

THE LISTENING POST



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OF
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THE LATEST CRAZE. NEW SPRING PASTIME. FASCINATING GAME OF « OVER THE TOP ».

With the return of Spring the exciting sport of « Over the Top » seems about to attain a universal vogue. At latest advices it appears to be catching on even in America to the exclusion of other pursuits.

To see it at its best one must travel to the northern part of France. A brief description of the method of play is roughly as follows :

Large parties of men are concealed in ditches on either side of a stretch of country of varying width. This space is called « no-man's-land. » One side wears a costume of « khaki » reinforced in some cases with sand-bags. The other side is dressed in « field-gray ». Both alike are called « heroes » by the populace of their respective countries, and « troops » or « canon-fodder » by their leaders.

When the date of the match has been decided on by those who direct the sport, a mountainous quantity of material is collected which it is impossible to describe in detail although the three most necessary items are war correspondents, embalmed grub and medical supplies.

When the kick-off comes the khaki's throw large amounts of hardware at the field-gray's and then at a given signal begin to walk towards them. The field-gray's then throw as much metal back as possible, throw their hands up and shout : « Kamerad ! » (Note here : It is very desirable that the field-gray's should shout « Kamerad ! » as soon, as often and in as large numbers as possible. Otherwise it delays the game). They are then considered off-side and are out of the game for good.

The khaki's then continue going forward until they reach the goal when they disperse to look for souvenirs with the exception of certain of their number who run about with pots of white paint and brushes and mark « CAPTURED BY THE — BATTALION OF THE — » on any object of high value.

The khaki war correspondents then sit down with large note books and long pencils and throw hysterics about « the amazing valour of the troops ... the utterly unprecedented uproar of the guns.... the silken shiver of the shells », etc., so that the khaki stay-at-homes who are not in khaki may vi-

cariously taste the joys of the game, and may, by proxy, sniff the atmosphere of the contest as they munch their diminished supply of toasted war bread and margarine at breakfast.

Several miles away the field-gray war correspondents are doing precisely the same thing in exactly the same way. They also have won the game. It is a habit with them. They never do anything else. They praise ecstatically the masterly strategy of the Chief Figure in field-gray in withdrawing hastily his cannon-fodder from the region of the contest ; and laud enthusiastically the wonderful acuteness which has left in the hands of the khaki's the necessity of providing food for the many thousands of field-gray's. Oh, the cunning of it !

Showers of iron crosses are thrown over the surviving cannon-fodder, the bells of Berlin—those of them which have not been melted down for the purposes of the game—are rung and rung, the school children are allowed to work for the Government from dawn till dusk planting spuds instead of burying their emaciated noses in the textbooks of Kultur ; and all field-gray adults who are not in field-gray are permitted to offer two ounces of their already attenuated bread ration towards the maintenance of this charming sport.

The medical students and budding surgeons on both sides get excellent and abundant practice, and everybody's happy !

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### OURS .. OR THEIRS ?

Oh ! fast the shells were flying,  
And the night was bright with flares.  
In a deep hole I was lying  
Lest they catch me unawares.  
I thought of the daisy flowers ;  
I thought of the Golden Stairs ;  
For some of the shells were « ours »  
And some — worse luck — were « theirs ».

And now, O Gods of the Battle,  
Give ear to a Sapper's prayers !  
When the loud-mouthed cannon rattle  
And they send over dozens of « theirs »  
I shall face them, calm and steady,  
But the soul within me cowers  
When the « 60's » come to the « ready »  
And send over showers of « ours ».



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### EDITORIAL

There are maple leaves in Flanders — scattered  
far and wide

They came to fight for Empire — and for the Em-  
pire died.

« Lest we forget » their standard set  
Is high and noble, but the way is rough.

Hold courage high — needs must ; we die —

The glory of the Empire ; 'tis enough,

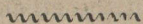
That we, like they, should make the supreme  
sacrifice.

A Silent Toast — « The vanished host.

Our comrades — those we loved the most —

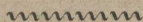
The men who paid the price. »

Iddy-Umpty.



On April 24th 1915, in the Ypres Salient, the  
Battalion fought their first real action — on our  
side a soldier's battle — on the enemy's part a  
vast collection of all the hideous man-killing ma-  
chinery that now appears to be a necessary part  
of modern war. The net results are well known.

