



# BRUCE IN KHAKI.

SAVE, SERVE AND SMILE.



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Saturday Morning's Activities



## Sold Again !

This expression is heard in our every-day life,  
 In the selling of goods in the world's busy strife,  
 And the auctioneer keen on the money he makes,  
 Holds fast to the goods for the highest stakes,  
 And he earns his bread in this worldly gain,  
 While the hammer falls he says "Sold again."

There's a sale going on in the world to-day,  
 It has gone on for ages without delay.  
 'Tis a sale entirely regardless of cost,  
 The selling of souls in sin that are lost.  
 The selling of souls of women and men,  
 While the devil repeats it "Sold again."

You can walk on the streets of our city at night,  
 And see this cruel and horrible sight:  
 The selling of souls in disgrace and in shame,  
 Caring naught for their once good name;  
 While mothers at home wait with hearts like to break,  
 Waiting for loved ones whose souls are at stake.

And many a prayer seems to rise in vain,  
 From the heart of a mother so stricken in pain  
 For the girl who was once her pride and joy,  
 So sweet, she seemed to be just like a toy.  
 But years of sin left that horrible stain,  
 And the devil repeats it "Sold again."

Have the minds of the men lost their reason of right?  
 Or are their eyes blinded to this cursed sight?  
 That they trample in filth to the last degree,

The souls of our women that should be made free.  
 And when they have dragged them down to the last,  
 They scorn and forsake them as an out-cast.

And, oh what a picture it shows us at last,  
 A poor, forsaken, helpless outcast,  
 Tossed about in the world too and fro,  
 Heeding not for a moment what may come or go;  
 All hopes of the future left them and gone,  
 Nothing more to do but to die alone.

But thanks be to God for what he has done,  
 He gave to this world His only Son,  
 To bleed, and to die and to save us from sin,  
 Who says to all sinners "Thou may'st come in."  
 And in His own blood He will wash every stain,  
 And we hear Him saying "Thou art bought back again."

Angus R. Munro,  
 125th Battalion.

Big sparks flew from old Satan's eyes. "What's this I hear!" said he. "They say that when the Kaiser dies, he'll be consigned to me! Old Hell to me is mighty dear, the place is very fine; but if they send that guy down here, believe me, I'll resign! I'll stand for murderers and crooks, and I will not disown that I have now here on my books the worst thing ever known. But my boys would get sore I fear; I know they would rebel; the Kaiser cannot enter here, for he would corrupt Hell. Our sulphur is too clean for him, our brimstone lakes too pure; and if in one he took a swim, he'd ruin it I'm sure. Our company is not so swell, vile beasts we won't reject; but keep the Kaiser out of Hell, we have SOME self respect."



## "Bruce In Khaki"

### STAFF

Capt. F. Shaw - - - - Chief Censor  
 Corpl. N. Black - - - - Business Manager  
 Pte. Thos. Johnston - - Editor

Friday, November 16th, 1917.



Some ancient intellect once propounded and later stated the fact that it takes all kinds of people to make a universe, and now in later days, we in turn, have found this to be quite true. We discover different types each day. A few days ago we were talking about optimists but now our mind turns to the man who lives on comparisons.

Come what may he is for ever grouping circumstances, pondering and puzzling over these as he goes. In civilian life his comparisons bred a philosophy of his own, but the army as it appeals to him degrades him, and now his old style sinks into oblivion, only to give birth to an almost pessimistic view of comparisons. A multitude of questions groups themselves before him but the only solution is another puzzling conundrum.

Why did he join the army? If he had refused he would have been deemed a yellow shirker, but since he had, a fiend of Wanderlust. He comes into the world without his consent and leaves it against his will, and the road that lies between is not always milk and honey and to his liking.

He recalls his boyhood days, pretty women kissed him; now no one but the little girls purse up their lips for him. He was poor in bygone days and was considered the worst of managers; when money was more easily accumulated he was honest. Then it was that the "Devil may care do you" look settled on his

features and left its mark for all time.

If he desires credit it is refused, but if able to pay his way, favours come from the four corners of the earth. To try politics means graft, but being independent, he is absolutely no use to his country. When he refuses aid to charitable institutions, he is called a stingy old cuss and a veritable miser, but if perchance the strings of his pocket book are loosened, he is simply playing to the gallery, a mere shell for show.

Perhaps his attendance at church and religious ceremonies is regular, then behold he is a prince of hypocrites. To offset this he takes absolutely no interest in anything religious and is immediately styled a hardened sinner.

