


Price 3d.

The BARRAGE



VOL. 1. NO. 1.

PUBLISHED BY THE CANADIAN
RESERVE ARTILLERY.

NOV., 1917.



The attention of officers and other ranks is drawn to the fashion which is becoming prevalent of reducing the moustache to a few hairs upon the upper lip. It being now optional whether the upper lip be shaved or not by officers and men, it must be understood that if a moustache is worn, no portion of the upper lip should be shaved.

FRISE, C.F.

TAKE DOWN THAT CAMOUFLAGE!

SHE'LL LIKE IT!

A dainty little Xmas remembrance from our stock of Brooches, Gem Rings, Signets and Pendants.

For your chum here or at the Front, there is a wide selection. How about a Cigarette Case or Wrist Watch?

You'll be pleased with the
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—AND—
81, HIGH STREET, GODALMING.

TELL HIM YOU SAW HIS AD. IN THE BARRAGE.

THE BARRAGE

PUBLISHED BY THE CANADIAN RESERVE ARTILLERY BRIGADE, UNDER THE SANCTION OF COL. W. B. M. KING, D.S.O., COMMANDANT, CANADIAN RESERVE ARTILLERY.

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EDITORIAL.

IN submitting this, the initial number of THE BARRAGE, to the gaze of a critical public, we are conscious of its many defects in composition. Our plea for forgiveness is that it is the work of the men of the rank and file of the C.R.A.—men inexperienced, for the most part, in the world of letters, and whose sole incentive was that this edition might divert, if but for a moment, the minds of our readers from the monotony of camp life. Owing to the very nature of a Reserve Depot, where men come and go “like ships that pass in the night,” our difficulties have been many and all but insurmountable.

If the spirit of esprit de corps—a closer comradeship and a unity of thought and understanding; if amusement, and, better still, food for thought, may emanate from these pages—THE BARRAGE will not have lived in vain.

It is the intention of the staff to make this a monthly magazine, published on the 15th of each month. Contributions of poems, prose and art are solicited, and arrangements are being made for boxes to be installed in Y.M.C.A. Huts Nos. 4 and 5 for their reception.

* * * * *

BY the time this issue makes its advent upon a startled Canada, everyone will be working themselves up to that state of affability and joyousness that Canadians always manifest at the happy season of Christmas.

While the Canadian Reserve Artillery Depot regrets that it cannot attend the Canadian Christmas festivities as a body, every individual will be present in the spirit.

At no other season of the year does memory become so vivid as at Christmas. Pleasant indeed are the memories of by-gone Christmas dinners eaten beneath the parental roof.

On behalf of the boys of the C.R.A. we extend to the mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers, wives and wives-to-be in Canada sincere good wishes for a happy Christmas. May the New Year bring peace, happiness and prosperity.

* * * * *

WEBSTER may give a definition of the word "Barrage," and then again he may not, but in either case the fact remains that ere the war it was never used in ordinary conversation by English-speaking peoples. It is but one of the many words that the war has added to our already vast stock.

Invented by a Frenchman in the early stages of the war, the first barrage was a feeble thing compared to the hurricane of steel which composes the barrage of to-day. At first it was a simple procedure—a bombardment starting in No Man's Land, and steadily advancing over Heinie's front line to his supports. Later variations were, and still are, no doubt, introduced. The rolling barrage is one of them, and it was this method which was used in the Canadian attacks on Lens. It consists of a tremendous drum-fire that sweeps irresistibly over the enemy's front line and supports, and then, when the Heinies in the few unshattered dug-outs consider it far enough behind to get out and manipulate machine guns before shouting "Kamerad," it rolls back again, and is a real factor in preventing the spread of kultur.

We make no apologies for purloining the word barrage for this magazine. It is a word that spells the highest efficiency in artillery organisation, it suggests something irresistible, something advancing; every man in the battery cheerfully works himself into a state of exhaustion that his share shall be perfectly accomplished.

Like the original, this "Barrage" may be faulty—we are not sure of our zones and our ranges, but we hope that, with better co-operation and benefitting experience, that it may improve in quality and multiply in pages and advertising.

A Tribute.

FROM E Battery there comes a wail of lament, and, as the thousands of men who have passed through that battery will know, when they hear of the resignation of Lieut. Galt, there is real cause for lament.