On the 28th April, a remnant of the Battalion,  
less than 200 strong, came out of the line, and dug  
in behing a hedge at BRIELIN in reserve. Many  
actions have been fought since then, and great  
changes have taken place, but the spirit of the old  
1st B.C. at Ypres is the spirit of the Battalion to-  
day. Recent actions have shown what we have  
learned since then, and results obtained prove  
without a shadow of doubt what the end will be.  
There is still much work ahead before the task we  
came out for is completed. Carry on ! The example  
of those who have gone before is high, but we who  
follow must strive to live up to it to the end.



With the absence on detached duty of Capt. W.  
F. Orr, the Listening Post loses (let us hope only  
temporarily) its Editor.

Almost since its inception, he has directed its  
destinies, and by dint of hard work, has made it  
the unqualified success it has proved.

The present holder of that office — with an ex-  
perience of a little less than zero — can only hope  
that obvious shortcomings will be overlooked, and  
that all help possible will be given him to try and  
keep the paper up to its present high standard.  
Send on anything you have to us. If you see some-  
thing amusing, give us the idea of it, if nothing  
more.

### KRONIKLES OF 1st B. C. RIFLEIERS

93. And ere many days had passed, they did  
march many leagues to the village that is called F  
— that they might take upon themselves to guard  
the lines of ditches in the face of the enemy, with-  
out the help of the soldiers of our mother's  
country.

92. And here did befall the first casualties upon  
our O.C.'s band, being one of the henchmen called  
subalterns, and one hireling, and in the dead of  
night were they buried in the village churchyard.

94. And for many days did they faithfully  
guard the King's ditches, and did suffer but ligh-  
tly, for Fritzie the enemy was much inclined for a  
peaceful life, but objected that many should look  
across at his ditches, and did shoot upon those  
that did so, with intent to slay ; so that all were  
wary, and would walk with heads bent, as though  
in sorrow, whilst in the ditches, and whilst tra-  
versing the roads by night would prostrate them-  
selves with much abruptness when the fire-sticks  
of Fritzie rattled.

95. And on the tenth day of the third month a  
great battle was fought by the armies of our mo-  
ther's country, and the hirelings of Our Lady of  
the Snows did make much bluster by the firing of  
muskets and fire-sticks, and making of weird noi-  
ses that the enemy might not know from whence  
the armies were attacking ; and the Henchman  
that came with the miners from the hills, and  
wore the crowns of gold upon his shoulders, did  
call over to the enemy in his own language, re-  
viling him muchly, so that he became exceeding  
wrath ; and one of his picked musketeers did  
shoot him through the body, wounding him grie-  
vously, so that he died — and all our O.C.'s band  
did lament bitterly, for he was a brave henchman,  
and a good friend to all the hirelings.

96. And on the fourth week of the third month,  
our O.C.'s band did depart with the remainder of  
the soldiers of Our Lady to the village that is cal-  
led E —, that they might prepare themselves to  
attack the enemy.

97. And in the second week of the fourth month  
they did leave for the city of Y — that they might  
take over the ditches from the soldiers of this fo-  
reign but friendly country, and that their feet  
might be not unduly wearied, they were furnished  
with the chariots that run without horses upon  
the King's highway, and the spirits of the hirelings  
were much uplifted, and they sang joyously and  
waved their hands with much energy to all the  
wenches of the villages through which they pas-  
sed, and did say, one unto the other, after their  
own fashion, « This is the life ».



### YPRES

#### In memoriam.

We cannot put flowers on your graves, boys,  
— We have far too much to do —  
But in spite of the stress of battle,  
Our thoughts are today with you.  
Two years ago you went under  
As gamely as men may go.  
Yet the warring guns still thunder,  
And we're facing the same old foe.

But we're gradually wearing him down, boys,  
— Though the task is wearying, — and  
We hope that your earth-freed spirits  
Somehow, will understand  
That your sacrificial devotion  
On that blood-soaked Flanders plain  
Is bearing the fruit of victory —  
THAT YOU HAVE NOT DIED IN VAIN !

## « THEY NEVER BELIEVE ME. »

Freddie is our Scouter — cool, yet full of fire  
 Crawls in mud from dark to dawn — thrives on  
 German wire  
 (Also writes those fairy tales you see in the « Daily  
 Liar »).

Wonderful these stories are — one can scarcely tell  
 Which is truth or fiction — they are done so well  
 (Of course his gang of scouters back him up like  
 hell)

Went through STATION WOOD one day — head-  
 ing for the track  
 Snooping all around the place — never once looked  
 back  
 (Looking round for souvenirs which never he'll  
 get back).

