

PAGE

MISSING



La Vie Canadienne

SUMMER NUMBER

PUBLISHED BY THE CANADIAN SECTION, G. H. Q.

3rd ECHELON, B. E. F.

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Contributions are invited.

Are Communications should be addressed : —

THE EDITOR

« LA VIE CANADIENNE »

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

At last *La Vie* appears to be on a firmly established footing. Great credit for its revival is due to our late Editor, Lieut. R. M. Chester, in bringing it out again after a long period in abeyance. *La Vie* was first started in December 1915 and made two appearances. From January 1916 till November 1916 it was « posted as Missing ». Mr. Chester then volunteered to re-issue it, starting with Number 3. His efforts were crowned with every success in the Xmas Number he produced. Unfortunately he was unable to carry on the work he had undertaken, duty calling him away from Rouen. Most of the pitfalls of a « Trench » paper

appear to have now been passed, and it is hoped that it will not be « posted as Missing » again but will be classified « A » till the end of hostilities finally allows it to be « killed in action ». The Competition here unearthed quite a lot of latent talent. The winning essay of the March Competition entitled « My Landlady » appears in this number. Also the article that won the Consolation prize entitled « A Rolling Stone ».

When Contributions are received they are not necessarily included in the current number, and may be some weeks before they appear in the paper, Contributors are therefore requested to put their names or initials on their manuscripts should they at any time wish to make any enquiries concerning them.

The competition this month for the best drawing was not a success only three entries being received, therefore in accordance with the rules no prize was awarded.

The following are extracts from two letters received ———
 « Congratulations on this issue (No. 6) : it is certainly an improvement on the last ; with a regular monthly appearance and steady improvement it should soon be second to none in its class. »

La Vie, has caused quite a stir in the Canadian Section of No. ... Hospital ».

In view of the fact that Lacrosse and Baseball are being talked of, supporters of those games are heartily invited to make use of these pages. The aim of *La Vie* is to live up to its name and embrace the social life of the Section.

On March 17th, St. Patrick's day, the Irishmen of the Section had their annual dinner, an account of which appears in this issue. Being such a great success it is rumoured that people have been overheard making arrangements for one next year, whether in Canada or France it is not stated.

In response to our demand for poets we have been flooded with poetic talent. The season of the year has lived up to its reputation of bringing out Spring Poets.

La Vie has now passed the Larvae, stage.

*T'is easy to read La Vie
Made from others ability,
But I think that you might,
Start away to write,
Contributions and hand them to me.*

My Landlady.

Madame « X » is my landlady, under whose hospitable roof I have lived for more than a year. When I first came to this city to take up Active Service duties at the back of the Front, I lived in a Hotel. Such a life has its disadvantages as well as its advantages. For instance, one never knows if the rabbit one eats may or may not have taken the form of a cat before its demise. Also there are more chances of being noticed by the Military Police and others who, at times, take a strange and, one feels, an unnecessary interest in one's movements.

I therefore took thought, with the result that I decided to seek out a lodging in a quiet neighbourhood, where I could live a peaceful home life, with some kind motherly person to care for my creature comforts. By great good luck I found just such a haven as I wanted. Madame X was a trifle nervous at first at the idea of having a Warrior from the West in her house. But my gentle and polished manners dissipated her fears and we soon settled down.

The chief drawback to begin with was the fact that the good lady appeared to be lamentably ignorant of French, I should say, of *my* French. But having a lively intelligence, she soon mastered the strange language and we were able after some weeks to carry on a conversation. At times, it is true, no doubt owing to absent-mindedness on my part, we found that she had been talking about, say, religion, while I had been talking about say, baseball. For instance, on one occasion when she related some little affair of a rather shocking nature that had recently happened, I replied. « Oui, Madame, c'est très naturel ». But her astonished look

showed me that the dear lady had not meant quite what I thought she had meant. Eventually I convinced her that I was far from approving of such goings-on as she had described.

Madame has many good qualities, one of which is punctuality and this has stood me in good stead. Being, for my sins, no more than an Other Rank it behoves me to present myself, clean and shaved, on parade at 7-55 a. m. each morning. One half minute late would mean that I should sink from the level of a soldier of good conduct to that of a defaulter and suffer a severe punishment. I owe to Madame the fact that, so far, I have always been punctual, since she has never once failed to call me in good time. With such a sword of Damocles always suspended over my head (especially as I do not wear a steel helmet) my comrades will agree that it is a great boon to be almost free from that awful haunting dread of over-sleeping and its dire consequences.

Another good quality she has, one that ought to appertain to every woman, but which, alas, is sometimes lacking, she is an excellent Cook. Still, I discovered that even in this Art she has certain limitations. She has not once set before me an apple dumpling, one of those luscious, suetty apple dumplings that, it is said, so appealed to the palate and puzzled the brain of one of our English Kings, George the I forget which. I have made acquaintance with some new ideas in this matter of feeding and I have likewise imparted to my landlady some of which she had hitherto been ignorant. *She* had never heard of strawberries being eaten with cream *I* had never seen them eaten with wine or vinegar. I experimented with red wine and, like Oliver Twist, asked for more. There I let the matter rest, being content to take her word for it that strawberries and vinegar go well together.

Like all daughters of La Belle France, Madame is liberal in her views or at any rate in some of them. If I should arrive home somewhat later than usual, say on a Burns night, or on my birthday, she greets me next morning with a twinkle in her eye, asks if I have slept well and perhaps in gentle raillery murmurs something about a « vagabond ». At first I used to enlarge on the terrible pressure of work at the Bureau and complain that such long hours at the desk, by artificial light, fatigued my eyes and produced severe headaches. But here I found her singularly incredulous and so I gave up these excuses.

Madame is a good Patriot and firmly believes that France leads the world. She, however, is willing to admit that the British have their good points and this is another proof of her broad-mindedness. Once I ventu-

red to suggest that France might become somewhat more civilized owing to the prolonged visit here of so many up-to-date British, but to this she would by no means agree and has never quite forgiven me. I find it difficult to convince her that British women and girls have good looks, elegant figures and taste in dress. She insists that all those she has seen were awkward, gauche, with flat chests and feet that none of them have that elusive quality of « chic » which is admittedly the attribute of their French sisters. I am almost driven to conclude that her opinion is founded on the fact that the few she has seen are not typical of our fair mothers, sisters and cousins. For is it not a fact that British tourists (Cooks and other varieties) often are a little careless in the matter of dress? I would like to take the lady to Blighty some day. I venture to think that she would be compelled to modify her opinion.

Madame has a son who is very French indeed. He is extremely voluble and exuberant and talks as much with his hands as with his voice. Naturally he has picked up a little English during the last year, but I regret to say that his taste lies more for English slang than for the polished language it is my wont to employ. He delights to take leave of me with « So long, old son of a gun » or « Good night, old sport ». Another favourite phrase is « Sneeze, your brain is dusty ». Once when I brought a friend in to dinner, he was greeted with « You are very welcome, damn your eyes » My friend naturally felt quite at home on receiving such a warm reception and complimented Pierre on his command of our language. I hastened to assure him that it was not I who had taught Pierre these low expressions, and that no doubt he had picked them up in the streets.

Some day, if I live long enough, the end of the War will come and I shall pack up my kit-bag and say good-bye to these good people. I shall be very sorry to leave them and shall carry away with me many remembrances of Madame's unvarying kindness. And perhaps Madame, on her part, may not think unkindly of the Canadian soldat who for so many months lived in her French home.

N. B. — This sketch is, like the German War Reports, only true in parts.

TO AMERICA.

Patient, long-suffering, much you have endured ;
 Long have you strived for Peace, too long indeed !
 And now your instinct of the Right is roused ;
 You've heard the call of Freedom in her need.

And we, your Sons, who, under foreign flags,
 Now serve the cause of Freedom, welcome you,
 Proud of our birth-right, knowing that at last,
 You to the cause of Freedom will be true.

We knew that you, who, unto those that came
 Unto your shores to find a land that's free,
 Would not betray the trust they placed in you,
 As guardian of Man's right of liberty.

We knew, fair land of glorious traditions,
 Whose records shew no battles waged for lust,
 That you would pay your debt to France and Freedom,
 Knowing the cause to be a cause that's just.

B. J. D.

WAR IN (CI) DENTS

Shades of Harry Randall's Pan « Tommie » Song « Oh. the Business »

We keeps a little General Store, the corporal and Myself
 And since the war began we've dollars on the shelf
 Oh, the business things are beginning to hum
 Ask the corporal-our work is never done
 With every issue of slacks or boots we have the boys all know.
 That it's only me and the corporal running this ere show.

The sergeants like a bit of fuss made of them now and then,
 And that's where my corp comes in, he ticks em with his pen
 Oh the indents-we cross reference everyone
 Ask the privates they know where to come
 With every issue of shirts or socks
 We give them an arf a mo'
 Then look up the date of their last indent
 And tell em to right about go.

Sgt. K. C. (Since defunct) No it is not necessary to tip your hat to an officer to conform with K. R. & O, a right hand salute is quite enough.

WHY I AM AFRAID OF MY SUPERINTENDING CLERK.

If he didn't like me he could easily get rid of me.

No — not by direct violence — of course not — but by subtle indirect cleverness. He would simply write out my resignation, call it an inter-office minute, put his hand over it and say « Sign here, please ».

Then he would forward it to K. D. (d) and I ask you what chance would any Officer have if he fell into the hands of K. D. d. d. d. d.

F. L. V.

SOMETHING NEW.

It was the annual inspection, and the fierce-looking man who called himself the inspector, was putting the pupils through their paces.

« Now, boys, I want you to tell me what is a blizzard ? » demanded the ferocious one.

Silence reigned. The teacher glared at the top boy, then nodded to encourage him, and at last there came a look of pleading in her eyes. She almost wept. Slowly the top boy's hand went up.

« Yes, » snapped the inspector, « go on. Tell me what is a blizzard ? »

« P-Please, sir, » stammered the young hopeful, « its the ——— inside of a hen. »

VICTORIA COLONIST.

1st. SOLDAT. — « How did you like the stage hangings at the Opera on Sunday ? »

2nd. SOLDAT. — « There weren't no hangings, you boob ; he killed 'em with a sword. »

Things we want to know.

If the Glengarries of some of the new Kilty Battalions are supposed to represent « *Birds of Paradise* ».

If some of the members of K. R. do not miss their *Matin Beauty sleep* now that they have been put back to the old hours.

If it is true that a very old friend of the Section is coming back to look after the Boys once more.

If the new O. C. *Cobwebs* appreciates the good job he has been selected to fill.

How the stenographer in K. R. celebrated his 21st birthday, and if he fully realises that he is a *Man* ? now.

If the man who distributes mail in the Section has found out who « *Tootle* » is yet ?

How *Jamie* likes working in the Circus after the peaceful life of a Sub-Registry.