Since November 8th, 1916, when that battery was known as the 5th Battery at Shorncliffe, Lieut. W. J. Gault has commanded it with a tact and understanding that have made that battery stand out pre-eminently. It is but rarely that such an outstanding personality, a genial presence, yet commanding all the respect and obedience due to his station, is come in contact with.

In the good old pre-war days two men were in a pub. One was a Scotchman, and the other fellow wouldn't stand a drink either.



FRIS
C.F.A.

“Who’s goin’ t’ volunteer t’ clean out th’ pipes?”

The Day's Work.

REVEILLE.

OF a truth man is a contrary being. If it be enacted that he sleep not in barracks at night, but hire unto himself a room in the town, then, behold! he riseth up in his numbers and is full of indignation for that the wily Government seeketh to put one over him. But if, in view of his comfort (and that of the public!) it is written that no man shall sleep out of barracks, lo! he is full of complaint and lamentation, for surely no such hardship or persecution was put across since the mighty Julius arrayed his forces on this little island.

Howbeit, the lofty ones having ordained (in their wisdom!) that all soldiers shall tarry in barracks during the night, invented for the better carrying out of this decision, the Reveillé Parade.

Accordingly, ere the night is yet spent there riseth up one armed with a whistle. And his countenance is fair and pleasant to look upon, and he bloweth a shrill blast once upon the whistle wherewith he is armed.

And on the sound of this blast much murmuring ariseth in the huts adjacent, and each speaketh to each with a strange tongue, assigning to the whistle attributes which belong not to it.

Then he of the whistle bloweth yet another blast, and forthwith there emerge from

all sides sundry and various forms which in the darkness appear almost as the forms of men.

And the order goeth forth that a tally of all present be taken so that they who appear not may later be for the "high jump." And to these cometh later the O.S. saying: "Friend (or words meaning such), why cometh thou not out to Reveillé Parade?" And he answereth: "Of a truth I heard not the blast of the whistle, for I slept soundly, even like unto a little child."

Then the O.S., with a compassionate smile, saith unto him: "I believe thee, O Annanias! but thou art for the "high jump" at noon, and prithee bethink thee by then of some less lofty excuse, for surely the one that sitteth in the judgment seat is much to be feared, albeit his voice is soft and his manner gentle."

After this ceremony, which is in much favour with all, such as are born not under a lucky star, are handed over to the tormentors of men who, in these parts, are known as P.T.I.

And the P.T.I. taketh them and standeth them in a row on one leg, waving, the while, the other to all points of the compass.

And some there be who by reason of their bulkiness can neither wave their legs nor bend their bodies. And these the P.T.I. addresseth in flattering terms, saying: "Who is it that purloineth thy excellent state rations day by day, for

(Concluded on Page 19).



Colonel W. B. King, D.S.O.

THE subject of this biography, William Birchall King, was born at Port Colborne, Ontario, in 1878, and the readiness with which he assimilated all things military will be better understood when the reader realises that his father is Col. Frank King, at present residing at St. Catherine's, Ontario.

Colonel W. B. King joined the Militia in 1893 and served two years in the ranks. He was commissioned as 2nd Lieutenant in June, 1895, promoted 1st Lieutenant 1897, Captain 1899, Major 1912, and Lieut.-Colonel in 1915.

He served in the South African War as Lieutenant in "C" Battery, C.F.A., until the battery returned to Canada in December, 1900, when he

joined the South African Constabulary, serving in South Africa also from December, 1900, to 1906, when he returned to Canada.

The original 7th Battery of the 1st Canadian Division was raised by Colonel King, and this battery was changed to the 10th on the reduction from six to four guns in Dec., 1914.

He went to France in command of the 10th Battery and served with it until September, 1916, when he organised the 6th Howitzer Brigade, which was afterwards changed to the 6th Brigade, C.F.A.

Three times mentioned in Dispatches, he received the D.S.O. in 1915, and in 1917 he received the Belgian Decoration (the Order of the Crown).

In August, 1917, he was promoted to full colonel, and returned to England to command the C.A.R.

To the "ranker," Colonel King stands on that pedestal especially reserved by them for officers who have won their respect by prowess on the field. Ask a casualty, and it will be found that, in their opinion, Colonel King is "all right,"—

and that is praise indeed.

During the past few days the C.R.A. has been under process of reorganisation, and matters are again running smoothly. It seems quite nice to be able to seek one's virtuous couch without having to throw an intruder out of it, and then, after things have quietened, come to the conclusion its the wrong hut!



Reveill , 5.30 a.m.

By MADILL.

