



PRINTED BY KIND PERMISSION OF LT. COL. V. W. ODLUM, D.S.O., OFFICER COMMANDING 7th CANADIAN INFANTRY BATTALION.

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CENSORED BY CHIEF CENSOR, 1st CAN. DIV.

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## E. F. C'S (IN ACTION)

### GENERAL (IN) ACTIVITY

**Brilliant "counter" attacks, extortionate "charges".**

#### "STIRRING" DEEDS

The only unit now "serving" in Flanders which has "charged" incessantly since landing, without one casualty, is the E. F. Cs. One of our reporters who had occasion to visit the E. F. C. in order to purchase a button-hook for his officer, relates, that whilst waiting the usual two hours to be served, he witnessed two "stirring" deeds which, if the results weren't entirely satisfactory to all concerned, will at least make history. The stirring deeds referred to were accomplished by two unarmed men. One of them was seen to stir one coffee pod in ten gallons of water and declare the result "Cafe au lait", whilst the other, with the air of a veteran, chased one bean until it collapsed in a tank of water and labelled the result "Hot soup".

#### SCOTCHMEN, "SHUN".

If any Scotch Canadians read this there's sure to be a howl, but we've got to take these chances once in a while, or how the dickens are we going to keep smiling or fill the "L. P." with the usual line of "news"?

I (name on application) was passing (I said "passing") the 10th Battalion WET canteen when I noticed the boys were having some difficulty locating the beer which was (temporarily) reposing beneath a thick layer of hops.

"What's the matter" I shouted to the bartender, "Are you trying to make the boys believe they're drinking real beer"?

"Not a bit of it" he replied "I've fixed the beer like that because the (Censor) Battalion are here, and when those Kilties see that beer, they'll think we're selling mush".

#### Heard around the Cavalry

Yes, the Canadians have cavalry; all kinds of it.

Well, the other day I located them. They were Broncho busting a bunch of bronchos that were busting to get into a scrap. I watched the circus for a while and then asked one of the boys if they had any news.

"Here's something for your old paper" said one buster, pointing to a sergeant who was waist deep in a hole. I said, "Rather, I never saw a sergeant in the infantry do any work". "That's not the joke" replied my friend, "He's been digging at a rabbit hole all morning looking for a shell nose".

## SOCCER GAME.

SOMEWHERE IN BELGIUM. April 30th 1916.  
1st Welsh Guards Drums and Transport— versus  
7th Canadian Battalion Drums.

Visitors win a well fought game.

Teams: Guards.

Goal, Atkis. Backs, Walters and Rudge. Half-backs, Thomas, Jones and Jenkins. Forwards, Morgan, Baldwin, Drum, Mellows and Lucer.

Canadians:

Goal, Anderson. Backs, Crouch and Bell. Half-backs, Skinner, Brown and Barnes. Forwards, Jenkins, Hartley, Cummings, Ball and Pearce.

The game commenced at 5.30 p.m. before a good crowd. The visitors won the toss, and elected to play with the sun in their backs.

The opening stages of the game were very fast, but after a few minutes play the ball burst and there was a slight delay. Another ball was brought on the field and the game recommenced. Both sides in turn pressed heavy and after fifteen minutes play, Ball opened the score for the visitors.

Play then went to the other end and here Anderson gave a splendid display of goal-keeping. Mid-field play followed and at half-time no further score was reached.

Half-time. Canadians 1. Guards 0.

The second half opened with very fast play, both teams doing their utmost. The Guards goalie saved the situation on several occasions, and Rudge also put in good head work. Jones at centre half for a time held the opposing forwards, and the home side missed one or two splendid chances of scoring. Play went down to the home goal, and Pearce centered beautifully. A misunderstanding between the goal-keeper and left-back brought disaster, for Cummings rushed up and headed a superb goal. Barnes and Brown played a great game on the half-back line. Cummings receiving a pass from Barnes put the ball out to Pearce who centered, and Jenkins meeting the ball, put the visitors further ahead. Another goal came in less than a minute. The ball being kicked off Cummings rushed up, trapped it and passed to the inside right who took it the length of the field, and passing back to Cummings, who made no mistake at putting the visitors further ahead.

The game finished at this period.

Score. Canadians 4. Guards 0.



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**IN THE FIELD.**

Canteens of 5th, 7th, 8th, and 10th Canadian Inf. Battalions.  
Canteens most Canadian Units.  
Army Canteens in Canadian Corps Area.  
Y. M. C. As. in " " "  
Church Army Hut and Y. M. C. A., Bailleul.  
Soldiers Institute, Canadian Corps.

**EDITORIAL**

March 5/16, Zurich, Monday.

"Swiss trade union leaders to-day received a telegram from Ebglabd intimating that the British trade unionists are placing obstacles in the way of Swiss munition workers being employed in Great Britain. Such reports occasion the deepest concern in labour circles here, owing to the circumstances that Krupp agents for some time past have been making the utmost endeavours to induce Swiss mechanics to go to Essen.