If the Proprietors of a certain establishment in town are not contemplating the distribution of a few « *Defence d'afficher* » notices in conspicuous parts of the house following the recent efforts at mural decoration of a gentleman of the Section known to fame as the « *Kootenay Kid* ».

What led to the downfall of « *Ca-Sey* » ?

What becomes of the Medical Orderly after 9-15 a. m. ?

If the Brooklyn Detective is to remain with K. I. 3. ?

What is the name of the Stenographer in K. I. who was told to give up Navigation, because he could not « swing the lead » ?

Where did the « *Billet Boys* » press their slacks ?

If a Church Parade on Sunday Morning would not be more appropriate than an Inspection Parade ?

Who is the soldier that said he found the Army Ration of the new billet was the cause of his weight increasing three pounds in four days ?

If there is a large reward offered for the crown jewel that is still missing.

If there is any truth in the rumour that the Proprietor of the Chapeau Rouge Hotel, near L'Eglise, St. Sever, presented the cap covers in order to advertise his Hotel ?

Who was the 7th Battalion Guy, while washing his hands, was asked :
Do you want some life (buoy) boy ?

Answered — No. I get plenty here in Rouen.

Who's the person who would'nt let the (Stars) in his house at Xmas time ?

If there are any more pay-days like the last, whether the boys will be able to settle with their French Teachers ?

Which of the Nic's abdicated — he of Jo'burg or he of St Petersburg ?

The Song Of The Overseas Soldier

I've been in here, for nigh a year,
In this far away training Camp,
Where all the days have a misty haze,
And the nights are cool and damp.

I rise in the morn to a life unborn
At the early hour of five,
And I'm glad at last, when the day has passed,
And I feel I'm still alive.

Through my toilless hours, a new life flowers,
I forget the daily drag,
So I lie around on the chilly ground
And smoke my 'issue' fag.

T'is tiresome work, but we must not shirk,
There are Battles to be fought,
And so we train with might and main,
For that's the way we're taught.

Though the day be hot, t'is still our lot,
To be on each parade,
We're kept at it, dressed in full kit,
That's how a soldiers' made.

But I'm tired of it all, and I'll welcome the call,
To proceed across the Sea,
To lend a hand, and make a stand,
With the boys who preceded me.

To go to France and take a chance,
For the land that gave me birth,
To help repay, in my humble way,
The « Debt », for all it's worth.

I may be shot, it matters not,
I know the cause is just,
My life I've sold — but not for gold,
You'd do the same — I trust.

Our Empire's Call should be heard by all,
No matter at what cost,
If we stayed at Home, Who'd rule the foam?
Our freedom would be lost.

There are some who say, in a thoughtless way,
 « This War will soon be o'er »
 But I'm telling you, and its quite true,
 Our Arms need many more.
 We'll never win if we sit and grin,
 And play at « Wait & See ».
 We've got the stuff, though it be rough
 So listen to our plea.

The world shall know, we struck the blow,
 That stopped the Kaisers' Pranks.
 That he no more shall cry for war
 Or deal with British Banks.

His Merchant Trade, will be mislaid,
 He'll deal quitc far afield.
 For there's no doubt, we've shut him out,
 His fate will soon be sealed.

His « Hymn of Hate » he sings in State,
 And glories o'er the « Day ».
 But very soon that loathsome tune,
 Shall surely pass away.

The Silent Dead, the ones that Bled,
 And suffered by his hand,
 Will surely go, t'is stated so,
 To that, Happy Hunting Land.

But the Kaiser Grim, through his Haughty Hymn,
 Shall know just how he fell,
 The Satanic Horde. with one accord.
 Will welcome him in Hell.

MY RESOLVE

(Poetical Piffle in Prose)

Last night when my day's work was o'er, my inkpots nicely dusted, I sat and thought and thought some more, for I was sadly busted. Henceforth I says, I stay at home, I'm on the straight and narrow, these other simps can go and roam and come back on a barrow. A goodly righteous life for mine, no more the giddy high spots, no more the ruddy red, red wine, nix on the rum and rye shots. I'm gonna save my hard earned pelf and sit on the big soft pedal. I'm gonna beat Saint Ant. himself, perhaps I'll get a medal. And when I've saved up lots of dough, I'll go get me a wife, no more the wild-oat seeds I'll sow, we'll lead the simple life. We'll raise our kids like reg'lar folks (I s'pose they're bound to come), we'll teach them to abhor the smokes — to scorn the demon Rum. Their happy laugh, their prattling cry will be music to my ear, Gee Whiz! this thinking makes me dry, I'll go get me a Beer.

FRANC.

Farwell Dinner to Lt-Col. G. T. Hamilton

On Murch 12th Lt.-Col. Hamilton was the guest of the Officers of the Canadian Section and Pay Office, at a dinner held in the Cathedral Restaurant.

Lt-Col Vaux ably held down the chair, and was well supported by Major Archibald, Major Gagnon, and Major Utton. After the dessert had been served and the glasses filled with « Five Star », Lt.-Col. Vaux arose to propose the toast « Our Guest ». In a very able speech he pointed out that we had now a chance to tell Lt-Col Hamilton what we thought. He (Lt.-Col. H.) was one of the distinguished band of Officers from the R. M. C. who had gone into the Imperial Army, and whose work had been commented upon by the highest authorities. His good work after the battle of Ypres, in connection with reinforcements, gained him a mention in despatches. The D. A. G. two years later at his inspection, stated that the work done was, not only a credit to the C. E. F., but to the British Army. Possessing a high sense of justice and duty, Lt.-Col. Hamilton had always put the Service before anything. His work at Valcartier and Salisbury was known to all, and he would not ask why Lt.-Col. Hamilton was looking so well, and the reason of the rosy blushes on his cheek. It might be because he was going to the G. H. Q. at London, or it may be for other reasons. He would not enquire too closely. In conclusion he would wish him every success in whatever he undertook. He would now ask us to join him in drinking Lt.-Col. Hamilton's health.

This was done with musical honours.

Major Gagnon then followed with a few remarks. He expressed regret at the departure of his old friend and fellow worker of the days in Valcartier and Salisbury. None were more deserving of praise he said, for the fine work and lasting monument he leaves behind in the Canadian Section. Stating that he was not much good at public speaking, Major Gagnon concluded by wishing Lt.-Col. Hamilton every good wish for the future, and called on Major Archibald for a few words.

Major Archibald said he had great pleasure in rising on this occasion. He always tried to have three virtues—to be truthful, cautious, (a voice— « it would appear so ») and always to finish anything he started. He thought that Capt. Mc. Gagan should be the one to speak. However

he knew Mac's modesty and he would do his best, but he could not do much more than endorse the remarks of Lt.-Col. Vaux and Major Gagnon. Everyone would be the better for the training they had received at Lt.-Col. Hamilton's hands. Deeds ever spoke for themselves, as exemplified by the lasting monument to which Major Gagnon had drawn attention. The Canadian Forces owed a great debt to his judgement and foresight that could never be repaid. His organisation in France was a credit not only to the Canadian Forces in the country, but to all the Canadian Contingents. His work will ever be remembered in the history of Rouen. He would finally end by wishing him every good wish in his new sphere of life. Lt.-Col. Hamilton in reply, spoke briefly. He thanked all the Officers present for their expression of good-will, and appreciation of the work he had done. Their generous support, he told them, was in no small measure the basis of the success and the high reputation attained by the Canadian Section.

After a most enjoyable evening, coupled with song and stories, the gathering broke up at 11.00 p. m.

SOME OF THE FRAGMENTS OF CONVERSATION OVERHEARD

Here's to the Martins, doubtless inventors of Martini Cocktails.

Yes! The A. G. ruled...

It would appear that it is the case...

Put it under the table Major, There's only one more bottle left.

When I was in the C. F. A...

No, that Salmon did not come from Vancouver.

Let me see the label on the bottle.

I know rather a good story about a night shirt.

STALEMATE

The meat ration was worse than usual, in fact nothing approaching it in toughness had ever yet been experienced. While the boys were going through the process of sharpening their teeth on the leathery substance, they were discussing the latest issue of boots, which owing to the absorbent character of the material used in their manufacture, were proved to be almost useless for wear.

A lad from the Emerald Isle then chimed in with a brilliant suggestion — « I tell you fwhat we'll do bhoys, we'll cook the boosts, and wear the mate ».

WITH APOLOGIES TO A WIDELY READ NEWSPAPER.

Soldiers.

La Vie Canadienne by its persistent warnings to the War Office got for you the change in *Tickler's Jam* from Plum Apple to *Cranberry Pumpkin* as manufactured by Messrs. I. Dontthinks.

By our repeated exposure of the excessive dullness of brass buttons on Canadian Soldiers' uniforms, we got a regular system of Button Inspections instituted, which was the direct cause of the splendid results now attained.

Its advocacy of long route marches on empty stomachs helped to provide you with these essentials.

Today it is urging the speedy issue of Medals to clerks at the Base who never have been in the Front line and who therefore have had no chance of winning them.

Its exposure of the *Sotteville Billet* and its fight for airy living quarters obtained Official sanction for the removal of glass from the windows, thereby creating conditions similar to those existing on other fronts.

For months past it has published thousands of warnings to Canadians to keep their brass buttons shining and get your hair cut.

La Vie is the Canadians Best Friend.

BULWARKS OF THE NATION.

« How does he defend his anti-preparedness attitude »? « He says if war is forced on us we can fall back on the Government's stock of Civil War Rifles for the Infantry, confiscate all the lodge-swords for the Cavalry, and place ourselves on an equal basis with the enemy by having our exhibition flyers destroy all hostile artillery. »

FROM « LIFE »

THAT TIN HAT FEELS LIKE THIS ON THE WAY UP.



ANTICIPATED EPITAPHS.

(With apologies to « John Bull »)

Here lieth ye bones of one, a Soldat Canadien,
(And maye theye reste in Péace)
For in life for hyme it was anything butte.

For two longe years and more
He did serve hyse Cuntrie with a faithe
Which was strong and deepe,
Inasmuch as ye Authorities of Hyse Majesty's Armie
Did unto hyme grant one stripe,
Which goeth bye the name of a Goode Conduct Badge.
And the Authorities were truly magnimionious.
And the Soldat did weep,
For to hyme such generosity was as balm unto a wounde.

Butte; alas for this good Canadien,
His steps towards parade did retarde one morninge;
The cause of which was to wet hyse whistle,
And alack; he dyde appear two minutes late by the sun dial
Which is sette on ye toppe of ye Hille of Bon Secours,
Harde bye which, one, a famous vendor of pants and vests doth live,
Bye ye name of Clerby Larke
And ye Major was exceeding wrath,
And ye unhappy Soldat was caste into billets,
Where he became a friend of Ye Royal and Ancient Societe
of Ye Olde Sweats,

As ye tyme went bye, thys Canadien,
Who had braved ye terrors of ye awful Hunne,
And whe had been hitte by a bullet of ye enemye,
Did contract a strange maladie,
Bye ye name of « Maconachie-itis »
And was sorely stricken.