Lead Us Not Into Temptation.

WE have recently received a letter from a person who signs himself "Aggrieved." Perhaps some of our readers can throw some light upon it.

"Sir," it runs:

"Until I joined this battery I was a strict teetotalter; but circumstances have arisen

which have been instrumental in causing my faith in abstinence to be largely shaken. I refer to the unnecessary and gratuitous increase of pay which we have all been receiving lately.

The honest but mistaken attitude of the local villagers in refusing to accept payment

(Continued on Page 17).

**Recent Honors Won By
Canadian Artillerymen In
France.**

MILITARY CROSSES :

Lieut. L. A. Reid, Capt. A.
S. Dawes, Lieut. L. C. Spence.

DISTINGUISHED CONDUCT
MEDAL :

300975 Gunner A. Smith.

MILITARY MEDALS :

40875 Sergt. W. A. Smith;
40784 Sergt. E. Collins; 40909
Sergt. E. E. Wallis; 322980
Sergt. G. H. Cole; 85662
Sergt. M. F. MacDonald;
41521 Sergt. A. E. Horseman;
41063 Sergt. W. Knight;
1257518 Bdr. H. W. Horwill;
86859 Cpl. J. Haslam; 1250560
Gnr. V. McInnes; 40821
Gnr. M. E. Hayden; 40518
Bdr. C. Weaver; 348818 Gnr.
A. Bond; 336802 Gnr. G. W.
Abbot-Smith; 330153 Gnr. J.
E. Gilbert; 85792 Bdr. C. R.
Townsend; 337821 Gnr. G. H.
Snell; 300298 Gnr. R. R.
Harper; 41200 Bdr. F. A.
Graham; 349349 Gnr. R. B.
Hutchinson; 348403 Gnr. F.
Beckett; 322929 Gnr. W. F.
Myring; 301115 Gnr. H. Chis-
holm; 85674 Bdr. H. DeVeber;
300248 Bdr. (A./Cpl.) J.
Moore; 158582 Gnr. (A./Bdr.)
J. Finch; 158674 Gnr. A. Rob-
ertson; 73208 Cpl. C. Goldsley;
45595 Gnr. L. J. Little; 115085
Gnr. C. N. H. McRae; 301671
Gnr. A. P. Lait; 90986 Gnr. T.
B. H. Mewburn; 304372 Gnr.
J. I. Sanderson; 300725 Gnr.
A. Cook.

A Night in June.

The war-sick sun has hid his
face
In the reeking pall that
shrouds the West,
And the wan moon stares on
this ghastly place,
The sinister ruins of Zillebeke.

All the livelong day the guns
have blared
Their frenzied din has shook
the earth,
From Hooge to Kemmel their
mouths have flared,
Pouring death on Zillebeke.

And Maple Copse and Sanctu-
ary Wood,
Fair virgin green but yester-
day,
Lie shattered now and soaked
with blood,
Of those who guarded Zille-
beke.

The loathsome rats at their
ghoulish work,
Snarl and chitter greedily,
For out in Noman's reeking
murk,
Lie men who fought for Zille-
beke.

The fitful flare of the Very
lights,
Casts hideous shadows among
ruins,
Revealing still more fearful
sights,
For death lurks to-night in
Zillebeke.

But see! black against the
lurid sky,
Untouched by all the Hell of
war,
Stretches up serene and high,
The Crucifix of Zillebeke.

The Chaplain's Message.

AUTUMN, with its golden mantle, has fallen upon the earth. The grain and the ripened fruits have been safely gathered in. In this bright and happy season do we not remember the family gatherings on Thanksgiving Day and the joys of Hallowe'en. It is true that the ravages of war and the sacrifices it has entailed have cast a gloom over many a home, but still as a nation we have much to thank God for. Canada has not felt the destruction wrought by the invaders' hand. Its trade and industries have prospered. The common bonds of anxiety and suffering have brought its people together in mutual sympathy as never before. At the Front our gallant troops have conquered many a fortress from our stubborn foe, and have taken the initiative completely from him. Aye, truly as a nation we have every right to thank God for His goodness.

