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**Wishing all our Readers, both AT HOME and IN THE FIELD,
A Happy Christmas and a Joyous New Year.**

EDITORIAL.

SALVE.

We must apologise to our kind readers for the long period which elapsed between the publication of our third and this our fourth issue of N.Y.D. However, we trust that they will favour us with their generous indulgence on account of the varied work which we have been performing.

In this message we would speak of the season which has again come around, that of Christmas, the time when the newly-born Saviour brought into the world His message of Peace and Good Will. The realisation of this seems somewhat distant just now, still we all hope, we all work, and we all pray, that it may not be so far off as appearances would indicate. The Army has been fighting wonderfully under most trying conditions, losses there have been, losses there must be, but the spirit permeating the whole remains undaunted and unimpaired. In view of the important gains, there is great reason for being optimistic, the glorious end may come sooner than we all expect.

Something else also has frequently come to our notice, which is most inspiring. Those who have most reason to feel sad over the present war, those often who have lost their nearest and dearest, are the ones who make the sacrifice most nobly. Mothers who have lost their sons, although their hearts are breaking, accept in silence the trial with which Providence has visited them, and thank Heaven that the Cause was so worthy. Oh! these wonderful mothers, are they not an example to us all, an impetus to do what is noblest and best, to endure uncomplainingly the hardships of battle. Then the ones at home, fathers and mothers and the rest, they all think of us, but we also think of them, our absence in the Field has not in any way diminished our affection, rather has it been strengthened, purified in the crucibles of conflict, so to speak. And when we return, if we be so fortunate, we will do so with a heart full of love and gratitude, appreciating to a greater extent the solace and comfort of family life.

But we ramble, already the few lines have become quite many. We extend heartiest greetings to all our friends, may Christmas be to them a joyous one, in the satisfaction of duty well-done, and may the New Year be a happy one, in the prospect of 1917 realizing a permanent and abiding Peace.

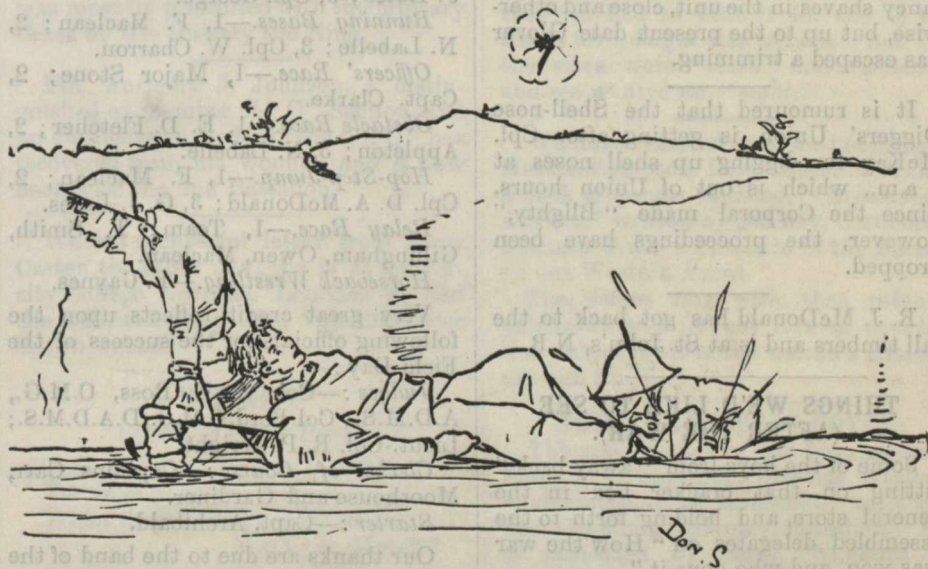
CENTURION.

AMPOULES.

Know the latest cure for homesickness? Walk along the railway track and kid yourself you're counting the ties on the good old C.P.R. once more. It's great!!!

The chaps who tinkers with bombs about which he knows nothing, is first cousin to the gink who used to rock the boat in piping times of peace.

A recruiting officer in Montreal is boosting Valcartier as the "Greatest summer resort in Canada." If he came out our way looking for summer resor- ters for that delectable neighbourhood, he'd do a big business. It would be a sight for sore eyes alright to have another look at the Jacques Cartier river, and surrounding scenery.



Wounded Man (to Stretcher Bearer, who has fallen into a shell hole).—
"Say, feller, what do you think this is, a blinkin' swimming race?"

Drawn for "N.Y.D."

by Pte. Don STUART.

If the Q.M. asks you who ate your emergency rations, don't say "rats"! He might think you're disrespectful. Be on the safe side and blame it on the mice.

Cheer oh! If the Germans are still strafing. Shell holes are handy for putting garbage in anyway, and the market price of noses is anything from 2 sous up to a dollar.

CUBIST RIDDLES.

- Q. What did the batman say when he was put on digging fatigue?
- A. I'm *infra dig*!
- Q. Why can't the Germans straighten their line?
- A. Because they have a poor ruler.

The Iodine Chronicle

Printed by kind permission of Lt.-Col. R. P. WRIGHT, Officer Commanding
No. 1 CANADIAN FIELD AMBULANCE.—1st Canadian Division.

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No. 10.

22nd DECEMBER, 1916.

"A" SECTION NOTES.

Congratulations to Sergts. P. Henry and Walter Bardon upon their being awarded the Military Medal.

Of the boys of the Old Guard:—A. Adler is at Wharnccliffe War Hospital, Sheffield; A. Fenwick is now at Shorncliffe; Teddy Hargreaves is in a hospital at Epsom; Johnny LeCaine is at Northampton; W. Logan is in a hospital somewhere in France; T. Laporte is located at some place in Herts; J. A. McDonald is at St. Leonards-on-Sea; Cpl. H. McKay is at Birmingham; A. H. Phillips is at Thorpe, Norfolk and W. L. Wood is in a hospital near Stockport. From latest reports all are travelling satisfactorily along the road to Wellville.

Don Stuart, our brilliant young cartoonist, has also "gone down the line," and when last heard from was at Graylingwell Hospital, Chichester.

A question has arisen among A Section delegates as to whether the T on a wounded man's forehead indicates that he has been "tortured by our Ted," or whether he has just had anti-tet-serum.

Since "R. J." has "made it" and is through with the barber business, he has been succeeded by Talcum Powder Georgie. There have been plenty of fancy shaves in the unit, close and otherwise, but up to the present date Glover has escaped a trimming.

It is rumoured that the Shell-nose Diggers' Union is getting after Cpl. McKay for digging up shell noses at 2 a.m., which is out of Union hours. Since the Corporal made "Blighty," however, the proceedings have been dropped.

R. J. McDonald has got back to the tall timbers and is at St. John's, N.B.

THINGS WE'D LIKE TO SEE (AFTER THE WAR).

Some of the boys from "away back" sitting on that cracker box in the general store, and holding forth to the assembled delegates on "How the war was won, and who done it."

