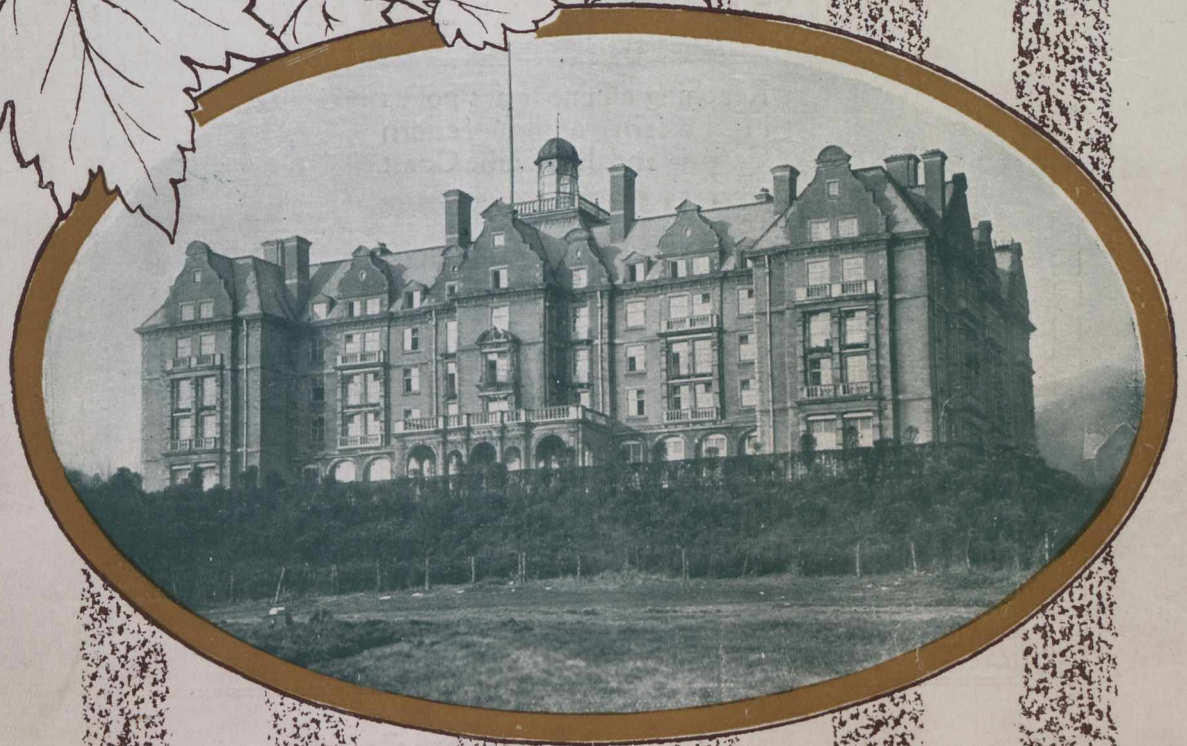


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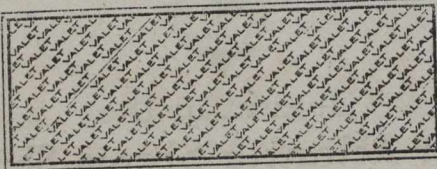
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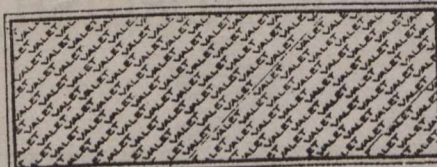
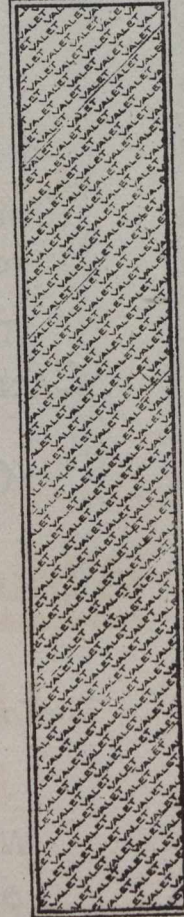
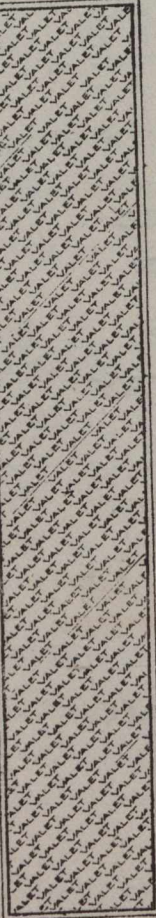
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:: OF THE ::

Canadian Discharge Depôt

PUBLISHED AS A MEMENTO OF THE LAST REST CAMP IN ENGLAND.

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Hon. Editor Captain A. D. GORDON

*(To whom all communications should be addressed relating to Editorial,
Advertising, or other Business matters).*



LT.-COL. PAUL R. HANSON, O.B.E.,
Commanding Officer C.D.D.

Foreword by the C.O.



THE ambition of the Staff of the Canadian Discharge Depot in compiling this Book is that it will serve as a connecting link between us and the Warrant Officers, Non-Commissioned Officers and Men of every Division, Brigade, Battalion and Unit of the Canadian Army who pass through the Depot to the Homeland for which they have all made such a gallant stand.

The chance meetings and associations formed at the Canadian Discharge Depot would touch the heart of the most hardened individual. War-scarred veterans of Ypres, Festubert, Somme, Vimy, and all the various battles in which the Canadians have taken part, all come together in this large "Melting Pot." Here the *esprit de corps* of our troops is developed to a marked degree, and that the agreeable environment and associations and memories of this last rendezvous in England may not be forgotten, we present this modest Souvenir.

To you men we wish good luck and a safe journey home to the loved ones awaiting you. Always bear in mind that you have done your bit, and that you are soldiers, whether you have been to France or not. There is always a reason for your not going, such as too young or too old. To you both, the people of Canada should take off their hats. To the medically unfit (we are sorry that you could not make the grade, but you have tried), I hope you will all remember my 10.30 parade, that you will all keep your self-respect, live up to your true soldier's reputation, and with all your might and main make an opening for yourselves in the business world when finally discharged.

Do not wait for anyone to hand you a situation; get one for yourself, and remember every place you fill helps make one reinforcement for the boys in the firing line.

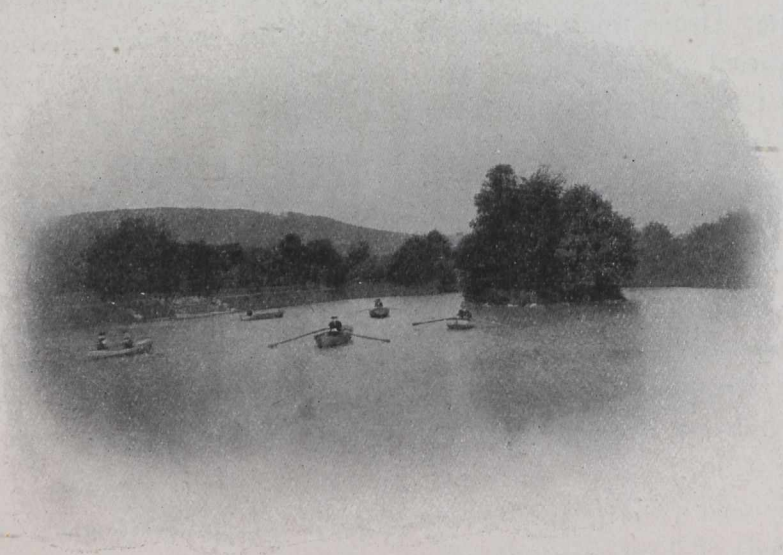
Keep the reputation of the Canadian Army clean and true as you have always done, and when we all get home to resume our civilian vocations, we will always be linked together as one for the betterment of our Dominion, which we are saving for our sons, grandsons and generations to come.

Buxton.

The Mountain Spa.

THE pretty little town of Buxton, with its irregular streets, substantial stone buildings, and magnificent parks, lies snugly sheltered at the foot of surrounding verdant hills, in the north-west part of Derbyshire, a tract of elevated and hilly woodland called the High Peak.

The district is deservedly considered to be one of the most picturesque and beautiful in Great Britain, and is a favourite resort to tourists in search of the beauties of this small but historic Isle. This, with the fame of its wonderful



medicinal waters, has made Buxton one of the most fashionable of inland watering places. The town itself stands about twelve hundred feet above the sea level, and is divided into Higher and Lower Buxton, the former being the original village, of considerable antiquity, the latter of more recent erection in the neighbourhood of the Spring.

It will be of interest to all Canadians to know that Buxton is only eighteen miles from Chatsworth, where the Duke of Devonshire, now Governor General of Canada, has his magnificent palace. It would be difficult to imagine a house more imposing, or a park so lovely, as those which form the fair domain of Chatsworth. Amidst such luxuriance the Derwent winds along a valley of exquisite beauty, where wide spreading lawns sweep up to the edge of a deep woodland, where above the masses of trees rise the wild moorlands.

Fourteen miles distant is Haddon Hall, an admirable specimen of the homes of the ancient nobility, which has been immortalised by both painter and writer. Haddon is best known as the scene of the romantic elopement of Dorothy Vernon with John, afterwards Sir John, Manners.

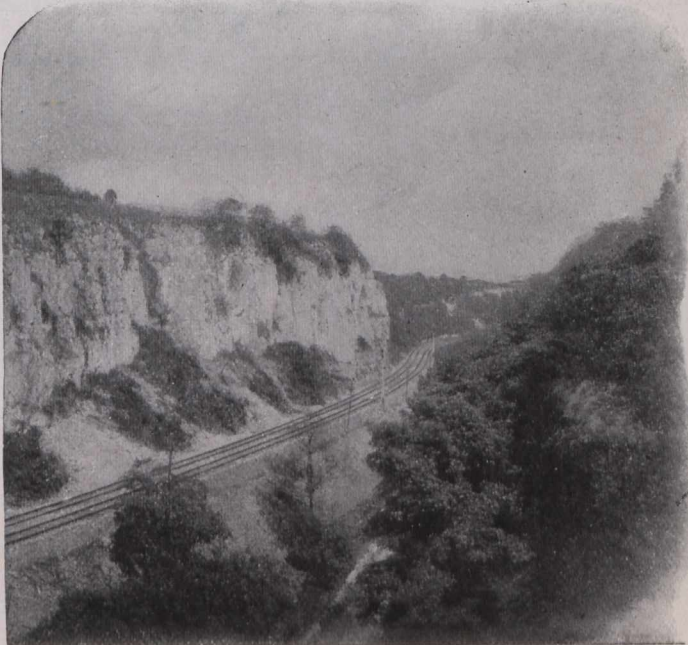
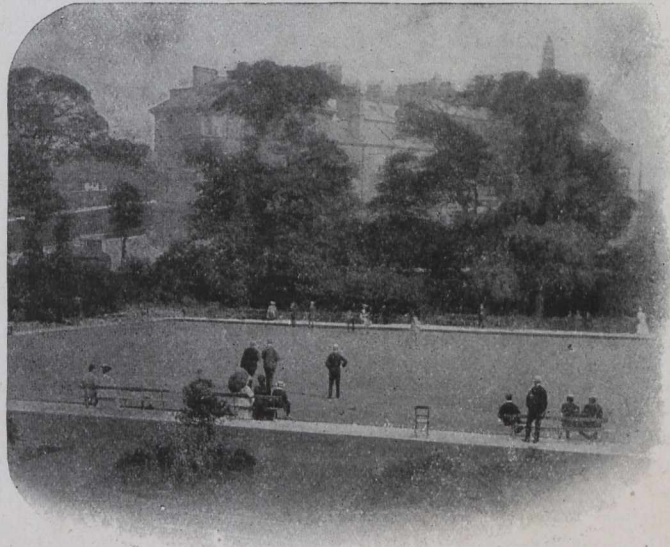
“ There is no other building through the length and breadth of the land of the same character as this historic Hall,” says one writer, and however this may be, truly there are few whose surroundings and general effect are more charmingly picturesque.

The High Peak District, of which Buxton is the centre, is rich in materials for geological and botanical investigation. To the geologist the rocks present treasures of fossils in a beautiful state of preservation. Nearly all the characteristic

fossils of the carboniferous limestone abound. In the caves and caverns many discoveries relating to the antiquity of man, and to that of other animals, have been made. The Buxton Museum contains a splendid specimen of the skull and

jaws of the brown bear, which Professor Boyd-Dawkins declared to be the most perfect specimen of the kind he has seen. This, along with the remains, was found embedded in stalagmite in a cave at Deepdale, near Buxton. The fossils in the limestone walls are older than the most venerable and monumental of buildings, older than the most ancient memorial. Compared with these, the oldest historical landmark is a thing of but yesterday.

The flora of the locality is particularly interesting. The



botanical character of the vegetation is very varied, and is peculiar to these formations which are here found—the limestone clothed with its short and beautiful carpet of green; the black shales of the Yorkdale rocks covered by their stunted and brown vegetation; and the millstone grit in the glowing summer time purple with the flowers of the heather; so that in whichever direction the botanist turns, he will find ample material to reward him for his pains.



Buxton seems to enjoy a comparative immunity from disease; fever rarely occurs, cholera never, influenza and other epidemics assume a milder form here than in any other place. The large number of people who live to an advanced age testifies to a remarkable high average of health enjoyed by the inhabitants of this district. The physical character of the atmosphere, the presence of the mountain limestone, and the elevated position of the place conduce much to this result. The dry and exhilarating air of Buxton is one of the most interesting of its characteristics, and the whole district presents a vast sanatorium, where sufferers from the atmosphere

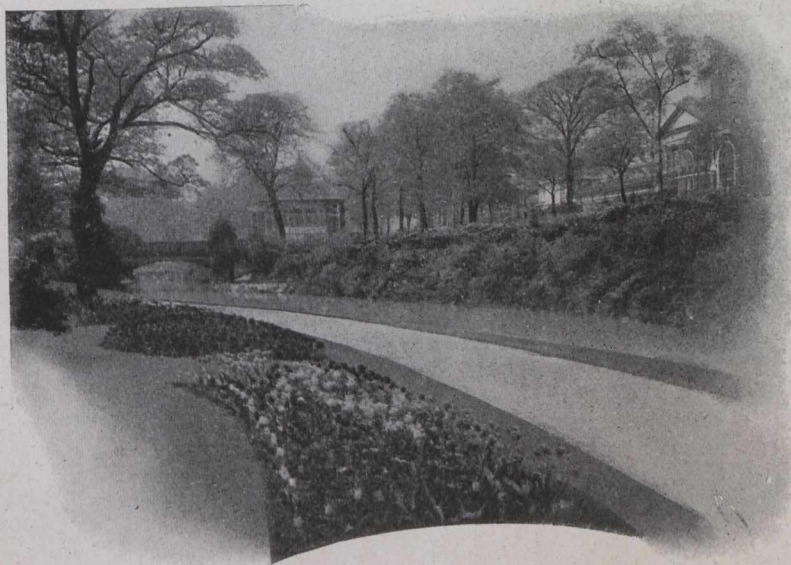
and occupations of the larger towns, and from damper soils, may profitably seek renewal of health and strength. It is accurately described as "the most tonic Spa in the British Isles."

The history of the district may be traced through many centuries. Buxton is the one place in England, besides Bath, where mineral springs were regularly used during the Roman period, and fitted with buildings suitable for the use of bathers. Bakewell and its baths were known and appreciated in the



Saxon period. Castleton carries back the imagination to the days of William the Conqueror. His son, Peveril, erected a strong castle to secure Norman ascendancy in the neighbourhood. In Plantagenet and Tudor times, Buxton was much frequented by sufferers from rheumatism and similar affections, although for a brief period immediately after the Reformation days, the springs and fountains by reason of the medicinal effect of the water, were dedicated to St. Ann, who "gives health and living great, to those who love her most," and the walls of a chapel dedicated to her were decorated from time immemorial with the crutches of cured cripples.

On the introduction of the reformed religion these interesting tokens of gratitude were destroyed, and the use of the waters was prohibited by Sir William



Basset, at the instance of Oliver Cromwell. The closing of the baths and wells however cannot have been of long duration, for Mary Queen of Scots visited Buxton at least four times while in the custody of the Earl of Shrewsbury, at Tutbury, to obtain relief from rheumatism contracted during her imprisonment in the cold and damp cells.

As years passed the waters became more and more appreciated, but still Buxton remained a village, and even sixty years ago was but part of the parish of Bakewell. Almost incredible is the change that has come over it in the short space of some two generations. By modern energy the small village has been converted into a flourishing and fashionable health resort, ranking with the most important watering places of the Continent. In this picturesque little town, with its wealth of natural scenery, its wonderful health properties, and abounding in historical interest, the Canadian Discharge Depot has made its home, concerning which we will deal with in another chapter.



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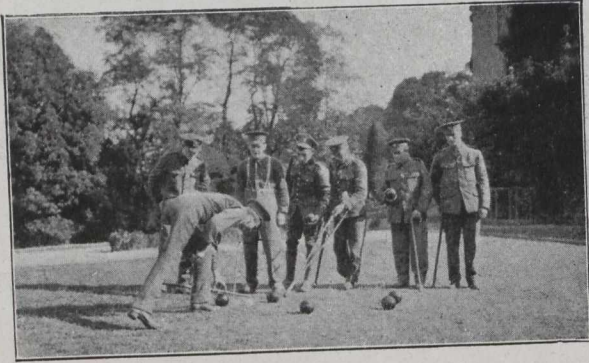


The Old Depot at Bath.

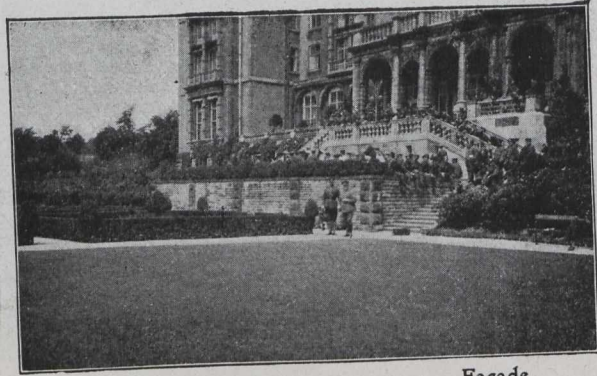


Mrs. Hanson Marquess of Cambridge Lt.-Col. P. Hanson
(Duchess of Teck)

SCENES AT BATH.



Cripples
playing
Bowls.



Facade
of Hotel.