But, cannot we add our praises as individuals to the united shout of the people? Has He not brought us through many a danger when it seemed escape was impossible? Has He not helped each one of us in our temptations, and made us feel the joy of the Victor who overcomes? Last of all, and best of all, has He not granted us forgiveness for the many times we have disobeyed and turned from Him? Those of you who have knelt with me in our Sunday gatherings will, I know, join with me in testifying of His great goodness to

us. Each of us has gathered a harvest according to the seed he has sown. Then let us feel the spirit of thanksgiving in our hearts. Let us as soldiers go forth to face a new year, never fearing what may betide us, for the Lord our God is with us. His goodness and mercy shall follow us wherever we go until our task is over; and the soldier may lay down his arms conscious of having finished his course and fought a good fight to the very end.

CAPT. F. H. BUCK.

The Khaki College.

IF you are a student whose course has been broken into by the war, you can continue your studies at the evening classes of the Khaki College. Over five hundred fellows are enrolled and taking regular studies.

This unique institution has grown up very quickly. Back in the summer small study groups were beginning among men who wanted to keep abreast of thought in different lines and step by step out of those groups the larger organization has come into existence. Capt. McKinnon, the Principal of Pine Hill College, gave most valuable advice on the organization of the College, and became its first president. Courses in history, literature, mathematics, agriculture, languages and business are in full swing now in the huts assigned for the work in H Lines, South Camp. A time table showing the different courses of study and the times of the classes can

(Concluded on Page 20).

The Lament of the Spare Gunner.

I have doubled to the gun
sheds,
I have doubled with the gun,
For F.A.T. informs us,
We must drill upon the run.

As "One" I have repeated
The Section O's commands,
Saluting him each moment,
As F.A.T. demands.

As "No. 2" I've leapt from
seat,
To wheel and back once more;
I've slammed the breech too
suddenly,
On the fingers of poor "4."

Just once I set the shining dial
On quite the right degree;
But the bubble always baffled
me,
When I was No. "3."

I've juggled with the dummy
shells,
And dodged the breech when
"4,"
But, oh, that awful kneeling
pose,
It makes one stiff and sore.

Feed shells to "4," keep tab on
"6,"
And in addition to contrive
To keep the wagon rightly
placed,
I got no sleep as "5."

I've mixed both "add" and
"drop" the range,
With "lengthen," shorten"
fuze corrector;
And from the sergeant-major's
rage,
As "6" I've needed a protector.

And with the higher numbers,
too,
I've stood for many hours at
"shun,"
Relieved with painful kneeling
in
Both rain and broiling sun.

All this and more I did endure,
Until I passed my class;
But now I'm doing other
"stunts,"
That make me feel an ass.

Spare gunners lead a cheerless
life!
At times I peel the spuds,
Or wash the dirty dishes,
And get grease upon my
"duds."

I gather paper on the square,
And put it in a sack;
'Tis then I think of "Home,
sweet home,"
And wish that I were back.

I hate the dirty dishes,
I wish I were no "spare;"
I came to be a soldier,
Not a bally scavenger.

Things We Would Like To Know.

WHY is it such a queer CARD?
Why does Sun Shine in God-
alming?

How is that Christmas
dinner coming along?
Is it going to be a rabbit
dinner?

If so, how's chances for
Christmas leave?

If the popular Major, who
in search of skrimshankers,
invaded the precincts of the
"Mumps" hut some time ago,
has been quarantined?

If not, why not?

Sporting News.

THERE are several well-known Canadian athletes in camp at the present time, who, I understand, would gladly give their services and advice in the different lines of sport. Among them are:

Captain Bobbie Kerr, of Hamilton, Ontario, the ex-world's English and Canadian champion sprinter; Gunner Don Cable, of Montreal, the present Canadian champion discus thrower; Gunner Cooper Smeaton, the well-known hockey referee, of Montreal; Lt. Hal DeGruchy, of the Argonauts senior Rugby team, of Toronto; Gunner Berry, one-time member of the crack Brantford Basket Ball team; Corporal Maudsley, the well-known Toronto champion walker; Gunner Jack Tresidder, the present quarter and half-mile champion runner of Canada.

All these men would gladly lend their services in the furtherance of sport in this camp.

There is a movement under way to form a C.R.A. Athletic Association, to be affiliated with the Fifth Division A.A. This is a laudable idea. Every man needs relaxation from his duties, and nothing develops a man physically, spiritually and mentally more than athletics. There is no reason why inter-battery sports should not be as popular in this camp as in others. It not only gives the boys plenty of opportunity to get out and play their respective games, but helps in

a greater way to prepare for the far more serious game across the Channel. Let every man get busy and do his share when once the association gets a start.

From Our Washington Correspondent.