Contortions of some of the boys when getting into those 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ inch collars once again.

John Fannon, Esq., being received by the Mayor and Aldermen of his native city, upon his return from Flanders.

Ourselves diving into one big Ice Cream Soda.

AN ECHO OF LARKHILL.

Orderly (to Jimmie L., who has been put on milk diet, much to his disgust): "What are you staring at your watch like that for, Jimmie?"

Jimmie: "I'm timing myself starve to death."

AN OLYMPIC MEET.

The Olympic Meet not being held this year on account of the war, old "No. One" thought they'd step into the breach and so decided to have a little athletic meet of their own. The Big Day was 31st July, 1916, the weather was ideal, and even Fritzzy seemed to be pretty quiet that day, so there was nothing to upset the proceedings.

The following programme was carried out:—

100 Yards Race.—1, F. Maclean; 2, C. N. Mills; 3, A. Chevalier.

One Mile Race.—1, W. Owen; 2, F. Gaynes; 3, H. Griffiths.

Throwing Baseball.—1, W. L. Woods; 2, J. Crate; 3, H. E. Gillingham.

High Jump.—Staff-Sergt. J. Brown, E. D. Fletcher and Cpl. D. A. McDonald tied.

Three-legged Race.—1, S/Sgt. J. Hooper and Sgt. F. Hoad; 2, T. Hutchins and F. Chare; 3, Cpl. W. Charron and A. Chevalier.

Shot-Put.—1, Cpl. Hagerty; 2, Simard; 3, Cpl. George.

220 Yards.—1, Appleton; 2, F. Maclean; 3, H. E. Gillingham.

Sergts.' Race.—1, Sgt. M. O'Connor; 2, S/Sgt. Hooper; 3, S/Sgt. J. Brown.

Stretcher Competition.—Team: H. Grant, J. Fisher, A. H. Stewart, E. W. Sugden and T. Hutchins.

Broad Jump.—1, F. McLean; 2, G. J. Lutes; 3, Cpl. George.

Running Bases.—1, F. Maclean; 2, N. Labelle; 3, Cpl. W. Charron.

Officers' Race.—1, Major Stone; 2, Capt. Clarke.

Obstacle Race.—1, E. D. Fletcher; 2, Appleton; 3, N. Labelle.

Hop-Step-Jump.—1, F. Maclean; 2, Cpl. D. A. McDonald; 3, G. J. Lutes.

Relay Race.—1, Team: T. Smith, Gillingham, Owen, Maclean.

Horseback Wrestling.—F. Gaynes.

Very great credit reflects upon the following officials for the success of the Field Day:—

Judges.—Col. A. E. Ross, C.M.G., A.D.M.S.; Col. Ford, C.M.G., D.A.D.M.S.; Lieut.-Col. R. P. Wright.

Clerks of Course.—Captains Carr, Moorhouse and Gardiner.

Starter.—Capt. Archibald.

Our thanks are due to the band of the 3rd Canadian Battalion (Toronto Regt.) and their talented conductor, Cpl. Lawrence, on the way they enlivened the proceedings with their excellent selections.

A few days later the final "Tug-of-War" took place, and "A" Section defeated the Horse Transport, who were the runners-up, "B" and "C" Sections and the M.T. also having competed. The victorious "A" Section team was made up of the following men:—J. E. Thomas, J. A. McDonald, W. L. Woods, W. Bardon, J. G. Lutes, P. Beston, W. McNutt and W. Bagley.

"B" SECTION NOTES.

Congratulations to Capt. Moorhouse, who has been awarded the Military Cross.

"B" Section boys are scattered far and wide. Bill Baker is in a hospital somewhere in France; Bill Charron is in Willesden Hospital; A. Caron, E. Kendall, J. Goudreau and Norman Marshall are at Shoreham, Sussex; whilst F. M. Cahill is at Epsom and J. D. Elliott at Wandsworth.

Sergts. A. M. Gibson and M. O'Connor and Staff-Sergt. J. S. Brown have left the Unit to take up commissions in the R.F.A. The good wishes of all go with them.

Capt. C. G. Geggie, who was the O.C. of "B" Section until May, 1915, is now M.O. of the 230th Battalion.

Pte. H. W. Jones, veteran of the Boxer Rising, Cuban Rebellion, Spanish-American War and some dozen other engagements, is open to challenge anybody at all, on any subject under the sun, at any old time, as he is a debater who will end up on Parliament Hill if he isn't careful.

Our esteemed circulation agent, William Long, the "Same Old Bill," after a heavy bombardment, achieved a name for himself by saving 100 copies of "N.Y.D." under a heavy fire. Bill ought to get a D.C.M. for this (with ribbons preferred).

"Baffy."—We agree with you; "Bumming" a franc from the groom after enjoying the good things at a civilian wedding is carrying it a bit too far.

Congratulations to Cpl. E. T. Westby, who is promoted to be the proud wearer of three stripes, and to our old friend Blondie Knight, who in future will carry around a "dog's leg" on his sturdy right arm.

"Gentle Reader" wants to know what were the contents of the case marked "respirators" on the "B" Section wagon? It is said that the transport sergeant's delight (?) was intense when he examined the contents.

HERE! HERE!

We'll cut out using sauer-kraut,
Limburger we'll gladly can,
Wieners we can do without,
Vienna Rolls we'll also ban;
But when we chance to go on pass
We'll still make a beaten path
For a thing that's real first class,
That's a good old Turkish bath,
It invigorates the skin
When your hide is murky,
Makes it clean as a new pin,
Though it hails from Turkey!

BY THE WAY.

Congratulations to Sergt.-Major W. G. Buswell on his promotion to the rank of Hon. Captain and Quartermaster. The good wishes of all go with him on his transfer to No. 4 Canadian Field Ambulance, and although we will miss him we hope to see him occasionally. Capt. Buswell has been with us ever since we were at Valcartier, and the good work he has put in with this unit was recently recognised by a Distinguished Conduct Medal which was awarded him.

The appointment of Staff-Sergt. O. P. Stensrud as Regt.-Sergt.-Major is a popular one, and we know that he will continue to keep up the good work of his predecessor. Sergt.-Major Stensrud is a native of Halifax, Nova Scotia, and prior to the outbreak of war he had belonged to No. 1 Field Ambulance of that town for seven years, having risen from the rank of private to sergeant. The new S.-M. has the full confidence of the men.

Capt. E. D. Hubbell, who has been with us ever since we first came to France, has transferred back to the First Motor Machine Gun Co., to which unit he was attached when on the Plains. He leaves behind many friends in "No. One." Let us hope that all the shells that fall his way may turn out to be *duds*.

Capt. H. R. McGibbon, who was pretty badly wounded when serving with our unit at the second battle of Ypres, has now recovered and holds the rank of Major in the 7th Canadian Cavalry Field Ambulance. We don't know exactly where this unit is, but we believe they're busy wherever they are.

Capt. D. E. Robertson, a very popular officer, has been transferred to No. 3 Field Ambulance, and whilst commiserating with "No. One," we congratulate "No. 3" upon securing his services.