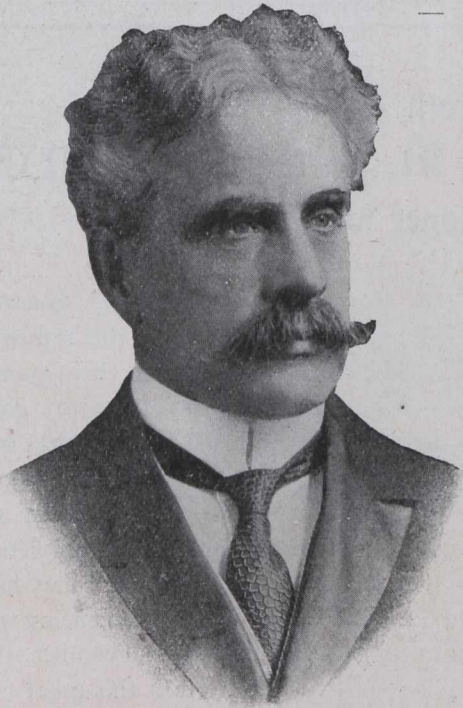


Off to the
Station.



Sports
Day.

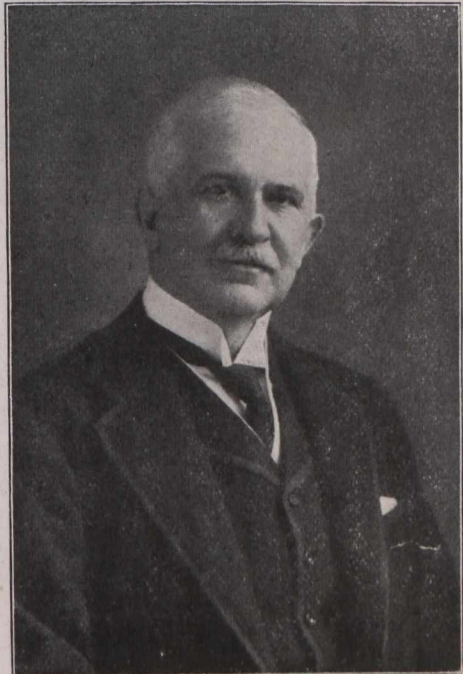
FAMILIAR SCENES AT BUXTON.



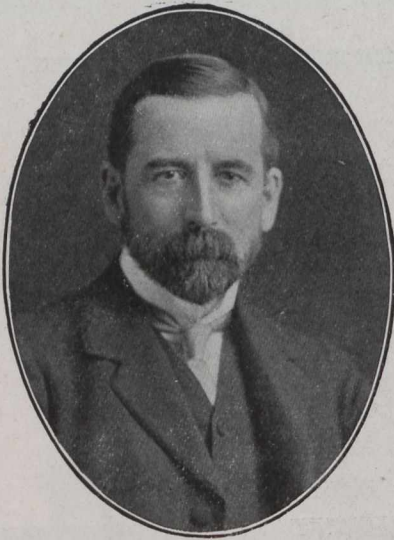
Right Honourable
SIR ROBERT L. BORDEN, P.C.,
G.C.M.G.,
the Prime Minister of the
Dominion of Canada.



Honourable
SIR EDWARD KEMP, K.C.M.G.,
Minister of Overseas Military
Forces of Canada.



From
The Hon. Sir George H. Perley, K.C.M.G.,
 High Commissioner for Canada.



THE decision to publish a Souvenir Magazine at Buxton for the returning soldiers to take back with them appeals to me as a happy idea. These men are going home after doing their share in this world war, and the thoughts which are naturally uppermost in their minds are of the doings and present welfare of their comrades in the splendid Army Corps at the Front with which they have served, and which is now facing the enemy with all the courage and dogged perseverance that have characterised its record in this great conflict. To have shared their dangers and hardships and to have helped to achieve so fine a reputation for the Corps must be a proud recollection that will never fade; and it is

certain that not only in Canada, but throughout the whole Empire, the glorious deeds of the Corps will ever be remembered with feelings of respect and admiration.

It has been well said that Canada should be as proud of her wounded soldiers' victory over their wounds as she is of the glorious fights in which they fell. That many of our men who have suffered at the front have afterwards fought battles to regain health and have won victory over disablement, is an undoubted fact; and their success offers encouragement to those who may have to struggle against apparently insurmountable physical difficulties, but who may yet prove that their experiences in the past have imbued them with a spirit of determination that will enable them to overcome at least some of their disabilities and take their place as independent sharers in the world's work.

To all who leave the Canadian Discharge Depot on their return to the Dominion I send cordial good wishes for a comfortable and safe journey, feeling sure that on their arrival home their welcome will be a truly sympathetic one, mingled with the satisfaction that accompanies the knowledge that duty has been accomplished.



LT.-GEN. SIR RICHARD E. W. TURNER, V.C.,
K.C.M.G., K.C.B., D.S.O.,

CHIEF OF GENERAL STAFF CANADIANS

“To all Old Comrades I wish success on their return home, and am happy in the belief they will be as good Citizens to Canada in the future as they have been Soldiers.”

R. E. W. TURNER, Lt.-Gen.

From our Corps Commander,
Lt.-General Sir Arthur W. Currie, K.C.M.G., K.C.B.



IT gives me the very greatest pleasure to send a few words of greeting to the Canadian boys who are going to Canada, and to wish you the best of luck and prosperity.

The record of the Canadian Corps is a proud and unbroken one, and during the past three and a half years its good name has steadily risen, until to-day both allied and enemy peoples place it in the very forefront of the fighting forces of the world.

By your heroic efforts and undaunted courage you have all helped materially in achieving this result.

The war has demanded sacrifices, and these you have cheerfully made, and not you alone but your wives and mothers who have had to remain at home. And Canada and humanity the world over are and will forever be infinitely richer for what you have done, for sacrifice begets and is begotten of love, and where love is, no selfishness nor sham can endure.

Many of our young men, full of happiness and hope, and the joy of

living have endured to the end, and have cheerfully laid down their lives for Freedom and the Empire. But you have been spared in the providence of God to return to your loved ones and to again enjoy the rights and assume the duties and responsibilities of citizenship in the Homeland. I know no prouder boast to-day than that we are Canadians, no greater privilege than that our homes are there, in that wonderful land of promise and hope, the cherished land of Freedom, and a new chance; and because you have been spared and so abundantly blessed, so it is your duty to be worthy of your trust, for what you are and do, that will Canada be. As you have cheerfully borne untold hardships and suffering on the field of battle, and forgotten self for your comrades and the Empire, I know that when you return home you will take up your lives where you left off, with a broader outlook, a more kindly humanity and a truer conception of the things really worth while than ever before.

My message to you then is: Be true—true to those who have fallen; true to the best traditions of the Corps; true to the women who have suffered and toiled and prayed for you; true to yourselves; true to Canada. Be sober and industrious, good citizens of our beloved Dominion, and let the lessons of sacrifice and singleness of purpose learned in the hard school of war, be reflected through the years to come in your home and national life.



Photo [Swaine]
Brigadier-General P. T. Thacker, C.B., C.M.G.,
Adjutant General.



Photo [Swaine]
Colonel F. S. Morrison, D.S.O.,
Deputy Adjutant General.



Photo [Swaine]
Brigadier-General D. M. Hogarth, D.S.O.,
Quartermaster General.



Photo: Swaine [146 New Bond St., W.]
Colonel A. McP. Almond, C.M.G.,
Director Chaplain Services.

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KNEELING: 24258 Pte. Grangel, W. J., 13th Batt.; 1178 Corpl. Burgess, F. H., P.P.C.L.I.; 41654 Bomb. Schofield, F., C.F.A.; 26665 Pte. Singleton, J. N., 14th Batt.; 25568 Pte. Crack, W. T., 14th Batt.; 1618 Pte. Thomson, R. W., 8th Batt.; 18198 Lc.-Corpl. Gow, J., 4th Batt.; 1492 Lc.-Corpl. Burke, H., 8th Batt.

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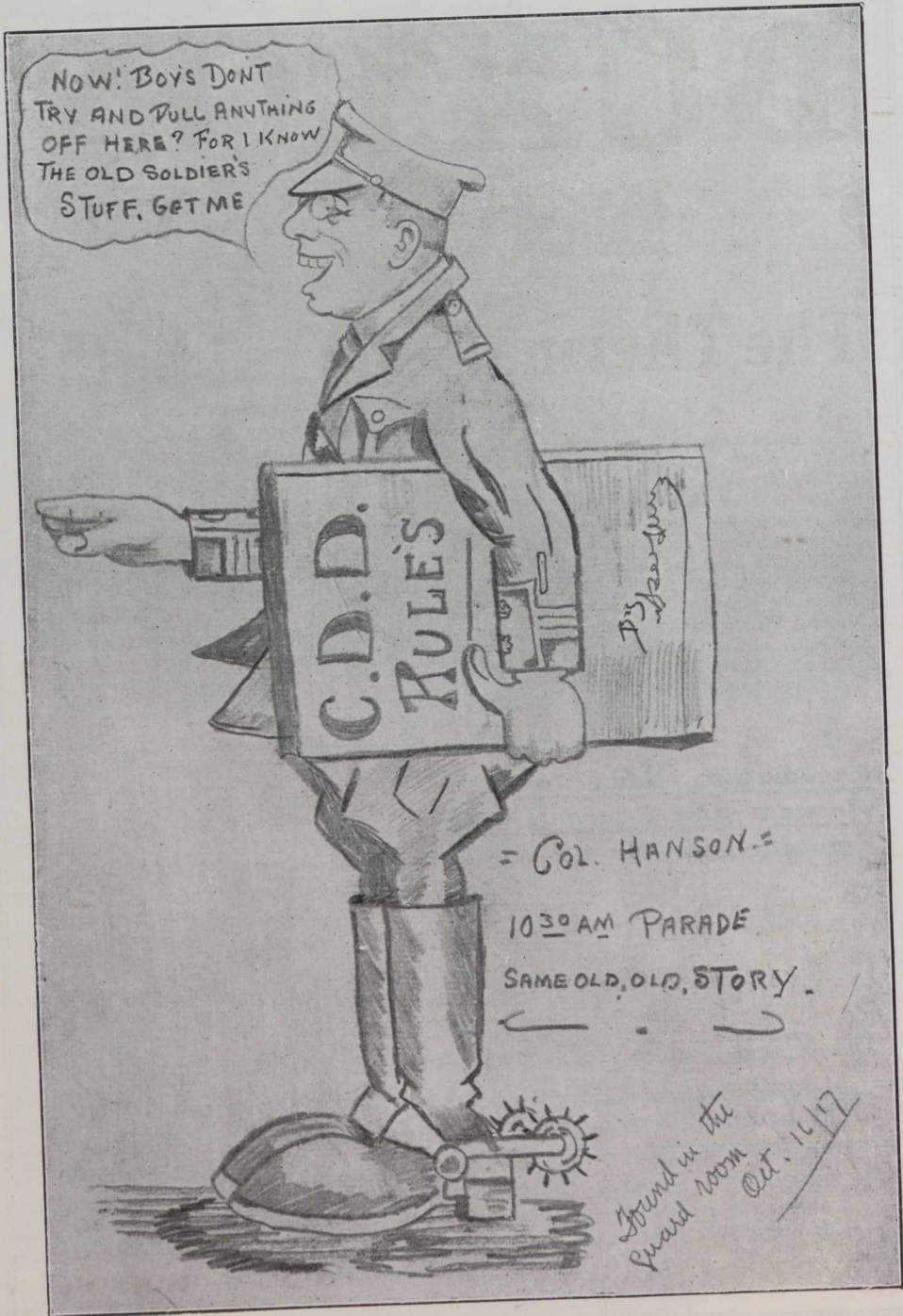
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SO that your stay at the Depot will be pleasant and you will avoid a lot of trouble and complaints, Standing Orders are posted in every bedroom, halls and prominent positions. Right after this parade go and spend five minutes in reading these Standing Orders, and live up to them, and you will leave this Depot with kind recollections of your stay at the Canadian Discharge Depot.

This is not a hospital nor a convalescent home, but a Discharge Depot. Our object is to get you to Canada on the very first available steamer. Those dates are uncertain, and you must be prepared to go at once. N.C.O.'s and men should take the very first opportunity to arrange for the transportation and passports for their wives, families and dependents to Canada. See Captain O'Brian at the Embarkation Office on the first floor.

N.C.O.s and men who have reported here for furlough: Your furlough does not commence until you sail, and you are attached to this Depot for duty and are subject to the roster and demands of the Adjutant and Regimental Sergeant-Major. It is impossible to grant leave in England as your furlough has been granted to you for Canada. It is regrettable to state that there has been considerable trouble, at times, with furlough men, who take it upon themselves to shift their duties and to act as if they were on furlough. This has been a very bad example for the medically unfit and crippled men going through the Depot, and we have authority from the Adjutant-General of The Overseas Forces of Canada, Canadian Headquarters, to return immediately any furlough man to his Depot. Now, boys, I don't want to do this, but it has been done seven times in the past year. All I want is you to play the game with me and my staff, and we will see you through.

You are warned that any man found defacing or marking any part of the walls or windows, or in fact any part of the building, will have to pay the damages himself. All occupants of any particular section of the building will be punished and assessed for the damages, if the culprit is not discovered.

I always appeal to you men going through here that there are hundreds of thousands more Canadians still slogging away and doing their bit in France, and they would be so pleased to know, when they are lucky enough to get their "Blighty" or discharge, that you have not destroyed their resting place at Buxton. Thousands have gone through here in the past eighteen months, and they have left the buildings in good shape for you. Now you do your share to keep it in good shape for "Bill" when he comes along.

The entrance for all N.C.O.'s and men is any door on the south side of the building, of which there are five. The north side of the building is out of bounds except for inspections and the parade which you are now on and for men on the sailing on the morning of departure. The pathway along the bottom of the grounds running alongside the young girls' school is also out of bounds. There is only one entrance to the grounds and that is through the gate by the Police Hut, and not over the fence. The punishment for breaking in or out of barracks has been anywhere up to fourteen days' stoppage of pay, and the man who breaks barracks is put on police duty for six nights, and for every man he catches breaking in barracks, two days' pay is remitted off his punishment, and I have always found that these men make very good policemen.

In case of fire, the front entrance is reserved for cripples. Every week fire parties for the fire-plugs and hydrants are detailed, and they must not be interfered with. It is your duty to get out of the building as quickly as possible, but in an orderly manner. Remember that this building can be emptied in three and a half minutes, but ten minutes is quick enough; and always help your comrade, because you don't know his disability, and we want to avoid any panic or extra excitement. Smoking is strictly prohibited above the basement floor and the Recreation Room. We have had three fires, and they have been caused by men smoking in their bedrooms. In two cases the men who started these fires got out of the building first, and then warned us from the outside that the place was on fire. Bear in mind that you are only deprived of the privilege of smoking for your own safety. If you see one of the boys taking his pipe or cigarette out of his pocket, say to him: "Come on down stairs to the Recreation Room, or the lower hall, or outside," and try to prevent the man getting into trouble.

Your general behaviour in town. I want to advise you that the people in Buxton, especially the ladies, have treated you all like gentlemen, which you are, and I want you to live up to the reputation already made by the boys who pass through. Remember that these girls have husbands, brothers, and fathers at the front, and that they are doing their bit by giving us concerts twice a week, both at this Depot and at the Canadian Hospitals, and it necessitates them coming home in the evening, and we want you to try and avoid this filthy language that some men use, carelessly and not thinking what they are saying. You know the kind of men I mean and the language that you would not like your mother or sister to hear.

Now there is not a N.C.O. or man that we want to go from this Depot with any complaints on his mind, and I want to hear from any of you if there is anything wrong with your quarters, your food, your pay, or in fact anything since you have been in the Service, and at Orderly Room, 10.30, any man is at liberty to see me by just speaking to the Sergeant-Major who is then on duty at the door. If your Company Commander cannot straighten out your troubles, I will see what can be done, and remember that when you come into my office I will go back to the days when I used to make requests or complaints to my own O.C. when in the ranks. Any man who can come into my office and give me a brand-new excuse for trouble that he is in, that I have never heard before, stands a pretty good chance of getting off. I think that I have pretty nearly heard them all.

Over in France in the firing line a sneak-thief is unknown, but the further you get back through the Casualty Clearing Stations, Hospitals, Depots, Reserve Units, etc., it becomes more prevalent. A man who will steal from his pal is one of the lowest kinds of thieves that exist, as you have no lock-ups and only your kit bags, and your trust in your fellow men. For this reason we have installed in the Adjutant's Office two safes and strong boxes, and we want you to put away any souvenirs, documents, photographs and money for safe keeping, and use our Orderly Room as your bank. If any of you have any extra money I want you to transfer same to Canada, through the regular channels, the bank. Word has come from Canada that when you arrive with a number of pound and ten-shilling notes, you lose an awful lot on discount, and in some cases as low as four dollars has been given for a pound. Always bear in mind that your balance shown on your last pay certificate is cashed at the rate of four eighty-six and two thirds, and we also have an arrangement with Canadian Banks by which they will transfer to any branch in any town in any place in Canada at the current rate of exchange, which runs from four seventy-nine to four eighty-five. The original draft goes this week, a duplicate next week, and a triplicate the week following, and never yet has there been any money lost or delayed. Up to date we have transferred £5,010, starting last July, and it is far better for you to have your

money in your own home town and spend it with your wife or best girl than take the chance of thievery or of foolishly wasting it on your way home.

I also want you to remember that the most important document to you is your Statement of Account, commonly known as your L.P.C. When you are paraded to the Pay Office to sign this L.P.C., you are signing that you are satisfied with your account since you have been in the army, up to the day you handed in your pay book. Look it over carefully, get it fully explained, and if you cannot read, the staff up there has been instructed to give you full particulars, and if by any chance there are irregular stoppages ask the Paymaster, and he will be only too glad to refer the matter back to headquarters and get it straightened out. Remember that in the beginning a good many mistakes were made, but this is the place to have them rectified.

Cable Service.—Full particulars of the Cable Service is posted in the Recreation Room.

There is just one thing more, and that is, what to expect when you arrive in Canada. You must bear in mind that thousands of Canadians have already gone home, and the real true soldier does not have very much to say about his own personal deeds or behaviour. In a great many cases you may be greeted in these terms, which were the same that were applied to me when I was wounded and sent home: "Hello Bill, glad to see you; when are you going back?" Now let us dissect this. Are these men who stayed at home and are filling the positions that you and I gave up, glad to see you? If they are, and are sincere, they will say: "Come around, Bill, and we'll go round to the office and you will get your job—I just held it while you were away; I am going over now to help the boys." These chaps know that they could not hold down the jobs if you had still been at home, and I want you to remember the reputation that has been made by all branches of the service of the Canadians, and still grit your teeth and dig-in immediately, and get a position, no matter whether it is not as good as the one that you had before you left home. Do not hang around and wait for the Government, Patriotic Society, or any other society. Go to it on your own, and when we all get home we'll be united in one big brotherhood for the betterment of ourselves; but how disappointing it would be if, when the balance of the Canadian fighting forces came home and found, instead of real men whom we have been associating with for the past few years, a lot of old soldiers, old—— (you know). If we are to make anything of our future, we must do it ourselves, and to do that you boys must keep your self respect and get down to hard work as soon as you arrive at home.