The warm, red, youthful blood in his veins makes him considerate, kind and affectionate. Then he is the softest of the softies. But to draw within his shell, live for himself alone, caring for no one denotes a cold blooded specimen. To die young is to have had a brilliant future before, but to live to be a grey haired ancient is to be the greatest nuisance of the age.

Money; what a source of worry. To save is to be a grouch; to spend, nothing but a loafer; to get it you are a grafter, and to leave it alone you become a numbskull.

What is the use? It is a problem, but the course of one's convictions is the safest and surest way of answering it. The ways of this world are many and devious, but why worry? What another thinks need not of necessity deter the workings of our own mind. One cannot please everybody and if we go our way and they go theirs, the roads may cross or run parallel in places but life is long enough and the world sufficiently large to hold us all. And when on this world's horizon all roads, paths and byways eventually combine to run as one, we may find ourselves side by side with the chap we could never agree with farther back but now continue the best of pals, remembering that yesterday's nays may become the yeas of the morrow.





### The Brass Band

The mellow strains of the band has rung  
Through Surrey's leafy leaves,  
As the Regiment's boys step cheerily on  
In the long route marche's train.



When nearing the end of a long day's toil  
And the packs weigh near a ton,  
Watch the steps quicken up and lengthen  
At the first tap of the drum.



With Sergt. Jack who the baton wields,  
Then Hardy and Hahn and Pearson,  
Whose big bass horns give forth deep tones  
So loud it is almost fearsome.



Then Wismer, Wright and Carlton Prosser  
Are heard on their slide trombones,  
As Atchison, Kincaid and Shorty Price  
Peal forth on their big baritones.

Next Campbell, Thompson and Wisler,  
Uphold the alto part,  
Hodgson, Nebbling and Charlie Birch,  
"Plawy oop" the lead right smart.



Then McNamara, star base ball catcher,  
"Stub" Matthews and Akiwenzie,  
Good seconds make, I would inform you,  
When playing "Flowers of the Prairie."



Next comes the artist Dooley McCombe,  
A star on the clarionet,  
With Curtis and Lane and William Prince,  
All there with the goods you bet.



Hall Trout on his E flat clarionet,  
Has a piccolo beat a mile.  
Fred Bennet, who makes a violin speak,  
Plays the cymbals with dash and style.



Joe Amman, the yank, on his new side  
 drum,  
 Plays merrily all the way.  
 While Vansickle smart, keeps the time up  
 sharp,  
 As the bass drum he does play.

Nearly all are boys from the County of  
 Bruce,  
 Who honour that land far away.  
 And when the day comes, that stills the  
 guns,  
 They'll go back there for aye.

### A Good Word for "Bruce in Khaki"

Capt. Pearson, manager of the Godal-  
 ming branch of the Y.M.C.A., received  
 the following letter last week:

November 10th, 1917.

Dear Capt. Pearson—

I was much interested in that copy  
 of "Bruce in Khaki" that you left for  
 me to see after you went off to-day.

I was greatly taken—I might say fas-  
 cinated with the motto. It's just great,  
 top hole! "Save, Serve and Smile."  
 What a motto for our Empire to-day,  
 and how magnificently you Canadians  
 are living up to it. God bless you all,  
 who have left home and loved ones to  
 save the Empire, to serve your fellow  
 men and to smile at difficulties. You  
 know these lines?

Smile awhile,  
 And whilst you smile  
 Another smiles.  
 And soon there's miles  
 And miles of smiles,  
 And life's worth while  
 Because you smile.

Do you know that over 6100 of our  
 splendid Barnardo Boys from Canada  
 are in khaki to-day helping to save,  
 serve and smile?

All power to your elbow in your great  
 work for our gallant Canadians.

Yours till Niagara Falls,  
 W. W. Hind-Smith



Bandsman Anthony Nebbling spent  
 the week-end visiting a friend in London  
 town.

Bandsman Morgan Hahn has returned  
 to camp after being in hospital with  
 tonsillitis for several weeks. Welcome  
 back to our happy home.

Pte. McCannel, one of the boys in the  
 band hut, has returned after visiting  
 friends and relatives in Scotland. Alex.  
 says the land of the heather is a great  
 place to spend a short leave and a few  
 pounds.

Why should bandsmen make good  
 steam-fitters? Because they handle  
 valves.

Several of the boys were away on an  
 all day pass last Sunday, and report  
 having spent a very enjoyable day's out-  
 ing sight-seeing in dear old England.

One of the boys is in great distress  
 these days—he has lost his suspenders.  
 Take another look in Guildford, Crook.

Little William Prince, second clarinet-  
 ist, still makes weekly trips to Petworth.