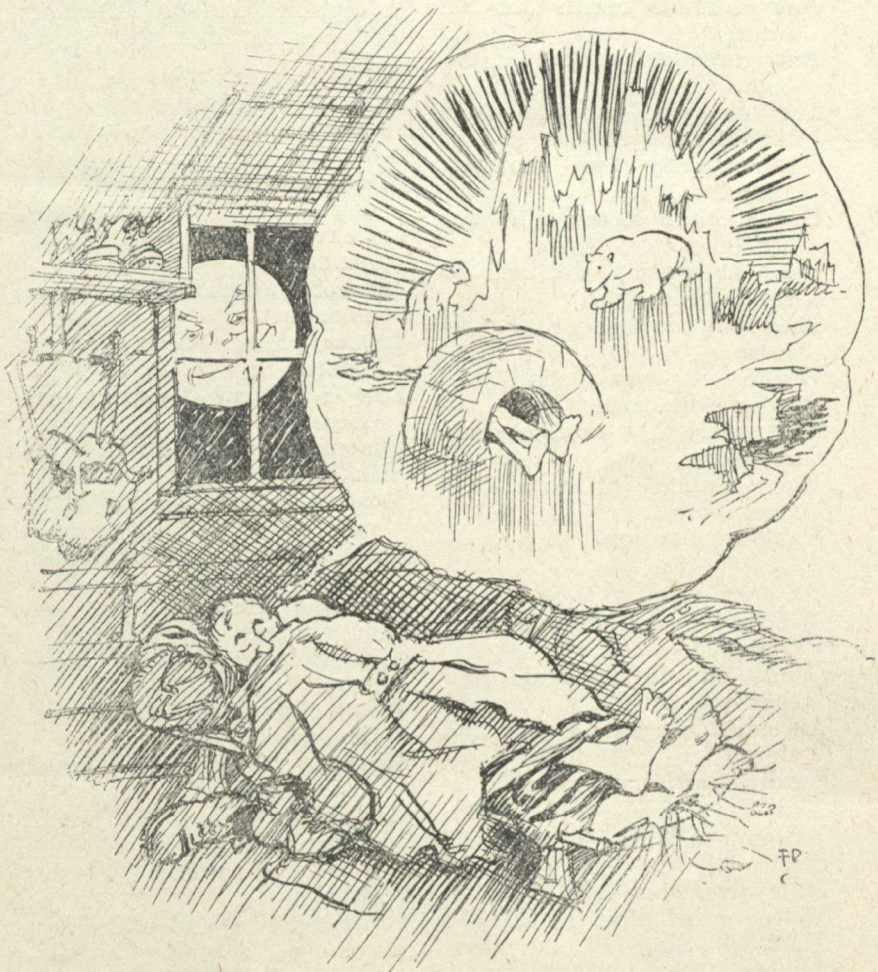
(Special to the "Barrage").
Some people were made to be soldiers;
But the Irish were made to be cops.
Sauerkraut was made for the Germans;
And spaghetti was made for the wops.
Fish were made to drink water,
And bums were made to drink booze.
Banks were made to hold money;
And money was made for the Jews.
Everything was made for something,
Everything except the miser;
God made Wilson to be President—
But who in hell made the Kaiser? —

Things we imagine.

ROUGH Rider (to rookie, who has dismounted without orders): "I trust you did not injure yourself. I am **so** sorry you fell. Allow me to help you mount again. Don't trot, just walk and hold on to your saddle. I was much worse when I started to ride."

CORPORAL, in charge of mess-room: "Take your hat off. Would you eat with it on at home?"

Gunner: "No, but at home we don't eat in a refrigerator."



“When a fellow’s feet get uncovered about 2 a.m. these November nights.

For Your Information, Please.

THE Cadillac with the G.O.C.
Passed Gunner Smith, 1703.
Now Gunner Smith did not
salute
But gazed unseeingly at his
boot.

The car was stopped—from
thence emerged
Various TABS who promptly
surged
Round Smith to see if he was
blind
That he openly declined to
rise in Salutation.
They took his number, age and
name,
Where he was bound and
whence he came:
Having all they thought they
needed,
The Cadillac forthwith pro-
ceeded
To its destination.

* * * * *

A Massive screed was then
compiled
(Made out in triplicate and
then was fyled)
An edict harsh and just and
stern
(Ending initial and return)
And duly fixed with Office
Stamp to Wit:—
Sir,
It devolves on me,
To say on behalf of the G.O.C.,
That, learning of his deep
regret,
That certain men to-day he
met,
Did not salute or try to pay
Compliments in the proper way
(In spite of markings on his
car)
See para. 70 K.O.R.