And upon the fifth daye of Maye.
Nineteen Hundred and seventeen,
In ye year of Our Lorde,
He did give up ye Ghoste.

Tread softly as ye passe this spotte
Pause. Reade this Soldat's fate
Twas better far if he'd been shotte
Than dared he to come late.

YONGESTREET.

BE BRIEF

Be brief, for it is with words as with sunbeams, the more they are condensed, the deeper they burn.

A ROLLING STONE.

One of the greatest desires of my life, as far back as I can remember, had been to travel. During school days I contented myself with books and magazines, but after having finished my last year at College I found that these no longer satisfied me. I felt that I wanted to be a living part of these books and magazines. I was born and educated in Chicago, a city which contains within its borders a settlement of people of all races. Each one of these settlements is a little city in itself and if one knows the ropes, many interesting hours may be spent inside their boundaries. To any man who has the least bit of imagination, there is no difficulty in fancying himself back in the native countries of the inhabitants of these communities. It was no doubt my visits to these settlements that wetted my already large appetite for travel and led me to finally decide to spend a couple of years roaming. I broached the subject to my mother, expecting, not only her consent, but also financial assistance. What was my surprise, however, to find her mind set strongly against it and nothing that I could do or say changed her views.

To make a long story short, the easiest way was the best. One day I quietly disappeared leaving behind me a nice little letter in the best approved style, as all my story book heroes do. I set out to get my fill of travelling, which I eventually did. I was now my own boss. The first thing to do was to find out where to start travelling. This was a question which took some time to decide but I eventually solved it by going down to the North River docks and « hitting up » the mate of the lake steamers for a job. By luck he happened to be a bit short-handed, so took me on without asking too many embarrassing questions. It didn't take the mate long to find out that he had a land-lubber on his hands, for the best part of two days I spend feeding the fishes. I was in fact a dead loss to the steamship company.

On reaching Milwaukee the mate informed me that the ship would be able to make the rest of the trip without my valuable assistance. I asked for the money I had coming, but the look he gave decided me not to stop and argue the question (he was a six-footer anyway). I was in Milwaukee, one hundred miles from home with two dollars and forty cents in my pocket. Two-forty, however, is two-forty and I

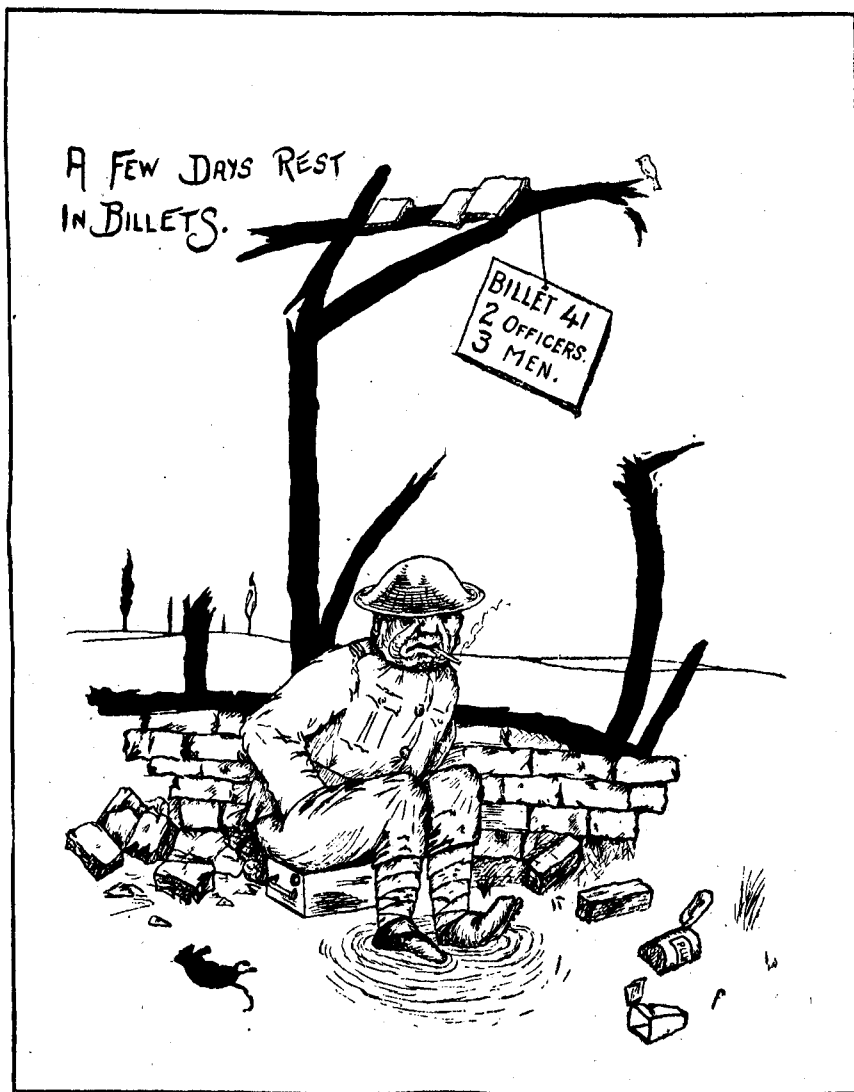
wasn't going to be downhearted with all that wealth, so I started out to see the sights, after which I had fifteen cents left for breakfast the next morning. After breakfast I decided the best thing I could do was to get a job, but luck and clothes were against me. I was well dressed at the time and the kind of a job my clothes could get me needed references, which I lacked, and when it came to asking for a labouring job I was laughed at.

I was broke and hungry, and likely to stay that way for an indefinite period, unless something happened quickly. Dinner time passed as did also supper time. As nothing seemed to be going to happen I pulled my belt a couple of notches tighter and went to look for a sleeping place. After a long search I finally decided on a bench in the park. The next morning I again started out looking for work. Hunting a job on an empty stomach however, is pretty tiring. Do what I would I couldn't keep my mind off the breakfast table at home nor could I forget the empty place that was waiting for me there. This only added to my misery. It wouldn't have taken much to start me in the general direction of home, but my pride prevented me.

It was just while these thoughts were running through my mind that I happened to pass a United States recruiting office where an eagle-eyed recruiting sergeant spotted me. It didn't take much talking to the Captain, a talk which finally ended in my signing to serve the U.S.A for a period of three years.

The Captain gave me a little speech after I had signed up, the only part of which interested me at the time was « and here is a two bit meal ticket go to that address and get a meal », I certainly lost no time in going. I was a guest of the government for two days, at the end of which time, enough men being recruited to make a party, we started out for our destination, Ft. Logan, Colorado. Ft. Logan is a depot at which recruits are collected, uniformed, and drilled. I might say it was at this place where I got the love of soldiering knocked out of me. My dream was of a gun, but I was handed a shovel and shown the coal pile; and of a bayonet, but I was handed a dish-rag and put on « kitchen police » (as fatigues are called in the American Army). I was gardener, dishwasher and coal man. One day I was even nurse maid for the Captains' kids. I stayed at this depot two long weary months, when one fine morning on parade my name was called with others, and we were informed that we had been drafted to Battery A, 4th Field Artillery,

which sounded well enough. That afternoon we commenced our journey to Ft. Russell, Cheyenne, Wyoming, one of the most dreary, desolate, and God-forsaken places I had ever seen in my life, where to help along our misery we were informed that it was a mountain battery to which we had been drafted, or in soldiers' parlance to a « Jug Head Battery », so named on account of the jug like shape of the heads of the mules which are used to carry the guns and ammunition.



For the first month or so we got along fine, everything being new and interesting. After that however, we became the victims of the monotonous routine. We were absolutely secluded and were doing everything except what, according to our idea of soldiering, we should be doing. The food was splendid and the library good, but a twenty-four hour guard was a thing to be dreaded. The country thereabouts is all sand and the wind never stops blowing, as a consequence every guard was supplied with goggles which he put on the minute he went on guard and did not take off until he was relieved. By that time his ears, mouth, nose, and clothes were so full of sand that life was a misery. I have often seen a man pay another as high as two dollars to do his shift, so that it can be imagined how much this duty was hated.

As everything must have an end, so too did this monotony. One morning the barracks was electrified by a rumour that the battery was ordered to proceed to Mexico and great was the excitement. Rumour followed rumour « The States had declared war on Mexico », « Fighting was already in progress », « The International bridge had been blown up » and so forth. Our drill that morning was as near perfect as anything can be. Guns were rushed up, mounted and swung into action quicker than ever I had seen before. Even the « jug-heads » seemed to have caught the excitement; and mules that were never known to willingly have gone faster than a walk before, were actually to be seen trotting. After parade the men were grouped all over the grounds discussing the great news when the bugle blew « fall in » and never had a parade fallen in quicker in the two odd years I had been there. Orders were issued to be ready to move to the Border by five o'clock that night. Four days later we were not in Mexico, but at the greatest camp in America, Fort Sam Houston, about two miles from the city of San Antone. Here everything was confusion, tents to be put up, ditches to be dug, roads to be made, in fact, a wilderness to be turned into a model camp. Then came inoculation and sore arms, quinine and fever and everything that a strange climate could give, to say nothing of horned toads and snakes for bed fellows. We soon settled down however, and at the end of two months the place was so changed it would have been hard to recognize. About this time my term of service was drawing to an end one fine morning I awoke to the realization that once again I was a free man. With one hundred and sixty five dollars, which I had coming to me, safely in my pocket, I spent my first free morning ambling around in a new suit of « civies ». Then, to fully realize the great boon I had had conferred upon me, I went

back to the camp in the afternoon and stayed there for two hours, gloating when the bugle blew and over the fact that I didn't have to jump at the sound. But, alas, it was this gloating that caused my downfall. On my way back to town I passed through the sporting part of the city where gambling was going on full blast; and hearing the tempting click of the dice, decided on the spur of the moment to double my stake. I emerged from that place in just about one hour and was lucky I had my pants left. If the fellow at the table had'n't thrown me back one of my dollars, as I was sadly passing out, I would have had the pleasure of packing around a good healthy appetite with me. As I was sadly wending my way back to my hotel I passed a little saloon and decided that a drink of the amber colored stuff might help me to look on the bright side of life. Whilst standing up against the bar, figuring out how much I might safely take out of the bottle for my dime, without incurring the hostility of the bartender, I felt some-one tap me on the shoulder and looking around beheld a swarthy Mexican who requested the pleasure of a few words with me. It seemed that he had witnessed my run of bad luck at the gambling « joint » and had followed to speak to me.