Dr. James R. Kincaid made a fly-  
 ing trip to Haselmere last Saturday  
 afternoon.

The two fightin' men of the Band,  
 Hal. Trout and Denny McNamara, are  
 taking a special course in boxing from  
 the Heavy-weight Champion of Alder-  
 shot Command.





Pte. J. Pearson, of Bramshott, called on his old pals, A. Brown and J. Dodd, last Sunday.

There is some class to the 160th cook house. On Sunday morning a young lady came and made a sketch of it. We haven't learned yet whether the painting will be done in water colours or oils.

On a hut in the 119th lines are the words, "The Angels' retreat." No doubt they do when they see the bunch who live there coming home the night after pay day.

A new system of feeding has been introduced in the men's mess hall, and by the general remarks of the men it is proving a big success. It does away with all those "counter attacks."

"Did you hear about the 134th base drummer?"

"No, what about him?"

"He beat it."

A private from the 208th Irish Canadians was on pass to London, and was held up by a footpad, with the demand: "Give me your money or I'll blow out your brains." "Blow away," said the man from camp, "you can live in London without brains, but not without money."

"Have you a match?" a 185th Scottie asked a 150 Frenchman.

"Oui, Oui," answered the Frenchman.

"Well, give it to Us Us", said the Scottie.

Heard one of the 198th Buffs singing in the canteen "The love that lies in woman's eyes, and lies, and lies, and lies".

Two hawkers selling fruit in the camp streets. One shouts: "Fine green apples!" and the one across the way bawls "Gripes" (grapes.)

"The war won't last long," remarked a 164th sergeant the other night. "My brother joined last week and he never held a job longer than six weeks.

Pte. T. Reinhart, head cook of "A" Co'y is enjoying a well earned holiday in London, and by the acquaintances he made while at his three weeks course at the Canadian School of Cookery, Chaplan Rd., he is having a rather pleasant time.

"Dutchie" of the 125th cook house sold his watch last week just to pass the time away.

Two 104th privates were discussing the war in the canteen one evening.

"It'll be an awful long job, Sam," said one.

"It will," replied the other.

"You see, these Germans is takin' thousands and thousands of Russian prisoners, and the Russians is takin' thousands and thousands of German prisoners. If it keeps on all the Russians will be in Germany, and all the Germans in Russia. Then they'll start all over again fightin' to get back their homes.



## Bruce County News

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Davis of Tara, have received word that their son, Melville, who was wounded in France recently, is in the hospital at Manchester and that the doctors had found it necessary to amputate his right leg below the knee. His many friends sincerely regret his misfortune.

Hilton Johnston, a Chesley boy, had his leg broken in a recent engagement and he is being moved from France to an English hospital. Hope he will be able to see his friends in Witley.

When Sergt. Duncan Bell, a member of the 160th battalion, returned home on Wednesday night, there were several hundred people at the depôt. The Reeve and Council of Port Elgin were present, as was also Reeve Christie of Saugeen. Piper Colin McLeish, headed a procession, and gave some stirring music. Sergt. Bell was officially welcomed and the crowd dispersed.

In view of the amount of loose talk which has been going on about the men of the Bruce Battalion and the reasons for their long stay in England the following letter written by one of the boys to The Southampton Beacon is of interest.

Witley Camp, Eng.

Aug. 28th, 1917.

Mr. Short, Southampton, Ont.

Dear Mr. Short:— Having heard of rumors circulated in Bruce County that the reason the 160th battalion was still in England was that there is so much venereal disease and drunkenness in the battalion that we were not fit to go to France, we decided the best thing to do would be to write a letter to The Beacon denying the same. The party or parties who started the rumours are neither a credit to themselves or their country, for a meaner lie could never have been started. If such were the case we should have been broken up and drafted to France months ago. The reason we are

not in France now is on account of orders from the high command of the Canadian army which every good soldier obeys. We have worked hard and are in the pink of condition, and eager to get at the Hun. If the people of Bruce County ever saw us climbing hills here they would be proud of us instead of casting slurs at us. Of course we know that every right minded person does not pay any attention to such yarns. All we ask is for them to tell the other party stringing such trash to don the uniform and come over and call on us boys. We are at home from 9 a.m. till 9 p.m. Hoping you will publish this letter, we close with best wishes to our Southampton friends.

From the Boys from old Saugeen.

## SCRAPS FROM THE OFFICER'S MESS

Now that the skating season is approaching we would suggest that Mr. James get busy training some of us in long distance skating, we simply must have our morning dip, regardless of the distance of the swimmin' hole.

Have you seen him? Who? why "Dangerous Dan in Disguise" of course.