Can you Blame Her?

MMILITARY terms are very apt to confuse the lay mind of anxious and waiting wives. Correspondence with a husband's Commanding Officer often leads a lonely wife to spend many distressful days until matters are fully explained, but we rather feel inclined to grant the palm to the poor wife who applied for information regarding her husband whilst he was at this Discharge Depot.

The good lady had written to the C.O. asking that her husband be granted a few days' leave of absence. A reply was duly sent and evidently caused the wife to doubt her faith in her husband, for she immediately sent the following: "May I ask why he is classed as 'marginally noted man,' as he was always very quiet when home on leave before, and I know nothing of his doings. Do kindly excuse asking and taking your time, but it is in great distress of mind that I beg an answer."



H.S. DAVIS
1918

The LAST 'OLE

Think it Over.

YOU'VE done your bit and you're going home,
 You worn-out son of a gun.
 Perhaps no more you'll want to roam
 To beat up the horrible Hun.

Remember some pal you've left out there
 In the mud of battered France ;
 He's envying you when the big guns blare,
 Wishing he had your chance.

Send him a letter just once in a while
 To cheer up his dreary days ;
 You've learned the value of raising a smile
 And how a kindness pays.

You've done your bit, no more you'll roam,
 You war-worn son of a gun ;
 Let him know he's thought of by those at home,
 And you'll feel your bit's well done.

But the Second-in-Command still Smiles.

REGIMENTAL SERGEANT-MAJOR RAYFIELD, having been approached in fear and trembling by a number of soldiers, each of whom has a heart-rending tale of woe to unfold, listens with fatherly interest to their various stories. Then his face suddenly illuminates with a broad and expansive smile as he thinks, "Here's a chance to put a few over the Second-in-Command."

Major Megaffin, who is busy addressing invitations to friends for the fortnightly dance, almost jumps out of his skin as a stout well-trained pair of heels click like the closing of a trap door, followed by the usual "Major Megaffin, sir, there are a number of soldiers here who want to see you; will you see them, sir?"

The Second-in-Command, again breathing normally, and now quite calm and composed (the R.S.M. having assured him that he did not mean to frighten him), by nodding his head and gestures of both arms, intimates that he is ready for the first attack.

R.S.M. (to Pte. Lee Enfield): Pte. Lee Enfield, come in, salute, and make your request.

PTE. LEE ENFIELD: Sir, I would like to know if I am for discharge in Canada, or if I am for further service.

SECOND-IN-COMMAND: What is your category, my man.

PTE. LEE ENFIELD: Church of England, sir.

SECOND-IN-COMMAND: I mean your classification for service.

PTE. LEE ENFIELD: I never attend service, sir. I am the Padre's batman.

Discharge recommended.

SECOND-IN-COMMAND: Next man, Sergeant-Major.

R.S.M.: Pte. Pullthrough, sir.

SECOND-IN-COMMAND: Well, my man, what can I do for you?

PTE. PULLTHROUGH: Sir, I was severely wounded at the battle of Folkestone, having been hit in the dug-out, and ever since whatever I eat goes to my stomach and takes away my appetite. I would like to get married on compassionate grounds, sir.

Sent to Senior Medical Officer.

SECOND-IN-COMMAND: Next man, Sergeant-Major.

R.S.M.: Pte. Everwithus, sir.

PTE. EVERWITHUS: Sir, I would like to get a few days' leave. I have not had any all the time I have been at Buxton.

SECOND-IN-COMMAND: How long have you been here?

PTE. EVERWITHUS: I came here two days ago. I only want two weeks' leave, sir.

SECOND-IN-COMMAND: Sergeant-Major, see that this poor boy is issued with a sugar card, meat tickets, railway warrant, and a clean hanky, then kill him while he is happy. And, Sergeant-Major, I shall not be able to see any more men to-day, as we *must* get on with the dance."

More clicking of heels, salutations and deep breathing. Then the poor worried Second-in-Command charges his pipe and says to himself, "Sherman was right."

Our Cover Design.

To ensure that the Souvenir should contain nothing but Depot talent, the Editor asked for cover designs from members of the Staff. Sgt.-Major Latham, who is in charge of the Depot Recreation Room, is responsible for the design of the cover of this Souvenir.

Company Cackle.

OUTSIDE any Orderly Room on any floor of the Discharge Depot a small crowd begins to gather as the hour approaches for the Company Commander to put in an appearance. Wary eyes watch the staircase for the arrival of the said Officer. N.C.O.s begin to figure out as to which of them will call the crowd to attention first, and so get the kindly smile of greeting. Each member of the crowd views the other with something akin to suspicion, hoping in his heart that the other fellow does not get in to the office before he does.

At last with soldierly air the Company Officer puts in an appearance. Such a straightening of tunics, and a stiffening of bodies takes place, that the C.O. becomes conscious that he is observed. Immediately he begins to feel that he has his cane in the wrong hand to take the salute, which he will be called upon to receive in a few moments. Attempting to change the cane he drops it, and in a nonchalant manner bends to pick it up. But, alas, in bending to pick it up he drops his gloves. Recovering his balance at last, all the outward calm slips from him, and as he approaches his Orderly Room door he feels quite sure that he is walking either bow-legged or pigeon-toed. Otherwise why the smiles?

This begins to pass off the nearer he gets to the door, for beyond that door he feels safe and sheltered. Suddenly, right in his ear, out of the dimness of the corridor comes a nerve-racking yell. "Tshun!" Two or three N.C.O.s after each having waited for the other to give the command, have shouted it together. Mechanically the Company Officer touches the peak of his cap in deferential manner, and in smothered quavery tones, says "Good morning." With a sigh of relief he enters the door, after having turned the door handle the wrong way, only to be further startled by the whole personnel of the Orderly Room jumping to their feet at once at the stentorian command of the C.S.M. Again the peak of his cap is brushed, and again comes the choking "Good morning." With a sigh of relief the Company Officer reaches his own desk and prepares to carry on with the morning's work. "Any cases this morning, Sergeant-Major?" "Yes, sir, two. One overstaying late pass, the other unshaven on parade." "Bring them in." These cases safely disposed of, more work is sought. "What do all those men want outside, Sergeant-Major?" "Leave and pay, sir; some want to see the Commanding Officer." "Let them all come, Sergeant-Major." "Very well, sir." First man arrives looking rather nervous, much to the relief of the Officer. "What can I do for you?" "I want to get married, sir." "Oh, and how old are you." "Eighteen, sir." "Heavens, and the girl?" "Thirty-two." "Sergeant-Major, put this man in the Guard Room until the next sailing."

Enter another man, this time with rather more defiant air, and being a furlough man he feels worth taking notice of. Anyway he is going to show the officers how the place should be run. "What's your trouble?" quietly asks the Officer, after admiring the wonderful manner in which the man has left turned, right turned, come to attention and saluted, at the command of that wonderful voice of the C.S.M.'s. "I want leave to go to London, sir." "What—leave, and you're going to Canada on furlough?" "Well, sir, it's a month since I had my last leave, and I haven't seen my wife since I left Canada." Leave not granted.

Then follows a stream of applicants for leave, each and every one having the best of reasons as to why he should get it, but this morning the Officer is adamant, and finding nobody has signed his last pay certificate, refuses one and all. These having been disposed of, the Sergeant-Major comes back with the startling information that there will be a Pay Parade this morning. "The remainder of those men want pay, I suppose, Sergeant-Major." "Yes, sir." With happy step and a cheerful

smile the Company Officer throws open the door, barely stemming the heap of humanity which has been leaning against it. "There will be a Pay Parade this morning, boys." Barely able to restrain a cheer or a sob, the men melt away to the parade ground, thankful that the Paymaster has awakened at last.

Arriving on the parade ground, the Company Officer has to again brace himself against the shock of the whole company suddenly jumping to attention at the command of that ever-present C.S.M. Having successfully sustained the attack, he decides to inspect the company. He immediately regrets, for that C.S.M. yells again. Passing along the line of men with martial air, he suddenly spies a man unshaven. "Why did you not shave this morning?" "Cannot shave myself, sir, hand too shaky, and the barber's shop was full." Mentally commenting that the man might have been full also, he orders the C.S.M. to take the man's name and number, and bring him up for office. Having eventually made an inspection, and recovering from the beautiful views of many shaped faces, heads and feet, he requests, very politely, that the Sergt.-Major shall carry on. Retiring to a safe distance, he watches with admiration the majestic manner of the C.S.M., as he details men for fatigues and picquets. Having accomplished this very difficult feat, the C.S.M. asks if he may dismiss the parade. Being given permission he does so, and the Company Officer wends his way to the Mess Room, there to recover his shattered nerves. But this recuperation does not last long, for a bugle blares, rudely disturbing his thoughts of last night's dance, and he finds himself with others in the Commanding Officer's Orderly Room listening to cases and requests, until his legs ache and his back stiffens trying to stand like a real soldier whilst there is the slightest chance of the Commanding Officer's eagle eye wandering his way. At last Orderly Room is over, and he returns to his own Orderly Room to attend to any minor matters needing his expert attention. After having signed what appear like hundreds of late passes he visits the M.O. for the relief of his writer's cramp.

Faint and weary with his exertions he again visits the Mess and revives his drooping frame at lunch. Hardly getting time to play more than three rubbers of bridge, he again appears on the parade ground, this time to listen to apparently an unending list of names and numbers. Bravely he faces his task. What cares he whether it be raining, though the rain drips off his cap down the back of his neck? Like a real soldier he braves the elements, only hoping that the damp atmosphere does not take the military twist out of his moustache, or the polish off his boots.

Another visit to the Orderly Room after this parade and still unselfishly thinking of his Company, he spruces himself for the evening, hoping that wonderful Sergeant-Major of his has not stolen his girl for a walk in the twilight.

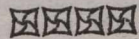
Later, as the midnight hour approaches, he returns to his room, tired almost to the point of exhaustion, and falls asleep to dream all night of hoarse yells and scores of men jumping to attention, mingled with Company-Sergeant-Majors with unshaven faces and uncut hair.

Can Officers be Trusted?

A BUNCH of boys had just arrived at the Depot from Witley, and after a meal were sitting around waiting to be told off to their billets and receive orders for the next day. They were duly warned about looking after their valuables, and two Scotties were having a laugh together when one of them observed an Officer approaching. Thinking it wise to warn his comrade, one Scottie nudged the other, and as he straightened himself up, said, "Hold, mon, here cooms an officer." Not a bit perturbed, the other remarked, "Hoots, mon, A've ma kit bag locked."

HIPPODROME

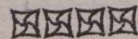
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VAUDEVILLE WORLD**

Two Houses a Night—6.30 & 8.30



WARM—COSY—COMFORTABLE

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Photo] [Hosler
Lieut. T. H. Hatton, "A" Co.



Lieut. Banwell, "C" Co.



Photo] [Hosler, Buxton.
Lieut. C. H. Wells, "B" Co.



Photo] [Hosler, Buxton.
Capt. R. W. Hamilton, M.C., "D" Co.

COMPANY COMMANDERS.



Colonel E. C. Hart, C.M.G.,
A.D.M.S., Buxton



Major W. Ross, C.A.M.C., D.A.D.M.S.,
Buxton Area



Capt. T. K. McAlpine, M.O. in Charge.



Capt. F. T. Bryans, C.A.M.C.

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

Medical Department.

THE Medical Department of the Canadian Discharge Depot has a unique importance in the successful accomplishment of the great work which this Depot is doing, for upon it depend the control and suppression of disease where large bodies of men assemble and mingle in closest contact. It also is responsible that no cases of infectious disease leave these shores to imperil the lives of the people of Canada. It also does a great and important work in looking after the general health of the men who, having served their country nobly, are returning to Canada in various degrees of unfitness, and consequently more liable to periods of ill-health. The following sketch of this work will show the excellent way in which the Medical Department is accomplishing its task.

Every man passing through the Depot is examined by a Medical Officer as soon as he reports. If suffering from any infectious disease he is immediately isolated and sent to the proper hospital for treatment, and not until he is completely cured is he permitted to return to Canada. Not only is he examined on arrival, but on departure, and any man showing the slightest suggestion of infectious disease is detained until a certain diagnosis is made.

It is practically impossible for a man with infectious disease to proceed to Canada. The Canadian Discharge Depot is doing a great service to Canada by preventing any increase of infectious disease in Canada through the avenue of the Army. At the initial inspection the men are either exempted all duty or are classified for light duty according to the extent of their various disablements. If any of the men on arrival are considered to be in too poor health to go back by transport, they are sent on to No. 5 Canadian General Hospital, for return to Canada by a hospital ship.

For the accomplishment of its special work the medical department has at its disposal a dispensary and medical office, a dressing room, a large airy surgical ward, and a similar medical ward. In addition, on another floor are two large wards for scabies, a bath with continuous hot water being an important adjunct. Other rooms in the same floor are reserved when necessary for the quarantine of contacts from infectious or contagious diseases. The work of the department is carried on by a staff consisting of a Senior Medical Officer with two Assistant Medical Officers, a Staff-Sergeant, a Corporal, a Lance-Corporal, and five Orderlies. The amount of work could only be appreciated if it were possible to give the numbers attending daily sick parade, treated in hospital, out-patients treated, and in isolation ward.

The sanitation of the Depot is also under the supervision of the Medical Department, with the aid of an efficient Sanitary Sergeant and Squad. Daily inspection of the Depot is made by the Medical Officer, in company with the Orderly Officer and the Sanitary Sergeant, and as a result the sanitary arrangements are kept in a high state of cleanliness, and the halls and rooms are well supplied with fresh air. The remarkably few cases of infectious disease among the men passing through the Depot is an excellent testimony to the high state of sanitation maintained.

Those Officers Again.

THE Commanding Officer had occasion to check a man for his untidy appearance and the dirty state of his clothes.

"Where on earth have you been to get yourself in such a filthy condition?" he asked the man.

"Working in the Officers' Mess, sir."

The Colonel then found other things to interest him.

There are many like him.

AUBREY was a junior Officer, Aubrey was a "knut,"
 He walked around the Depot with a military strut.
 All the girls loved Aubrey, his life was full of joy,
 He reckoned he knew his business, in fact a regular "boy."

Nothing disturbed his mental pose, and 'twixt you and me,
 He was really at his best when he took a girl to tea.
 He treated her so daintily, and make her feel a pearl ;
 He'd tell her she was beautiful, a charming sort of girl.

Life was good to Aubrey, and fortune on him smiled,
 As all the pretty maidens he so heartily beguiled.
 Until one day an order came for him to go to France,
 And then poor Aubrey passed away, and fell into a trance.

But Aubrey went and did his job, and did it mighty well,
 He strafed the Hun quite cheerily, and gave particular hell.
 He learned his job and handled it just as daintily
 As in the past he'd taken his girl and helped her to her tea.

So time went on and Aubrey won quite a lot of fame,
 He showed them he was one of the boys and how to play the game,
 And like many another peace time "knut" he knew the way to die ;
 He was just as good as most men, just as good as you or I.

So next time you meet an awful "knut" forgive his funny ways,
 Don't criticise his actions or remark about his stays.
 He heard the call of duty, and although he knew the price,
 He came along in his own sweet way to make the sacrifice.

Just for the Sisters.

UNTIL I got my packet as a present from the 'Un,
 I never thought of anythin' but me and my old gun ;
 I never thought of girls except in pretty clothes
 And a fascinatin' way of dabbin' powder on their nose.

But when I suffered badly, and couldn't sleep o' nights,
 And my nerves' ad all gone blotto a-thinkin' of queer sights,
 Why a real live angel nursed me, her dress a pretty blue,
 While the 'and that chased away them pains was cool as mornin' dew.

Oh, I thank the Lord that made 'em, those angels dressed in blue,
 Such tender care and thought they gave, to guys like me and you,
 Why, I never thought that women could ever make me feel
 I'd like to be 'alf decent and live like somethin' real.

I ain't much good at talkin' or sayin' what I think,
 But I'd like each nursin' sister, when she's feelin' on the blink,
 To know her toil ain't wasted, and though we're tough and shy,
 We love her mighty often, and sing her praises blinkin' high.



DISPENSARY.

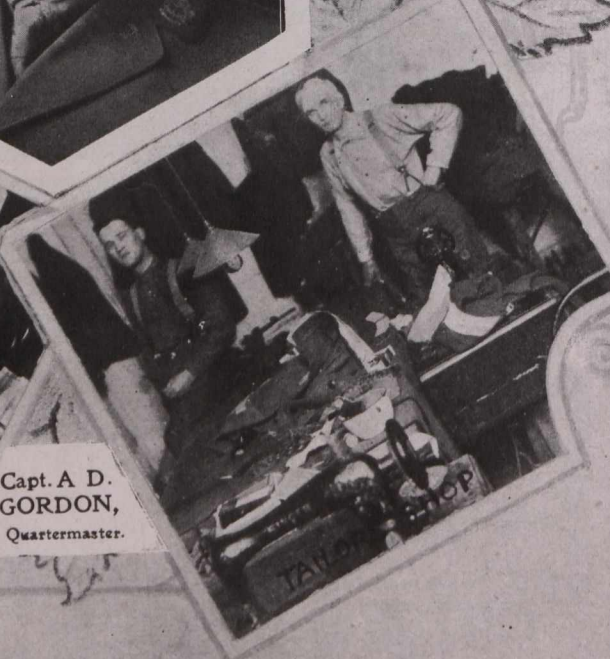


**SURGICAL
WARD.**



MEDICAL WARD.

C.D.D. HOSPITAL.



Capt. A. D. GORDON,
Quartermaster.

Quartermaster.

COMFORTABLE conditions for the troops whilst staying in the Depot is one of the first axioms always held up before the Quartermaster's Department. From the moment notification is received that a number of men are due to arrive at the Depot for the purposes of discharge, the Quartermaster's Department has to get busy and arrange for their accommodation. This accommodation embraces quarters to sleep and live in, blankets to sleep in, and beds or bed boards to sleep upon. When that has been considered the question of equipment arises. The men often come in without odds and ends of necessities owing to no fault of the system under which they are handled, but rather to lack of knowledge of their own requirements.

On arrival every man has his kit examined by the Quartermaster, and a note taken of shortages, and as sometimes does occur, excesses taken from him. All these shortages have to be made up to the man at a moment's notice, and satisfaction given. Even a worn pair of boots is taken from the man, and if he cannot be supplied with another pair of a suitable fit, they are repaired for him right in the Depot.

Tunics, pants, puttees, boots, shirts, underwear, socks—everything in fact that a soldier wears, are inspected, and if worn, dirty, or in any way not presentable, are either replaced or repaired without question.