Back came word from Freddie then — « Send up  
 troops toute suite ;  
 Not a sign around of Fritz — seems he's got cold  
 feet »  
 (Freddie's way of putting things is often rather  
 neat).

O'er the track went Freddie's gang — one eye pee-  
 led for Huns  
 Didn't find a sign of one — but found some monster  
 guns  
 (Promptly sent back word — « Eight inch — and  
 of ammunition — tons. »

Sent a man to measure them — found them only  
 six !  
 Reported to Brigade as eight — in a rotten fix  
 (Freddie's stories sometimes, want a grain of salt  
 to mix)

Questioned Freddie closely ; how he came to get  
 His report inaccurate — said they'd shrunk from  
 wet  
 (Got the habit badly of exaggerating yet)

Again off went our hero — heading for a mound ;  
 British Plane ahead of him came crashing to the  
 ground.  
 (Seems when trouble's in the air, Freddie's always  
 round).

Pilot and Observer — still unhurt the two  
 Gazed around them helplessly — not knowing  
 what to do  
 (Men are apt to be that way after falling from the  
 blue)

From behind the mound came Huns — heading  
 for the plane  
 Freddie loosened up his limbs — got on the move  
 again  
 (He HAS been known to move sometimes — when  
 there's anything to gain.)

Reached the plane ahead of Fritz — grabbed a  
 Lewis gun  
 Promptly spread a shower of lead all around the  
 Hun  
 (Never smiled a little bit — but seemed to think  
 it fun).

Freddie is a proud man now — saved of airmen,  
 twain  
 Salvaged all the maps and guns from the damaged  
 plane  
 (Thinks it was quite easy — would do it all again).

Some day in the future, the good old 1st B. C.  
 Will be the proud owners of a bold V. C.  
 (Perhaps you don't believe us ? Well, we'll wait  
 and see).

Iddy-Umpty.

## RED TAPE AND RAT TRAPS.

Once upon a time there was a clothing store, and  
 in order to prevent damage to the clothing the  
 store-keeper was authorized to keep a cat, and a  
 daily subsistence allowance of three pence per  
 diem was granted.

Profound peace reigned in Europe and a Staff  
 Officer devoted his leisure to a close enquiry into  
 the care of clothing. The result of his labours was  
 an announcement in the « Changes in War Mate-  
 rial » that the cat was declared obsolete and would  
 be replaced by « Traps, rat, wire, Mark 1. » and  
 that traps would be issued in the proportion of  
 one trap, rat, to every 10 suits of clothing.

The Officer — i/c Clothing Store having 573 suits  
 of clothing in stock, accordingly indented for 58  
 rat traps. This was objected to and only 57 rat  
 traps were allowed. The Officer i/c Clothing Store  
 respectfully pointed out that under these circum-  
 stances the remaining suits of clothing would be at  
 the mercy of the rats. After a prolonged correspon-  
 dence which involved several War Office depart-  
 ments the extra trap was sanctioned.

The War Office then issued a pamphlet with  
 detailed instructions on waylaying rats, and an  
 Army Form was introduced which was to be  
 rendered monthly in quadruplicate showing the  
 amount of rats caught and the proportion of rats  
 caught to traps set. Mice were to be entered in  
 the column of Remarks. In order that the Officer  
 i/c Clothing Store might not take credit for mice  
 as rats, the measurements of each rat caught was  
 to be entered on the form.

The Officer i/c Clothing Store then indented for  
 a carpenter's rule. He was met with the reply that  
 Rules, Carpenter's were only sanctioned for sta-  
 tions where a Carpenter's Shop was authorized.  
 This involved more lengthy correspondence and a  
 somewhat acrimonious passage of arms with the  
 Financial Branch of the War Office, but so jealous  
 is the War Office of the efficiency of the British  
 Army that the Carpenter's Shop was authorized  
 and the Officer i/c Clothing Store was thereby pro-  
 vided with the Carpenter's rule.

Some months had meanwhile had passed away  
 and the returns had been faithfully rendered as  
 ordered, but — in blank — Not a sign of a rat. The  
 War Office determined to see the matter through,  
 took expert advice on rat traps and a new trap,  
 rat, was devised which was published in « Chan-  
 ges in War Material » and was called « Traps, rat  
 galvanised, Mark 1 » and a system of drill was  
 elaborated which commenced with « Set-Traps »  
 and ended with « Ease-Springs » and a Warrant  
 Officer was sent down to expound it. A course of  
 instruction was to be started and those who attain-  
 ed a high standard of proficiency were to wear  
 crossed rat tails in gold on the left sleeve. But in  
 spite of all these provisions the returns were still  
 rendered blank.

