's doing? There might be a crowd at the pavilion to-night. I believe the first special runs down from the city to-day. I'm just itching for a fox-trot. Come on, let's get on to the train quick."

"Aw, now," said Charley, "I don't believe it would be worth while. There may not be anybody we know. We've worked hard all day, getting the house in order, and I'm feeling fagged. And how about getting back here to-night? We'd have to walk on the track—over two miles. And it might rain."

"I agree with Charley," said Fred. "I don't feel like taking a chance."

"Well, I'm going, anyway," said Joe. "Come on, don't be poor sports."

"Aw, but Joe, what do you want to go for?" complained Charley. "You know we have asked a crowd in to-night. We can have dancing on the porch. And we are all counting on you doing some singing."

"No, I've made up my mind to go. She's pulling out now." And Joe made a dash for the train, catching the rear platform of the hind coach. "Hope you enjoy yourself to-night," he called to the others. "I'll be back about one a.m. Good-bye, you poor fishes." The others followed him with their eyes. "I believe we should have gone with him," Fred remarked. "He was certainly disappointed to go alone."

"Well, we couldn't all go, with the bunch coming to the house to-night. We'll have to keep them company, now we've asked them."

It was about eleven o'clock when Joe left the dancing pavilion at "Moonlight Bay" and started on his way towards "Sandy Beach" towards the railway track. He had been right in his supposition about the special train from the city—the "Moonlight Special," as it was termed. "Moonlight Bay" was the largest among a string of summer resorts which lined the lake-shore, and the opening night had been a great success. He had met numerous friends, and had had a "great time," as he assured the company on leaving.

"Those poor sports will be sorry when I tell them what a time I've had," he said to himself as he walked along the track. "I'll bet they wish they had decided differently when they hear about all the people I met, and what a great night it has been down here."

While making these meditations, he reached the wood and approached the first bend in the track. Just at the turning, before the lights of "Moonlight Bay" were obscured from view by the trees, was a trestle bridge, spanning a small stream. He stopped and turned. The pavilion was clearly visible, about half a mile away, and strolling couples, seeking the benefit of the cool night air between dances, were clearly silhouetted against the blaze of lights behind. Joe regarded the view for several minutes, and almost regretted that he hadn't stayed until the end and asked some friend to put him up for the night. "The boys would be uneasy, however, if I didn't return to-night," he thought. "By Jove, I can almost recognise some of those couples," he said to himself. "Wouldn't it be a lark if I fired a shot here! I wonder what they'd think!" He pulled out his automatic. There was one cartridge left in the magazine. "I think I'll scare them," he thought. He paused a few seconds, then fired a shot right up in the air. The cartridge ejected itself automatically and fell with a faint splash into the stream below. He quickly pocketed the revolver. Some of the couples had stopped, and were evidently staring in his direction. He chuckled to himself as he turned to resume his journey.

It was a sombre-looking pair of youths that sat down at a table in a corner of the St. Nicholas College club the next day and conversed in subdued voices. Pre-

sently another young chap rushed in through the door, and on seeing them, approached them quickly.

"Have you heard about Joe Compton?" he asked, excitedly.

"We have," answered one. "But I see you have a paper in your pocket. Does it say anything?"

"Yes, I was just trying to find someone to show it to," replied the last-comer.

"Better read it to us," suggested the previous speaker. The new arrival pulled a paper out of his pocket and read:

"MYSTERIOUS DEATH OF YOUNG COLLEGE MAN.

"Early this morning, the body of Joseph Compton, son of Mr. W. B. Compton, Consulting Engineer of the City Street Railway Co., was brought into town from Moonlight Bay. He had gone to the latter place from 'Sandy Beach' the previous night to attend a dance. His body was found on a trestle bridge spanning a small stream on the railway between Moonlight Bay and Sandy

Beach, about a thousand yards from the railway station at Moonlight Bay. The coroner's examination disclosed a bullet-wound on the top of the head. Subsequent X-Ray examination showed that a bullet from a revolver had entered the skull vertically, penetrating the brain, and lodging itself at the base of the cerebrum. The young man's automatic revolver was found in his pocket, unloaded. The nature of the wound dispels any possibility of suicide. The police are as yet unable to explain how the young man met his death."

S. H. ANDERSON.

Old-timers in the line will be interested to know that ex-Pte. R. W. Trowsdale, now on the editorial staff of *Canada*, the well-known illustrated weekly—"The Canadians' Bible," as it has been called—is organising a "Blighty" branch of the Great War Veterans' Association. Our old friend, who served eighteen months out here with a unit of "The Old Guard," founded and ran the "Dead Horse Corner Gazette," the second Canadian trench paper to be published.

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