In conjunction with this branch of the service, a tailor's shop and a shoemaker's shop are kept very busy, fulfilling the requirements of the continual stream of men passing through the Quartermaster's hands.

That this work is handled with efficiency goes without saying, for the men proceed to Canada in possession of a full kit of clothing and necessaries.

One very important branch of this department is the fumigation of all blankets and clothing used by the different groups of men on their way through. Nothing can be thrown away that it is at all possible to renovate in the Army, and consequently the question of disinfection enters largely into consideration. A fumigator is at work during all working hours, with an expert staff of operators putting the used blankets through a process of disinfection by steam, thus insuring for every man the comfort of clean blankets to sleep in, instead of the disturbance of vermin, so largely a necessary part of his existence whilst in the line.

Every man is provided with a palliasse, whether he be fortunate enough to draw a trestle frame bed or only bed boards, and these cannot be used too often, or by too many without necessitating a visit to the fumigator. When it is understood that as many as 5,000 men have been provided with blankets and palliasses for a week at a time, some idea of the organisation entailed can be obtained.

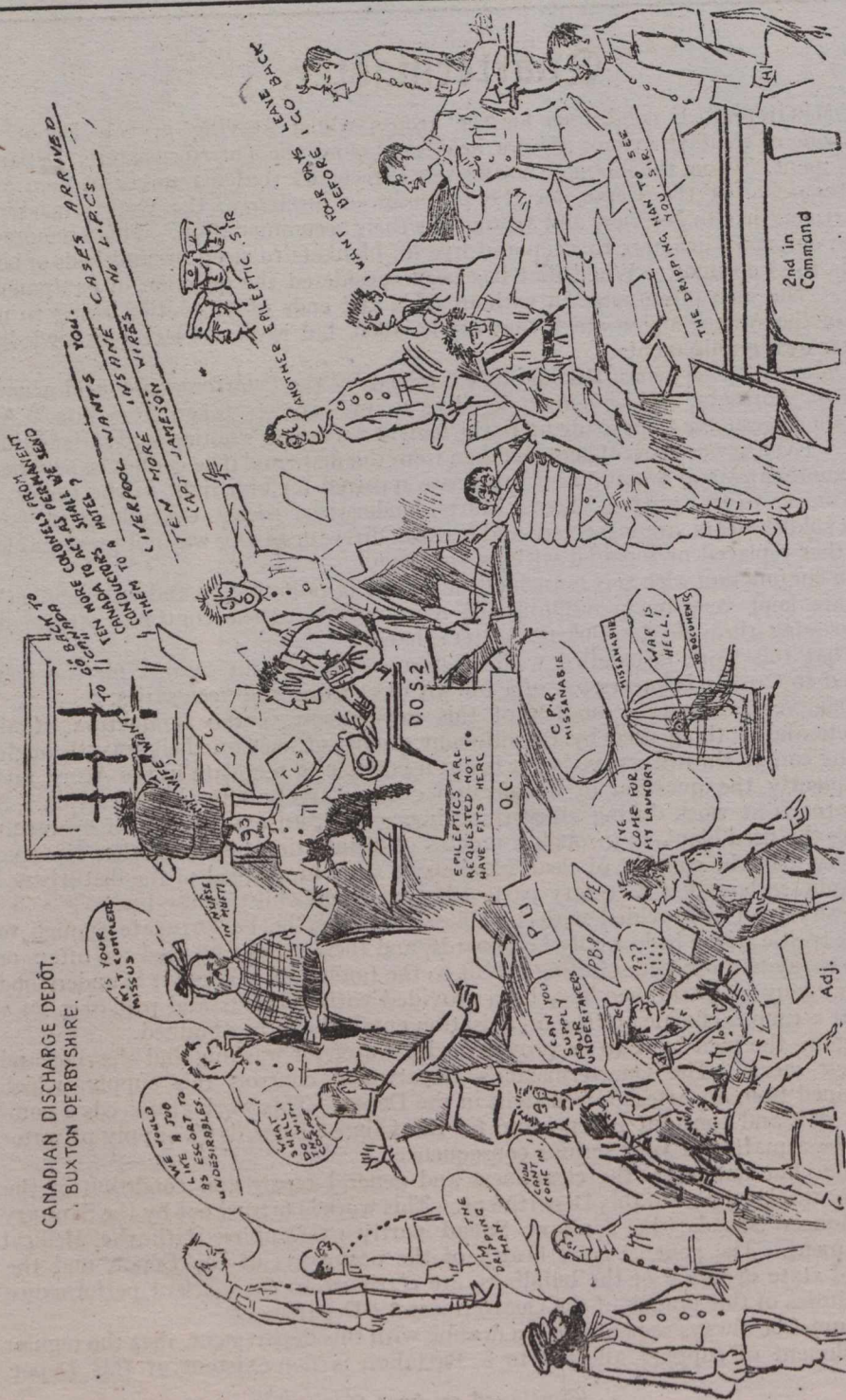
Again, the men have to be provided with water for washing and shaving, and for their meals. The Quartermaster's Department controls this supply, which is obtained from an Artesian well right in the Depot. This work also needs a competent staff and constant supervision, for the failure of one day's supply of water would be a matter of very serious consequence.

Last, but not least, the cleanliness and general repair and condition of the Depot is another phase of this Department. This work is carried out by the Sanitary and Pioneer Squads, the Sanitary Squad partly overlapping with the Medical Department. The general good health of the occupants of the Depot, and the splendid state of repair of the buildings, are a tribute to the efficient performance of the duties of this branch of the Quartermaster's Department.

It must be always remembered in dealing with this department, that the regular establishment of supplies allotted to a Battalion is non-existent at this Depot,

(Continued on page 86.)

Souvenir.



CANADIAN DISCHARGE DEPOT,
BUXTON DERBYSHIRE.

GOING BACK TO
TEN MORE COMPANY
CONDUCTORS TO GET AS REGIMENT
WANTED TO WANT YOU.
TEN MORE CASES ARRIVED

IS YOUR
CORPUS
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TELEGRAMS

2nd in
Command

J. LEVER.



Depôt Police.

Standing—Spr. Baker, Pte. Silas, Pte. Colman, Pte. Portious, Pte. Vaughan, Cpl. Burgess, Pte. Longworth.
Sitting—L/Cpl. Fry, L/Cpl. Lewis, Provo-Sgt. Logue, Pte. Whitlaw, Pte. Bennett.



Quartermaster and Staff.

Standing—Pte. C. Holmes, Pte. J. Conrade, Cpl. E. V. Clarke, Pte. T. G. Thompson, Pte. E. J. Allen,
Pte. C. S. Sutton, Pte. R. Pickup, Pte. G. Spence-Smith, Cpl. W. C. Wescombe,
Sitting—Sgt. R. D. Thompson, Sgt. J. Shirt, Sgt. A. C. Medhurst, R.Q.M.S. G. Tod, Capt. A. D. Gordon, Qr. M.,
Lieut. A. Grieg, Asst. Qr. Mr., Sgt. J. W. Yates, Sgt. A. F. Cross, Sgt. A. E. Taylor, Sgt. R. H. Bennett.



Captain C. E. Field, Paymaster.



Captain Mortimore, Paymaster.



Pay Staff.

Standing—Pte. Wolrenden, Pte. Crack, Pte. Howe, Pte. Jolly, Pte. Dickens.
Sitting—Cpl. Leach, S/Sgt. Anderton, Capt. Field, Cpl. McAllister. *Lying*—Pte. Taylor, Pte. Fielden.

Pay Department.

ONE of the important Departments of the Canadian Discharge Depot is the Pay Office. Its object at all times is to render a satisfactory pay service to the N.C.O.s and men passing through the Depot en route for Canada. A record is kept in this Office of all men who have proceeded to Canada, and every man before leaving the Depot is shown a clear and concise statement of his account during the period he has been in England and France. This statement is known as the man's Last Pay Certificate. Every man signs a certificate on the statement that he is in every way satisfied with his account, and no man is allowed to return to Canada until he is satisfied that his pay is quite in order. In rare cases a man is dissatisfied with his account. The cause of his complaint is immediately investigated and remedied before the man is allowed to sail. These cases are, however, very few, amounting during the recent heavy sailings to only one-half of one per cent.

The Canadian Discharge Depot opened in February, 1916, and the Pay Department of the Depot at once became operative. The staff of the Pay Office then consisted of one Captain and one Sergeant. The number of men passing through the Depot at that time was comparatively small, but attached to the Depot was the School of Stenography and an exercise company, or men who were given a course of physical training and returned to their various reserve units. The payment of these men was of course also looked after by the Pay Office.

From May, 1916, until June, 1917, a number of N.C.O.s and men were given their discharge in England. This involved a final settlement of all pay due to them, and every man so discharged was paid in full up to the date of his discharge. In June of 1917 the work of discharging men in England was transferred to the 2nd Canadian Discharge Depot.

Since the time the Canadian Discharge Depot was opened the number of men returning to Canada has greatly increased, and an increasing amount of work is naturally thrown on the Pay Office. In 1917 the discharges were 400 per cent. in excess of those of 1916, and this year to date almost half the total of 1917 has already been reached.

As before stated, the staff of the Pay Office then consisted of one Captain and one Sergeant; to-day it consists of one officer and ten other ranks, and owing to the large number of men discharged to Canada every man on the Pay Staff is fully occupied with the branch of the office allotted to him. In addition to the men passing through this Depot for discharge to Canada, men are constantly proceeding to Canada on furlough, and the pay service of the staff of the Depot is in itself quite an important part of the department, for in addition to the other ranks on the staff of the Depot there is the personnel of other administrative units in the area to take care of, namely: Ordnance Corps, Barrack Services, C.A.S.C.M.T., A.D.M.S., Quarters Committee, and Military Police.

The importance of the work of the Pay Office may be more readily understood when it is pointed out that the Last Pay Certificate is one of the most important documents which accompany the man to Canada. In fact, until this document has been received by the Pay Office, and the man has signed it he is not available for sailing. Owing to this fact, the closest co-operation between the Pay and Discharge Departments is necessary, and is at all times maintained. A man cannot be put on the sailing list until the Discharge Department have been notified of the arrival of his Last Pay Certificate, and his documents cannot be closed for dispatch to Canada until the Last Pay Certificate is handed over to the Discharge Department. It will be seen that close co-operation between these two Departments is sometimes severely taxed to maintain this standard of efficiency without hindering one another, and

no doubt a great part of the success of the Canadian Discharge Depot in disposing of such large numbers of men is due to this continuous effort of co-operation to the satisfaction of all concerned.

A large amount of work is thrown on the Pay Office at sailing times, owing to the fact that on almost every occasion a large number of married men desire to take their wives back to Canada with them. Their passage is sometimes a difficult financial problem, and is usually left to the Paymaster to settle.

Although the problem sometimes looks complex to the men concerned, the Paymaster is always able to find a solution to his troubles.

The work and responsibility of the Pay Department can easily be judged from the fact that whenever possible, and when due, one or more payments have been made to the men passing through the Depot for discharge and furlough. In addition the Depot staff are paid twice monthly. An advance is also arranged by this office for all men when they arrive on the boat, money and acquittance rolls being given to the officer appointed as Paymaster of the boat for this purpose.

On more than one occasion the importance of this branch at the Depot has been made manifest by a visit from the Chief Paymaster, and after the last two big sailings the thanks and congratulations of Colonel J. G. Ross, C.M.G., Chief Paymaster, were conveyed to the staff through the medium of Colonel G. M. Todd, Deputy Assistant Chief Paymaster.

At all times it has been the earnest endeavour of every member of the Pay Staff to exercise tact and patience with the transient men coming in contact with them; as most of the men in the office have at some time or other "roughed it," they can readily understand and appreciate the difficulties and troubles of their comrades passing through. Of course there are rules and regulations laid down which may at times appear harsh to the men, but these rules are tempered with as much consideration as is possible.

Captain R. H. Jamieson, late Paymaster, an original 13th Battalion officer who has now returned to Canada, was unflinching in his courtesy, and many a discharged man in Canada will remember some kindness shown to him during his short stay in this Depot by this officer. Captain Spink and Captain C. E. Field, his successor, who enlisted in British Columbia with the 7th Battalion, is ably carrying on the duties of Paymaster in the same spirit of kindness and good nature, and the spirit of energy shown by the other members of the pay staff is largely due to his consideration of their welfare.

It might be pointed out that all the members of the Pay Office are men of low category and unfit for active service; a number of them have been in France and have been rendered unfit through wounds or sickness.

Not a Dancing Train.

AFTER a glorious old time on leave, a Canadian soldier was brought before his Commanding Officer for overstaying his pass. After the usual procedure of hearing the witnesses in the case, the C.O. turned to the offender and asked why he overstayed.

"I started from London, sir, in good time to be back, but I was obliged to change at Derby, and there missed my connection."

"How did you manage to miss your connection?" asked the C.O., "didn't the train stop there?"

"Stop, sir? it didn't even hesitate."

Case dismissed.

A Discharged Man's Soliloquy.

NO more blinking working parties,
 No more digging up the dirt,
 Gee, it's good to think of it, my hearties,
 No more searching through yer shirt.

Just to think of wearing civvy clothes,
 With pants all new and nicely pressed,
 A clean white hanky for yer nose,
 And somewhere to go when yer dressed.

I've dreamed of this just a time or two,
 When hungry and really very tired ;
 But never thought it ever would be true
 Except after I'd been hit or else " expired."

And yet now that I'm really going back,
 My thoughts with the boys will linger,
 I can still hear the bullets whip and crack,
 I can feel the trigger pressing on my finger.

I don't regret a single blinking tick,
 Though it's hell when you think of it, my hearties,
 I'd go again if I weren't so blinking sick,
 And they weren't so very bad, them working parties.

The Secret.

AT one time, given the name of being the most undisciplined troops in the British Army, the Canadian boys have shown a wonderful persistency in refuting such a statement. Commendable indeed has always been the behaviour of our boys in the line, their splendid record proving time and time again their complete recognition of the laws which constitute discipline. True there is a great camaraderie between Officers, N.C.O.s and men, and although an Officer may call his men by their Christian names in moments of ease, there is that complete understanding of relative positions which makes for efficiency, both on the battle field and on the parade ground.

Nowhere is this splendid discipline more exemplified than at the Discharge Depot. Here, in spite of many apparently petty parades, a continual answering of name and number at long Muster Parades, and inevitable Medical, Dental, Pay, and Berthing Parades, often necessitating long periods of standing about, together with a few fatigues, never a kick is coming. Every man does what he is asked to do cheerfully.

It must be taken into account that most of the troops passing through are to all intents finishing their periods of soldiering, through wounds and sickness, but everything is taken with a patience which says volumes for the complete understanding of discipline absorbed under very much sterner conditions than one can imagine. One rather expects that war-worn men practically through with soldiering would kick over the traces without question, but this is not the case. The men play the game. Play the game like real men, and with a spirit which is going to make better citizens than ever before. They can be trusted, and they know they are trusted. That's the secret.

C. D. D. Band.

NO Unit considers itself complete without a band, and the Canadian Discharge Depot can justly claim to have one of the best bands in the Canadian Expeditionary Force.

Under the enthusiastic and energetic leadership of Bandmaster W. A. Leggett, W.O., the band was organised only a few months back, and his endeavours, backed by the support of the members of the band, have brought a measure of success of which he can be justly proud.

The Band is composed of men from almost every Unit of the Canadian Expeditionary Force, the majority of whom have seen service in France. It is augmented as occasion demands by bandsmen passing through the Depot on their way to Canada.

Entertainment of the transients is its primary object, providing music for route marches, parades, Church services, and concerts. That the Band has no idle time is evidenced by the fact that it attends all Church parades, gives concerts every night, not only at the Depot but at the various Canadian Hospitals in Buxton, and always marches the boys off to the station and plays them off as they entrain. "Good old band" is the cry directly the boys see the band ready to march them off, and a hearty cheer as the train pulls out of the station expresses their appreciation of the Band's efforts.

It is the Band, on the morning of the sailings, that conveys to the boys on their homeward journey the goodwill and fellowship of those left behind—that impresses them with the never-to-be-forgotten last parade in England—that reveals the fact they are at last on their way home—and the strains of "O Canada," "The Maple Leaf for Ever," echo in their ears as they entrain, leaving many a treasured memory for the days to come.

"Good old Band." May you do your part in bringing home to the boys the large part they have played in the affairs of the Empire, and help to make the boys the good citizens it is the hope of the Canadian Discharge Depot they will be.

Clearing a Mystery.

WHERE a number of men gather it seems almost inevitable that one tough character will be among their number. One appeared at the Depot, and he was the despair of all. The Padre tried hard to steady the man, and to keep him away from gazing too often on the cup that inebriates. Meeting the man one afternoon after parade in an apparently sober state, the Padre called him on one side and asked him to attend one of his evening meetings. To the Padre's delight our friend duly appeared the next evening, but sat well back in the hall. The Padre not wishing to make him feel uncomfortable, did not draw attention to the fact, but determined to suggest that he come closer next time.

Meeting the man a day or two later, the Padre shook hands with him. "Very pleased to see you at my meeting on Wednesday evening."

"Wednesday evening?" queried the man with a puzzled expression.

"Yes," said the Padre, with a cheery smile of encouragement.

"Gosh," mused the man, "is that where I was?"

Collapse of the Padre.



Canadian Discharge Depôt Band.

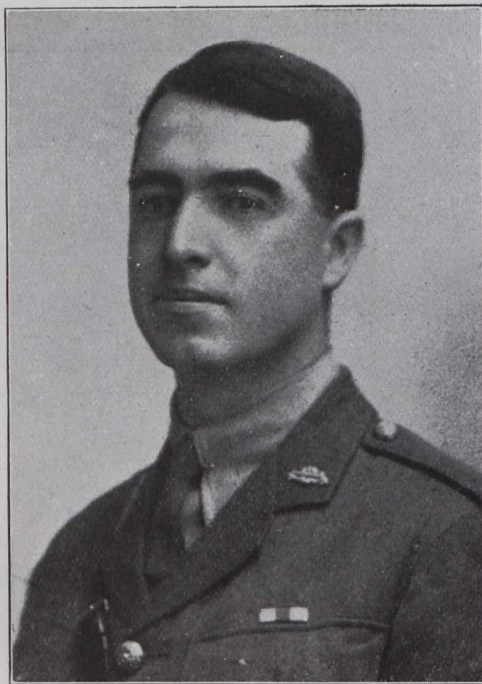
Back Row : A. A. Pegden, J. Napier, A. W. Devonport, M. Brady, H. L. Moss, C. M. Wilson, W. J. Orchard,
E. J. Brown, J. F. Brimicombe, O. R. Perrett, W. Fairhurst, R. G. Torpin.
Middle Row : H. A. Moody, J. A. McAllister, A. R. Foster, W. Hoffert, A. Butterworth.
Bottom Row : Corp. J. R. McKenzie, A. Fagent, W. J. Wolno, Bandmaster W. A. Leggett, Lieut. C. D. Venables,
Sergt. T. Hunter, E. Sainsbury, W. Midgley, W. Leedham.
Ground Row : E. R. Brooks, S. T. Wood,



Photo] R.S.M. Rayfield [*Hosler, Buxton.*



Lieut. F. W. Lock, Officer i/c Discharges.