"SOME" CONCERT.

On the evening of the 31st July a highly spectacular, melodramatic performance was held by old "No. One," when the proceedings opened up with a monologue by "Sunshine" Russell, who was daintily attired in a fancy-dress costume which was a cross between that worn by Julius Caesar, and Napoleon Buonaparte when crossing the Alps. He "brought down the house," and was followed by four sergeants, who lined up before the audience as if for a beauty competition, but when they started to sing we had another guess coming. Anyway, the quartette, which consisted of S/Sergt. Brown and Sergts. O'Connor, Warnicker and Hoad, did very well. Bombardier Evans, of the 2nd D.A.P., next bombarded the audience with songs and jokes, whilst Pte. McManus gave a demonstration of his Irvingesque ability in a recitation in great style. Captain Moorhouse, who has an excellent tenor voice, then obliged, whilst comic songs by Cpl. Osmond, of the 11th M.A.C., came next, followed by a French-Canadian song by Pte. Alphonse Chevalier. Geo. Begbie, who is always popular with the "Bhoys," next out-Robeyed Robey. A vocal duet by Sergts. O'Connor and Warnicker, and a humorous song by Driver Hobbs, followed by "O! Canada" and the "National Anthem," brought the proceedings to an end.

"C" SECTION NOTES.

Pat Maples, who has left our unit, has now got a H.Q. job with the C.A.D.C. No more will we hear the spirited debates on the respective merits of Watherford and Cor-r-r-r-k.

Hayes has been promoted to the position of Attendant in Ordinary of the Most Noble Order of the Water Cart, owing to the last holder of that exalted rank getting a free trip to Blighty, via the Red Cross Special.

Where are the boys of the old brigade? Sergt. W. B. Smith is back in the jungle again—to wit, Tiger-town, Ont.; D. Layzell is still keeping his end up with the Army Corps Cyclists; E. Oakes wrote the other day from Salonika for some *Iodine Chronicles*; Tommy Mullins, with the 14th Battalion, is still smiling; Tommy says he is going to contribute to the *I.C.* one of these days; C. B. Maxwell was back in Ottawa, but is now we understand in London, England.

Of other members of "C" Section who have been wounded and invalided to Blighty, we have heard news of the following:—W. C. Bowman is at Exeter; Gib. Childs is at —; Flett's address is at "London-in-the-Smoke"; F. Frazer is at Wokingham, Bucks; H. E. Gillingham is at Hove, Brighton; A. Hunt is somewhere near Stockport; G. Hainsworth is at Shoreham, Sussex; J. Livings is back in Canada; whilst C. Stabler is at Epsom.

Congratulations to Sergt. L. S. Mills and L/Cpl. Stewart on their winning the Military Medal.

Capt. W. P. Hewetson, Royal Berks, elder brother of L/Cpl. J. Hewetson, was recently presented with the Military Cross by His Majesty the King.

Pte. Anthony J. Johnson, a distinguished ex-member of "C" Section, and an enthusiastic reader of the "I. C." has recovered from his wounds and is now back with the 2nd Battalion.

We had a cheerful letter from Jerry Carten the other day; he is at University College Hospital, London; he had the distinction of getting wounded twice in two weeks.

HUTCHY!

(Just one of the Boys.)

Though ye're only five foot two,
Yet ye're good and staunch and true
When there's husky work to do,
Ain't yer, Hutch?

Lugging of a stretcher round,
O'er a stiff and rocky ground,
On yer job yer will be found,
Won't yer, Hutch?

Through the slush and through the
Dun'no what it is to tire, [mire,
Well, I guess yer earn yer hire,
Don't yer, Hutch?

When the shells are flying round,
Bursting with a fiendish sound,
Yer don't budge an inch of ground,
Do yer, Hutch?

You're a stocky little chap,
And you've heaps of grit on tap,
Slickest thing upon the map,
Ain't yer, Hutch?

HERE AND THERE.

The Ottawa "Citizen" says that the "I. C." is "intermingled with choice humour of the Mutt and Jeff type." We knew our humour wasn't of too high a calibre—but we didn't know it was quite so bad as all that.

Says a writer in our contemporary, "The Brazier":—"I may be awfully ignorant, but it certainly looks a capital idea our transport has adopted of carrying their horses' emergency rations round the spokes of the wheels."

Anyway, there's one thing to be said for them—the rats don't chaw them up like they do poor Tommy's emergency rations every opportunity they get.

Our friend, Editor Trowsdale, of the "Dead Horse Corner," who was recently wounded, writes cheerily from an Edinburgh military hospital. He encloses a poem, which is inserted in this number. It was brought into his head whilst lying in the hospital ward and it is therefore of all the more interest on that account. The last time we saw our old friend he was recumbent on a stretcher, with what is known as "a Blighty." Here's wishes for a speedy recovery.

Trooper Bob Anderson, of the 19th Alberta Dragoons, who kindly contributes a poem to this number, is a poet of some repute, having published two books of verses before the war:—"The Old Timer," in 1909, and "Canadian Born," in 1913.

That celebrated English weekly, the "Graphic," says:—"Probably to the Medical Service belongs the credit of the best regimental journals run by the boys with the B.E.F.," and they go on to say "that it flourishes under the medical hyphenage of 'N.Y.D.'" After reading that we had to beat it for the Q.M. stores for a larger size in hats. But all the sizes were "sixes" and "sevens," and we wanted an "eight."

We have received from the publishers, Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston & Co., a book of poems entitled, "Britannia's Answer," written by the Rev. Lauchlan Maclean Watt, a Chaplain of the Forces on our Western Front.

The verses ring with that intense patriotism and fervent love of country that only a crisis in the nation's History can call forth.

MOTOR TRANSPORT NOTES.

The good wishes of the boys go with Sergt. J. D. Sharman, who has received a commission as Lieutenant with the 2nd Canadian Infantry Battalion. He is succeeded by Sergt. Waghorn as Chief N.C.O. of our M.T.

Cpl. George and Driver Pat Sherman, who are now 2nd Lieuts. in the R.F.C., are now flying somewhere over our heads on the Western Front. They were both exceedingly popular with all of "No. 1," who wish them the best.

Who is the man in the M.T. who (according to some reports) has to be towed ten times round the block before he can get his engine started.

Is it true that they had to take the wireless down before Pat could make his first flight?

THE SPLINT RECORD

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

No. 2 FIELD AMBULANCE. 1st Canadian Division.

B. E. F.

No. 6. EDITOR: Major J. J. Fraser.

22nd DECEMBER, 1916.

NEWS EDITOR: Sergt. E. B. Rogers.

EDITORIAL.

Christmas is here once again, and to some of us it is the third Christmas which we have spent on Active Service. Again our thoughts go back to the good old time we had at home, at this festive season of the year, when we and all our friends were gathered together to enjoy the good things provided for us; but alas, it is different now, the same old "game" goes on Christmas and New Year alike, and will go on until what we have set out to accomplish is accomplished. Then we shall have "some" Christmas, which will blot out all trace of the many dull, dark, winter months which we spent on Active Service.

