

THE LISTENING POST



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AT THE AMIENS DRIVE.

Private McBroncho of the Canadian Highlanders, known in pre-war days as Cayuse Pete, figures he can show those Lancers a thing or two in their own line.



EDITORIAL.

THAT "The Pen is mightier than the Sword" is probably the view of every Staff Officer; but, in the opinion of the Staff of the LISTENING POST, the Sword has lately had the better of it and the regularity of our issues has suffered in consequence.

Our readers were promised an Anniversary Number in the last issue, but for this we must refer them to some future "History of the Great War," where, in the chapter dedicated to Amiens, Cherisy and Cambrai, they will find a record of the glorious deeds of the Canadian Corps, which in themselves form the most fitting number for the Third Anniversary of the LISTENING POST, and one to which every man has worthily contributed.

Even the most blood-thirsty Lance-Corporal, however, will sometimes pause in his pursuit of the elusive Hun and, amidst the wreckage of some pillaged cottage, transfer his energies to the equally elusive Muse. If the results are at times chaotic, let us lay the blame upon environment.

The guiding hand of the Editor, who has so long and so successfully controlled the destinies of the LISTENING POST, will be sorely missed, but increasing military duties prevent him from continuing to occupy this position. We can only thank him for the whole-hearted enthusiasm with which he has always tackled and overcome the many difficulties inevitable to an enterprise of this kind, and hope for liberal contributions from his pen in the future.

Written as these words are in the last days of October, it is impossible to say what the situation may be when our readers scan these pages of the LISTENING POST. That the soil of France and Belgium may be free of the invader seems well within the bounds of possibility and that Germany—reeling under the succession of blows dealt by the Allies—may at last have seen reason and laid down her arms, is not too much to be hoped for.

To our comrades in the Canadian Corps, our wish is that this Christmas may find you resting victorious after four years of bitter war, with the only peace you really desire an accomplished fact. To our friends in the Homeland, a bright and happy Christmas, secure in the conviction that your sacrifices for the Army and the great cause of the Allies have not been in vain.

THE LISTENING POST may be procured from the following agents:—

LONDON: Burch's, 401, Strand, London, W.C.

SEAFORD: Canadian Machine Gun Depot.

IN THE FIELD: Canteens of most Canadian Units; Army Canteens in Canadian Corps Area; Y.M.C.A.'s in Canadian Corps Area; Soldiers' Institute, Canadian Corps.

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Have You Ever—?

HAVE you ever in your dreams stood at the brink of the precipice?—Below in the dark, abysmal depths, loom up in ghostly shadow great, ragged pinnacles of rock, like the cruel teeth of some vague, pre-historic monster. You must step back as the grass edge crumbles under your feet and you sense, rather than feel, that you are falling. With every muscle taut and the cold sweat of fear streaming from you, you attempt to get back; but some invisible force is holding you and, strain as you will, you cannot get back an inch towards that precious safety. You try to shout but cannot articulate a sound, and, as the overhanging edge gives way under your weight, you see the crack widening and yet ever widening; you feel the death madness hammering at your brain.

Oh, for just one moment of the old life, with freedom to move where you will; to talk; to laugh at ghostly fears—but no! The fates have inexorably decided against you and suddenly, with an unearthly shriek of fear, you are falling—falling—

Then you wake.

* * *

Have you ever lain awake in your tent at midnight, watching through the flap the stars twinkling above, whilst a silvery moon throws fantastic shadows from the trees? Then strikes upon your ear a faint hum, and as you draw the blankets further over your chin (and finally over your head) it swells into a throbbing oo'ee, oo'ee,

that seems to drown every other sound in the universe. With bated breath and tense, rigid body, you wait and wait—for what seems to be an eternity—for the whistling sound of the first bomb to drop, whilst visions flit across your mind of what you will look like when 200 pounds of high explosives have finished with your frail body; and you wish that you had lived a little better life in the past years.—

Suddenly you realise that the hum is growing fainter and fainter, and with a sigh of relief you turn over—and sleep.

* * *

If either of these experiences have been yours, you can sympathise with the Editors of this publication. The paper must be got out; but how? Cajole, threaten, or plead with your immediate friends or acquaintances as you will, you cannot get them to give you articles for publication: an outside world, immersed in its own affairs, doesn't realize your crying need—doesn't dream that "somewhere" are harassed Editors tearing their hair, tramping cold French billets in the still hours of the night and calling on the very heavens for copy, copy, and still more copy.

If you would help a friend in need, don't hesitate, but send in that story you heard in the leave train; that joke you pulled off just before zero in the last attack; or that idea for a funny sketch that's been simmering in your brain-pan these past few weeks, but—

DO IT NOW!



And another little yank will do a lot of harm.

Letter from Brig.-Gen. R. P. Clark, D.S.O., M.C.

THROUGH the kindness of your Commanding Officer, I have the privilege of circulating in the forthcoming number of the excellent LISTENING POST a letter from myself to my old friends in the Brigade and to my new friends in the Brigade.

A long time ago, in 1914, when the Brigade was in the making, I was General Currie's Staff-Officer. I am glad to say that there are still in every Battalion a number whom I knew then. During the long interval which has elapsed, old friendships have only grown dearer to me. New friends, officers and men, whom I have so often heard of, but never met, seem now to me to be old friends too. For through their deeds I know them well.

Our first Brigadier—our present Corps Commander—thought in the old days that this Brigade was the first Brigade in the Division. Your old Staff-Officer, and your present Brigadier knows that this Brigade is the best Brigade, not only in the Division, but in the Canadian Corps. And, although he does not say so, I feel sure that the Corps Commander believes alike with me. So you have good reason to be proud, and it is your duty and my duty to take great care that he shall never have reason to change his opinion of us.

I do not intend to take up space in the old LISTENING POST which might better be used. What I have to say you must surely know already. But I take this opportunity to tell you again how glad I am to be back with you once more, and how proud I am to command the Western Canadian Infantry Brigade.

Great things are happening. The Germanic Alliance is disrupted. The enemy, against whom you have fought so long and well, is breaking. This Christmas, I believe, will be your last in France. That the next may find you Home again, safe and happy, and with your loved ones, is my most earnest wish.

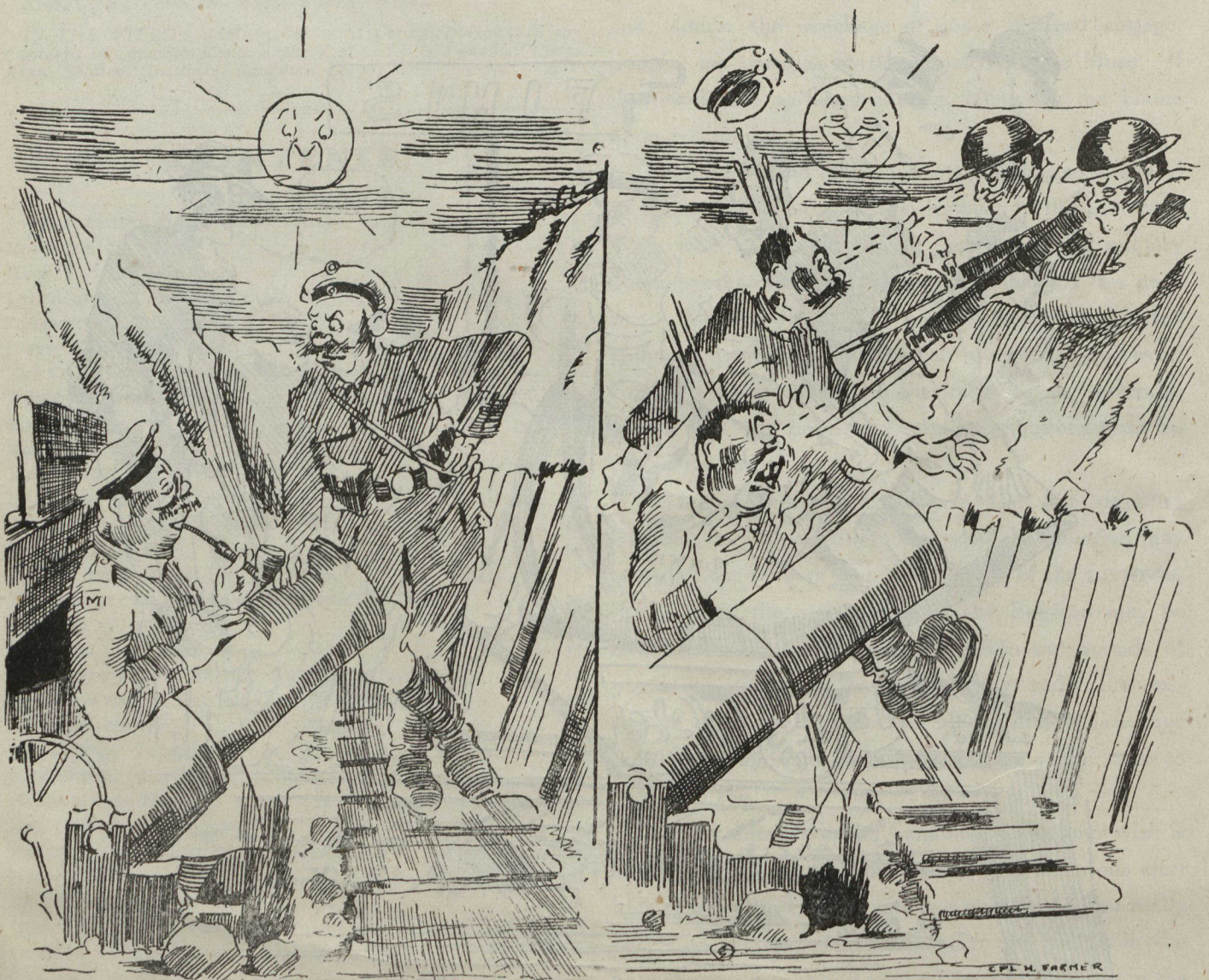
The war is drawing to a close. Your many trials and privations will soon be forgotten. The horrors of this war will soon become to you a memory, dimmed by happier things to come. But the glory of this war, though some day a memory too, can never fade. And the glory of the 2nd Canadian Infantry Brigade you will keep with you and cherish, and pass on to the generations to come. For it can never die or be forgotten.