He led me to a little table in the corner. After humming and hawing around for a while he finally blurted out « How would you like to join Huerta and fight for the independence of Mexico »? Well the idea was'n't new to me, as I had thought of it several times, not that I cared about the freedom of Mexico, but I thought it might furnish a bit of excitement. After talking awhile we finally came to terms. He was to give me seventy-five dollars, twenty-five at once and the rest when I landed with the Army; 350 acres of land free from taxation for life, providing his side won, the rank of Lieutenant, and one hundred dollars a month, which I never had much hope of getting. It looked good for some fun, however, so I agreed. After further talk I got him to give me the twenty-five dollars, he stipulating that he accompany me until I had settled up my affairs and got my baggage.

We were just out of the door when two husky looking men stepped up, took my associate by the arm, informing, him that they were U. S. marshals and that he was under arrest. They asked him who I was, but tipping me the wink, he claimed that I was a stranger to him so they started away with him leaving me behind with twenty five dollars in my pocket. That was the last I ever saw of that « greaser ». At the end of the week I was again reduced to four dollars and being a bit

tired of the town by this time decided to try my luck some place else. I finally decided that Galveston was the next town I would honour with my presence. In the railwayyards I jumped a fast freight. I made a duck and a scramble and managed to grab the rods and was just congratulating myself on not having been seen when I heard a revolver popping and realized that some yard detective was shooting at my feet which were sticking out. It was lucky for me he was not a crack shot. After considerable discomfort I finally arrived at Galveston. I had just three-fifty left in my pocket when I arrived on the main street, but being one who always lets tomorrow take care of itself I was soon broke again. I ambled around that town for two days, « stony », with an appetite that was growing bigger every time the meal hour passed. It was on the night of the second day while I was passing a restaurant on the main street trying to satisfy my stomach by way of eye and nose, that the door was violently opened and a man ejected, his coat following him about two seconds later. From the talk that followed I came to the conclusion that he was the dishwasher who had just lost a job. Now dishwashing was not a job that I would have selected had I the choice but a hungry stomach will not stand fooling with.

I was talking to the cook before the other fellow had his coat on. He didn't lose any time in taking me on, the terms being, all I wanted to eat and one dollar a day for twelve hours work. When I started in to fill the « all I could eat » part of the contract he must have thought he had backed a loser for the house. I guess I ate six times a day for the three days I lasted and I don't know who was the happier when I quit, myself or the proprietor. Again I had three dollars in my pocket, a suit of clothes which was still presentable and nothing to do. While roaming around the town that afternoon I knocked into a fellow whom I had met at San-Antone. He told me to come out and try for a job on a bridge which was being built. As he was just going back I decided to do so. The Superintendent on hearing that I wanted a job said « nothing doing ». I started to walk out, but on reaching the door saw a picture of an elevator bridge nailed on the wall. As I knew that the only one of this kind in the world was in Chicago it looked like a bit of home to me so I stopped to examine it more closely. I had been standing there about two minutes when I heard the Superintendent asking me if I knew where that bridge was.

On telling him that I had had the pleasure of going up into the air on it many times and knew it well, he got quite friendly, informing

me that he was the man who had erected it. I immediately saw how my cards lay and spoke of it as a fine bit of work praising everything about it. The result was that he suddenly discovered he had a vacancy for a steel rivetter at forty-five cents an hour, eight hours work a day, evidently taking for granted from my talk that I was a steel man and asking no questions. I commenced work there the next morning, and it was one of the most pleasant times of my life. We quit work at 4 o'clock in the afternoon and usually spent the rest of the daylight hours in fishing. It was whilst engaged in this pleasant pastime one day that I came near losing my life. We went out fishing for Alligator Gar one evening. After trolling for about thirty minutes we finally got a good strike. Being in the open we gave him plenty of room. He broke water about thirty yards from us and we were able to see that we had hooked a five footer. We continued to play him, being tugged all around the bay and after about thirty-five minutes managed to bring him up along side the boat, well tired out. I then grabbed the gaff, a harpoon shaped affair made of iron, and standing up, poised myself, both hands grasping the gaff, aiming to strike the fish in the centre of the back. Just as I struck the boat gave a gentle lurch with the result that my iron glanced off his side, the force of the blow carrying me with it into the water. The fish began thrashing the water with his tail hitting me on the head which knocked me silly.

The next thing I know I was on shore being rolled on a barrel, my mate having got hold of my clothes with a hook and pulled me aboard. We lost the fish. My friend told me afterwards that it took him a little time to decide between me and the fish, but thank goodness for his final decision. I had been four months on the job by this time so thought that it was time to move along. One morning I walked down to the wharf where the steamer « Denver » of the Morley line was loading for New York, struck the mate for a job and was taken on as third cook. At the end of seven days we landed in New York without any incident worth mentioning and here I left the ship with about two-hundred dollars in my pocket. I stayed in New York about a month. Getting tired of that city I decided to make for Canada via the side door Pullman Route. I took my time, getting off at any town that looked interesting and at the end of two weeks found myself in Malone Junction. N. Y. State. The next thing was to cross the line, which I did safely tucked behind a piano in a freight car, but being discovered a little later was put

off and finished the last thirty miles riding a blind baggage right into the Windsor Street Station, Montreal.

As it was a rainy night I was rather a hard looking sight when I dropped off the train onto the platform, tired and hungry, but with a good bunch of money in my pocket. I took a great liking to Montreal and decided to quit roaming and settle down, so getting all togged out I got a job and was making a good citizen of myself when « Kaiser Bill » once more started me on my way aroaming, which after many trials and tribulations has finally landed me here in Rouen following the *peaceful* profession of a soldier.



O. R. C. who has just returned from the front —

« Yes I met a whole band of Germans ».

PITHY PARS.

From. All Sources.

« And what do you call yourself ? » contemptuously inquired an indignant wife. « A man or a mouse ? »

« A man », answered her husband bitterly. « If I were a mouse you'd be on that table by now calling for help ».

VICTORIA COLONIST.

A stingy man will open up when advice is the only thing he is asked to give.

RESOURCEFUL.

1st. *Female.* — « She is such a resourceful girl ».

2nd. *Female.* — « Is she ? »

1st. *Female.* — « Why the other day when she'd left her reticule at home she powdered her nose with a marshmallow. »

That accounts for the sticky powder on our Superintending Clerk's shoulder one morning.

It's easy enough to look pleasant
 When life goes along like a song
 But the soldier worth while
 Is the one who can smile
 When the Adjutant finds his « Hair Long ».

Laugh and the world laughs with you
 Snore and you sleep alone.

Prince Rupert of Bavaria has been captured (At great Expense) and is now placed in billets.

If the saying that dresses are the outward expression of our inner life is true, some women must have very little inner life.

Watch his actions, they will indicate whether he is a fool or a genius.

THE NEW ADVENTURE.

(In reply to « *The Revelation* » by R. W. Service.)

We do not wonder what we'll do ; our taste of clear fresh air,
Though now smoke-tainted by the guns, will live in us fore'er.
Roamers through the lands of earth, where'er we will, we'll roam.
The sky's clear blue above will be the roof of what is home.

And the office stools, the life of old, we'll leave to those at home,
Who gambled not with life and death in War's « Adventure zone ».
Most of them, but few of us will live in the same old way,
For we have learnt what true life is, we mean to live each day.

We want to feel that we are free, to rule our will and time,
That no one can dictate to us in any earthly clime,
That when Youth changes to Old-age we'll know a spot we love,
Out in the wilds where Freedom reigns, our King, all Kings above.

We'll roam at will to find that place of which we've often dreamed,
Where life is as we planned it in our New Adventure scheme.
We mean to LIVE, and play this game, when with War's game we're through
To-morrow does not worry us, we care not what we'll do.

SCRIBE.

Wad some po'oeer the giftie gie us
Tae see oorsel's as Adjutants see us ?

Don't try and get back at him by saying you are just as good as he is. It is up to you to show yourself a good deal better.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

(All enquiries re *Military, Matters, Love Affaire, or Legal Tangles* should be adressed to the *Query Editor*.)

Bill B. — The lady certainly showed poor judgement in turning down your advances, however, cheer up, think of the money you've saved.

Anxious Reader. — The extract from R. O. which states... « prisoners should be sent to railhead for transfer to G. H. Q. or to a Military Prison » — does not apply to the Canadian Section.

Worried. — Sorry, we don't know when the War will end. Ask Horatio Bottomley.

Curious One. — Yes, it is generally worn on the left leg. For full particulars write to « Miss Iva Limb, the celebrated danseuse, Folies Bergeres. »

Fidele. — Certainly, if she persists in encouraging the Sergeant, and won't listen to you, you may take it for granted she doesn't love you any more.

Old Sweat. — No, putting them under the mattress is a poor plan, get your landlady to run them through the mangle.

Germaine. — Ce que vous desirez n'est pas possible. Veuillez m'écrire encore, et m'envoyer un photographe si possible.

Lance-Corporal. — You were perfectly justified in refusing to promenade with a common or garden Private.

Wilkie. — You win your bet. It was Nelson, before the Battle of Waterloo, who advised Julius Caesar to « wait and see ».

Norry. — No, dear boy, there are no Nursing Sisters in the Canadian Army Service Corps.

(Owing to the horrible pressure on our columns several enquiries have been unavoidably held over until next month.)

TALK

When things go wrong
 As they sometimes will,
 You can get along
 If you'll just keep still.
 For most of the cares
 That round us stalk
 Would seek their lairs
 If we'd check our talk.

Detroit Free Press.

« An Eegreck Day »

by HAMAR LOCKE

« At last... at last... it has come. Be calm, oh my pounding pulses.

How long have I endured but for this : soul-weary, bone-tired a cringing, quivering slave at the cruel grindstone. How long have I nursed in my secret heart the hope .. the hope that some golden, glorious day this heaven-born boon would be vouchsafed me.

And oh . . . with what keen desire have I craved . . . for this. To me it has meant -- the height of attainment the pinnacle of mortal happiness — the pitch absolute of content. Even the bare possibility of its coming has kept me alive ; has buoyed my flagging courage and heartened my faltering foot-steps all along the way of dark despair and direst distress : and, in the anticipation of its poignant pleasures — in counting its thrice-perfumed raptures, have I found solace for the stabbing pangs of my starving soul. Yes . . . I have hungered and thirsted, even for this.

And now . . . and now . . . my friend — it has come.

My dreams are all complete. My cup of happiness is filled and overflowing — I am drunk . . . drunk with rapture. Mine . . . mine . . . at last.

My heart burst with joy. Sing . . . Sing, oh my heart, sing paens of thanksgiving to the highest heavens.

Fain would I share my delight — my enchantment. Come drink, rejoice, and be glad with me . . . for have I not . . . »

Uh ? What I am talking about ? Why I've just been told I can spend next Sunday morning *in bed* . . . Boob !

GRIN.

(*With apologies to R. W. Service*)

If you're sent down to the Trenches
Where they're getting knocked about,
Grin.

If your feet are all a'blistered
Water oozing in and out,
Grin.

Don't let him see you mind his fire
Let your blooming gun ring out.
Put on a smile you'd see a mile
(As if you'd ordered stout)
Till your blessed gun gives out,
And Grin.