The War Office was temporarily dismayed, but  
 recovering quickly its presence of mind, it sent  
 and enquired of the Officer i/c Clothing Store what  
 bait was being used. The Officer i/c Clothing  
 Store replied that as no allowance for bait had  
 been granted, no bait was being used.

An extraordinary meeting of the Army Council  
 was then assembled and it was decided to direct  
 the Officer i/c Clothing Store to strike the Traps,  
 rat, off his ledger. The cat was then reinstated with  
 a subsistence allowance of 2 1/2d per day instead  
 of 3d and orders were given for a reversion to the  
 former system.

The Staff Officer responsible for these brilliant  
 manœuvres then sank back in his chair with a  
 sigh of relief and a pardonable sense of satisfaction  
 for duty nobly performed, and so, incidentally, did  
 the Officer in charge of the Clothing Store.



Pte. Simpson : « What's the « Entente Cordiale » ? »  
 Pte. Wisemann : « Rum and coffee. »

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For the fifteenth time we learn that the Kaiser is very ill indeed, not expected to live in fact. The old throat trouble again no doubt. Bit off more than he can chew.

~~~~~

Grandson : « What did you do in the great war, Grandpa ? »  
 Grandpa : « I was an M. M. P. »  
 Grandson : « But weren't you old enough to join the army ? »

~~~~~

It's all in the point of view !
 Soldier in « first wave » to soldier in « second wave » (contemptuously) « Bomb-proofer ! »



Private overheard reading from newspaper :
 « Wolff's News Brewery,
 Owing to a terrific and consecrated artillery preparation the trench and wire were obligated... With hardly a single mishap the Tanks succeeded in making their objection. »

~~~~~

« How did he manage to work his ticket ? Rheumatism ? »  
 « No, rumatism ! »

~~~~~

Officer to private who has not succeeded in rubbing all the rust off his bayonet :
 « What's that stain ? »
 Private : « Blood-stain, sir. »
 Officer : « Oh, very good ! »

Never look a gift sock in the sole !

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We note that New Zealanders have been fined for « shouting » (Canadian — « ginning up the house ») And yet people talk of free speech in the Colonies !

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Seven small buttoned private to a wearer of the blue shoulder-straps :
 « What battalion do you belong to ? »
 Old Timer : « 1st B. C. »
 New-Arrival : « Oh, that's the reinforcing battalion for the 179th, isn't it ? »
 (Reply impossible to record).

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Earnest Chaplain : « I trust, my dear boy, that you pray every day that you may be kept in safety through this awful war. »  
 O. R. Clerk : « I don't need to. I've got a bomb-proof. »

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Smart Ord. Officer : « Spring to attention and tell me why you are at this spring. »
 Water Detail Guard : « Sir, I am guarding this spring to keep Fritz from springing anything on us this Spring. »

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Captain (as the company goes over the top during a heavy snow-storm). « Come on men. This is an ideal day for a 'slay-drive. »

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Orderly Corporal (collecting mail) : « But, say ! The P. O. won't take this. There's no address on it. »
 Raw One : « Well, they ought to know it. I've writ her often, enough. »

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One of the snipers tells us that our new aeroplane is so fast that the aviator has to side-slip every time he uses his machine-gun for fear of running into his own bullets.

~~~~~  
SNAPSHOTS

« It'll just be my luck to go through the whole of this awful, ghastly war without a scratch and then the day after peace breaks out, slip on a banana peelin' and break my neck. »