At this Christmas time our thoughts turn back to other Christmases spent together, and to old friends who have gone from us. In this fight for Freedom and for Right, you have given freely, and of the best you have. When we go Home there will be great gaps in our ranks, for many brave men who crossed the ocean with us lie on a hundred battlefields along this Western Front. But the memory of them, too, we shall take home with us. They have not died in vain.

A Happy Christmas to you all—happy in the consciousness of work well done, and freedom made secure.

R. P. CLARK,
Brigadier-General,

Commanding Western Canadian Infantry Brigade.
November 2nd, 1918.



Heinie: "Hermann, I go in to the front line to-night. You already haf experience against der Canadians. Gif me some points."

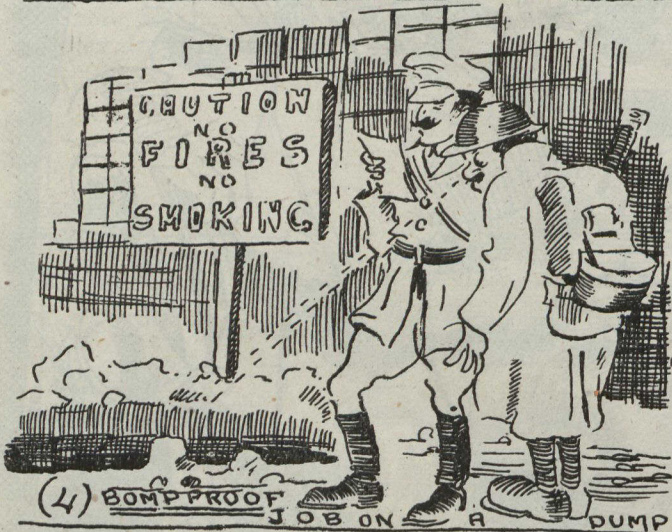
Canuck: "Here's a couple, bo'. Hop out here toute suite!"

LUDENDORF'S LEMONS.



Kaiser : " Faugh! They're all rotten !"

SAFETY FIRST.



THE ONLY REAL BOMB-PROOFER—



—A Home Guard in the Cannibal Isles.

Two of a Kind.

I SAW at a glance from Bill's manner that something exquisite had come into his life; that the Wheel of Fortune had stopped opposite his number—"box-car" though it was—and had unloaded a prize. His face bore that shining look which tells of a sudden and unexpected happiness; an effulgence, a radiance, which in the old days would infallibly have suggested alcohol, but in these of enforced sobriety declared a joy of a purer origin. Complete contentment stuck out all over him, and something more with it, a kind of awe, as one would say: "Who am I that I should be so favoured of Providence?" Have you ever seen the expression on a P.U.O. patient's face when he is told that he is safe for Blighty? A blend of gratitude and wonder. Have you noticed the glistening eye of the end man in the trench at "stand down," when the sergeant-major shakes the jar, listens to the

resultant rustle and says: "Well, seeing there's quite a little over, I'll give you another shot." Did you ever size up the emotional register of a hungry and prowling private when he finds that tin of Maconachie in the corner of the dug-cut? Have you observed a batman's smile as he unearths a rival's coke-cache? Well, that was how Bill looked, only more so.

"What's happened?" I breathed, tensely, as he came nearer. "No working party, two men to a loaf, a maiden aunt's legacy, your first stripe, the M.M., a registered letter from home, Canadian mail, a nice blighty, Peace—?"

"None uh them things," said Bill, with contempt.

He displayed a pair of socks.

"I got them in the Divisional Baths," he announced with pride, "and they're a pair!"

Force of Habit.

PRIVATE JOSEPH BAGMAN, one time sales-manager of the Newport Novelty Company, gripped his rifle firmly and waited for the barrage to open. On either side of him shadowy forms blocked the shallow assembly trench. Someone coughed occasionally and there was a faint hum of conversation farther down, but for the most part the silence was unbroken save for a faint creak as some soldier eased the weight of his equipment, or a muttered imprecation came from one who was feeling the strain of waiting.

It came at last, a wave of thunderous noise that broke on the German trenches in a sheet of flame and smoke. Private Bagman found himself stumbling over a shell-pitted waste in the half-light of a chilly dawn towards spattering rifle-fire and the busy chatter of machine-guns.

He dropped into the first-line trench opposite the entrance to a dug-out and confronted a large fat Hun on the point of leaving as fast as his bulk would permit.

The Hun's hands shot up and in excellent English he begged his captor to spare his life: "I speak English very well," he ended, after citing a wife and five little reasons why clemency should be shown him.

"You do." Bagman agreed, "and I've got a fine line

of finishes to offer you, so I'll give you your choice. Let me recommend this style of bomb, made exclusively for us by the Mills people, guaranteed to be both instantaneous and thorough—it has ushered many a war-weary Wilhelm through the Pearly Gates. No? Then perhaps you would prefer this bayonet. I conducted a personal test of its efficiency at Vimy last year and can assure you it is both smooth and sudden. It doesn't appeal to you, you say! Naturally I wouldn't appear to force it on you, but how about this Lee-Enfield of mine? It is both sure and expeditious. One slight manipulation of the trigger and after-the-war problems will cease to occupy your mind. What? Still unsatisfied? Well, I regret the insufficiency of the means at my disposal—exigencies of the service, you understand—but I should love to give you a demonstration of the neatness and despatch of our latest asphyxiating gas—absolutely the most up-to-date minute trouble-remover extant. Or how about a little liquid fire? This is no half-hearted German preparation but one to whose complete efficacy thousands of your countrymen testify. As I say, I am, in a manner of speaking, selling these two latter from catalogue, as it is impossible to carry samples—"

But the Hun had fainted, and Private Bagman stumbled on, cursing the first set-back of his whole commercial career.



AFTER THE AIR RAID.

Mrs. Casey: "Look! Not content wid heavin' the loike at you, the scum must go an' make all these ragged edges wid a foile."



THE VERY IDEA!

"Hey, Bill, here's an Iron Cross gink that wants a biscuit 'mit jam on it."

Respect our Privacy.

"Honour to whom honour is due, but why decorate our heroes like a ruddy Christmas tree?"—Hotario Bottomley.

EVERY few days we read in the columns of the Press an impassioned Appeal, an Earnest Entreaty, or a Timely Hint, urging the claim of some particular class of soldier to a special badge, medal, ribbon, chevron, or distinguishing mark of some sort.

Really, if this sort of thing is allowed to expand to the extent desired by these persons, we shall be creatures of shreds and patches indeed, walking crazy-quilts capable of interpretation by every busy-body.

Already we have service chevrons, wound stripes, ribbons and badges galore, and the day is not far distant when it will be possible to tell the whole history of the individual soldier from the insignia he wears.

We look forward with horror and foreboding to the time when we shall carry recorded on our persons, for all the world to see, the number of days served in the trenches; wounds, if any; minor mishaps; sick-parades attended; working parties done; Maconachie issued in lieu of bacon; short rum issues; none at all; near blighties, and almost napoos.

The publicity of the thing is insufferable.



Major: "I've certainly learned a lot since we were here last, Colonel. That speech you made two years ago, about our having Christmas dinner in Canada—"

Colonel: "Yes—what about it?"

Major: "Well, I believed it in those days."

“Thou shalt not Covet . . .”

WITH mingled feelings of excitement, fear of the possible hidden sniper, and boredom because his job involved WORK, the sapper heaved in the cork floats; and before long the élite of the Canadian Infantry were streaming across the Canal and spreading out fan-wise, taking up the chase of the elusive Hun. For days we had sat on our side of the ditch and gazed on the promised land—that land of green meadows, unsullied by the path of the world war—with real villages in the distance, their church spires towering towards the grey skies; and as we gazed, we dreamed of the delights to come—real billets, with roofs, and real beds!—a real old fireside in a comfortable parlour to sit beside and talk over old battles. Here at last was the possibility thrown open to us, and all we had to do was walk in and take possession. Not a shot was fired as we wended our way up the hillsides, and night found us resting what little we could before the toil of the morrow.

Dawn finds us trudging forward through a white mist that shrouds everything and, as the day progresses, we come across our old friends the enemy, and a few bullets begin to sing around and the odd shell disturbs the peace of this tranquil countryside in a manner that seems almost sacrilege.

Night-fall finds a weary platoon roaming around looking for shelter from the bitter autumn night, when suddenly, in the midst of a small wood, they discover a chateau. Just a little of the old France still intact, with its old-world setting. Crossing the more modern brick arch that has replaced its ancient portecullis they enter and immediately step to another world. Thick carpets deaden the tramp of ammunition boots as they wander from room to room admiring the old furniture, daintily adjusting their “tin-lizzies” in the full-length mirrors, and gently turning everything over as they search for booby-traps and loot (chiefly, it must be confessed, the latter). A search of all the cellars reveals the awful truth that all the bottles left by Fritz are empty, and disconsolately they retire to rest.