Capt. N. E. O'Brian, M.C., Officer i/c Embarkation.



Photo]

[Hosler, Buxton.

Embarkation and Discharge Departments, C.D.D.

Back Row: C.S.M. Chidlow, E.C., Cpl. H. Scott, Sgt. L. H. Blakemore, Pte. J. C. Mann, S/Sgt. J. Craven,
Cpl. J. Fraser, Pte. C. McGovern,
Front Row: Lieut. F. W. Lock, Officer i/c Discharges; Lieut.-Colonel P. R. Hanson, Officer Commanding;
Lieut. B. Vine.

Embarkation Department.

FOR military reasons it is impossible to give the number of soldiers handled by the Embarkation Department since its inauguration. Could the figure be given it would not be much enlightenment as to the work of this department, but would certainly give an appreciation of the large amount of work carried out by Captain N. O'Brian, M.C., and his assistants.

The duties of this department may be divided into the following headings :

- (a) The embarkation of all men passing through the Discharge Depot, whether for discharge or disposal.
- (b) The embarkation of furlough men.
- (c) Work in connection with returning to Canada of dependents of men proceeding for discharge or disposal.

All the necessary arrangements for berthing of men and their dependents are handled by this department, as it has been found to be much more satisfactory than leaving the berthing to other authorities at the ship's side.

When a sailing is due a plan of the ship's accommodation is provided, and as the men file by the desk, their accommodation is marked on a card, and on the plan. This card is then handed to the man, who keeps it until the day of embarking. On arriving at the ship's side, the card is shown to an official who conducts the man to his berth, the whole process working even more smoothly than did the arranging of a ship's passengers in peace times.

This efficiency in berthing is due to the fact that the man knows his section and berth number, before he even arrives at the ship's side, time and confusion thus being saved at the port.

Three N.C.O.s are detailed to report to the Embarkation Officer at the port of embarkation twenty-four hours before the parties leave the Depot. These N.C.O.s are shown over the ship and made familiar with the position of the sections, later making use of this knowledge to show the men to their quarters as they arrive.

Co-operation between the Embarkation Department and the Steamship Companies is ensured by a representative of the boat being in attendance at the Depot when the berthing is being arranged.

The officer in charge of embarkation takes over from the Discharge Department of the Depot all the documents of the men sailing, and personally makes himself responsible for the safe conduct of the men to the ship, and for the delivery of all documents accompanying the man to the officer in charge of the ship, from whom he obtains a receipt. He also arranges for a sufficient sum of money to be conveyed to the ship for the men to receive pay once they are on board, to enable them to pay for any extras they may feel inclined to indulge in on the voyage home.

Although the work of embarking all the dependents of soldiers returning to Canada for discharge and disposal, has been taken over by Colonel J. Obed Smith, the Embarkation Department of the Depot keeps in close personal touch in this connection, and has a very large part to play in the handling of these dependents. As far as circumstances permit, a soldier and his dependents are allowed to travel together on the ship, special accommodation being provided for them, but necessarily this cannot always be done. Should the dependents not be able to travel on the same boat they are sent over immediately afterwards.

When a soldier arrives at the Depot for discharge he is encouraged to take his dependents back with him, and to report to the Embarkation Office. Here all his particulars and those of the dependents are taken, and he is at once put in touch with Colonel Obed Smith's office. In due course he is notified of the date of his

(Continued on page 86.)

Discharge Department.

TO endeavour to describe the work of the Discharge Department in detail would require a larger amount of space than is at disposal, but the few general observations made may give some idea of the work which Lieut. Lock and his staff have to cope with from time to time.

It is only through the loyal efforts of this staff that the largely increased sailings of late have been handled efficiently. As occasion demands, volunteer help is obtained from transients, and to them, although not conversant with the work, a deal of credit is due for their active interest.

Drafts of men are sent from the various Depots in this country to the Discharge Depot at intervals. When these men arrive, documents are forwarded from other sources, and with these documents the Discharge Department deals. As many as ten different documents often concern only one man, and each man's documents have to be dealt with separately, entries of one kind and another having to be made on each. Every document has to be examined, and if not complete, correspondence immediately ensues, often necessitating large files, before the man's affairs in this country and France are cleared up. No item must be overlooked, and close co-operation is necessary between this and other departments of the Discharge Depot to ensure accuracy.

All these documents have to be filed and registered alphabetically, according to military districts.

Immediately notification is received that a sailing is to take place a nominal roll of men available for the sailing has to be made out for the use of various individuals and departments. It is interesting to note here that when all sailing rolls are complete a man's name and number and particulars appear thirty-five times. The removing of a man from a sailing for any cause will thus readily be understood as a job somewhat beyond the comprehension of the uninitiated, and as in the case of a recent sailing of two thousand men, a matter of seventy thousand names appear.

Amongst those who have to be supplied with a sailing roll are : The Paymaster, for compiling Last Pay Certificates ; three Company Commanders, to enable them to warn all concerned ; Medical Officer, for medical inspection ; Quartermaster, to furnish clothing statements ; Dental Officer, to furnish dental certificates ; and so through the various ramifications of the system in vogue at the Depot. Thus it will be seen that the matter of one man alone missing a sailing through being absent without leave, or from private affairs, causes endless changes to be made at almost the last minute, and but for the efficiency of the staff of the Depot, untold confusion.

Once these nominal rolls have been submitted the official list of sailings is prepared, and the Discharge Department is responsible that the whole of a man's documents are complete and present when the man steps on the boat.

Efficiency has to be maintained under the most trying conditions, for the man and his documents are going on a long journey, and great inconvenience can be caused through the most innocent happenings.

Small matters of detail which seem so apparently unnecessary to the individual while awaiting a sailing, and which in many cases bring forth protest, are all very important items in a man's future movements, and when inconvenience is felt at a few extra parades without apparent reason, it should be remembered that these things are done for his benefit, and not to satisfy some whim of a member of the Discharge Depot.

Could figures only be given, an appreciation of the vast work of this department would be obtained. It should also be remembered that the longer the war continues

(Continued on page 86.)



"D" Coy. Standing:—Sgt. Allen, Sgt. W. Demerick, B. S. M. McGinnis, Sgt. Bell, Lt. T. Robinson, Capt. G. W. Haroldson, M.C.
Sitting:—



"C" Coy. Standing:—Sgt. M'Gonigle, Lt. R. E. Matthews, Pte. Lewis, Sgt. Turleton
Sitting:—Sgt. Gough, Capt. A. M. Brown, Sgt. Hichims.



"B" Coy. Standing:—Sgt. Shaw, Cpl. Humphreys, Serj. Brown, Cpl. Frayne, Sgt. Macarthy
Sitting:—C. S. M. Vicary, Lt. C. H. Wells, Sgt. Mowatt.



"A" Coy. Standing:—Sgt. Trimble, Sgt. Graham, Sgt. Beveridge
Sitting:—C. S. M. Mannan, Lt. A. Grigg, Sgt. Lauch.

COMPANY STAFFS.



Photo]

[Hosler, Buxton.

Capt. A. Maclean, Second-in-Command.



Capt. A. M. Brown, C.F.A., Adjutant.



Capt. A. D. Gordon, Qr.-Mr.



Photo]

[Hosler, Buxton

Lieut. C. D. Venables, Asst. Adjutant.

C.D.D. STAFF.

Depot Orderly Room.

THIS, the senior Department of the organisation, is also one of the busiest, being the office of the Adjutant, who, in every military unit or formation, as is well known, is the "mouthpiece" of the Commanding Officer, and through him pass all matters pertaining to routine, discipline and organisation.

The work of a Battalion Orderly Room is complicated enough, and is more or less governed and guided by rules of procedure, laid down in Military Manuals, but the work of the Orderly Room at this Depot has a character and method all its own, owing to the peculiar nature of its clientèle.

A member of this Department attends what is known as "registration parade" of the men arriving at the Depot, registering them on the card system, which cards compile the Central Registry, and from which all information concerning the man is procured. From these cards, Part II. Daily Orders are compiled, after having been carefully checked with the subjects' documents. Much of the labour and difficulties experienced in this connection can be appreciated when it is realised that large parties, which on one occasion totalled two thousand men, arrive at one time, and in many cases documents are unavoidably incomplete and inaccurate, having to be rectified at this Depot, as it is essential that the soldier's documents and discharge papers be absolutely in order. On departure of men for Canada, the personnel of the draft has to again appear in Part II. Daily Orders of the Depot as "struck off strength" of the Overseas Military Forces of Canada in the British Isles, which is the last record in this country of the Canadian soldier returning to Canada after completing his "bit."

In addition to Part II. Daily Orders, in this department are published Part I. Daily Orders, which are issued for the information and guidance of all men in the Depot, and contain necessary data regarding parades, dress, routine, discipline and other information.

It is in this Department that the Daily Parade State is compiled, which contains a summary of the strength in detail, and from which the daily rations are drawn.

Daily, weekly and monthly reports are compiled for the information of headquarters, punishments awarded offenders are entered on Field Conduct Sheets, and Guard Reports are compiled from which a summary of the breaches of discipline is kept. All matters pertaining to the permanent cadre, such as promotions, transfers, etc., are guided and regulated—all of which is carefully recorded and filed.

Volumes of correspondence, emanating from the various Units, is dealt with, in addition to which there are the hundreds of enquiries from anxious relatives and friends regarding the whereabouts of soldiers. Mothers wish to know if their sons can be discharged in England, or if they have returned to Canada. Interested ladies write to know the latest information of their "soldier boys." It may here be said that all such enquiries receive both sympathetic and speedy reply, and nothing is left undone to dispel any anxiety which may be felt by these interested parties.

On arrival at this Depot the men are urged by the Commanding Officer to deposit money and valuables for safe keeping, and there is always from \$2,000 to \$2,500 being held for them. Every man is given a number for his deposit, and a specimen signature is taken. When the money or article is withdrawn the man signs for it in a receipt book. This is much appreciated by the men, and during the last nine months many thousand of dollars have passed through this office. Again, in order to avoid any risk in taking money across to Canada with them, and incidentally loss on exchange, every man is advised to transfer any surplus cash to a bank in his own home town. The man hands in the money and signs the necessary forms, and receives

(Continued on page 86.)

Was he Peeved?

DURING a rush period it is customary to employ transients to help out the regular staff of the Depot. The Pay Department happened to employ one man for ten days during one of these busy times. After the man had departed an envelope was discovered on his desk addressed to the Staff-Sergeant. It contained the following, evidently the outcome of the transient's feelings while engaged in this Department :

Routine Orders.

PAY OFFICE C.D.D.

AD. 13.

1. This branch of the Depot is only an alleged Pay Office. Please do not hesitate to use it in any other way.
2. Men having a sob story or bum steer should come to this office and spring it. The staff are here expressly for this purpose.
3. Men who have done their bit in about ninety days will be welcome. They should always hold forth upon the horrors of war, and give their expert opinion upon its probable duration.
4. When applying for money always dilate upon your family, drawing attention to the number of sick cousins in Buxton and vicinity demanding your attention.
5. If you have paper in your pockets be sure to throw it on the floor. This keeps the staff busy, and prevents the room from appearing tidy.
6. Do not wander around the hotel seeking your friends or a latrine, walk into the Pay Office and demand his or its whereabouts.
7. The staff will always welcome loungers and other flaneurs. If you wish to smoke, you cannot do so in the passage—walk into the office.
8. Pay parades are not intended to systematise the work of this office, but merely to inform you that you may get money any old time or under any condition.
9. Men having large debit balances should call frequently for remittances. This helps to add flowers to the language of the staff and causes variety in epithets.
10. When entering the Pay Office please leave the door open. This gives more scope for the wind that comes through the window.
11. If you are told to return in a few minutes be sure to take a walk to Poole's Cavern and return any time after supper, then tell the staff on night duty that you were told to come at that hour. Veracity is never appreciated.
12. The following items are always gladly received by the alleged pay staff, which in reality is simply an information bureau : (a) State of wife's health ; (b) age of mother ; (c) place where belt or money was lost ; (d) length of sickness ; (e) place where wounded ; (f) condition of finances ; (g) former knowledge of officers ; (h) quantity of food consumed at meals here ; (i) smallness of remittances ; (j) need for urgent leave or passes, etc.
13. Men are warned that a late pass is really leave of absence, and carries with it a legitimate demand for a large remittance.
14. If you have a friend who is feeling for a remittance, please act and speak as though you could not understand English. This gives him a chance to spring his sad story on the sympathetic sergeant.
15. When the sergeant informs you that you cannot have any pay, he simply means that you should call again in five minutes, and try, try, try again.
16. Always state exactly how you spent your last pay. This is what the staff like, and it takes up the waste time. Moreover, the varied efforts to avoid the truth make interesting conversation.

By Order, OFFICE CAT.



Billiard Room, Sergeants' Mess.



Photo]

C.D.D. Ambulance and Medical Staff.

[Hosler, Buxton



Photo]

[Hosler, Buxton

Capt. Neil Smith, C.A.D.C.



Photo]

[Hosler, Buxton.

Capt. F. H. Quinn, C.A.D.C.



Dental Clinic
(Supplied by Claudius Ash & Co.).
DENTAL DEPARTMENT.

Dental Department.

ALWAYS apt with nicknames, the troops passing through the Canadian Discharge Depot refer to the Dental Department as "The Chamber of Horrors."

One morning recently a neatly written sign was found hanging on the door of the Clinic: "Abandon hope all ye who enter here." After treatment, and the benefit makes itself felt, a doubt is always expressed as to the correctness of these references, but these impressions remain and always will, so long as soldiers are.

The Dental Clinic was opened in June, 1917, by Lieut.-Col. N. Smith. Owing to the large number of men passing through, it was found necessary to enlarge the scope of the Clinic. A second chair was installed, and the services of another officer, Captain F. H. Quinn, obtained.

The equipment of the Clinic is the regular Field Service Outfit, consisting of portable chair, engine, and sundries—kit containing all the necessary instruments to deal with a case presented for treatment.

Chief among the functions of Dental Clinics is the relief of pain, strange as that may appear, but the man who has suffered agonies with toothache is not slow in expressing in true soldier terms the relief he feels once the dreaded operation is over. An ounce of operation, to quote the Dental Officer, is worth pounds of cure, and the man who has not suffered sleepless nights owing to dental trouble, invariably owes his good fortune to timely visits paid to the Clinic.

In the training camps in Canada and England, the Canadian Army Dental Corps is mainly concerned in fitting men for the trenches, getting their mouths in condition to properly masticate their rations, also preventing the possibility of subsequent dental trouble. The Dental Clinic at the Discharge Depot, apart from its emergency and operative work, examines the teeth of every N.C.O. and man prior to his return to Canada for disposal or discharge. This examination is very thorough, and also entails the filling out of a number of regulation documents, replete with the details of any other work required. All the work on a man's mouth is done without cost to himself, gold work being supplied in cases of wounds or injuries directly attributed to war.

Whenever possible the patient has the whole of his dental troubles completed before leaving for Canada, but it will be readily understood that owing to the short period of stay it is impossible to complete all the work presenting itself. In any case the man's mouth is put thoroughly at ease, and to ensure completion, a document accompanies the man showing the work necessary to be done. Thus it will be seen that a man can leave the army with his dental condition in as good or in better shape than when he left his civilian occupation. Many men have expressed their satisfaction in no uncertain terms.

Every war produces its own particular horrors and among those produced by this war is the disease commonly known as trench mouth. A technical description of this disease cannot be given here, but in a few words it is a rapid ulceration and sloughing of the gums, lining membrane of the cheeks, throat and tonsils, and if allowed to run its course will cause great destruction of tissue, and the teeth become so loose that extraction is the only remedy. The acute stage causes such severe pain that the patient is unable to cleanse the teeth or even masticate food, the result being loss of sleep and the consequent debility. Fortunately, as a result of insistent research by the Canadian Army Dental Corps, it is now possible to give immediate relief and by a series of daily treatments a cure is effected. If the disease is discovered in its early stages, the condition is quickly controlled. Owing to a predisposition to recurrence it is essential that the patient keeps his mouth and teeth in a thoroughly clean condition.

To add to the seriousness of the disease it is very contagious, the infection being transmitted by dishes, knives, forks, spoons, drinking cups, pipes, chewing tobacco, and of course by kissing.

This is a word of warning, and is given to show the care which is exercised by the Dental Department, and the efficient consideration given to the cases coming under its care.

To prevent spread of infection and to facilitate treatment all trench mouth cases are isolated, and a special room in the Discharge Depot has been procured in which these men are served with their meals. Unfortunately for the men concerned, all cases isolated must be prevented from sailing to Canada until cured—in order to prevent the spread of this infection among the population at home.

This possibility of missing a sailing for home often causes amusing incidents. One man indignantly denied having trench mouth. "Why, I have never been near the trenches," was his immediate expostulation. He had it all the same. He was cured before he left the Depot nevertheless.

Oh, what a Beautiful War!

WORD had been received in our hospital at the Depot that the Commanding Officer would make an inspection at 11 a.m. The usual "wind up" was prevalent, and to help out in cleaning up a fatigue man was asked for. We walked into the ward just prior to the C.O.'s visit to see how things were going on. Every patient who was not totally bedridden was busy with the cleaning up, working as only soldiers know how just before an inspection. Earnestness was apparent in every movement, and it was quite evident that the C.O. would not be able to find any fault with the appearance of the ward when he arrived.

Patients all busy as bees—but how was the fatigue man working? One poor unkempt fellow was seated in a big cosy armchair by the fire, a conspicuously restful figure in this hive of activity. "What is the matter with you?" we asked in kindly tones. "Nothin', sir," replied the lad without rising. "Then why rest?" "I'm the fatigue, sir." Whoa!

Possibly of Scottish Descent, too.

ONE evening a black soldier was paraded to the Adjutant for the purpose of putting his money away for safe keeping. He was given an envelope into which he methodically placed every cent he possessed.

The next evening he paraded again, stating that he wished to withdraw his money.

The Adjutant unlocked the safe, and as he handed the blacky's envelope to him the darky said, "Oh, I don't want to take it now, sir, I only wanted to make sure it was alright."

It is impossible to describe the feelings of our Adjutant.

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Padre Hunter.

By Ralph E. Mathews.