This War's a bloody battle
And it seems as if 'twere hard
To Grin.

If the shells are quick and rattle
 Fritz sends one to our three, pard,
 So Grin.

If the mud's as thick as porridge,
 And your throat feels dry as glue,
 Just say « Ah, well, this feels like Hell
 But I'll stick until it's through,
 If they talk about the good times
 Last time (out) with Flo and Sue
 You may Grin.

Rise up at Reveille take your rum
 Say you've enough, put up your thumb.
 They'll Grin.

Fall asleep when louse will let you
 And the rats they cut up rough
 With a Grin.

It's no blamed good your kicking
 If your bully beef is tough,
 And your biscuits hard as blazes
 And your teeth can't work enough,
 It's better than a tightening belt
 So take another puff
 And Grin.

For you're fighting for the Flag, boys,
 And though things in front look grim,
 You have heavies right behind you
 And our 'planes above the din.
 We have taken on this job, boys,
 And BY GOD, we're going to win,
 So we can GRIN.

PAT-GRIFFITHS.

OVERHEARD IN « K. R. »

1st. VOICE. — What are the three axioms ?

2nd. VOICE. — AAA.

Chats with the bartender.

Pte TOWLEY-BURNER.

Good evening, Sir. Have'nt seen you for a long time. What! You're on the water wagon. But you're off now, though, eh? I suppose the usual whiskey? No! YOU WANT A STONE GINGER BEER! Well! Well! I see you only came in here to meet a friend. You just want to take something as an apology for your presence. I'm glad to see you again. But you're in pretty bad shape? That's a nasty eut you have on your lip. Had a pretty bad fall? Oh, caught your face against the wash basin! I hope it'll heal up; but it looks as if you've got a mark there for life. Say, by the way, are you still keeping the same hours as of old, bed at eight-thirty every night? Oh, it's all over now, the punishment's ended. No, I suppose you won't let it occur again. It is asking too much to have to work all day, and then to go to bed immediately afterwards. I agree it must have been uncomfortable to have got into bed with your clothes on. And that Corporal is such an object of devotion to duty, that he certainly would make sure you were in bed. You want to forget it; it is an unpleasant memory! Here's hoping the path is smooth in the future. You'll have another ginger beer? Why not try a citron? We have a very good selection. No! No! The mixture wont do you any harm! You'll have a citron then? The Editor of your magazine was in here not long ago. He was complaining that he did not get enough support for the magazine. You're pretty good at caricatures. Why don't you help him? You lack inspiration! Why not tumble off the wagon? You might find it. You wont? You want to see what it feels like to keep on it for at least six months? Well I hope anyway when you feel like having a ginger beer, you'll drop' round this way. I'll tell you a good subject for a sketch, that fellow they call the « Bomber ». He takes you off a bit. Why don't you have a shot at him. You will! I'll let the Editor know next time he comes round that you are going to do it. Yes, I'm a kind of Advertising Agent. I take an interest in the magazine.

You fellows should boost it. Look at yourself. You can sketch. You can write. But you never do it. Yes, I do remember that sketch of you with the box of contributions for the magazine. Oh! It's not going to be a pipe dream? When you get your bearings on the wagon you'll have

lots of time to fill that box. That's the spirit, Sir! That would be a pretty good subject for a start, would'nt it- « Experiences on the Water Wagon ». In six months you'll have learnt a whole lot. And your experience will be of value to others. Such an article would become a classic, Sir, a classic! I'd try it if I had your experience.

Here's your friend? You won't stop to have another citron? Your friend could have one of my well-known cocktails. He is on the wagon too! I'll lose all my trade soon at this rate. Well good-night, Sir. Hope to see you again soon. And I'll try to find out a good soft drink for you. So don't forget to call around again.

SCRIBE.

GENUINE HIGHLANDER.

A distinguished officer, Scotch to the core, never lost an opportunity of advertising his countrymen.

One evening at mess he had a large number of guests, and had a magnificent specimen of a Highland piper on duty behind his chair.

To draw attention to the man's splendid appearance he turned to him and said :

« What part of Scotland do you come from my man? »

With a punctilious salute the reply was :

« Tipperary, yer honor ».

VICTORIA COLONIST.

AN ECHO FROM PRE-WAR DAYS.

Patrick Mulvaney, the Irish Section Boss, was busily engaged in supervising the « laboured » movements of his trusty crew, when the Assistant Superintendent chanced to pass that way.

« Good-Morning, Mulvaney, said he, and how are you to-day? »

« Shure, I'm foine, sor, foine », replied Pat.

« Well, Pat, I must say your work is improving every year », said the Asst. Supt, « I never saw the yard in better condition ».

Yis, Mister Kinnidy, « said Pat », but I have been working in the yar-r-ds for the past twinty year, and Oi've niver had and a pass to New York to see the me brother Mike. »

Oh, Said Mr Kennedy, that can easily be arranged, just go up to the Office and see the Superintendent.

The following day Pat made his way expectantly to the Office, and after many enquiries finally discovered the « sanctum sanctorum » of that august personage, the Superintendent, and startled the slumbering office-boy by enquiring in his stentorian voice, « Is the Super in ».

Upon being informed that he was, Mulvaney at once pushed his way into the inner Office and without the customary deference said « Be you the Super ». After receiving a short crisp affirmative he proceeded to deliver a record of his long service and requested his Leave of Absence and pass. But much to Pat's astonishment he was informed that when he learned to address his Superiors as he should, he might come and then it would be decided what could be done for him.

It was an irate and crestfallen Irishman who left the Superintendent's Office. He did not return to work, but went to the Offices of the Lehigh Valley and secured a job as Foreman there through his long and faithful service with the rival road. He was given three weeks furlough and a pass to New York before beginning work.

He then returned to the Superintendent's Office of his old Company and greeted the Office boy by saying « Is the grand Superintendent of the great Baltimore and Ohio Railroad in ». Just a moment and I will see. In a few Seconds the Boy came back and politely told Pat to « step this way ». Upon entering Mulvaney spoke, in a voice much modified « Are you the grand Superintendent of the great Baltimore and Ohio Railroad ». « Why yes, Mr Mulvaney what can I do for you ? ». « You can go to H--I l've got passes over the Lehigh ».

OH! YOU BIRD.

It was a quiet spring morning on the Belgium Front. A number of Canadians were listening to a cuckoo in a wood just behind the front line. There was not much of this wood left as it was always under fire, but there was quite enough to give shelter to this little songster. After a while, however it changed its quarters, and flew over to the enemy lines, where its shrill cuck-oo could be plainly heard. « Fritz has stolen my cuckoo » mournfully remarked one of the Canucks. Just then a salvo of 18 pounders came over and crashed just above Fritz's parapet, to the delight of the watchers. The mournful one took this as a happy omen, and stuck his head up over the sandbags, and yelled at the top of his voice, « Now, then Fritz, you blighter, will you give me back my cuckoo ». And sure enough a minute later the cuckoo was back at its usual perch.

A. McL. H.

ANNIVERSARY DINNER ST PATRICK'S DAY.

A dinner, a satisfying and pleasant event, was held in the Hotel de Paris on the 17 th March, by the Irishmen of the Canadian Section. There was an attendance of about seventy, amongst whom were several Officers. Capt J. W. Logan was chairman. The guest of the evening was Major G. G. Archibald.

And exceedingly good Menu was provided. The imaginative brain and the extensive experience of one of the committee, Sgt Learoyd, contributed in no small measure to the success of this feature. To those initiated in the mysteries of a French Menu, a glance over it will no doubt cause regret, if they were unfortunate enough not to be there. To excite their envy, it is printed here.

The following is the complete programme of Toasts, as well as the Menu.

MENU

Velouté Mireille
Timbale de Soles Joinville
Suprêmes de Poularde Lucullus
Noisettes de Pré-Salé Forestière
Dinde rôtie aux Marrons
Salade
Petits Pois Nantaise
Plum Pudding
Biscuits glace aux Avelines
Desserts
Café - Liqueurs
Vins « Irish »

TOASTS

<i>The King</i>	{	Proposed by	Cap. J. W. LOGAN.
		Responded to	Musical HONOURS.
<i>Canada</i>	{	Proposed by	Cap. F. J. PUE.
		Responded to	Pte P. A. HUGHES.
<i>The Emerald Isle</i>	{	Proposed by	Lieut. J. P. KNOWLTON.
		Responded to	Cpl. E. H. STILL.
<i>Our Dead Heroes</i>	{	Proposed by	Cap. D. HORGAN.
		Responded to	L/Cpl. A. C. MORAN.

Major Archibald did not arrive until late in the evening. His popularity was evident by the sincere welcome that was given him. The various speakers acquitted themselves well. Pte Hughes, in responding to the Toast of Canada proved that he had the Irishman's gift of the « Blarney ». He can speak, and speak well.

The musical part of the programme was well arranged. Lieut Wright and Sgt Learoyd, together with Pte Palmer were the outstanding features. The two former are vocalists of no mean ability, and the latter is an excellent violinist. Pte Palmer shewed a keen sense of understanding in his rendition of « Selections from Il Trovatore ». His technique was exceptionally fine. And in « Adoration » (Borowsky), which he gave as an 'encore' it was enriched by the considerable feeling he imparted to this well known favourite of the musical world. He more than pleased his audience. Sgt Madden was at the Piano, and deserves praises, hall I say, for his devotion to duty. He proved a very versatile and capable Pianist. It is regretted that Lieut Haultain was indisposed by toothache from attending. His contribution would have added greatly to the attractiveness of the programme, for he has the reputation of being one of the best elocutionists of which this Section can boast.

The thanks of all those present are due to the committee for their untiring efforts in arranging such a pleasant evening. An atmosphere of good-fellowship pervaded the festivities.

It was an Irishman's night, quiet and enjoyable.

ORDERLY OFFICER. — Well, your lip is badly cut this morning. Were you mixed up in a fight last night.

SOLDAT (still, dazed). — Eye, Sir; Nose, Sir.

LINES.

Ah Rose,
 The essence of thy fragrance fills my soul
 If to imprison 'neath thy petals be thy goal
 Who knows
 That I would not unwillingly recline
 And with thy beauty be in fond entwine
 Repose
 And live but for the soft beat of thy heart
 Which calls to me with knowledge to impart,
 Thy woes
 Are mine. I list the voice of thy regret
 Of fragrance lost while still thou liv'st and yet
 Disclose
 Unto the gaze of interested eyes
 Thine anguished heart beat as it slowly dies.

Ah sweet,
 Indeed were life, if but a moment's lapse,
 For then thy burning heart would know perhaps
 It beat
 In unison with joy, with fond embrace
 Which robb'd thee of thy heart's blood ere you face.
 Retreat,
 To only know but one transcending kiss,
 To know thy life had been of sweetest bliss
 Complete.
 To only know thy petals ne'er would droop,
 That sorrow ne'er thy stem should cause to stoop.
 Ah sweet
 Indeed were life to live my Rose with thee
 To only blossom, then know immortality.