Dawn finds other troops passing through us on the way to the great adventure, and the Company Commander, taking an early stroll, discovers the situation. Company Headquarters in a cottage and Platoon Headquarters in a mansion will never do! So the old army rule of “Seniority of individuals or formations must have first choice” is invoked and a lightning change effected.

Alas, for human hopes! No sooner is Company Headquarters happily settled than it is discovered by an inquisitive Battalion Commander, and ere long, the Battalion Headquarters have taken up their residence in the coveted chateau—to the discomfiture of its former occupants—and the battle-scarred (or dirtied) distinguishing flag proclaims to the world the fact that the Orderly Room is open for business—and they get it . . .

As if drawn by magnet, Army, Corps, Divisional, and a few other lesser formation Staff Officers swarm around, and pretty soon, neat little cards bearing little inscriptions like G.O.C. and G.S.O., etc., attached to the doors of various rooms, convince the arrogant Battalion Headquarters that they too must cast out covetousness from their souls and shake the dust of the chateau from off their departing tootsies.

In the back attic of a miner’s cottage, the Platoon sub. talks earnestly to his little skylight, on the sins of the higher formations; in the front parlour of the same cottage sits the Company Commander—a whisky and soda his only consolation for being ruthlessly evicted from his comfortable home; whilst in the front room of the Estaminet across the road, the O.C. paces his narrow prison, uttering curses softly, yet deeply, unto himself. Three minds with but a single thought, whilst in three hearts goes up a silent prayer that the Great G.H.Q., in its infinite wisdom, might decide that a certain most attractive chateau would serve excellently for its temporary

occupation. But after all, though the Tenth Commandment mentions a whole lot of things that one must not covet, it doesn’t say a word about desirable billets.

IDDY-UMPTY.



Dug-out Fiend (pointing to the moon): “Say, who threw that flare-light?”

If God so Wills.

IF God so wills I make not one to strew
This shell-pocked, trench-seamed land where lie the
slain;
Escape unscathed, or with a scar or two
Return, and see Old Canada again;
Will not her prairies rolling to the west,
Her log-crammed rivers flowing to the sea,
Her orchards fair with apple-blossoms drest,
Hold deeper meaning, deeper joy for me?
For I shall know that in her hour of need
I heard her call, and offered flesh and bone
To save her from the Prussian’s grasping greed
And devastation other lands have known;
Salved not my conscience with a slacker’s moan,
And reaped not harvests other hands had sown.

ROCKE SAVAGE.

Culture and Carnage.

WHAT of your German culture?
 What of your Christian creed,
 With corps annihilated
 To glut Ambition's greed?
 The brave are hurled in millions
 Against the drumming death,
 The name of God and carnage
 Are muttered in a breath:—

Spatt'ring hail from the shrapnel shell, bombs from aero-
 plane,
 Dry-shod bridging rivers deep over comrades slain,
 Soggy trenches filled with dead, piled in layers high,
 Boom of blasting battle heard on ocean, land and sky.



CPL HUGH FARMER

SOMETHING UP.

"A premonition of disaster pervades the German army. They never know where the next blow may fall."—Reuter.

Was all your vaunted culture
 None else but thin veneer
 To hide the brutish passions
 That rampant now appear?
 That those who follow after,
 In scanning hist'ry's page,
 Will deem this warring epoch
 Dark as the darkest age:—

Multitudes of refugees fleeing with their loads,
 Every type a city rears choking up the roads;
 Crash of splendid statuary known to ancient fame,
 Harvests trampled in the mud, classic towns aflame.

* * *
 The masses move as marshalled,
 No question yours of Right,
 The Despot's shadow standeth
 Between you and the Light;
 Like pawns you're placed in battle,
 Like pawns are thrown away,
 Your Mighty planned the havoc,
 And toasted, "To the Day!"

Splashing storms of leaden rain, screams of passing shell,
 Fostered hate and lust of blood making earth a hell;
 Liners filled with human freight sunk by submarine,
 Fact'ries taking from the dead fat for glycerine.

L'ENVOI.

When swords are sheathed in scabbards
 And every gun is hushed,
 And those who caused the chaos
 Are with their power crushed;
 Will then the darkness vanish,
 The newer era dawn,
 And no more through the ages
 Man be the Despot's pawn?

Nation leagued with nation, battle standards furled,
 Army international—peace throughout the world!
 Fleet of cruisers to protect commerce of the ports,
 Cobwebbed then would be the guns gaping from the forts.

ROCKE SAVAGE,
 Canadian Engineers.



CPL HUGH FARMER

OH YOU CHILLY W.A.A.C.
 When a B.C. guy feels like a toy soldier.

A Narrow Shave.

SOME say the front line when Fritz comes over, others a bombing raid, and again others aver running through barbed-wire to the tune of machine-gun fire can raise more hair on your head than anything else.

That may be, but Privates Gordon and Lemesure of the 1st B.C. are of a very different opinion.

The dusk of evening was closing in as they were making their way back to the lines. Suddenly, from the over-cast skies, a weird phantom-like object swooped towards them. The rustle of giant wings rang in their ears, and the shadow blotted out the foot-path.

"What's that, Jack?" cried Lem.

"Get in a shell-hole," was all Jack could gasp as he looked hurriedly round.

Shell-holes do not grow in every field, however, despite the prevailing impression a weary soldier gets after a year or two in Flanders, and as the lawyers say, "Time was the essence of the contract." So Jack threw himself on the clammy turf.

Likewise Lem.

The air monster sped over them and disappeared into the night.

Jack Gordon says it scraped his tunic, and its breath was hot, just like an eagle's.

Lem says it parted his back hair.

Recounting the hair-breadth escape that night to an awe-struck audience, Jack Gordon did not say so in as many words, but his narrative led one to believe the monster was an eagle, blown from the Atlantic Coast by recent gales.

Lem, an old traveller in many lands, did not vouchsafe the opinion, but his audience felt sure his description tallied with that of the Chepultepec Weasel, which toils not, neither does it spin.

In a nearby aerodrome that same evening (and we got the story from one of our officers who was visiting there) two of those bright R.N.A.S. boys were discussing their day's work.

"Don't think at least two of our Infantry friends will wander across our field again," said one with a twinkle. "I thought I could make old 'bus shave the grass without tickling the turf; and I'll lay you 10 to 1, I sailed nearer those two said boys than Bishop, V.C., could have done. It was perhaps a raw joke, but a monk would have laughed at the way the smaller of the two nose-dipped to the ground."

M.G.B.



Bertie: "Yaas, the Earl of Dingley, my great ancestor, won this estate at the Battle of Hastings."
 Canuck: "One battle? Pretty soft, bo'—pretty soft. Gee, they must have been easy those days!"



Extract from Routine Orders of 23rd Infanterie Regt.
 Wurttembergers.

Strength Decrease.

Herr Major von Beerstein,	No 4 Komp.,	K in A,	Aug. 15/18
" Kapitan Stiefelwisch	" 4 "	" K in A,	" 15/18
" Oberleutnant Prosit,	" 4 "	Missing	" 15/18
		(bel. killed)	" 15/18
" " von Lager,	" 4 "	Wounded	" 15/18
		(seriously)	" 15/18

Appointments.

Herr Kapitan von Windupp is posted to command of No 4 Komp., to date from Aug. 15/18, and to be Officer i/c Raids on Canadian front.

Sayings that Never Die.

Battalion Runner : "I heard the Colonel say so."

Private : "Oh——"

Lance-Corporal : "Men who understand motor cycles fall out." (Whole Section falls out.) "All right! Report for Sanitary Fatigue."

Cook : "Now then, Mess Orderlies. Take the rag out of your mouths. Grub up." (He wants the rag removed that they may taste his bully à la Française.)

Sergeant : "All right, Number 4. Get ready to move." (Always said about 11 o'clock on a wet, foggy night.)

Sergeant-Major : "Take 'em away, Sergeant." (This means anywhere.)

Lieutenant : "I'll have to take a few names." (This does not mean for leave.)

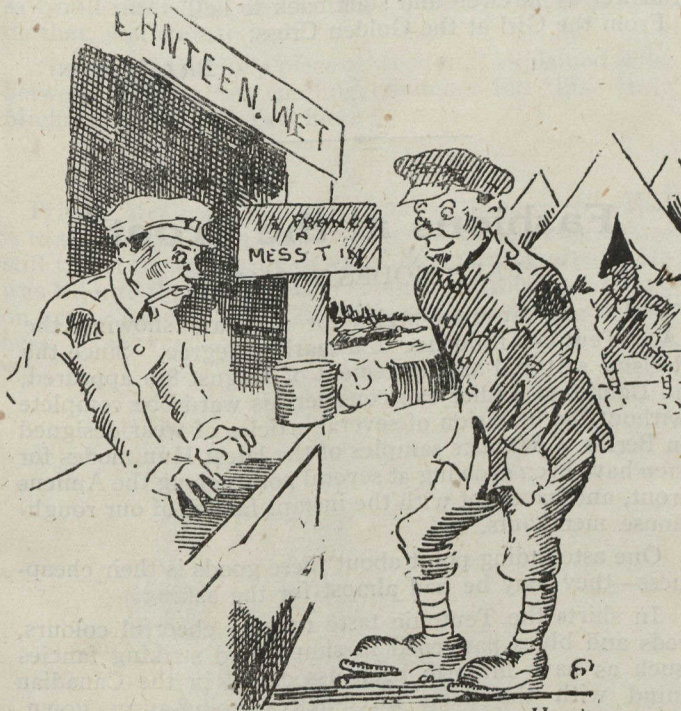
Q.-M.-S. : "No! You can't have a pair of pants."