If the English reports prove true, the matter is peculiarly unfortunate at the present moment, when several hundreds of skilled workers, chiefly engineers and machinists, have just been released from military service. Finding no employment at home, they would gladly proceed to England, but if they are unable to go there it is feared that they will have no alternative but to except Krupp's offers.

—Reuter

We print the above dispatch, because we desire to assert that if this report has the slightest foundation in truth, it is high time the authorities stopped such nonsense. With all due respect to the usefulness of unions in peace time, they cannot be allowed to jeopardize the safety of the nation in war time, and enough mischief has already been done while fellow countrymen have paid the great price. This report should be investigated without delay.

**KUT has fallen—COMPULSION AT LAST.**

Apparently the cabinet have assisted in their own undoing. Now that Great Britain has at last adopted a strong and fair policy, we trust our Canadian Parliament will sink the petty party squables that have arisen of late through charges of graft, and get on with the war.

There never was a war without graft—and we are pretty sure there never will be, so long as we have "patriots" at home who are willing to fill their pockets at the expense of the public while other real patriots are willing to risk and some give their lives for their country. We would suggest that "patriots" of the "first class" or, as we might name them "graft patriots", when found out, should be sent out here to build wire entanglements, carry and place explosives in mines, carry all rations and ammunition to the fighting men, and, further, in their spare time from the first mentioned jobs might be allowed to do all sanitary fatigues, thus giving the real fighting men a chance to get a well earned rest. If the men who do the real work of war had to deal with Mr. Graft Patriot, he would surely get his due, and it would be no more than is coming to him.

**Concert by the 7th Battalion Drums.**

The first concert organized by the 7th Battalion Drums proved to be a splendid success. Under the able leadership of Cpl. Loughton they produced a programme which left nothing to be desired.

In the absence of Major Hains, the chair was taken by Capt. Orr, and the only other people who didn't have to sit on the floor were Capt. Barton (Chaplain) and Lieut. Loughton (Q. M.) Refreshments were served at various intervals, Pioneer McLean rendering valuable assistance by keeping the beer from going flat. Next to the beer, the chief items of interest were,

Opening Selection—"The Norfolk" 7th Battalion Drums.  
Song—"Chesapeake Bay" Dr O'Toole.  
Song—"It 'Urts" Musician Braybrook.  
Song—"Mother McRae" Dr. Hanham.  
Song—"Don't go down in the mine Dad" Drv. Evans C.F.  
Duet—"Is there anybody Irish, here" Drs. Brown & Gold.  
Banjo Solo - - - - Bgr. Foster.  
Song—"The girl I left behind me" Dr. Barnes.  
Song—"Some of the Ghosts were short" Mus. Duck.  
Song—"I love a wee lassie" Pte. Edgar.  
Band Selection—"Sympathy" 2nd Bde. Band,

The Chaplin, Capt. Barton, entertained with some very good stories, the one which brought the loudest applause is as follows:

Two sailors were arguing the point as to who could claim to be the laziest man aboard ship, "Look at the Chaplain" said one sailor "He don't do noffink". "That's true" said his shipmate, "But 'ow about the marine officer, 'e don't do noffink, an' 'e's got a mate to 'elp 'im do it".

Here is hoping that the transport will soon have another concert, for as long as the Battalion Band and Q. M. Stores Staff is on the job it is bound to be a good one.

**Kronicles of Ye Ancient and Honourable  
1st B. G. Rifle-iers,  
(Continued)**

36.—And his Q. M. did come unto the O. C. and say, "Lo, I am burdened with labour so that I rest not at all, appoint I pray thee of the henchmen, one who can watch the horses and mules of burden". And the O. C. did look upon one of his henchmen, and behold he was of an energy amazing and leaneth forward as though to strive for something afar off. And his face was lean and of a hungry look like unto a she wolf and his speech like unto the whirlwind. And the O. C. did say unto him, "Thou shalt watch over my chargers and my asses, mules of burden, and all my chariots and shall be known for all times as my T. O.

37.—And the Chief Counsellor gathered together the bands from the far western lands and did call them a Brigade. And there were gathered those that had fought the rebels against Our Lady and were called by the enemy "The devils that are small and of a dark hue". And the horsemen who came from the Fort of Garry on the river of blood; and the wild horsemen who walked on the soles of their feet, and the band of our O. C. known as the 1st B. C.

38.—And the Chief Counsellor did take from the races of the savage ones, (who wore the loin cloth of many colours) a great chief who had served long in the service of Our Lady; both with the cannons that shoot the ball of solid shot, and with the footmen that walk with the bare knees and wear the hose of many colours. And the Chief Counsellor did say unto him, "Thou shalt be chief of this Our Lady's Western Brigade and shall be called by all men the "Brigadier".

39.—And the O. C. did take the remainder of his henchmen and divided them, three unto each of his companies and called them "subalterus".