~~~~~

« A fresh guy came along to me the other morning for his rum issue. I didn't know him so I asked him what battalion he belonged to. »  
 « The 179th ! he said. »  
 « See here, me old pigeon, says I, that's my regimental number ! »

~~~~~

« Went out in front one night to see what was doing. Walked across no man's land and wormed my way through the German wire. Watched my chance and sneaked over the parapet. Grunted to sentry. He grunted back. Good trench, deep and dry. Went up communication trench. No one much around. Climbed out into the open. Went further back. Took a look around and sized up the situation. Too dark, couldnt see anything. Met Fritz ration party and helped to carry part of the load back to the line. Plenty of grub. Don't like their bread. Killed a few of them and then strolled back home. Uneventful evening. »

OVER THE TOP.

Foreword. — He came to the hospital to visit me, and gee ! but he was keen. I think he must have been a Jew, for he didn't make a noise like loose money when he walked, and I noticed when he proffered his cigarette-case there were only two in it. The following ensued :

« Did you ever go over the top ? » he said,
« Did you ever go over the top ?
Did you sweep along, an unbroken line,
With bayonets gleaming and eyes ashine,
And a feeling that went to your head like wine,
The time you went over the top ? »

« Did you ever go over the top ? » he said,
« Did you ever go over the top ?
Did the flare-lights shine on a glorious sight
As they stabbed the Stygian blackness of night ;
Did you thrill with a feeling of savage delight,
The time you went over the top ? »

« Did you ever go over the top ? » he said,
« Did you ever go over the top ?
Oh, tell me ! « he said, » how you held up your head
Of the things that you thought and things that you
said,
Of your glorious pride in the men that you led,
The time you went over the top ? »

« Oh, yes, I've been over the top, » I said,
« You bet I've been over the top.
But I felt alone in the flare-lights glare,
And Mauser bullets were singeing my hair,
And my knees were knocking together for fair,
The night I went over the top. »

« Oh, yes, I've been over the top, » I said,
« You bet I've been over the top.
But it's lonesome out there in no man's land,
And you miss the crowd and you miss the band,
And your feet take root in the place you stand,
The night you go over the top. »

« Oh, yes, I've been over the top, » I said,
« You bet I've been over the top.
There were yards of wire got attached to my clothes,
And how I got out of it God only knows ! —
A secret I fear He will never disclose
Till I'm finally « over the top ».

« Oh, yes, I've been over the top, » I said,
« You bet I've been over the top.
The artillery raised a continuous roar, —
They'd been at it, it seemed, for a week or more, —
And, mate, I was sweating at every pore,
The night I went over the top. »

« Oh, yes, I've been over the top, » I said,
« You bet I've been over the top.
The noise and confusion, the shouts and the groans
Had paralyzed action and frozen my bones
When a fellow went past me, — I think it was
Jones.
He was headed back over the top. »

« Oh, yes, I've been over the top, » I said,
« You bet I've been over the top —
And since Jones had a blighty and wasn't napoo,
« If they're handing them out, » I thought, « me
for one too »,
And bless it, I didn't — in fact I got two,
The night I went over the top. »

L. Mc K.

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We regret that the young Officer who wrote the above went « finally over the top » a few days later, leading his men gallantly, and falling mortally wounded when in sight of the objective.

## VERY AWKWARD INDEED !

It was near Dickebusch. The working party was lined up for supper preparatory to the usual routine. Threatening clouds were reflected by gloomy countenances. Came there a concussion, presumably from an ill-timed, A.A. enemy missile. Two hundred yards away a column of mud and debris sprayed the ozone.

Nearby one of those frail, individual erections of light wood and Engineer's cloth made desperate efforts to regain its equilibrium. Its gyrations were breathlessly watched as it rocked and swayed like a craft on a tempestuous ocean.

Suddenly there emerged in haste through the starboard porthole a dishevelled and partly attired soldier — said by some to be an officer. He essayed a landing from his perilous position. Tripping deftly over his suspenders he executed several graceful contortions and was finally received by a friendly, adjacent shell-hole.

To the discredit of the Canadian Army, be it known, that the undisciplined audience howled with ecstasy and vociferously clamoured for an encore !

Pryvit Skott, Gingerbeers.

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TOBACCO.

Tobacco is a dirty weed,
I like it.
It satisfies no normal need,
I like it.
It makes you thin, it makes you lean,
It takes the hair right off your bean,
It's the worst darn stuff I've ever seen,
I like it.

Sister Dorothy's Mail Budget.

IODINE AND DRESSING
"Please."