Captain : "You can have an hour's extra drill if you want ; I'm willing."

Major : "You gentlemen must smarten them up."

Colonel : "Men, I'm proud of you!"

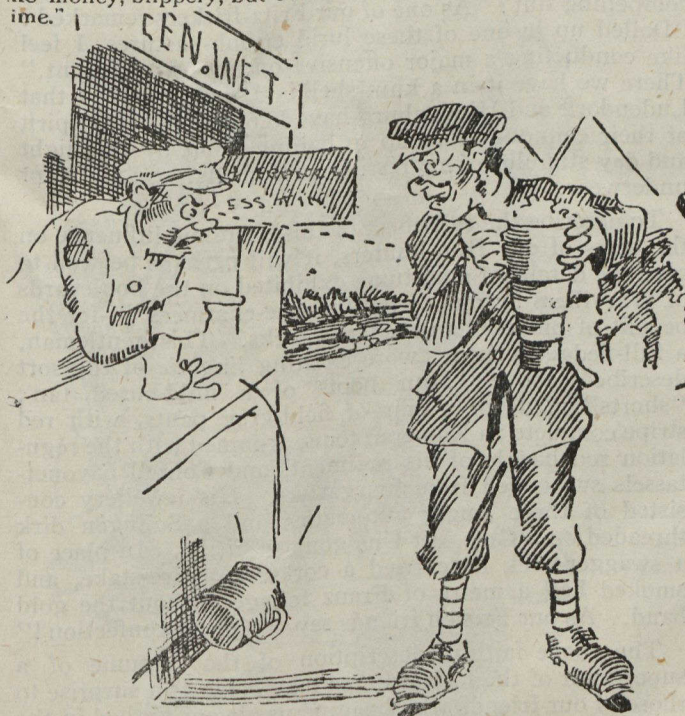
M.G.B.



Slippery Sam : "I've only got tuppence. How's chances till pay-day?"

Canteen Man : "I don't usually give beer without the money, Slippery, but I'll take a chance on you this time."

"Gee, ain't there no bottom to this can of yours?"



"Hey, what's the game, bo—that can—what's comin off?"

Slippery Sam : "The handle—if I ain't careful."

The Girl at the Golden Cross.

WHEN from France we land on the seething Strand,
To mingle in life's gay whirl,
What we all do first is to slake our thirst,
Then look for the only girl.
Then we eat our fill and we pay the bill—
We are careless of cost or loss—
Then we bask awhile in the sunny smile
Of the Girl at the Golden Cross.

At eve we go to a well-known show
And soon when the dark scenes come ;
We are far away from the gory fray—
And also from issue rum—
So our hearts are light and our eyes are bright
As the waterlogged booze we toss,
Then our way we beat down the crowded street
To the Girl at the Golden Cross.

When pleasure palls and the curtain falls
On some of the transient fun,
We turn away from the tiresome play,
Or the glare of the noonday sun,
From the din and blare of Trafalgar Square
To a cool like the forest moss,
We go to the place that enshrines the face
Of the Girl at the Golden Cross.

On the final day of leave our pay
Is down to the last red cent,
We have had our fling, but it does not bring
To our yearning hearts content ;
For again we must go to fight the foe
And prove to him who is boss,
And we say farewell and start back to hell
From the Girl at the Golden Cross.

BILL MAIDEN.

Fashions at the Front.

FALL MODES FOR MEN.

THE new autumn styles for men are showing the Teutonic influence to a marked degree. Since the decisive sartorial announcement of August 8th appeared, no Dominion soldier can consider his wardrobe complete without the inclusion of several articles of wear designed in Berlin. Advance samples of the latest Hun modes for men have been showing at several points along the Amiens front, and have met with the instant favour of our rough-house merchants.

One astounding point about these goods is their cheapness—they may be had almost for the asking.

In shirts the Teutonic taste runs to cheerful colours, reds and blues patterned in simple and striking fancies such as have hitherto been associated in the Canadian mind with the dago hired-help's going-away gown. Attired in scarlet shirts with large white spots, our Boche bumpers-off have felt an instant access of moral. Whose spirits could resist the uplift of underwear of such a joy-compelling tint? As one of our Fritz-friskers remarked: "Dolled up in one of these lurid crumb-pastures, I feel like conducting a major offensive on my own account." There we have it in a knut-shell! It is our theory that Ludendorff and Hindenburg have kept the fighting spirit of their cannon-fodder up to boiling point by the night and day stimulus of aggressive-hued shirts. So much for underwear.

To describe the full effect of this Teutonic influence on the dress of our Hun-hunters, it will perhaps be well to give the details of a costume exhibited on the boulevards of Warvillers by one of the "snake-charmers"—for the benefit of our civilian readers—Jocks. This gentleman, a full-fledged private, wore exciting *lingerie* of the sort described above; Hun boots of a mild-cured tan; "shorts" made of a pair of field-grey pants, with red stripe complete; a Kamerad toque trimmed with the regulation red hackle of his regiment, and Conrad bayonet-tassels suspended from his garters. His jewellery consisted of three Luger automatics and a Solingen dirk threaded on a Gott Mit Uns goulash girdle. In place of a swagger-stick he carried a corkscrew wire-stake, and smoked half a metre of Franz foliage without the gold band. As our French friends say—"Quelle confection!"

The above faithful description of the costume of a super-knut of the forward area may come as a surprise to those of our friends who imagine us always garbed in the drab habiliments of our trade, but it may also prove that much war has not served to stamp out our instinct for refined self-adornment—at the enemy's expense.

J. W. C.



Officer: "Here, I can't allow this sort of thing, you know. Why aren't you wearing your steel helmet?"

We see the town and we paint it brown,
Or any old hue we like,
For we have the dough and the pace we go
Is the gidly one, down the pike.
The best is ours for a few short hours,
We look for the gold, not dross,
So we walk a mile for the sunny smile
Of the Girl at the Golden Cross.

Fun from the Front.

"Why do you salute with the left hand?" asked the Adjutant of the man before him.

"Because I'm left-handed," was the ingenuous reply.

* * *

An Irishman—category B2—was attached to a Forestry Company and was set to sawing defence timber. In spite of the fact that he had been warned repeatedly to use the utmost care when handling the saw, Mike knew more about pulling bomb pins than forestry work, with the result that he lost a finger.

Hearing his howl of pain, the sergeant in charge of the saw-mill rushed up, demanding: "How on earth did you do that, you clumsy fool?"

"I was just shovin' a piece of wood in," explained Mike between groans, "an' me finger touched like this—Holy Michael, there goes two more!"

* * *

Private Meak was suffering from a "hang-over"—that is to say, a fraction of the joyousness of the evening before still tinted the cold grey dawn of the morning after. He was led into the orderly room charged with having, whilst on active service, given himself over to civilian riotousness.

"What have you got to say for yourself?" were the dread and yet familiar words that penetrated his benumbed consciousness.

"'S all right, me dear," he whined apologetically. "I was detained at the office—'portant business."

* * *

'Arry (home on leave): "Move yerself abaht, Liz, and get me a barf ready."

Liz: "Wot d'yer mean? Yer writes 'ome that yer fed up carryin' barf-mats all last winter, an' yer too bloomin' lazy ter 'ave one at the guv'ment's expense—I never 'eard anything like it!"

* * *

The Canadian war-correspondent, Mr. J. F. B. Livesey, says we "bumped into" thirty-one German divisions.

What we would like to know is how many we "bumped off."

* * *

It is not true that one of the boys asked if he could exchange his military medal for a box of matches.

* * *

Two of the newest were staring into the window of a little French shop when one of them was heard to remark: "'Savon' must be a big manufacturer; he seems to make nearly all the soap in France."