Golfing is quite "the" game just now, and although the golfers won't admit it, they are suspected of having "Colonel Bogey" introduced as our regimental march.

Captain J. W. Lord says the hunting on the West Surrey Golf Course is very poor.

Who's got change for a pound? 'Nuff said.

Lieut. Morley represented the 160th at the Lord Mayor's Show held in London last Saturday. We understand he is to be allowed out of camp again in the near future.





A story is told of a certain "Buck" private in B. Company who is a good swimmer. When at home, he was always in swimming, his mother could not keep him out of the water. The neighbors told her he was in the water too much, so she threatened to lick him if she caught him swimming again. On arriving at the table one day, his mother noticed his hair was wet. She exclaimed: "You have been swimming again." "No I havn't, I fell in," replied the pte. "Your hair is wet, but your clothes is perfectly dry." "Well" said the private, "you did not want me to wet them, so I took them off before I fell in."

They turned down my brother when he applied to join the army. He had a knot in his wooden leg.

Sergt.—"How much do I owe you?"  
News Boy—"Penny-ha'penny, please, sir."

Sergt.—"Oh! What's the ha'penny for?"

News Boy—"War bonus."

"You and Rafferty have quarrelled."

"We have," replied Pte. Dolan.

"Can't you become reconciled and talk it over?"

"I don't think so. Every time we talk it over the conversation leads up to a worse fight than before."

"Say, cookie, I found half a cigarette in my soup."

"Well, did you expect to find a whole packet?"

A very tall, thin lieutenant reported in Flanders to a Canadian battalion commanded by a bald, elderly colonel. After a few days he approached his commander and asked permission to air a grievance.

"I wish you would use your influence, sir, to restrain my platoon from referring to me as "Legs," he said.

"Sure, my lad, sure," replied the Col. solemnly, "if you'll use yours to stop my whole battalion calling me 'Old Baldy.'"

"Father," wrote a young officer, "Will you send me money enough to pay off my poker debts? You might pardon the rashness of youth."

"So I might, son," came back in the next letter, "but I am not going to make allowances for it."

"So you found out for yourself that it was wrong to fight?"

"Yes," replied the private with the bruised eye and swollen lip. "It was wrong for me, but it was all right for the other fellow."

He—"Poor Brown! He has lost all his money in a wild-cat mining company."

She—"Mercy! I didn't know you had to mine for wild cats."

Clerk (in Tin Town)—"But you just bought this novel and paid for it."

Soldier—"Yes."

Clerk—"Then why do you wish to return it?"

Soldier—"I finished it while waiting for my change."



# And Sweepings



Matches are so scarce that] all the clerks are singing that old song:

Sorry I aint got none, you could have it if we had 'em,  
 But they're all gone, our stock is sold out ;  
 I could send you to a friend who'd be very glad to lend,  
 But like us, he is sold out.  
 When I had matches I was crazy for to lend,  
 But if I ever get my hands on a box of 'em again  
 I'm going to hang right to 'em, they're your only friend,  
 When your cigarette has gone out.



A young lad came home from school crying, and his father asked what was the trouble. "Well dad," says the lad, "You remember I asked you yesterday how much a million shillings were?" "Yes, my son," said the father, "and I said it was a devil of a lot of money." "Well," said the boy, "that was the wrong answer."



Bugler H. Roberts has a riddle he wishes to ease off his chest. If 32 degrees is freezing point, what is squeeze-point? Two in the shade.



We hear from the boys in the Stretcher Bearer Section that they will collect money to buy a pair of boxing gloves for Sergt. G. A. Wanless, because he was practising last Friday evening; but I suppose it will be a good thing for him to get a mask to protect himself from the blows that are coming to him, because he has no control of his nerves.

"What are you doing?" someone asked Frank Waechter in the kitchen. "I'm (sur)rending "Grease", he answered.



The Witley rugby team put it all over the Seaford bunch at Godalming recreation Grounds last Saturday afternoon, the visitors not getting a look in. Long way to come for nothing.



"Did you take that message to the Major as I told you?"

"Yes, Sir."

"And what did you find out?"

"The Major, Sir."



Capt. Parker—"Let's go to Guildford to-night."

■ Capt. Little—"All right, I'm game."

Capt. Parker—"Well, put on your spurs and crow."

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## STOP PRESS NEWS

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### Tank Coming To Witley

The tank, that monster of destruction which sends a chill to the heart of the Hun, which smashes his trenches, routs his machine guns and leaves a trail of death and destruction has been one of the greatest factors in this great war. Those who have never seen a tank will have an opportunity of seeing one next Tuesday morning between nine and ten o'clock. A tank of petrol will pass along the Portsmouth road on its way to Bramshott.