Looking back to last Christmas, one must confess to having had a very enjoyable time of it. This year we hope will eclipse even that of 1915, our only regret is that some of our comrades who celebrated with us last year will not be with us this year. Some have given their life in the cause which we have at heart, some have gone back to England sick, or for other reasons have left us, but there are still a good bunch of boys left, to whom the Editors wish a very Happy Christmas, and in doing so hope they will have as enjoyable time as circumstances will permit.

Remembering the old saying—
Xmas comes but once a year,
And when it comes, be of good cheer.

THE EDITORS.

MAPLE LEAVES IN FLANDERS.

We have just had the pleasure of reading this book, by Herbert Rae. It is a story most interestingly told of the 1st Canadian Contingent from the time it left Valcartier, till after the Battle of Ypres. The book may be compared with Boyd Cables—Between the Lines, for vivid narrative, humor and the spirit of the fighting men, as the Scotch say "over beyant."

The epic of their deeds at Ypres will live as long as the name of Canada endures, and it has been told in this book in a manner worthy of the deeds of the First Contingent.

Herbert Rae has shown clearly what manner of man they were, and his book is an outstanding one among the many personal records of the War.

The Author, who is one of the few original M.O.'s of the First Contingent left, is one of our staunchest friends, and we bespeak for his story a large circle of readers.

THE EDITORS.

GASTRITIS.

There is a French Battery of 75's on the Western Front that shoots nothing but gas shells. When our aeroplanes spot a Boche battery they wireless to this French battery the location, and the B. C. puts it down in his little book. Then when the enemy start something the 75's open up on him. Voila!! At this end it sounds just like a small boy running a stick along a picket fence. At

the other end it sounds like a dud—makes not much noise exploding, and throws up smoke and gas.

When not strafing a battery, they drop them carelessly about behind the German lines in any old place, and at any old time. I like to fancy one of these with a scene like this at the other end:—A big fat German after a meal of canned sausage and beans, sitting in the sun with his back against a tree, and his hands across his stomach, and the folds of his fat neck draped gracefully over his collar, not even thinking to strafe, but just sitting. All at once he hears a p-pheon phut!! and a cloud of gas rises. He jumps up frantically, and scrambles into his gas mask.

Wouldn't he tear his hair, and "Gott strafe der stink-pots."

ANON.

ODE

(OWED TO CALCIUM CHLORIDE).

With apologies to Nemo.

What is it that the stern C.O.,
As on his rounds he daily go,
Looks round for, would you like to
know?

Its Calcium Chloride.

What is it makes the pungent drain
After a most refreshing rain,
So sweet and cleanly once again,
But Calcium Chloride?

What plays a most important part,
In each Regimental water cart,
And causes tea to taste so "tart"?
Why! Calcium Chloride.

Though here its virtues we extol,
It ain't the only thing by goll,
For we all bank on Creo-sol,
Not Calcium Chloride.

FINIS.

BLIGHTY.

Into the Ward they bore him,
He came when the light was dim,
From the May trees over yonder—
Hear the songster's matin hymn.

He's only a youth, a boy,
Too early by far to die;
He asks: "Will I get to Blighty?"
I smile to him and lie.

"Yes, you'll get to Blighty; yes,
The boat goes soon, I guess."
I turned away with moistened eye,
I saw Death's cold caress.

Beneath the flag they bear him,
The fading light grows dim,
From the May trees over yonder,
Hear the night bird's dismal hymn.

ANON.

BASE-BALL.

No. 2 Field Ambulance is open to play any Team in Flanders.

Apply—"Crappy" Craig,
No. 2 Field Ambulance,
1st Canadian Division.

ISSY'S BACKWARD DIVE.

You may have seen some famous swimmer do aquatic stunts, but Issy's backward sitting dive had them all skinned a mile. A cold bath is alright in its place, but unexpectedly and by the roadside in the middle of the night its "No bon!" It happened thus—We were doing a night march at the time, when a halt was called; it was fairly clear and moonlight, and the march had been long and dreary, so everyone looked for a place to sit down. It did not take Issy, with his eagle eye, long to spot what he thought was a "tres bon" place which looked just like a plot of grass, and away he goes to sit down. Ough!-Ough! was all that could be heard for a few seconds (that grass turned out to be a ditch full of water, covered on the top with green slime). The smell that came from it after Issy had stirred it up was worse than all the asphyxiating gases ever used by Fritz. Its smell we shall never forget. After recovering from the first dose, we looked for Issy. There he was, lying in the ditch, half reclining, stuck in the slime. All that could be seen of him was the top of his knees and head. He was spitting and spluttering, trying to cough up some of the refuse he had swallowed. Some called for a rope, others for chloride of lime, eventually the former was procured, and Issy was pulled out covered from head to foot with mud and corruption. Everybody began offering advice (from a distance, as it was unbearable to be near). Some suggested putting him under the water cart and turn the taps on, but as drinking water was scarce, and it was very uncertain when we should get any more, it was out of the question. Others said get a hose pipe, but not one could be found. Meanwhile Issy was blue in the face with the cold, and the obnoxious ozone. A sudden inspiration came to one—why not let him strip, and then wrap himself in a blanket, he said. This was quickly done, and a wagon was drawn up, and he got in, and so finished the rest of the journey. (What the driver of the wagon said is unprintable).

A few days he was around again, looking very little the worse for his trying experience. Needless to say for months after, every green pool we passed, some one was sure to remark "Issy will now do the Sitting Dive." Then he sure would get sore.

Now he only smiles whenever it is mentioned. However, all's well that ends well.

REPORTUS.

FROM THE ADV. DRESSING STATION.

Overheard at the recent attack:—
Sergeant "A" to Sergeant "B."—
"Let me in that dugout, Bill."

Reply scarcely audible but very much to the point, "Nothing doing. I was here first."

THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW:

- When is the "Mikado" going to get his commission?
 When is "Crappy" going to quit grouching?
 Whether Tommy Davis is a Welshman or a Cockney?
 Who heads the list of the "Lead swingers" and "Ticket workers" in No. 2 Field Ambulance?
 When will No. 2 Field Ambulance "Trio" get wise to themselves?
 No. 2 wants to know if No. 3 have another "Pitcher" for sale?
 Has No. 2 Football Team learnt the game yet? If not apply No. 6 Field Ambulance.
 Why are the Barbers so cutting?
 When are the Black Cats coming out of stores?
 When is the Master Cook going to get somebody who knows how to make tea?
 Who's responsible for the sun shining after "Lights Out"?
 For what reason does the M.T. Corporal collect hay-wire?
 What can the "House" Syndicate be bought for?
 And has the "House" Syndicate paid for the use of the grounds, and are they going to provide a fatigue party for cleaning up?
 If No. 3 gets a Pitcher in the next draft will they draft him to No. 2?
 In any case what does their present Pitcher know about Big League stuff?
 Has Ban Johnson been exporting Big League players to the C.E.F.?
 When is our Q.M.S. going to be mentioned in Dispatches?
 When is the Editor of "N.Y.D." No. 2 Field Amb. going to get some real live news?