Pte. Simp. (Last draft, as whistle blows for MINNENWERFER) : « I s'pose that's for dinner. There's the whistle gone an' those guys beatin' it. Not where'n the Sam Hill did I leave that mess-tin ? »

THE ADVENTURES OF IGNATZ HUMP, SOLDIER AND BATMAN TOO.

By R. ATHER RAWTEN.

Ignatz Hump :	Soldier : Her :o Batman. In love with.
Marie Brillon :	Once a lace-maker, now, by the cruel vicissitudes of war, barmaid in an estaminet — also heroine. Kind of stuck on Ignatz.
Old Man Brillon :	Marie's father.
Auguste	Villain : Roadmender : Spy : Marie's cousin.
Other Accessories :	Canadians . Soldiers : Human Beings.

(Continued)

The battalion to which our hero belonged was due for a rest, and from the time the announcement was made Ignatz smacked his lips in anticipation of a period of blissful leisure. He tasted in advance the joys of sunning himself in peaceful meadows with nothing in the wide world to do, and of splendid evenings of unclouded mirth in spacious estaminets where a tippie worth while is served by the most beauteous of the daughters of France.

With an eye to obtaining the wherewithal to purchase these golden pleasures he acquired a « Crown and Anchor » board. Never mind where he got it. He acquired it, I say, in the age-old army way when its owner was — elsewhere. But Ignatz was a man of honour. He was also a person of discretion. Not from his own battalion did he acquire it, not even from his own brigade — elsewhere. Away by himself in a corner of a lonely field he practised the cries and gestures of the high priests of that ancient and honourable ceremonial and when he considered himself word-perfect with the proper cadences and inflections of « Who says the lucky, old mud-hook ? » etc., he began business. Thereafter in most of his spare time he was to be found surrounded by a stooping circle of votaries poring over the board of chance and watching his every move with that utter absorption which lays hold of the worshippers of Luck. After a set-back or two Ignatz got into his gait and soon his « Old Chum » bag was full to overflowing with the kale of his dupes.

Marching orders were received and the battalion moved off preceded by the banging of the drums and the tooting of the fifes. The way was long and the roads were dusty. At first the troops sang, but later, when the pack-straps bit their shoulders and their feet began to ache, they grouched with that comprehensive abandon which is the hall-mark of the modern soldier, perhaps of the soldiers of all times, if the truth were known.

At length the particular billet to which our hero's platoon had been assigned was reached, and after traversing the usual malodorous yard Ignatz found ease up the broken rung ladder in the loft. He shed his equipment hastily and after supper and a smoke felt fit for exploration. He explored.

Discovery number one was that the « Estaminet of the Field Workers' Paradise » held a sleek-headed charmer of super beauty, a beverage faintly resembling the proper product of malt and a patent piano. Ignatz gravitated towards the first named fixture — enumerated in the order of their appeal — and began the customary exchange of civilities with the remark : « Très chaud, Ma'm-selle ! »

« Itchy-Koo no bon ! » responded the maiden, smiling coyly.

Our hero did not make much progress that evening owing to the pardonable thirst of his comrades. In they came a sunburnt drove of lusty soldiery and Ernestine, « the Jane's moniker », as Ignatz phrased it, was kept busy wielding large and frequent pitchers of froth under the vigilant eye of a capable looking « Madame ». The patent piano was worked to death at a penny the work and song filled the interludes until Madame stopped supplies on the stroke of eight and retired to count over the wall-paper money extracted from the troops.

(TO BE CONTINUED).

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## AN EVENING OFF.

I am free for the evening, and elect to walk a couple of miles or so to a neighbouring village with a name like a nursery rhyme.

It is only a four-corner affair dominated by a church. I walk along the cobbled street where ranks of motor transports are drawn up, enter the butcher's shop with its scanty stock and utter the magic formula : « Pork chop. » At the same moment I incautiously display a five franc note. The proprietor knows little English, but he can say « No change, Monsieur » with a melancholy air of finality there is no combatting. Sorrowfully I replace the note, brightening a trifle as I murmur « Je vais à la boulangerie ». « Ah, oui, » he nods, and I cross the lane, open the bakery with its ponderous bell and softly enquire : « Avez-vous des petits pains ? » They have, but have not of the silver. In despair I return to the butcher's shop with the solitary franc which is my only other current coin. He slices off a franc's worth of porkchop, and pursues me to the door with remarks on the weather and enquiries as to my health.

With my precious package clutched tightly in my hand I stumble into a dark hallway, knock at an invisible door and am instantly engulfed in the light and warmth of Marthe's kitchen.