40.—Then the Adjutant did complain and say, "Great O. C., the screeds and parchments are many and I must needs have a marshall from amongst the hirelings to watch over the guards and duties and the parties that labour". And there was amongst the hirelings of the Fusiliers of the river where the salmon spawns, one with the face of a cherub, yet of much roundness like unto the harvest moon and feet that were large and of amazing flatness; whose voice was of brass like unto the sounding trimbrel and with all of a large and imposing figure. And the O. C. looked upon him and said, "Thy face is youthfull and I much misdoubt me; yet thou hast served with much distinction on the King's Body Guard and I will make thee to be marshall of my hirelings. Yet in the chances that I might change my mind after many days—it shall be but provisional—and shouldst thou not speak with a voice like thunder and jump like unto the spring of a grasshopper thou shalt go back amongst my hirelings again. And that thou shalt be known amongst men, thou shalt wear a crown of cloth upon thy right sleeve and be called my S. M."

41.—And at this time the A. A. did leave for the throne room of the Chief of all the treasure of the Army, and the O. C. did place in his stead one who was of smart appearance.

(To be Continued)

Little Dad War-Ton  
Gaily went courtin'  
Somewhere in France they say,  
A pretty French maid,  
A match with her made  
To run a beer estaminet.

### TO YPRES MAY 1916

It is rumoured that the Huns have dropped a message from one of their 'planes, declaring they will clean the Ypres salient by April 9th.

Ypres! Proud emblem of glorious stand,  
That Belgium made against the oppressors might,  
You've felt the weight of his relentless hand,  
And still he vents on his wicked spite.  
A year ago, we saw you when the Hun  
Had robbed you of your jewels, but left you yet  
Your soul—your citizens—and everyone,  
Were brave and cheerful, trying to forget  
Their hourly danger. Then we took our stand  
To guard you 'gainst the contact of the foe.

And on a sudden, his vengeful hand,  
Struck, to attain you, an o'erpowering blow.  
You staggered 'neath the shock. Your people fled.  
And we who met the foeman face to face,  
Fought till the fields with his vile blood ran red,  
Fought as became the men of British race—  
To guard you, Ypres. Then the advancing Hun  
Staggered and shaken by our mighty blows,  
Retreated to his lair, his task undone  
And learned respect for his Canadian foes.

A year has passed, and still your battered walls,  
Spell grim defiance to the crouching Hun,  
He lying waits, seeing your mighty halls,  
Standing in ruins, thinks the time has come  
To strive once more, accomplish his desire.  
Kill your defenders, work on his will.  
Fear not, brave City! We have faced the fire,  
And will again; Ypres, we guard you still.

Corp. W. M. Scanlon,  
5th Can. Battalion.



Does anybody know the cause of Pte. Hays haggard appearance? Is it the increased artillery activity, or is it the distance that separates him from the fair Yvonne?

Who is Snookums of D . . . . . h? Ask the Sergeant Cook.

Is the R.Q.M.S. still in love with a girl in Bailleul.

Would Pte. McIver be just as good for a "hand out" if he was running a restaurant of his own?

Has Cpl. Robins found out how to spell 'Sweetheart'?

Does Sgt. Keating kiss the band "Good night"?

Is Pte. Gray just a 'draft' clerk in the Editor's office or is he on the staff?

### THINGS EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW

The News Editor has been arrested.

The 7th Battalion has it's own munition factory. Pte. "Bill" Burchnall is in charge.

Pte. Farthing says he can speak fifteen different languages.

When the first Division were in action on Salisbury Plains, there was a theatre at Tidworth with this sign hung out. Soldiers only on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, Canadians on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays,

### MY IDEAL

- She must have dimples, long eyelashes, and a very white neck.
- She must not take more than a size three in shoes.
- She must be able to drink good wine without insisting on singing.
- She must not swear any stronger than a little "Dam".
- She must believe all I tell her when I come home late at night.
- She must not threaten to go home to Ma more than once a day.
- She must laugh at stale jokes at the right time.
- She must not be more than forty years old, or young.
- She must call me "Bill".
- She must not weigh more than 160 pounds.
- She must be unable to lace up her own shoes, or anything else that may require lacing, buttoning or tying.
- She must be able to smoke a cigarette without coughing.
- She must not, if a widow, persist in telling me of her first husband.
- She must have enough money to get a divorce.
- She must be able to cry at a moments notice, and stop as soon as she has won her point.

(Printer's note: This must cease as I have used up all the letters M. U. S. T.)

In a nut shell—I want a wife.

(With apologies to the author of "I want a husband" in the "Smart Set".)

Address, Box 656 "Bill" 7th Canadians, France,  
c/o The Editor,  
"The Listening Post".



One of the oddest prayers ever made was that of an old Virginian soldier at Antietam. He was lying flat on the battlefield and to quote his own words, "The shot and shell were going over me so thick that the whole firmament above me was lead colour. I felt just then that I was six feet long and pretty nigh four feet thick, and that chances for me were only two feet better lying down than they were standing up. I made up my mind that my only safety lay in praying. 'Oh Lord, good Lord,' I prayed, 'please stretch me out as thin as a shoestring, with the pointed end towards the enemy'".

x x x

Sgt. Microbe: "Don't take water out of that shell hole, there's dead Germans in it".