SOCIAL LIFE IN THE TRENCHES.

One day I called upon an officer in the trenches, a well-known man from Toronto. There were four of us in the dug-out, which was just high enough to allow of a sitting position.

Someone suggested afternoon tea, so the batman was called in and asked if he could make a cup. "Yes, sir." A batman would say "yes, sir," if you asked him to bring in a blue moon. He would hope you might forget about it, but if you asked him later he would say it was still in the wash, but he wouldn't be caught.

Well, we saw him go out to an old shell hole and get some water, and in about half-an-hour he brought in a Dixie of the brew. The first taste called up memories of your youth, when you had to take senna tea. The next taste you think it might be an infusion of digitatis, but you are not sure.

About twenty minutes later the batman comes in with a plate of toast, cold and waxy. To crown the feat he appears a few minutes later with something he carries on in a newspaper as tray. "Beg pardon, sir," he says, "but Bill would like you to try some of his biscuits." We cracked one open and a piece of gravel falls out.

As it is very difficult to get artificial teeth here we decided to put them carefully away where we knew the rats would get them and so Bill's feelings will be spared. And perhaps the rat may get a fracture of the inferior maxillary; thus they will have served a useful purpose.

APRES LA GUERRE.

The trades, professions, etc., that some are going to follow Apres la Guerre, would fill an Encyclopedia. Quite a number of our boys have expressed their intention of being Doctors of Medicine, already they have the first knowledge of same, as anyone passing through the wards can tell. One can picture a certain man in "C" Section (who *Avant la Guerre* was doctoring oil in a refinery) doctoring the natives of his home town with Aspirin, Soda Sal, No. 9's, etc. One thing certain, he will have no difficulty in fixing up the policeman and fireman as they are one and the same.

If there's one man we should take our hats off to, it's the Mag. Sulp. King. He's a night duty man by the way. After he's looked at the book, he copies the list of dope he's to give, and then goes on his way rejoicing. About 4.30 a.m. he goes to the Dispensary and grinds up about twenty tablets of salts in the mortar, making enough noise to awaken Fritz miles away, let alone the occupants of the Dispensary, who call down many blessings on his head. After mixing the dope with a little water, he doles it out to the patients in teaspoonfuls, incidentally having a smile on his face about a yard long. That, sure, is one thing about "Red," he's always got a smile for everyone, and his cheery voice, with his "Gorl Ding It," "By Heck," etc., never fails to keep the patients in good spirits. What a pity it is that a few more of us cannot cultivate a smile, once in a while (Say, Mr. Editor, I apologise. I didn't mean to be poetic) and so help to make this old world a little more pleasant to live in. I will close with those lines of Ella Wheeler Wilcox, which appeal to us all—

"It's easy enough to be pleasant,
 When life flows along like a song,
 But the man that's worth while
 Is the one that will smile,
 When everything goes dead wrong."

THE ORDERLY ROOM.

The S.M. [having paraded a Private. Charge duly read by the Adjt., viz. :—
 "While on Active Service conduct to the prejudice of good order and Military Discipline."

C.O. — Proceeds to investigate.
 "What's the man guilty of, S.M.?"

S.M.—"Unclean, Sir."

C.O.—"In what way?"

S.M.—"Has lice, Sir."

C.O. (Who has been on Active Service since the beginning)—"Have you had lice, Sir?"

S.M.—"No, Sir."

C.O.—"Well, all I can say is 'You are jolly lucky. I have.'"

(Next Case.)

WANTED TO EXCHANGE.

Two good "House" players wish to exchange with two good "Ball" players. From a Base Hospital preferred.
 Apply—"N.Y.D."

HEARD ON THE MORNING PARADE.

S.M. to No. 33 xyp.—"Why didn't you shave this morning?"

Private.—"I shaved last night, Sir."

S.M.—"That won't do, haven't you heard about the Daylight (Shaving) Bill?"

THAT OLD STRAW HAT OF MINE.

When we went to Valcartier,
 'Tis near two years ago,
 We were a mixed and motley crew,
 As probably you know.
 Some wore a "dinky" uniform,
 The colour it was blue,
 But most of us wore mufti, so
 Their numbers they were few.

Some wore a swagger suit of tweeds,
 A panama to match,
 And others wore Tuxedos, and
 Of these there were a batch.
 A few arrived in overalls,
 And these were wondrous wise,
 Whilst others sported "Christies" and
 The latest pattern ties.

But well do we remember how
 We'd donned a white straw hat,
 And a 3-inch double collar
 (A foolish trick was that).
 For soon as we arrived in camp,
 Dame Nature seemed to frown,
 In buckets-full and torrents
 The rain it poured down.

Our straw-yarn started to grow limp
 And groggy at the side,
 The next day it got sadly worse,
 And shapeless, too, beside,
 Till at the end of just a week
 The fiercest thing in camp
 Was that old shapeless hat of mine,
 'Twould have disgraced a tramp.

For nigh upon two weeks did we

Tote that old hat around,
 'Twas the toughest thing in "straw-yarns"
 That ever could be found.
 And when at last we scrapped it with
 A genuine delight,
 For a cap of khaki colour, we
 Felt just about alright.

The last time we saw that old hat
 (We gazed with sweet content)
 'Twas stuck upon the topmost ridge
 Of a white canvas tent.
 The colour 'twas no longer white,
 The rim entirely gone,
 And all the remnants of that hat
 Were battered, limp, and torn.

We've worn out several hats since
 then,
 A-chasing all around,
 A-covering the country, and
 A-sleeping on the ground;
 But never can we e'er forget
 (Just why I can't define),
 The last time that we gazed upon
 That old straw hat of mine.

ODE TO THE UNFORTUNATE
OCCUPANT OF A
"FRAY BENTOS" TIN.

(By our own tamed Poet).

Sometime on some far distant plain,
 In far-off Argentine,
 You used to ramble at your ease,
 The most content of kine.
 And little did you ever think
 That such a fate was thine.
 Far from the conflict and the strife
 You spent your peaceful days,
 Chewing the cud with slothful ease
 You freely used to graze
 On grasses succulent (devoid
 Of censure or of praise).

Ne'er on the rancho did you dream,
 When herded into groups,
 That you would e'er be used one day
 For hashes and for soups,
 And least of all that some day you'd
 Be bully for the troops.

NOW AND THEN

BEING THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF

No. 3 CANADIAN FIELD AMBULANCE,
1st Canadian Division, B.E.F.

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

EDITOR ...

... Lieut. A. J. B. Milborne.

No. 5.

22nd DECEMBER, 1916.

EN PASSANT.

As we go to press, the martial strains of drum and bugle reach our ears, and we are once more reminded of the existence of our Band.