There are other soldiers there for Marthe is not unattractive in a broad-faced Flemish way, also her cooking is irreproachable. While my supper is sizzling on the stove she informs me that her fiance returns tomorrow on leave. I am all sympathy until she adds in her quaint English : « He is good looking, much better looking than you if not so fat. » I strive to conceal my grief, and am further humiliated when she snatches a photograph from the mantel portraying a swarthy, undersized, ferociously moustached little French soldier and cries, rapturously : « Voila ! »

I murmur complete comprehension and entire agreement, and bury my despised beauty in porkchop with an unimpaired appetite, all the while vaguely aware of a fine business of holding hands behind my back between Marthe and a tall Irish trooper.

I pay my bill and tramp back to the billets, where the long rows of guttering candle-ends have an almost festive effect in the gloom of the great barn.

H.B.M.

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THE OLD RED DISC.

Not for me the praise of nations :
Not for me the extra risk.
Far beyond all decorations
I shall hold the old, red disc.

I will do as you may bid me
If you wear a stripe or two,
But this glory stuff can't kid me
If I bring the old disc through.

THE « LITTLE BLACK DEVIL'S » PAGE. « RATIONS UP ! »

« Rations up ! » you hear the shout,
And « Double up; don't be left out !
One loaf of bread among you three.
Here's jam for six. Don't worry me ! »
(One tin of butter for fifteen men.
How'll I share it ? It should be for ten.)
« No pickles this time ? Get out of the light !
Hands off the cheese or there'll be a fight ! »
« Where's my share ? » we hear a howl.
« Stop that noise or you'll get none at all ! »
« Get out of that jam. You're not in this tin ! »
« Do we get any rum before we go in ? »
« Three spoon's a ration. I can't spare more.
Now don't be a hog, and don't get sore. »
« Pass it along. Don't wait all day !
There are others, you know. Hurry, I say ! »
So it goes on, the same old song.
The corporal gets blamed for all that goes
wrong.
The boys think that he's eaten their cheese.
(Section fifteen's a hard one to please.)
One says the rum down his throat goes.
(And I'm not sure — maybe it does.)
But little or lots, just bear in mind
His worries are manly, so to him be kind.

624412 L.B.D.

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### Those Dear Old « Cook's Tourists ! »

A dear, old senior officer of one of the umpty-umpty battalions now arriving in England, paid us a flying visit in the front line the other night. After a chat in Coy. H. Q. he accompanied me down the trench where I proceeded to point out different things which I thought might interest him, — the various styles of revetting, advanced Lewis-gun and bombing posts, also craters.

Craters seemed to be his special fancy, and after lying on the inner lip of one about eighty feet in diameter and fifty feet deep — with which we are all acquainted, and having listened carefully while I told how mines were blown and for what purpose, the innocent old bird asked :

« Did a nine-point-two make that hole ? »

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Things We Want to Know.

C.C.oy batmen know anything of half a jar of rum which disappeared from the supernumerary officers' quarters at the Transport lines, and whether they wish they were camels ?

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Who the officer was who shouted to the parade, as the relief was leaving billets : « Pick those feet up ! If you don't do it properly I'll make you mark time all the way to the trenches. »

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Who was the officer who offered « Dirty Dick » as a pass-word to the Highland Brigade, and whether the particular sentry thought it was with reference to himself ?

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What is going to happen to our pet prisoner, and whether his escorts job might be described as a « cinch » ?

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Who was responsible for the miscarriage of the Snipers' ration of pickles on the 21rd. ult. ?

« Junior Sub. »

A HUNNISH JOKE.

The Berliner Tageblatt announced that every person in Berlin would be able to get an egg between January 10 and January 31.

1. — Now it so happened that January 10 was decreed among the Berliners as the Feast of the Hen Fruit, and there was great rejoicing, for the populace was fed up of potted dachhund.

2. — And in the house of Albrecht the pianotuner (who was the son of Ludwig, the sausage-shaper) there was held a lavish beano.

3. — For, behold, an egg had slumbered on their kitchen-dresser for three hundred days and three hundred nights, and they called her Sesame.

4. — But, lo, when it came to cooking her there was an horrid discord. For Albrecht desired her boiled into an exceeding great hardness ; Sophie, his wife, wished to see her of medium consistency ; Fritz (his eldest son, who had been shot in the outer suburbs while beating a hurried retreat from Verdun) was anxious to see her of a softness comforting to his soul ; and the younger children took sides according to their wont.