He leaves the matter in your
hands
(For further action as it
stands).

A dignified and proper strafe,
For one so high up on the
Staff.

* * * * *

Acknowledged with DIVISIONAL
TEARS,
The matter reached the Brig-
adiers,
In envelope marked "CONF-
IDENTIAL"

(A word which always seems
essential)

It has of late been brought
before,

The G.O.C. of the Umteenth
Corps,

That men in your Brigade are
Slack in Saluting off Parade.
Written in red on all of these
was,

"FOR YOUR INFORMATION,
PLEASE."

Brigade Headquarters got
busy then,
And wielding the ever ready
pen,

Wrote chits of dire dissatisfac-
tion,

Signed, "FOR YOUR IMME-
DIATE ACTION,"

Beginning thus, "It would
appear."

But WHY it would is never
clear,

"The practice of Saluting is
Becoming Slack and Slovenly,
viz:—

Army Order 712,

(Herewith attached and passed
to you)

Adding "such willing non-
compliance"

Amounts to MUTINY and
DEFIANCE.

Each O.C. Unit thus appraised
Of how the STAFF was jeopardized,

In Battery Orders placed a
SOLEMN
WARNING in the STOP PRESS
COLUMN,

“The Brigadier regrets to say
That instances have come this
way

Of soldiers who did not salute
The GENERAL as he passed en
route.

* * * * *

The Clerk wrote out and under-
lined it,

The Adjutant then counter-
signed it,

The Battery Commanders read,
All the Brigadier had said,
And had their N.C.O.'s parade
Duly instructed and upbraided,
Despatched them to the Rank
and File,

Where, in their turn, in
flowery style,
Explained, with force, if not
with tact,

How, when passing Generals,
one should act.

* * * * *

Now Gunner Smith will click
his heels

To anything that moves on
wheels

From Cadillac to humble Ford,
For the pen is mightier than
the Sword.

This, marked up in the Army's
Annals,

And passed through in the
usual channels,

The Army turned itself once
more

To minor things, just such as
WAR.

Y.M.C.A. Activities.

Y.M.C.A. Hut No. 4 is known
to all as the Artillery Y.M., as
it has been used almost exclu-
sively for the last 18 months
by Artillerymen.

Before mentioning any of
the activities carried on in and
about the Hut, one wishes to
extend a very grateful expres-
sion of appreciation to the
magnificent way in which the
men and women of Godalming
and vicinity have contributed
to its work. Behind the
counter in the canteen they
are indispensable, not only for
their services, but for the deli-
ghtful home atmosphere that
they create. Their own homes
have been opened to the men
of the Artillery, in this way
furnishing a social environ-
ment that is necessary and
otherwise impossible to attain.
Their contributions, time and
talent have all been freely and
unselfishly given with a view
to service, and, as men of the
Artillery, we wish to take this
time to extend our thanks.

CONCERT WORK.

There is not much need to
speak about the concerts, for
they are always looked for with
keen delight, and the Hut is
usually packed long before the
concert commences. The
Barrack damages during the
past month have been exte-
remely heavy, as those who
came late and determined to
see would continually persist
in sticking their domes
through the glass in the win-
dows. It is to be noticed that
the front (bald-headed) rows

are nearly always occupied by a certain lonely and apparently love-sick crew who are eager to be singled out as the object of bliss for the fair comedienne to rave over in her heart-rending ballads.

The concerts by Mr. Boulderson are always much appreciated. He, himself, is a very popular and gifted vocalist, and his concert parties are of the best, owing to his splendid ability of arrangement.

The weekly London Party and other occasional parties are all entertaining, but occasionally a snag is struck, and then the audience will howl, applaud and encore just to hear themselves yell.

C.R.A. GLEE CLUB.

A Glee Club is at present in a state of organisation, and will embrace such activities as Minstrel Troupe, Concert Parties, Orchestras, Mandolin Clubs, etc. These are very popular features, and with such an organisation in progress the social life of the Camp will be greatly augmented.

CHESS AND DRAUGHTS.

The Chess Club that has been organised expects to assume large proportions as soon as accommodation will permit. All those interested in this will find a warm welcome.

ILLUSTRATED TALKS AND LECTURES.