### No. 13 Platoon, "D" Company

Our leader, Major Chadwick, the man of  
the hour,  
The privates' best friend, though en-  
throned with high power.  
But through unforeseen measures, which  
we cannot stop,  
His double takes charge, brave Major  
Dunlop.  
For a hard to beat friend, when trouble  
doth sway,  
A worker for the men, Captain Wilfred  
McKay.  
Lieutenant Fraser, though not in the  
group,  
Is an arduous worker for the good of the  
troop.  
For Mr. James Cronin, we all like him—  
jake,

He has been our guardian since we left  
the Lake.  
The staff - sergeant instructor, Percy  
Barnes, is a charm,  
Keeps humor in his work by his comical  
yarns.  
Sergeant J. Standard, a jolly good  
head,  
Is not a great lover of the standard  
bread.  
Our Sergeant, A. E. Robinson, though  
right from the farm,  
Knows his job and can handle the men  
like a charm.  
As for Sergeant Nuttal, from our midst  
he has flown,  
While teaching in the school, we still  
call him our own.  
Now there's Sergeant A. E. Ahmed, to



him there's class,  
 On his job he's a dandy, as instructor of  
 gas.  
 Sergeant John Kitchen, who came over  
 the sea,  
 Is an excellent instructor in B. F. and  
 P. T.  
 Sergeant McDonald, the tailor, is always  
 on the job,  
 And we know where to go for the loan  
 of a bob.  
 Corporal James Clinton to our platoon  
 has transferred,  
 And we yet have to hear his first cross  
 word.  
 Corporal J. D. Brown came from Under-  
 wood,  
 And since his promotion has certainly  
 made good.  
 Corporal Arthur McDougall, of our  
 machine gun crew,  
 Works extra well while living on  
 stew.  
 Pte. Earl Beggs of the orderly room  
 gang,  
 Looks after his business and don't give  
 a hang.  
 Next comes Neil Carlton, a husky young  
 chap,  
 Who cleans up his meals and doesn't  
 leave a scrap.  
 Pte. Percy Heath, one of the bugle band  
 boys,  
 Doesn't yell very much, but makes quite  
 a noise.  
 There is Herbie Inkster who assists on  
 the mail,  
 Can always tell when the next boat will  
 sail.  
 There is one of our members who is very  
 Kean,  
 Looks after the hut and keeps the  
 lights clean.  
 And Martin McFadyen who followed the  
 plough,  
 Says that the war is looking serious  
 now.  
 Pte. Archie Matheson, though not very  
 big,  
 Since coming to England is as fat as a  
 pig.  
 E. J. McAfee, the next man of our

clan,  
 Comes in early at night, whenever he  
 can!  
 There's Mac McDonald, a brother to  
 Neil,  
 Who supplies the music, while the boys  
 dance the reel.  
 And N. J. McDonald, who acts like a  
 squire,  
 While touring Scotland, sang in the  
 choir.  
 Pte. Bert McClure, who is bent on his  
 work,  
 Steady on fatigue, never known to  
 shirk.  
 Pte. N. J. McDermid, a poet of great  
 fame,  
 Who entertains the boys when the even-  
 ings are tame.  
 Pte. D. A. McDougall from Canada  
 did come,  
 When he meets with a Hun, he'll sure  
 make him run.  
 There is big Mac McKinnon, who's  
 anxious for fame,  
 Tried hard to transfer to get into the  
 game.  
 Pte. Albert Abbs, who hands out the  
 stew,  
 Is always on the job when there's some-  
 thing to do.  
 There's Donald Cameron who hates this  
 life,  
 Says he would rather make butter than  
 carry-on strife.  
 And W. J. Campbell, who everyone  
 knows,  
 Looks after the boys when they need  
 new clothes.  
 Pte. Albert Conway, our most esteemed  
 cook,  
 Paraded in white uniform—commands  
 all our looks.  
 There's William Dobson, batman for  
 the O.C.,  
 When warned for parade, is as busy as a  
 bee.  
 And A. W. Groves, the boys all call  
 dad,  
 A very tame name for such a mischiev-  
 ous lad.  
 For signs and wonders they cast no re-