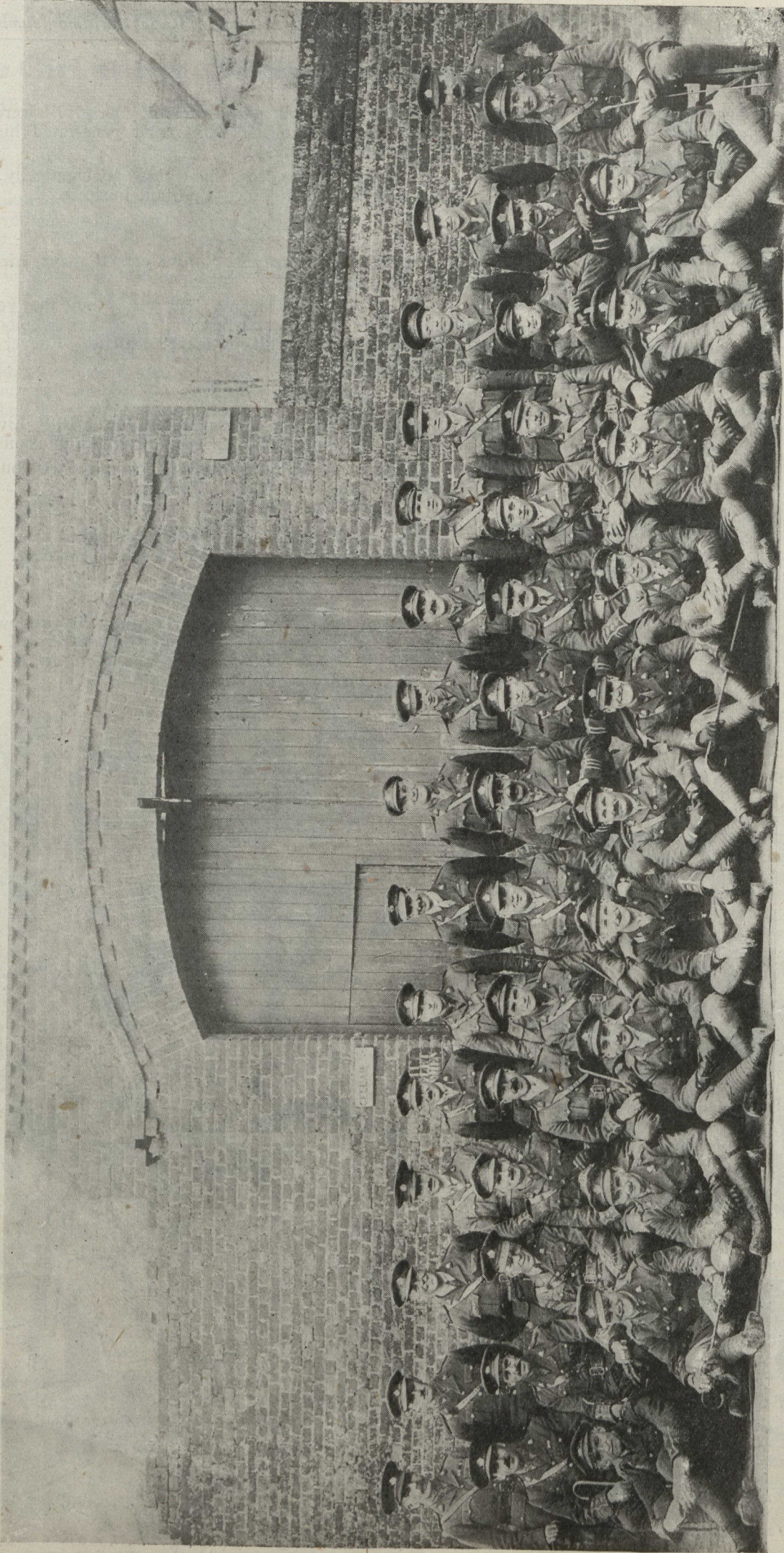


Nervous one: "What's the easiest way to make Blighty from here?"
Tired One: "Crawl on your hands and knees."



Guard: "What! You're winning? Well, you've won a home in Blighty for the duration anyhow. That's got me beat."

OFFICERS OF 1ST BRITISH COLUMBIA, APRIL, 1918.



Left to Right -

- Top Row*—Lieut. R. P. Matheson, M.C.; Lieut. J. D. Tompkins; Lieut. E. E. Guille, M.C.; Lieut. W. Kinloch, M.C.; Lieut. J. H. Johnson; Lieut. N. D. Theobald; Lieut. F. A. Fraser, M.C.; Lieut. J. Davidson, M.C.; Lieut. T. W. Corsan; Lieut. H. Coffow; Lieut. W. E. Bolton; Lieut. S. Harrison; Lieut. G. A. Jackson, M.C., M.M.; Lieut. L. R. Salmon; Lieut. W. H. Pollard.
- Centre Row*—Capt. A. F. W. Saunders, M.C.; Capt. P. M. Ferris; Capt. A. Grindell; Capt. F. W. Lees, M.C.; Capt. W. F. Orr; Major A. C. Nation, M.C.; Major D. Philpot, D.S.O.; Lieut. Col. W. F. Gilson, D.S.O.; Capt. J. E. Mathews, M.C.; Capt. A. N. Daykin, M.C.; Lieut. W. A. Dawe, M.C., M.M.; Capt. A. H. Loughton, M.C.; Capt. Rev. F. P. White (R.C. Chaplain); Capt. R. M. Harcourt; Capt. L. J. Thomas.
- Front Row*—Lieut. W. E. Gingell; Lieut. E. A. Henderson; Lieut. W. A. B. Garrard; Lieut. C. J. Sears; Lieut. A. E. Berry; Lieut. C. B. Robinson, M.C.; Lieut. J. H. Blackman, M.C.; Lieut. W. Roberts; Lieut. A. L. Lewis, M.C.; Lieut. E. J. Leake; Lieut. G. E. W. Clarke.



DRUMS OF THE 1ST BRITISH COLUMBIA, APRIL, 1918.

McMud's Escape.

IT was one of those nothing-to-do evenings. A group of officers sat lolling on their bunks in a large, rather draughty and bare-looking billet, while in our corner a friendly game of "three-handed" was going on by the dim and flickering light of an issue candle. Outside, the rain still continued to fall in that steady, methodical manner so well known and regretted by all who have had the misfortune to winter in Flanders, and at regular intervals the odd drop filtered through the roof to land with unerring precision on somebody's bed.

Conversation, as is so often the case unfortunately, had drifted to stories of the line, each in turn a little more hair-raising and miraculous than the last, till a newcomer might well have wondered that anyone could live through such experiences. Such things as getting through impassable barrages, having 4.1's bounce off your tin hat, and being buried by a "Minnie" and dug up some 36 hours later were common.

After a particularly awe-inspiring, sweat-producing yarn by the "Stuttering Officer," there was a moment's silence, while many brains were rapidly passing over the varied stages of the war from 2nd Ypres to Passchendaele, in vain endeavour to hit upon something equally blood-curdling.

Suddenly Captain McMud, one of the old-timers, sat up and began to speak. He hadn't figured much in the conversation up to now, having heard these and still worse stories many times before, and everyone naturally turned towards him expecting something pretty good—to say the least, something to put that aforesaid lying, stuttering officer well in the back ground.

Nonchalantly producing a perfectly good Havana from his left breast, he lit up, and after sprinkling a few de-

licious puffs amongst the now hostile audience, he began:—

"Well," he said, "your experiences are not so bad, but for a plain narrow escape from being murdered in cold blood, I think I've got you all beat." The old grunt of doubt could be heard at this point, but it didn't seem to worry Mac any, and he kept going.

"It was one of those cold, pitch-black, rainy nights last winter when we went in to relieve the —th Battalion. It was a brand-new area—hadn't even had the chance to look it over beforehand—no moon, and so dark you could hardly see your own hand stretched out before you.

"Things went alright at first. The whole company strung along behind me in single file. We'd picked up our guide, and there wasn't more than the average amount of grousing going on in rear that would be expected on such a night. Unfortunately, it wasn't long before things took a turn for the bad. We entered one of those long, winding communication trenches that seem to have no end. It had been bath-matted in the dim, distant past and never repaired since. We felt our way slowly forward, slipping, sliding and tripping at every step, and plunging up to our knees in liquid mud at intervals. The cursing in rear grew loud and hostile, mingled with the usual shouts of 'Step short in front . . . disconnected in rear . . . why don't we have a halt?' etc., and I automatically slackened my pace from half-a-mile an hour to anything between one-quarter of a mile an hour and nothing at all. To make matters worse, Fritz started to pop the odd shell over by way of adding to our misery.

"Well, to make a long story short, after plunging along like this for five or six hours, after that tragic moment when the guide turned round and admitted he was lost,



THE ONLY WAY.

and after reaching the stage when even the most expressive of cuss-words bring no satisfaction, we came to what must have been about the ten thousand nine hundred and ninety-eighth bend in the trench and the three hundred and eleventh cross trench, when ahead I heard the sound of a long string of men passing down the trench at right angles to us. I halted the company almost in despair, and went forward to investigate.

"It was one of those times when your reputation is all shot to pieces—no-one's your friend, and you feel that just one more error and the iron discipline of the army will reach its breaking-strain and you are due to receive a neatly placed blow on the crown of the dome with the butt of a rifle from one of the stalwarts in your rear."

McMud paused here to puff his cigar and let the situation soak in properly.

"Well, boys, about ten minutes later I came back.

Believe me, the sweat was rolling off my brow like rain, my tongue seemed to cleave to the roof of my mouth, and I must have been a white and scary-looking object if it had been light enough to see. Honestly, I just sank weakly against the side of the trench, and it must have been a good five minutes before I managed to stagger to my feet and in a husky, unfamiliar voice tell the boys to lead on—that it was all clear."

McMud came to a stop here, threw away the butt of his cigar, spat once or twice on the floor, and commenced unlacing his boots in preparation for bed. Obviously the story was finished.

A general laugh went up from the audience—"Well, if that's all your story, why there's nothing to—"

"No, nothing much," said Mud, "only that we'd been moving around in a circle and were waiting for the rear half of our own company to go by. The lucky part was that I was the only one who knew it."



CPL HUGH FARMER AFTER SGT DUGAS
FRANK E.

Corporal : "Heinie sure made a jackpot of these houses. Gee! won't there be some chewing the rag when the civvies start sorting their homes out."

Out at Rest.

BLUE is the sky of sunny France,
 And green are her fields so fair;
 On the apple trees the blossoms dance
 With the breeze in the soft Spring air;
 And here I lie out in an orchard old,
 In a village away in the rear,
 And peace and contentment around me unfold
 With a feeling of gladness I'm here.

Oh it's good to get out at rest,
 Away from the roar of the guns,
 Hike out to the land in the west
 Away from the work of the Huns,—
 Away from the dug-outs and dirt
 And the living like moles in the ground,
 Away from the bullet's "spirt,"
 And the ricochet's shrieking rebound;

Away from the "stand to" at dawn,
 And the twists and the turns of the trench,
 Away from the watch by the horn
 That tells of the poison-gas stench,—
 Away from the working at night
 With the damned and the detestable wire,
 Away from the "holding on tight"
 To the stretcher covered with mire.