5. — And there was a great tumult, so that the neighbours beat on the wall and besought them to shut their heads.

6. — Therefore did Hans say : « Let us split the difference, » and it was so, and Sesame was boiled for four minutes and thirty cubits (Fahrenheit).

7. — Then was there great pomp and ceremony, and The Egg was borne around the table three times, while all those present sang « The Hymn of Hate ».

8. — And she was placed on a platter of earthenware before Albrecht, and he tapped her thrice, and then cried in a loud voice : « Open, Sesame ! »

9. — But, lo, she was very ripe, so that Fritz made a rush for his gas helmet, which hung upon the wall, saying : « Verily have I suffered the explosions of many shells ; but never one such as this ! She is in truth a deed of frightfulness. »

10. — And Sesame was taken away and cast into a dungeon for lese majeste, insofar as she had disputed the Emperor's claim to the title of « The Most High. »

11. — But I say that there is little to choose between the German Emperor and the hen fruit of great antiquity, for both are thoroughly bad eggs.

12. — Which is what one might call a stale yoke.

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### OUT WHERE THE WEST BEGINS.

Out where the handclasp's a little stronger,  
Out where the smile dwells a little longer,  
That's where the west begins ;  
Out where the sun is a little brighter,  
Where the snows that fall are a trifle whiter,  
Where the bonds of home are a wee bit tighter,  
That's where the west begins.

Out where the skies are a trifle bluer,  
Out where friendship's a little truer,  
That's where the west begins ;  
Out where a fresher breeze is blowing,  
Where there's laughter in every streamlet flowing,  
Where there's more of reaping and less of sowing,  
That's where the west begins.

Out where the world is in the making,  
Where fewer hearts with despair are aching,  
That's where the west begins ;  
Where there's more of singing and less of sighing,  
Where there's more of giving and less of buying,  
And a man makes friends without half trying,  
That's where the west begins.

Sister Dorothy's Mail Budget.

### LINES WRITTEN ON THE GRAVE OF A BRITISH COLUMBIAN SOLDIER

Where row on row the mountains rise,  
And monstrous valleys loom between ;  
Where glacial rivers seethe and dance,  
Riot and roar their icy spleen,  
And shiv'ring poplars fringe the bank  
With furbelows of rustling green ;

There, where the flutt'ring insects ply  
Their tiny trades, and clear the cry  
Of homing wild-fowl fills the air  
When sunset stains the western sky,  
And faint the northward mountains lie  
Inexorable, gaunt and bare :

There was he bred who lies beneath  
This little mound of new turned clay.  
Free as the wind he lived until  
The Call came, and he did not stay  
Nor cast one ling'ring, backward look,  
The Empire called — enough ! away !

Where lurid light'nings cleave the gloom,  
And crashes like the Crack of Doom  
Beat on the senses thund'rously ;  
Where pallid flare-lights rays illumine  
The shell-torn earth and shallow tomb  
Despoiled and ruined wondrously :

Here, where the driving bullet hail,  
The roaring shell and shrapnel flail  
Defile the tattered woodlands grace ;  
And faint and foul the whimpering wail  
Of tainted winds whose sighing tale  
Hints at the horrors of the place :

Here lies he dead, o'er whom the pine  
More fittingly had reared its crest  
Laved by the cleanly northern wind,  
Yet, let this riven oak attest,  
Broken like him before his time,  
Here lies he, well content — at rest !

J. W. C.

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TUNE — « TENNESEE ».

Way back in old B. C.
That's where I long to be
When Fritz is shelling me
With heavy artillery.
My one thought tonight,
Will a great big shell alight ?
Napoo — fini ! NAPOO — FINI !
The thought brings no delight.
The shell holes round the door
Make me love Blighty more.
I see the flare-lights glow
As o'er the top we go.
O, they'll be right there to meet me,
With machine-guns they will greet me.
Take me right back : take me right back.
To my home in old B. C. !

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### THE SON'S LETTER.

« Roses are red,  
Violets are blue ;  
Send me five quid  
And I'll think of you. »

### THE MOTHER'S REPLY.

« Violets are blue,  
Roses are pink ;  
Enclosed is five quid  
I don't think ! »

~~~~~

YPRES

A certain young lady of Ypres
Had a face that would give you the creeps.
When seen by the Bosche
He beat it, by gosh !
And so we hold Ypres now for keeps.

There was a young girl of Ypres
Who always would pray night and day,
But one night her shrine
Was blown up by a mine
Now she prays in the crater, they say.

There was a young fellow at Ypres
Was abnormally scared by the snipers,
But afraid he was not
Of getting half-shot
Which he said was protection from vipers.
Chas. J. Francis.

~~~~~

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