It has always been our ambition to be headed by a Band whilst on the march, and we have ever cast envious eyes on more fortunate units as they swung past.

In spite of the many obstacles which invariably are encountered in the organization of and attainment of proficiency in such ambitions, the enthusiasm of Lance-Corporal Yeates, Pte. J. A. Goode, and their brother musicians, have overcome all obstacles and we are now in the happy possession of a first-rate Drum and Bugle Band.

The Band made its first appearance on the march to our present location, and was of great assistance to all ranks during the "long hike."

We wish to congratulate the musicians on the attainment of their present efficiency in such a short space of time, and even greater things are expected of them in the future.

* * *

Our old Commanding Officer, Lieut.-Col. W. L. Watt, has recently been appointed A.D.M.S. of the London Area, and the old boys wish to congratulate him upon his appointment to such an important position, with the assurance that he will attain the same success as hitherto.

* * *

Lieut.-Col. J. D. McQueen and Major P. G. Bell are now with Medical Units of the 4th Canadian Division, and the old-timers were more than pleased to see them recently.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Ecosy."—We are unable to give you the latest figures. Sam denies your statement.

"Jock."—It looks like the dickins going ahead of Shorty & Co., but you should worry when the Staff "don't."

"Lizz."—No. We cannot consider your application to run the Canteen.

A.S.D.—No. The Canteen will not stock Keatings, Creosol makes an excellent substitute.

J. Kerr—See answer to "Lizz."

R.A.M.—Does your estimate specify Rubberoid roofing?

PROGRAM FOR FORTHCOMING CONCERT.

- Song ... "The British Navy"
Staff-Sergt. C. W. Crowe
- Song ... "Ve Free Jolly Smifs"
Corpl. Spooner
- Duet "The Ramsgate Sick Parade"
Ptes. Spencer and Turnbull
- Song & } "Call again, says Colligan"
Dance } Sergt. Turner
- Duet ... "Love and War"
Ptes. Millner and Goodfellow
- Song ... "Itchy Koo" The Major

THE MORNING SICK PARADE.

We were on advance duty and about thirty patients had gathered from the various units around on sick parade. The Orderly Officer was a well-known personage, very blunt in his questions and remarks which very often contained a great amount of unconscious humour. The patients were all sitting on the form in the barn, which was doing duty as an Admitting-room awaiting the coming of the M.O. In half-an-hour or probably an hour he appeared. The sick reports he picked up from the table and after scanning them shortly he called out the first name.

"Private Smith."

Private Smith hobbled over to the table looking as if the rest of his days were numbered.

"Well, Smith, what's up with you?"

"Very weak, Sir, pains in the back and knees, Sir, have headaches, and a bad cough and haven't had any sleep for five nights, Sir."

"Gee! All that? You're still alive, though?"

"Why, y-e-e-ss, Sir."

"Pain in your back, eh?"

"The pain in my back is the worst, Sir."

"All right. Belladonna plaster on his back. Some tonic pills, and some asperin."

"Private Jenkins,"

Jenkins steps mildly over.

"Well, what's the matter?"

"I think it's my nerves, Sir. I am not feeling good, Sir."

"You belong to the Artillery, eh?"

"Yes, Sir, 6th Naval, and the noise of the guns sets me all off, Sir."

"Where's your Battery?"

"Just up the——road, Sir. About 15 minutes' walk from here, Sir."

"Have you any shell noses or shells up there you can get me as souvenirs?"

"Well, Sir, yes, Sir. There is a German 4.2 dud up there, Sir, I think you can have."

"Private McDonald."

McDonald belongs to the Tunnelling Company, and from his name one would deduce that he is a Scotchman.

"What's wrong with you, MacDonald?"

"Last night, Sir, I wis gaun up tae the trenches, an' I fell off the tail-board o' the waggon. I landed right there, Sir, an' it hurts me tae sit doon. It's guy sair an' I wid jist like tae get something tae rub it wi'."

"All right, give Scotty some liniment to rub himself with."

"Private Green."

Green seemed very stiff and weary.

"What have you got, Green?"

"All in, Sir."

"All in. How do you mean?"

"Well, I'm sore all over, Sir, and have headaches and don't feel fit for anything."

"Take this man's temperature."

The temperature was taken and indicated 99.5.

"All right. Some tonic pills and some asperin."

Just at this juncture the unmistakable whistle of a German shell was heard, followed closely by the bang of the explosion. From the door of the main building a voice was heard energetically calling:—"Inside! Inside! Come along! Move smartly! Double up there! Inside! Inside!" Everyone finally got inside the main building, which from the nature of its construction and the thickness of the walls afforded splendid shelter. It sounded like a hive of bees or the Tower of Babel, everyone talking at once. A few remarks, however, could be picked up amidst the din, some humorous, some otherwise. A member of C Section was heard to remark: "This is an outfit! Get the wind up at the least blank thing and have to beat it 'Inside! Inside!' everytime a shell comes over. I would rather be up the sanguinary line."

Fritz did not pay us too much attention, but just merely let us know he was still on the job and after throwing over half a dozen shells, he quit.

The M.O. returned to his sick parade and again began to dispose of all the many ailments which soldiers are heir to. Tonic pills and asperin were the magic cures for most cases. The parade was nearly over when there arrived a couple of stretcher cases from a Battery near by. They were both pretty bad, but one of them, a real Irishman, was very talkative. He was in great pain but proved a cheery customer. "Doc-thor," says he, "I'm all right, but the pain uv me arm is a howly terror. Shure an' a drap of spirrits wud help me." He got a tot of brandy and "Shure now and it's meself I am now," says he.

It took some little time to dress him and fix him up and one of the Orderlies remarked just as he was putting on the last blanket:—"There you are, Pat, you're on your way to Blighty now all-right, and you'll soon be having a holiday in Old Ireland again."

"I don't want to go to Oireland. There's too much foightin' there for me. Thim damned ribils, they're not Oirish, jist ribils, damn thim."

Pat was carried out and placed on the Motor Ambulance along with the other chap and the last remark we heard as we lifted him up to the top carrier, was:—"Holy Mother! and it's away up to Hivin, I am, away up to Hivin, shure."

Again the M.O. went back to the remnants of his sick parade and with the tonic pills and asperin got the whole lot disposed of.

THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW.

Who is the fellow who says that he
“(Y)ates the band unless it is very
Goode.”

Who can tell the depth of the deepest
dug-out at L.B.S. ? Ask the S.M.

What Patent Drug was used by Cocky
to cure his back so speedily after leaving
the line ?

Who denies that Staff Crowe is very
medalsome ?

Who was the guy who slipped Nobby
ten francs to get his leave “Toot sweet” ?

Is it true that M.D. is going to give a
souvenir of the Great War with every
house or lot that is sold “Apres la
Guerre” ?

Who says “The Old Standby” will
not be in trim for another game of
football ?

What is the weight of Tiny’s ‘Hickies’ ?