Pte. Scared Stiff: "Oh, I don't mind the dead Germans it's the live ones what get my goat".

x x x

Major: "Who is the swan attached to for rations?"

Med. Det. Sgt.: "Medical Detail Sir. Machine Gun Section refuse the honour as they say they are members of the Wood-Peckers Assoc."

Policeman: "Regimental Police report Sir, that the Provost Sgt. is keeping strict supervision on the swan, apparently been studying 'Notes on Prevention of Espionage'".

x x x

Place: Vancouver. Time: After the war.  
Scene: Restaurant.

Dramatis personea.

Long Bill: Logger and ex-Canadian Soldier.

Fritz: Waiter and ex Hun soldier.

Enter Long Bill: "Got any ham and eggs, beef steak and pork chops in this circus?"

Fritz: "Yah, Yah".

Long Bill: "Dish me up about fifty dollars worth".

Fritz: "You haff been to Pelgium?"

Long Bill: "Yes, do you know anything about Pelgium?"

Fritz: "Yah, yah, MINE battery was ranged on Yyres".

News items in next mornings papers.

City ambulance has hurry up call. General Hospital in urgent need of catgut splints and bandages. Also WANT Ad. Waiter wanted, must be strong. No GERMANS need apply. Also first class carpenters and brick layers. Must be well up on repairs.

x x x

Officer to Sgt.: "Why is that man wearing short pants this weather?"

Sgt.: "He's just back from leave Sir, and he says the landlady where he stayed at, cut 'em down to make armlets for the star boarders".

x x x

After hearing the 2nd Brigade Band play the "Hunting Song" we have decided to open a subscription for the purpose of purchasing muzzles.

x x x

1st Signaller: "What did you get ten days C. B. for?"

2nd " "The Sgt. told me to change the dry batteries for wet ones, so I took them to the wet canteen".

We asked one of our reporters for an article on the type of literature which is sent to the front. We also requested him to describe an action in a different tone than is usually done by the average G. H. Q. or "Eye" witness reporter. This is the result. *Ed. L.P.*

Speaking of suitable literature for the trenches, I think I voice the sentiments of the Battalion when I suggest such sensational journals as Harrod's Catalogue, Ladies Home Journal, City Directory of Nelson B.C., Home Chat, Farm and Fireside, etc.

Having waded through a number of the above "thrillers" and still feeling a thirst for more excitement, I gathered the bunch together and started down the trench on a "trading" expedition. After displaying my wares in various dug-outs, and failing to make what I considered a fair exchange, I was about to return and read the advertisements all over again when I espied a large dug-out with a real window. Through the window I saw a copy of the "Wide World Magazine". I pushed open the door, yes, it was a real door and that alone should have been sufficient evidence of the occupant's rank; but before I had time to back out, I was greeted with, "Well, my man, what do you want?" "I beg your pardon Sir, I have made a mistake, I am trying to trade off these papers for a "Wide World Magazine".

Now the illustration on the cover of the "Ladies Home Journal" was that of a charming Flapper, with a dress not much shorter than a kilt, and on each cheek she wore a curl of the comma or kiss-me-quick type.

I won't attempt to describe the speedy closing of the deal. Needless to say the Captain got the Flapper and I got temporary possession of the "Wide World Magazine" and a package of cigarettes.

Before I conclude this story of home life in the trenches, I wish to state (if you have not already guessed it) that it is written for the purpose of showing the public how we long for something lively, to prevent us from becoming melancholy.

I was half way through the magazine and more than that through the cigarettes, and my hair was standing on end at the awful struggle which was in progress between an American trapper and a man-eating gopher, when my Sergeant suggested that I should leave off reading for a few minutes as the Germans were piling over their parapet. "Alright Sergeant" I replied, "I'll be out in a few minutes just as soon as I've finished this yarn".

"No, you had better come now and finish that after, as they are almost up to our barbed wire now and if we have to throw bombs, it will mean a working party for us to-night to fix it up again and you know what that means when you've got no gloves. Besides that, the O.C. is coming up the trench and you know how he dislikes to see anybody loafing when there's something to do".

Realizing that to argue was useless, I crawled out and potted my official share of Germans and returned to the more interesting subject of gophers versus trappers.

In conclusion, I hope my graphic description of life in Flanders will have the desired effect of bringing us some exciting reading matter.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *And then he woke up.*

Joe Drumm says: "Up here they plays a game called craters. They blows up a hole and then both sides run fer it—the side as gets ther first wins, see?"

x x x

Batman: "What kind of jam would you like Sir?"

O.C. No. 1 Co.: "Strawberry".

Batman: "There isn't any strawberry Sir, there's only marmalade".

x x x

The News Editor tells us that in his young days he used to pump the wind into the organ of Horwich Parish Church. We were so astounded at hearing that he once went to church that we quite forgot for the moment that he was still pumping wind.