R. S. K.

OPERATION ORDER FOR KAYEYE-TOO.

That section of the enemy front now held by « Trio Thenor'ss » (Map with the knotted window string intersecting) will be taken by an organized mob of Canadians who will be equipped with the usual *line*. They will proceed along the Rue Defense de Travailler to where the Rue Defense D'Afficher intersects where they will be met by scouts Williams and Mac Sweeney who will conduct the « take over ».

The night Before the Attack.

Alone in the great dark stillness
Alone just my God and I,
No friendly voice nor clasp of hand
To help the darkness by,
My thoughts they turn to the morrow
And what the morrow may bring,
Will the first pale ray of the morning sun
Find me a lifeless thing?
Or mounting in all its glory,
Its rays dispersing the gloom,
Bestow on me the sparkle of life
Dispelling the thoughts of doom.
Yet who am I that would question
The will of One so great,
Who many thousands of years ago
Did suffer a greater fate.
Suffered, that the world might have freedom,
Freedom, from the shackles of hell,
Oh God, is our cause not similar?
Everything must go well.
So « To-morrow » may care of its self,
And if death my portion should be —
Let it find me with my face to the foe
My arms extended to Thee.
But if the morrow should find me,
Still with breath of life
With Thy help I will resolve the more,
To carry on the strife.

B. J. D.

 REINFORCED BY K. R.

SOME SAGE SAYINGS.—

On carefully considering the matter I have come to the conclusion that a Good Conduct Stripe ranks next to the V. C.

I wish I was a millionaire with fifty million pounds sterling, payable quarterly in advance, exempt from income-tax.

I always did like lance-corporals.

Now that the Culminating Point has been attained and the Apex successfully overcome, we can look forward with confidence to a new and — etc. etc.

The Sapper.

Owen says you can push a pen, but a pencil must be lead.

On Feb. 15 Driver H... astonished and alarmed the woman, Australians, and soldiers in the Bains de la Bourse by fainting while taking a bath.

He quickly revived on remembering that the was not fully insured.

He explains the incident by saying that the sudden unaccustomed application of soap and water after a long abstinence was too much for him.

 MORE NUISANCES

(With apologies to Walt Mason)

Jack Jones came up the other day, and said to me, « Here Bill, I say, how's chances to connect with Ten, I know you aint like other men, who dissipate their hard-earned dough on chewing-gum and Picture-show. I'm bust clean flat, and that's a fact, so if you'll do one kindly act.

Just lend me Ten. »

It fairly gets my Yankee goat when some big hobo grabs my coat between his grimy paws, and says, with breath that smells of other days, « I'm absolutely down an' out, I've shoved me ticker up the spout, I've not a goldarned sou. I know you aint no selfish clam »—— and he extends a dirty palm—— « Ten francs 'll see me through. »

I'm weary of this kind of wail, from guys who are not worth a nail, who spend their cash on fancy socks, and booze, and chocolate in a box, who go dead bust without a bean, and then come whining on the scene, intent on jarring loose our kale. I say these fish should be in jail.

Take my advice and treat them cold, don't let them blow your hard-earned gold on fancy drinks and such. Tell them to search some other boob, some poor no-nothing hayseed rube he'll lend them ten,

Not much,

FRANC.

Rouen. Noises Of The Highways And Byways

Amongst the many things that attract the attention of a stranger in this city are what might be termed its noises. Strange, weird, and musical, they can compare favorably with those of other large cities. In themselves they do not detract from the accepted picture of Rouen, one of quaintness and picturesqueness. They still retain something of a past age. Leave the highways and take a stroll along the byways. You will perhaps catch at first echos of some song. And you come across a little child that is singing some air strange to you. It is pleasing. There is a blind man with him, no doubt his father. And though it is raining, they do not seem to worry. His song continues and ends; when he immediately starts another one, you wonder if he ever takes a breathing spell.

Then you hear a weird sound close by you. Strangely enough, it does not seem to spoil the echos of the song that you are still able to hear. Apparently a rag and bone man passes you. And you catch what he is saying, « Des peaux, des lapins, des peaux, des lapins ». But his voice rises and falls in a perfect harmony. In fact he makes a song out of these few words. Immediately you compare him with the proverbial specimen you have seen in various places in England. And the comparison is not favorable. The monotonous cry of the English product, « Rags and Bones, Rags and Bones » could never be harmonised into a pleasing melody. Somehow we do not expect it to be. Perhaps that is because an Englishman is not famed as being musically inclined; justly or unjustly, he has a reputation of being totally unmusical. Not far away you see a rather old woman pushing a wheelbarrow along, that is loaded with different kinds of fish. She is singing her cry. You do not understand what she is singing. And you wonder if it is only some native air to while away the labour of the day. Perhaps it may be considered an exaggeration, to say that these cries (or noises if you will) do not create a discord. They all seemed to harmonise they do not displease you.

In your stroll through the byways, the absence of the familiar Italian, with his barrel-organ, strikes you. In his place you generally find an antiquated type of individual playing classical airs on his violin, always surrounded by a crowd of adults. It seems that the passer-by has always enough time to stop and listen, and invariably does so. He is a direct contrast to the proverbial American, the man who hustles. Moments are of commercial value to the latter, whereas to the Frenchman they are valuable as being opportunities for amusement and pleasure. It is a subject for argument which of the two types plays the game of life to the best advantage.

You have reached the Rue Grand Pont. The tinkle of the street car bell, and the rattle of wagons, tell you that you are in a City. You were lost in the byways. You were taken back to the years gone by. Your imagination had played a trick on you. The narrow side-streets, the many ancient buildings, and the harmony of the noises you had heard, made you think that Rouen was still a city of the middle ages, you are disappointed to find that it is fast becoming modern. It si

not a melody of sounds that you hear now. It is the hum of the commercial life of a modern city. The buildings seem modern. The people seem modern, and pass on their way in imitation of the « hustle » you would find on Broadway, New York. Perhaps your picture of a Frenchman as a lover of amusement and pleasure is incorrect. It is a process of evolution you are witnessing. In a future age all street vendors and street musicians may be allotted to certain districts. And then there will be the discord of cries that you can hear now on market days in the market places of the city. The attempt of the vendors to out-shout one another will have lost for them the art of song as an advertisement for their wares. And perhaps the inevitable barrel-organ will also make its appearance, and add to the general discord of sounds. The old noises of the city will have passed away.

SCRIBE.

WHEN THE LADIES CORPS ARRIVES

(2,000 Women enrolled for Overseas Service — Daily Mail)

A Cry of pain goes up to Heaven,
By howls the firmament is riven,
And we in anguish deep are driven,
From Rouen.

We worked together side by side,
No pleasures were we aye denied,
And Blighty would we aye deride
At Rouen.

Fair city of a thousand charms,
Of wine shops and fair maidens' arms,
Far from the awful war's alarms,
That's Rouen.

How can we leave your lightened streets,
Where we have tasted of the sweets,
Of love and other sorts of eats,
My Rouen.

Must fate then sporting with us play,
And shatter dreams that come today,
Remain a while and fade away,
O Rouen.

Paris and places may be nice,
But for adventure's spiciest spice,
I love thee once, I love thee twice,
My Rouen.

T'will be Goodbye, farewell, ta-ta, adieu,
God knows we'd rather stay with you,
But our farewell is nearly due,
My Rouen,

N. K. R.

She's the saddest of the sad, when she's sad.
 And the gladdest of the glad, when she's glad.
 But the sadness of her sadness,
 And the gladness of her gladness,
 Are nothing to her madness, when she's mad.

*Civilian (watching War Film Cinema). — Some fight, Some fight.
 Irritated neighbour in Khaki. — And some don't.*



THE PESSIMIST

Nothing to do but work,
Nothing to eat but food,
Nothing to wear but clothes
To keep one from going nude.
Nothing to breathe but air,
Quick as a flash 'tis gone;
Nowhere to fall but off,
Nowhere to stand but on.
Nothing to comb but hair,
Nowhere to sleep but in bed,
Nothing to weep but tears,
Nothing to bury but dead.
Nothing to sing but songs,
Ah, well, alas! alack!
Nowhere to go but out,
Nowhere to come but back,
Nothing to see but sights,
Nothing to quench but thirst,
Nothing to have but what we've got,
Thus thro' life we are cursed.
Nothing to strike but a gait :
Everything moves that goes,
Nothing at all but common sense
Can ever withstand those woes.

WELL DIGGING

By One Who Has Done Some

We decided to dig a well; at least the wife did, what she wants water for when there was good whiskey to be had, I never could figure. First we had to find where to dig, so an old « bohunk named Ole was brought in and assisted by much whiskey and his divining rod started to do his stunts. After playing around he suddenly said « I ben tink you find him here 'bout twenty feet » and pointed to a rocky and unlikely looking bit of land. However I started into dig and at the end of three days had a hole five feet deep, a lump out of my foot and many blisters. I decided not to quit yet, so toiled on for another day. Gee! but the sun was hot and the ground was hard, and the pick had a nasty habit of making a bee line for my foot every other stroke. As I crouched at the bottom of the hole, with earth trickling down my neck and sweat dropping from my brow I began to think that well digging an over-rated pastime.

All of a sudden, I was drenched with water. I shouted with joy thinking that my labours were at last rewarded and that I had struck it. But I noticed that this water had a smell of its own, and that it was mixed with carrot tops and grease. This didn't seem right. Looking Heavenwards I saw our « help » with an empty bucket in her hand and a vacant grin on her face. Oh « said she » I didn't know you were there I thought this was the new drain hole the missis said you had dug. I collapsed. My visions of sparkling wells was shattered by the awful smell of greasy water, and carrot tops, which clung to my clothes.

My views as to the superiority of whiskey over water remain unchanged, and are if anything more firmly established. The wife still draws her water from the creek.

NANOOSE.

A TYPIST'S DREAM.

There's a famous saying, folks oft times tell,
And none can dispute it, that War is Hell,
But for us poor devils, upon my soul,
War is one continuous Nominal Roll.

They pick the worst bone-heads, that God ever made,
And give them good jobs on the blooming Brigade.
Their Ambition is simple, single and sole,
To possess of all things a Nominal Roll.

They may want to know about, different Trades,
Or men, who have hair of different shades,
But they always come round to the usual goal,
« Submit, please, by noon, a Nominal Roll.

If Angelic Records are properly kept
The Angelic must often have wept,
At the things we said, when we flew off the pole,
When asked for another Nominal Roll.

We need neither wit, nor wisdom, nor learning,
To know they are keeping the Hell Fires burning,
For us, (thus saving the price of Coals.)
With scores of thousands of Nominal Rolls.