There's a murmuring of guns far east,
 Like surf on a shingled shore,
 And day or night it has never ceased,
 Till now by the swelling roar;
 And the distant shrapnel-dappled sky
 Where planes dart to and fro,
 It is plain to me the time is nigh
 When back to the line we'll go.

C. E. TOCKNEY,
 Little Black Devils.



Battle Story: "Hey, who are you, Nosey? A mopper-up? Well, you'd better go back up the line—there ain't no booze here."

Back-Sheesh—A Definition.

TOMMY is a tiny nipper,
 But his appetite is great.
 At the table he is master,
 Where he sits in high estate.
 There's a dainty on the table:
 Tommy wants it; so do we.
 Tommy's voice is most persuasive,
 So he gets it.—That's Back-sheesh.

Tommy, out in muddy Artois,
 Makes the Yanks and Frenchies gape:
 In his eyes the hunting madness,
 As he steps across the tape,
 Herds the Huns into a shell-hole,
 Strips them to their modesty,
 Leaves them nothing but their—trousers.
 Tommy's got the rest—Back-sheesh.

Tommy now is back in "Blighty"
 With a wound stripe on his cuff—
 On his other arm, a Flapper,
 Dainty as a powder-puff.
 Wants a kiss; the maiden blushes.
 Will he ask her?—No, not he!
 That were never Tommy's motto.
 Does he get it?—Sure! Back-sheesh!

30/10/18.

JOE SULLIVAN.



Australian: "Is that well very deep, Canada?"

Canada: "Deep? Say, you've only got to drop the pail hard and you've a short cut to Australia."

Hands Across the Sea.

I WOULD rather not slate Gray as a woman-hater (in fact I have yet to meet one), the attitude he adopted towards the daughters of Eve was that of "suspicious neutrality."

Louis Gray was a son of the soil from the far away West, and he stood upright to the extent of six feet. You have seen the sturdy, electric belted, "I-can-make-you-strong" man in the ads., with a Kaiserish look and a piece of fragile tenderness leaning on the broad shoulder? Well, that's Gray—minus the K. moustache and the F. T.

The war soon dragged Louis into its vortex. The prairie rover became Private Gray with an addition of box-car numbers. Then we met.

He was sitting outside his dug-out with a doleful expression on his face when I brought a parcel to him. He was surprised, for he received parcels about as often as

She probably figures on an amalgamation, and this parcel, I take it, is a sort of introductory circular. Her rolling stock consists of a public-house, the Seldom Inn, doing a profitable business. She has wound up courage at the last blot to ask for your photographic credentials in exchange for her physiognomic chart, and she's single-track and signs herself, 'Miss Agatha Tompkins, waiting reply.'"

"Well, she'll wait a darned long time," he snapped, and walked away.

I thought no more about it until Gray came to me one day with a request for a copy of my photograph, which, after some pressure, he admitted was intended for the eyes of Agatha. After that episode cakes rolled across the Channel with a weekly regularity, and on account of the photographic loan I became a permanent guest at the festive board.



The Tall One: "'Ere, wot if I am a batman; that don't make me a coward."
Shorty: "No, but it makes you a deep dug-out fiend."



Tump-Liner: "Here, whereabouts the Battalion?"
Casualty: "Four miles beyond that village and still going strong."
Tump-Liner: "Gee, by the time I find them I'll be up for desertion."

he got leave. He accepted it suspiciously, suspecting a bully-beef and hard-tack hoax probably, and began unwrapping it with a sceptical smile. There appeared a real pre-war cake encompassed with cigarettes and chocolate; on top rested a neat little note.

"Gee Whizz! What next?" he exclaimed. "Read it for me, old side-kicker, while I dig a hole into Hill 60." He shoved the note into my hand and began operations on the cake. I busied myself with the letter, until noticing the fast disappearance of the cake, I broke off and came in on the mopping-up.

"Well, what's it all about?" queried Gray, when Hill 60 had vanished.

"Did you ever scribble your name on a box-car out West and have it meet you face to face in the East?" I asked.

"Sure; but I don't get your drift, Bud," he replied.

"Well, some unknown quantity of feminine nerve has been grappling with your name, number, line and route.

When it arrived, Miss Agatha's frontispiece didn't hurt the eyes any; she was decidedly a smooth-looking damsel.

Louis decried it, of course, from the contents of the hair-net to the Cuban-heel Oxfords; but I caught him strafing an orderly-room clerk for the probable date of his leave, and drew my own conclusions.

It so chanced that my leave fell due about two weeks later than Louis', so, while he was being put through the third degree at the Base, on the way back to his unit, I was headed for the chalk cliffs of old Albion with an unfractured pay-check.

Sparbrook, where the Seldom Inn was located, was on my line of travel, so I dropped off at the station and soon discovered the place. It wasn't very strong on ornate

exterior, but the inside looked more than inviting to a wandering bird with no permanent roosting-place, and I entered.

The photograph was wiping glasses behind the bar. I called for soda water, or buttermilk, I forget which, and held my neck stiff while she scanned my frontal elevation.

"Aren't you Louis' friend?" she asked, after a guard inspection.

I admitted I was.

"How d'you do?" she said. "You look quite like—like yourself. Don't you think it was rather taking advantage of two trusting women to lend your photograph for base, deceptive purposes?" she enquired with severity.

I agreed, and camouflaged my confusion with a large glass of mixed seltzer.

"But perhaps you did it thoughtlessly, out of mistaken ideas of friendship," she suggested, softening a trifle.

"No doubt," I agreed, promptly.

"In that case," she added, "there is something to be said for you."

"Auntie!" she called. The inner door opened and about two hundred and fifty pounds of hoarded rations entered.

"Mrs. Louis Gray," said the younger lady, "formerly Miss Agatha Tompkins, and at all times—my aunt."

"Then the photograph you sent was really your niece's," said I, after shaking hands.

She admitted it was.

I turned to the younger lady. "Don't you think it was rather taking advantage of two trusting soldiers to lend your photograph for base, deceptive purposes?" I asked severely.

She nodded.

"But perhaps you did it thoughtlessly, out of mistaken ideas of friendship," I suggested.

She agreed.

"In that case," I added, "there is something to be said for you."

"Perhaps Louis' photograph had better stay to supper," said the younger lady. "I'm afraid he may do himself an injury with all that soda water."

What could I do? I am a forgiving person, and in the face of so much consideration for my welfare what could I do but remain?

FRED W. DAGLISH.



Slim: "Well, you never went through a battle like this in the Somme, anyway,"
Old-Timer (13 kilos from the take-off): "G'wan, this ain't a battle—it's a rout-march!"

The Open Range.

I CAN hear the Elk a-calling ;
 I can hear the cattle bawling :
 There's a symphony in minors
 From the kinder on the hill.
 And the cattle cease from milling
 As the notes come soft and thrilling—
 Like the pulsing of a streamlet
 Or a tiny mountain rill.

There's a sage tang that is heady ;
 On the keen wind strong and steady
 There's a flutter from the trail-side
 As a partridge takes to flight ;
 And the vast land lies a-gleaming
 'Neath fair Luna's gentle beaming,
 As her wild and wilful children
 Wake the echoes of the night.

Oh, those dawns, those dawns surprising !
 When the hills, in sheer uprising,
 Seem to toss their tawny headlands
 Like a bison on the run,
 As their domes and spires aglimmer
 Make the valley shadows skimmer,
 And flash down countless signals
 From the newly risen sun—

I can see a vagrant coulee
 Where the wild flowers bank unruly—
 Each one trying with the other
 To intoxicate the air ;
 Where the wild birds in gay plumage
 Come to pay my sweetheart homage—
 She whose young heart is as wanton
 As the loose strands of her hair.

On her cheeks the rose tints vary
 As the colors on the prairie ;
 Her poise is like the pinnacle's
 Reflexion in the streams.
 Each low flower that lies basking
 Has her sweet smile for the asking,
 And she holds my heart as captive
 As the prairie holds my dreams.

But I know her pulses quicken
 For her lonely soldier stricken ;
 And her heart is mine,
 Although her moods may change.
 So, if I get to raving,
 Doctor, try your skill on saving—
 For I'm aching for her arms,
 Out beyond the open range.

30/10/18.

JOE SULLIVAN.



Police : " What, in the clink again, Ike? Say, do you ever intend to soldier ?"
 Incorrigible Ike : " Yes—when they slope arms with 4,7's."

THE BURNING QUESTION.