THE 5<sup>TH</sup> BATTALION'S PAGE**Latest news from the seat of war.**

Strange disappearance of a Canadian Battalion.

A weird story of how the whole unit is "spirited" away for several hours in the town of Pix. Men upon their return unable to explain were they were.

Matter remains shrouded in mystery.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

Prix. May 1st, 1916 Some strange facts have just come to light here regarding the weird disappearance of a whole battalion recently for several hours. No explanation has yet been given of the remarkable occurrence, and the men themselves, seem unable to throw any light on the mystery.

The name of the Battalion is not given, but for identification purposes, and to locate anyone who might assist in clearing up the mystery, the authorities have permitted it to be announced that the Battalion emblem represents a horse standing on one foot and juggling a large crown on it's left ear.

The facts of the case so far obtained by our correspondent are as follows:

The Battalion (which by the way, has a good reputation for sobriety and thrift) was last seen on a certain day of the past week at a pay parade. After being paid, the men quietly drifted out of their billets, some to purchase tea and chocolates, others presumably to bank their surplus wages,

Not until between half past five and a quarter to estaminet did it become apparent that something was wrong. It was then, that the O. C.'s companies received an order that all available men would be for working party at -----. Then the strange fact was discovered that the whole battalion had disappeared—vanished apparently into thin air. What had happened?

**Huns Hypnotize Hundreds?**

Suggestions and explanations were the order of the moment. Was this the result of another German plot? Had the Huns discovered a new frightfulness by which they could hypnotize troops by hundreds?

A few N.C.O's who had somehow escaped the general disaster, and were still in the vicinity of the billets, were hurriedly organized into search parties, and sent out on the trail of the missing battalion. Frantically they dashed out, madly they rushed from corner to corner, square to square, estaminet to estaminet—but in vain. The battalion was, as our French Compatriots would put it—"Na poo".

Strangely enough, the only men who escaped the fate of their comrades were the rather undisciplined members of the unit, the gambling element who had remained to play Toodle and Buck and Peeko in the courtyard, and these, thankful at having escaped the mysterious fate of the others fell in and were gladly marched away to represent the Regiment in the great work of digging for their King and Country.

No one knows when the battalion returned, but by the following morning everyone answered the roll. Where had they been? No one knew. Many could not remember having been away at all, and insisted that they had been in the billets all the time. Others admitted that the previous evening was a blank, and said they could not account for this fact. And so the mystery remains (and likely to remain) unexplained.

**TIPS\***

Keep your head down and you'll be able to call the stretcher-bearer for the fellow who looked over.

x x x

Uneasy is the head that wears a helmet.

x x x

The shovel may be lighter than a rifle—but hang onto your gat.

Signs of a charge—a mackerel sky and a double issue of rum.

x x x

A general inspection—Five hours parade and five minutes inspection followed by a working party.

Bill: "Say, hear that Jock Robinson got the D.C.M."

Fred: "What for?"

Bill: "I dunno".

Fred: "Blimy, why ain't I got one too, I hid in the same dug-out".

x x x

We've heard some strange arguments in trench and dug-out and billet, and on to march too.

The time worn arguments as to the best town in God's country and which was the hottest bombardment, and who had the narrowest shave are to be heard from time to time. But the best yet took place a few days ago between two fellows well over fifty years of age:

"Say Bill, this is a hell of a country, the trees blossom before they leave out".

"Well, what would you expect them to do?"

"Why in any respectable country the leaves come out first".

"Go on you old goat, you've another thought coming".

"I tell you in Ontario the leaves come out first, then the blossoms".

"You silly old 'pie biter', how can the leaves come first?"

"Alright have it your own way the blossoms comes first".

"No they don't, the leaves come first".

Another voice. "If you fellows get much hotter you'll draw fire".

x x x

**Noted by Censor.**

I am now with the Fifth 'Horse' Battalion.

Excuse the writing, blame the pen,  
Spell the words ye dinna ken.

Dear Sir, Thank you for the tobacco and the 'Arf a mo cigarettes, they will last for quite a while but the quality might have been better.

x x x

**Things we hear that don't happen.**

The Division is going out for a rest.

Our artillery will bombard at -----

Guess we'll hop the parapet this trip in.

I hear all the old men are going back to Canada.

The Kaiser is suing for peace.

No more working parties. That will all be done by the Pioneers.

They are going to send ten men a week per company, on leave.

x x x

**Where are they.**

Corporal (to Private just arrived): "Clean up all tin cans and paper around the forts and enviroments".

Private (some time later): "I've cleaned up all around the forts, Corporal, but I can't find the enviroments".

x x x

**The question of the hour.**

Chorus of new draft. "Were you ever in as heavy a bombardment as that before?"

Chorus of the old Fifth. "Sure. That was'nt nothing, why, when were at Ypres, (or Festubert, or Givenchy or the counter attack)—Oh well, what's the use, you all know the rest".

The following are the rules of a popular bridge party given by a well known English firm.

Issued by permission of German Censor.