During the past month such men as Silas Hocking, E. G. P. Cotelingam, George Mahoney

and others were secured, who gave splendid and interesting addresses, which have not only been entertaining, but of educational value to all.

DISCUSSION GROUP.

Here is the place where the men of "brains" determine what they will do with Germany, Canada, and the world as a whole after the War? They have already decided to put Canada under prohibition after the war, and that the returned soldier will be of more influence and help to his community than the man who stayed at home. All that is now necessary is for this war to stop so they can readjust things correctly. However, aside from the humour of the situation many interesting and helpful topics have been discussed, and the Group has sent out to other Y.M.C.A. Huts debating teams that have proven very successful.

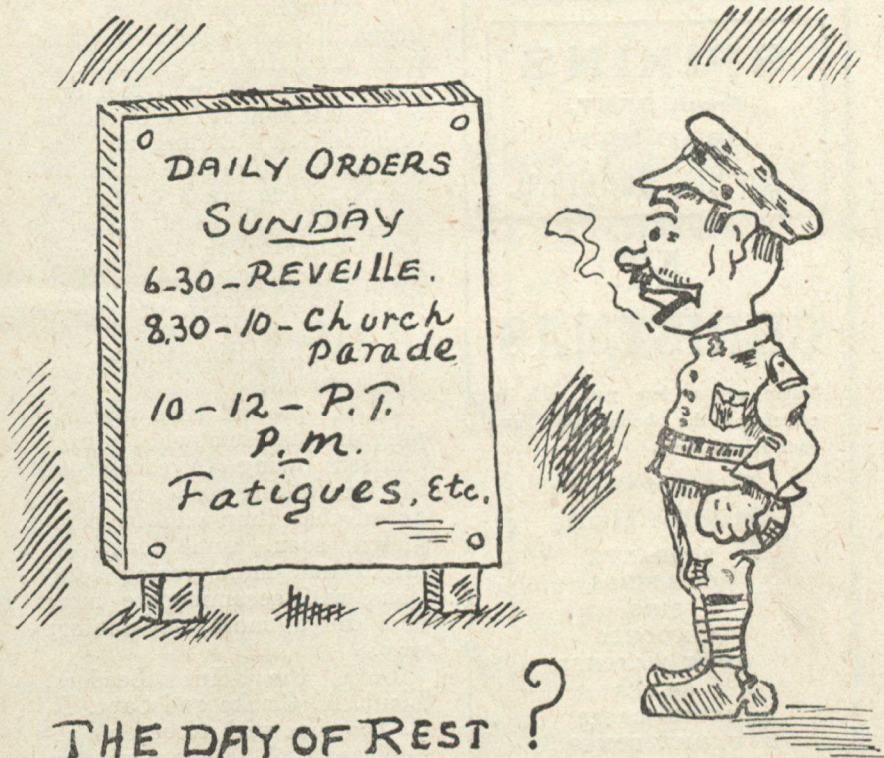
RAMBLE CLUB.

Surrey is a pretty part of England, and the Saturday afternoon rambles are very interesting and popular events. The Club has visited many places of importance and interest, and generally at the end of their hike have been entertained by our good friends the men and women whose homes are in this vicinity.

RELIGIOUS WORK.

This is placed last, but most certainly not least, for the Y.M.C.A. means Young Men's Christian Association, and it is

(Continued on Page 18).



By MADILL.

(Continued from Page 8).

for even the most costly article, has entirely obviated the need of any large amount of money. The result has been a gradual accumulation of coin, owing, as I have said, to the inability of spending it, coupled with frequent princely payments (incredible as it may seem, there are those of us who have received as much as one pound!). It is **this** surfeit of wealth which has led me, in my

desperate endeavours to lighten my pockets, to seek consolation in the pewter pot—the first step to a dissolute life.

May I hope, Sir, that by giving prominence to this letter you will be the indirect means of touching the hearts of those whose reckless distribution of largess has been the unwitting cause of numerous temptations which have arisen to lure several, who, like myself, have attempted to step the paths of rectitude!"

SPIKINS

From DENT,
Jewellers,
High St., Guildford.

AT CHRISTMAS

There are a few you wish to remember—the home folk and your friends here.

By way of Suggestion,

PENDANTS,
GEM RINGS,
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SPIKINS

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(Continued from Page 16).

hoped that all those who patronise the Hut, regardless of colour or creed, will feel and appreciate that it is a Christian organisation standing and endeavouring to radiate Christian ideals. Too much cannot be said about the good work of the Chaplains in Camp, and especially those of the Artillery, Capt. Pietre and Buck, the latter who is conducting the Y.M.C.A. Bible Class.