Orderly Room Clerk: "Gee! I've some good dope this time Crouch. Bulgaria's quit, Turkey's wiped out and—"

Crouch: "Yea, but—"
(Sweating on Leave)



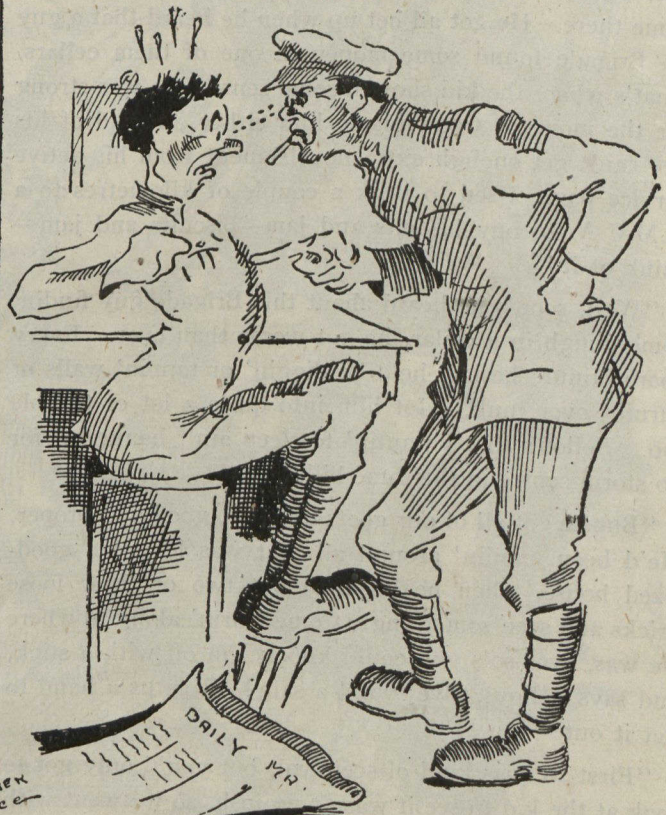
O. R. Clerk: "Austria's gonna accept our terms and—"

Crouch: "That's alright, but—"



O. R. Clerk: "Germany want's an armistice," etc.
Crouch: Here, can that 'Guff.'"

© 1918
WUGH
FRANCK
PRANCE



"Where am I on the Batt. Leave List."

Jackson's Cure.

"THE battalion was about seven hundred shovels strong at that time," said the Old Timer, as he stirred the bubbling brew of Maconachie on the half-shell. "We'd been pickin' away at the outskirts of L—— for quite a while, and nothin' much had occurred to break the monotony of trench and billet, until Jackson come.

"He was a kid with an imagination, just an ordinary Canadian kid to look at, with sandy hair and a freckled face, but he had more imagination than a civilian war-artist.

"First night he was in the line he saw seventeen German patrols and about a thousand individual Fritzes. Opened rapid fire on the Heinie wire stakes and nearly got one of our own men with a Mills bomb. That wore off a bit, of course, after he'd been educated by some of the boys who objected to bein' took off with the products of Birmingham. He kind of shook down after a trip or two, but nothin' could cure him of the habit of explorin'. He had all a healthy kid's eagerness to root around and discover things for himself. Asked all kinds of questions, of course—quite right and proper—but he was always roamin' around and shovin' his nose where he wasn't wanted and gettin' choked off for it.

"There was a heap of things in some of them old cellars we used—bits of furniture and dishes and odds and ends of stuff from the houses above ground. The kid was fer-ever turnin' these things over and wonderin' how they come there. He got all het up when he heard that a guy on Brigade found some money in one of them cellars. That's where the kid showed some sense; he was strong for the money. Can't blame him either. A kid of his age can't get enough extra nourishment from his active service pay. Used to walk a couple of kilometres to a Y.M.C.A. to buy biscuits and jam—biscuits and jam—think of it!

"Well, soon's he heard about this Brigade guy findin' some dough in a cellar, he got worse than ever. Every spare minute he had he'd be diggin' or tappin' walls or turnin' over junk. Got him into quite a lot of trouble too. Fellows that's wantin' to sleep ain't hankerin' for no storm-centre in the same billet.

"But he got all of our goats one day, good and proper. He'd been maulin' around all that was left of a good-sized house, when he knocked out two or three loose bricks and seen something. Come tearin' along to where we was, eycs so's you could knock 'em off with a stick, and says: 'Boys, I've found a safe! Give us a hand to get it out.'

"First we was kind of sceptical, but you'd only got to look at the kid to see it wasn't no josh, so we went with him.

"Pretty soon we had that wall peeled down enough to make out the side of the safe—in good shape too. I got bit good and strong myself then, and the way we pried them bricks off wasn't slow. The kid was awful excited.

Swore he'd share up with us all. Seemed to think he was set up for life right there.

"At last we got the brick wall stripped clear. 'Twasn't no safe. 'Twas as nice a little stove as you ever eat eggs and chips off. The kid come in for such a joshin' that he lost all ambish for the get-rich-quick stuff, and peace returned to the old billet again.

"Well, I guess the old Maconachie's about ready. Jakerloo—eh?"



GOING UP WITH THE RATIONS.

He Travelled Light.

THE joke is ours—the 7th Battalion's; and though other Units have told it as theirs, we hereby lay solemn claim to it, and thus it runs:—

Two minutes to parade time. The perspiring Private in No. 4 Platoon pants.

"Have you any two by four, Gordon?"

"Yes," was the reply. "Don't you ever carry any two by four?"

"No, I never carry anything like that," answered the worried one; "I always travel light."

Our Unrecognised Heroes.

WHILE others sing of bombers bold,
 And signallers and runners hold
 The record for brave stunts,
 I urge the claims of those who hump
 Officers' kits and bed-rolls plump,
 With many groans and grunts.

See yonder batman undismayed
 Tread boldly where the soil is flayed
 By flying shot and shell,
 And see him tote his boss' coke,
 His bedding, grub, like any moke,
 Where many a hero fell.

All unrewarded is his lot,
 Save when he culls a buckshee tot
 Of issue S.R.D.,
 Yet there are those who run him down,
 Call him "bomb-proofer," aye and clown—
 "What fools these mortals be!"



Herbert: "I can't get this bally thing to go."
 William: "Put the gol-darned thing on the parapet. It'll soon draw fire there."

Orderly Officer's Lament.

A Parody on Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard."

THE melancholy bugle sounds "Lights out,"
The first line transport mules squeal in the moon-
light argent,
The canteen ends its alcoholic shout,
And leaves the world to me and the orderly sergeant.

Save that from yonder canvas-tented lair
Some well-soaked hero doth to the moon complain,
That 'mid the tent-ropes, taking of the air,
He's tripped and copped a sanguinary sprain.

Full many a d—n of English, pure, serene,
These dark, unfathomable huts of heroes hear;
Full many a curse comes from a mouth unseen,
And wastes its sweetness on the desert air.

The sentries are alert, their orders know,
The sergeant winds the guardroom clock with key
Supplied with same, by order of O.O.,
"Good-night (and damn you)", underbreath, says he.

You quickly wend your way towards the mess,
For best three-star, or beer with frothy head,
For he-in-charge dispenses nothing less
Than double tots when colonels are abed.

With work, and wine, and women, and more work,
Your training is completed, now you're fit
To take your place to bash the Boche or Turk,
And harry hungry Huns until you're hit.

When you've returned from bombing the blonde beast
You'll look up Phyllis, book up sundry boxes,
You'll make her think it doesn't hurt the least,
You'll swank with bandaged arm in sling to Cox's.

And when you're well, why back again you'll hurry,
If orders do not come you'll raise commotion,
To join the boys again will be your worry,
Your toast is, "Bloody wars and quick promotion."

A. NEVILL HAYNE.

The Old Rooter.

"I'M here, so you can start the game," announced the Old Rooter. "On my right, in the red camouflage, is the famous —th Battalion team; on my left the victims."

"Look at 'em!" he urged, as his team trotted on to the field. "Trained on sand-bags, bully an' hard-tack; conditioned be workin' parties, an' maintainin' their pep wit' bombin' raids.

"As for them others," he continued, slightly, "bacon an' eggs for breakfast an' livin' upstairs above an estaminet—it may be glorious, but it ain't war."

"Make a noise!" he directed, turning to his fellow-rooters, "Raise a loud an' joyous cry when you see them Hun-humblers take the field."

A feeble shout followed—a short-lived sound.

"What's this?" he demanded sharply. "Sounds like a wounded Wurtemberger cryin' 'Kamerad.' T'row yer weight into it."

"Idy-didy . . . Good ol' Salmon-Bellies . . . Stuff to give 'em."

"S'better," he judged, hoarsely, "but still it ain't no

fittin' welcome for a bunch uh barb-wire browsin' heroes like them."

"Jes' wait till that whistle blows," he advised, "an' then watch them lads go over the top with all the wonderful dash of our incompar-able troops; see 'em court death wit' a jest on their lips, an' hurl the shattered ranks of the foe back over their own goal-line—Ee-ah! Hoo-ray!—first blood t'us!"

"See what the slackers miss," he declaimed, dramatically, as his team, with their faces full of lemon, sat on the grass at half-time, "eleven boche-beaters from the limestone belt performin' the last rites over the remains of them not-to-exceed-three-ton wallahs."

"Just a little buckshee goal?" he pleaded, when play had resumed—"just a small gift one to prove you're from the high an' han'some West, an' that y'ain't no pikers—Hi, hi, hooray! You've got to hand it to the mulligan-grapplers every time."

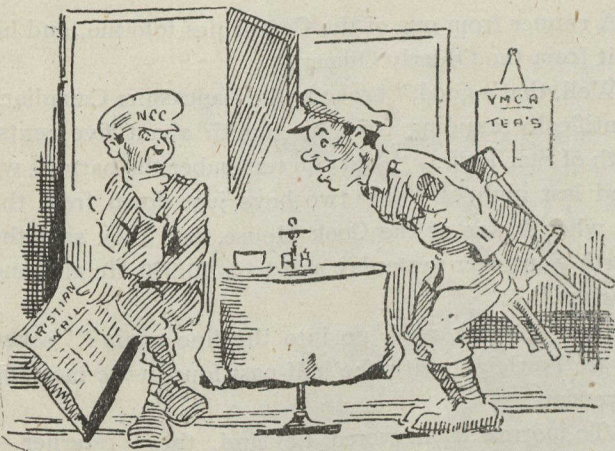
(Sotto voce): "It's the only way they'd ever get it."

J.W.C.