OVERHEARD AT—SIDING.

(Time 3.45 a.m.)

“There he is !”
“Where ?”
“There.”
“Over that second tree ?”
“Yes, can’t you see him ?”
“No.”
“See that black cloud ?”
“Yes.”
“Well, to the right of that. See it
now ?”
(Pause). “No.”
“Well, for the love of Mike. Do you
see that last shot ?”
“Yes.”
“Well, about two feet above that.”
“A little to the right ?”
“Yes. Now he’s turning. See him ?”
“No. Is he near those two shots
together ?”
“Oh ! Put your hand out. Now then !
The sun’s shining on him.”
“Right, I’ve got him. Is that a Ger-
man ?”
“Sure, can’t you see his Iron Crosses ?”
“No.—I’ve lost him again now.”
“There he is. Look right up there.
There’s two now. The one underneath
must be ours. See him turn ?”
“Where ?”
“See that little cloud by that big
one ?”
“Yes.”
“Well, two o’clock from that. See
him ?”
“No.”
“I can’t see him myself, now, I
guess he’s got away.”
“Yes, I guess so.”
Voice from tent :—“Say, why can’t
you blankety blanks let a poor fellow
sleep ? ‘Taint four yet. Get to way-
gone outer here.”

AT BUSTARD.

A.D.—Please Sir, I want tree
weeks.

O.C.—Three weeks ! Why, you’ve
only just come back from seven days
leave.

A.D.—I no want to go on leave. I
jest want tree weeks for light de lamp—
dat’s all.

(It was only lamp wicks that he had
failed to obtain anywhere else, that our
friend was after.)

A FAIRY TALE—A SUMMER
IDYL.

(By a Member of “No. 3.”)

There once was an Ambulance,
A Canadian Field Ambulance,
That travelled from town to town.
With a good personnel
It worked very well—
For efficiency it had renown.
It’s seldom you’d meet
A unit as complete.
The patients would never complain,
And it travelled along
With a jovial song,
And this is the tuneful refrain :—
Pills, quite a lot,
Here have we got,
Soda, Sal and Asperin—
These can’t be beat.
(They always repeat.)
There’s something good in the
heart of them.
We lose caste every time
We give a thing.
We’ll in the poor house sleep
We are honest elves,
And we cheat ourselves,
Step up ! Take your pill, it’s cheap.

Then “Hey !” for the Ambulance,
The Canadian Field Ambulance.
One day when the sun was hot,
They came to a nook
By the side of a brook.
“We’ll rest here,” they said, “why not ?”
So soothed by the breeze,
As it sang in the trees,
They slept as if snugly in bed.
And the crickets and frogs
From the neighbouring bogs,
Woke up, and the crickets all said :—
“We never knew
How pretty you
Looked when asleep,
Rest for awhile,
Peacefully smile,
Watch we will keep.
Pills, we’ll examine them,
We will take a peep
In the monkey pack
That’s on your back,
While you’re wrapped in slumber
deep.”

Now awake the Ambulance—
The Canadian Field Ambulance,
Lest it rest on its laurels gained.
And the work so well done
By the son of a “Gunn”
On whom fortune her favours has
rained.

And when the war’s over
And we’re back in clover,
We may tell with conviction and proof,
Of the things we have seen
In this varied screen
Where the truth often looks like “spooof.”

Memories galore
We have in store,
Some of them pleasant and glad.
Others,—by gum,
On the contrary, glum,
They fill us with thoughts most sad,
We’re here for the finish,
Let’s work with a relish,
For this life is not so bad.
It is not the worst,
For we still have a thirst,
And “Johnny Walker” can always
be had.

CONGRATULATIONS TO

Staff-Sergt. C. W. Crowe, Sergt. J. D.
Nixon, Corpl. J. Cameron and Pte. A.
Anderson on being awarded the Military
Medal.

NUMBER NINE.

The regimental M.O. takes
His daily sick parade ;
He stands for all the world to see,
Undaunted, undismayed.
His office is a dugout, just
Behind the firing line,
Where our soldier boys are fighting
The foeman of the Rhine.
Young Private Jinks does hap’ to be
The first name on the list,
He sadly pipes his soulful eye
With his benighted fist.
Says he “Please Sir, alas ! alack !
The weather it has rained,
It made the trenches slippy, and
My ankle I have sprained.”
The M.O. he looked awful wise,
And then he shook his head.
He hummed and hawed a bit and then
His wisdom forth he shed :
Quote he “I know a remedy
That suits this case just fine,
Just hand me down that pannier,
We’ll give him Number Nine.”
The next man who was doubled up
With an undoubted pain,
As with most feeble accents he
His symptoms did explain.
“I feel,” he said, “Quite just as if
My innards had ‘gone west,’
This very awful feeling makes
Me very much depressed.”
The M.O. he did look profound,
Said he “Put out your tongue,
Ah ! yes, exactly what I thought,
It must be the right lung,
Or else the kidneys, but I think
A remedy of mine !
Will fix you up in dandy shape,
Yes ! give him Number Nine !”
The M.O. is a worthy man,
There isn’t any doubt,
And when the shells are flying round
He knows what he’s about.
But he’s got a good old stand-by,
When it’s quite in the line,
He would sure be lost entirely
Without good old Number Nine.

QUITE SO.

(But what about the Censor ?)

Some editors have roll-top desks
And “cushy” easy chairs,
And filing cabinets galore,
Within their snug-like lairs.
With things all ready to their hand
(They push a little button
If facts they ever want to know
Such as the price of mutton).
But we just have to make the best
Of whatsoever is our billet,
A dug-out, stable, barn, maybe,
Chock full of rye or millet.
Whilst noting facts (and other things)
We generally use
One pencil costing—tuppence, and
One note book—15 sous.
Yet all the same we really think,
Without the slightest doubt,
The writing chap in that arm-chair
(Who knows what he’s about),
Would gladly swop his roll-top desk
And throw his chair away,
If he had chances to “write up”
Things we see every day.

Who was the man who wrote “G.S.W.
left foreleg” on a Field Medical Card ?

Who was the cocoa enthusiast who
drank dish water by mistake ?

MAJOR SCOTT'S POEMS.

Not all of our readers in the 1st Division may be aware that Major F. G. Scott, Senior Chaplain of our Division, is also a poet, and a very distinguished one too; we understand that his War poems written during the present conflict, are shortly to be published in book form at the moderate price of one shilling. We much enjoyed reading a little book of pre-war poems by Major Scott, entitled, "The Gates of Time," which happened to get into our hands the other day, and we are reproducing a poem from it in this issue. It was written during the sunny days of peace, so they were perhaps more welcome to us than poems written on war would be, altho' the Canon's poems on that subject are remarkably good, and have caused many favourable comments. Major Scott is one of the most hard working, fearless, and popular chaplains in the C.E.F. He always has a cheery word for the boys when he meets them on the road, together with that smile of his that reminds one that the world is not a bad old world after all.