If I ever get back to civilian life,
I'll buy me a big, black, butcher Knife,
And may God have mercy upon his soul
Who dares ask me for a Nominal Roll,

W. L. G.

The Canadian Troops have made an excellent name for themselves at the Somme and still go on gaining ground and have Fritz properly scared. He calls over from his trench, « Are you God-blime's or God-damn-you's ?

The former means Imperial troops ; the latter means Canadians, and if they are Canadians he generally knows soon enough.

FROM « JUDGE ».

SMOKE.

« Tobacco's but an Indian weed » as the old song says, but it is certainly regarded as a very precious plant by the people of this world (I am unable to speak for the people of any other world) from the barbarian hordes of Germany to the most civilized races of mankind.

Its virtues are peculiarly appreciated by soldiers in Camp and Field, the soothing qualities of « three draws and a spit » being well known. Tobacco is a great consoler. Many's the time it has helped me to tread life's thorny path. At the age of 20 I received a terrible blow ; when the most beautiful girl in the world (at that time) refused me and the only thing that kept me from drowning myself in despair was tobacco. Later, when another most beautiful girl in the world had married me, I again drew consolation from the divine weed. Later still when the War broke out, in a moment of patriotic fervour I enlisted, but when the band had ceased playing soul-stirring music and I was beginning to picture the horrors of War, I regretted the rash act. But it was too late, so I had to carry on and comfort myself with smoke.

How sweet was the evening smoke in our tent after long hours of training. What incense we used to burn to our Lady Nicotine. In the smoke clouds we saw visions of ourselves straffing the wicked Hun and sweeping him out of France and Belgium back to his own land. We saw ourselves shaking hands with the King, what time His Majesty pinned the Victoria Cross on our manly breasts, amid the plaudits of an admiring populace. So far as I am myself concerned, I am bound to admit that these smoke dreams have not yet been exactly realized. The Boche is still in Belgium and I have not yet received an invitation to Buckingham Palace. But the War is not yet finished. . .

In the trenches, when the crashing fury of a morning hate had ceased and we could in a dazed manner look round on the ruined breast-works, a cigarette helped us to enjoy the blessed peace and quiet while jangled nerves became gradually soothed.

But it is needless to describe the times when tobacco is good. Is it not always good ? Is it not good when we are happy, sad, tired ; when we have dined, when we are hungry ; when at work, at play, in bed, when we are drunk, when we are, as sometimes happens, sober ? Always it is good.

Smokers may be divided into three classes, pipe, cigarette and cigar smokers. Generally speaking, each class is faithful to its own particular smoke, but there are numerous cigarette devotees who also indulge in cigars, numerous pipe smokers who now and then toy with the dainty cigarette. There are even broadminded souls who, so long as they are burning tobacco, do not care what form it takes.

Take first the pipe smoker. He usually sticks to his pipe, only now and then giving way to the seductions of cigar or cigarette. The good pipe smoker never by any chance leaves his pipe at home, nay, he generally carries at least two, with a fat pouchful of sweet smelling Virginia. He is often of a quiet, silent nature and indeed frequently gains a reputation for wisdom merely by puffing away, nodding his head, looking wise and saying nothing. Young soldiers about to become smokers are strongly recommended to join the pipe brigade. If, after a trial, you cannot acquire a taste for a pipe, you can always use it for blowing bubbles, a favourite pastime in the Army.

Next, there is the cigar smoker. This variety is not so common, indeed he may even be classed as rare, especially at the front. Cigars are generally an indication either of a full pocket or of an empty one that it is desired should be thought to be full. Cigars are of varying degrees of quality and may as a rule be distinguished by their aroma, a « Romeo & Juliette », when lit, leaving behind a more fragrant and agreeable odour than a « Flor de Cabbage » given away at a cocoa-nut shy. Cheap cigars are not recommended as smokes, but may be kept for unwelcome visitors. Personally I always smoke rather good ones, namely the cigar « Plat » which cost me 12 1/2 centimes apiece. To young soldiers about to take up this delightful pursuit, we would strongly urge the claims of the aromatic Havana, which invariably gives an air of opulence and importance to the smoker. If the early attempts to cultivate the habit produce unexpected and even unpleasant results, the novice should not be discouraged. Perseverance will surely be crowned with success.

We now come to the cigarette smoker, sometimes called cigarette fiend. This is quite the largest class and is to be met with every where. One of his distinguishing peculiarities is that he seldom carries anything but the habit with him, showing a touching confidence in his fellows. This applies, not to the whole class but to a large part, who are widely known as « Gimmies », owing to the demand continually issuing from their lips. « Gimme a cigarette » frequently followed by « Gimme a match ». This large tribe is animated by ideal socialist principles. All

their cigarettes are held to be common property. In the early days, no doubt, this admirable custom was born of good-fellowship, a smoker out of the goodness of his heart, being constrained to share his fags with his friends. Unfortunately, as is the case with many socialist principles, what was excellent in theory worked out less perfectly in practice, for it was discovered by some thrifty people that all their needs could be satisfied without going to the trouble and expense of buying Woodbines themselves. It was thus that the family of « Gimmies » came into existence. Any young soldier, unable to decide between the respective merits of pipe, cigar and cigarette should give very careful consideration to the claims of the fascinating gasper. We can recommend it. If he decides to join this class, let him become one of the noble band of « Gimmies ». Let him put his trust in the generosity and good nature of his companions. He will then be enabled to acquire that yellow finger stain, which is considered in the best circles so « chic », at very little expense indeed (to himself).

M. O. to Hospital Orderly. — Did you take his temperature as I told you ?

Orderly. — Yes, Sir. I put the Barometer in his mouth as you said, and it went up to very dry, so I gave him a glass of beer and he wants to go up the line now.

A FACT.

A Sgt (of what was once K. C. Section, thinking to make himself useful to an Officer of the R. E. 's, who was having some trouble making a Frenchman understand him, offered to act as an interpreter).

« What was it you wanted to say to him, Sir ? »

Officer. « I want to find out what time this « bally » store opens ».

Sgt (turning to the Frenchman) « What time magazine open ? »

The Frenchman « Comment » ?

Sgt. « No. Magazine, compris Magazine !

Frenchman (hopelessly) « Je ne comprends pas ».

Sgt (turning to the Officer) I can't do anything with him, Sir, he doesn't seem to understand his own language.

A SCRAP OF PAPER.

It's only a scrap of paper
 With numbers and names upon,
 A common or garden tracer,
 All to see and initial on.
 Nobody knows why it's « Urgent »
 And always blue-pencilled « Rush »,
 In order to locate the object
 Of somebody's undecipherable mush.
 It may be a man « killed in action »,
 Or an admittance as « N. Y. D. »
 From the unblotted part of a letter
 Addressed care of the British Army.
 It causes endless worry and trouble,
 From the Front right down to the Base ;
 And it will continue it's endless ramble,
 « All to see ». Can anyone trace » ?
 Long after the War has ended,
 Tracers will circulate still,
 But I will not be in the Army,
 Let them wander along as they will.

E. W. CRADOCK.

Twenty Four Hours

« Now keep track of your numbers. It's important. You three men to Bay 31; next three to 32 ».

It was seven o'clock in the evening of a cloudy day in September 1915, and a company of the Umteenth Canadians — on their way to the trenches for the first time — had halted about a mile from their destination. While we rested, and eased as much as possible the weight of our packs, an officer who had spent the day « up in front » passed down the line, notebook in hand, allotting to each man his place in the trench we were to occupy. « What the dickens is a Bay? » I asked a chum in the leading section, as he lay stretched full length on the cobble stones. « Search me » was the answer, « we'll know soon enough ».

The officer with the notebook having finished his task we fall in again, form two deep, and march on; most of us eager, and a little excited, as we watch with interest the German star shells appearing and disappearing over the tree tops in front. The sound of rifle fire — with the occasional « rat-tat » of a machiue gun — is now distinctly audible ahead, but on the whole it is quieter than we had expected.

Approaching a gap in the trees the order « single file » is passed along; as not only is this likely to be a marked spot with the German artillery, but their snipers are not unknown even behind the British lines. Suddenly our guide turns sharply off the path, and before we fully realize what has happened we are stumbling along a wet and slippery communication trench, which in places is so narrow that in heavy marching order it is necessary to force our way through. Here and there the rain of the preceding day has left a miniature lake — unsuspected until stepped in — and the whispered comments are hardly printable. This is the last, but also the hardest, stage of the journey, and by the time the front line is reached everybody is muddy, perspiring and a little short of temper.

We very soon find out what a « Bay » is, and as we enter ours the Imperials from whom we are « taking over » file silently out en route for billets. The hours of sentry go are quickly settled and we all slip off as much of our kit as the regulations allow; taking a hasty glance over the parapet « to see what it's like out in front », before buttoning up our greatcoats with the intention of getting what rest we can on the bench-like firing step. The sentry, gazing between two sand bags, finds the Hun's firework display rather interesting, despite the bullets which pass overhead with a noise like the crack of a whip, and as he almost unconsciously ducks to avoid the glare of a bursting rocket recalls with a chuckle the annual fair at home in Canada with its much advertised display of a similar nature, minus the bullets. When I am called upon for sentry-go the long threatened rain begins to fall, and my two companions, finding sleep [impossible, sit huddled together, the glow of their cigarettes reflected in the glistening waterproof sheets they have donned cape-fashion over their greatcoats. Somewhere behind, one of our Colt machine guns begins to purr softly as the man in charge caresses the trigger, and then spits violently into the darkness as he sees, or imagines, a worth-while target. Occasionally an officer, on his rounds, comes splashing through the puddles, and once a chap from the adjoining Bay appears with the query « how are chances for a light », but on the whole the night is quiet except when somebody fires off « five rounds rapid, » more with the idea of keeping himself awake than of doing the Bosches any harm.

The order «Stand to » having been given we all take our places on the firing step, and for the best part of an hour scarcely a word is spoken. The long looked for dawn at last puts in an appearance; surrounding objects begin to stand out more clearly, and our hearts are gladdened as we start cleaning our rifles by the sight of a thin wisp of smoke arising from the back trench where the platoon kitchen is situated. We are all stiff and tired, but happy in the prospect of food and a proper sleep; knowing that the Battalion snipers and observers will relieve us of sentry work until evening.

The day's rations, bread, jam, cheese, bully and hardtack, arrive, and while two of our party divide up the bread and cheese and make futile efforts to open the bully with the keys provided by the Chicago packer for that purpose, the third disappears in the direction of the kitchen « to see how Mac (the cook) is making out ». He returns in company with the section commander, who carries dixies of tea and bacon, and breakfast is tackled and enjoyed in a way which can best be understood by those who spend all their time out-of-doors.