flection,  
 Jack McKinnon can solve them, from  
 the Signal Section.  
 There is Torrie McLennan, M. P., a  
 very good scout,  
 Who goes around at ten fifteen and  
 raps "lights-out."  
 And young Douglas McKay, neat as a  
 pin,  
 Carries his pack though its heavy as  
 sin.  
 There is Walter McKenzie, a youth  
 never brighter,  
 Who is a brother of Billy, the champion  
 fighter.  
 And Archie McLeod, the Stoke's gun  
 man,  
 Who takes a short course whenever he  
 can.  
 J. A. Robinson is a stalwart, the boys  
 like him dandy,  
 They sometimes pet him by calling him  
 Sandy.  
 W. T. Robinson left us on account of  
 his size,  
 But he's back in our midst with his  
 sparkling eyes.  
 Jack Sinclair is now in his fighting trim,  
 He still is confident that we're going to  
 win.  
 Wes. Schmidt is one who thinks trouble  
 is a trifle,  
 And is always on the job to fix a broken  
 rifle.  
 Now comes Joe and Hugh Sproale,  
 together they stand,  
 As fine a pair of boys as you can find in  
 the land.  
 There is Stewart McPherson, a man  
 from the soil,  
 A lover of McDonald, a great friend of  
 Hoyle.  
 George Duncan McArthur, the rosy  
 cheeked lad,  
 Says he doesn't worry as long as he's  
 clad.  
 Another little fellow the boys like to  
 jest on,  
 Comes and goes to the name of Albert  
 Preston.  
 Billie Patterson's a boy who said he  
 never feared,

But on account of an order, shaved off  
 his beard.  
 George Phillips is a sticker who sticks  
 to the sticks,  
 And gives time to the boys when they  
 get in a fix.  
 There is Teddy Taylor, though not  
 anxious for fame,  
 Has the rank of Lance Corporal attached  
 to his name.  
 Harry Taylor is a reciter with comedian  
 talent,  
 He performs for the boys and does it  
 quite gallant.  
 Jimmie Thompson at present is working  
 in the mess,  
 He'll know how to batch when he gets  
 back to the West.  
 To the Siamese twins our attention has  
 come,  
 A pair of good fellows, John and James  
 Thompson.  
 G. C. Walker is one of Canada's best  
 men,  
 So we finish our rhyme with a humble  
 amen.

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While returning home from Godal-  
 ming on Wednesday night Corp. Murray  
 and Pte. P. Synden had the misfortune  
 to be struck by a car, breaking two of  
 Synden's ribs and Murray received a  
 severe cut in the head.

Pte. W. G. Small, one of the type  
 slingers on "Bruce in Khaki" and the  
 Editor left to-day for Newmarket. They  
 will tell you all about it next week—  
 perhaps!

Capt. "Bobbie" Rowland to his bat-  
 man: "Negligate the quadrapeds from  
 the vehicle, stabulate them, denote  
 them an adequate supply of nutrituous  
 element, and when the aurora morn  
 illuminates the horizon, I will reward  
 thee with a pecuniary compensation for  
 your amiable hospitality." The batman  
 —he died.



## RAMBLINGS.

In our peregrinations through Surrey we have stumbled upon many places of interest. Perhaps no County in England affords such variety of pastoral scenery as Surrey, or can boast of such quaint and antiquated villages and towns.

Godalming is an old town with a narrow tortuous street, lined on either side with ancient houses, carrying the hall marks of age in their timbered walls and heavily tiled roofs.

This cramped artery boasts of the pretentious name "High Street." To this picturesque town with its surrounding hills, its grassy meadows, its lazy streamlet, its beamed houses and its ancient lanes, came Birkett Foster for pictures for his canvas. Here came Dickens for colour for his novels, and here journeyed Geo. Eliot for atmosphere for her stories. Through this town, in the stirring and swashbuckling coaching days, the incessant traffic from London to Portsmouth passed. In this town is a memorial in the form of a cloister, with grassy quadrangle and gurgling fountain, erected to the memory of Jack Phillips, the wireless hero of the Titanic, who stuck to his post to the last, sending out his S. O. S. cry.

On a lofty elevation, commanding a view of the town, the valley and the shapely "Hogs Back," is the famous Charterhouse School. The ornate towers are conspicuous in the landscape at Godalming. To this academy of classic mould come the sons of the gentry of England, and some of England's most famous men have been students of Charterhouse, as the brass tablets in the cloisters most eloquently attest.

Not far from Godalming is Guildford, one of England's most beautiful towns. It is a city set on a hill, approach it from the valley, or the "Hogs Back," or from the railway, and you get the same impression of beauty. There, majestically occupying the hill crest are stately

and palatial homes, with terraces and gardens. There is a great white cliff that shimmers white on a sunny day. High Street is a High Street no matter from which end you view it, the fine shops on this street though smaller, are not inferior to the great shops of London. The ancient and architecturally beautiful Guild Hall is a great landmark, and its great clock overhanging the street is a characteristic bit of this city of guilds.