"SMILE, no business done unless you smile," is the notice first greeting a visitor to the office of the Chaplain at the Discharge Depot. Cheeriness is the keynote of the whole of the Padre's transactions, and many apparent insoluble perplexities pass away as quickly as an April shower under the influence of the cheery atmosphere with which Captain Rev. Bruce Hunter surrounds himself at all times.

Captain Hunter preaches a typically breezy Christianity to the soldiers, a Christianity which his experience in the Army tells him, gets home to the heart of the man all the time. It's the kind the soldier wants and absorbs. He has been near the ever present danger of death, he has looked death right in the face, and in looking has discovered a secret which, if only fleeting, remains stored away in the back of his head for all time. It's this store-house which Captain Hunter gets to, without frills or furbelows, preaching a clean, manly Christianity, never failing to awaken the spark which eventually becomes the flame, burning up all the back-slidings and stumbling blocks of the past.

It has been said "that out of the blood of the battle fields spring forth daisies." War with all its uncouthness, its trials and its horrors, never fails to bring to the average man a knowledge of the presence of his Maker. From the toughest soldier, with a conduct sheet scored with many markings showing side-steppings from the line of duty, to the cleanest living in the company, all will acknowledge this if only you can penetrate beneath that shell of reserve with which the man who has done a real job always cloaks himself. On matters appertaining to his spiritual welfare a soldier is naturally shy. Let him see for one moment that it is his spiritual welfare you are seeking, he will walk right away and for ever close up the channels of approach. He feels very much like the naughty boy who knows it, and refuses to listen to blandishments having the slightest savour of patronage. Appeal to his manliness, point out his latent good qualities, and show him the way, and tell him the plain unvarnished truth, without giving him a list of useless creeds, and he will in his own fashion change his mode of living to fit in to follow the example held up to him.

So our Padre, Captain Bruce-Hunter, goes on with his work. Setting an example of manliness, pointing out the simplest road to Christianity, carrying with him everywhere, and in every action, a message of cheer and not a message of gloom. Many understood the function of a Padre in war to be that of caring for the soul after the body had ceased to be buffeted by the cares and trials of the world, but it has now got to be thoroughly understood that he cares very much for the body while it lives. All the old prejudices against the interference of the Padre have broken down, never to be raised again; a complete understanding has arisen, built up solely by the actions and fine examples set by such men as Captain Hunter. A desire to emulate if only the smallest portion of his ideals, carries with it that much improvement in thought and character to the man who returns to his civilian occupation after having passed through the crucible of war.

It has caused serious thought in our Dominion, this return of the soldier to his former vocations. Doubt has been expressed as to whether the soldier would ever again want to carry on as before. Let the good folk of our Dominion rest assured that the greater portion of the men will return better men, with clearer vision, as long as they are treated as men and not as curiosities or broken reeds. Carry on, people of Canada, with Padre Hunter's request: "Smile, no business done unless you smile." The men will understand you, and you them.



Photo]

[Hosler, Buxton.



Capt. (Reverend) Bruce Hunter,
Chaplain C.D.D.



Major (Canon) Ad. Sylvestre,
late Roman Catholic Chaplain.



Photo]

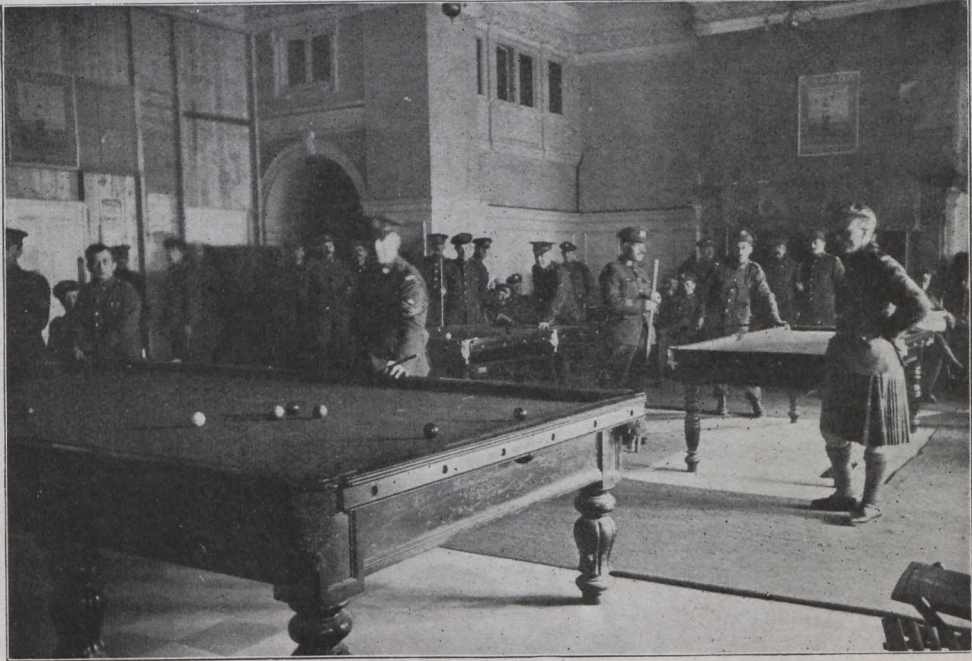
[Hosler, Buxton.



Recreation Room, showing Canteen.



Recreation Room, showing Stage.



Billiard Room.

1. Lt.-Col. Hanson at saluting base.

2. C.D.D. Band.

3. "C" Co. marching past.

4. Major Megaffin, Lt. Taylor and R.S.M. Rayfield.

5. "B" Co. marching past.



Church Parade.



Photo]

[Hosler, Buxton.



Capt. (Rev. Father) M. J. O'Gorman
(successor to Major Sylvestre).



Capt. (Reverend) J. J. McCaskill
(successor to Capt. Hunter).



Photo]

[Hosler, Buxton.

The men come into this Discharge Depot in that state of physical and often mental deterioration, rendering them unfit for further participation in the prosecution of the war. Such a condition leads to a dangerous frame of mind, easily influenced by bad, difficult to influence for good. To awaken all the latent good is no easy task. He is touchy to a marked degree. Not the least daunted, Captain Hunter gets the men smiling first. Having got them to smile the rest is comparatively easy. To get them to smile, amusement and recreation have to be found for them, and here Captain Hunter shows an untiring energy to provide the necessary facilities. Vocal and instrumental concerts of high order are almost of daily occurrence. A large recreation room containing a buffet for light refreshments, smokes, books, papers and stationery at a nominal cost to himself; three billiard tables, draughts, chess, and the ever necessary writing paper and envelopes without which Tommy could fail to give expression to those whom he values.

But this is not all. It goes a long way towards those smiles, but there are other things, things of more human interest.

Tommy gets into many difficulties during his stay in this country. He has a heart oft times larger than his brain, and complications often set in 'twixt himself and a maid. The continued presence of the Padre in his daily life begins to make him feel he has a friend in whom he can confide. That smile gets him, and with a smile on his face he walks into Captain Hunter's office telling him possibly that he has met the girl he wants to make his wife and take back to Canada, but he cannot quite see how he is going to manage it all. Having delivered himself of his little burden, he relapses into the shy, reticent soldier once again.

Without making the lad feel the least uncomfortable, leading questions are put to him, and the necessary information obtained on which to recommend or not permission to marry. If necessary, as is often the request, the Padre will even marry the pair, adding another family to his already long list of lifelong adherents. Having straightened that much out, there comes the question of getting the girl over to Canada, to her a strange country. Captain Hunter again supplies the information and in necessitous cases the necessary funds. Through all the perplexities of preparation for this journey he guides them, seeing them eventually safely on to the ship.

Solomon never had to solve such problems as those presenting themselves daily to Captain Hunter. Tommy often forgets his promises to a girl whom he fondly imagines himself in love with, and in time Nemesis in the shape of the girl's mother or the girl herself, arrives to obtain a fulfilment of the vows he made, or a just settlement. Still the smile. And smilingly the path is smoothed out, and however the case is settled it is sure that it is settled to the satisfaction of all parties concerned, for they go out smiling. Some cases must come as a shock to the faith of our worthy Padre, but it does not in any way deter him. Once more a case presents itself. A wife may have forgotten all her obedience, and the husband seeing the smile, confides. Result—happiness and complete restoration of obedience. More smiles. Again. A man brought his wife to England from Canada. Now he has difficulty in getting her back. It may be her fault, his, or the authorities. Attracted by the smile he carries his trouble to the Padre. Once more the smile, and once more a satisfactory solution of the difficulty.

A man may not be able to take his wife to Canada at the moment owing to sickness. He worries, but that smile fascinates him, and he tries his luck. He leaves for Canada with the full satisfaction of knowing that his wife, and possibly family, is in good hands, well cared for, and will, in due course, follow him home.

Unfortunately some men go away on a sailing without honourable settlement of their debts. Sooner or later these cases come to the notice of Captain Hunter.

More smiles. With a smile the machinery is set in motion, and with a smile the debt is in due course settled.

It would be impossible to enumerate a long list of the never-ending activities of the department over which Captain Bruce Hunter presides. Space will not permit further, especially as one of the most important of his duties has not yet been mentioned—the Sunday observances.

The Church Parade on Sunday morning is a feature of the life at the Discharge Depot. At ten o'clock in the morning the men parade in full strength, and accompanied by the Depot Band, march down to the Hippodrome, so kindly lent for that purpose by Mr. Allan Milton, the lessee and manager. Filing in and taking their places with all the order and reverence due to a church, a thousand men regularly display keen interest in the service. To aid them in their singing and praise, the Band discourses the music of old and familiar hymns. As a further interest, a lady soloist sweetly sings a tender song to touch their hearts with the beauty of its words and music. And the Padre gets to the hearts of the men. His sermon is something to travel a long way to hear, go away, and then think over very seriously. No man can remain in doubt as to his line of action in the future; no lingering doubts as to the qualifications necessary to live the life of a true Christian. Any doubts and fears are readily set aside, gloom is dispelled, and no longer is religion looked upon as a thing of gloom, necessitating a glum and sanctimonious outlook on life. Smile, smile all the time; be happy, do your duty.

So the good work of the Padre goes on, day in, day out, smile, smile, smile. Many a happy family in Canada, many a home, and many an individual, ay, and the Dominion itself, owes a tremendous debt to Captain Bruce Hunter, Padre, for having shown the right way, and the happiness of doing the duty lying before. No man can fail to be a better citizen after he has known the Padre. Hats off to the Padre. Smile with him, get some of his radiance, make others smile, and the world will be a very good place to live in.

Orders have now been received for Padre Hunter to proceed to France. The dearest wish of the Padre's heart is at last granted. He will be missed by all at the Depot, but he goes from us with every good wish a white man can take with him.

Beans and Bacon.

THE finest of smells I ever smelled,
When for food my tummy was crying,
Came from the dear old cook kitchens,
When beans and bacon was frying.

Gee, you know what I mean, pals o' mine,
When the dawn is cold and awful trying,
And you ain't seen a decent meal in a week,
You sniff beans and bacon a-frying.

Just come from the line out to rest;
Mud's on your clothes thickly lying;
Some of yer troubles and woes y' forget,
When beans and bacon's a-frying.

There's more than a few who don't have to fight,
For each 'as a trade he's a-plying,
But who gets a prayer more times than a cook
While beans an' bacon's a-frying?

My Blighty.

WHAT a joy there is in seeing you, my Blighty ;
 Strong and firmly standing to the seas,
 After passing from the struggle grim and mighty,
 I want to give you reverence from my knees.

After many hectic months spent out in France,
 I'm crossing o'er the Channel for my leave ;
 It may be that I'll not get another chance,
 If I don't, well, I don't see why I should grieve.

You're wonderful, my Blighty, and you're great,
 You call upon your sons to die for you ;
 And who could ask for any better fate ?—
 That's what we left our homes each one of us to do.

Vpres.

Your ruins to heaven mutely raised,
Prayerfully your broken towers
Rear up to God in anguish
Everlastingly a monument of scorn
Scared by Kultur's powers.

Battered and torn in the strife,
 Poor ruined and broken city ;
 Lift up your poor blinded eyes to God,
 Calling on Him for His pity.

Out in Billets.

OH I allers 'ave loved animals
 I'll love 'em till I'm dead,
 But I never thought I'd be 'appy,
 A sharing of their bed.

'Corse I'm out on active service,
 And I suppose that's the reason why
 I can sleep and be quite 'appy
 In a stable or a sty.

Resisting Temptation.

THE Commanding Officer is always impressing upon the men to transfer to Canada any surplus money they have, so as to avoid losing it during the journey.

One evening a man handed £130 to the Adjutant to be transferred. The Adjutant pointed out that he was wise not to carry such an amount of money about with him, as he might be tempted to try his luck on the favourite gambling game, crown and anchor. The man very quietly remarked that he also thought it wise for that reason, as he had made that money in three nights with a crown and anchor board himself.

Messing Department.

"THE way to a man's heart is through his stomach" has been quoted often, and Captain A. D. Gordon and his staff certainly get to the hearts of the lads passing through the Canadian Discharge Depot, by both the quantity and quality of the meals provided.

It does not matter whether there are only forty men to feed, or four thousand, everyone goes away from the dining hall satisfied.

The efficiency of this Department has been tested again and again, but has never yet been found wanting in any respect.

After a long railway journey from the Reserve Depot, the troops arrive quite ready for a meal, in spite of the fact that they start out with a full day's rations. No matter what time they arrive, a meal awaits them on their arrival.

The organisation of this Messing Department is such that as many as four thousand have been fed in one hour and forty minutes, the long line forming up long before "Cookhouse" call goes, being kept moving at a slow walking pace, which never falters or congests.

When this Depot was taken over the culinary accommodation and appointments were only sufficient to cater to the appetites of one or two hundred people, who were mostly invalids, and of the full-of-fad-and-fancy type. Nevertheless, improvements were made and no effort spared to bring the kitchen plant up to a state of sufficiency and efficiency to cope with its present requirements.

Every thought is given to provide the best fare possible, and the way the plates are cleaned up at each meal is a constant testimony to this.

The housewife, with her experience of catering, would undoubtedly throw up her hands in despair at the sight of the huge line up of men just previous to a meal, but to watch the manner in which this crowd is daily handled and fed would be an object lesson in catering organisation. So complete is this organisation that two thousand men can easily be fed in an hour in the comfortable steam-heated dining hall, with its seating capacity of five hundred. Special tables are arranged for cripple cases, these men being waited on by orderlies.

The "thin bread line," as the meal queue is familiarly known among the boys, is an ideal spot for the practice of that good natured sarcasm for which the Canadian soldier is famous, and many of the "bon mots" are likely to be told and retold in "God's country" for many a day to come.

To handle the Messing Department it is necessary to employ a large staff, consisting of the cooks, butchers, grocery assistants, washers-up, waiters, and orderlies. As all are men of low category, and nearly all transients, it will be readily understood that those in charge are kept very busy holding their end up against the continued assaults made upon them.

As before stated, in addition to supplying the regular meals, this department takes upon itself the supply of a meal to all incoming drafts from the various Reserve Depots. When the men leave the depots they are supposed—and this word is used advisedly—to carry with them the unexpended portion of that day's rations. Often this regulation is more observed in the breach than in the observance. The usual enquiry of the Messing Officer from each draft as to whether they are in possession of this unexpended portion, is invariably a signal for good-natured laughter, as the possession of any portion of a soldier's ration, either in France or this country, is always more or less of a joke to him.

In the archives of the Depot are many interesting souvenirs, but few more interesting than those concerning the Messing Department.



Captain Gordon, Messing Officer
(appointed Quartermaster 30th April, 1918).



Messing Officer and Staff.

Standing— —, Pte. Greenwood, Pte. Reid, Pte. Giles, Pte. Macdonald, Pte. Howe, Pte. Granger, Pte. Smith,
—, Pte. Maras.
Sitting—Pte. O'Brien, Pte. Chambers, Sgt. Taylor, Sgt. Millard, Capt. Gordon, Sgt. Yates, Sgt. Shirt, Cpl. Conolly,
Pte. Holmes. *Front*—Pte. Wright, Pte. Williams, —, Pte. Irener.



MESSING OFFICERS DEPT.

One is a telegram from a certain Depot notifying the Discharge Depot that a draft was on its way, and the men were in possession of the "unexpected portion of the day's rations." Whether this was sarcasm or an unintentional approach to the truth, remains a mystery to this day.

The Commanding Officer of the Discharge Depot is in receipt of a letter which is treasured as an appreciation from the boys of the efforts of the Messing Department on their behalf. This letter is an application from the boys for permission to take up a collection as a token of their appreciation of the cooks' and washers' services. Regulations would not permit of this being granted, but the spirit of the application is a very direct compliment to the efficiency of the Messing Department.

The success of this Department lies in the fact that every one connected with it works with a commendable loyalty, and willingly puts forth his best effort. On one particular sailing the staff worked continuously for sixty hours out of seventy-two, but the lads passing through are such good fellows to deal with, and so uncomplainingly adapt themselves to the conditions which they find existing, that it is considered a pleasure to cater to them well.

Pal o' Mine.

THOUGH there's a gulf that lies between us,
 Pal o' mine,
 Some day it will be closed,
 Pal o' mine,
 Just now we close it with our thoughts
 And roam in Love's own sacred courts,
 We are happy and we know it,
 Pal o' mine.

All your loveliness and beauty helps me on,
 Pal o' mine,
 To better thoughts and deeds,
 Pal o' mine.
 When I gaze into your brown and steadfast eyes
 And see the love for me that in them lies,
 I'll be happier then, I know it,
 Pal o' mine.

Why we look Worried.

OUR Officer in charge of Discharges asked a man the other day what his name was. "James John," replied the man. "Yes, but what's your Christian name?" mildly asked the Officer. "My wife calls me Jim," said the man with a happy smile. "Quite likely," came from the patient Officer, "but what's your surname?" Seeing a rather blank questioning expression flit across the man's face, and being anxious to help him out, the Officer tried another tack. "What's your father's name?" With a relieved expression the man quickly answered "Albert."

That Officer is still in hospital, but is slowly recovering.

That Guy, My Chum.

PASSIN' the love of women is a man's love for 'is chum,
 And out on active service it 'elps the'ardship some,
 To know you'd cheerfully die
 For the sake of that there guy,
 But yer don't need have to tell 'im, just keep mum.

He understands, and so do you, so what's the use of talk,
 If yer started talking, why both o' yer would balk ;
 It's just a sort 'er feeling
 That quickly comes 'er stealing,
 And gets writ up around yer, plain as chalk.

I buried mine behind the line, on a cold and starry night,
 A Fritzey sniper got 'im at the changing of the light,
 But I made a mighty vow,
 And I only 'opes as 'ow
 I can get a chance to pay back good and tight.

He's the only chum I 'ad, he was something real,
 Never known to grumble, shirk, or squeal,
 We shared up to the last,
 But that's all gone and passed,
 And I only hope that time the pain 'll 'eal.