IN THE WOODS.*

(By the Senior Chaplain, 1st Cdn. Div.)

This is God's House—the blue sky is the ceiling,
This wood the soft green carpet of His feet;
Those hills His stairs, down which the brooks come stealing,
With baby laughter making earth more sweet.
And here His friends come, clouds and soft winds sighing
And little birds whose throats pour forth their love;
And spring and summer, and the white snow lying
Pencilled with shadows of bare boughs above.
And here come sunbeams through the green leaves straying,
And shadows from the storm clouds overdrawn,
And warm, hushed nights, when mother earth is praying
So late that her moon candle burns till dawn.
Sweet House of God, sweet earth so full of pleasure
I enter at thy gate in storm and calm,
And every sunbeam is a joy and treasure
And every cloud a solace and a balm.

* "Gates of Time and other Poems," by F. G. Scott; Publishers, S. BAGSTER & SONS, Ltd., Paternoster Row.

THE HOUSE OF PAIN.

The house of pain stands by the road
That all life's voyagers must tread,
Its doors are wide, and in its halls
Rest those who lie 'twixt hope and dread
For Life's achievements and ideals
Can never reach their highest aim
Until our purpose and desire
Are tested by the fires of pain.
The house of pain stands by the road,
Shadows abound like elves of night,
Sombre it seems, yet hope is there
To shine out as a beacon light.
Whenever doubt obscures the view,
However dark the storm clouds rise
Hope springs anew and bids us seek
God's silvern lining in the skies.
The house of pain stands by the road
(Rest weary souls and no more roam!)
God, the Great Architect, hath put
Compassion for its corner stone.

13164. R. W. TROWSDALE.

A ROUGH NIGHT IN THE YPRES SALIENT.

Sleep not we to-night,—the battle
Roars its medley through the veiling,
And the air is full of voices
Groaning, moaning, screeching, wailing;
Here and there the shroud is torn—
'Tis the cannon's fitful flashes
Like the fiery eyes of demons,
Fierce within their winking lashes.
All around—a circle almost—
Rise the flares, then drooping,
floating—
'Luminates for miles the landscape,
Where the God of Wars lies gloating,
O'er the dreary devastation
That is silhouetted sadly
'Gainst the blackness far beyond us.
Still the battle rages madly
And the flares denote alarm,
Keenly felt down in the trenches,
Where the agony of suspense is,
Where the metal deluge trenches.
See the coloured balls of fire
Soaring to the clouds low-hanging—
Signal of distress beseeching
Mid the crashing and the banging
And the rumbling—steady rumbling—
Like a thousand drums a-drumming,
'Tis the Heavens far behind us—
We can hear their vomit coming.
Like a mammoth locomotive
Rushing o'er a bridge above us—
'Tis a moving roof of metal—
Keep it moving, Thou who loves us,
Spit and cough the eighteen-pounders,
Just behind the first-line ditches,
High keyed, sharp their cruel song is
Screeching wild in varied pitches,
Swift, unseen o'er No Man's Land there
Plunging with triumphant screaming,
Crush and scatter entrails wildly,
Where the blood of battle's streaming
See the muddy fountains shooting
Fast and many, after merging,
Making one gigantic heaving,
Like a mighty ocean surging.
Here were once the devious trenches,
Dug-outs, parapets and wiring
Primitive, yet well-appointed,
Built by many hands untiring,
Now a mangled heap of debris—
Who can tell what hopes entombing
No, the spirit "carries on" man.
See the poppies red a-blooming,
Now the night's crepe curtain rises,
Filters through the dawn's wan
smiling,
Sweet the cuckoo's salutation,
All depressing thoughts beguiling,
See the fields with gaping hollows,
Fresh the earth around them
scattered,
And the poplars broken, bowing,
Weeping for this beauty shattered.
Loom the wind-mills gesturing arms
Like a phantasy appealing,
And the battered farm-houses,
All the naked truth revealing.
Once a passive pastoral poem (?)
Where the Goddess Venus dallied,
Strewn now with war's essentials,
For an army now is rallied.
Sleep not we to-day the battle
Waning now the dirgeful whining,
Spurs the soldiers on to labours
While the monsters are declining.

TOM HARTON.

AT THE Q.M. STORES.

A.D. (At Q.M. Stores). Will you please give me *Allemande*.
J.C. Sorry! we haven't got any Germans in stock at present. (But all he wanted was *A-Lemon*, it was merely the way he pronounced it).

THIS AND THAT.

In the Fredericton Gleaner of 5th June, we read that Pte. Arnold F. Blizzard, "Whose sight and hearing was badly affected when he was gassed by the Germans, while acting as a Stretcher bearer in the Canadian Field Ambulance," has joined a New Army—the army of the benedicts.

No. 1 of the "Whiz-bang" official organ of the 207th Bn. in Ottawa, has arrived on the scene and has been much fingered by the boys. Judging by the Ads. it must be a proposition. A boost for Nixon's All Cream Ice Cream on page 3 made our editorial mouths water, whilst Ketchums Ad. for High-Class Athletic and Sporting Goods made us wonder if the war will be over in time to allow us to walk in and purchase a pair of snowshoes for next Winter.

Budding Paderewskis, Kubeliks, and others have a chance of buying a Windsor Banjo in perfect condition together with music, extra strings and instruction book, by applying to No. 16769, Pt. L. Foster, 2nd Bgde. Band (Don't think we're getting any *rake off* out of this advt. We're just inserting it to oblige "One of the bhoys!")

On account of injuries received in the trenches, L. Cpl. Maylor, News Editor of the L.P., has "gone down the line," but nevertheless, to show that he is by no means downhearted, has sent to his paper an amusing article on "Nurses" (who by the way he alludes to as Doctorettes) from the hospital ward where he happens to be located. We wish Brother Maylor a speedy recovery. He is succeeded in the News Editorial chair (we guess it is more often a sand-bag or bully-beef box) by another Scotchman, Pte. J. W. Campbell (and there are people who say the Scots have no sense of humour). We have to again congratulate Capt. Orr, the Editor in Chief upon the continued success of his paper.

BIVVIES IN FRANCE.

I wish I could show you my "Bivvy" in France,
You might call it far from neat,
Its roof is a Army blanket gray,
And also a rubber sheet.
At present it's under an apple tree,
That's white with the blossoms of May,
And to-morrow—perhaps 'twill be pitched the same,
But a good many miles away.
At night if the air be damp and chill,
Or even there happen a storm,
I can lie quite snug 'neath a saddle-rug,
Wrapped up in my British warm;
Then why should I worry about "la guerre."
And the scraps that we all may see,
For among all the bullets that Fritzie holds,
There may not be one for me.
So I'll crawl, while I can, in my bivouac frail.
And bed down as best I may,
For many poor lads who lay warm last night,
Are under the Belgian clay.
It's a queer old world at the best you know,
And there's much that we leave to chance,
For many who once held castles in Spain,
Are reduced to "Bivvies in France."

ROBT. T. ANDERSON.