1. Married men are strictly prohibited from spooning with single ladies—except by special permission of their wives.
2. Any player using more than four aces and sixteen trumps will be doubly straffed, Five pounds reward leading to conviction.
3. Guests patronizing the wet or dry canteens are reminded of the fact that the no-treating order is in force locally.
4. For the safety of the artistes refreshments are not allowed to be used as missiles during the concert—all seige guns, machine guns and pea-shooters to be handed to the stewards before the start.
5. Those players seen by the stewards imbibing lemonade will have their score cards audited by the chartered accountant.
6. Those players who have taken shelter in the cellars during the concert are informed that the danger is now over and play can safely be resumed.
7. Should the prizes not be forthcoming the stewards are authorized to make a search of the pockets of all suspicious characters.
8. All persons found with more than three prizes in their unlawful possession will be put in custody of the Special.
9. All cutlery, decorations, food or drink transferred from the table to pockets must be shared amongst those who were too well watched by our private detectives.
10. If the Zepps have not paid their expected visit the company will disperse about 1 g.m.—ambulances, police wagons and prams will be in attendance. Guests are reminded as to order regarding lights (or liver) on their vehicles.
11. The Agree Staff are requested to remember our motto - Business as usual - Thursday at 8.30.

Gott strafe der Kaiser.

## ADVERTISEMENTS BE AN OFFICER

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When answering advertisements be sure to mention the "Listening Post".

## Experiences of a Manchester Recruiting Canvasser.

(Continued)

There was no mistaking the patriotism and high sense of duty of these fine fellows. It is now interesting to record that most of them have attested and will take their places as the groups are called up. A canvasser of this nature had, of course, it's humorous and pathetic side. There was a little man, about four feet three inches and sixpenny worth of copper knocked over, who, with a merry twinkle in his eye exclaimed that he had been left behind "in order to keep an eye on the ladies". A consumptive youth, making a cloth rug in a miserable hovel, between his coughs, managed to tell how he had twice presented himself only to be told by the Recruiting Officer that if he came again he would really have to be very cross with him for wasting his time. Poor lad, though merely a skeleton, he was brimful of enthusiasm, and took pride in the fact that though he could not go himself he had two brothers serving in Gallipoli. The door of one house was opened by a man whose speech and manner suggested that he had more than done himself well in beer. An appeal to his patriotism elicited the fact that as an ex-reservist he had re-enlisted, been trained at camp, and then sent home. "For what? That's what he wanted to know". His discharge certificate showed that his character was "Fairly good" which in this Country is the military manner of saying "Very bad", also that he was of no further use to the Army. In plain English he had been drummed out. He had a grievance. This type always has. Certain sums of money due from his regiment he alleged had not been paid, and he had been waiting to get in contact with someone who would help him to formulate his claim and send it to the proper quarter. Would I write to old Kitch? He'll ----- well see me right". Great is the faith of every Tommy in the hero of Khartoum. Another devotee of Bacchus, on whom I called, had a nose like a prize strawberry. He had presented himself twice, and been rejected—"But the devil of it is" he said "they won't give no reason why".



"THEY WONT HAVE ME -  
AND WONT GIVE NO REASON WHY."

One poor old mother regretted that her only surviving son had been rejected. Her other boy had gone down on the "Aboukir". His father, old as he was, had enlisted in the Navvies Battalion—"To avenge his death, and won't he make them Germans sit back for it—I don't think".

(To be continued.)

THE 10<sup>TH</sup> BATTALION'S PAGE

## WHAT IS AN ADJUTANT?

You have probably heard a parallel question asked "What is love"? Don't please confuse the two or think one has any bearing on the other. The answer to either question is equally difficult. All we know is, that an Adjutant is a necessary evil. What the word is derived from is of little moment. Dereivation in this case is superfluous. What we are really interested in, is, what are the duties of the MAN?, who signs his name followed by the double handled title of Capt. (usually) and Adjutant. I say "man" advisably, for we are often apt to wonder whether we should not substitute the word "Machine".

But if you really want to try an interesting experiment just go up to the Adjutant of your own battalion, and ask him what he thinks he is? The result will probably be that the only information you elicit will be to the fact that "you will take charge of a working party to-night at eight p.m. and report to the sapper at I--- F--- and put out the fire that has been raging there for days-past. Or something else equally enjoyable. But Adjutants have their uses. For instance some of them have a little black book wherein are names, and opposite the names—DATES. This is known as the "leave book". It is a wonderful book. As far as I can make out it is never referred to except when a request comes through from—oh you know—"for names and destinations etc." But, if you, being desirous of knowing approximately, when you can expect to go on leave, just to let your people know—well—you can learn quite a LOT of things in a very short space of time, but nothing at all about the point at issue.

One man was foolish enough to enquire about his leave over the phone. It would hardly be policy to state exactly the reply. But, one of these days, this war will come to an end, and the erstwhile Adjutant will become—perhaps—a more or less respected citizen. So when this happens—be charitable. Should you, as another respected citizen meet him, give him the "glad hand". Don't be spiteful. Don't above all, hold it against him that he was once an Adjutant.