The Colonel's Wife.

THE Adjutant likes his game of cards,
 So he comes home at two ;
 The Subs come home at any old time—
 As Subs are wont to do.
 Yes, they like to come home with the morning milk
 And swank about seeing life ;
 But the Colonel comes home at half-past ten,
 Because of the Colonel's wife.
 Oh, yes !
 Because of the Colonel's wife.

The Adjutant bosses the Captain,
 The Captain bosses the Sub ;
 The Colonel can make the Adjutant wince
 With a well-directed snub.
 But the Colonel is really a peaceable man
 Who shrinks from domestic strife ;
 So we know who bosses the Colonel,
 And that is the Colonel's wife.
 Cheero !
 We billet the Colonel's wife.

T. O'MEARA.



Canadian Press Representatives at the C.D.D., Buxton.



Officers' Mess Committee and Staff.

Standing—Ptes. W. Guthrie, J. Regli, A. V. Marshall, B. Baldwin, L. Michaud, G. Allen, A. Howe.
Sitting—Sgt. R. Wright, Capt. A. D. Gordon, Capt. N. Smith, Capt. N. O'Brian, M.C.,
Lieut. C. H. Wells, Sergt. E. E. Kidd.



Photo]

[Hosler, Buxton.

Football Team.

Back—Pte Crack, C. S. M. Chidlow, Sgt. Hitchens, Cpl. Burgers, Cpl. Harbour, Sgt. Alton, C. S. M. Vicary, Lt. Lock.
Middle—Pte. Levith, Pte. Thompson, Sgt. Gough (capt.), Lt.-Col. P. R. Hanson, Pte. Jolly (sec.), Cpl. Newton, Pte. Brown.
Front—Sgt. Blakemore, Cpl. Thorburn.



Photo]

[Hosler, Buxton.

Basketball Team.

Back—Sgt. Alton, Pte. Jolly, Pte. Crack.
Middle—S/Sgt. Craven, Sgt. Harper, Cpl. Fraser, Lt. Lock, Pte. Lemonix, Pte. Allen, C.S.M. Chidlow.
Front—Sgt. Clarke, S/Sgt. Harris (capt.), Sgt. Pollock, Capt. Tait (Y.M.C.A.), Sgt. Gough, C.S.M. Vicary (capt.), Pte. Howe

Sport and Social.

ALWAYS a believer in the old adage that "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," Lieut.-Colonel P. Hanson encourages sport among the staff of the Discharge Depot. That his interest is not passive is evidence by the fact that he is Honorary President of all the Committees, and is often seen at the games encouraging the boys to win.

Every opportunity is given for baseball, football, basket-ball, cricket, and tennis. The Buxton Cricket Club have kindly placed their fine cricket ground at the disposal of the Depot, and many games are played in the Pavilion Gardens as well.

During the past few months football has seasonably been the most prominent sport, and the Depot team has done itself great credit in that branch. Under the captaincy of Sergeant S. A. Gough the record of the team for the first half of the season was as follows: Games played, 14; won, 8; drawn, 1; lost, 5; with a total of 29 goals scored for and 26 against. The latter part of the season shows the team as having played 5 games, with 2 won, 2 drawn, and 1 lost, and 15 goals scored for and 8 against.

The football team plays in the Buxton and District League, and the Buxton Lime Stone Firm's Cup.

Pte. F. R. Jolly, of the Paymaster's Department, is the secretary-treasurer.

The team started off with two ten pound donations from the Sergeants' Mess Committee, and the Canteen Committee respectively, but since then have been entirely self-supporting.

Two basket-ball teams have also been running, one the "Tigers," under the captaincy of Staff Sergeant Harris, of the Medical Department; the other the "Cubs," under the captaincy of C.S.M. Vicary, "B" Company. These two teams have taken part in a Basket-ball League, with two teams from the Granville Special Hospital, each team playing three games with the other. The season just closed shows the "Tigers" top of the league without a defeat, with the "Cubs" as runners-up.

For the coming baseball season Sergt. Harper is preparing for a busy time as manager, and looks forward to plenty of keen competition.

Cricket, although essentially an English game, finds many adherents among the Canadian troops, and some very good cricketers are numbered among the staff of the Depot. An attractive fixture list is being prepared for the coming summer, ten invitations from outlying districts having already been received.

The performances of all the teams are extremely creditable as all the men are of low category, and the majority of the players have seen active service, and count many wounds between them.

During the long winter months, in spite of the heavy pressure of work, the Depot staff finds time to indulge in the social side of life, Buxton owing many bright evenings to the efforts of the Social Committee, C.S.M. Vicary, Sergeant Harper, Corporal Winch, Corporal McAlister, and Pte. Crack.

During the season just closing this committee arranged for dances, whist drives, and similar entertainments, every one of which was attended by a very large crowd. An extract from the minutes of the committee gives a good idea of the nature of these gatherings: "About 180 people were present at the Christmas Social held in the Town Hall, on December 27th, the success of which adequately repaid the untiring efforts of the committee and others who assisted. A few decorations gave a seasonable touch to the occasion and every one spent a really jolly time. Unfortunately dancing

(Continued on page 86.)

Officers doing duty at the Discharge Depot.

LIEUT.-COL. PAUL R. HANSON, O.B.E.

Officer Commanding. Enlisted August, 1914, with 14th Battalion Royal Montreal Regiment. Major 1st October, 1914. Wounded 22nd April, 1915, at St. Julien. Invalided to Canada 15th July. Returned 15th October, 1915. Lieut.-Colonel November, 1915. Appointed O.C. Canadian Discharge Depot 10th July, 1916. (Mentioned in Dispatches). Created O.B.E. 1918.

CAPTAIN A. MACLEAN.

Second in Command. Enlisted Aug., 1914, leaving Canada with the 11th Battalion in September, 1914. Transferred to the 10th Battalion June, 1916. Attached to the 8th Battalion June-November, 1916. Served with Unit in line Ypres salient, Somme and Vimy sector. Wounded October, 1916. Evacuated through illness Apr., 1917. Appointed Adjutant C.D.D. October, 1917. Second in Command July, 1918. (Mentioned in Dispatches).

CAPTAIN A. M. BROWN.

Adjutant. Enlisted with the 16th Battery C.F.A. in December, 1914. Served in France with that Battery from May, 1915, until August, 1916, when he was returned to England for special duty. Came to Buxton from the Reserve Brigade, C.F.A., Witley. (Mentioned in Dispatches).

CAPTAIN A. D. GORDON.

Quartermaster. Was Quartermaster of Recruiting Area C in Canada prior to establishment of 188th Battalion February, 1916. Came overseas as Quartermaster of 188th Battalion October, 1916, and remained with them until that Unit amalgamated with the 32nd Battalion, to form 15th Reserve in 1917. Later did duty with Quartermaster-General's Board of Officers, and was transferred to Buxton to take charge of the Messing of the Discharge Depot, September, 1917. Wounded in an air raid February, 1918. Appointed Quartermaster of Discharge Depot April, 1918. (Mentioned in Dispatches).

CAPTAIN N. E. O'BRIAN, M.C.

Embarkation Officer. Enlisted with the 29th (Vancouver) Battalion, in October, 1914. Served in France with the Battalion from September, 1915, to June, 1916. Sent to hospital in June, 1916, with rheumatic fever.

Left hospital in May, 1917, to take up duties with the C.D.D. Received the M.C. for a raid on the German trenches, January 31st, 1916.

CAPTAIN (REVEREND) J. JAMES McCASKILL (Successor to Captain Bruce Hunter).

Enlisted with the 73rd Battalion R.H. of Canada, in September, 1915. Was with that Battalion through all its experiences until it was broken up as a Unit after Vimy Ridge. Was then transferred to the 85th Battalion, and wounded in the fighting after Vimy. On returning to England, was attached to 511 Canadian General Hospital, Shorncliffe, from September, 1917, to April, 1918. Detailed for duty as Chaplain at the Discharge Depot, Buxton, April 4th, 1918.

CAPTAIN THE REV. I. J. E. DANIEL.

R.C. Chaplain Sarcee Camp, Calgary August, 1915 (attached 51st Battalion). Edmonton District November, 1915. Overseas April, 1916. Bramshott Camp May, 1917. 11th Brigade attached 102nd Battalion France, August, 1916. Crowborough Camp, May, 1917. Shoreham Camp, September, 1917. London Area November, 1917. Opened Catholic Army Club, London, May, 1918. Buxton Area, August, 1918.

CAPTAIN R. W. HAMILTON, M.C.

O.C. "D" Company. Enlisted in September, 1915, with the 79th Cameron Highlanders. Came overseas with a special draft of officers and joined the 43rd Battalion in December, 1915. Has seen service at Messines, Ypres, Somme, Vimy and Lens. Wounded at Ypres, 1916. Evacuated to England in April, 1917.

CAPTAIN A. R. MORTIMORE.

Enlisted in December, 1914, with 4th Brigade, Canadian Field Artillery, as Paymaster. Arrived in France, September, 1915. Recalled July 1st, 1918, for duty at Buxton. (Mentioned in Dispatches.)

CAPTAIN C. E. FIELD.

Paymaster. Enlisted in August, 1914, with 7th Battalion. Arrived in France in February, 1915. Saw fighting at Ypres and was gassed and wounded at the second battle of Ypres. Transferred to the Canadian Army Pay Corps.



Capt. G. E. Leprohon, "C" Company.



Capt. Cowan, Dentist.



Capt. Daniels, R.C. Chaplain.



Lieut. A. Greig, Asst. Qr. Mr.



Capt. R. H. Jamieson, 13th Bn.,
lately Paymaster C.D.D.



Colonel Obed Smith,
Commissioner of Emigration.



Dental Staff.

Sgt. C. D. Elliott. Capt. N. Smith. Sgt. R. J. Hardwick. Capt. F. H. Quinn. Sgt. D. F. Pollock.

CAPTAIN T. K. MCALPINE, C.A.M.C.

Enlisted at Victoria, February 1916. Came overseas with Field Ambulance Draft, April 1916. Went to France June, 1916. Served while in France with No. 1 Canadian General Hospital, No. 1 Casualty Clearing Station, No. 2 Canadian Stationary Hospital, No. 12 Canadian Field Ambulance, 46th Canadian Battalion. Returned to England for duty at No. 5 Canadian General Hospital, Liverpool, March 30th, 1918. Attached to Canadian Discharge Depot, October 1st, 1918.

CAPTAIN F. T. BRYANS, C.A.M.C.

Joined in London, Ontario. Came overseas in October, 1918, and was attached to C.D.D. until required in France.

CAPTAIN N. SMITH, C.A.D.C.

Officer i/c Dental Clinic at Canadian Discharge Depot. Enlisted August 1915, and held rank of Major in 70th Battalion. January, 1916, promoted Lieut.-Col. and recruited and organised 186th Battalion, and brought them overseas March, 1917. Remained with Battalion until it was absorbed in 4th Reserve Battalion. President Q.M.G.'s Dental Board, London. Served in France and transferred to C.A.D.C. February, 1918, with rank of Captain.

CAPTAIN HAROLD COWAN, C.A.D.C.

First appointed May 7th, 1917. Officer i/c Dental Services to returned soldiers for Saskatchewan. Resigned to proceed overseas, and was attached to the 15th Reserve Battalion for duty. Later transferred to the 12th C.M.H., and was detailed from there to C.D.D. staff.

CAPTAIN G. E. LEPROHON.

Son of Lieut.-Col. E. Leprohon, of Montreal. Enlisted August, 1915. Joined 22nd Battalion Canadians in the Somme. Wounded at Neuville St. Vaast, and a second time in May, 1917, in front of Asheville. Took part in Vimy Ridge attack. After three months in hospital in London invalided to Canada for further treatment. Came over a second time June, 1918, with 1st Canadian Tank Battalion, but because of wounds found unfit for general service. Sent to Discharge Depot, Buxton, for duty.

CAPTAIN H. DICKSON.

Canadian Y.M.C.A. Enlisted October, 1914, in ranks of 18th Battalion. Overseas April, 1915. To France in September of same year. A year with Battalion in France, and for past

eighteen months as a Y.M.C.A. officer in 1st Canadian Division in France.

LIEUT. C. D. VENABLES.

Enlisted with the 11th C.M.R. in March, 1915. Came Overseas in July and joined the 47th Battalion in France. With the 47th Battalion at Vimy Ridge, being evacuated to England owing to trench fever. Asst. Adj.

LIEUT. A. GREIG.

Assistant Quartermaster. Enlisted with the 107th Battalion, and came overseas with that Unit in January, 1916. Arrived in France in February, 1917, and saw service with his Battalion at Vimy Ridge, afterwards being evacuated owing to sickness in the latter part of 1917. O.C. "A" Company until appointed Assistant Quartermaster, September, 1918.

LIEUT. F. W. LOCK.

Discharge Department. Enlisted with the 23rd Battalion in November, 1914, and came overseas with that Unit in February, 1915. Later transferred to the 14th Battalion in France in May, 1915. Saw service in the line with the 14th at Festubert, Givenchy, "Plugstreet," and Ypres. Has been wounded twice, eventually being evacuated to England owing to wounds in May, 1916.

LIEUT. C. H. WELLS.

O.C. "B" Company. Enlisted with the 32nd Battalion in November, 1914. Came overseas with that Battalion in February, 1915. Arrived in France in May, 1915, joining the 8th Battalion (The Little Black Devils). He was with his Unit at Festubert, "Plugstreet," Ypres, Somme and Vimy Ridge, being wounded and evacuated to England in April, 1917.

LIEUT. T. H. HATTON.

O.C. "A" Company. After doing recruiting work with the Recruiting Staff in Canada from August, 1914, joined the 4th Battalion in France, and was with them at Vimy, Lens and Souchez. Evacuated from France owing to sickness.

LIEUT. E. BANWELL.

42nd Battalion, Royal Highlanders of Canada. Came overseas September, 1915, as a private in 3rd University Company, Princess Patricia's. Received commission August, 1916, and joined 42nd Battalion on the Somme. Wounded at Vimy and invalided to England, May, 1917. Now commanding "C" Company, Canadian Discharge Depot.

A "D" Company Comedy.

SCENE : Orderly Room of Receiving Company. Seated at desk to right of stage C.S.M. making a noise like work as the officer in charge of billets arrives.

TIME : Very early in the morning, summer time.

OFFICER : Good morning, Sergeant-Major.

C.S.M. (springing to attention and saluting) : Good morning, sir.

The preliminary bombardment having been carried out, the main attack is launched.

OFFICER : The two hundred men who came in last night, Sergeant-Major; you managed to accommodate them all right ?

C.S.M. : Yes, sir.

OFFICER (gleefully) : We should be able to get some good big fatigues now, eh, Sergeant-Major. Just as soon as possible get those billets cleaned up which were vacated by the crowd on the last sailing. The C.O. will be round at any time now, so we must get busy.

C.S.M. : Yes, sir.

OFFICER : Have you got them all registered yet ?

C.S.M. : They paraded as usual at 8.15, but you are a little early this morning, sir, and they are not quite through yet.

Having risen early, and getting it noticed by his Sergeant-Major, officer feels delighted with the world in general, and wonders whether it would be worth while recommending the C.S.M. for a commission. Failing to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion, he decides to attend to duty once again.

OFFICER : Don't let them slip away after passing through. Remember the Commanding Officer will address them as usual immediately after his Orderly Room this morning. Oh, by the way, Sergeant-Major, how is the new Corporal making out ? He understands the routine of the registration parade ?

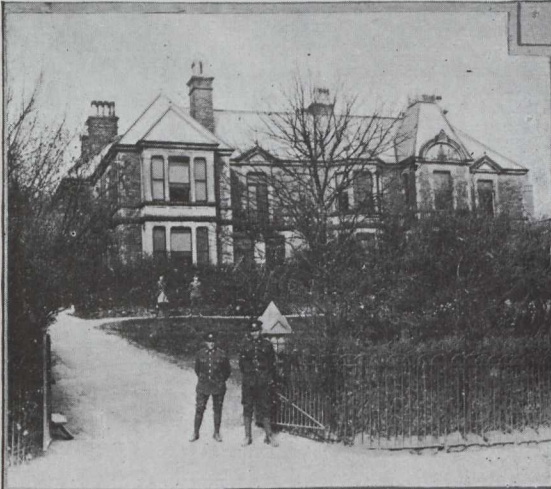
C.S.M. : Oh, yes, sir.

OFFICER : Call him in.

Usual business by the C.S.M. of calling the Corporal in. Corporal swallows hard lump in his throat as he suddenly finds himself in front of the Officer's desk, but is relieved to see the Officer smiling.

OFFICER : Good morning, Corporal. Starting to-morrow morning, I want you to take charge of the Registration Parades. All the other ranks received the previous day will be paraded at 8.15 a.m. and then taken to the Recreation Room, where they will be given their instructions by those in charge of the various Departments, and given information as to what is required of them. At the first table inside the door they will give information as to what part of Canada they come from so as to facilitate their transportation. Next table they will give their identification, which will be entered on a card. From this our strength increase is known and postings made. Passing along to another table the man gives information required for his discharge papers. At the next table he leaves his Canadian address with the Post Office staff, to enable them to forward his mail without delay. Meal tickets are distributed at the next table as they pass out. Later you will get from the Orderly Room a nominal roll of these men showing their military district and companies. You will again parade the men and tell them off according to their postings and hand them over to their respective companies, where they will then be complete members of the Discharge Depot. Do you understand all that, Corporal ?

(Continued on page 83.)



"Melrose."



"Bellerie"



Interior of a
Bedroom.



"Rock Bank"



"Newstead."

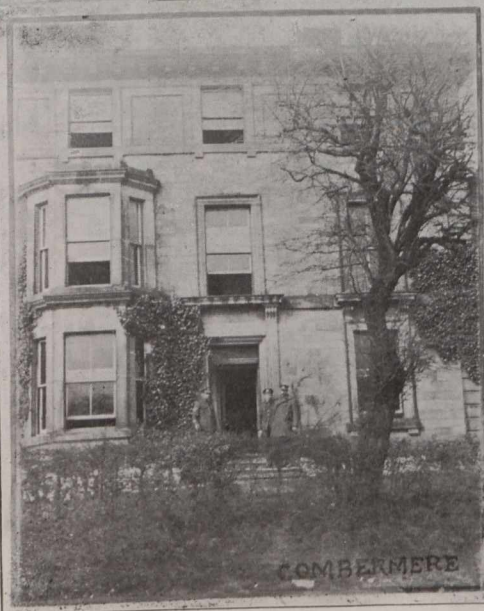
BILLETS and BEDS.



NITHEN



PARKHOLM



COMBERMERE



THE LAURELS

BILLETS AND BEDS.