Abbot's Hospital is a very old and very beautiful brick building, with a charming brick Court yard, where lovely flowers bloom. The Grammar School, where classic lore is taught, is in itself of a classic of the architectural skill.

Perhaps more globe trotters go to Guildford to see the ruins of King John's Castle and Keep than for anything else. The ruin has a wire preserved arch for entrance, and thick stone walls. There on its coign of vantage, the relic of other days, affectionately mantled by its clinging ivy, is the cynosure of the eager eyes of the sight-seers. For a fine afternoon outing Guildford has charms that few towns can boast. When Canadians from Bruce return after the herculean struggle, two places will be much discussed—Godalming and Guildford.

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## SLANDERING THE SOLDIERS

The following is taken from a Bruce County newspaper.

A great deal of wrong is being done the Canadian soldiers by the loose or malicious talk of thoughtless or low-minded persons—often by those who having failed to volunteer seek to discredit the army with a view to excusing themselves for shirking a duty.

There are those who can see only the evil side of life anywhere, and some who have visited the camps see only the drunkenness and the bad women who are about. Others see little or nothing



of this. Much depends upon what one is looking for, or what his mind is constituted to receive and magnify.

The Bruce Battalion has come in for a great deal of slander originating with the base-minded. The question is frequently asked, "Why is the Bruce Battalion being kept so long in England?" And some have answered by saying that there is so much disease among the men that they never are fit to go to France.

This explanation cannot be other than the vapourings of the thoughtless scandal-monger. In the first place there were in England until recently, one hundred other battalions as well as the Bruce, and there is now about forty other Canadian battalions there. This is the Canadian army reserve from which drafts are from time to time made to keep up the strength of the battalions at the front as they are worn down. So there is no reason for wonder that the Bruce Battalion is still in England.

There is no sense whatever in the explanation that the battalion is unfit for service because of the debauchery of the men. Why should this battalion, in many respects the best which ever left Canada, be so much worse than other battalions? That question does not need to be answered. Besides many of the men are known in their home localities to be sober, clean-living fellows who would stand up under temptation if any men would.

A certain amount of debauchery is inseparable from army camp life, and ignorant persons, with eyes and ears for that only which is low, seeing this, come away to report that it is the whole thing.

Thoughtful people, with the good of the soldiers at heart will consider where this scandal talk comes from and value it accordingly. It would not be worth referring to, were it not that the long and otherwise unexplained stay of the Bruce Battalion in England help to give the slander currency and causes many to suspect that there might be some truth in it.

## The Village Blacksmith

By Pte. A. W. Drummond, 15th Field Ambulance

In a shady Liphook street grows a  
spreading chestnut tree,  
Where the natives claim the village  
smithy stood.

There the smith with arms of brown  
Kept his daughter from all harm  
As he swung the heavy sledge to earn  
his food.

Nearby stands the village church, with  
the pew that held the smith,  
As he watched his daughter singing in  
the choir.

But one day the village fool  
Showed to me the village school,  
From where the children trooped to see  
the fire.

Now at Eashing I am told grows another  
chestnut tree.

While the village smithy stands beneath  
its shade

Where the smith his bellows blew,  
And the creditors but few,  
As he toiled and strove each day to  
earn his bread.

But the little church I saw, had no pew  
to hold the smith,  
Had no choir to put his pretty daughter  
in.

It was older than the tree,  
That yon native showed to me,  
Yet to tear it down, I fear would be a sin.  
Now, if you can decide where the village  
smithy stood,

Was it Eashing, was it Liphook, can  
you tell?

Many other people say,  
In their village 'cross the way,  
Was the place it stood for years before  
it fell.

Let the critics wise decide, we will by  
their word abide,

Where the village smithy once was won't  
to stand,

Where the smith paid all his due,  
And on Sunday from his pew,  
Watched that pretty daughter sing to  
beat the band.





Dad—"I want one side of my face shaved."

The Barber—"Which side?"

Dad—"The outside."

I hear we have to put knee pads on all the trousers for climbing the mountains in Italy.

What are you taking all that stuff into this shop for? Just to hide till after our hut is inspected.

Q. M. S. Brown—What will you do with the sewing machine when we leave England?

Neil—Take it back to Canada with us.

When Alex. McCannell was up in Scotland, a kind old lady was showing Alex. her twin boys, Donald and Dougall. Alex. asked her how she could tell them apart. Oh she said "that is easy, you see Donald has two teeth and I put my finger in Dougall's mouth and if he bites, I know he's Donald."