We could go on writing a whole lot about Adjutants but space does not permit. Another time perhaps.

SLANGIS.

## METEMPSYCHOSISMS.

meaning

## Things we do know.

WE HAVE REVOLUTIONIZED JOURNALISM.  
SHADES OF "CARMELITE HOUSE".

Wanted: By the left half of A. Coy., a reliable guide to Divisional Baths.

x x x

The Q. M. S. would like to know what would happen in case of an action (A LA YPRES) to some of the boys who loan their trousers and boots to men who visit the stores to procure others.

x x x

If you wish to be certain of getting the "L. P." order your copy to be reserved.

x x x

Anybody got wise yet to the latest stunt to pull off when approaching the P. M. for an extra fifteen?

## WHAT THEY SAY.

I wonder who invents them, these rumours that abound, Some imaginative Johnnies, there are surely hanging round, From the probable and the possible to the utterly absurd, Yet you'll always find the sucker who swallows every word.

For example take the rest cure they say we're getting soon, Good Lord we're going anywhere from Hades to the moon, It's official we are going for police duty to Boulogne, Or they are simply waiting orders for transport to Hong Kong.

They say of the 1st Division, Gen. Booth will take command, And play us into action with a massed Salvation Band, And I really quite believe we'll surprise the Huns like H—, When they hear the 1st Canadians give a Halleluiah yell.

Now of course you've heard the rumour that we all are going home,

And swanking on Home service round Canada we'll roam And—but what's the use of talking we'll soon see what transpires.

But there's one thing pretty certain we're a lovely lot of liars.

—D. P., B. Coy., 10th Batt.

Say you fellows why don't you think sometimes when writing home to the girl, that it is not yourself who seals and licks the envelope after the censor is through with them. How can he "S. W. A. K." the envelope.

x x x

Who was the batman of the 8th Battn. from Fort William who did not get his KAKABEKA BEER, can the Canteen Sgt. of the 8th enlighten us?

x x x

Supposing a fellow has such a cold that he can't speak and is coming out of the front line at night and is challenged by the sentry.

Halt! Who goes there?

What is he to do? Ask the Signallers Lance Jack.

x x x

## BE OPTIMISTIC.

We've no room in our crowd for a Pessimist. They remind us too much of a refrigerator in California during December.

x x x

Talking about refrigerators, we are making arrangements to have a mechanical transport converted into a HEATED CAR which will be ready for use in a few days. Reservation for same must be in early, as we anticipate a big demand for this mode of transportation.

x x x

In answer to "Nosy Parker" this is not intended for a sly dig at the Band.

x x x

Any man requiring a second dose of inoculation please apply to the Coiffeur of the M. O. Section. He has brought back some extra special dope from London, warranted to take effect within 24 hours of injection.

x x x

Sgt. Major: "Fall in here again at ELEVEN o'clock, when I say ELEVEN o'clock I don't mean five minutes past ELEVEN, I mean FIVE MINUTES TO.

x x x

Have you written "HOME" lately? Don't neglect the "Old Folks" boys, you can't realise what a letter means to them.

x x x

Who was the officer's batman that fried his officer's breakfast in DUBBIN?

x x x

What would you say if you saw a guy going to the cookhouse with his respirator on? And the gas alert was cancelled.

x x x

For the information of "New Brunswickites", that issue of fish may come along any old time now. Ask Green Bros., Saskatoon.

x x x

Keep yourself cool and equal for any old thing that may come along, it will be the better for you.

x x x

Who do you honestly think earns their 1.10 per day, Signallers or Linesmen?

x x x

Anybody contemplating converting "Pots Farm" into a health resort after the war?

## The French Hostess.

Amongst the many fallacies which have been foisted on a long suffering public, I place first the "French Hostess". As she exists in the pages of the romantic writers, she is generally a person of "refined and pleasant exterior". She may even be an exponent of "rustic health and elderly grace". It is usually hinted that she is "a descendant of noble ancestors", and infallibly she "carries the marks of once great beauty". Her hair has a habit of "straying rebelliously from beneath a cap of old lace".

Invariably her name is "Madame". Why this should be when the French have such a wealth of charming names to choose from, such as Yvonne, Mimi, Antoinette and others is quite beyond me, but so it is. Her "red gabled inn nestles cosily in a bower of greenery".

You fling the reins of your horse to a "gaping ostler" stride through the courtyard and enter a dining room or banquet hall which ever you prefer, where the silver gleams, and the glasses sparkle and do all the things self-respecting silver, and well brought up glasses are supposed to do. But, it is on her omelette that Madame's reputation chiefly depends.