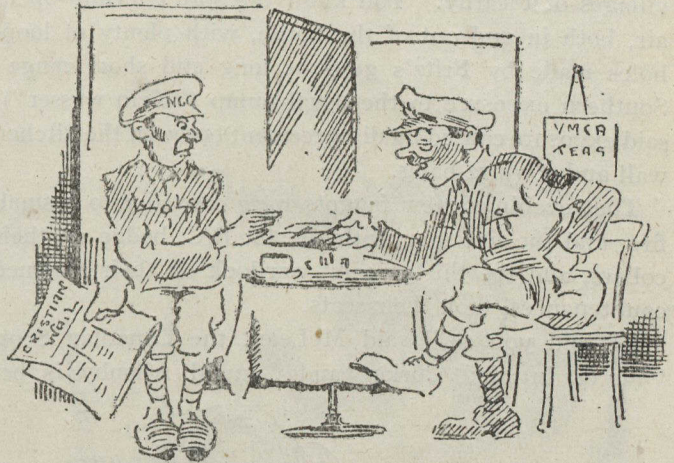


Dugan (at physical training): "Ouch! what's this—d'ye mane it Hogan?"

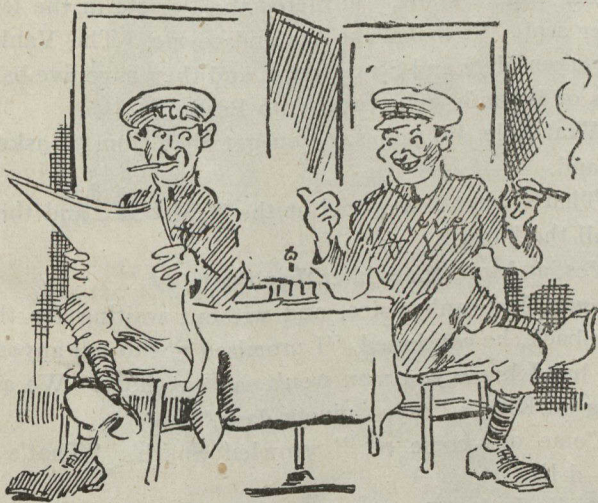
Hogan: "No indade, Casey. Only I can't kape from thinkin' of that scum what got me 28 days."



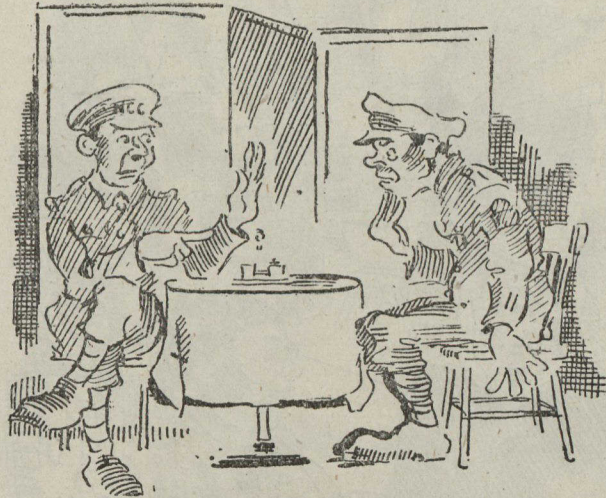
Front Line Freddy: "Well, old trapper, how's she going? Gee! but it's good to get down the line for a spell. Have something on me."



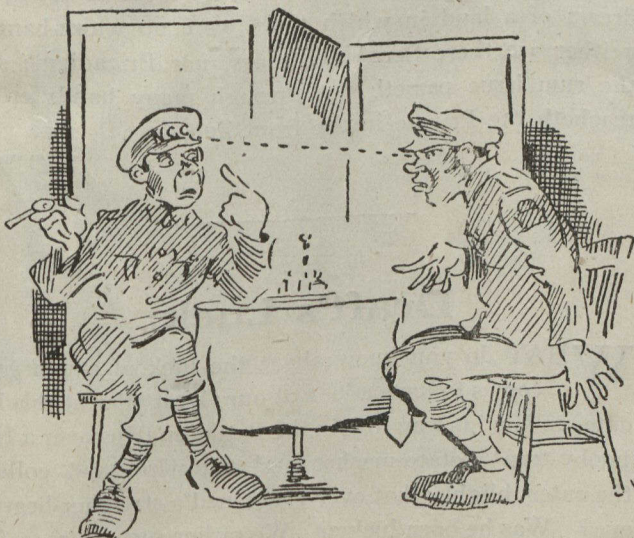
"Here, take a Cigarette. There ain't anything too good for an old soldier while I'm around. What are you eating?"



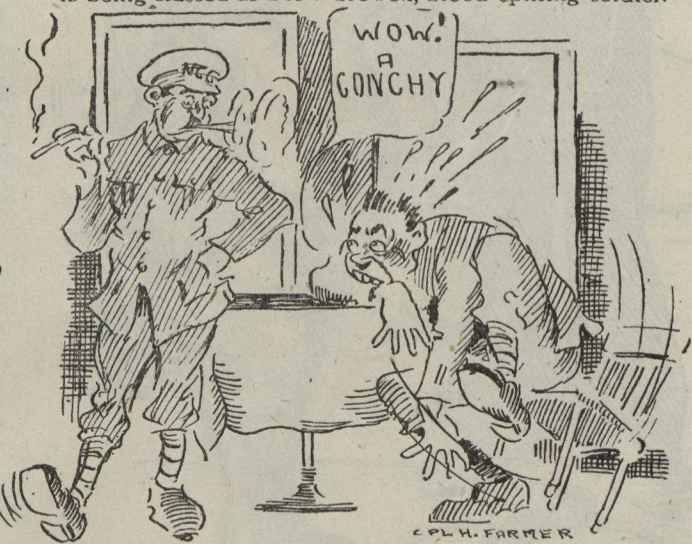
I remember once on the Somme. I'd just killed nine Germans," etc



Stranger: "Stop! While I have no objection to smoking and eating at your expense, I consciously object to being classed as a low-browed, blood-spilling soldier."



Freddy: "Hey, what' ye mean, eh? What in the Sam Hill outfit d'ye belong to anyhow?"



Stranger: "Well, if it's of any interest to you, I'm in the Non-Combatant Corps."

The Battalion's Rumour Club.

THIRTY-ONE days in and out of the line—mostly in—and 1st B.C. arrived at one of those open-air villages of Picardy. You know the sort I mean—open-air, both in and out of the house, with plenty of loop-holes made by Fritz's guns at long and short range; Southern exposure to the usual pump ("Kein wasser"), said exposure caused by disagreement between the kitchen wall and a whizz-bang.

That evening a few faggots were coaxed into a small fire, and the five men with the 1st B.C. badge on their collars, and the thirty-years' war-look on their resigned countenances, took their seats.

"I told you so," said McLean, the Canadian Scot. "We've invaded Turkey and General Allenby is be-

sieging Constantinople. Take my word for it, this war's going to finish."

"Where did you get that news?" asked Oldham, from B.C.

"A runner from one of the Companies told me, and he got it from the Orderly Officer."

"Well, that's good," broke in the Lancashire Canadian, scientifically exuding from his mouth about five cents' worth of Star Plug. "And you remember the barrage we heard last night! I saw two boys just down from the line when I was at the Cook House, and they said the Fourth went over yesterday and took 20,000 Heinies and 200 guns."

"Do you think we'll go into the line again?" asked Private Fairleigh, with the half-past-four-in-the-morning expression.

"To-morrow," answered Leyland, the Westerner.—"That is, the Q.-M. asked me to-day if I wanted a mess-tin cover, and when they ask those questions, it means, now 'we shan't be long.'"

"Oh, I don't know," muttered the Private in the left corner seat; "it looks like the end to me. The Yanks have taken Metz and Strassbourg, and they have five batteries of 100-mile guns firing into Berlin."

"What hole did you say you got that from?" asked Leyland.

"That's what I was told at the Y.M.C.A., and they get all the latest."

"Yes, and sometimes later than the latest."

It was McLean's voice, and without waiting for the come-back, he continued, "I promised not to tell anyone this, but I know you men won't say anything. We are going on King's Leave—ninety days."

"Come off—come off!" growled Smith. "That's a d—d lie."

"Well, I thought we were telling d—d lies," retorted McLean. And the meeting broke up, each of the five allied warriors walking away to a shake-down, to dream of a land in which there were no whizz-bangs; neither are there Sergeant-Majors, nor Brigadiers; and the rumour passeth not through many hands ere it reacheth the Private in the front line.

M.G.B.



RENEWED ACTIVITY IN THE KIEL CANAL.
Washing Clothes for munition workers.

Draft's Luck.

WHAT do you know about the luck of a man who comes to have a look at our Great War at this late date, and on his way to join the Battalion trips over a Hun booby-trap—potato-masher and trip-wire—and collects the cutest blighty that ever gladdened a stretcher-bearer's eye? Was he born lucky? We rather surmise so. And now he'll be able to go back home and distribute the bovine about the "awful holocaust of war," "a wounded hero from the white-hot heart of the furnace of battle."

And another poor devil drags a danger-encompassed body in and out of the trenches for a couple of years or more—and then gets the wooden cross. Enough to make a fellow superstitious, ain't it?



"Me girl's turned me down, Slim. I've a notion to hop the parapet and beat up the Germans."



"Good stuff, son. Say, there's a casualty's haversack out there near his wire with some Blanco in it."



"How's chances, if you're not nappeded."



"For the Blanco, eh?"

CPL. H. FARMER