Departmental Senior N.C.O.'s and W.O.'s.

Standing— C.S.M. Chudlow, Sgt. Millard, Sgt. Cross, S/Sgt. Ritson, S/Sgt. Craven, Sgt. Abbott, S/Sgt. Anderton, Sgt. Feegan, Sgt. Brown, Sgt. Alton, S/Sgt. Harris.
Sitting— C.S.M. Manaton, R.S.M. Rayfield, Capt. A. Maclean (Adjutant), C.S.M. Vicary, C.S.M. Clifton.



Adjutant's Staff.

Standing—Sgt. Spencer, Pte. Allen, Pte. Hoffman, Sgt. Gregory, Pte. Woolford, Sgt. Wolfkill,
Sitting—C.S.M. Clifton, Lt. Taylor, Capt. Maclean (Adjutant), Sgt. Harper.

A Survivor of the Fort Garry Horse, who went through Cambrai, packing his kit bag.



Presentation of Medals by Marquess of Cambridge (H.R.H. Duchess of Teck).

Good-bye at the station. The man at the window is the oldest man in the Canadian Army, Sapper J. W. Boucher, 73 years old; served in the American Civil War, 1864-5; has had special interview with His Majesty the King.



CORPORAL : Yes, sir.

OFFICER : All right, carry on.

Corporal salutes and retires.

OFFICER (to C.S.M.) : Some initiation these lads get when they arrive. Sort of first degree business, eh ?

C.S.M. : Yes, sir. All we need is a pass word and a grip and we might organise a lodge right away. I have heard some of the men refer to it as a third degree, sir. That was on the last big sailing.

OFFICER : Yes, they certainly had some time of it, what with one parade and another, but they certainly do stick things well.

Enter Subaltern assisting Officer. Being rather late thinks it wise to get in the first word.

SUBALTERN : Good morning, sir, nice morning. I am starting out to inspect our billets. Anything requiring special attention ?

OFFICER : How about the burst water pipe at Megaffin Villa, and the gas leakage at Hatton's Hall ?

SUB. : The Pioneers had them both in hand yesterday, sir.

OFFICER : Did you find out who broke the window at Hamilton Lodge ?

SUB. : Yes, sir. According to the men in that room it was the wind.

OFFICER : Same fellow who pushed over the stone gate post at the Schools. Good job that canteen refreshment does not affect all the troops the same way. By the way, we missed you last night after you had conducted the men from the train.

SUB. : The wives of some of the boys came on the same train, sir, and I had to find accommodation for them.

OFFICER : Ahem, put you amongst the girls alright, alright. Get them all fixed up ?

SUB. : One had to go out the other side of the town, sir.

OFFICER : So you walked with her I suppose ? Some walk !

SUB. : No, sir, taxi.

OFFICER : Bet she was one of the pretty ones.

SUB. : Well, her-husband certainly must have learned the art of rustling all right.

OFFICER : Who paraded the men up to the Depot ?

SUB. : After checking them off at the station I handed the parade over to the B.S., —beg pardon, sir, the B.O.S., who brought them up. I saw him when I returned, and he advised me that the men had all been fed, inspected by the Quartermaster, inspected by the Medical Officer, and quartered.

OFFICER : Did they all get by the M.O.'s inspection ?

SUB. : The M.O. sent one to get a bath, so that he could see him. He was marked N.Y.D.

OFFICER : The remainder alright ?

C.S.M. : Two others marked N.Y.D., sir.

OFFICER : You have arranged for the dental inspection to-morrow, Sergeant-Major ?

C.S.M. : Yes, sir.

SUB. : I'll try and take in all the billets on my rounds this morning, sir.

OFFICER : Good ; I'll try and get around myself to-morrow.

Subaltern salutes and retires, thankful at not having received a calling down for being late. Goes on his way rejoicing, feeling good, and very happy on this beautiful spring morning, salutes a lady friend, and wonders if he will call on her for tea in the afternoon.

Meanwhile the C.S.M. looks through his files with a business-like air, and wonders

whom he can bawl out this morning on parade. Not finding any suitable victim he turns to his O.C.

C.S.M. : One hundred and seventy men will arrive to-night, sir, according to information received. You know that means a few more of course, sir. I believe for a change the companies gave us the full number of fatigue men asked for this morning.

OFFICER : That will help some ; now you will have enough men to carry on.

C.S.M. : But, sir, nine of them were excused duty men.

OFFICER : Oh, well, that's just a little pleasantry on the part of the companies.

C.S.M. : We got the same men as we had yesterday, sir, most of them crocks, but they are not too bad.

OFFICER : Well, they got through some good work yesterday. To clean up the two Redwing billets—you'll want eight men each for that ; and ten to load the lorry. Put them in charge of the N.C.O. and detail him to collect the blankets from these billets which have been vacated, and take them to the fumigator.

C.S.M. : Yes, sir, but there are twelve of those men who have not yet signed their L.P.C.'s, and they have to parade for that at 10 o'clock.

Officer jumps from his chair with a despairing gesture, stalks around the room ; but we refrain from printing his remarks.

[Curtain.]

Things a Soldier arriving at Buxton for Discharge should know.

WHEN you arrive at the station, taxis will be waiting for you. That the crowds waiting at the station gather there every night. They want to give Buxton to you, and several pieces of the surrounding country too.

The unexpended portion of your day's rations will mysteriously appear in the dining hall at the Discharge Depot, in the form of a big beefsteak and onions.

The Officers and N.C.O.s at the Depot have nothing to do all day but to attend to your personal wants. You are it, and if there is any other way of running the Depot, just stop the O.C. in the grounds and tell him so.

If you feel tired in the morning don't trouble to get up. Just ring the bell, and a sergeant will appear and take your order for breakfast. He will get you a hot water bottle and tuck you in if you ask him.

If you do feel inclined to get up when reveillé blows, don't bother to make up your bed or tidy your room ; it's bad form. Besides it's not done in good Armies. Whatever you do, don't wash or shave before you go on parade. Remember you have left your Battalion behind you, and they really would be surprised at the Depot if you were too smart in appearance on morning parade.

Don't wear puttees on parade. Only soldiers do that sort of thing.

When you are on parade don't trouble to dress by your right or even stand to attention. The sergeant-major will do all that for you. Talk, smoke, laugh, push a few of your pals about—in fact, do any old thing you feel inclined to do. The Officer in charge of your Company is only a young chap after all, and he's a regular sport ; he just loves to see you fooling.

When you dismiss, rush up the steps into the building. Wander about any old place. Go in and have a look at the meal being prepared for you, the cooks will

take it as a compliment. Call in at the various shops and pass the time of the day with the tailor, shoemaker, barber, or keeper of the canteen. In fact, make yourself quite at home ; the Depot is yours.

Get the Padre to write all your letters for you—he's nothing else to do, and he just loves letter writing. If you have a few pals you want to take back to Canada with you, just let him know, he'll do the rest.

Don't trouble to keep the recreation room or the billiard room clean. An expert staff of attendants will see to all that for you. Throw everything about, it looks as though you are used to being in good society, and it does impress the Regimental Sergeant-Major so. If you want tea served whilst you are playing billiards, just get it.

Never mind if you tear the billiard cloth or burn the "cush" with a cigarette butt. The sergeant has nothing else to attend to but those little matters, billiard cloth and cushes are very cheap. After all, you won't be here many days, so why should you worry? The other fellows suffer, not you.

When you go to bed at night, make all the noise you can. Stamp heavily on the floor and rattle your bed boards. If that does not wake up your room mates, kick a few of the other bed boards over, and by all means whistle whilst you undress. Make life as cheery as you can. Sing to your room mates after lights out ; sing as loud as you can, it lulls them to sleep ; besides the Orderly Officer is very fond of music and will appreciate your efforts.

If you meet an officer down town and he is with a lady friend, and you are with a lady friend too, don't salute him. Your lady friend might get peeved. Besides, why should you salute officers? I ask you. If you see an officer out walking, always look the other way ; it's much more polite.

When you go to Church Parade on Sunday, shuffle your feet when the Padre is addressing you, and above all cough. If you haven't got a cold, make one. It does so help the Padre with his address. And besides, why should other people be allowed to hear what he has to say?

Don't trouble to line up for your meals. Just wander around and wait for an orderly to announce that lunch is served. And when you go into the dining hall, never mind about picking up a plate and cup. Go straight to your table. An expert staff of waiters are always in attendance to take your orders. Anyway, the Messing Officer likes the meals to spread over about three hours.

Don't worry about asking for leave or pay. An officer will call at your room three times a day and ask you to please take a pass to London, and then conduct you to the Paymaster himself. The Paymaster will advance any amount of money you want. He'll give it you out of his own pocket if he doesn't happen to have any in the safe.

Battlefield Daisies.

WHAT of the war or what of the Hun,
Care you, sweet daisy from the battlefield?
Nursed by the rain, kissed by the sun,
Your dainty shape from the scarred earth you yield.

Do you come as a message from God,
That mankind now with blood lust athirst,
Will pass through this crisis as you from the sod.
Shaking off tentacles of this race accursed?

Embarkation Department.

Continued from page 47.

dependents' sailing, and on reporting to the Embarkation Office again all possible arrangements are made for him to return accompanied by his family.

During the past twelve months the dependents of over eight hundred men have been arranged for, and accommodation provided, much of this work falling on the staff of the Embarkation Department, in addition to the work of embarking.

Discharge Department.

Continued from page 48.

and the more reinforcements are called for, the greater will grow the work of this department.

In the beginning, discharges were carried out by the Director of Recruiting and Organisation at Folkestone, which office is now disbanded, but owing to the increased demands made on this organisation a Discharge Depot was formed. Later the Discharge Depot was moved to Bath, Somerset, from there being moved to Shoreham-on-Sea, eventually finding its home in its present location.

Depot Orderly Room.

Continued from page 51.

a receipt. The amounts are then transmitted through a Canadian Banking Institution to all parts of the Dominion and the U.S.A. Since this system was inaugurated by the Commanding Officer a few months ago, between \$20,000 and \$25,000 have been transmitted. In February of this year \$5,125 was sent in this manner. In October, 1917, the Commanding Officer decided to afford facilities to the men to despatch cheap rate cables. Up to March 15th, 1918, 1,497 cables were despatched.

The above, a brief summary of the duties assumed by this Department, will leave no doubt whatever in the mind of the reader that the time of the Orderly Room staff is fully occupied, and that everything is done that is possible to do for the interest and welfare of our boys.

Sport and Social.

Continued from page 73.

was not allowed owing to the doubtful security of the floor, but a Whist Drive proved very popular and an excellent musical programme had been arranged under the direction of C.S.M. Vicary. Lieutenant Lock officiated as M.C., and Captain Tait and Corporal Winch caused great fun by the various old parlour games they organised. A special feature of the evening was the excellent music rendered by the Depot orchestra which added greatly to the entertainment. Mrs. Lock presented the prizes to the successful ones in the Whist Drive."

Quartermaster.

Continued from page 37.

and the continual stream of supplies necessary to the carrying on the work has to be obtained by the far-sightedness and ingenuity of those in control. Men come and go, but apparently the supplies go on for ever, at least for the duration, as there never appears to be any holdup, and the Department runs with a smoothness which is a matter of complete satisfaction to all concerned.



Captain H. Dickson.

Y.M.C.A. Work at the Depot.

DURING the month of June, 1918, a 40ft. × 100ft. sectional Hut was erected on the grounds occupied by the Discharge Depot, providing concert room, reading and writing room, library and recreation rooms.

The Hut is open from 8 a.m. until 9.30 p.m. daily, and the facilities offered have been liberally taken advantage of by the men passing through the Depot. The concerts, lectures, whist drives, Bible class teas, Bible classes, and services have been well attended and appreciated.

A new cinema machine has just been installed in the Y.M.C.A. Recreation Rooms in the main building of the Depot. First-class pictures will be shown three times weekly, and in addition a series of illustrated lectures on popular subjects will be features of the weekly programme.

In addition to the three billiard tables already in use, two new half-size tables are being set up in the Hut. An abundance of games, writing material, and library books is constantly on hand for use by the men.

The service rendered by the Canadian Y.M.C.A. to Canada's soldiers in training in England and in the actual fighting in France, will stand out in the memory of these men for many years to come, and on returning to Canada they will discover in the Church and in the Y.M.C.A. an opportunity of service, in helping to make Canada "God's Country," and in helping one another to solve life's problems.



C.D.D. Ambulance with M.O.'s and Orderlies.



Cook House and Chefs at C.D.D.



COUNCILLOR ALLAN MILTON.



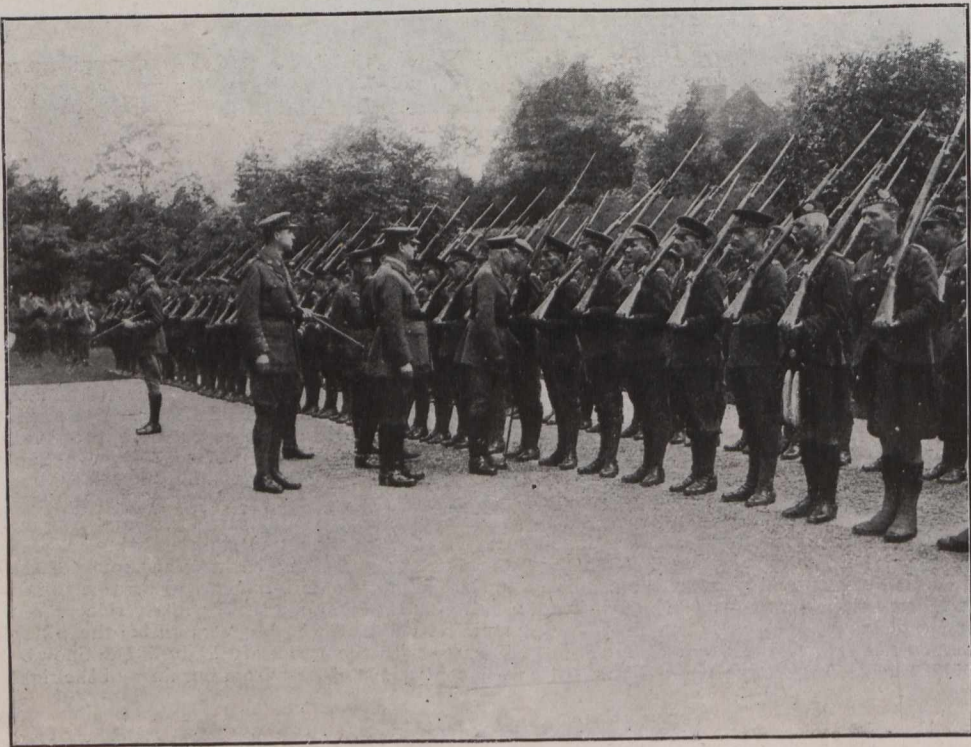
FEW Buxtonians have lent themselves so generously towards making fortunate entertainment for members of the O.M.F.C. as the subject of this sketch, Councillor Allan Milton. Mr. Milton is known among the Canadians as "The little man with the big heart," and right well he deserves the title. His civic duties and the business engagements which fall upon him as the lessee of the Buxton Hippodrome would be quite enough for the ordinary man, and leave him little time for inclination for other enterprise, but Mr. Milton's keenness and ability to "make things hum" are backed by an energy which has enabled him to place Canadians in Buxton under a deep obligation to him. One special act of thoughtfulness has been especially appreciated, namely the free offer of his Hippodrome for the Sunday services, and it is one of the events of the Buxtonian life to watch the troops parade to "their Church" on Sunday mornings, and many of the residents are regular attendants at the service. During the winter evenings Mr. Milton, with the co-operation of his talented wife, has arranged many concerts and evening entertainments for the boys, and has done much to further the happy relations existing between the citizens of Buxton and the Canadians. Their untiring interest and enthusiasm prompted the Officers, N.C.O.'s and men, at the conclusion of last winter's entertainment, to present to Mr. and Mrs. Milton a tangible token of their appreciation in the form of a silver coffee service. But perhaps even more valuable tributes to their popularity will be the happy memories of the Milton Management which thousands of Canadians will carry with them to "My Lady of the Snows," and if the old saw be true Mr. and Mrs. Milton will continuously suffer from burnings of the right ear.



Distribution of Sports Prizes
by Mrs. P. R. Hanson, July, 1918.



H.R.H. Field-Marshal the Duke of Connaught
decorating a winner of the D.C.M.,
C.D.D., Buxton, July 1918.




H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught inspecting Guard of Honour at C.D.D., Buxton, July, 1918.
H.R.H. is seen talking to one of the original P.P.C.L.I.



C.D.D. Baseball Team.
Winners of Buxton Area Military Baseball League, 1918 (C.D.D. Cup and Peak Hospital Medals).
Back Row, left to right.—Capt. R. W. Hamilton, M.C. (President), T. A. Robinson, W. V. Metcalfe, T. J. Muir,
G. M. MacDonald, R. O. McKay, L. E. Chabot, and J. H. Graham.
Front Row.—F. D. Szalecki, E. D. Harper (Manager), Lieut.-Col. P. R. Hanson, O.B.E. (Hon. President),
C. R. Ross (Captain), J. A. Post, S. W. Woods (Mascot).



U.S.A. Army Baseball Team, stationed at Winchester,
who played Buxton Area at Manchester, July 1918, and Winchester, August 1918.
From left to right.—Lieut. Baker, Hartley, McLean, Hines, Gilchrist, Buchanan, Mitchell, Morris, Lieut. Toole,
Front.—Dupree, Howard, Zulkie Mello, Campbell.

Buxton.  **Crescent Hotel.**

Best position in the town. Close to both Stations. Facing the Pump Room.
 DIRECT ACCESS BY COVERED COLONNADE TO BATHS, GARDENS, OPERA HOUSE, &c. AMERICAN ELECTRIC ELEVATOR.

Magnificent Adam Dining Room. Electric Light in Every Room.

Special Inclusive Terms.

Official Hotel to Royal Automobile Club, also to Automobile Association.
Garage. Pit. Petrol.

Telephone No., 20 Telegrams. "Crescent, Buxton." C. J. SMILTER, Proprietor.

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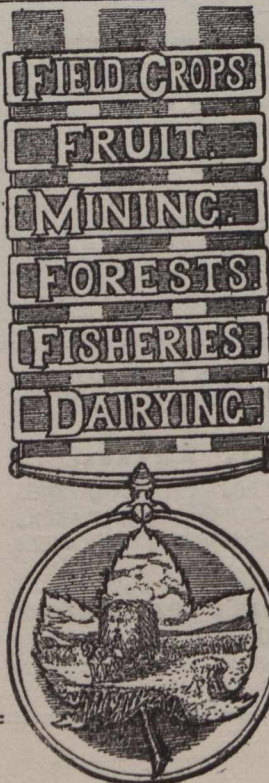
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