After securing a towel of my own, and somebody else's soap I take a ten minute walk through connecting trenches and find myself beside a large pond fringed with trees, which seems to be used not only as a washing place, but for meeting and swapping stories with the men of the Battalion on our right. The occasion is, in a way, historical, being the first time units of the First and Second Divisions have come together in the trenches, but there is not much inducement to linger, as even here « Fritz » is not to be ignored, having the open spots covered to a nicety with his fixed rifles, and after a passable wash, accompanied by a couple of yarns from the old-timers, (which I later discovered to be « bull ») I beat a retreat. Back in the Bay once more I discover my chums asleep in the dugout and crawling in beside them remain dead to the world until we are all awakened by the news that dinner is ready. Spoons and canteens are produced and there is just time to give the latter a hasty toilet by means of the « lick and a promise » method, before, the « skilly » is led in.

Dinner is hardly disposed of before the German Artillery, commence to earn their daily pay, and the whizz bangs dropping too close for comfort everybody takes cover. A man from another company, passing through, finds things a little too warm and takes refuge on the firing step, half in and half out of the dugout, until the advent of a high explosive shell a few yards away encourages him to come all the way in, and he scrambles over our legs accordingly. Our own gunners are not slow to respond, and within a quarter of an hour the Huns' fire slackens and gradually dies away. Verbal enquiries in all directions show that although a lot of sandbags have been knocked about, and some trenches blocked, « Fritz » has failed utterly to « get » anybody, and everyone is happy except the Pioneers who have to clean up the mess.

The fact that all the food and water used have to be carried in by hand through the back trenches, is brought home to us by one of our little party being warned for « water fatigue ». After a long two hours he returns, weary and mud-spattered, and retires to the dugout to rest, and « grouse » quietly to himself. It is wonderful what a difference food and hot tea can make, for supper having been served and tucked away, our « grousy » friend decides that life is, after all, worth living. Then follows what, to my mind, is the finest part of the day; the time between supper and the first sign of dusk with its inevitable « stand to ». We are all more or less well fed and dry by this time, and sit chatting together of our past experiences and future prospects.

And so we take up the duties and discomforts of another night, firm in the belief that « the Bunch » can do all, or anything, that may be asked of them, now or in the days to come.

ADMIRALTY INSTRUCTIONS

Relative to Horses

Their Lordships have hitherto left it to the discretion of Officers themselves whether they ride or walk, and it was hoped that Naval Officers would not ride unless they were capable of withstanding the cup and ball motion which is so closely connected with equestrian exercise.

This hope, however, has not always been realized, and the dis appearance into the big drum of the Grenadiers, made by a Commanding officer of a Naval Brigade on the occasion of a Review at Windsor together with a record made by a Midshipman from Whitehall to Hyde Park corner at the Jubilee Review, has not encouraged their Lordships to issue an order that Naval officers should be mounted.

The only instructions issued here with regard to Equestrian Drill are that rolling and pitching should be avoided as much as possible, the animals way should be checked when rounding corners, and extreme deflection never applied except at slow speeds; in mounting and dismounting the Port side only is used, and spurs are not to be used to hold on by.

If not under control four red lights need not be hoisted; placing the hand behind the back is sufficient warning to the next astern not to close.

The animal is steered in the same way as a boat with a yoke, except that whereas in a boat the yoke is at the stern, with a horse it is in the bows. The yoke lines are called reins.

The initial velocity of the animal depends upon the mark and upon the feed given. If it is a good mark and much feed has been given, great care must be exercised by the naval officer in getting into the saddle.

Recount your days doings every night and plan to do better the next day.

FOOTBALL.

On Feby. 25th we were stacked up againts the *Casualty Section, G. H. Q.* and the game proved to be very one-sided, our boys winning by 6-1. It would be difficult to single out. any one for special mention as the game was too easy to call for much exertion on the part of our players, however the points were welcome and the large score helped our already good goal average.

The game on March 4th was versus the *A. S. C. Section G. H. Q.* and here again we showed pronounced superiority over our oppo-

nents running out easy winners to the extent of 6 goals to nil. Lieut Anderson made his debut in this game and although he was not in as good condition as he would have wished, showed that he still retained his knowledge of the finer points of the game. This was clearly demonstrated by his passes along the ground to the forwards. Davis et Stoker did most of the scoring.

March 11th was a blank day so far as the Competition was concerned, but an exhibition game was arranged with our old opponents, *The Field Bakeries*. This was a very interesting game and was contested from start to finish as if points were at stake. In this game we demonstrated the fact that we had previously dropped a couple of points in the Competition that should have been ours, for with the teams practically identical to those which played in the Competition game, which we lost by 0-1, we were the better team and only weakness in front of the Bakeries goal kept us from obtaining the winning goal, the game ending in a tie, 1—1.

On March 25th our team helped themselves to another half dozen goals againsts the *Regular Infantry Section, G. H. Q.* This game was similar to the two previous ones in the Competition and did not unduly stretch the boys.

On March 28 th we played off one of our back numbers, namely the game versus *M. G. Section, G. H. Q.* This was the hardest game of the month and it took our team all they knew to get home by 2 — 0, not because of our opponents strength but because of their aggressiveness, the forwards were triers all the time and kept our defence on the hop. Stoker scored both goals from crosses

On Easter Monday afternoon a Colonial Select team opposed the formidable Rouennaise aggregation which had been handing out large defeats every week to all comers. Our Section was well represented by four members of the defence and as strongly represented in the stand and elsewhere. The game was partially spoiled by a strong cross wind which confined the play to one side of the field, thus spoiling all chance of combination. In the first half the Colonials had slightly the better of the exchanges and on two occasions would have scored with a little luck, Lofthouse, the out-side left, especially having hard luck with two

parting shots and on another occasion Taylor spoiled a chance by over-eagerness. Rouen were never very dangerous this half and if they did get going, they were soon brought up by our brilliant defence especially Collier, Daley, Holmes and Young.

Half-time arrived with no scoring.



COLONIAL SELECT TEAM

The second half proved more exciting and full of incident, the Rouennaise playing better than in the first half and were constantly hovering around the Colonial goal. Time and again our defence cleared their lines in brilliant style from Cock, Couchman and Smith especially, and it looked as if the splendid efforts of the defence were to avail nothing when the referee presented a penalty kick to Rouen for the most accidental foul that could possibly happen. Greatly to the joy of the Colonial supporters Young effected a brilliant save from Smith who took the kick and even cleared a follow up shot from the same player, and in doing so got a nasty kick on the back but the gallant goalie « stayed with it » and to further demonstrate that he was not by a long way finished, dived the whole length of the goal at a terrific shot by Cock and turned it round the post. This save was acknowledged to be one of the best ever seen in Rouen and well merited the great ovation which followed. Taylor next came into prominence with a terrific cross shot but unfortunately the Rouen Goalkeeper happened to be right in the way of it. The game thus ended in a tie, no scoring having taken place.

The game promised to be a treat to all football lovers in Rouen and although to a great extent spoiled by the wind it was about the best contested game that has been seen on that ground during the season, where most Sundays the game is usually very, one-sided in favour of the home team. The stars of this memorable game were :

Colonial Select : Young, Collier, Daley, Holmes, Taylor and, Lofthouse.

Rouen : Lennon, Porter, Smith, Cock and Couchman.

The *Colonial Select Team* was as follow :—

Goal : Young (Anzaacs).

Backs : Collier (Capt.) and Daley (Canadians).

Half Backs : Park (Canadians), Holmes (Anzaacs) and Lieut. Anderson (Canadians).

Forwards : Taylor (Bolton Wanderers). Orchard (Lincoln City). Mumford (Barnsley). Williams (Coventry City). Lofthouse (Manchester United and Reading).

Linesman : Mc Innes (Canadians).

CRICKET NOTES.

On April 20th a General Meeting of all those interested in Cricket was held in K. H. Dept. Capt Logan was appointed Chairman and L/Corp Moran, Secretary of the Meeting. The following Officers were elected :—

<i>Hon. President.</i>	Major G. G. Archibald. D. A. A. G.
<i>Président.....</i>	Capt. C. K. C. Martin. D. A. A. G.
<i>Hon. Treas.....</i>	Sergt. H. H. Goodall.
<i>Hon. Sec.....</i>	L/Corp. A. C. Moran.

Committee.

Sgt. Couture (K. I.).— Corp. Cradock (K. G.).— Pte. Bowley-Turner (K. F.).— Pte. Strong (K. L.).— Pte. Butler (K. F.).

A Team has been entered in the Echelon Division of the « Sports Cricket Competition ». There are about twelve clubs in this Division, which should ensure keen competition. The « Sports Cricket Competition » consists of five Divisions, the winner of each Division to play off for the Championship at the end of the Season.

A Ground has been obtained. Everything is in readiness to commence the Season. All those, who at any time have played « the grand old game » should come forward, and make the old regulars fight hard for a place on the Team. There will be practices every evening. The date of the first practice will have been announced by the time this is in print. Keep your eyes on the « Poster Box ». You all know it, an inoffensive structure, which looks harmless, but nevertheless useful. There you will find our Notices telling you what is going on. We will keep you well up in News about the Team.

Our Subscription List met with a generous response. We thank the Officers N. C. O's and Men of the Section for their support. We wish especially to thank those Baseball enthusiasts, who, though not in any way interested in the game, came forward to help us. That's the spirit, Brother Baseball Players! we are proud of you. You can count on us to give you financial support for your Inter-Department League.

A. C. M.

BONE-SETTER ON BASE BALL.

The « dope » on this coming season looks so good to me that I can safely say, without any bull, we're going to have some *real* baseball sessions in this little old town, during the coming summer.

Nearly all the old war-horses of last year are here still, but an amazing wealth of new material has been discovered, and take it from me, old-timer, some of the newcomers are there with the goods to such an extent that they will leave our former stars nine miles in the lurch and going stroug if the old boys don't take notice and load up with Omega Oil. They are however in the main an untried quantity, as yet. But just keep your shut-eye open in the first practices, and watch them shape up!

The old war-horses will naturally be the base on which the various teams will be selected and built — they being a known quantity — but the dominant idea all through is, that, seasoned or not, the man who gets a place has got to show that he has the goods.

Four teams from the Canadian Section and one from the Pay Office will form the league. As yet it has not been decided whether one or two games shall be played per week — nor has the number of games each team shall play yet been adopted, but rest assured that an exceptionally interesting season is just ahead — for the Section is loaded with talent and full of enthusiasm.

The warm sun of these last three or four days has hatched out the usual crop of pioneers — who hustle back at noon to have a little session before hitting the grind. Everywhere I wander I hear groans and grunts, as someone moves his arm.

Everywhere I see palms swelling up like cushions. But what will you — old sox? We've got to be weaned away from the slothful effects of winter : from cafe avec's : from looking into her bee-yootiful eyes : from too much meat : from poker sessions and musical evenings, before we get into shape. The only thing to do for a charley-horse is to forget it! The only reason why your hand is swelling is that you dont ease the ball into it properly. But the knack of it comes back quickly, and the aches and pains of the first work-out are forgotten in the joy of spearing them one-handed while on the run, and making a perfect throw to the plate.

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For further Information & Prospectus see the R. S. M. any Morning at 8. 5 a. m.