ALTERATIONS.

At the present time the Hut program is somewhat disorganised owing to extensions that are taking place, but it is hoped that they will be completed soon, and then the larger and more varied additions will accommodate more men in a more satisfactory way.

Both the Hut Leaders, Lieut. A. Clarke and Capt. R. C. Yeoman, wish to become acquainted with all those who are interested in the above program, and extend a hearty welcome to Y.M.C.A. Hut No. 4. R. C. Y.

It happened recently that the School of Gunnery were out on muster parade and the sergeant-major was calling out the names in the approved style.

"What's your name?" he enquired of a man.

"Phillips, sir," was the reply.

"Phillips, is it, and what the hell are you doing down here in the P.'s? Get up there in the F.'s"

(Continued from Page 6).

indeed thou hast neither strength to wave nor waist to bend."

Whereupon the others—being of a free nation—rejoice in a loud manner, asking one another: "What manner of man is this, and where doth he perform his daily task?" And one leaneth over to his neighbour and whispereth in his ear, but the P.T.I. rebuketh him severely, saying: "Have peace, no such thing happeneth there!"

And when the P.T.I. observeth that all with one accord look admiringly at their gold wrist watches and diamond rings, he saith unto himself: "Now do I know that these men have neither time to trim their beards nor wash their faces, so I will send them hence, for of a truth **this** is but vanity!"

And so they depart, each unto his own spot, loudly praying as they go that the war cease not nor flag, so that the P.T.I. be not thrown out of employment.

AN observant correspondent has discovered that there is more laundry sent to the wash during the week in which payday appears than at any other time. He attributes this to the desire prevalent amongst the men to appear before the paymaster clean and comely. If his explanation be true, all we can say is that this pretty compliment must be highly gratifying to that gentleman.

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excepting what they want—that one personal touch which we will furnish in the most artistic style—

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With buttered toast and cakes, a cigarette and music in the mellow glow of the grate fire.

Dinner—

A substantial meal when you go to town for the evening. Steaks and chops just done to a turn, appetizing vegetables and tasty desserts.

F. W. WESTLAKE, Proprietor,
And There's just One

BRETTS

A Guildford Name for 150 years.

(Continued from Page 10).

be referred to at any of the Y.M.C.A. huts.

The Khaki College here has established a close relationship with Canadian Universities. Dr. Tory, the President of Alberta University, visited the Canadian camps in England and in France, and after returning to Canada with an educational policy for Canadian soldiers, has received the warmest support from the Premier of Canada, Sir Robert Borden, and from Canadian Universities. Any soldier completing a set course in the Khaki College will be given credit, by the Canadian University of his choice, for the amount of work he has done.

The Chaplains have co-operated splendidly in the work of the school, and have given their time cheerfully to teaching in various branches. Capt. McKinnon made such a success of his work that he was summoned by General Headquarters, London, to work on a policy of education for the Canadian camps in England. Just because his work was so fine we lost him. His successor as President of the College is Col. Day, of the 185th, and the courses are in full swing nightly in the assigned huts in H Lines.

Ask at the "Y" about the courses, select your subjects, and get started right away at your studies. The Khaki College Library is at Hut B 10, H Lines, where Captain Gilmore, of the Y.M.C.A., the Registrar, can be seen at any time regarding courses.

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BICYCLE FOR SALE!—Owner now in hospital with fractured knee. Will exchange for canary or something useful.

BOOKS!—We have just received the following books:—

"The Language of Flowers." Bdr. Poeticuss.

"Flowery Language."

Bty. Sgt.-Major.

"From Gunner to Bombardier."—The story of a wonderful career. By Bdr. Gem.

"Drafts—and how to avoid them." "Bomprufe."

"Further Adventures of Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford."

—Relates how Wallingford became a Quartermaster.

"The Popular M.P."—A pure romance.

HAVE you a yellow streak?—Then sell it to the Guildford Dye Works.

ARE you marked for Canada?

—If so, you need Baischob's "Hot Air!"—Just published!

Chapters on "Hairbreadth Escapes," "How I nearly won the V.C.!" "How I saved the Guns!" etc., etc., etc. Easily remembered! Very convincing.—"Old Soldier" writes:

"Since buying your book, I have never had to pay for my beer!"

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