Egg architecture is her strong suit. With the help of a hen or two, some clothes pins and a teaspoonful of washing soda she constructs an omelette of a flavour, of a savour of an appetite provoking aroma and consistency, coffee, with it's accompanying adjectives, and "petit pains"—a kind of bun, you know. You down the lot, press a piece of silver into Madame's protesting palm and are off with a "rare clatter of hoofs"—Oh. Wait a minute. You'll have to come back. You are supposed to have a brief but comprehensive love affair with the "Daughter of the house. that done, you are finally free to go. The "French Hostess" I have had to do with is not like that. She lives in the annex to the cowbyré. You stumble over the third younger child but two, taking a header into the oven from which you are ejected by several other soldiers because they were there first, but finally at the cost of a discoloured eye secure a seat on the mantle-piece. Then, if there are no parades that day, you clear your throat and say for the 93rd time "Madame, une omelette, si'l vous plait". Madame who is nonchalantly sifting cinders from the coffee from sheer "joie de vivre" responds "Oh egg eh?" pushes half a platoon aside, helps you wrest a knife and fork from a struggling infantryman, feeds you, trifles with your last pay and pushes you over the doorstep with ever mark of respect. The omelette is not what you have been educated to expect, but perhaps Madame is not wholly to blame, the hen may be at fault. Madame herself deserves a little mention. Her hair is done the new way, pulled straight back and twisted into a tight knob, her lace cap must have been accidentally left amongst the moth balls, in the top left hand drawer of the bureau. She wears army boots and it is rumoured, puttees, although of this I have no actual evidence. Yes, decidedly the "French Hostess" has been overdone.

## CANADA

Celt, Angle, Norman and Dane, arise,  
And crown your name with glory,  
Not for the glory of looted prize  
All this grown old in story,  
Duty calls for a far nobler theme,  
And must work out in this great scheme.

—Sgt. J. W. Cook.

Sympathetic one: "Well, what did spoil your leave, was it the weather?"

Sad one: "Well, not exactly but the 'glass' was going up and down all the time".

## Stray Shots from our Contemporaries, and Books we have Read.

The following lessons in Geometry are taken.

- "The Lyonian" the organ of the lower School at Harrow.
- A subaltern is one who has position but no magnitude.
- A Turkish communique lies equally on any point.
- An obtuse officer is one more stupid than a superior officer but less so than two Staff Officers.
- A trench is that which has length, breadth and thickness.
- Two officers in mufti from Brixton and Mayfair respectively cannot be in the same circle, and if they meet will cut one another.
- A soldier equal to a Tommy is equal to anything.
- An observer and a pilot who are in the same line meet in the same plane.
- An "old dug-out" is often a plain figure with a Sam Browne belt round it's circumference.
- If things are double the price of the same thing obtainable elsewhere, it is a War Office contract.

In speaking of Imperial Democracy and especially of the clear-cut policy of Mr. Hughes, the Prime Minister of the Commonwealth of Australia, "CANADA" says: "Mr. Hughes came over to the Mother Country with a definite message and a clear-cut policy. Australia is ahead of Canada in this respect. It is thoroughly recognized that any advances must come from the Dominions. In defining his policy, this Imperial Democrat (Mr. Hughes) urges three necessary things; (1) To ensure the National safety. (2) To conserve and extend the Empire's trade, and (3) To improve the conditions of the working classes. He rightly urges that no policy will be satisfactory which does not achieve all these three objects—not merely one of them. To affect this result National Organization is imperative, and at least two tariffs, i.e., Extra-Imperial and Inter-Imperial. The Empire must be entirely self supporting in all the industries required, both for war and peace, and it's working classes must be protected against the competition of under-paid foreign labour. If this is done the British Empire will be more powerful, and it's citizens more prosperous and contented than ever before. It will be a guarantee of peace and safety for small nations. The vision of Empire as seen by the Australian Premier and now, to-day, actually in our hands to achieve is a true Imperial Democracy". (We commend "CANADA" to all readers of the "Listening Post" interested in Canada. It is a magazine of purpose, well written, printed on excellent paper, and profusely illustrated. "CANADA" is a credit to it's publishers and an asset to the Empire. Annual subscription, 25 s. or 7 dollars 50 cents. Address, "CANADA", Kingsway House, Kingsway, W.C., London and, Tyrrell Building, 95 King St., East, Toronto, Canada).

## The Bird Cage.

The entertainment varies with a hand grenade or so,  
And snipers clip the parapet above you.  
The Bosche is busy burrowing his galleries below,  
And if his mine is fired first—Lord love you  
Up in a blaze of glory you'll go sailing through the air,  
You won't know where you're going but you'll hope it  
won't be—there.

So with a sigh you paddle to the trenches in the rear,  
Your bach has got a kink you can't unravel.  
You avoid the smell of sausage but there falls upon your ear,  
The whistle of the "big stuff" as they travel.  
Ker-rump! a big black shrapnel followed by a "wooly bear".  
You don't know where they're going, but you hope you  
won't be there.

The ghosts of fallen heroes hover through that stricken wood,  
Where gas and liquid fire could not turn them.  
But the gallant sons of Canada will stand as once they stood,  
And vengeance on the vanquished Hun shall burn 'em.  
The Hell of our forefathers is an out-of-date affair,  
We could give the devil pointers, but the Kaiser will  
be there.

—W. H., 4th C. M. R.