## "THE CAVE IN THE HILL"

By Pte. Albert W. Drummond 15th Canadian Field Ambulance.

Our encampment was situated 'neath the sheltering brow of a hill, it was silent except now and again the call of a bugle or the sharp rat—tat—tat of a distant machine gun, would disturb the stillness of the September air.

Our tents, consisting of six bell and

one operating tent, were deserted except for the solitary sentry, who faithful to his duty paced backward and forward before them.

Unlike most encampments within our Empire where armed men kept their lonely vigil, this sentry was unarmed, for over his head fluttered a flag, the Red Cross, emblem of love to all those suffering humanity, this was his defence and his hope, but the cruel treacherous foe had oftentimes violated the sacred rights of humanity and shelled the flag, with all it represented.

Here amid the quiet meadows of England such acts had never been committed, the sentry and camp were safe from shell fire, yet not altogether safe from that menace of the air, the aeroplane, with its deadly bomb.

One by one the soldiers had departed to explore the surrounding country, for England to all Colonials is the land of mystery, land of the traditions of their fathers, the land of Robin Hood and his Merry Men. Near camp was a cave, supposed to be haunted, and among the few who had determined to see the cave, was myself.

Full of laughter and song we crossed the moor, little knowing or even caring for the time being what lay before us.

After a short walk, and a rather stiff climb, we came to the ruined entrance of a subterranean passage, that led into the side of the hill. As far as the eye could see it seemed to be hollowed through the sand, but the eye at a distance of a few yards was met by a wall of impenetrable darkness.

We entered one by one, the cave was high enough to stand erect, but smelled strongly of age and dampness. Guided by the dull gleam of a smoky lantern, we proceeded slowly forward. About fifty yards from where we entered, the passage turned abruptly to the right, here we had to stoop lower and lower until finally it became so low that our advance became a slow crawl on our hands and knees.



Farther forward we found the passage opened into a chamber of large dimensions, and, as we held the lantern aloft, we saw that the roof was too high for the hand to reach. Suddenly as if by some unseen hand our lantern was extinguished, and unfortunately none of us had a match. To retrace our steps through that low passage and in utter darkness was a problem, we were just about to turn when suddenly from the recess of the cave and out of the darkness came a yell, a howl as of a lost soul. It echoed and echoed throughout the cave, then just as suddenly as it had come it died away, and all was still again. I felt the cold sweat trickle down my cheek, and the hair of my head seemed to stand stiff on end. We could almost hear our hearts beating as we stood there in the darkness waiting for we knew not what. Rumor had told us that the cave was haunted, there were wild tales of a murdered lady, gruesome tales of a white robed spectre that walked and wrung its hands, wailing mournfully as if seeking something that could not be found.

We had laughed at the idea before, but now it had become a reality, in silence we awaited the next move. We did not have long to wait, again the long mournful wail broke the stillness, clutching at each other we ran from the spot, through the low corridor we crawled on our hands and knees until we saw the light of day gleaming at the entrance of the cave.

The party of soldier lads that retraced their steps toward the camp that Sept. afternoon were not the care free boys that had left to explore the countryside earlier in the day.

The question, what was it? seemed to be on every lip.

I am sceptical when it comes to ghosts and so called haunted caves, yet what unseen hand extinguished the lantern, then that horrible long drawn out wail following. To me it will always remain an unsolved mystery, as I have no wish to search deeper into the supernatural.

## The Answer

London, Oct. 28th, 1917

To the Editor "Bruce in Khaki"

Dear Mr. Editor:

I have just recently seen a copy of "Bruce in Khaki," and when looking through, noticed an advertisement which I thought would be rather interesting to answer.

Would you, I wonder, be good enough to hand the enclosed note to the boy whom it concerns.

Your magazine is, I think, a splendid idea, and you have my very best wishes for its success.

Thanking you, I remain,

Unknown.

### THE NOTE

London, Oct. 31st 1917

My Dear Bachelor Boy,

By your publication in the magazine, I should imagine you are what we call "on your last legs," (otherwise broke) but don't you think that £100 is rather a small item to ask for the loan of? I should have thought that it would have been far better to suggest £200 and certainly not as a loan.

Mess bills are "Horrors" we all know, and it would be such a pity to pay off one bill, only to find yourself in debt in another direction.

Don't you realize that there are heaps of people with untold wealth about, who would, I'm sure, be only too willing to give such wee sums, just for the asking? I am not one myself (worse luck) but I'll keep my eye open for you.

So Cheerio and best luck  
From A lass from the back woods of  
London, England.